

THE
AMPLEFORTH
JOURNAL

FLOREAT COLLEGIUM SANCTI LAURENTII



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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

Vol. XV.

JULY, 1909.

Part I.

*An Address.**

I HAVE the honour and the pleasure of opening this religious celebration by saying a word from the Altar on that which it is intended to commemorate—the fifty years which have elapsed since this Benedictine House was built and first inhabited.

To all who love the Kingdom of God, who are interested in the hidden things of the grace and power of Christ, and who have an affection for the Order of St. Benedict, this Jubilee will bring many reflections. To many of us—to myself, for example, who have been intimately connected with this House almost from the very beginning—it brings memories that crowd upon one another, most of them sweet and consoling, some of them mournful, all of them freighted with lessons and emotion.

The outside world has not had much to say of this House during these fifty years. It makes little or no appearance in the life, the politics, or the press of this country. The neighbours have known it as a more or less picturesque but very quiet collegiate dwelling, which had a fine church, where the services were striking, and which was frequented

* Delivered by the Bishop of Newport at the High Mass on Sunday, July 11th, on occasion of the celebration of the Jubilee of St. Michael's Priory.

by priests and priestly students, who went out and in, and lived on good terms with everybody. The Catholic community at large know of it as the House of Noviceship and of Study of the English Benedictines, and the seat of the Cathedral Chapter of this diocese. The few Catholics round about have loved and revered it as a centre of spiritual life. Yet there is a good deal of history—Catholic and domestic—connected with the first fifty years of St. Michael's Priory. On that history, I am not going to dwell; others will speak of it. But I would wish to ask you this morning, before everything else, to thank Almighty God for the graces and lessons of the past fifty years, and to lift up your hearts to see what they, and the House which has lived through them, signify and suggest to souls who believe in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

This House of St. Michael is an attempt to promote the Kingdom of God. It is merely one of many such attempts. All over the country, during these fifty years, men have been building churches, monasteries, and colleges, and banding themselves in communities, greater or lesser, in order to further the work of the Kingdom. St. Michael's claims no superiority over other Houses, nor any prerogative of leading, of example, or success. But still it is true that here the work of God has been attempted on the old and true lines of those who have succeeded in such work. The world does not take note of this. It sees the roofs and the tower; it may hear of the sanctuary, of the cloister, of the chapter-house; but these names are, to the world only faintly significant. Even Catholics, though they may visit the House, and kneel before its altars, and know its inmates, hardly penetrate its secret and seldom realize its principle.

Let us observe, then, that this House is essentially a House of preparation for the work of God. The young come here—and they leave while they are yet young. They prepare for two things—the monastic state, and the apostolic ministry. And the principles of their preparation may

be summed up in three words—solitude, discipline, and brotherhood.

In Christian tradition, Solitude has always been an invariable element in all preparation for the work of God. The prophet, before he appeared before kings and peoples, listened for God's voice on some mountain top or in some cave of the wilderness. The apostle, before he burst forth among the nations with the Gospel torch held aloft, sat silently at the feet of Jesus, and awaited in an upper chamber the coming of the inspiring Spirit. The founders of Orders, the builders of Christian civilization, the Saints that reformed the world, have always from the beginning been drawn to silence, to obscurity, to oblivion, until the moment came when God the disposer drew forth the chosen arrow from the quiver in which He had hidden it. And when rules and schemes have had to be made in the course and routine of Christian administration for the continual supply of humbler prophets, more lowly apostles, and workers for God of the more ordinary type, there has always been a definite attempt to secure for the young aspirants a preliminary withdrawal from the world. This is, in part, the significance of the seminary, and more emphatically of the noviceship and the scholasticate of the Religious Orders. For the solitude of the Gospel and of Catholic tradition is a certain withdrawal from the world in order that the world may cease to attract, may cease to claim attention and service. It is a first step in the true conversion of the heart, and the preparation for the outpouring of Divine grace and blessing; as was foretold in the well-known passage of the prophet Osee, where it is said of the repentant people whom the God of Israel was to take back into His loving embrace, "I will feed her with milk, I will lead her into the wilderness and I will speak to her." *

This House, therefore, signifies evangelical solitude. That Solitude has not been under all circumstances unvary-

* Osee ii, 14.

ing in its degree and its methods. It may be more or less intense, more or less prolonged, according to the needs of the soul, the purposes of God, and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The long silent years of Egyptian deserts were a fitting training for great Saints and for the powerful hearts and intelligences that completed the conversion of the Roman Empire. Three years of unbroken solitude in the rocks of Subiaco prepared the young St. Benedict for the foundation of his unparalleled work. The ordinary solitude of the seminary and the monastery, whilst not so heroic as that of God's more distinguished heralds and messengers, is nevertheless a true and most genuine Solitude. To this House comes the youth who is just about to set his foot in the world. He leaves his family, with all that there is dear in a father's and a mother's solicitude, and all that there is familiar in the life and friendliness of home. He leaves a little world—a miniature world, perhaps—a world of companions, of pursuits begun, of prospects that attract, of promises, of aspirations. He leaves the world's pleasures—not the keen, or the paralyzing, or the degrading pleasures that might come later, but still the air of freedom, the delight of tasting, the interest of work, the securing of ease and self-gratification. He comes to a life where there is much silence and restricted intercourse; where the church, the cloister, the cell, the rule, the lines of enclosure, and the bell, all in their own way, constantly enforce the great law of preparation—that a man must learn to live in the presence of his God, and to speak and to listen to Him alone. And it is to this most profound secret of the spiritual life that Solitude, wisely taken up and willingly pursued, opens the way.

A second element of preparation, signified by this House, and by the fifty years we commemorate, is Discipline. This is what is called the Ascetic life; a life of studied mortification and self-denial. It is the Gospel teaching that those who follow Christ must deny themselves; and the

tradition of the Saints of the Desert, carried on through all the Christian ages, is that a man is useless for the Kingdom of God unless he has attained a certain command over his lower nature and a practical self-mastery. Hence you find in a house like this the practice of silence, of obedience, of humility; you find a certain austerity in the manner of living; and you find provision made for serious instruction in the science of the purification of the heart. The men who come here do not profess to love hardship for hardship's sake, or mortification for mortification's sake. The life is rather a means to an end. It is adopted in the spirit of a philosopher, an observer of human nature, who understands that nature is weak, and prone to what is slack, and selfish, and evil. Or rather, the spirit here is the spirit of that Christian philosophy which is taught in the words of Jesus Christ. The passions of the human heart must be brought into subjection, because where passion rules, human nature is degraded. The impulses of mere nature, innocent as they may be in themselves, must be trained and directed aright, or else the great end of all will be missed. But the follower of Christ does not stop short at mere mortification; he uses discipline as the means of drawing nearer to Christ. His aim is to find Christ, to embrace Christ, to transform himself into some kind of a likeness of Christ, and above all to live in a holy intercourse with Christ. For this he mortifies his flesh. For this these walls arose, these monastic arrangements were planned, these rules which carry on the House were drawn up, and this choir and sanctuary were dedicated. Here men renounce themselves that they may find Christ. Here men empty themselves of all that hinders the action of the Holy Spirit of Christ in order that they may be moved and guided in all their life and action by that spirit alone.

The third element of preparation, signified here, is that of Fraternity or Brotherhood. If you frequent this church, you see at regular times a long procession of cowed figures

enter from the cloister and occupy the choir. You may at other times see them together in the garden or on the road. If you have the privilege you may behold them at meat together, at class, at recreation. This is their life—a life in common. Everything is in common; nothing belongs to one rather than to another. What is the purpose of a life like this? It is not difficult to guess. It is discipline, sacrifice, charity, the love of Christ. To live with others is a very searching discipline. To live with others is to give up much that is very near to one's pride, very dear to one's selfishness. To live with others and for others is to translate into action one's profession of the love of our Heavenly Father. To live with others is to learn much, to practise usefully, and to live in the presence of Our Lord. This is what is signified by the community life for which this House is provided.

It is a worthy and an inspiring thought that we should this day unite in thanking God who, for fifty years, has caused a work of this kind to be peacefully and strenuously carried out within these walls. For fifty years, a stream of Christian life has flowed in by the gates of this House, and another stream has flowed out. Living hearts, not dead forms or silent monuments, has this House held; living hearts which each of them was freighted with human nature and with free-will, and which nevertheless, by the grace of God, have, year by year, decade by decade, for two generations, been moulded and fashioned to the likeness of Christ's hidden life. To a Catholic who reflects, this thought brings a deep and moving lesson. Do you think that only monks and priests are bound to purify their natures and give their whole heart to God? Nay, every created soul lies under this law merely by virtue of its creation and redemption. Yet is there anything that is more forgotten, more neglected in the world than the duty of discipline, the practice of asceticism, the science of mortification? The very words are strange to most of us. But

the presence in the midst of men of a House like this does something to keep these Gospel truths alive. And for this we may all of us join in thanking God.

And we may offer our heartfelt thanks to our Blessed Lord also for the graces and benedictions showered upon individual souls during all these years. You yourselves have known many of the men who have lived here in the past, remote or recent. But certainly few, except the members of the House themselves, can tell what abundance of blessing has been given within these walls. Here men have found God. Here souls have effectively turned to Christ. Here have been learnt the lesson of labour, and the lesson of study. Here the secrets of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, of Calvary have been penetrated. Here real servants of God have laid foundations, set down rules of direction, and wrestled with many troubles for Christ's sake. Here hearts have been anxious, hearts have been heavy, hearts have been light and joyful, and have come through sadness and struggle to comfort and to peace. Who can tell, who can count, who can estimate, all the mercies of God "new every morning" during these fifty years in this place? How great is the multitude of Thy sweetness, O Lord, which Thou hast hidden, for those that serve Thee here! Thou hast hidden them in the secret place where Thy face is seen; in Thy tabernacle Thou hast protected them; and here as in a fenced city Thou hast shown the wonders of Thy mercy.*

It is to give thanks for these things, to praise and bless our Heavenly Father, and to supplicate that His mercy may never fail this House, that we are assembled to-day.

* Ps. xxx, 29.

Forgotten Sights.

I.—THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

(Oct. 24th, 1055.)

THE byeways of history, like the byeways of a countryside, are not often explored, and yet sometimes yield to the observant eye new points of view and unexpected interest. A bare moor or muddy country lane that have been familiar for years in every hour and season take on themselves some glamour of romance when we realize them as the scene of some heroic struggle, echoing to the victor's shouts and the dying groans of the defeated. In an ancient land like ours, that has "quietly rested under the drums and trappings of three conquests," such memorable sites must be more frequent than we fancy. Up and down its length and breadth lie the fields of many a fight whose site and name, whose cause and issue are now alike forgotten. On down and hill-top, on moor or mountain-side, on the plain where crops now ripen that once were trampled into blood, in forest glades, by river fords and the banks of streams, along primitive highways and forsaken byeways men of rival races have struggled together since history began. Oft-times the date and cause and fortune of the battles are as dead as those who took part in them; only some rude dolmen or entrenchment, or a lonely group of barrows remain to indicate a site and to suggest a date. Occasionally we get glimpses of contending armies and their fate through place-names and folklore, or catch a faint echo of the fight in the legends of the countryside. Sometimes the story lies buried in a musty tome until Dryasdust unearths it,—and thenceforward, to the seeing eye, the hill or riverside, the moor or disused trackway take



1874
S. S. S.

on an afterglow from its one crowded hour of glorious life.

Of some such forgotten fights I would write to-day, in fields over which my readers may have tramped in middle life or raced in the changing moods of careless youth; and I will begin with an episode of English history that we may dub "The Battle of Belmont." Beyond the fact that nobody has ever told of the battle before, I have to confess that its chief interest lies in its connection with a spot very familiar to some readers of this Journal; but the story illustrates the axiom with which I began, and may further serve to dignify with historic associations an otherwise commonplace bit of country.

It is well to state at the outset, for the benefit of critics who may not get further than its title, that this paper has no bearing whatever on any controversies, present or past, that have raged round the name of Belmont; nor are any allegorical purposes or anagogical lessons to be read into its blameless pages. They are but the harmless record of a bygone skirmish which happens to have been fought near a home of monastic peace.

In the reign of King Edward the Confessor the smouldering hostilities between Welsh and English broke out into open flame, the immediate occasion of this particular outbreak being the treason of Algar, Earl of the East Anglians. Deposed and outlawed by the Great Council of England in 1055 as a result of some rivalry with the house of Godwin, Algar promptly went over to Ireland, and there hired ships and recruited a band of fighting men from the Danish settlers and the native Irish. With this useful following he had no difficulty in allying himself, and his daughter, with Griffith, a patriotic and pugnacious Welsh prince, ever ready for foray or fray, who just then could command the whole force of the Cymric tribes. Gathering in the valleys of Gwent and the fastnesses of the Black Mountains the united forces, when the time was ripe, broke into Herefordshire,

ravaged the district of Archenfeld, and made their way unopposed towards the county town. Archenfeld, a name still known in the shire, has shrunk considerably from its early boundaries which originally comprised all the country on the right or Welsh bank of the Wye, between the river and the mountains. Over this district St. Dubricius had once been prince, the bishop of Llandaff who crowned King Arthur and consecrated St. David, the founder of the great monasteries at Moccas and Hentland (Hentlan—old church), who left his name also at St. Devereux and Whitchurch on Wye. In the Confessor's time this fertile country had not long been annexed to the English crown; and the Welsh tongue was still in common use there, for we learn from Domesday Book that the King held three churches in Archenfeld whose priests had the duty of taking the King's messages into Wales. The devastation of the district by Griffith and Algar was so complete that the whole country was returned as Waste-land, forty years afterwards when Domesday was being compiled; through this unfortunate country the invaders pushed their way towards Hereford whose newly-built Castle and strengthened walls were regarded as a menace to Welsh independence.

Now to identify, if possible, the precise spot where the battle took place, or at least where it commenced. The leading facts are that the marauders were advancing from the Welsh mountains through Archenfeld towards the city, and that the encounter took place two miles beyond its walls.

Of all the works of man's hand a country's roads are the most ancient, and the least altered. The direct road through Archenfeld at present leads from Abergavenny by Pontnrlas and Kilpeck to Hereford, probably representing a very ancient route which may date from the Roman occupation. Its antiquity is indicated by the unusual depth and straightness of the lane in some places. About a hundred years ago this old road proving too narrow for the growing traffic, a new one was constructed which forsook the former line just

west of Belmont Monastery, near the junction of the roads to Allensmore and Madley. The original course, however, as is evident from the cuttings and slopes and from a line of very old trees, passed through the monastery field in the depression on the north-west, then through the plantation below the graveyard, along the footpath in the park still marked by these ancient trees, then down the narrow, deep lane (hardly more than a water-course now), and so on by Handerton, through Blackmarston to the Wye-bridge. The well-used footpath perpetuates this primitive right of way.

As we may suppose the invading Welsh to have followed the general direction of this track through the forest, and as they were met by the English levies two miles outside the city, then the fight must have taken place, must have begun at least, on some spot now overlooked by the Minster tower which rises above the Belmont woods. Even half a mile or more to the south-east it would still have been fought on the Belmont estate; and so, if after remaining nameless for nine centuries, we are to give the battle the distinction of a name, what other can we assign than that of Belmont? The whole countryside was then a forest, part of which remains in the Haywood and some was cut down to make way for the monastery and Cathedral. The fighting took place in the glades of these woods, along the old trackway, and on the slopes of Merryhill. I like to think that of the forest which beheld the battle one decrepit old giant may still survive. By the side of the path in the park, riven in twain and twisted with age, one venerable oak still lives to welcome recurring springs, whose roots may well go back nine hundred years. If so it must have witnessed the first incidents of this forgotten fight, and may well stand as a memorial of the Battle of Belmont.

For some years previous to this date the city of Hereford, as one of the chief fortresses on the Welsh marches, had been growing in importance and strength. Its bishop Athelstan, now a blind and aged man who had filled the See for forty-

three years, had recently rebuilt his Cathedral in the newest Roman style; we can picture it as a low, massive minister of stone, with a circular apse, a wooden roof, and a tall, slender bell-tower like the Campanile of medieval Italy. In temporal charge of the shire the King, too apt perhaps to favour the foreign princes among whom his youth was passed, had appointed a Norman, his own sister's son, whose worth hardly justified the choice. He had indeed fortified the city, probably with a palisading of timber, and had built a citadel, of no great strength apparently, on the site where afterwards rose the largest and strongest castle on the Welsh border. When news came of the foray it fell to Earl Ralph to collect the county forces, and with them, stiffened by his French and Norman retainers, to attempt to repel the invaders.

Ralph seems to have united in himself a Frenchman's contempt for barbarous English warfare with the Englishman's tradition of underrating his enemy. His first blunder was the folly of forcing new methods of fighting upon untrained levies; like a reforming Minister of War experimenting with a new Army Model, and caught with the experiment half accomplished. The Saxon soldier had been used to fight on foot; if he used a horse at all, it was, as the Boers did, to carry him to the field where he dismounted and formed up into ranks, the better to wield his formidable battle-axe. The French earl insisted on mounting his men on horseback in the new continental fashion, and then sent them on their unaccustomed chargers to meet the onslaught of the nimble Britons. Outnumbered as they were, he led them out from the shelter of the palisades which might have redressed the inequality, along a narrow roadway, to fight a cavalry action in the glades of a thick forest! Two miles beyond the city, in the skirts of the Haywood the armies met; the result of the engagement, fought in defiance of every canon of prudence, being exactly what might have been expected. Hampered by their horses in the underwood,

inexperienced in the new tactics, unable to wield their heavy battle-axes the English were at terrible disadvantage. They were no match for the active Celt. Their horses turned tail at the sights and sounds of battle even when the riders were more steadfast; but after the first shock, realising their helplessness many must have turned and fled, the fact of being mounted aiding the rout as offering a means of escape. Later Chroniclers say that the French and Normans were the first to fly, and that the Saxons only followed their leaders. There was probably little to choose between them, even heroes led by asses have but a poor chance. The battle turned quickly into a rout, the rout into a slaughter. The lithe and light-armed mountaineer easily overtook the flying English, amongst whom four or five hundred were slain and many wounded, whilst, so it is said, not a single man was killed on the other side! Even at the city walls no stand was made, nor was there time to break down the bridge over the river. Pell-mell into the narrow streets the English fled with the ferocious Kelt at their heels. The "timid Earl," as Florence of Worcester terms him, escaped, making no attempt even to defend his citadel; it was taken and destroyed, the town was sacked, its wooden roofs quickly burnt, and many of the citizens slain. One gleam of courage alone lights up the gloomy record of defeat. At the Cathedral a brave stand was made by some sturdy Canons who strove to save the House of God from sacrilege and sack by defending its great gates. It was the worthiest incident of a disgraceful day; but their courage was unavailing, and so was the sacred character of persons and place, to safeguard either from a savage foe. Seven of the Canons were mercilessly slain, the Cathedral was burnt; and so, in disgrace and defeat, the battle of Belmont was brought to a close (Oct. 24th, 1055).

When King Edward heard of this "regrettable incident" at Gloucester, likely enough from his nephew who was responsible for its occurrence, he summoned the Earl of Wessex, Harold Godwinson, as the one man in all his kingdom

best fitted to retrieve the disaster. When Harold arrived with fresh troops he promptly invaded Wales, probably by way of Ross; but the agile foe, satisfied with his success and his spoils, avoided any engagement, and escaped into the mountain fastnesses where the Saxon had no stomach to pursue him. Returning to Hereford, of which he was now made Earl, Harold fortified the city anew and more strongly, building a dyke and mound of earth and stones, later replaced by a wall of masonry. A disgraceful peace was hurriedly patched up with the Welsh, of which one of the conditions was that Alfgar should be restored to his earldom.

The following year in spite of the truce and of Alfgar's restoration Griffith invades Herefordshire again; and once more, burning to avenge their previous defeat, the men of Hereford go out to meet their old foe. They are captured this time by the Sheriff, and their new bishop, Leofgar, who, as the Worcester Chronicler puts it, "laying aside his ghostly weapons of chris and rood, took to the spear and sword and went forth to war with Griffith." The Hereford clergy must have been a pugnacious and plucky lot in those days, even if not good strategists; but their martial ardour was neither rewarded nor justified by success, and in another forgotten fight on June 16th, 1056, the bishop, his priests and the sheriff were all slain. In spite of this further advantage the Welsh prince again makes peace, this time swearing fealty to the English king. He kept his oath six years, just so long as it suited him.

In 1062 Griffith again invades England; growing bolder with impunity he leads his plundering hordes across the Severn as well as the Wye, into lands that had long been free from the scourge. His objective was Gloucester, Harold's head quarters, with whose house the old feud was unhealed. Harold's influence was now supreme in the counsels of the peaceful and aged King; he and his brothers held every earldom in England but one; English patience was perhaps

exhausted, and this time the fight was to be fought to a finish. A large force was collected of the house-carles and levies of Harold's wide earldoms, who were armed in Welsh fashion and made as light and active as their foe;—men who had followed him in many another campaign, the men who a couple of years later were to win a famous fight at Stamford Bridge, and then to die nobly with him at Hastings. With these forces Harold marched from Bristol into South Wales, whilst his brother Tostig with an army invaded North Wales. The Welsh avoided battle but left their valleys to plunder and devastation. All the savagery of border warfare came out in this determined invasion. A little while before some prisoners taken by the Welsh had been beheaded in cold blood; now in merciless reprisal every single male found in arms by the Saxons was put to death. Their success and their vengeance struck terror into the enemy; some of the fickle tribes revolted against Griffith's failing rule, he was slain by his own people; and the head of one of Wales' most valorous and victorious princes was sent as a peace-offering to Harold (1063).

So the cruel warfare went on for three or four centuries more. In spite of transient successes under Llewellyn and Glendwr the Welsh were being pushed back further into their mountains by their more powerful neighbour. But it took long to accomplish the far-seeing policy of the great Edward for the union of the whole island under one rule. The first English prince of Wales was not fortunate in his dealings with "the Keltic fringe" on either his western or northern frontier. Harry of Monmouth, however, the conqueror of Glendwr, had no better fighters with him at Agincourt than his Welsh mountaineers, though whatever "Fluellen" may say, he was a Welshman only in sympathy. When at last a fortunate chance, and a Welsh army, lifted a Welsh dynasty to the English throne in the descendants of Owen ap Tudor, the long-needed union of the two peoples was happily accomplished.

As one incident in this age-long warfare the "battle of Belmont" serves to illustrate the growth of the Englishman's view of his Welsh neighbours. There's a good deal of history, one-sided history! embodied in the traditional rhyme:—

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief!
Taffy came to my house,—and stole a lump of beef.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I up with a cleaver,—and hit him on the head!

How well the verse describes the situation—from the English point of view! Taffy was constantly coming into his house to steal beef and other things. No doubt the Welshman sang something similar in his own picturesque language—and with better reason; for he could tell of a thief who not satisfied with stealing beef, stole the land also on which it fattened. This incessant struggle of the Welsh to get back their own was very annoying to English statesmen. The unreasonable pertinacity of his Celtic neighbours has often perplexed the stupid Saxon!

J. I. C.

The Songs of Homer.

"The intensity of imagination which makes the dead alive is not, it seems to me, the imagination of any one man. It seems not that one man of genius created a world and passed away. It means that generation after generation of poets, trained in the same schools and a more or less continuous and similar life, steeped themselves to the lips in the spirit of this great poetry. They lived in the Epic Saga and by it and for it."—GILBERT MURRAY, *The Rise of the Greek Epic*.

WHEN Odysseus of many wiles came back after woe and wandering and the loss of all his comrades, came back at last though late to his home in rocky Ithaca in the magic ship of the Phaeacians, the goddess Athena devised a plan to hide him from his enemies until the hour of his vengeance had come. "She shrivelled the fair flesh on his supple limbs and from his head she took the yellow hair and all his bones she clad in an old man's skin, and she darkened his eyes that aforesaid were wondrous fair. And for raiment she put on him another and a ragged cloak and jerkin, rent and ragged and besmirched with evil smoke, and round him threw the great hide of a swift stag, all hairless, and in his hand she put a staff and a wallet, ugly and torn, with its twisted strap." Then she bade him go to the hut of the swineherd Eumaeus and abide there and find out all till Telemachus was come. So he went in his beggar's garb and the swineherd received him, beggar though he seemed, and Odysseus was glad and said, "May Zeus and all the gods immortal give thee thy desire, for that thou hast kindly received me." And Eumaeus replied, "Nay, friend, it were not lawful for me, not though one more ill-seeming than thou should come, to slight a stranger; for from Zeus comes the beggar and the stranger." And then the crafty Odysseus told him many a tale of his wandering and assured him that his master would come

and come quickly. But Eumæus would not believe. "As often as a man in his wanderings comes to the land of Ithaca he goes to my lady and tells her a tale of deceit. She receives him and tends him kindly and asks him of everything; and then she moans and the tears drop from her eyes, as it becoms a wife when her husband has died in a strange land. And so too mightest thou, old man, quickly fashion a tale. Nay but the dogs and the fleet vultures are already upon him to tear the skin from his bones, and his life has left him. Or it may be that in the deep the fishes have devoured him and his bones lie there upon the shore, thick enshrouded in the sand." Then Odysseus swore an oath that what he said was true. "This very year shall Odysseus come; when the moon wanes and another begins its course, then shall Odysseus come to his home again and repay the men who slight his wife and slight his noble son." But still Eumæus would not believe and turned the talk back to the wanderings of his guest. And the beggar told him a wondrous tale and at the end again he spoke of the coming of Odysseus. And when Eumæus bade him not seek his favour with lies, he answered: "Verily thou hast an unbelieving soul within thy breast. Not though I swear can I win thee or aught persuade thee." And after that Eumæus was sent by Telemachus to the city to tell Penelope of his return and he speaks to her of the beggar; "Of a truth thy heart would be bewitched at his tale. Three nights have I kept him and three days have I sheltered him in my hut . . . but not yet has he ended the story of his woes. Even as when men gaze on a minstrel who has learnt his craft from the gods and sings words that are to mortals a longing and desire, and they yearn to hear him insatiate, whenever he sing; so did he bewitch me as he sat by me in my home."*

Even such as Eumæus says was the power of the tale of Odysseus, such is the power of Homer, a yearning joy to

* *Odyssey*, viii, 514.

mortals and a thirst and a desire insatiate. Do we not feel it as we read? So does Homer ever speak of the minstrel. His song is a charm and a bewitching. It moves men, stirs them to the depths of their being, holds them with a resistless spell. There is Demodocus the blind minstrel of the Phæacians. Tradition says that Homer was blind, perhaps reading in the tender touch and fond delineation of the figure of Demodocus a piece of self-revelation in the most impersonal poem that was ever written. Indeed when we read the lines we cannot but think of the wistful words of another blind poet who in his affliction thought of

"Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown!
Blind Thamyris and blind Maenoides."*

At the banquet in the palace of King Alcinoüs the benchman leads forth "the faithful minstrel whom the muse loved beyond all men and gave him of good and of evil; for of his sight she bereft him, but gave him sweet minstrelsy." Then after the banquet the muse "inspired the bard to sing of the glorious deeds of men, to sing the song whose fame had then reached the broad heaven, the song of the quarrel of Odysseus and Achilles . . . But Odysseus (he had not yet revealed himself to the Phæacians in that great moment when he stood forth and proclaimed "I am Odysseus, Laertes' son."), Odysseus grasped his great purple robe in his strong hands and drew its folds over his head and veiled his fair countenance, for he was ashamed to be seen by the Phæacians as the tears dropped from his eyes. And as often as the divine minstrel ceased his song, then Odysseus wiped away the tears and drew the robe from his head and taking a two-handled goblet poured out wine to the gods. But whenever he began once more and the Phæacian lords spurred him to sing, for his song rejoiced them; then again did Odysseus shroud his head and make secret lament." †

* MILTON, *P. L.*, iii, 33-5.

† *Od.*, viii, 62.

And again when Odysseus in his turn had finished his tale of the visions of Hades—for Odysseus himself is the most wonderful minstrel in the poem of his home-coming—then "dead silence fell on all and they were spell-bound throughout the shadowy halls." So this then is to the Homeric poems the effect of the minstrel's art. It is an art which moves the hearer intensely. It may be with this spell of silence and bewitching, and this is the true magic of the "divine minstrel." Or it may be with the passionate thrill of recognition and surprise or the intense emotions of battle. And what is that witchery of song, the spell of magic words and magic sound, what is it but the old legend of Orpheus?

"In the elm woods and the oaken, there where Orpheus harped of old,

And the trees awoke and knew him,

And the wild things gathered to him

As he sang amid the broken glens his music manifold."*

And in the simple thrill of recognition scene, or the intervention of the miraculous and mystic, or in the excitement of grand surprise Homer is again a master. What a scene is that when the beggar Odysseus gets the great bow into his hands, his own bow which none but he can bend, and tries it and bends it without effort and proves the bow-string, which "rang sweetly at the touch, in tone like a swallow," and then aims and accomplishes the mark of the axes! And then when Telemachus had come to his father's side with spear in his hand and "armed with the gleaming bronze," then "Odysseus of many wiles stripped off his rags and with his bow and quiver full of arrows leapt on to the great threshold, poured out the swift arrows there at his feet and spoke to the suitors: "Lo, now is this trial of danger utterly ended; now will I aim at another mark which no man yet has smitten."† When we read the verses that describe this supreme moment, do we not almost

* *Euripides: Bacchae*, trans. Gilbert Murray.

† *Od.*, xvii, 1.

leap too with the sore-tried hero on to the threshold and glare down the long hall at the arrogant rout of suitors, late rioting and now struck mazed, and do we not almost feel the great bow in our hands and long to let fly the shafts of vengeance against the mocking Antinous, and against all that insolent crew. Such is the power of Homer.

And what a passage is that for the mystery of the supernatural where Theoclymenus, the second-sighted man, foresees the doom of the suitors! "And now they were laughing with alien lips and blood-bedabbled was the flesh they ate, and their eyes were filled with tears and their soul was fain of lamentation. Then the god-like Theoclymenus spake among them: "Ah, wretched men, what woe is this ye suffer? Shrouded in night are your heads and your faces and your knees, and kindled is the voice of wailing and all cheeks are wet with tears, and the walls and the fair main-beams of the roof are sprinkled with blood. And the porch is full, and full is the court of ghosts that hasten hell-wards beneath the gloom, and the sun has perished out of heaven, and an evil mist has overspread the world?"‡

Let this be enough said of Homer's power. Where could we stop if we began to give examples of his pathos and of his supreme beauty of language and thought, of figure and image. Think of the pathos of that one line of the Iliad (vi, 146):—

ὡς περ φύλλων γένεθ, τοῖς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων.

"Even as the leaves of the trees, such are the generations of men."

As an English poet has said, "No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer. For in them it seems as if all that makes life precious were in the act of being created at once and together—language itself and the first emotions and the inconceivable charm of song."

Now if a "barbarian," one to whom Greek is an alien tongue and one who is separated from Homer's world by

‡ *Odyssey*, xx, 347-357. Batches and Lang's Translation.

such a gulf of centuries, can speak thus and feel thus, if such a one can so enter into the Homeric poems, what should we think the men did to whom these poems were their own tongue and their daily joy? If the modern English student—perhaps a poor bloodless thing in wretched garret—as he pores over the pages of Homer, draws his thin frame together and seems not to sit or touch hard chair and rude desk, for his soul is drawn to one fine point of feeling as he thrills and vibrates through all his being to the passionate intensity of the song, what must it have been with the Greek at the princely banquet of the heroic age or in the bright sunlight of an Athenian day? We can see Julius Scaliger, who is said to have known the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by heart, we can see him when the spirit of Homer came upon him and the scholar and pedant was transmuted in the furnace of imagination. We can picture Casaubon the typical scholar spell-bound by the charm of this wonderful song. How must it have been with one of the sons of Homer, with one of the great bards who helped to build up the great poem, or with one of those sons of a later age, the rhapsodes of historic Greece?

At Chios, Homer's "rugged Chios," there was a family calling themselves literally Homer's sons, "Homeridae." They claimed descent from the poet and devoted themselves to the recitation of his poems. These and many other rhapsodes there were up and down Greece who went about to the great festivals and fulfilled their lofty function. In the *Ion* of Plato we have a dialogue between Socrates and the great rhapsode Ion, greatest of his day in Hellas, as he proudly claims. Plato indeed is not wholly sympathetic. We know his feud with poetry and the poets. Again in this dialogue he speaks with distrust if not with contempt of the "fine phrensy" of the poet. "So long as a man has his intelligence by him, he cannot write poetry or speak oracles." He makes Socrates press Ion for his own experience. "Tell me, Ion, and do not hide from me what I ask.

Whenever you speak Homer well and move the hearers most deeply, as when you sing of Odysseus leaping on to the threshold, disclosing himself to the suitors and pouring out the arrows before his feet, or Achilles rushing on Hector, or the pathetic scenes concerning Andromache or Hecuba or Priam, tell me are you then in your senses or beside yourself, while your soul in its ecstasy thinks itself to be in the things of which you speak, be it in Ithaca or Troy or wherever the song take you?" And Ion confesses: "When I speak of things sad and piteous, my eyes are filled with tears, when I speak of things fearful and terrible, my hair stands on end and my heart leaps for fear." And of his audience, "I see them from my stand now weeping, now glaring fiercely, now all amazed at my words." Here we have in historic Greece sufficient testimony to the elemental power of Homer. May we not compare such a scene with one that Scott gives us in *Waverley*?

"McMurrough, the family bard, an aged man, began to chant with low and rapid utterance a profusion of Celtic Verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them round as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures. . . . The ardour of the poet seemed to communicate itself to his audience. Their wild sun-burnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forward towards the reciter, many sprang up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords. When the song ceased, there was a deep pause."

So Homer says:

καλεῖσθαι δὲ ἄρχοντα κατὰ μέγαρα κούριον.

And this is indeed a picture of what must have been in the days of Homer. They were the days of the bard and not

of the book, when men did not read poetry, but heard it and themselves learnt it, when the fame of a lay could "reach the wide heaven." Then were there select companies of bards—where all might be poets—who preserved the lays that the people loved and passed them down to their sons, and themselves too wrote and added. Like the scalds of Norway and the bards of Ireland, it was the *skalds drápa*, the famous deeds of great men, that they were first concerned with, for like them they were the trusty followers of mighty chieftains. But, unlike their ruder peers, they were born to a language that runs to sublime poetry and to an imagination and strength of pure feeling unequalled. These were the Sons of Homer, sons and brothers in one inspiration. And if we in our day can realise the intense power of Homer, if we can almost lose ourselves in the poem, could not this school of poets be as one fiery soul and one keen imagination in that vivid flame of feeling and genius? It is the intense moving power of Homer that makes this possible, and it is this same intensity which makes of the poems such wonderful harmonious wholes. For all the marks of their varied history that they bear upon them, for all the inconsistencies and contradictions that critics discover, they keep still that marvellous unity of spirit and life, and are still as the work of one surpassing mind.

A great modern critic, perhaps one should say a poet, Mr. Gilbert Murray, has written some splendid pages on the genius of Homer. Maintaining that the 'intensity of imagination with which the poet has realized his subject' is the essential thing in a great poem, what a proof of this can he not find in the Homeric poems! "Where were there ever battles or heroes like these, such beauty, such manliness, such terror and pity and passion, and such all-ruling majesty of calm? There are many strong men and fair women in other stories; why is that, almost before a word is spoken, we feel in our bones the strength of these Homeric heroes, the beauty of these grave and white-armed women?

You remember in the Old Testament, the watchman who stood upon the tower in Jezreel, when they sent out the horsemen one after another: 'And the watchman answered and said: He came even unto them and cometh not again. And the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously.' We knew nothing about the driving of Jehu before. We hear no word about it afterwards. But the one sentence has behind it just that intensity of imagination which makes thoughts live and vibrate like new things a hundred or a thousand, or two thousand, years after their first utterance. And that is the quality that one finds in Homer. Think how the beauty of Helen has lived through the ages. Like the driving of Jehu, it is now an immortal thing. And the main, though not of course the sole, source of the whole conception is certainly the Iliad. Yet in the whole Iliad there is practically not a word spoken in description of Helen. As Lessing has remarked in a well-known passage of the *Laokoon*, almost the whole of our knowledge of Helen's beauty comes from a few lines in the third book, where Helen goes up to the wall of Troy to see the battle between Menelaus and Paris. 'So speaking the goddess put into her heart a longing for her husband of yore and her city and her father and mother. And straightway she veiled herself with white linen, and went forth from her chamber shedding a great tear. . . . The elders of Troy were seated on the wall, and when they saw Helen coming, 'Softly they spake to one another winged words: "Small wonder that the Trojans and mailed Greeks should endure pain through many years for such a woman. Strangely like she is in face to some immortal spirit." ' That is all we know. Not one of all the Homeric bards fell into the yawning trap of describing Helen and making a catalogue of her features. She was veiled; she was weeping; and she was strangely like in face to some immortal spirit. And the old men, who strove for peace, could feel no anger at the war."

And again, "Mr. Mackail has observed how full the poems are of images drawn from fire: the bright armour flashes like fire, the armies clash, 'even as destroying fire that falls upon a limitless forest; a hero's hands are 'like unto fire and his wrath unto red iron; and the men 'fight together, a body of burning fire.' The whole poem is shot through with this fire, which seems like a symbol of the inward force of which we have been speaking, a fiery intensity of imagination."

With one more quotation from Mr. Murray we may end.

"Early peoples used sometimes to record a great deed or disaster by planting on the spot a pillar or a branchless tree, and carving on the surface some legend of the things done. In the case of the Homeric Epos, one might play with the fancy that they had planted a tree full of life, which had put forth new branches and grown till the letters upon the trunk were riven apart and made illegible. Then worshippers hung garlands and ornaments upon the boughs, and planted about it flowering creepers brought from many different soils and climates, so that the first trunk was almost hidden and the letters themselves long ago obliterated. Till at last people forgot the original purpose of the graven trunk, and proceeded to worship it, not as a record of great events, but for irrelevant qualities of beauty and majesty and immemorial age."⁸

⁸ This article is in the main an *editio* of the book from which these quotations are taken, *The Epic of the Great Epos*. It has not been attempted to summarise the argument set to criticism, but only to state one small part of it. Mr. Murray makes use chiefly of the *Iliad*; in these pages large use has been made of favourite passages from the *Odyssey*. As to Mr. Murray's book it can only be said that we ought to be glad that there is a Homeric Question.

Nuns, Priests and Monks in Yorks.

From "*La Lettera*" of Milan, by special permission

STUNNED by the tumult of London, I determined to go and pass a week or ten days in Yorkshire, one of the most beautiful parts of England, especially as I had a letter of introduction to the chaplain of the French nuns of Saint Augustine in Hull. I had even been led to hope that there was a possibility of my being received *en pension* in a small villa in the neighbourhood of the convent and under its management. This idea of lodging, if I may so say, in a convent of Religious women and of being able to study their life at close quarters attracted me in a special manner. And so it was that I set out for Hull on the morning of Sunday, the 19th of July, in a really good humour. I arrived at Hull about six o'clock in the evening. The air was illumined by a soft, cheering light and, although it was Sunday, the city too had a certain joyous air. I say that because all know that on Sundays in England the cities are generally almost deserted, and especially London, which appears as if it had been suddenly visited by some vast calamity. After all, *our* cities are also beginning now to take on that lugubrious aspect of desolation. Nay, we can easily imagine that before long they will appear even more funereal; for the shops appear so already, because with us the iron shutters with their monotonous transversal lines are closed down to the bottom, while in England they are generally up; the goods are exposed to all eyes, and the people as they pass can concoct their little schemes of purchase for the morrow.

From the station I went off directly to the convent to present my letter of introduction to the chaplain, Father Calvert. The accommodation I had hoped for could not possibly be had for many reasons, but the priest very kindly

offered to be my guide and companion if I stayed a few days in Hull, and he began by directing me to a Temperance Hotel (Albergo della Temperanza), an hotel where wine, beer and every kind of spirituous liquor are strictly interdicted.

On the following morning Father Calvert, whom I perceived more and more to be a person of a goodness and kindness really rare, invited me to visit the convent. It is situated in Pearson's Park, and it has the advantage of being in the city and yet, because of the extensive nature of the park, of being, as it were, in the country. The convent is not a single building but consists of three or four. I visited the main body of the institution, which was the building where the pupils are educated. It is quite new and and is extremely well appointed, having been built from the foundations a very few years ago; for it is only a very few years ago that those nuns came to Hull, having been banished from France by the law of 1904. They were at Versailles, and they can boast of having given the beginnings of her education to Sarah Bernhardt. There is still living an aged nun who remembers the time when Sarah was a pupil. Some years ago when Sarah Bernhardt went to Hull the aged nun wished to see her old pupil, now become renowned, and she went to visit her at her hotel as the Religious were at that time just arrived from France. I do not know if the nuns had been apprised of my visit, but probably they were, because I saw very few and they passed rapidly from one corridor to another closing the doors after them. I shall never forget the charming glimpse of a young nun who cast a glance in our direction as she closed the door at the head of a short staircase and then was hidden for ever from my eyes. Entering a room in the style of a small theatre, we found a pupil studying the piano under the care of a mistress. On our appearance mistress and pupil stood up and the young girl replied to some kind and playful questions prompted by the curiosity of the priest. It was a cloudy day and it appeared to me that all the light of the

sun had taken refuge in those eyes; her rosy lips and the white line of her teeth heightened the effect, and her whole expression was one of a strikingly innocent simplicity.

I visited a dormitory with its characteristic small and narrow beds—all white, and placed head to head in cubicles occupying the area of the room. I visited a bathroom in which was an airy and bright sky-blue coloured bath with bath accessories in evidence. I visited the chapel and some class-rooms. In the class-room for chemistry and physics, which was filled up with laboratory equipment, I noticed there was, so far, no other scientific furniture than a cupboard with small vials and, if I remember correctly, some little scientific instruments.* I understood at once that although the nuns came from France they might have adopted the English system of teaching, and I could not but reflect, as I had often done before, on the scantiness and narrowness of primary and secondary education in England. For example, I have never succeeded in acquiring a precise idea of what is taught in England in schools that prepare for the University. But here is a thing I remember: five or six years ago I was staying with a tutor who kept one of those little family colleges which are so numerous in the island; that is to say, there were ten or a dozen pupils who lived together with the tutor and his family, and so became accustomed from their childhood to actual life and not to the unreal and absurd life of *our* schools. When I took up my abode with this tutor, almost all the pupils had gone away for their holidays, a few remained and continued their studies. From what I could understand *their* studies were inferior to our *elementary* studies. In the master's house there was a bath-room too; but the bath was very far from being bright and clean like the one I saw for the pupils in the French convent in Hull. From the wall above the tutor's bath there hung a long gutta-percha tube with a water-jet at the

* The science-room was not then finished.—TRAN.

end; on a plank resting on two little brackets and fixed to the opposite wall there was an alembic and—that was all. That room was the department of chemical and physical science. Sometimes a box without a lid of the size and style of those carried by hawkers on a strap around their neck was brought out and placed now on one table, now on another. One box was divided into little compartments which were filled with little shells, bits of stone, little starfish, little sea-horses—it formed the cabinet of natural history. That cabinet had been put together with no end of trouble by the father of my host who, like his son, was also a schoolmaster. But one fine day while I was there that precious cabinet, whether by the fault of the cat or of another, I know not, fell to the ground and the bits of stone and the poor little star-fish, sea-horses and shells returned to their primeval chaos. The master was thrown into a state of consternation, and he had to work for a week with aid of tractates, catalogues and spy-glasses called lenses in the reconstruction of his cabinet. One day, at the height of my curiosity, I asked the master for what grade of study he was preparing the way by his course of teaching, and he answered me with the air of one who was astonished that I had found it necessary to ask such a question, "For the University." Talking with him another day, I happened to say something about some person or event in the history of England. He looked at me with wondering eyes and, breaking in upon my remarks said, "Do they study English History in Italy?" "In Italy," I said, "they teach and study (not always well perhaps, through the fault of masters or the pupils) the history of all the world." And he: "We only study our English History." It was then I understood why the English have always that air of believing themselves the only people in the world, and that so many of them travel among the nations with the lordly air of a landlord visiting his estates, and speak only English, and wonder when any one eats and drinks

and sleeps and dresses unlike themselves. And in our trains (not, to be sure, in their own) they go sometimes in their shirt-sleeves and stretch themselves out here and there as if no one else was there; and yet in their own country they are always ready to cry "shocking" if any one after a meal does not arrange his knife and fork in a line perpendicular to his own breast.

However, I cannot deny that the thought of the power they have acquired in the world and of the universal respect in which they are held raised a doubt in my mind as to whether culture, as it is understood by us, is really necessary to human happiness and to human progress, especially when it does not serve to cultivate and strengthen the power of genius.

After the visit to the interior of the school-house, we went out on to the walks in the grounds. Every now and again a couple of pupils passed reading or talking together. They were all dressed differently after their own taste, like young ladies in town. In England they are quite averse to wearing liveries and badges; on the contrary in Germany and Italy they do so willingly. While walking in the grounds we stopped to look through a little conservatory where there was a magnificent spreading vine laden with grapes almost ripe, and a collection of plants and flowers of different varieties more or less rare. Standing there among the vines and flowers, the priest's thoughts went off spontaneously to Italy where he had lived for some time. "Why, do you think, the good God has made Italy so beautiful?" he asked of me without removing his look from the grapes and flowers. The query, so unexpected, surprised me, and more so because I had been in the habit of considering the judgments of God inscrutable.

But after a moment's delay the priest went on without showing any great desire for my answer: "Because Italy was to furnish a residence for the Pope and be as a kind of reception-room for all who visited him. Italy is the country

of the Supreme Pontiff and must serve to make him independent in the exercise of his spiritual power. The Italy of to-day, on the contrary, dreams of becoming a great temporal power. What a day-dream for so poor a State! Italy by herself alone is too small. She would have colonies. But it would seem the colonies have been assigned to us by the good God. He has denied Italy minerals and the real sources of vast monied wealth. Its chief endowment is its beauty. It is a creation of the good God, who designed for it the glory of possessing within its boundaries the head of the world. There is something in the very character and heart of the Romans made for the reception and diffusion of affections and sentiments common to the whole world.

"Moral power is a much greater thing than material power. It seems to be the will of heaven to assign to us English material power. Germany dreams of taking it; seemingly in vain. Will there be eventually in the world an adjustment between the two forces which have ever been at strife? The Pontiff in Italy as the head of the world in the spiritual order; England in the material order, and so advance little by little. This advance is seen clearly at present to be the will of God. For the Italians to have a true conception of the power of that Pontiff whom they oppose and circumscribe, it is only necessary for them to travel and see in how great respect his name is held in every corner of the world. Italy by leaving him that square yard of earth called the Vatican, has implicitly recognized the necessity of the temporal power. To be consistent they ought to let him have his own or nothing. As it has been dealt with by Italy the temporal power is there ridiculous."

With a benevolent smile I followed this man, who spoke in good faith and with profound conviction, and it seemed superfluous to contradict him. I do not deny however that there was some force in his last remarks.

I have given his ideas in order to show how we and our



affairs are viewed by those priests (and not only by priests) whom we see come in shoals to Italy every year, and run through it with their Breviary in one hand and their *Bædeker* in the other.

After having visited the convent in the company of my new friend I wished to get an idea of the city of Hull, for although a few years ago its streets were narrow and mean, a great part has been reconstructed and it is now a city of fine wide streets. It contains about 250,000 inhabitants and is the third port in the Kingdom, and its docks are thronged with ships ready to start for all quarters of the globe,—but the feverish life and movement of the docks does not extend to the city itself, which has a rather quiet and provincial air.

The day after my arrival, Father Calvert proposed a run out to Beverley, a small town quite near Hull, in order to visit its beautiful Gothic Cathedral. I admired particularly the choir-stalls with their minute artistic carvings, and the personal caricatures and quaint little figurations in stone, full of life and verity, which run round the walls and pleasantly relieve their severity. The church is not less beautiful outside than within. While I was standing spell-bound before one of its magnificent elevations, where within the beautiful Gothic niches stand mixed together, severe and menacing, so many saints and kings of England, the priest, on hearing my expressions of admiration, felt more pained than ever as he thought of the profane action of the Protestants who had possessed themselves of the most beautiful Catholic churches and with sacrilegious hands had adapted them to their religion. "They have constructed nothing sublime," he said; "these splendid erections are our work; they, fell confiscators, did but take possession of them. They have never had celestial transports of faith that could raise such beautiful and majestic works to heaven. But throughout England the true Faith will return, and it will come back holding Art by the hand. When the

knowledge and admiration of these works of art shall have become wider and more profound, a sense of universal gratitude will spring up for those who have constructed them and for the Faith which has inspired them—little by little the true Faith will return. Oh yes, it will return, accompanied by Art." While Father Calvert was speaking the chimes sounded solemnly and accompanied by their sighs the lamentations of the good Father.

After Beverley came the turn of York—a magnificent city of 78,000 inhabitants, and the chief town of the county. The cathedral of York is less elegant than that of Beverley, but more vast and majestic. The great window at the east end of the church is rich in marvellously coloured glass and is, they say, the largest window in the world. When I visited the church a concert of male voices was swelling through the magnificent arcades together with what seemed to be the voices of women, but in reality were children's. The organ accompanied the singing with its tones which awoke in the mind a confused apprehension of God and of death. I was silent, my guide also was silent; but his countenance betrayed thoughts of profound grief.

York is full of memorials of the Ancient Romans. They called it Eboracum and surrounded it with walls which to-day no longer exist; but which are represented by those constructed in the fourteenth century and which, for the most part, follow their lines and surround almost the whole city. Wandering round them one enjoys a beautiful view of the whole city and especially of the cathedral. This visit to York was not our only one, for we returned some days afterwards on our way to the Abbey of Ampleforth. But first we went to Pickering, a pretty and quaint little town of high Yorkshire, where I had the pleasant surprise of making the acquaintance of a saint as they are pictured. I say "surprised" because Father Calvert had only asked me if I would accompany him to Pickering, as he had an

engagement there which would occupy him for a couple of days. He whom I have called a "saint" is in reality named Edward Bryan. He is so full of faith and religious fervour that he seems like a man of the first ages of the Church gone astray in our century. He was born a Protestant, but from his early youth turned towards Catholicism and finally, in the prime of life, became a convert to the Church. His Bishop, seeing his fervour, determined to send him to Pickering, where there were no Catholics, to replant the Church there. He arrived there with five shillings; but if his pocket was empty of money his heart was full of strong and holy resolutions. With those five shillings he hired a poor little bedroom, and the same day saw him on his knees intent upon washing the floor of another room to prepare it for the reception of the Saviour at the celebration of Holy Mass. Several folk came and stood on the threshold and laughed at him as they watched him work. He raised his head and looking at them said, "Why do you laugh? Don't you think it would be better to come and help me?" At these words, pronounced in a resolute tone of voice, one of the men, who a moment before stood jeering at him with the rest, took off his jacket and set to work to help him. Others soon followed his example; so easily, by force of character and strength of faith, is one man wont to cow and conquer. This was the beginning of his work in that part of the country where he now enjoys the unbounded goodwill and veneration of the people, even of those who have been unwilling to receive his doctrine, and where he has already won a large and fruitful freehold for the ground-plot and endowment of a new church, which he yearns to build, and which build he will, with that unconquerable temper of mind—peculiar to him and to his nation. The plan for his new church is made already, and he has published it in the religious journals to provoke the faithful to yet greater zeal. Money comes from everywhere. For the nonce a

little chapel has been contrived, to which is attached a rickety hovel where Father Bryan dwells and where he educates the children who run to him as to a tender father.

When I presented myself in company of Father Calvert, he was very glad and said, "After England the country I love most is Italy." He is tall in person and thin, and is habited in a long black cassock and a low priest's biretta. A long brown beard, slightly grizzled, gives him a specially imposing presence. Although he is a Catholic priest he has asked and obtained the permission to wear it to avoid losing even moments in the pursuit of his devout and holy occupations. From within this setting there arises and is diffused an ineffable smile of goodness and of infinite tenderness, which takes a special character upon those features where the muscles of envy and of other low and base passions have never drawn their disturbing wrinkles. Altogether you have the true aspect of a saint, and it seemed to me that I already saw him raised on high and carried in procession. He has the misfortune to be almost quite deaf, so that one must speak distinctly in his ears; but he bears the privation (for him a very great one) with Christian cheerfulness and asks the aid of other priests, his friends, for the discharge of those duties of his ministry where hearing is indispensable. And it was in fact to hear the confessions of the faithful recently gathered in that Father Calvert had come to visit him. It is, above all, the children whom he draws to himself by his fatherly tenderness; but, like a true Englishman, while he looks after their souls he does not neglect their bodies and he offers them, in a little garden attached to the temporary chapel and to his mean dwelling, the wherewithal to amuse themselves with gymnastic games—so dear to the English. The little girls are separated from the boys and they are tended by a devoted mistress, who besides providing physical exercises more adapted to their sex teaches them also the more easy feminine occupations. While visiting the poor dwelling of

our saint, I could not fail to reflect upon Brother Nicholas, hermit of the Abruzzi, whose life I sketched many years ago, and I thought of *his* miserable smoky hole of a habitation.

I mention his dwelling more particularly for as regards the man Father Bryan is far above the hermit. The latter was, it is true, a man of genius and full of holy fervour, but in his faith there was all the selfishness of the solitary of the desert; he was intent upon gaining for himself a place in paradise and he had no care for others. Father Bryan on the other hand thinks of others more than himself; he is an apostle and he strives and works.

He has adorned the black walls of his miserable habitation with all the pictures he has been able to find and which appeared to him adapted to the end he had in view. He has brought together photographs, engravings from the journals, oleographs—for him, all are good so long as they tend to strengthen and encourage the Catholic faith: Madonnas, pictured saints and crucifixes. His ardour for collecting causes him sometimes to commit errors which breathe the most charming simplicity. Among the pictures attached to the walls there is a group of old friars who, with eyes full of malice and cupidity, are laughing over the reading of a book—probably a little questionable—a well known popular oleograph. He has gathered it into his collection solely because it represents some friars—that was enough for him and that was all he cared about. And those lax friars—they too seem to laugh, perhaps, not only over the matter and illustrations of the book, but over the curious ingenuousness of good Father Bryan. The pictures that furnish the walls of the poor dwelling are not only sacred ones. Here and there gleam out some little views of Venice and of Rome—places which the good man had visited. By those pictures and by the enthusiasm with which he spoke of the places represented in those pictures, and of the smiling hills which surround Pickering, I understood that the fire of that soul was not altogether absorbed

by the faith, but that a large part of it was reserved for the poetry of nature. Unquestionably he admired those beauties of nature above all because they were the works of the Lord; but, none the less, they did not fail to stir and agitate him humanly. Whatever great and beautiful things are accomplished by man in any sphere, all are fundamentally the outcome of the poetic sentiment. Poetry is the true mistress of the universe. St. Francis was a poet and so also was Napoleon.

While I was looking at those pictures and reflecting on many things, Father Bryan suddenly asked me, "Why has God made Italy so beautiful, do you think?" It was the same question that Father Calvert had addressed to me, and without answering I turned my look upon the latter who stood smiling while a benevolent air of triumph lighted up his countenance.

Father Bryan was determined that I should stay and lunch with him, together with Father Calvert, instead of going to the Hotel at the sign of the Black Swan where I was lodging. While manifesting a great desire to keep me with him he showed also considerable fear as to whether he would be able to content me. I willingly accepted so as to have an opportunity of knowing this singular man more closely. The luncheon was prepared on a little round table and our host offered us cold roast beef, cucumber, cheese, eggs, and a salad of lettuce and tomatoes; and a thing that I should never have expected in that miserable place and from that austere man—a bottle of Cyprus was brought out. I expressed my astonishment, and Father Calvert told me that he obtained it from the missionaries—that he kept it for his guests, and that he was himself a sparing eater and generally quenched his thirst with water. I took my place three times at his table. To say the truth when I saw the plates and goblets which were of white enamelled tin, and black where there was tin and no enamel, I had scarcely courage to raise the victuals to my

mouth. Father Bryan noticed it and told me not to mind the black, because everything was very clean. I closed the eyes of my mind: I reflected that nothing is dirt to science and cheerfully began to eat and drink. Father Bryan looked on, smiled and was happy. When I took my leave he begged me to remember him when I was again in Italy, and he ended by exclaiming with emphasis, "Long live Italy." Poor Father Bryan! Certainly in crying "Long live Italy" he alluded to *his* Italy, to that Italy which God had made so beautiful in order to make of it a reception-room for the Pope; but *that*, notwithstanding, he did not mix with his sentiment of love any feeling of aversion for *another* Italy, and his cry was not polemical but full of the most sincere and warm affection. I went away thinking of that place of voluntary poverty and of peace, and of that proud and serene soul that I was leaving perhaps for ever; I thought of that profound aspiration for heaven and for its impalpable goods which was there flourishing (as it were by a necessity of violent reaction) hard by the wild tumult of commercial life by which England is beset; and I seemed to hear from Hull the dull throbbing of those monsters of the sea, eager to bound forth for the oceans most remote; and from a further distance still there reached me, so it seemed to me, the sullen roar of the capital of the world.

On my return from Pickering I certainly thought of leaving Hull, but Father Calvert had prepared another great surprise for me, and he prayed me to put off my departure for a couple of days. We at once set off for Ampleforth, where the priest vaguely intimated there was an abbey of Benedictines in which he had some appointment, and that I could wait for him at a village inn hard by. During that journey I had a most pleasing meeting. There was a change of trains at a little station and the passengers were waiting in a crowd on the platform. Among the people I noticed a young lady with a dark

complexion and brilliant eyes and I said to myself:—"That young English lady looks quite like an Italian." She began to speak with another young lady and it seemed to me that I heard a "si," but I did not pay much attention to it because it often happens that, when one hears a foreign language spoken, words occur that seem by a natural illusion to belong to one's own. Those ladies by chance entered our compartment, and one of them began to speak to Father Calvert in English that had however a slightly foreign accent. Thereupon I took courage and asked:—"But perhaps they are Italians!" "And you," replied quickly the lady with the bright eyes, in the purest Italian,— "is it not Signor —?" And she spoke as if she would fain say something that she ardently wished to say. You can imagine the pleasure I felt at this unexpected meeting, especially in an out-of-the-way place on a small branch-line. The ladies lived in Florence and they knew me by sight. While the priest continued to speak in English with the other lady who, to say the truth, when she was not smiling, had a certain air of English stiffness which however gave place, when she smiled, to a countenance lighted up with all the radiancy of an Italian, while, I say, the priest continued to speak with this other lady, I began an eager conversation with the bright-eyed, dark-complexioned lady.

We were soon at our ease and it seemed as if the meeting had been by appointment. We had a thousand things to say about England. With all the national effusiveness we interchanged our observations on the country in which we were travelling. We were at one on many points. I spoke of my impressions of the English bedrooms. I could not get accustomed to that absence of window-shutters (common, after all, to most of the countries of the north), in consequence of which one can never have perfect obscurity in a bedroom. Curtains there are, great and small, of more or less transparency; arrange them this way, that way, but there is always light in the bedroom, especially if it is on the first



floor, and opposite to a lamp-post from which the electric light comes and strikes you fairly in the eyes. At first sight the beautiful pillow seems plump. "What a fine pillow!" you say; "this is the pillow I have long sighed for." But put your head on it and, alas! it is full of fluff—it melts and disappears. Then you must get up—to think of some way of bolstering it up. One night I rolled it up like a scroll and bound it tight with my braces. But the pillow is not the only woe. There is also the mattress, or the object that stands for it. It is often a broad sack, badly filled with down and too weak to govern the sheet; and the sheet breaks away and the hem, by the pressure of the body, arrives in the middle of the bed and all curls up. In the morning the most calm and tranquil bed has the air of a disordered field of battle. Then the necessary things cannot be found: there is nowhere to put your watch and, if there is no electric light, what are you to do with the candle?

The young Italian lady laughed at my observations and found them just. "And don't think," she added, "that cleanliness is one of the prime qualities of the English people, as one might imagine from their continual grumbling when they are with us. In the big hotels it isn't bad; but in the boarding-houses it is something incredible—once I saw them wipe a glass with a dish-cloth as black as a stove-duster. I could no longer screw up any courage to drink. To have a clean room you must *command* it—you must insist upon it; and it is by no means a rare occurrence, for example, that they change the sheets without changing the pillow-cases. An Italian woman would never do that."

While the young lady and I were conversing together in this eager and exuberant way on our impressions of English customs, the time and the train sped on. The other young lady was altogether intent upon her conversation in English with Father Calvert. They could not have heard what we had been saying. Moreover the

good father with his calm and even temperament would have been the first to smile at our rather unkind observations. But we had now arrived at Gilling Station, where we had to descend. The ladies continued their journey. It was with lively regret that I broke off the charming conversation which had seemed to me like a pleasant fleeting dream.

At Gilling we found many priests who, like us, were going to Ampleforth. We all crowded together into a wagonette and away! The landscape became ever and ever more beautiful, hills and plains alternated, all alike covered with a delicious verdure—a thousand tints of green there were, all blended as nature knows how to blend them, and they formed a profound and festive harmony; and united with this ocular symphony there was the refreshing, balmy perfume of newly teded grass.

As the evening shadows were falling, about an hour after, we arrived at the Abbey, a massive and magnificent edifice which cannot be seen till one is upon it, being hidden, as one arrives, by planted shrubberies. Father Calvert had told me that, during the time he had to pass at the Abbey, I could stay in a neighbouring village, which was situated on the road leading to the college and about a couple of miles distant from it. But now he wished me to go with him. The good father always promised little and then surprised me by unexpectedly providing much more than he had promised. And there was moreover something else about which the priest had said nothing to me. The college attached to the convent was keeping festival before the annual vacation. The festivities began that evening and were to finish on the evening of the following day. Then in the morning, on the third day, all the students would depart for their holidays.

On being presented by Father Calvert to the Abbot of the monastery and to the Rector of the college I was received with welcome, and true cordiality. I cannot

express the pleasure it gave me to find that the greater part of those Fathers could speak Italian. Many of them had been in Rome and had passed months and years there. The monastery was full of guests; parents of the pupils, and Religious already on the Mission in the parishes of the island, and who had returned to the fold to keep that solemnity; and they had not returned solely for the festival closing the college year, but for the election of the new Abbot, which was to take place the day after the students had gone. On our arrival we found the supper spread; it was a long table in a long and wide corridor, and those who sat down together numbered about eighty. But the guests were not men only: there was a fair and perfumed troop of silk-gowned ladies—young and elderly—relatives of the pupils, who sat down to supper in a room apart where they were waited on by women. In order to arrive at the corridor, where supper was spread for us men, I had to pass the room where shone the bright and many-coloured vision of the ladies, and I could not avoid casting them a rapid glance of melancholy wistfulness.

Our supper, though "unsexual" was gay. The monks helped the waiters to distribute the viands, and they would have been willing to multiply themselves in order to be everywhere to anticipate our desires and satisfy them. After the supper there was the "play" in the theatre: the representation of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, given by the students of the college. The execution was good, and the applause lavish. It was a pretty scene—the blue, rose and white dresses of the ladies assembled in the hall together with the stern, dark habits of the monks. After the theatre there were sumptuous refreshments; and after the refreshments the ladies left the monastery. We all went to bed. To me a clean but simple room was allotted, reserved for one of the monks who had not been able to come. And that was the first time that I slept in a monastery. In the morning when I rose and went to the window,

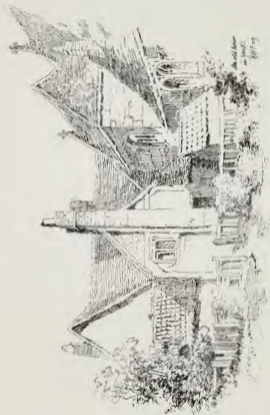
I remained spell-bound before the spectacle of the wide and verdant valley that lay below me. The sun was shining in all its glory; the temperature, although we were in the midst of the "dog-days," was delicious, and it seemed to me that place was more than ordinarily designed to inspire noble and elevated thoughts.

A little afterwards the breakfast-bell sounded. Again all assembled around the long table: gay chatter and banter; and a renewal of the pressing kindness of the monks. The first among the things served was the famous and appetising bacon. I have never been called to table so often as on that day. Eight o'clock, breakfast; ten, bread and cheese; but there was also beer. One o'clock, luncheon; at five, tea—which too was like a little dinner; at seven, dinner; at ten, supper. At luncheon I saw some lumps of roast-beef such as I had never seen in my life: I thought of the heroes of Homer. Several bottles of champagne were emptied. At noon there was the prize-giving for the students. The ladies had returned. There were discourses from the Abbot and from the Rector. Instead of declamatory pomp, as with us, those discourses were rich in humour which often provoked the laughter of the assembled guests, the monks and students.

The pupils gave examples of recitation and declamation in French, Latin and Greek, and in English. I remarked to the Rector that in a place where Italian was so widely known, it would have been easy to present some pupils in that language also. The Rector replied that he had thought of it. I don't profess to have formed a clear idea of the working of the institution during that festival at the end of the term; but from the culture that I observed in the monks, from the manner in which their science-rooms were kept, the richness of their library, from the knowledge which those Religious had been able to acquire of our systems of study and of teaching in their frequent and extended visits to our principal cities, and especially to Rome,

I was able to form an opinion that that college, and other similar ones conducted by the Benedictine Fathers in England, must resemble our institutes in their working more closely than any others in the island. And I thought I had a proof of the great esteem in which the Government holds the college from a telegram sent by the Minister of War and read by the Rector during the festival: a telegram in which the special privilege was granted to the Alumni of Ampleforth College of being admitted to the Military College without any further examination. But neither will the College of Ampleforth altogether depart from the English system of training; for besides and beyond Latin, Greek History and French, those fine youths will know their cricket and lawn-tennis. I had a proof of their skillfulness in those games on the afternoon of the day after my arrival. They played for a couple of hours on a large ground before the college and monastery, but a little lower down. The college also is a rich and splendid building attached to the monastery and at the same time divided from it. Some of the young monks played with the pupils. They laid aside their habits and valiantly set to work in their shirt-sleeves.

All this life of the monastery—the fervent faith that was evident in the discourses of the Fathers; the artless self-abnegation with which they spoke of the rigours of the monastic life—caused me, by an illusion, to feel as if I were in other times—in the far-off Middle Age when the monasteries of Italy also flourished in their wealth, in learning and in faith. And I began to imagine myself a sinner who had arrived in that monastery with the intention of turning to God, and of preparing myself by long fasts and penitence for an expiation that would be difficult. In one of those moments of ascetical illusions, while I was looking at the elegantly-mown lawns that shone in bright and vivid green before the monastery and blended with it, and again intensified their colour by contrast with that of the geraniums—in one of those moments of resurrection into an age gone



by:—"Oh!" said I to a father near me, "how well can I now understand how a man, arrived at a certain age, and tired of the world, could become a monk!" "Only then!" interrupted the monk, who was very young, in Italian, smiling, "Oh! even sooner, even sooner, but now I, after all, could not do it sooner."

And meanwhile other curious thoughts, new for me, began to insinuate themselves into my mind. When one hears, thought I, when one hears our language spoken by almost all, in a country so far distant, when one sees the corridors of the convent adorned with the most beautiful reproductions of our most celebrated works of art, when one hears Rome spoken of with filial respect—then the eternal question of the temporal and spiritual power is forgotten, and these monasteries stand out as strongholds of "Italianità," and the meaning of the phrase, "Rome is eternal," becomes evident. This is the spirit of that ancient Rome which still lives; of that Rome which surrounded the city of York with walls and gave it a name. It lives still, without its armies and yet more powerful than ever. And if we Italians, leaving Italy, approach this people which welcomes us and lives with its gaze fixed upon the cupola of St. Peter's, and forms with so many millions of other devout souls an organism so marvellous—of which Italy is the eternal centre—we too, putting aside all prejudice, and ridding ourselves of every obstinate and restricted conception of life, may easily understand what a miserable thing our little Italy which *Appennin parte*, etc., our little cannons and our little armies must appear to this people. We say this with no contempt—but merely to say the truth.

When I consider the wonderful unity of heart in which the spirit of Rome "springs eternal"; when I see this people receive me with joy because I am Italian, because I bring the news of Rome and Florence, then for me all Europe becomes Italy and my looks betray the ancient Roman

pride in a new light. And when from afar I see some soaring church spire, I think, "there is Italy," and would fain cry out with Father Bryan, "Long live Italy," and when I hear a sound of church bells, it is Italy that speaks in the eternal voice of bronze. And all this immense unity is held together by one man far away over there, who smiles and blesses. But then I remember that he wants little cannon—even he—and little armies; and then, for a moment, I am in a state of commotion at the thought of the vast greatness—transformed it is true into spiritual force—which the temporal power of Rome keeps and hands on through the ages. That energy which will never cease to palpitate has produced the enormous power of the Papacy; it produced the might of the Holy Roman Empire; it produced the power of Napoleon and that of the new Italy; but none of the forces has inherited its character of universality except the power of the Pontiff. The power of the new Italy—being a merely lay-power and temporal—(though it too is a daughter of Rome) is yet too feeble; but it is bound to increase, and it will increase more under the impulse of science than by the clash of arms, until it arrives at a point in which it shall balance the power of the Papacy and dazzle with equal splendour the astonished mind of the stranger. Then we shall be able to say that the profound thought of Dante has been realised. This will be the solution—and not that favoured by Father Calvert—this will be the solution of the Roman question—the question of the temporal and spiritual power—of those two forces both deriving from the same source. When the Papacy shall have at its side a temporal power so great as to be able to protect it, when the strangers who come to visit it shall perceive themselves to be in the midst of so great a nation, in the midst of a greatness, new, but not less wonderful than the ancient, I say, they will no longer cry "Long live the Pope-King," but "Long live Italy," in a sense more vast and enduring than that of the good Father Bryan. "Long live Italy,

spiritual and temporal," "Long live Italy united" in a sense new and unforeseen. And the very Pope himself will be proud to be an Italian.

In the evening I had an occasion of developing these my thoughts at a little gathering of those Fathers—my gentle hosts, who had asked me with an air of lively curiosity what were my thoughts on the future of the Roman question. Probably they would have liked an answer a little more in keeping with Father Calvert's theory, but they were courteous enough to listen to me with rapt attention and without any gestures of surprise; and certainly that was by kindly deference for my national feelings.

On the third day, in the morning, Father Calvert and I left the monastery together with a group of Fathers of the Community. Arrived at Gilling station, I left my gentle guide, who took the way for Bridlington to spend some of the days of his holiday with a brother. I returned to Hull: the day after I set out again and plunged once more into the whirlpool of London.

FEDELE ROMANI.

[Translated by request.—H. W. F. C.]



לְהַרְוֶה בְּלִי טוֹרָה
 ΠΑΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΑΡΑ ΤΟΙΣ ΚΑΘΑΡΟΙΣ. ✠
 OMNIA MVNDA MVNDIS
 D. HECTOR POMER PREPOS & LAVR.

A Laurentian Bookplate.

We expect the reader to see a good deal to admire in this engraving of our Patron Saint. Though unsigned by the draughtsman—the initials are those of the engraver—it is generally accepted as the work of Albert Dürer. We do not consider the attribution beyond question. But it is Nuremberg work of the highest class, executed for a Nuremberg patron, provost of the noble church of St. Lawrence, the rival of St. Sebald's Cathedral; it is dated when Dürer was at the height of his fame and of his powers; it is quite worthy of Dürer, and almost too good for anyone else; logically, therefore, we have a right to assume the Dürer authorship in the absence of evidence to the contrary. The engraver's initials, R. A. 1521, are not supposed to help in the matter. They are themselves a puzzle. No master of the craft—R. A. is certainly a master—whose name fits in with them is known to us,—a fact which would not be surprising, but that we possess so full a knowledge of the names and styles of the German wood-engravers of this period, through the signatures on the blocks of the great Triumph of Maximilian. We have, however, a suggestion to make. The most famous "formschneider" in Dürer's atelier, who cut the blocks of the "Triumphal Arch" and of most of Dürer's best work, is a man known by the name of Jerome Andre or Hieronymus Andreæ. But according to Von Murr, who quotes Neudorffer as his authority, Andre's real name was Resch. This gives us the initials R. and A. as belonging to the best wood-engraver of his day, a Nuremberg artisan, trained by Dürer, and a man who is known on other occasions to have varied his signature. If, then, we identify R. A. with this Andre, we may take the Dürer authorship of our print as proved—unless we suppose

that the wood-engraver is responsible for the design as well as the workmanship.

This is not an impossible supposition. Andre was a man of great talent, who, by working over Dürer's drawings, must have acquired an exceptional skill in draughtmanship, and might be expected to reproduce the mannerisms of his master, in a methodical way which would be almost too evident and convincing. We should count on finding in a design of his everything of Dürer except his genius. One has hesitation in asserting that such is the case in our engraving. There is no portion of it, certainly, that Dürer might not have drawn, just exactly as it is drawn, if he had been in the mind so to do it. There is a master's knowledge in every line—that practised knowledge which is never in two minds what effect it wants to get and how to produce it. It is very fluent, as we may say, and yet it expresses itself in the fewest words possible; so little evidence of effort is there that we receive a general impression of carelessness. Reduced to something less than half its size, as it is in our reproduction, this may not be quite apparent, but as seen in the bold lines of the original—thicker than those of a broad-pointed goose-quill—the ease and certainty of the drawing inclines one to say that no one but Dürer—no contemporary artist, either in his studio or out of it—was perfectly capable of its production.

To accept it, however, as Dürer's work, is to suppose that we have met with the master at his best in execution and below himself in conception. The peculiar mind of the artist is not seen in it. There is no evidence of the luxuriant fancy, sometimes serious sometimes playful, most thoughtful, perhaps, when seemingly most irrelevant, with which he was accustomed to decorate the barren and light up the dull places in his designs. We miss, too, the interesting difficulties which he liked to set for himself—so perplexing, at times, to his engraver—just for the pleasure and profit of overcoming them. And, most notably, we

miss that uncommon treatment of the commonplace, which, in another Dürer woodcut of St. Lawrence, specialises between the crumpled folds of the linen alb and the stiffer hanging of the heavily-lined silk dalmatic; which sets the gridiron sideways so as to be seen in perspective and gives to its bars the clean, hard, rigid lines characteristic of metal; where the Saint grasps the book of the gospels, but with a hand covered up with the dalmatic, as holding something too sacred to risk being soiled by handling and more precious than the silk of the vestment; and where the artist attempts an unusual pose of the head and a novel method of shading it;—an experiment which has proved too much for the skill of the *formschneider*, who has made the face look as if covered with hairs like that of a monkey.

The incidents not Dürer-like in our illustration are:—the rude blades of grass growing out of the flat tops of stone columns: the meaningless arch of two twigs, tied together in an impossible fashion, balancing itself on the columns without fastening or support; the fungous excrescences in place of leaves and ridiculous tendrils in place of branches; the woodenish gridirons, recognisable as of metal only by the loose ring at the end of the handle, with which they may be hung, like small culinary utensils, on a nail against the kitchen wall; and the shadows cast by the figures upon nothing. But, when all is said, Dürer may have designed it when in an uninspired mood; or he may have considered the conventional unreality of the details justifiable and even desirable in a piece which claims to be nothing better than an heraldic design.

For, a book-plate is the description of the engraving in the catalogues. We do not know why, unless that *ex-libris* lovers want an excuse to add so admirable a specimen to their collections. It may, of course, have been designed for the purpose. There are one or two German woodcut book-plates of even earlier date. And there are some early German woodcut New Year cards of the same period, which

wish the recipient "ein guot selig ior." There are also great numbers of loose woodcuts of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries which were intended neither for book-plates nor for New Year cards. We know no very excellent reason why our engraving should have been removed from this last class, or, if it be promoted, why it should be designated a book-plate rather than a New Year's card. One writer makes the statement that about this time, circa 1500, the wood-engraved plate began to supersede the more expensive *ex-libris* book-cover, of which the Grolier binding is the most famous example; but Grolier did not die until the year 1565, and we may take it that during his lifetime the *ex-libris* book-cover was at the very height of its fashion. We think it cannot be maintained that the woodcut *ex-libris* was common or popular, or even beginning to be so, in the year 1521, and the cost of its design and execution would still have been great enough to make it an exceptional luxury. However, the Very Rev. Hector Pomer, Provost of St. Lawrence's, would doubtless have been rich enough to please himself how he labelled his books. The true reasons why we suspect our engraving was not intended for use as a book-plate are: first, its size and, secondly, its tri-lingual device. The plate is a folio and would only be convenient for a library of folios, at a date when the majority of the books printed were of smaller size—thirty years earlier a folio *ex-libris* would not have been a monstrosity. Then the motto, "All things are clean to the clean," adapted from St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, though it might be pertinent to one or another of the books in Pomer's collection, could hardly have been descriptive of a provost's library.

Both because of the *format* and the motto, we are inclined to think our engraving nothing more than the full-page illustration destined to be printed on the back (verso) of the title-page of a book. Such illustrations were quite usual at that date, and they not uncommonly took some such form as the Dürer design. Perhaps the book was

planned and never written. We looked hurriedly through the pages of the British Museum catalogue quite expecting to discover a folio, written by Pomer, of the date 1521. We did not find quite exactly what we wanted. But we found the entry "Pomer (Hector), see Posmer." Looking further, we found "Posmer (Hector), see Boehmer." Then under the latter heading, there were the titles of four volumes dated 1524-5. They were undoubtedly by our friend "Hector Pomer Praepos. S. Lave." Boehmer (Hector) is one of two Nuremberg Provosts (zweier Probst zu Nurnberg)—the other was a certain G. Besler, probably of St. Sebald's—who were mixed up in a controversy excited by some changes introduced into the Holy Mass. They apparently disobeyed or changed some ordinance ("misspreich" we take to mean a bad decision), and they defend themselves and make "Appellation und Berufung." It is significant that in the year 1522, the diet of Nuremberg demanded of the Holy See ecclesiastical reforms and a General Council. The engraving with the device "Omnia munda mundis" may, therefore, very well have been intended for some projected or published book connected with the controversies of that date, in which, as we have seen, Hector Pomer took a leading part.

Work or Charity?

It is disconcerting to find oneself instinctively answering Yes and No to the same question. If a popular writer asks, at a time when trade is bad and people are starving, Is *this* the time to build costly town halls and ornamental bridges? he will probably get us to answer No: it is a scandal to spend money on such luxuries when children are wanting the necessaries of life. And quite certainly he will carry us with him if the builder of the halls and bridges be not a town council but a duke. But if, without further reflection, and merely intent on attacking the existing order, he asks us on another page, Since trade is bad and people are starving, is not *this* the very time to build the hall and the bridge? he will again carry us with him to answer Yes: at such a time everyone who possibly can should provide work for the starving people.

This is satisfactory to the popular writer, whose business is neither to think himself nor to make his readers think, but only to carry them with him. But if we *do* think, and find that we have answered Yes and No to the same question, it is disconcerting.

The assumed principle which led us to our first answer is that it is wrong to spend money on our luxuries when others are without necessaries. The assumed principle behind our second answer is that work is better than charity; if we must give to the needy, our money will do more good as wages than as charity. Either may be an excellent principle; but together they have led us to say both Build bridges and Don't build; to vote first for stopping the work and giving the money in charity, and then for stopping the charity and spending the money in work.

In discussing the considerations that throw light on the problem one can only select a few points, passing by all others. To prevent misunderstanding however it seems necessary to mention some of these omissions.

In dealing with supposed causes of distress I have purposely kept out of sight the true cause—that employers do not do the duties attaching to their position. I have spoken as if the improved position of the farmer meant improvement for his labourers. It should, but it does not. Employers are bound to secure for their workers proper wages, hours, conditions of life and of work; but they do not.

I have had to speak of the superabundant production that is brought about by modern methods. Yet as a fact I do not believe that we provide at present all the food and clothing the nation needs. A great deal more will have to be provided when the destitute classes get proper food.

I.

An ordinary man cannot support himself unaided. One is sometimes tempted to think that if only this were a desert island our idle men would soon be working on our idle lands and supporting themselves; that it is only because of our laws of property and the need of earning rent for the landlord in addition to their own living that the men remain idle here. But reflection shows that this is a mistake. Remember the early history of colonial settlements. How many were starved out and perished completely. How many had to be abandoned, and the survivors brought home broken and ruined. In those that succeeded, how often was the early history an ever-repeated struggle to keep going till the yearly ship should bring new supplies, for their own year's produce would not maintain them for a year. Modern colonial history teaches the same lesson. All our colonies have their throng of unemployed.

In most cases the wild is at their gates, but only the choice few can put their hands to the idle earth and win their keep from it. The rest fail, and flock to the towns and ask to share in someone else's work since they cannot live by their own. In England we have had recent instances.

Many times we have read that the unemployed have seized land and begun to work it; but who has read of a case where they worked it for three or six or twelve months and maintained themselves from its produce? Even with State organisation and State capital behind them, the unemployed failed to earn their own keep during the past winter. How far they failed has been reduced to figures, and the figures are hard to believe. In Manchester "the Committee's expenditure for wages during the four weeks which terminated on the 1st inst. was £4112 3s. 2d. The value of the labour executed amounted to only £639, or 15.3 per cent. of the amount spent. These figures compare very badly with the last return made to the Committee, when the value of the work done by the unemployed amounted to 32 per cent. of the cost. The diminished efficiency is mainly due to—(a) The failure of the men to perform the task allotted to them with diligence and to attain such standard of efficiency as may be properly required of them; (b) time lost owing to inclement weather, which amounted to 12½ per cent. of the total time worked; (c) absence of physical ability in many cases to perform work of the kind required; (d) too large a number of men for economical working; (e) workmen not being properly shod or clad. The men engaged on the works already sanctioned by the Local Government Board are much too numerous, and employment cannot longer be found for the present number unless further sanctions are received from the Local Government Board.

"The Chairman (Mr. Alderman Plummer) said that from the Committee's point of view the report was both sad and disastrous.

"Sir Bosdin Leech pointed out that the report showed that one ordinary workman could do as much as six of the unemployed.

"Mr. Councillor Allison said that some of the men employed were half-starved. Would not better results be obtained if the Committee provided them with meals?

"The City Surveyor agreed that this would be a wise course. 'I could show you very much better results,' he added, 'if I had half the number of men employed.' There had been a marked improvement in the relative quality of the work done in the last month."

"Thirty-two per cent. for the first period, 15.3 per cent. for the second. As if the settlers in a new colony said, 'We can only support ourselves for 4 months this year, and next year only for 7 weeks. For the rest of the time you will have to support us.

A little reflection on these and similar facts will satisfy us that it is a mistake to look on destitution as a purely human invention, the result of bad laws. The laws may be very bad and sorely need change. But were they changed to-morrow we should find the ordinary man still unable to support himself. He is hindered not by law but by nature.

II.

If it be true that an ordinary man's labour when applied to undeveloped nature will not support his own life, it is equally true that an ordinary man's labour in an industrial community will support not only himself but many others. The men who feed and clothe and house a nation nowadays are a very small fraction of the nation. Their labour is productive beyond all proportion to the labour of Robinson Crusoe. This is due in part to the division of labour, but also in part to the accumulated capital which enables them to work without expecting immediate returns from

* *Manchester Guardian*, 27 Jan., 1909.

their labour. Division of labour is not the sole cause; for a modern shipwrecked crew would probably perish as quickly as 300 years ago, however they might organise their labour. And capital is not the sole cause; for if this nation were destroyed by plague, the handful of survivors would have to return to the struggle of agricultural life, and watch the accumulated capital of ages perishing before their eyes. But in the state in which we now are, with ample capital and ample workers, one man's labour may easily support hundreds.

It follows that admission into such an industrial state is a great boon to a man. It multiplies indefinitely the value of his labour. A few hours' work in the week may support him more effectually than day-and-night labour on a desert island. The value of his labour has received an enormous but quite unearned increment.

III.

At this point we are between critics on the right hand and on the left, armed with confusions and misunderstandings. It is easy, for instance, to prove that any individual is a parasite on the community; for his own labour would not support him in the South Pacific, and it only supports him here because of the value it receives from the rest of us. The partnership enriches him, therefore he is living on the other partners. This confusion seems to underlie Mr. Mallock's attempt to isolate the productive power of labour and claim all else as the product of ability. The argument can be countered quite as effectually and as unreasonably by reckoning up the product of unaided ability and claiming all else as due to labour. The fact is that the benefit is due to partnership, not to the other partner. When a man has walked 50 miles in a day, the left foot may say to the right, "You might have hopped 5 miles in the day by yourself: I have contributed the other 45." The right can always

retort, "You might have hopped 4 miles; I have contributed 46." If I receive an unearned increment, so do you and all the other partners; and what I receive is not anything you have given me; you also have received more from the partnership than you put into it.

On the other side are writers who talk as if every man had a natural right to be admitted to this industrial community, as if this were the same as his natural right to the fruits of the earth. If he is shut out from the world of primitive labour where work is hard and its fruit precarious, then indeed he suffers injustice. But if he is left to this primitive labour because no place has been found for him in the social world where work is short and its fruit abundant, he cannot say that men have taken away his rights but only that they have failed to do what human kindness requires them to do. Since we are bound to find him work, it may seem unimportant whether we are bound in justice or bound in charity. But confusion of thought only does mischief. It is bad to raise a sense of injustice in men who have suffered no injustice. It is bad to fling charges of injustice at an employer who knows he is not unjust, and so hinder him from considering his neglected duties of charity.

Duties of charity arise between us from the fact that I am in need and you have the means of helping me. If a man is starving he may say to one: You owe me money; to another: You underpaid me when I worked for you; to his children: I spent myself for you when you could not help yourselves; and all these are bound in justice to help him. But to anyone else he can only say I am in need and you can help me: then charity makes it a duty to help. If there are many to be helped and many to help them, each helper will choose whom he will help, and those that are passed over suffer no injustice. Whereas the man who has a claim of justice must not be passed over by his debtor: you may not give in charity to another what is due in justice to me.

In the present case the man's need is work—social work instead of solitary work. He cannot support himself alone. That is his need, which gives him a claim of charity on any who can help him. And there are men in the world who can find work for others. That power makes it a duty of charity to find work for the man who needs it. We have seen that this is not helping him to live on the labours of others, but lifting him to a position where his labour will benefit himself and others a hundredfold.

Again there are writers who are angry when they find a man living in luxury and only doing a few hours' work in the week. These are often the same writers who urge, on another page, that under the modern system of machine production we ought all to live in ease and comfort by a few hours' work in the week. If this is true, as it seems to be, if a man produces in a few hours the equivalent of all that his family will need in a week, then surely the man who gets all he needs at the cost of a few hours' work is only doing what we ought all to do. He is not living on the labours of others but on his own. And this is true even if his work be only management and organisation of the most casual character. The man who saw that there was room in the world for Monkey-brand soap or for the Mersey Tunnel, and suggested it in the right quarters, did a good life's work, economically speaking, in a moment. The one-page thinkers turn on him with the reproach that he did no work, but only devised work for others to do. It is necessary to remind them of their other pages. Was not that just what you were requiring him to do? "I have no work; you have means of work. I demand as a right to have work found for me, and to be paid for it." Now that he has found it for you, your point of view changes. He, who did not need the work, must yet do some of it or you will call him an idle parasite who lives on your labours. You are repeating Mr. Mallock's fallacy from the other side, estimating the value of his idea by itself instead of in

partnership with your labour—as a left foot hopping alone instead of a partner in walking.

IV.

When we speak of finding employment there is much room for misunderstanding. In the abstract it is easy to distinguish the two kinds of employment, useful and ornamental. If we consider the abstract patriarchal farmer and watch his possessions grow until he can afford to cease work and leave even the management of his estate to his son, we have a community consisting of one rich man and many producers. When he finds he cannot enjoy his garden properly and withdraws a man from the farm to ornament the shrubberies; and then provides himself successively with a parlour-maid, and a singing-boy, and a valet, it is easy to see that the community now consists of three classes: the rich man, and his useful servants who maintain the whole community, and his ornamental servants who help him to enjoy his riches. And, still speaking in the abstract, the more rich men there are, and the more ornamental servants they have, the heavier will be the burden on the producing servants. If then employment is found for a new-comer among the useful servants, he is a new support to the community, increasing its wealth; but if among the ornamental, he is a new burden to the community, a new consumer of its wealth. And the lesson would seem to be that all should remain at the productive work. But the patriarch who puts this lesson in practice will not find that he has satisfied the reformer. "Your wealth is accumulating; less and less labour is needed each year to maintain your household; yet you give no thought to beautifying your lives; you provide neither park nor garden, neither music nor pictures. Your house and your clothing are rough and untidy as when you had to give every moment to winning your bread!" Are these beautiful things to be done by

us all in our spare time? "No; division of labour gives the best results most easily. You cannot have good painting and music without painters and musicians; nor a clean house without house servants." And so the spending department which was abolished in the name of economics is re-established in the name of progress.

When the stranger applies for work the Patriarch may say, We need no more workers; we are producing all we need and more. But if you can harp, or make silver ornaments, or look after a cricket pitch, we have work for you. Is not this the best use to make of him? Consider the other alternatives. We might send him away starving, although we have food for him. We might feed him and ask no work of him; but it is better for himself and every one else that he should work for his bread. We might put him among the farm hands where he is not needed, and where he would either lighten their work by sharing it or else be in the way. We might set him to bring more waste land under cultivation, so increasing our capital and our future harvests, though we have too much already. We might set him to a typical "relief work," making a road that is not wanted. Or we may set him to turn some of our spare land into a cricket pitch, which we do want. Is not that the best solution? In the abstract, the new groundsman may be a new burden to be fed by the producers; but in the concrete, does he not lighten their labours more effectually than if he were helping a ploughman who needs no help?

All this goes to show that the distinction between useless and useful labour, which looks so easy and convincing at first sight, is very difficult to apply in practice. Most of those who in the uprooting are dismissed as useless are recalled as useful in the rebuilding. The difficulty grows enormous when we pass from the patriarchal community to England. The useless servants of the nation, whose only work is to help it to enjoy its wealth, seem to be a great part of the whole nation. Not only the butlers and gamekeepers and

chauffeurs of the rich; but the multitudes who help the people to enjoy themselves. For the people must have theatres, and theatres mean artists, and stage carpenters, and door-keepers, and ticket clerks, and theatrical agents, and actors' valets and maids, and programme sellers, and charwomen, and a host of others, drones and parasites on the community, whom yet the community insist on having. Think then of the others who minister to the peoples' pleasure: football and cricket and other professionals—and manufacturers: those who live by billiards and skating and ice cream and evening papers and more or less dreadful magazines; pavilions and palaces and towers and white cities; the population of holiday resorts almost as a body. All of these and many more will be classed as useless if judged by the crude test proposed above—Are they producing the nation's wealth, or helping the nation to enjoy its wealth? They are certainly not producing, but helping to consume. But to call them useless when the nation has a use for them and will not be without them is ridiculous. It is evident that the crude test needs much correction.

Modern machinery and methods of production have made the necessary work of a nation very light. If it is done by men working ordinary hours, a very few will supply the nation, and the rest will have nothing to do. If it is done by all, then it will be done in a very short time, and most of their time will be free. It is natural that this spare labour or spare time should be given to beautifying the homes of the nation, to art, education, sport and other forms of enjoyment. In other words, the state of wealth or well-being which such a people will look for includes many comforts and enjoyments beyond the wants of a primitive people. And they will reckon among their producing classes the producer of music as well as the producer of lard; the housemaid, producer of comfort, as well as the tailor, producer of coats.

This is a very commonplace conclusion, admitted by all schools. It is only saying that the luxuries of a primitive people are necessities with us. But it needs to be insisted on because the popular writer, who fully recognizes it when he is counting up the workers of the community, wholly ignores it when he is denouncing the drones. He proposes precisely the crude test given above to distinguish the two classes. All who merely spend material wealth or help in the enjoyment of it are classed as drones, a burden on the workers who produce for all. Mr. Blatchford asks us on one page: if there are 1000 workers, and 900 of them make jewellery and 100 make bread, is it not evident that the bread-winners must work ten times as hard as if all were making bread? It would be evident, if he had not told us on another page that all the bread for the 1000 can be made by a score or two of men working fair hours. Why set the whole 1000 to make bread? there is better work for them. If 100 are making bread and what bread typifies, they will not be sorely burdened though they feed the whole community.

V.

Here is the place to ask a plain question. It seems beyond question that the whole material wealth needed for a nation's wants is produced by a small fraction of its workers. Also that this wealth when produced passes into the hands of a very few rich people. The rest of the nation have, so far, no income either earned or unearned. If that is a true statement of the case, this question arises: Is it not desirable that as many as possible of this rest of the nation should be fitted in somehow or other into the industrial machine? By preference, of course, let them share in the productive work; let them make wealth material, intellectual or spiritual. But failing that, let them be middlemen, or soldiers, or flunkies; is not the supremely important

thing that they should be fitted in somehow? The workers will not suffer by it: they can easily produce enough for the whole nation, and they are none the worse that their produce is consumed. Every man for whom work is found helps to consume and so lessens the residue left to accumulate in the hands of the rich. Every man not fitted in is a danger to the State.

The popular writer will accept this only too readily on his Right-to-work page. But could we only get him to observe that on his other pages he steadily denies it. His argument has been that every new unproductive is a new burden on the workers; the middleman, the army, the hangers-on of the rich, these are the very cause of the sufferings of the workers; you only aggravate them when you fit in new unproductives. The vice of this argument is that it forgets the vast producing power of machinery. The nation has not productive work (in the most material sense) for many. Most must do unproductive work or none. Productive or not, is not the essential thing that they should have work?

This question is discussed by economists, popular and unpopular, and answered in the opposite sense. They say it is a fallacy to think you are doing good by finding work for the workless if it is not productive work. I have tried to show that they are facing the question as it would be in some abstract society and not as it is in modern England, where the producers are constantly working short time for want of consumers, and where the wealth that is produced will accumulate in the hands of the capitalists if it is not consumed by somebody. In such a state there is no meaning in the argument by which the economists decide the question, namely that the drones increase the burden of the workers. In England they do not increase the burden of the workers, but they lessen the store of the rich. And even in the abstract society of the economist, it is a question whether the new harper and the new

groundsmen increase or lighten the labours of the farm hands.

Returning to the problem with which we began, we seem to have reached the following results.

The ordinary man's isolated work will not keep him. But his work in the industrial world will far more than keep him.

There will always be some who are incapable, temporarily or permanently, of being fitted into the industrial world.

It is truer charity to lift a capable man to some work useful to the nation than to support him in idleness.

Possession of capital carries with it the duty of finding work for the capables. Possession of wealth carries with it the duty of relieving the incapables. Both are duties of charity, and both will always be needed, since there will always be capables and incapables.

It follows that no general answer can be given to the question of bridge-building in time of distress. We should need to know in each particular case: Is there more urgent need to help the capables or the incapables? If incapables, only relief will avail. If capables, work is better than relief. And again: Will the proposed bridge give work to those who need it or to those who have no need? For it is no solution to give work to those who do not need it.

J. B. McL.

An Old Catholic Controversy.

QUITE recently, in Germany, there has been founded a Museum of Bad Taste,—a chamber of artistic horrors, where the curious may go to study the masterpieces of German Philistinism. It is at Stuttgart, and is a side-show of the Museum of Industrial Arts. Doubtless the Professor who originated and has carried out the scheme is in hopes that the samples he has gathered together will be useful and instructive and serve to warn off prospective imitators. It may be so; but there is no real difference between examples of badness and bad examples, and though too much of a bad thing may make people sick of it, it may only result in setting up a fashion. However, if the show does not prove edifying, it is likely in good hands to be amusing. What a pity Artemus Ward is not living to do the showman!

We fear, however, that the more distinguished specimens of bad taste—the rarities and eccentricities and surprises of false art will be as carefully excluded as the *chef d'œuvre* of beauty. From the sight-seer's point of view this would be a mistake, but not from the Professor's. He will probably be afraid of anything suspected of greatness, even in bad taste, since greatness of any kind has its attraction. Some might think it better to reign in this Limbo under his ban than to be hidden away in the more respectable rooms with his blessing. He would certainly risk being blamed if his collection were otherwise than dull and stupid. Bad taste only really offends and disgusts when it is common and uninteresting—in other words, when it is vulgar.

A man who wished to get together a cabinet of Bad Taste in Literature could not do better than collect the books and pamphlets connected with one of our old English

religious controversies. The quality of it would certainly surprise him if his palate had not already made acquaintance with it, and perhaps the quantity also. But he might specialise one or another of them—the Archpriest controversy, for instance, if he had a fat purse; the volumes are sufficiently rare and expensive to furnish real sport in book-hunting. Or, as Mgr. Ward's book, *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival*, reminds us, he might devote himself to gathering together, if his purse be lean, the Blue and Red and other books, and the many pamphlets, letters and leaflets which tell of the doings of the Catholic Committee in the days before the Emancipation Act. In either case, and indeed in any such controversy, he would provide himself with a course of strong reading, not in the least profitable and in the worst possible taste. But he would probably find any of them or all of them interesting and anything but dull or commonplace; for more talent has been spent over them—not wholly wasted, for the writers were well-meaning and professedly acting in God's service—than over standard spiritual treatises.

Mgr. Ward tells us the story of the Catholic Committee very fully and with the best possible good taste. He gives us good history, exceptionally learned and accurate, scrupulously fair to all parties concerned, and interesting as a State Trial. English Benedictines should be thankful that the writing of it has fallen into such good hands, since some prominent members of the body took part in it, and not every historian would have thought it worth his while so to study the separate personalities of the actors as to see the facts from their point of view and do each of them individual justice. Our own historian, Fr. Allanson, has not treated our brethren with more appreciative consideration than the President of St. Edmund's.

The reader will not misjudge the intention of this article when I premise that my sympathies, whilst reading the book, were given to one or another of the personages and

parties, or withdrawn from them, according as they kept to or fell below a decent standard of good taste. I did not find myself liking Bishop Walmesley any the better because of his orthodoxy or Bishop Berrington any the worse because he came under implied censure; Milner, for all his great ability, did not command my admiration in face of the violence and abusiveness of his expressions; the right or wrong of the cause became a secondary consideration and was nearly forgotten in the spectator's natural occupation of appraising the bearing and tactics of the combatants—their manliness, chivalry, fairness, generosity, skill and the like. And hence what I have to say now is likely to take the form of a defence of Mr. Wilks, Fr. Joseph Wilks, as we should call him, Fr. Cuthbert Wilks as he was known to his Benedictine brethren. He, whatever may be said against him, came out of the contest with his honour unspotted and unattainted; he commands our respect even in the completeness of his defeat. But, let it be said, it is the man who commands our sympathy and not his cause.

To begin with the origin of the controversy. The Catholic Committee was a body of distinguished laymen, chosen to act and negotiate for their fellow Catholics, when circumstances called for corporate action. They were all laymen, because it was expected and intended they should have dealings with the British Government, and to have joined with them bishops or priests—men who were still legally no better than outlaws or aliens, tolerated only so long as they kept out of the public view—would, it was thought, restrict or nullify their usefulness. The Protestant mind had not yet learnt to see, in the Catholic clergy, men as honourable and loyal as themselves. There was a good deal left of that prejudice which mistrusted the word of a priest even under oath, and believed him given, by profession, to understand dealings, with reprehensible views concerning equivocation. But all Catholic questions are more or less religious, connected with matters of faith, and it was soon

realized that the Committee needed more direct theological guidance than could be given by unauthorized prompting by clerical friends behind the scenes. This might be wise or unwise, sound or unsound; but in any case it would be subject to discussion and modification, and even to rejection by the voting of the Committee. It was determined, therefore, that some of the clergy should be associated with the Committee, and at a public meeting on May 13th, 1788, three new members were chosen: Bishop James Talbot, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, Bishop Charles Berington, coadjutor of the Midland District, and Fr. Cuthbert Wilks.

If his clerical brethren had been asked to tell us, in a word, why the Benedictine father received this signal honour, they would probably have said it was because he was "fashionable." They would not have intended any disrespect by the word. They would not have meant that he was an exquisite or a poseur. He had not won his notoriety as a leader of fashion, by his dress or his walk, his way of taking snuff or of wearing a wig. But he had come to be considered a chief ornament of fashionable society. He was stationed at Bath—the Bath of the days inaugurated by Beau Nash. And he had won there a curious pre-eminence, which made him nearly as important a personage as the Master of the Ceremonies. We are told that in cases of importance "it was customary for the Mayor and the public functionaries to call upon him to draw up the Public Addresses which had to be presented to distinguished characters on their visit to Bath." It was an exceptional grace of speech, more particularly in his conversation, which had brought him to the front. It is said that some years earlier the great Dr. Johnson had been much struck with this gift when he met the good Father in Paris. Anyway it made him welcome in any society, Catholic or Protestant. He was much admired and courted. But he was also much trusted. He had solid gifts in addition to his surface accomplishments.

He was something of a philosopher and had taught the subject at St. Gregory's, Douai, and he was spoken of as an eloquent preacher—doubtless in the florid, periwigged style of his day. And he was a good priest, carefully attentive to all his duties, highly esteemed by his brethren and the secular clergy, and greatly loved by the poor.

Perhaps it ought to be noted—it has a bearing on his after behaviour, as illustrating the temper of his mind—that when he had finished his studies at the Sorbonne and was ready to take his degree, hearing that an oath would be required of him to defend the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, he declined to present himself for the doctorate. It was not that he doubted or disbelieved the doctrine, but he objected to be compelled to treat as an article of faith what was still open to discussion. Though he was naturally amiable and showed himself always obliging and obedient, he would do nothing under threat or compulsion.

The business before the Committee when the clerics were adjoined to it was the proposed Catholic Relief Bill, intended to remove the chief of the disabilities left by the old Penal Laws. To ensure its passing through the Commons, there were many who thought it advisable, and perhaps even necessary, for Catholics as a body to disclaim publicly some of the supposed tenets of their Faith which cast suspicion on their loyalty and good faith. In fact there was an idea that a handsome *quid pro quo* was required of them in return for the hoped-for concessions. Lord Stanhope, who posed as a friend, drew up unasked a formula which he believed Catholics could conscientiously sign and which he was sure Protestants would welcome as satisfactory. This was the so-called "Protestation." The Committee favoured it and adopted it, and, through their influence and efforts, it was signed by the four Vicars Apostolic (with some misgiving), by 240 priests and over 1500 laymen. Some members of the Government, on the plea of strengthening the Catholic case, further urged the Committee to introduce

this Protestation into their Bill as an oath which would supersede that of 1778 then in force. The idea was thought reasonable and unobjectionable. It was done. But afterwards some alterations were made, at the instance of two members of the Ministry, in the wording of the Oath, making it much stronger and more emphatic than the Protestation. Perhaps Mr. Pitt, finding Catholics in such a compliant mood, thought to take advantage of it. But the result was an Oath which the Vicars Apostolic could not approve and a Bill likely to do more harm than good. And the Committee in promoting the new Bill with the changed Oath found themselves in a false position, which made it seem as though they were forcing an objectionable Oath on their fellow-Catholics, propounding to them what they were to believe, or at least dictating to them how they were to formulate their belief.

A brief account of the controversy which ensued would not do justice to the men concerned in it, so I will not attempt to give one. We can see now that both parties meant well; that each believed itself to be acting in the most loyal and straightforward manner; that they thought themselves as charitable in the conduct of the dispute as was consistent with justice, and as liberal as was consistent with conscience, each believing it was making concessions whilst the adversaries were standing on their dignity or their rights. As usual, there were sunlit moments when the clouds promised to disperse, when a wise word or a generous admission would have set things straight, had not the inevitable personalities and lapses from good taste come up to obscure the issue. Charles Butler's theological inaccuracies, for instance, were less conducive to schism than his offering to make a tour in the Northern District in order "to do away with the squeamishness of the clergy, influenced by a scrupulous Bishop." And the sarcastic leaflet, circulated in response by Bishop Gibson, in union with Milner's intemperate adjectives, only tended to create sympathy with

the wrong side, to lower the tone of the discussion and to make a friendly peace nearly impossible. It was a time for the enemies of the church to rejoice, and for our English Catholics to fear that prosperity might bring about the ruin which persecution had failed to accomplish.

But the final result was a happy one. A Bill was passed in Parliament which all Catholics admitted to be satisfactory and which removed a great part of the burden which had oppressed them for two centuries. Of course both parties took to themselves the credit of it. The Committee rightly claimed it was their Bill, and that they had carried it through despite the opposition even of their bishops; the Episcopal party claimed, rightly also, that it was through their opposition the measure had been so modified as to be orthodox and acceptable. All were pleased; and every shadow would have fled away and the sun would have shone on a happy people, with no thought but to give praise to the good God who had brought them out of the darkness, but for Bishop Walmesley's suspension of Fr. Wilks.

This suspension was not simply a personal matter between a Bishop and one of his priests—though Bishop Walmesley professed to treat it as such. It was a censure pronounced against the Catholic Committee, Bishop Berington at its head, and all its followers. Fr. Wilks had only incurred displeasure as one of its members, and no independent act was or could be cited against him. But the senior Vicar Apostolic was of opinion that some one must be punished, and since Bishop Berington was unassailable by him and the lay-members people with whom he could not afford or did not care to quarrel, he hit out at the only individual within reach of his arm. At least so it seemed at the time and so it still seems. The occasion was a direct refusal of the Committee to obey a requisition of two of the Bishops, Dr. Gibson and Dr. Douglass, "not to proceed further in the business of the bill without the approbation of the bishops." There was every reason why the Bishops should have

resented such open disobedience, more particularly as some disrespectful behaviour on the part of some members of the Committee was associated with it, but Dr. Walmsley was evidently afraid he might be judged to have acted too hastily; it could only be said of the Committee that they had declined to drop the Bill altogether, and rejected an unreasonable demand. Afterwards he based the suspension on a later "Manifesto and Appeal" published by the Committee, altogether rebellious and violent in its tone, and undoubtedly reprehensible. He changed his grip, as we may say, to get a better hold; for he was determined to get satisfaction out of some one.

Fr. Wilks, in his answer to the Bishop, showed himself respectful and obedient, but quite unable to reproach himself for anything he had done. He had fulfilled a public Trust confided to him, without any solicitation of his own, according to the best of his judgment and ability. He was answerable for it to those who had confided it to him. As a private individual it had always been his intention never to take any Oath which should be disapproved of by the Bishop in whose District he had missionary Faculties. If he had done anything dishonourable as a priest in his parish he would have experienced a heartfelt pain. In the circumstances, he bowed with profound respect to this exertion of the Bishop's authority and resigned "the exercise of his functions without any conscious abashment."

There were some hot words at the self-congratulatory meeting, called by the Committee after the passing of the Relief Bill, when it was realised that Bishop Walmsley remained hostile. There was a protest against the suspension read by the Rev. Joseph Berington in the name of a body of the Staffordshire Clergy, who had known Fr. Wilks when a missionary amongst them, and who pledged themselves to make his cause their own. Mr. Thomas Clifford was commissioned to appeal to the Bishop that the censure might be removed. Neither the action of the

Committee nor that of the Staffordshire Clergy had any good result. Bishop Gibson was then induced by our Fr. Lacon and Dr. Brewer of the North Province to intercede, but Bishop Walmsley was obdurate. He remained obdurate when Bishop Douglass forwarded to Bath a declaration, signed by Fr. Wilks, at his instance, "That it never entered into his mind or heart to rebel or protest against the divinely established government of the Church by Bishops and their authority," and "if he has ever protested against any act of authority by Bishops, it was because he conceived such particular act to have been of a civil and not a spiritual nature." But some of his Benedictine brethren intervened with better success. After a second declaration had been signed to no purpose, the following was accepted by the Bishop: "Mr. Wilks will renew with equal pleasure and sincerity to the Right Rev. Mr. Walmsley the promise of canonical obedience which he made to the Bishop at his ordination; and if in his late public conduct, he has in any respect deviated from the duties of that obedience, he is extremely sorry for it. With regard to the protest delivered on the 17th of February last by the Right Rev. Charles Berington and the Right Honourable Lord Stourton to the Bishop of Centuria in the name of the Catholic Committee, Mr. Wilks never considered it in any other light than as a solemn appeal to the highest authority in the Church, and now willingly withdraws that Protest and gives up the Appeal. In his future conduct, Mr. Wilks will study to conform on every occasion to those duties which canonical obedience prescribes to priests relatively to their Bishops."

It was but a patched-up peace. Bishop Walmsley was not really satisfied, and would probably have shown himself more difficult than he actually was, but for the implied submission of Fr. Wilks in coming to Bath to make overtures in person to his Lordship—a course of action urged upon him by his Benedictine brethren. How the Bishop

felt we may judge from the fact that on the very day of the reconciliation he wrote to Provincial Warmoll asking that Fr. Wilks should be removed from the Bath mission. The peace came to an end when the Bishop wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Pilling, giving "a partial account of what had passed between him and Fr. Cuthbert, in which much was misrepresented so as to occasion many painful reflections to be made on the character of the latter." It was this misrepresentation rather than the displeasure of the Committee (of which alone Mgr. Ward speaks) which drew from Fr. Wilks a printed narrative of the reconciliation; though, because of the indignation of the Committee that one of their number should have seemed to desert and condemn them, the letter was addressed to Mr. Thomas Clifford, their Chairman. Within a month the Bishop replied to this letter by curtly depriving Fr. Wilks of his faculties. It was within his power to do so, and to do it in the rude way he did; as it was not a censure like suspension, he was under no obligation to state reasons for his action or to give the usual canonical admonitions. But it seemed and seems a harsh measure to take, especially as the witnesses to the reconciliation, Fr. Cowley and Fr. Pembridge, friends of Bishop Walmsley rather than of Fr. Wilks, afterwards gave evidence that the latter's narrative of what took place was the true one.

And still his Lordship was not satisfied. He wrote to President Walker, using his episcopal and personal influence to persuade him to remove Fr. Wilks out of England altogether. The President demurred to this at first, but afterwards sent the order through Fr. Warmoll, the Provincial. "Even Fr. Warmoll," as Mgr. Ward says, felt that this was putting Fr. Wilks's obedience to a severe test." As a matter of fact the Provincial, as soon as the Bishop had deprived Fr. Wilks of his faculties, wrote him what Fr. Allanson calls a "thundering letter" transferring his obedience to the President. Fr. Wilks replied in his usual

amiable and courteous tone, but calling on the Provincial "to defend the rights of the Congregation and to see the obligations of the Constitutions fulfilled in his regard," warning him that by his neglect of the proper mode of proceeding he was himself risking deposition from office. Fr. Warmoll was thus reminded to be a little more careful, since Fr. Wilks was next to himself in authority, second Provincial Elect and a Definitor of the Regimen; that is, his own natural successor and a Judge of the Benedictine Court of Appeal. But the President's command was repeated and could not be disobeyed, and, though Mgr. Ward is not aware of it, and says "this requisition remained unheeded"—led to think so, no doubt, by Bishop Walmsley's not altogether accurate letter of May 17th—our records assert that he, Fr. Wilks, "withdrew to his Convent, but owing to the storm which had already begun to break out in France, (the "Reign of Terror" was already in sight) he was allowed soon after to accompany Sir John Throckmorton into Italy." To most people the order to return to his monastery will have suggested a sort of incarceration, and this may have been expected and intended by the Bishop and the Provincial, but, once entered into the Paris house, Fr. Wilks was no longer under the immediate jurisdiction of the President; he had become the subject of the Prior of St. Edmund's, with whose permission he could lawfully return at once to England—as he did.

It is necessary here to pass over several episodes of the conflict which would only be interesting when told in full detail; I must therefore refer the reader to Mgr. Ward's book for the account of the action taken by the Staffordshire Clergy, by the Committee and by the "Mediators" to re-instate Fr. Wilks and to make peace. But it is necessary to take better notice of the doings at the Benedictine Chapter which took place two years later, in 1794.

The proceedings of the Chapter were naturally watched with curiosity. What action would the Benedictine

Superiors take in this disagreeable business between a Benedictine Bishop and a distinguished confrère? Wilks had been summoned with the rest of the Fathers and was present. Bishop Sharrock was also there, as a sort of honorary member, invited by old custom as a Benedictine Bishop. There were a few officials absent—Ex-President Walker and the Priors of St. Gregory's at Douai and St. Edmund's at Paris, who were all in French prisons. The position of Fr. Wilks just then was that of a member of the Paris Community absent in England on leave. He was under no censure. He could not fairly be described as a priest deprived of his missionary faculties, since he was not on the mission; nor as one refused faculties by the vicars, since he was not applying for them. But though Fr. Wilks took his seat as freely and unchallenged as any other Chapterman, it was open to Bishop Sharrock or to any of the Fathers, or indeed any member of the Congregation, to impeach him for anything he had said and done during the quadriennium. It was even the duty of his Provincial, Fr. Warmoll, to bring before the assembly any unsatisfied or unanswered complaints or charges of grave moment that he might have against him or any of his subjects. He was expected to take some action; it was waited for; Fr. Wilks' presence was a sort of open challenge. No one, however, entered the lists against him; his adversaries were dumb. Hence arose a peculiar situation. The President made the usual Constitutional declaration, in the name of the Congregation "that the Chaptermen, against whom in the present Chapter no Petition or Appeal in any sort of civil or criminal affair had been brought, are absolved and will be henceforth immune and exempt from any Petition or Appeal that may afterwards be preferred against them—except for offences which shall not yet have come to light." The Absolution was then given. The Canonical effect of the Absolution was that the Superiors of the Congregation were for ever debarred from taking notice of any accusation against Fr.

Wilks because of any known act or word of his up to that Chapter. The immediate effect was to convince the Fathers of what most of them were inclined to believe,—that he had been hardly used, made the scapegoat for the offences of his party, innocent of anything which could be construed as a grave personal charge. They were at liberty, therefore, to show their appreciation of his personal gifts and his chivalrous and temperate conduct of his case. He left the Chapter as a victor, decorated with new honours, re-instated as Definitor, chosen as Second President-Elect and raised to the dignity of a Cathedral Prior. Bishop Sharrock, in a letter, at the same time that he says "Messrs. Cowley, Brewer, Lacon, Gregson, Barr and perhaps others have made themselves marked men (through this procedure); and are known in part to fill the first offices of the Congregation," adds rather inconsistently: "Most of the leading ones present did not wish to see Mr. Wilks in office. I fancy the majority of a single voice decided the contest after three Scrutinies." But Mgr. Ward asserts, I do not know on what authority, that the majority was 14 votes to 8.

We have no time to do more than glance at the remainder of this history. After the Chapter, Fr. Wilks obtained faculties from Bishop Talbot of the Midland District and served chaplaincies at Heythrop in Oxfordshire, and Newport in Shropshire. The old controversies over the Blue Book were revived again by Bishop Walmesley's condemnation of the "Persuasive Resolution," as it was called—a loosely worded sentence not intended at all as a formal proposition but merely as an explanatory clause; by Bishop Thomas Talbot's death, the one Vicar Apostolic who showed sympathy with the members of the Committee; by Bishop Walmesley's last Pastoral; and by the death of Bishop Berington. This last event was the signal for a combined assault on Fr. Wilks by his adversaries. President Cowley, in the name of the bishops opened the attack at

the Chapter of 1898, where, however, Fr. Wilks again received the Capitular Absolution; Bishops Douglass and Gibson rejected a fresh declaration which he had signed at Chapter and which had been accepted by Bishop Sharrock; then Provincial Warmoll, at the instigation of the bishops and with the President's concurrence, gave him positive orders to leave the mission, merely saying that he had no further call for his services. Fr. Wilks appealed to the President, not knowing that he was already pre-judged; but Fr. Cowley died before he could attend to the case. The Appeal, therefore, came before the new President, Dr. Brewer.

In President Brewer he found a staunch friend, who stood by him even at the risk of his own reputation. Taking up the Appeal case, he called upon the Provincial to forward his evidence in support of the charges he had made. As the Provincial demurred to this, he again ordered the evidence to be forwarded, this time under a Precept of Obedience. The Provincial pleaded that the correspondence he had had with President Cowley and the Vicars Apostolic was confidential and privileged. In reality Fr. Warmoll had no evidence that as a Benedictine he could produce—the Chapter Absolutions stood in the way; there was no fresh act of Fr. Wilks for which he could be arraigned and from the old ones he was protected and declared immune. Receiving no further reply after waiting a month, the President pronounced the suspension of Fr. Wilks null and void, and declared that the wanton stretch of authority exercised on this occasion by Provincial Warmoll had his marked disapprobation. This wanton exercise of authority referred only to the absence of new provocation, and to the fact that the charges were made without evidence produced in their support, but when this decision found its way into print, it was judged by the Vicars Apostolic and by many of the brethren to be insulting to the aged Provincial. Fr. Warmoll appealed from it to the Regimen. How the

President evaded this appeal without exceeding his Constitutional power, I have told elsewhere, and may be permitted to repeat my own words: "His procedure was ingenious. He himself had been one of the Definitors of the Regimen before he succeeded to the office of President; by his promotion, therefore, the Council of three was imperfect. He succeeded in keeping it imperfect. He maintained that Fr. Cuthbert Wilks, who was on his trial, had, as Cathedral Prior of Durham, the first and only right to the vacant seat. This the other two members of the Regimen disputed; they would have done more wisely to have at once accepted the ruling and asked for a deputy, since Fr. Wilks could not sit in judgment on his own case. Of course they soon saw through the ruse, and Dr. Brewer had to consent to the appointment of a substitute. This might seem and did seem to be an acceptance of defeat. But the President had another card to play. He now insisted that the right and only substitute was Fr. Augustine Kellet the oldest Cathedral Prior. Fr. Kellet was shut up in Paris and altogether out of reach. France and England were then at war, and there was no chance of his being able to cross the channel to assist at a meeting of the Regimen or even for the Regimen to have communication with him in writing. The President had brought about a deadlock." But the President had received orders from Rome, through the Bishops, to require Fr. Wilks to sign the formula which had been signed by Bishop Berington. He refused, even though his friend the President urged him. His exact position after this refusal is unknown. He ceased to say Mass, though he retained all his pious and exemplary practices. A little later he was completely reconciled. He lived first in Belgium—he had then no monastery to go to—afterwards for awhile at Lammspring, then at Brussels, then at Tours, finally at Douai, when Dr. Marsh succeeded in resuscitating St. Edmund's. His life was always edifying, and, what is greatly to his credit, "we are told that he was

never heard to whisper a single reproachful term against any of those who pursued him and who never rested contented until they had driven him from the Mission; he continued to his dying day to speak honourably of them."

We have his own words to tell us that he did not reckon his life as a failure. "The feast of life I have enjoyed long and with extreme delight," he wrote to an old companion a few years before his death. An Irish bishop who met him abroad said afterwards to Fr. Coombes: "His tongue is so eloquent it ought never to be silent;" but there was nothing about him of the man of disappointed hopes and ambitions. The persistent and relentless attack on him reminds one of the old schoolmaster methods of breaking the spirit of an unruly boy; but there was no sign in him of the sullenness that tells of a mind warped by resentment. One begins to doubt if he really regretted his so-called disgrace, he took it so cheerfully. He is reported as naturally delicate and was excused a portion of the monastic observance as a youth, yet the worry of such a conflict as would have broken down many a strong man left his nerves and temper unshaken. His nature was of fine steel.

J. C. A.

Notices of Books.

Principles of Logic. By George Hayward Joyce, S.J., M.A. Oriel College, Oxford, Professor of Logic, St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst.

The above work is written by the Professor of Logic at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. There is no reference in it to the Stonyhurst manuals of Philosophy, of which the 'Logic' was written by the late Fr. Clarke, S.J., but it is fairly evident that the new work will supersede the old. It is more ambitious, gives a more thorough exposition of the Traditional Logic, and a wider and more sympathetic considerations to Logic other than the Traditional.

Fr. Joyce laments that the universities "which have submitted to secular influences" have long since discarded Scholasticism. No doubt this is true in name. The Scholastics as such do not receive much recognition at the hands of the modern philosopher in our secular universities. But it is true to say that the principles of Scholasticism are, it may be unconsciously, very much discussed at the present time. Plato and Aristotle have not been dethroned from their pedestal. In Fr. Joyce's own university of Oxford they are the text books of the final school in philosophy, and they are treated with every mark of respect. Hence, in a sense, the Scholastics come by their own to a certain extent. For it is a great deal more than the conclusions of the Greek philosophers that the medieval philosophers adopted. In Logic, in particular, the main principles are identical. The science which directs the operations of the mind in the attainment of truth is the same to St. Thomas as to Aristotle. In tracing the steps of that science the one is the humble disciple of the other. Accordingly the "deliberate ignoring" of Scholasticism, on the part of the moderns, has not proved very successful in its object. The Scholastic outlook on the world is that of enlightened common sense. It does not imitate one school of the moderns in asking its votary to look at the world whilst standing on one's head. Man is, when developed at all events, an "upright" creature, looking out upon a world of external reality—an "ordered" world, the embodiment of principles and laws, that reflect an intelligence, and are known by man, just because he himself has a rational principle within him. The modern philosopher may bring himself to assert that such an attitude is crude,

but he cannot ignore it, if only because he has to spend his time in endeavouring to refute it.

This common sense attitude is what Fr. Joyce claims to defend. He seems to incline to the term "Neo-Scholasticism," to describe it, but it does not appear, what particular "content" we are to attach to "Neo," and until that "content" manifests itself in some important development of principle, it seems only misleading to use the term.

Part I deals with the Logic of Thought. It follows, for the most part, the Traditional treatment, but modern questions have adopted attention, particularly in the chapters on Judgment, Inport of Propositions, the Uniformity of Nature. In the discussion on Induction there is a welcome correction of the prevailing misconception of the Baconian view of the neglect by Aristotle and his followers of the Inductive method.

Part II introduces that portion of the work which has least connection with the Traditional Logic. It deals with applied Logic or the method of Science. This branch of Logic owes its extended treatment practically to the work of J. S. Mill, who in turn was indebted to the work of Francis Bacon. It deals with Observation and Experiment, the famous methods, Explanation, Hypothesis, Chance, Classification, words which have become familiar to every dabbler in Science. No doubt it is necessary in a book on Logic to give a considerable space to the discussion of these topics, but there is a "thinness" about the very subjects, an emphasis of the obvious where they are satisfactory, that stand out in marked contrast with the more solid and more fundamental matter of the older Logic. Mill, it is true, has had a considerable effect on the course of modern thought. To him is due, to a great extent, the spread of "science" in the last fifty years; but his Logic as a system has a very restricted circle of admirers at the present day. Few philosophers regard Empiricism as a satisfactory explanation of the analysis of the search of the mind for truth. Hence there is somewhat the character of lost labour in the elaborate demolishing of the system. The attack on the Traditional position comes rather from the opposite school, the neo-Kantian, the school that makes Logic, and indeed most Philosophy, a study of epistemology. A book on Logic that is to catch the ear of the non-Catholic philosopher will have to deal very completely with this school of thought. Not that we mean to suggest that Fr. Joyce omits to deal with this school, but rather, as a matter of emphasis, it might have been more profitable to those "making acquaintance with philosophical questions for the first time" to have had their attention turned more to the Idealist than the Empiricist attitude towards philosophical questions.

In conclusion, we offer a hearty welcome to the book. It is clear and thorough and gives one more proof to the world that the old

philosophy is no dead thing, but a real living force that offers an eminently sane solution to the problems that beset the human mind in its search for truth.

The Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ. By G. H. Trench. (Murray: London. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible to discuss in detail this account of the last three days of Holy Week and we must content ourselves with saying that the author has brought to his task a thorough knowledge of the chief critical positions, a wholesome conservatism, and a pleasing reverence for tradition. In a field where so much scope is left for the discretion of the harmonizer and the ingenuity of the commentator, it is inevitable that some of Mr. Trench's theories on debatable points should be open to question, but his views are clearly and forcibly stated.

Aspects of Anglicanism. By Mgr. Moyes. (Re-issue). Longmans, Green and Co. Price 2s. net.

One of the great obstacles to the conversion of many Anglicans to the true Church is the sense of security and sufficiency which they undoubtedly feel in their own communion. They have all the outward ceremonial of the Roman Church, and they think they have the inward gifts of God's grace which are bestowed by and through that external religion. It is certainly a work of charity to tear away the veil and show the sanctuary bare, that they may not continue to put their trust in empty figures. In accomplishing this Mgr. Moyes' book should help considerably. The various chapters are articles that appeared from time to time during the "nineties" in *The Tablet*. By concrete examples from passing events the hopeless inconsistency and helpless confusion of the position of Anglicanism is well illustrated. Whether it be on the fundamental questions of authority or the sacraments, or on the less important issues, such as burning votive-candles or honouring relics, the Author treats his matter in a way that is convincing, but still with that lighter touch which is expected in the newspaper article.

Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress. Sands & Co. Price 5s. net.

Although the epithet "epoch-making," as applied to the London Eucharistic Congress has become trite, its truth has not lessened now

that we can look back to that meeting after the lapse of some months. This event, important in the history of Catholic England, is not wanting in a worthy chronicle. After a regrettable though apparently unavoidable delay, the official record has been published in the shape of an imposing and attractive volume.

No doubt the book will be welcomed as an excellent souvenir by those who had the happiness of attending the Congress, for it will help them to live again those scenes of enthusiasm and devotion. But more,—for those and also for those who were not present, this volume has value that must be appreciated by anyone who glances at the list of papers here reproduced. There will be found names of well-known writers, each treating his own special subject with regard to the Blessed Sacrament. Hence the book contains a store of valuable information, historical, patristic, theological, liturgical, etc., about this great mystery.

The work is very well produced and is a complete record of those few full days. One addition would have increased the utility of the book very much, viz. an index of the matter.

The Catechism in Examples. Vols. III, IV, V. By the Rev. D. Chisholm. R. & T. Washburne, Ltd. 3s. 6d. each net.

It is high praise for a book of this description that there should be a call for a second edition. The work is completed by these three volumes. They deal with the Commandments, Grace and the Sacraments, and the Virtues and Vices, respectively. First there is stated almost too briefly the teaching of the catechism, and then the author gives, in illustration, anecdotes and quotations collected from various sources.

The catechist or preacher will find in these books matter suited to all the various classes that have to be instructed. It goes without saying that a very large amount of discrimination is called for in the use of such a work.

Attention may be directed to the danger of creating a false conscience in the hearers by relating stories which, although very edifying, nevertheless set a standard which would not be enforced by any theologian under pain of sin. An example of this is to be found on page 126 of the third volume. As the loss of trade there discussed would be a serious matter for the seller, and the refusal to deal a serious inconvenience to the buyer, it would seem clear that the judgment of "The Conscientious Jeweller," that by trading on a Sunday he would be doing what was sinful, erred on the side of strictness.

Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin. Vol. I. By the Rev. A. Vermeersch, S.J. R. & T. Washburne, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

This first volume of meditations provides matter for the various feasts of Our Lady. A note before each meditation gives a brief but useful summary of the history of the feast dealt with, and the matter of the meditations is carefully arranged. There is plentiful material here for the preacher, and also for those who like their mental prayer drawn up with all the apparatus of preludes, etc. In the preface we are told that "at the end of the book is an alphabetical table of the principal matters contained in it." We have failed in our search for this index, and must presume it is to be supplied at the end of the third volume. The book is very neatly produced and of a handy size.

Leading Events in the History of the Church. (New Edition). Part I. Christian Antiquity. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. R. & T. Washburne, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

In this little volume of Church History prepared for schools, we have, in outline, the story of early Christian times set before us in a clear and attractive form. Just enough is given and not too much to give the young mind a good foundation and a taste for Catholic History. Moreover, the language used is well adapted to the young; and the various groupings together of connected historical events, such as the Persecutions, the Heresies, and Christianity in the British Isles, will be a great assistance in obtaining a clear knowledge of this important subject.

The introduction of young martyrs as examples of the constancy and perfection of Christians during the times of persecution, and the reference to saints whose lives appeal especially to the young, give clear evidence of the wisdom and care with which the work has been compiled.

The volume is rendered still more attractive and useful by the insertion of—with one or two exceptions—well-chosen reproductions from the great masters of Christian Art. It is thus, often more than by words, that ideals of Christian perfection and the great characters of Catholic History come to be realised.

This new work is particularly welcome, owing to the fact that Church History is often much neglected in our schools, despite the fact that non-believers are doing all they can to undermine the historical and traditional foundations of religion.

A Primer of Ethics. By E. E. Constance Jones. John Murray.
Price 1s.

The authoress of this little volume is a mistress at Girton and presumably the book before us is an abstract of her lectures. An abstract it certainly is, very correct and very highly compressed. If there are such things as "Local" Examinations in Ethics, we imagine the book would be useful to any candidates preparing for them.

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Price 2s.

Teachers in schools where English Grammar is taught without reference to Latin—the language in which universal Grammar should be taught—will find this book will repay reading. Special claim is made for English Grammar as an instrument for making the young think, and the book is written from this point of view.

College Diary and Notes.

April 27th. Opening of Term. Our best wishes accompany Angus Smith and W. Boocock who have left. The vacancies thus caused in the School were filled by W. Smith and N. Cox. There was one change in the School staff. In view of his approaching ordination Br. Adrian Mawson retired from his position as Third Prefect. His successor is Br. Antony Barnett.

April 28th. Our congratulations to Hugh Williams who was elected Captain of the School to-day. He chose the following "Government"—

Secretary	W. V. Clapham
Officersmen	C. James, G. MacCormick
Gentlemen	W. Dent Young, G. Dwyer
Liberarians of the Upper Library	F. Goss, N. Reynolds
Liberarian of the Lower Library	N. Chamberlain
Liberarian of the Reading Room	H. MacCabe
Editors of the College Diary	W. V. Clapham, C. Ainscough
Captain of the Cricket XI	H. Williams
Cricket Committee	{H. Williams, P. Martin, J. R. Collier, C. Rochford}

Captains of the Cricket Sets—

1st Set.	—H. Williams, P. Martin
2nd Set.	—W. Dent Young, G. Richardson
3rd Set.	—W. Barnett, H. Weissenberg
4th Set.	—C. Mackay, L. Lacey
5th Set.	—C. Simpson, R. Cudlish
6th Set.	—C. Lancaster, D. Long

April 29th. The Colts' match was begun to-day. The cricket field was not fit, but the groundsman thought he had found a pitch on the 4th Set ground. The Colts batted first and made 71, Darby and James being the chief scorers. The Eleven went in to bat on a pitch that was not a pitch—to adapt a phrase of Charles Lamb's—and were all out for 16. A. F. Wright and J. Robertson bowled a good length, and as the behaviour of the ball after it had struck the ground was quite incalculable, this was all that was required to defeat the batsmen.

April 30th. At a meeting of the School held in the Upper Library, H. Williams introduced his Government, and acting on the advice given to Alice by the "Red Queen" returned thanks for his election as Captain "in a neat speech."

May 6th. The XI played their first home match—the Colts say it was their second—against Duncombe Park. We batted first and began badly, losing Fr. Placid, Williams and Collison for 20 runs. Fr. Basil and C. Rochford however made a useful stand and took the score to 75, when Fr. Basil was caught at deep leg by our veteran opponent E. Trenham. The fieldsmen ran in for the catch from the boundary, and the out-field being wet and treacherous, just as he was about to take the ball, slipped underneath it and after performing an interesting feat of jugglery—chasing the ball for some seconds over a large expanse of white flannel—ultimately brought off a fine catch, when quite supine. Lindsay on his first appearance for the Eleven played very nicely for 12, before he was "run out"; and Gaynor quickly rattled up 43. Duncombe Park made a feeble resistance to the bowling of Fr. Basil and Collison and were all out for 38. Fr. Basil took six wickets for twelve runs. "Following on," however, our opponents showed that they could bat really well, and scored 126 for the loss of five wickets.

Ampleforth College.

Rev. J. P. Dolan, b. Frank	0	Mr. A. Stephens, c. and b. Mawson	4
H. Williams, & Stephens	11	Mr. G. Burley, c. Mawson, b.	6
B. Collison, c. Pickering, & Stephens	6	Collison	6
C. Rochford, b. Frank	29	Mr. W. Hoggar, run out	1
Rev. B. Mawson, c. Trenham, b. Hoggar	29	Mr. L. Frank, bow., & Collison	0
C. Ainscough, b. Hoggar	19	Dr. Blair, bow., & Mawson	1
G. Gaynor, not out	43	Mr. T. Cooper, b. Mawson	4
G. Lindsay, run out	12	Mr. W. Frank, c. and b. Mawson	1
F. Goss, b. Hoggar	2	Mr. E. Trenham, not out	12
G. Dwyer, & Stephens	14	Mr. K. Frank, b. Mawson	2
F. Wright, b. Stephens	0	Mr. A. Robinson, b. Mawson	1
Extras	9	Mr. A. Pickering, b. Collison	0
		Extras	0
Total	153	Total	38

May 8th. Inter-School match against Bootham School, at York. Bootham won the toss and went in first on a batting wicket. Collison and A. Goss commenced the bowling. Three wickets had fallen for 53 and then Green and Walker made a long stand for the

fourth wicket and were not separated until the score was 124. The sixth wicket fell at 145, and the next three for the addition of four runs. The total was 158. Collison and A. Goss each took five wickets for 52. Williams opened our innings with Ainscough who was bowled with the score at 20. Collison joined his Captain and helped to take the score to 91 when he was well caught for a brisk 35. Shortly afterwards Williams was bowled for an invaluable 47, and then wickets fell more rapidly. F. Goss was well set but when the last man came in, 13 runs were still required and there were seven minutes left to play! Skillfully and unselfishly keeping the bowling away from his brother, F. Goss brought the score up to 153, when time was called and the match ended in an even draw.

*Bootham School.**Ampleforth College.*

Elliott, c. Robertson b. A. Goss	28	H. Williams, b. Faraday	47
Faraday, b. Collison	4	C. Ainscough, b. Walpole	12
Franman, b. A. Goss	0	B. Collison, c. Waterfall, b. MacCormack	35
Green, b. Collison	41	riage	13
Walker, c. Williams, b. Collison	46	C. Rochford, b. Marriage	7
Walpole, b. Collison	4	G. Gaynor, b. Marriage	7
Marriage, b. Collison	0	G. Lindsay, c. Walpole, b. Faraday	10
Pon, c. Williams, b. A. Goss	0	day	15
Gilbert, c. Lindsay, b. A. Goss	2	F. Goss, not out	1
Boeckbank, c. Rochford, b. A. Goss	0	G. Dwyer, b. Marriage	2
Waterfall, not out	10	J. Robertson, b. Marriage	2
		F. Wright, b. Marriage	0
		A. Goss, not out	0
Extras	14	Extras	9
Total	158	Total (for 9 wkts.)	153

The Second Eleven met at home. We batted first and scored 152. H. Martin was the highest scorer with a well hit 60. Of the others Burge has a nice style and showed some promise. Bootham and collapsed altogether before the bowling of MacCormack, losing nine wickets for twenty-three runs, when time saved them from a severe defeat.

May 9th. Many congratulations to Frs. Justin McCann and Adrian Mawson on their being raised to the priesthood to-day. Also to Br. Leo Hayes who was ordained Deacon, and to Br. Antony Barnett who was ordained Subdeacon.

Major Mark Sykes came over from Malton in the evening to fulfil his promise to give us a lecture. The subject he

chase was "The Situation in the Balkans." The title seems to suggest complicated politics and dry discussion of policies, but if such expectations existed they were altogether unfulfilled, for this complex question was treated with a clearness and vivacity that made it intensely interesting. Major Sykes has been attaché at the British Embassy at Constantinople and each year returns to the East to make excursions into those parts which are off the beaten path; he has therefore personal experience of the subject, and this together with his power of vivid description made the lecture one of the most successful that we have heard. We thank Major Sykes for his kindness and hope he will be able to find time to give us other lectures of which we hear he has a store.

May 13th. Cricket match at home against St. John's College, York. As we had not beaten St. John's for three or four years—even last year's invincible Eleven could only effect a draw—the game to-day was followed with much interest. St. John's batted first, and owing chiefly to a long stand for the seventh wicket made altogether 127. Fr. Benedict and Collison were the most successful bowlers. We began well and at one time the score stood at eighty for the loss of only two wickets. Then the game "took a turn," and when the last man went in to bat we were still four runs behind. There was a good finish but A. Goss made it needlessly exciting by giving two chances before he had scored, besides nearly running himself out.

<i>St. John's College.</i>		<i>Ampleforth College.</i>	
Mr. S. B. Housman, b. Hayes	26	H. Williams, lbw., b. Backhouse	5
Mr. J. Dalby, c. Gaynor, b. Hayes	5	B. Collison, b. Backhouse	19
Mr. A. Jackson, c. Roehford, b. Hayes	8	Rev. B. Hayes, b. Home	37
Mr. T. Ellis, b. Collison	29	C. Ainscough, c. Home, b. Home	37
Mr. T. Lees, b. Mawson	5	C. Roehford, b. Housman	4
Mr. W. Home, c. Williams, b. Hayes	5	Rev. B. Mawson, c. Housman, b. Hayes	6
Mr. R. E. Rayson, c. and b. Mawson	0	G. Gaynor, b. Backhouse	0
Mr. A. Hill, b. Collison	27	P. Martin, b. Home	3
Mr. H. Best, run out	1	F. Goss, not out	14
Mr. A. Kinson, c. Hayes, b. Collison	6	A. Goss, b. Home	1
Mr. J. B. Backhouse, not out	1	Extras	5
Extras	14		
Total	127	Total	132

May 22nd. The burden of this month is cricket. To-day the second inter-school match of the season took place against St. Peter's School, York. Williams again lost the toss and St. Peter's batted first. Thanks to a splendid innings by H. G. Sullivan—a brother of A. M. Sullivan whom Laurentian cricketers of the "nineties" will remember well—they made 141. At one time it seemed the score would be far larger as a hundred was on the board with only one wicket down. MacCormack however bowled very well from this stage, and for the innings had the excellent analysis of six wickets for thirty-six runs. Williams and Ainscough put on thirty for our first wicket. But after this wickets fell more rapidly. Eight wickets were down for 124. MacCormack managed to stay with Lindsay, who was playing excellent cricket under trying circumstances, until we were within five runs of our opponents' total, when he was "run out." A. Goss came in as last man, and scored a single off his first ball. Lindsay managed to monopolise the bowling of the next two overs, scoring a "two" and a single. This brought our total to 140. The umpire then called "last over." We were still one run behind, had one wicket to fall and one over to play. The first two balls of the over grazed the wickets. The third and fourth altogether beat Goss whose nervousness was obviously increasing. When the fifth ball was bowled however the batsman surprised everyone by running some yards down the pitch and driving the ball hard to the on. Three runs were scored off this stroke, and the match won literally in the last half minute. The retiring batsmen received a great ovation. We cannot withhold a word of praise from Sullivan, whose captaincy of his team in the field—both in the placing of his men and his management of the bowling—was an object lesson in school cricket.

<i>St. Peter's School.</i>		<i>Ampleforth College.</i>	
G. H. Sullivan, c. Collison, b. MacCormack	53	H. Williams, b. Lawton	17
A. J. Peters, c. C. Roehford, b. Collison	25	C. Ainscough, b. Lawton	13
C. C. Taylor, run out	35	B. Collison, c. Lacey, b. Forster	38
A. O. Lacey, c. Gaynor, b. MacCormack	2	C. Roehford, c. Peters, b. Forster	4
F. Ferguson, lbw., b. A. Goss	4	G. Gaynor, b. Sullivan	9
		G. Gaynor, b. Sullivan	9
		G. Lindsay, not out	24
		F. Goss, c. and b. Sullivan	10

D. Fernanders, b. McCormack	o	G. Dwyer, b. Sullivan	...	3
W. V. Lawton, b. McCormack	o	G. McCormack, run out	...	7
D. G. Wallace, b. McCormack	5	A. Goss, not out	...	4
L. F. Wood, c. Martin, b. McCormack	6
K. Norwood, b. Collison	0
R. D. Foster, not out	0
Extras	7
Total 141		Total 145		

The Second Elevens met at York. The home team batted first. Thanks to some good bowling by Wright and Richardson they were all out for thirty-two. We scored 202 for 8 wickets. James made 52 and H. Martin 71.

May 27th. To-day just escaped not being Goremire Day. The hot summer weather of the last week tempted the authorities to keep the tradition of Goremire Day to-day. The early morning however turned out wet and we commenced study as usual. Then it became fine, and after an early lunch we started out across the moors. Then it rained. Tea at Hambleton Hotel took the place of the *al fresco* picnic on the slopes of the Hambleton hills, and was a poor substitute. We walked home bedraggled in the rain in the unenviable position of those who have neither eaten their cake nor have it.

The Cricket XI had driven to Castle Howard—to play their annual fixture on the Earl of Carlisle's private ground. Fr. Placid won the toss and after some indecision decided to bat first. But the wicket was drier than it looked and the bowlers had not even to use the sawdust that was provided. We were dismissed for the small total of 81. Then we experienced a piece of quite bad luck. After Fr. Basil had sent down his first over, a heavy shower fell and lasted for twenty minutes. On resuming we had to bowl with a sodden ball on a wet wicket, and Castle Howard passing our score with only four wickets down ultimately won by 25 runs. This is our first defeat since 1907.

Ampleforth College.

H. Williams, bow, b. Bradshaw	...	12	Mr. J. Calvert, b. A. Goss	...	25
B. Collison, c. J. Calvert, b. Smith	o	0	Mr. G. Calvert, c. Dolan, b. Hayes	...	3
Rev. A. B. Hayes, b. Smith	...	3		...	3

Castle Howard.

G. Gaynor, b. Bradshaw	...	2	Mr. J. Byass, c. Collison, b. Hayes	...	15
Rev. J. P. Dolan, c. Otley, b. Bradshaw	...	26	Rev. H. Ward, c. Williams, b. Hayes	...	0
C. Rotherford, c. and b. Ward	...	10	Mr. H. Huggan, run out	...	10
Rev. B. Mawson, c. Bradshaw, b. Smith	...	15	Mr. O. Boyes, c. Williams, b. Hayes	...	12
P. Martin, b. Bradshaw	...	0	Mr. G. Otley, c. Martin, b. Mawson	...	0
G. Lindsay, b. Bradshaw	...	0	Mr. W. Meyer, c. Gaynor, b. Hayes	...	2
C. Ainscough, b. Bradshaw	...	0	Mr. M. Smith, run out	...	4
A. Goss, not out	...	0	Mr. F. Bradshaw, c. Rotherford, b. Mawson	...	3
Extras	...	11	Mr. J. Thompson, run out	...	1
Total 81		Total 106			

May 29th. We were glad to welcome from London the members of the Ampleforth Old Boys' Cricket Club who came to spend Whitsuntide with us. From Malton they came by coach headed by their veteran president—surely the *royen* of Old Boys—Captain M. S. Woollett.

May 30th. Whit-Sunday. Fr. Abbot pontificated at High Mass. After Mass the match with the "Old Boys" was commenced in glorious weather. The School batted first and began badly, three wickets being down for eight runs. Martin however stayed with Williams and afterwards the Captain and Gaynor had quite a long partnership before the latter was "run out." Williams was then caught and bowled for a capital 86. We declared with the score at 202. The Old Boys played a sporting game and made a great effort to hit off the runs. They were very unlucky in having four of their side "run out." The powerful hitting by Hardiman and Drummond was quite refreshing in these days of cautious and scientific cricket.

Ampleforth College.

Old Amplefordians (London).

H. Williams, c. and b. Drummond	86	Mr. A. Pappa, b. Collison	...	8
G. Lindsay, c. R. Calder-Smith, b. Drummond	o	Mr. P. Egan, run out	...	15
B. Collison, c. R. Calder-Smith, b. Drummond	...	Mr. E. Hardiman, c. Collison, b. McCormack	...	37
C. Rotherford, b. R. Calder-Smith	...	Mr. R. Calder-Smith, run out	...	18
P. Martin, b. Pappa	...	Mr. F. Calder-Smith, b. McCormack	...	4
G. Gaynor, run out	...	44	Mr. G. Chamberlain, b. Collison	27

C. Ainscough, b. Drummond	1	Mr. G. McDonnell, b. A. Goss	4
F. Goss, not out	8	Mr. E. Drummond, c. Gaynor, b. Collicott	29
A. Kelly, b. Harbison	11	Mr. D. Travers, run out	6
G. McCormack, not out	0	Mr. A. Hanson, run out	4
A. Goss, did not bat	—	Mr. B. Pike, not out	0
Extras	30	Extras	16
Total (for 8 wickets)	202	Total	171

May 31st. The weather broke to-day and the showers caused much delay in the match against Mr. Forster's XI. The School Eleven gave a feeble display, but as they were batting in the rain on a pitch that was almost muddy, it would be unfair to criticise.

Mr. Forster's XI.

Mr. G. Rawston, b. Collicott	24	H. Williams, c. Sissons, b. G. Rawston	43
Mr. C. Wilkinson, b. McCormack	0	G. Lindsay, c. G. Rawston, b. Mayfield	4
Mr. A. Wilkinson, b. A. Goss	27	B. Collicott, c. Wilkinson, b. A. Rawston	3
Mr. S. Maw, c. Williams, b. Martin	79	C. Rochford, c. Forster, b. A. Rawston	10
Mr. A. Marr, b. McCormack	35	P. Martin, c. and b. Mayfield	11
Mr. A. Mayfield, c. Collicott, b. McCormack	7	G. Gaynor, c. G. Rawston, b. A. Marr	0
Mr. E. Sissons, c. Dwyer, b. Collicott	18	C. Ainscough, not out	1
Mr. H. Marr, not out	8	F. Goss, c. Wilkinson, b. Marr	5
Mr. W. Tibson, b. A. Goss	0	A. Kelly, c. and b. Wilkinson	0
Mr. A. Rawston, not out	1	G. McCormack, b. Maw	1
Mr. A. Sawdas, } did not bat.	—	G. Dwyer, not out	2
Mr. E. Forster, } did not bat.	—	A. Goss, did not bat	2

Extras ... 4
Total (for 8 wickets) 203

Ampleforth College.

Rawston	43
Mayfield	4
Collicott	3
Rawston	10
Mayfield	11
Rawston	0
Marr	0
Collicott	1
Wilkinson	5
Rawston	0
Maw	1
Dwyer	2
Goss	2

Extras ... 2
Total (for 9 wickets) 122

June 3rd. The Natural History Society had a successful field day at the Fosse, returning laden with many a specimen of the polysyllabic beetle. Really gardener's names for innocent looking flowers are simple Saxon or Norse compared with the titles assigned to the various species of things that creep. "Some have greatness thrust upon them."

June 10th. Feast of Corpus Christi. Sincere congratulations to A. T. Long, G. Heslop, R. MacGavin, E. Byrne and J. Murogh Bernard who made their First Communions this morning. The weather proved fine and we were able to hold the Procession of the

Blessed Sacrament out of doors. We wish every success to Robert Murphy who left us to-day to enter on a course of electrical engineering at Boston University.

The home match with Pocklington Grammar School was played after dinner. We lost the toss and on a hard batting wicket got Pocklington out for the small total of thirty-six. Collicott took four wickets for fifteen runs, and McCormack five for nineteen. Williams and Ainscough opened our innings. Williams soon left but Ainscough and Collicott played good cricket and the Pocklington total was passed without further loss. The third wicket fell with the score at 67. When Rochford joined Martin a great stand was made for the fourth wicket. Martin was bowled when within seven runs of his century with the total at 200. He hit very powerfully—at one time scoring ten consecutive fours, and although he made some bad strokes yet his innings was a brilliant one. Gaynor and Rochford and afterwards Gaynor and Lindsay hit the tired bowling all over the field, and when time was called our total stood at 318 for 6 wickets, scored in two hours and a half.

Pocklington School.

P. Wandrop, c. F. Goss, b. Collicott	14	H. Williams, b. A. Williams	5
H. Burrell, c. Williams, b. Collicott	14	C. Ainscough, b. A. Williams	22
Barnes, bow, b. McCormack	0	B. Collicott, b. A. Williams	31
A. Williams, bow, b. McCormack	0	C. Rochford, b. Wandrop	59
R. Stirling, b. Collicott	1	P. Martin, b. A. Williams	93
L. Cusick, b. Collicott	4	G. Gaynor, c. and b. A. Williams	41
C. Davies, run out	0	G. Lindsay, not out	38
J. Power, b. McCormack	1	F. Goss, not out	3
S. Robinson, not out	0	G. Dwyer, } did not bat	—
A. H. Anson, c. Martin, b. McCormack	5	A. Goss, } did not bat	—
G. Bond, c. Dwyer, b. McCormack	4	G. McCormack, } did not bat	—
Extras	2	Extras	26

Total 39

Total (for 6 wickets) 318

June 13th. High Mass was sung to-day by Fr. Edmund who also carried the Blessed Sacrament in the procession.

June 14th. The new Rifle Range was opened to-day by the Head Master.

June 15th. Mr. W. Swarbrick brought the Thirsk Cricket XI on their twenty-ninth annual visit. The School made a present of the match by an exhibition of very bad fielding. This was all the more surprising as hitherto the fielding this season has been particularly smart. But to-day there seemed to be a general impression among the Eleven that a "boundary" or so, more or less, did not matter. After one or two catches had been dropped the bowling fell off considerably, and Thirsk had made over two hundred before the last wicket fell. Williams and Fr. Benedict gave the Eleven an excellent start, scoring ninety-five before Williams was bowled for sixty-two. After this none of the Eleven with the exception of Fr. Placid, who made a great effort to save the game, could do much with the bowling of Wray, the Thirsk professional, and we were beaten by thirty-eight runs.

Mr. Swarbrick's XI.

Mr. J. Lee, c. Dolan, b. Hayes	3	H. Williams, c. Rooke, b. N. Han-	62
Mr. A. Wray, c. Dolan, b. Maxwell	6	well	...
Mr. M. Hansel, b. McCormack	45	Rev. A. B. Hayes, bow. b. Fog-	0
Mr. T. Rooke, b. Hayes	44	gill	31
Mr. E. Peat, b. McCormack	16	B. Collison, b. Foggitt	0
Mr. F. Hansel, b. McCormack	0	Rev. J. P. Dolan, not out	35
Mr. R. Bellon, b. Collison	54	G. Gaynor, b. Wray	5
Mr. B. Foggitt, b. Collison	0	P. Martin, b. Wray	1
Mr. W. Swarbrick, c. Gaynor, b.		Rev. B. Maxwell, b. Wray	16
Dolan	31	G. Lindsay, run out	1
Mr. T. Gilling, c. Collison, b. Hayes	9	C. Almsough, b. Wray	10
Mr. C. Joffe, not out	1	F. Gos, b. Wray	4
		G. McCormack, b. Wray	0
Extras	21	Extras	9
Total	212	Total	174

June 19th. For the past few days we have been, like Ben Battle, "used to war's alarms." The Yorkshire Mounted Brigade have been in camp at Helmsley and Rievaulx—of one of these camps an Ampleforth "Old Boy," Captain Sir William Austin, was in command—and yesterday was commenced a series of manoeuvres. The Brigade were supposed to act as an invading force of—well, we will not drag in the name of a friendly foreign Power. Yesterday morning they advanced from the East Coast where they had effected a landing, and carried all before them. Late in the evening the College escaped its own notice in being captured, and the enemy were in possession of the whole ridge of the Hambleton Hills. This

morning, however, a crack regiment of cavalry, the Fifth (Royal Irish) Lancers, arrived from York and under the command of Colonel Milner, D.S.O., at once proceeded to the attack. The Mounted Brigade took up a position from Coxwold to Gilling. Their right rested on Coxwold, where Captain Guy Wilson, D.S.O., commanded, with supports at Wass and Ampleforth. Other squadrons were stationed at Thorpe Hall and Gilling. The Lancers drove in the enemy's outposts at Yearsley and the Fosse, and charged at the gallop down the Fosse hills. From the aesthetic point of view, this was quite satisfactory, the view from the Sixth Form windows of the lances sparkling in the sun being reminiscent of the cohorts of the Assyrians. Thence Col. Milner by a flank movement captured Coxwold—incidentally relieving the College—and drove the Mounted Brigade back on Tom Smith's Crossing, Sproxtan and Helmsley, and ultimately (in theory) into the North Sea. General Sir John French, Inspector General of the Forces, was present at the manoeuvres.

June 22nd. Mr. J. Stanton brought over a tennis team which included another "Old Boy" besides himself, Mr. R. Woodwis. Unfortunately rain fell heavily and rendered tennis impossible. *Point de vueux* a Billiard match was arranged between the visitors and the Sixth Form, which the latter won by a narrow margin.

June 26th. The almost incessant rain of the last few days turned many thoughts in the direction of the earlier chapters of Genesis. The farmers alone beamed; but we prefer the sun.

June 27th. The "Certificato" Test Exams. begin.

June 29th. Fr. Abbot pontificated at High Mass. The *Schola* came in for much praise for their effective rendering of the "new" Plain Chant—the "plaintive" Chant, as we heard a Fourth Form boy style it. In the afternoon the return match was played with Castle Howard. We batted first and scored 211 for 7 wickets when Fr. Placid declared. Owing chiefly to some excellent batting by Mr. J. Byass—the well-known Scarborough Amateur—Castle Howard replied with 142 for the loss of four wickets. The fielding was again at fault. We will confine ourselves to the platitude that if the chances had been accepted, the result would have been different.

Ampleforth College.

Rev. A. B. Hayes, b. Thompson	66	J. Byass, c. Lindsay, b. Hayes	57
H. Williams, c. Rodwell, b. Helm	15	G. Calvert, c. Collison, b. Mawson	13
Rev. J. P. Dolan, c. Huggan, b. Smith	30	H. Helm, c. Rochford, b. Hayes	15
B. Collison, b. Smith	39	G. O'Hry, b. Mawson	15
C. Ainscough, c. Helm, b. Smith	12	Rev. H. Ward, not out	35
C. Rochford, b. Ward	4	H. Huggan	4
Rev. B. Mawson, not out	12	M. Smith	12
G. Lindsay, b. Ward	3	W. Meyer	3
F. Goss		I. Calvert, did not bat	
A. Jones, did not bat		B. Rodwell, did not bat	
G. McCormack, did not bat		J. Thompson, did not bat	
Extras	10	Extras	16
Total (for 7 wks.)	211	Total (for 4 wks.)	142

July 3rd. The Fast Eleven went to York to play the Yorkshire Gentlemen. Our opponents had a strong team against us, but Fr. Placid's lack in winning the toss did not desert him, and we had first innings on a batting wicket. Fr. Benedict and Fr. Idephonus made a long stand for the second wicket, both playing extremely well. After batting for a little over three hours and a half we declared the innings closed. Captain Luther and Mr. H. K. Longman opened the batting for the Yorkshire Gentlemen. The old Cambridge Blue was bowled by Collison with a "sewerer" when he had made seventeen, but Captain Luther and Mr. Everard Radcliffe, who is this year captaining the Yorkshire County team, had a long partnership. The result was a draw. The scoring all the day was very rapid, no fewer than 575 runs being scored in five hours and a half for the loss of six wickets.

Ampleforth College.

H. Williams, c. sub-stans, b. Radcliffe	5	Capt. Luther, c. Rochford, b. McCormack	84
Rev. A. B. Hayes, c. Budwell, b. Radcliffe	152	Mr. H. K. Longman, b. Collison	17
Rev. T. I. Barton, b. Longman	101	Mr. E. J. Radcliffe, not out	98
B. Collison, b. Radcliffe	43	Major Blair, not out	21
Rev. J. P. Dolan, not out	14	Capt. Robertson	
P. Martin		Mr. J. P. Alby	
Rev. B. Mawson		Mr. G. N. Budwell, did not bat	
C. Ainscough, did not bat		Mr. C. E. Anson, not out	
C. Rochford		Mr. M. W. Peters	
G. Dwyer		Mr. R. M. Wood	
G. McCormack		Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch	
Extras	26	Extras	16
Total (for 4 wks.)	339	Total (for 2 wks.)	236

July 7th. Return match against Bootham School. Williams and Ainscough opened our innings. Ninety was telegraphed before Ainscough was caught for 53, made without giving a chance. Collison was soon out, caught in the slips, but Rochford stayed with Williams for some time. His score of twenty-six included one very big hit, right out of the ground. Williams was unlucky in missing his fifty by a single, but he has played better cricket. Bootham collapsed before the bowling of Collison, and although the last two or three batsmen made a great effort to draw the game, A. Goss took the last wicket in what would have been in any case the last over of the match.

Ampleforth College.

H. Williams, c. Pearson, b. Walker	46	E. Elliot, b. McCormack	12
C. Ainscough, c. Pitt, b. Walpole	53	F. Darby, b. Collison	5
B. Collison, c. Faraday, b. Walpole	2	S. Pearson, run out	1
C. Rochford, bow. b. Marriage	26	G. Walker, c. McCormack, b. P. Martin	4
P. Martin, b. Walker	4	Collison	4
G. Goyles, b. Walker	8	L. Green, c. Martin, b. Collison	7
G. Lindsay, b. Faraday	12	R. Gilbert, c. A. Goss, b. Collison	1
F. Goss, b. Faraday	4	J. Walpole, c. Ainscough, b. Collison	5
E. Dwyer, bow. b. Pearson	13	not out	0
A. Goss, c. Faraday, b. Pearson	2	G. Waterfield, b. Collison	0
G. McCormack, not out	4	J. Pitt, b. McCormack	3
		C. Faraday, not out	1
		I. Marriage, b. A. Goss	19
Extras	5	Extras	1
Total 182		Total	57



The Prefect wishes to acknowledge with many thanks the gift of two guineas from Mr. J. Stanton and of one guinea from Mr. James Blackledge as donations towards the expenses of leveling the New Cricket Ground. The turf has stood its first year's trial better than was expected and the ground has been in every way a success. The four lower Sets have used it every long afternoon, and there was never any difficulty even towards the end of the season of finding suitable pitches. The first two Sets have played on the Old Ground, on which also the home matches were played.



The Eleven have had a successful and in some respects a remarkable season. At the time of the writing of this note all the matches

have been played except East v. Present on Exhibition Day. The record up to date is—eleven matches played, five won, four drawn and two lost. Of the four inter-School matches we won three and drew one, so the boys' Eleven are unbeaten again this year. Their best effort was undoubtedly the score of 318 for 6 wickets against Pocklington—a record score for Ampleforth in an inter-School match. Williams has proved himself a capable Captain, and a most consistent scorer, and easily heads the averages. Of the others Collison was always good and nearly always disappointing. In his exquisite style he would make between thirty and forty and then throw away his wicket, almost invariably in some avoidable way. To his cricket we feel tempted to apply the words in a minor poet's ode to Autumn, "Oh! be less beautiful or be less brief." The most successful "Masters' match was that against the Yorkshire Gentlemen at York, when Fr. Benedict and Mr. Hildephonus were associated in a partnership for the second wicket which yielded 240 runs.

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We have received from the Secretary, Mr. G. H. Chamberlain, this season's Fixture Card of the annual Northern tour of the Vacation Cricket Club—the Craticule. The Secretary has arranged an ambitious programme, and we wish the club every success. Appended are the fixtures—

Craticule Cricket Club—Season 1909.

DATE	TEAM	GROUND
Aug. 20th	Gusston	Gusston
" 21st	Sutton	Sutton
" 29th	Rev. F. Smith's Ushaw XI.	Gusston
" 31st	East Lancashire	Blackburn
" 6th	Preston	Preston
" 9th	Raischill	Raischill
" 10th	Otton, an XI.	Otton
" 11th	Omskirk	Omskirk
" 12th	Old Xaverians	Upton
" 13th	Liverpool, Second XI.	Asgharh
" 14th	Isce Elmsdell	Isce Elmsdell

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We were very pleased to welcome at Whitsuntide the first Eleven of the Ampleforth Old Boys' Cricket Club—a welcome that is quite compatible with the fact that we beat them in this their first match

against us. The membership of the Club in this the second year of its existence is about the same as that of last year. There have been new members of course, but some of the original members have resigned owing to their leaving London. The Hon. Treasurer is anxious that it should be generally known that such members may still remain honorary members. At the annual meeting of the Club held early in the summer the Headmaster was elected a Vice-President of the Club. Any Laurentian desirous of playing in the August matches should write to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Allan Hansom, 27 Alfred Place West, Kensington, S.W.

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We are requested to announce that for general convenience the Old Boys' Blazer may now be obtained through The Rev. the Sub-Prefect.

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Alice through the Looking-Glass will have been acted by the time probably, these lines are in the hands of the readers of the *Journal*. Has it ever been acted completely before? Messrs. French publish a play entitled *Alice in Wonderland* which is really a selection of passages from each of the books, arranged indeed on no very obvious plan. *Alice in Wonderland* will not merge with *Through the Looking-Glass*. The one is a game of cards, the other movements on a chess board. Scenes chosen from both and placed in the compass of a single representation would never "grow to a point," and such an arrangement would have horrified Aristotle. For must not a drama have a "beginning, a middle and an end"? And must not the successive steps form a "probable sequence"? At any rate it was these considerations and others, that induced the members of the School Staff who guide the destinies of the Dramatic Society to venture on a quite independent dramatised version of *Through the Looking-Glass*. They desire to express their indebtedness to Fr. Clement Standish, O.S.B., and Fr. Gregory Ould, O.S.B., for kindly undertaking the arrangement and, in part, the composition of the songs. Without their assistance the piece could not have been produced. To Fr. Abbot once again and to Mr. W. J. Taylor and Mr. J. Maddox the Green Room is indebted for a welcome "unearned increment." Many thanks to them and to the Misses Powell, Mrs. Hall, Mrs.

Harrison and other ladies who have generously provided us with several new and elaborate dresses.

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Arma parvamque casu, with some disregard for "Quantity." Whether England will ever be able to put an "armed nation" in the field or not, is a question open to debate. At all events she could put at least one armed school in the field even without having resort to conscription. In addition to the "massed drill" practices that take place every Friday in response to the stentorian suggestions of the Drill Sergeant, new rifle butts have been erected at the foot of the Bathing Wood hill, and under the instruction of Colour Sergeant Instructor Wright, 5th Batt. Yorks. Regiment, the School are rapidly learning to shoot straight. So far W. Barnett has obtained the best results with a score of six "bulls" and two "inners" out of eight shots, while C. Ainscough is a good second. For both we shall henceforth have an increased respect. Meanwhile Mr. Perry has assigned to *his* bulls—the quadrupeds—other and more distant pasture. What would St. Benedict have thought of all this? He prohibits in his Rule sleeping with knives by night. Cannot the "intention" of this—for St. Benedict is renowned for width of view and breadth of principle—be construed as commanding us to go unarmed by day? This is an effort to assume to rôle of the *Advocatus diaboli*. But really there is no danger. The ammunition is carefully distributed, and shooting only takes place under strict and competent supervision.

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There is a part of the *Journal* in which the Naturalists speak for themselves but possibly members of that society may be gratified to learn that they are a source of curious observation to others, even as the objects of their search are to themselves. The mental fields over which these enthusiasts roam are many and varied, including so occult a subject as "Snail Conchology." The science rooms have now a naturalists' department and if we may judge by the collections therein displayed, the devotees have succeeded in doing a remarkable amount of damage to nature in general. Has not someone remarked—probably Mr. Cheserton—that "the greatest enemies of nature are its lovers." Let us hope that this is a Philistine's point of view,

for it is the duty of the *Journal* to record the capture of numerous beetles and the existence of a shambles for the same, some damage done to trees and shrubs, a material diminution in the number of birds that might have been, and the frequent and violent ousting of the inoffensive snail from its shell—thus depriving it of its sole prophylactic against preying birds. This, by the way, suggests a problem as to how the different sections of this society view one another's efforts. Are not some mutually antagonistic? Do the ornithologists quarrel with the lovers of insects and snails as depriving their friends of legitimate prey? The love of insect and bird cannot logically co-exist seeing that one forms the staple food of the other.

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A similar fate to that which in the opinion of Mr. Birrell befalls a poor country situated too close to a rich neighbour, has for some years overtaken Lawn Tennis at Ampleforth. Cricket dominates Athletics during the summer term and absorbs athletic energies. Like naval service, according to Paricles' view of it, so far from admitting of being successfully practised as a "bye-work," it will not allow anything to be practised as a "bye-work" to it. For all this, the Tennis Club has revived this year, and the Upper Library Court has been in constant use. At the time of writing this note the Club is engaged in holding a Tournament, as a prize for which Mr. J. Stanton has offered two valuable racquets.

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Water Polo has languished this term owing, we suppose, to rather a noticeable dearth of really robust swimmers. The Swimming Bath is rather too large for the game, and makes considerable demands on the staying powers of those who take part in it. However in other respects the Swimming this year has been quite a success and although many days in June were cold, has been as popular as ever. There has been a satisfactory improvement in the swimming of the small boys, and the entries for the Lemmers' Race at the Exhibition are larger than ever. Besides this race there will be held, as usual, the Open Swimming Race—three lengths, about 100 yards—for the Silver Cup, and the Diving Competition for the Silver Medal. The

competition for "Colours"—twelve lengths in ten minutes—will also take place at the Exhibition.

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Three times this term has the gate near the old cricket ground been completely shattered by runaway trucks. On one occasion only has the whole school witnessed this thrilling sight—for such it really was. A large iron truck heavily laden was seen bearing down at full speed upon the closed gate. The momentary excitement turned to entire surprise when it passed through the five bars and cross-bars as though it had encountered no obstacle. It was as well for the horses approaching from Gilling with more trucks, that it soon left the lines and rolled over into Mr. Perry's hayfield. The spectacle was quite entertaining and well worth a gate. History is but repeating itself, for it is narrated that the frequent occurrence of this event, and the short lives of the gates at this spot when the New Monastery was being built, were the source of merry-making to the small boys whose perennial pleasure is the discussion of the procuratorial purse.

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We have to thank the Countess Telfener, Mr. John Maddox and Mr. Joseph Maddox for the gift of stained glass medallions to the Study. When they have been inserted the window at the end of the Study will be nearly complete. And if old boys will continue to commemorate their stay here in this way, before many years we shall be able to make a start in the boys' corridor.

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We know not whether there are any old boys who like Hood come to peep at their old school, and go away to write an ode on the unchangeableness of school life and school surroundings, varied only by the change of those "little captives" who repine "within those irksome walls." If there be, they had better come immediately for here at least externals are just what are not enduring. "Ah me! those old familiar bounds" no longer exist. A large building is now springing up where once they were. He will not be able to point to the fine old tree by the square as the one—

"Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have roed!"

But he will have to be satisfied with more prosaic sentiments—

"There I was bichol—there I was bool,
There like a little Adam fell
From learning's world tree!"

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A member of the Preparatory wrote to a well-known publishing firm for some reason or other for an up-to-date apparatus for egg-blowing. He received the following reply.

39, Paternoster Row,
LONDON, E.C.,
June 16th, 1909.

DEAR SIR,

We are very sorry to disappoint you but we are afraid that we cannot supply you with the apparatus required for your purpose. It is not included in our lists. We do not know what to advise you to do except to keep to the old plan and make use of your mouth and a darning needle, which we have always found to be very effective. You might enquire of any local Taxidermist, who we feel sure could enlighten you still further in the intricacies of such a delicate operation.

We remain, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,
LOWMANS, GREEN & CO.

Suggested matter for a new French Idiom:—

Question. Do you know what is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Answer. No, but I know the opinion of publishers concerning the blowing of eggs.

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The Curator of the Museum wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following, to us extremely weird, collection:—Thirty various specimens of cotton from different parts of the world (presented by J. Brown, Esq.); a collection of foreign Butterflies, Moths and Beetles (presented by D. Travers, Esq.); a fragment from the Great Pyramid (presented by J. Timmins, Esq.); an old Lamp found in St. Patrick's Well, Streaul (presented by Mrs. Fawcett).

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Congratulations to T. W. MURPHY on his recent marriage to Miss MARY HELEN BARCLAY at the Church of St. Paul, Minnesota.

To E. RUDDIN on his marriage to Miss MARY EILEEN McCANN. The ceremony was performed by the brother of the bride, the Rev. JUSTIN McCANN, O.S.B., a member of the Ampleforth community.

To T. MARWOOD on his engagement to Miss MAEEL CLARKE Twyford, Buckinghamshire.

Also to P. WILLIAMS, V. GOSLING, and J. KEVILL, who were all successful in the Final Examinations of the Law Society held last June.

To CLIFFORD PIKE on his profession as a Dominican at Woodchester.

To H. J. KING who was presented with a Silver Cup by the Duke of Connaught, as Captain of the best Company in the Gibraltar Boys' Brigade.

To M. NEVILLE on winning the Judge Coventry Prize, open to Solicitors practising on the Northern Circuit.

LIEUTENANT OSWALD WILLIAMS, 1st BAIL, Monmouthshire Reg., has achieved some distinction with his published lecture on the "Renaissance of Musketry," and considerable praise from such an authority as Colonel McMahon, D.S.O., Chief Instructor in the School of Musketry, Hythe.

ANGUS SMITH, who left at Easter to commence his medical studies, came in 1902. He passed the Lower Certificate in 1907 with "First Classes" in Greek and History. He was a member of the Cricket XI of 1908 and was a good fast bowler. He also played half-back in the Football XI of 1908-9.

ROBERT MURPHY came in 1905. He passed the Lower Certificate last year with "First Classes" in Arithmetic, and Additional Mathematics. He is about to enter on a course of Electrical Engineering at Boston University. He was a member of the Hockey XI of 1908-9.

Just as we go to Press we hear of Br. CELESTINE SHEPPARD'S great success in the Schools at Oxford. He was one of the four candidates who obtained First Class Honours in the Final Honour School of Theology held last June. Congratulations.

Obituary.

DONALD KENNEDY. (R.L.P.)

We regret to have to record the death of Donald Kennedy, which took place on September 2nd, 1908. Those whose musical memories can carry themselves back to the "seventies" will never forget Donald Kennedy's exceptionally brilliant soprano voice. The College could then boast of a vocal quartet that has perhaps hardly been surpassed in its history. Donald Kennedy—Soprano, Father Egbert Turner—Alto, Father Placid McMillan—Tenor, and Father Denis Firth—Bass. Kennedy's voice had not only the purity and range which often distinguish boys' voices, but he had that gift, so exceptional, of flexibility and command of expression. It is hard to imagine anything more satisfactory than his renderings of the soprano parts in Father Burge's Operas of *Robin Hood*, *The Silver Cross*, and *Saul and David*. In 1875 he left Ampleforth for Ushaw. Dr. Cornthwaite, the Bishop of Beverley, happened at this time to be on a visit to Ushaw and the President was anxious for the Bishop to hear the wonderful new treble that had just come to the College. On hearing him the Bishop, not knowing that Kennedy had left Ampleforth, exclaimed: "Oh, but you should hear the treble that they have at Ampleforth!" He had strong attractions for the Ecclesiastical state, but Providence had other designs for him. He became a cotton broker in Liverpool, and was always ready to place his musical talents at the service of the Church. In his later life he settled in London. He became an ardent champion of the cause of Catholic Education, and his letters on the subject to the London Press were readily accepted by the Editors. His end came very suddenly, and though he was deprived of the last rites of the Church we believe he was not unprepared for the Great Summons. His great delight was to spend the leisure of his evenings in frequenting the churches and in making visits to the Blessed Sacrament. He had no family, but he left behind a widow, whose love and attachment

to her husband was almost idyllic, and whose whole-hearted devotion to his interest would render her a fitting model for another 'Angel in the House.'

DENNIS J. DOWNING. (R.I.P.)

We have to record the death of an "old boy" of considerable attainments—Dennis Downing. Born no more than thirty-eight years ago; he died Thursday June 17th, in Dublin. As a boy he showed some capacity for languages, and being fortified with strong convictions and a glib tongue he became a good debater. He was however chiefly remarked for a bright and happy spirit—a characteristic that was with him to the end. As one of the leading dramatic critics in Ireland he was well known, while some of his own work and translations met with high praise. A keen sportsman, an artist, and one whose accomplishments were always at the call of charity, he was deservedly a popular man. May he rest in peace.

RICHARD GORNALL, M.D. (R.I.P.)

The death of Dr. Richard Gornall at the age of eighty removes another of the oldest generation of Amplefordians. He came to school in the year 1845. For many years he practised at Newton Heath and Failsworth, where he also held several public offices. The evening of his life was spent in quiet retirement at Hindley. The numbers that attended the Solemn Requiem and funeral at Failsworth amply testify to the respect in which Dr. Gornall was held. It is with the deepest regret that we say farewell to another whose generation we have all learnt to revere for their staunch and ardent Catholicism.—R.I.P.

BERNARD SMITH. (R.I.P.)

We have lost a good friend in Mr. Bernard Smith. He was one of the first contributors to the *Journal* both as a writer and an artist. We wish he could have done more for us. All that he did was much appreciated. In his architectural work for us at Ampleforth, he put forth his full strength; we knew he was working, not simply for the commission, or for his reputation, but to do something that would keep his memory living in the place where he best wished to

be remembered. He was so retiring that we saw little of him except whilst the building was going on. He did not come to the opening ceremony. He seemed almost afraid of praise. Hence he was a man of lonely habits. Nevertheless, like every true artist he almost lived on the pleasure his work gave to his friends.

For this reason he suffered much from anything that looked like forgetfulness or want of appreciation. It had the effect of making him lose confidence in himself. He could only do his best work when some friendly sympathy inspired it. His was not one of those robust natures which push themselves to the front. He would humbly hang back until some friendly hand made an opening for him. Consequently his work had to seek him out. That he did as much as he did is a proof of exceptional and attractive talent. That he did it so well tells us of many good friends who believed in him. But how much more he might have done if he had received the appreciation he deserved!

Bernard Smith came to Ampleforth in the year 1860 and went through the full scholastic course. He always had a talent for drawing and a taste for art. As a Royal Academy student he distinguished himself by winning the Travelling Scholarship—the architectural *Pris de Rome*. He made excellent use of that opportunity, and his sketches, made on his travels, were afterwards published. The volumes are scarce and much esteemed. For the sake chiefly of continuing his studies in Spain he took a Government situation at Gibraltar as architectural engineer. Then he settled in London for the rest of his career. With our noble monastery before our eyes we do not need to have examples of his work pointed out to us. But the delicacy and richness of his designs may be even better studied in the Church of St. Edmund, Bungay, Suffolk, his native place.

For some while before his death he had suffered from paralysis. The feeling that being incapable of work he was of no further use to anybody made him wish to die. He had been a pious and faithful servant of God all his life.—R.I.P.

Notes.

We have had to go to press before the accounts of the Jubilee Celebration at St. Michael's have reached us. We know that it has taken place, and through the quick and thoughtful kindness of Bishop Hedley we are enabled to print the Address his Lordship delivered on the occasion. "Bis dat qui cito dat." We do not know who were present and what was done and said; we have not even seen the programme or "Ordo" of the Festival. We must therefore leave our readers to learn all particulars from the narrative which will doubtless appear in our Catholic Weeklies. From our knowledge of Belmont with its exceptional ceremonial experience, its monastic orderliness and the willing energy of its young Community, we know that to outsiders the Pageant will have seemed distinguished above anything else they may have seen, by that graceful and easy precision, which is to decorative beauty what perfect metre is to poetic thought.

* * *

Perhaps we should not have made use of the word "pageant" in speaking of what is essentially a Service of Thanksgiving. But it is only within the last half-dozen years that it has begun to lose its ancient courtly and serious significance. With our ancestors a pageant was usually associated with the rich spectacular magnificence devised to give distinction to a notable and worthy occasion. Nowadays it is the word which we use to describe a glorified puppet-show. Our modern pageants have no particular reason or meaning, and would have had no vogue if they had not proved, directly or indirectly, paying concerns. They are lauded by the press as instructive and educational, popular object-lessons in local history. We believe the ordinary spectator is likely to learn from them just a little more than from a Fancy-dress Ball. He goes to see them for no higher motive than that of the sight-seers who crowd to the Tower of London on Bank Holidays, or spend an afternoon at Madame Tassau's.

We must admit, however, that extensive pains are taken over them to ensure the accuracy of the stage properties. The promoters of the coming Pageant at York have gone further; they have tried to give proper consideration to the Catholic view and have shown anxiety not to hurt our Catholic susceptibilities. They made the Very Rev. Fr. Cummins Chairman of the Ecclesiastical Committee and have acted in part on his suggestions. At their request Fr. Leo Hayes compiled for them a valuable summary of Notes on Church Vestments, which, we are told, has been constantly before the Committee. We may be permitted to quote from Fr. Cummins' contribution to the Book of the Pageant the passage which describes the work of the Committee over which he presided. "The primary aim of the Ecclesiastical Committee has been, of course, to avoid anachronisms and to secure accuracy. It has had to be content, perhaps, with a happy combination of archaeological correctness and scenic splendour—sometimes with a compromise between the two! It may be questioned, for instance, whether an Archbishop ever really went to a banquet or a battle in his mitre and chasuble, or whether Kings were never seen in public without their crowns! In art they are always shown with their distinctive emblems; a bishop without his mitre or a king without his crown would be disappointing, and could not be identified. For 'Pageant purposes' then, pedantic accuracy has sometimes been disregarded. But no pains have been spared, and innumerable authorities—not always in agreement—have been consulted in the endeavour to secure accuracy as well as splendour. Mosaics of Rome and Ravenna, miniatures of illuminated manuscripts, sepulchral brasses and monuments, the figures in stained glass windows, lastly, not least, the living traditions of many ecclesiastics, all have been laid under contribution by the Committee, whose prolonged and painstaking labours are now before the public. On a subject so vast and intricate as the Church Vestments of thirteen centuries it is easy to criticise, and dangerous to dogmatise; against the hypercriticism of experts 'Pageant purposes' must be a final plea!"

* * *

A correspondent writes:—

"A frequent visitor to Ampleforth, with an eye to the picturesque,

has often wondered why ivy or other creeping plants have never been trained against the walls of the Church or College, whilst the more recent walls of the Monastery are decked and glorified with luxuriant growth. Few will question the beauty of such creepers when judiciously employed, their artistic benefit in the added light and shade, their pleasing variety of colour against the stone background. The tender green of Ampelopsis in spring, its blaze of colour as it turns in autumn to russet and gold, are a delight to the eye; so are the variegated tints of ivy; and they lend depth and shade when the architectural style is monotonous and jejune. Yet the long flat walls of the College unbroken by oriel or buttress remain as bare as when they were born, though in their unrelieved severity they cry out for clothing far more insistently than the Monastery façade does, which possesses plenty of feature, and is, if anything, a little too florid in style. No doubt the encouragement of ivy and such-like may be exaggerated, and yet it is easy enough to trim or remove them when overgrown. Some people have an unreasoning prejudice in their regard; and one has known tasteless autocrats—not at Ampleforth!—who ruthlessly cut away every bit of ivy that gathered on their walls. The lavish growths on the Monastery front show that no such spirit prevails at Ampleforth. In regard to Church and College walls probably no one in authority has given the matter a thought. Hence this humble suggestion. *Videant consules!*"

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We are rather afraid that in the olden days there was some prejudice against ivy-covered walls. It was not the local stone-mason's belief that the plants sucked the "nature," as we have heard them say, from the stone. But it was thought that ivy had a destructive effect on the walls by the dirt and moisture it accumulated behind it, and also by the loosening and ruinous action of its tough stems thrust into the joints and crevices. Their prejudice was shared by very many of the more enlightened of those days, who formed their theories by the mischief wrought by the picturesque creeper upon old abbey ruins and its strangling effects on forest trees. But where the walls are sound, without open joints or crevices, a well-trimmed mantle of ivy is not only harmless but useful, not only an ornamental

dress but a protective covering—witness the ashlar work of the East front of Rievaulx Abbey Church, as perfect and unrotten now as when it was built, preserved through the centuries by the green garment it wore until a few years back.

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Here is a newspaper paragraph which will interest many of our readers:—

The unusual spectacle of two different burial services—one Anglican and the other Roman Catholic—being conducted over one body was witnessed on Saturday afternoon in Filey Parish Churchyard. The burial was that of John Hunter, fisherman. He was a member of the Church of England, but more often attended the services at the Wesleyan Church, whilst of late it is said he has occasionally attended the morning service at the Roman Catholic Church. His relatives requested the Vicar of Filey (the Rev. A. N. Cooper) to bury him, and the Vicar consented. Father Roulin, the French priest in charge of the settlement of French nuns at Filey, thereupon waited upon the Vicar, and stated that Hunter had embraced the Roman Catholic faith and been received into that Church an hour before his death. In these circumstances, Father Roulin claimed the right to take the body into the Roman Catholic Church and to conduct the Catholic service over his grave. The Vicar admitted the propriety of this, providing it could be proved that Hunter was a Roman Catholic, and if the relatives consented to a Roman burial. On the relatives affirming that if the deceased had entered the Roman faith on the day of his death he could not have known what he was doing, as he had been in a comatose condition from the day before, and on their insisting on an Anglican funeral, the Vicar informed Father Roulin that the service would be according to the English rites. Upon this Father Roulin announced his determination to conduct a Roman service at the grave after the conclusion of the Anglican service, and to this the Vicar gave consent.

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The following notes have been received from the Ampleforth Hall at Oxford:—

The past term has been of importance (at least to the victims concerned) owing to the fact that three of our students have had to face the ordeal of Final Examinations. Br. Celestine Sheppard has undergone examination in the Honours School of Theology. Br. Herbert Byrne in the Honours School of *Litteræ Humaniores* (more generally known by the familiar term "Greats"), and Br. Sebastian Lambert in the Honours School of Modern History. The examination *in scriptis* took place in June, and the *per ore* examinations, which conclude the festivities, occur on different dates in July. After that—the results, which we await with no small interest.

On our arrival at the Hall at the beginning of term we were pleased to find that certain improvements had been made in the "Quad" (which ignorant or irreverent strangers *will* persist in calling the "back yard"), and that something which may in time assume some appearance of a lawn had risen upon what was once a wilderness in miniature. We trust that in time still further alterations may be made, to render our establishment in Beaumont St. more correspondent to our needs.

We have once again to express our gratitude to an anonymous benefactor, who has frequently helped us on former occasions, for gifts to our little library, which is ever insatiable in its demands. Thanks are due also to Fr. Emery, of the Institute of Charity, for the gift of a copy of the *Life of Antonio Rosmini*, translated by the Rev. G. B. Pagani.

There has been abundant activity in the Catholic life of the University during the term. On May 18th took place the triennial dinner of the Newman Society, and it was a pleasure to see among the visitors the esteemed Head Master of Ampleforth, Fr. Edmund Matthews, who was the pioneer in the establishment of our connection with Oxford University. The Fisher Society of Cambridge was represented by Mgr. Barnes, who gave expression to the good wishes of the Catholics of that University towards those of Oxford. The chief speech of the evening was made by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, who spoke of his pleasure at seeing the numbers and the quality of the Catholics who were now members of the University, and recalled to mind the efforts which Cardinal Newman, whose



name the society bore, had made to give Catholics a standing in Oxford—efforts which, like his sermons against Agnostic tendencies, were destined not to bear fruit or to meet with full appreciation until his own life was done.

The Conferences for the Catholic members of the University were given during the term by the Rev. B. Maturin, who in his Anglican days was a well-known figure in Oxford. The discourses were very highly appreciated, and all who heard them will agree with Mgr. Kennard, the University Chaplain, when he declared that they rank among the best that have ever yet been given. We hope that these conferences may some day reach, in printed form, a wider public. He also preached an eloquent sermon to an overflowing audience in the Parish Church of St. Aloysius. We had the pleasure of entertaining him to dinner at our Hall.

Oxford has been fortunate in having visits within one year from two such prominent explorers as Dr. Sven Hedin and Dr. Stein. They both lectured on travels undertaken with exactly the same object and in nearly the same locality. As a matter of fact the latter's labours were more concerned with archaeological than topographical matters, and were spent in regions several hundreds of miles farther North than those of the Swedish explorer. As Dr. Stein was away over two years, and traversed some 4000 miles of mountain ranges, high plateaus and sandy deserts, a short lecture could not do more than touch upon the outstanding features of his travels. Chief among these was the tracing of the Great Wall of China, nearly 300 miles further East than it had previously been known to extend, and the discovery of some 8000 M.S.—some of them dating from the second century *n.c.*—in twelve different languages. These were excavated from the ruins of towns that have lain buried under the sand for long centuries, and, when they have been collated and decyphered—some of them are in languages at present unknown to us—they will probably prove the most important results of his explorations.

A Paper on "The Church and Reality" by Mr. Hilaire-Belloe was the outstanding feature of the meetings of the Newman Society last term. He began by apologising for the obscure title of his paper, but soon cleared away all misgivings on that point. In his own

inimitable style, with many unconventional and happy illustrations, the ultra-dogmatic attitude of History, Philosophy and Science were denounced. In contradistinction to this tendency to raise mere theories to the realms of fact, the Church—truly progressive in its conservatism—always pointed to the truth, the reality; and to this invariably the theorists returned after the collapse of their "fond imaginings." Mr. Belloc is essentially a fighter, and we liked him best in his reply to the criticisms made in the discussion of his paper.

We were pleased to have a visit at Whitsuntide from Fr. Bede Jarrat, O.P., a graduate of our Hall, who distinguished himself in the History School two years ago. He came with several other Dominican Fathers as guide and escort of a party of some four score and ten of his parishioners from Haverstock Hill, who had made an excursion to see the beauties of Oxford.

At the reunion of Catholic Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge held at the Hotel Cecil on June 17th, and presided over by Mr. J. Fitzalan Hope, M.P., the Duke of Norfolk in proposing the "University of Oxford" alluded in gracious terms to the Ampleforth House at Oxford, over whose destinies Fr. Oswald Hunter-Blair has presided so long and so successfully. In the course of his speech he said it gave him, and he was sure all who were present at that Reunion, the greatest pleasure to have among them Fr. Hunter-Blair, "a member of the noble Benedictine Order—ever old, ever young—which was once more developing its energies with success at the seat of its ancient triumphs."

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The news of the death of Fr. Kenselm Vaughan came as a shock to his many friends in Oxford. He gave the conferences last term and during his short residence at the University he endeared himself to many. Everyone with whom he came into contact was deeply impressed by his burning zeal and his tremendous earnestness. His personality seem to bear a strong resemblance to the great prophets of the Old Testament, of whom he was a most devoted admirer. R.I.P.

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As we were going to Press we received the sad news of several deaths. Fr. Bernard Davey, oldest of our priests in years though not in the priesthood, passed away on the 6th of July in his 81st year. Three days later Canon Stephen Wade died at Merthyr at an age that would have justified the belief that he was still in his prime. God's holy will be done. All England knows of the death of the Most Noble, the Marquess of Ripon, a vice-President of our Ampleforth Society from the day of its foundation. We are unfortunately compelled to leave over the customary obituary notices until our next issue. At present, we have no knowledge to communicate to our readers save the fact of our great loss. We ask prayers for the repose of their souls. May they rest in peace.

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Under the heading "Workington's Roman Catholic Mayor," a Cumberland paper has the following account of the unveiling of a memorial window:—

"High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Henry McAleer, Mayor of Workington, was sung by Father Dawes at the Church of Our Lady and St. Michael, Workington, on Sunday morning, Fathers Standish and Corbishley assisting as deacon and sub-deacon, and the service was made further memorable by the formal unveiling and blessing, by Father Standish, of a beautiful stained glass window purchased by the public to perpetuate the memory of the late chief magistrate. Amongst the congregation were a number of the deceased gentleman's Protestant friends, including members and officials of the Corporation. The obituary was devoted to the expense of setting the window.

"Father Standish prefaced his sermon with a few words relative to the event. The interesting ceremony, he said, at which they had been present, would seem to call for a few brief remarks. First of all the church blessed everything, and especially those things that were to be devoted to the service of Almighty God. That was why the little window that morning had been blessed in a very special way. It was set apart now for the honour and glory of Almighty God, and in such a way that those who looked upon it might be reminded of the merciful goodness of Almighty God. They knew it

was the outcome of part of the generosity of the admirers of Henry McAleer, the Mayor of Workington, who but a little while ago died in his office. A public fund was opened, and out of that public fund it seemed well to the committee appointed to manage it that some remembrance of Henry McAleer should be made in the church where he worshipped. And in a very becoming way indeed, the window was given, because he thought, as far as he knew Henry McAleer, he never wounded any man's feelings by reason of his own faith. Then also, the committee, to whom he must express his thanks, were aware of the fact that naturally the Catholics were proud of their Catholic Mayor, without offence to anybody else. And further, he thought he might claim that he was a great townsman, a man who devoted a very great portion of his life to the interests and welfare of the town in which he lived. The greatest memorial he had left behind him was the splendid hospital for the sick that stood crowning the hill yonder, open to the air and lights of heaven, and for that alone, and for the interest he took in such a charitable institution as that, he would deserve the lasting remembrance of his fellow-townsmen. The window that they had put up had cost £20. It was but a little thing in itself—a small remembrance, no doubt—but it would be a remembrance so long as that church, into which he used to come to honour and serve his God, should stand. The window was by Hardman of Birmingham, and represented the patron saint of the Mayor—St. Henry of Hungary. There was no one amongst them, no one with the least spark of generosity in his heart, but was pleased that their late Mayor should be thus remembered in the House of God. He commended him to their good prayers.

"In the window, which is made of the choicest antique glass, is represented St. Henry, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in the early part of the eleventh century. He holds in his left hand a standard with the arms of the Empire, in his right hand a sword. The border is made up of crowns, symbolic of the heavenly reward for a virtuous life, of which the flowering tree in the background is typical. The arms and motto of the borough of Workington are introduced in the lower part of the window, thus connecting the person who is commemorated with the town in which he laboured.

The window is from the studio of John Hardman and Co., of Birmingham, and has been executed in their very best style.

"A brass plate on the wall beneath bears the inscription:—'This window was erected by public subscription to the memory of Henry McAleer, Mayor of Workington, who died in office March 25th, 1907. R.I.P.'"

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A very useful work of reference is being added to the library in the re-issue of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. This new edition reduces the work from sixty-six volumes to twenty-two on thin paper. Fr. Idephonous Cummins, Fr. Paulinus Wilson and Fr. Basil Feeny have each kindly given a volume; and Fr. Basil Clarkson and Fr. Elphege Hind have also subscribed towards meeting the expense. From Fr. Aelrod Dawson we have received *The Prophets of Israel*, by W. R. Smith, and Plummer's *Commentary on St. Luke's Gospel*; from Fr. Adrian Mawson, *Syria and Egypt*, by W. M. Flinders Petrie. To all these benefactors our best thanks.

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We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St. Augustine*, the *Boamost Review*, the *Downside Review*, the *Georgian*, the *Ossonian*, the *Katiffian*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studion* and *Mittelungen*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Austral Light*, and the *Bulletin de S. Martin*.

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

FLOREAT COLLEGIUM SANCTI LAURENTII



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PART II.

Richard Challoner.

THE two volumes given to the public by the Rev. Dr. Edwin Burton* form a fairly complete history of Catholicism in England during the eighteenth century. That history is fittingly grouped round the venerable figure of Bishop Challoner, who was nine years old when the century began, and lived to within less than twenty years of its close. I do not suppose that any source of information on the concerns of English Catholicism has escaped the researches of Dr. Burton. Knowing, as we do, how much that was never expected to exist has come to light of recent years, in the dusty libraries and monument rooms of old houses, we should not be safe in saying positively that nothing more will be found. But it is not very likely that there will be much.

The eighteenth century has been written about by many eminent scholars, and very fully described. It is the century which solidified the Whiggism and the Protestantism which are the principal strands in British national character. It is a century of brilliant literary achievement—and yet its

* *The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner (1691-1781)*. By Edwin H. Burton, D.D., F.R.H.S. In two vols. London, Longmans, 1909.

literature is of a low level, poor in its aspirations and narrow in its outlook. In religion it was marked by the gradual advance of the sands of arid evangelicalism or deism—and yet its dominant Church was bigoted, contemptuous and fierce in its intolerance of all who did not conform. Throughout the century, the Church and the nation never lost the dread and apprehension of Catholicism. As a man watches for noxious vermin, so the English of the eighteenth century watched with uplifted stick for papistry, ready to strike, and never relaxing, until at the very end the dwindling numbers of the Catholics and the alteration of the political situation seemed to warrant a grudging measure of relief. It was to make what he could of this retrograde, materialistic and truculent century that an amiable, pious and learned man was taken from the quiet cloisters of Douai and sent, in 1730, to live in the wilderness of London.

It is remarkable how little we learn of the personal character of Richard Challoner in these two ample volumes. His own letters are fairly numerous, but they treat, as a rule, of matters of administration and diocesan business, and it is very seldom that they reveal the inner man. In a letter written to Bishop Hornoyd, in 1769, he "lifts the veil for a moment, and speaks of himself," as the biographer says. He thanks his friend for his prayers ". . . Of which I very much stand in need, being now in my 79th year, and therefore having just reason to believe that the time is near in which I shall be called upon to give an account of my stewardship. O dear brother, for our Lord's sake earnestly pray that in his great mercy he would forgive me my innumerable sins, and prepare me for that great appearance, in which I have reason to dread the account I must give, not only for myself but for many others who, through my fault or neglect, are walking on in the way of perdition. Oh! 'tis a melancholy thing to see the great decay of piety amongst a great part of our Catholics, and God grant this may not be imputed to me by reason of my sins and negligencies" (Vol. ii, p. 149).

These lines are hardly a revelation. They express that deep and sincere piety which we find in every page of his numerous writings. We see a priest brought up in the traditions of Douai, accustomed to daily meditation, and carrying out in his London lodging all the practices of an interior man. This, we cannot doubt, he truly was. But we do not get much beyond this in trying to picture his mind and heart. We never find him expanding to friend or acquaintance. He seems, as far as his letters go, to have had no friends. It is not likely that he cared to be intimate with any one. He could be kind, grateful, appreciative, but he was always reserved and a little austere. There were a great many English Catholics of position and attainments, in his day, who would naturally have had relations, more or less close, with the head of the Church in London. But we seldom find him in communication either with peer or squire, scholar or divine. His brethren of the episcopate seem to be almost his only correspondents. It is interesting to conjecture whether Challoner ever met Pope. As Dr. Burton says, there is no evidence that he ever did. But the Bishop was certainly at Twickenham in 1742, and Pope was still living at that time. The poet, towards the end of his life, used to attend Mass in Lady Peterborough's private chapel. The seat of the Peterboroughs was at Turvey, in Bedfordshire, and Turvey figures in the Bishop's pastoral tour. But Lady Peterborough was a widow when Challoner gave confirmation at Turvey in 1742, and it is not clear whether the "private chapel" referred to was not in London. Both West Grinstead, the seat of the Carylls, and Mapledurham, the home of the Blounts, were houses where Pope frequently visited. But he had probably ceased going to either of them before Challoner's first visitation tour, in 1741. Neither is there any sign that Challoner knew Nathaniel Hooke, although that well-known Catholic man of letters must have lived near him for five and twenty years, and knew every one

who was worth knowing. Yet it is quite possible that the mortified and retiring Bishop may have had friendships of which no trace is recorded. The letter which he wrote, after one of his pastoral visits, to Lord Teynham, whose house and household at Linstead Lodge, between Rochester and Canterbury, seem to have deeply impressed him, shows more than politeness or ordinary civility. There is a heartiness in expression, and an almost affectionate concern in its admonitions and exhortations which seem to indicate the presence of a warm heart. It is not difficult to imagine Challoner on familiar terms with this young and sincere Catholic gentleman, and staying with pleasure under his roof. The Briant Barretts of Milton, in Berkshire, must also, we may conjecture, have been intimate friends. Otherwise, why was his body not buried beside his brother Bishops in the old Churchyard of St. Pancras, but taken a hundred miles away to be laid in the Milton vault? And when we view the touching relics which are still preserved at Milton House—his own Missal with his autograph, his chalice and vestments, a reliquary that belonged to him, and the poor and simple violet cassock that he wore—we cannot help thinking he must have willingly stayed in that house because he found them kind and genial friends. There are indications, too, in his last years, of other warm and devoted friends; for instance that good Mr. Mawhood, who, at the beginning of the Gordon riots, carried off the Bishop from the lodgings in Gloucester Street to his house at Finchley, and kept him there till the danger was past. We owe to Mr. Mawhood's diary—now in the possession of Mr. John Corney—all the information we have about those terrible days, so far as they affected Bishop Challoner. He and his wife seem to have behaved with great bravery through all the trouble. His place of business was in Smithfield, and was at one time in imminent danger of being destroyed by the rioters; but we find this worthy couple, in spite of the entreaties of the Bishop, venturing

into the very midst of the mob, and going backwards and forwards between the wrecked city and Finchley. The danger to the venerable Bishop was most serious, as the rioters were searching for him everywhere, but his grief and mental suffering must have been more than martyrdom. We see him laying his hands on Mr. Mawhood's head, as the latter went out to the scene of pillage and bloodshed, "making the most moving prayer" that the bystanders ever heard, and then praying for hours, prostrate on the ground, whilst all that he loved and cared for was being swept away in the storm.

When we contrast the forty years of Challoner's episcopate (1741-1781) with the quarter of a century that followed—the period treated by Monsignor Ward in his two excellent volumes—there is a very noticeable difference between his career and that of succeeding Vicars Apostolic. No sooner was the saintly old man dead and buried than the English Catholic body began to bestir itself, and to assert loudly and openly its claims to toleration and relief. The first "Catholic Committee"—formed exclusively of laymen—came into existence in 1782. From that time the Vicars Apostolic had either to lead the fight, or to reckon with the Catholic peers and gentlemen. Bishop Challoner had lived in humble and timorous seclusion, ready indeed for confessorship and even for martyrdom, but without any hope of better things. It is a question whether he was too retiring and submissive, and whether he could have hastened Catholic relief by a little more vigour and initiative. Some thought that he might have shown himself more courageous. When the British government, alarmed by our reverses in America, and at the prospect of a continental war, looked round for recruits among the Catholic Highlanders, they thought it politic to hold out a grudging prospect of relief. Sir John Dalrymple, in concert with Bishop Hay, approached Bishop Challoner. He found the Bishop, as he says, "old and timid, and using twenty difficulties." "Having been

all his long life," adds Dr. Burton, "accustomed to the usual Catholic attitude of thankfulness for being only let alone," he did not respond very hopefully to the government envoy. What undoubtedly weighed with the aged Bishop was the too well-founded apprehension that any measure of Catholic relief would certainly stir up the Protestantism of the country to fury and violence. The terrible Gordon riots, which followed in a year or two, are a proof of the correctness of his judgment. He left the negotiations in the hands of Sheldon and the Catholic laity, merely stating his views and those of Bishop James Talbot his coadjutor—and the first Catholic Relief Act (1778) was passed three years before his death. Bishop James Talbot, who succeeded, was, by temperament and education as modest and quiet as Challoner himself, but there were to be no quiet times for him. The Catholic laity were now fairly aroused, and the story of their doings, their achievements, their mistakes, and their relations to the Vicars Apostolic are related in Monsignor Ward's pages. Catholic Relief was not won by the Bishops. It was won by the laity. It was impossible that the Bishops should have taken the initiative, suspected and hunted as they were. Neither was it possible that they should not have been forced into the position of critics and moderators, considering the complex nature of that which was signified by Catholic Relief, and the spiritual interests of the highest importance which were affected by such conditions as the civil government wished to insist on. Challoner, it may be confidently affirmed, could not have profitably attempted to do more than he did.

Challoner was proclaimed a "saint" by Milner, who knew him, and an "angel" by Bishop James Talbot, who succeeded him. He was called venerable in his life-time, and the title has passed into common use among English-speaking Catholics. That he was a truly spiritual and interior man, a man of prayer, humility and asceticism, we cannot for a moment doubt. We are justified in finding

his spiritual image and character in the works he has left. His writings are more numerous and voluminous than many of us are aware. Those who wish to appreciate the mental and literary activity and industry of this poor Catholic priest, in the forty years of his life in those humble lodgings off Holborn, should read and ponder the list given by Dr. Burton, at the end of his second volume, or by Gillow in his *Dictionary*. Some of his books have achieved that kind of immortality which makes them part of a Catholic's ordinary outfit, and which renders it very difficult to get far enough away from them to judge them fairly all round. Such are the *Garden of the Soul*, which, in spite of all alterations and adaptations, is still essentially Challoner. Such also is the *Think well on't*, a manual of reflections whose handiness (and whose moderate price) has recommended it to many generations of pastors and patrons as a suitable present for young people and for the poor. There is also the *Meditations for every day in the year*, which some of us in earlier days knew almost by heart, from many a reading in college and mission-chapel. The Bishop's many important historical compilations, relating to the saints and martyrs of Britain, ancient and modern, show not only unwearied industry but also an enlightened and indefatigable historical research. For example, on the subject of the persecutions in South Wales, he corresponded with Bishop Pritchard of Perth, and has thus preserved much local information which would otherwise have been lost. Neither did he by any means neglect current controversy. His smartest and most effective polemical effort is probably the *Catholic Christian Instructed*, so well known to our forefathers. This treatise was written before he was Bishop, and it nearly got him into gaol. In the preface he took occasion to reply to the truly British and blustering attempts of Dr. Conyers Middleton, who had made the portentous discovery that Catholicism was only Paganism slightly disguised. Challoner, in speaking of "images" and "idols"

alluded with some humour to the lion and the unicorn which supported the Royal arms in churches, and which were almost the only 'images' retained in Protestant sanctuaries. It shows the spirit of the time when we learn that this was considered to savour of treason, and that Challoner had to leave England in a hurry and to remain abroad (at Douai) for five years. Then there is his enormous labour on the English version of the Bible; there are his translations of lives of the Saints, and of many useful spiritual works; and the many tracts he published of devotions and devout exhortation.

It would be interesting, if one had the requisite knowledge, to trace Challoner's ancestry in his literary style. There can be no question that his immediate guide and master was John Gother. It was Gother who, when chaplain to the Holmans of Warkworth (in Northamptonshire) taught Richard Challoner his catechism, and much else besides. It was Gother who sent the boy to Douai, though he himself was one of the glories of Lisbon. Almost the first thing that Challoner did when he came on the London mission, in 1730, was to bring out an edition of Gother's *Essay on the change and choice of Religion*. Later on, he edited the famous *Papist misrepresented and represented*, which has gone through more than thirty editions. About 1746 he published, through Meighan, the well-known Catholic book-seller in Drury Lane, a complete edition of his master's works. Gother was a very remarkable writer. If he had not written so much, and if the greater bulk of his writings had not been devotional, he would not be neglected as he is now. He had a vigorous grasp of every subject he took up, his style was clear, forcible and eloquent, his learning was extensive, and his wit was undeniable. I do not wonder that Dryden himself, as Charles Butler has recorded, admired his writings. It cannot be denied, however, that his "devotions" and prayers, although eloquent and moving, are drawn out to a length that often wearies the user,

and have that full, studied, and periodic character which seems rather intended to edify a public meeting than to express the feelings of the individual heart. Prayers of this kind certainly abound in the Church's ritual and pontifical, and such prayers in the vernacular had their utility at a time when a low Mass (and sometimes not even the Mass) was the only liturgical act that was possible. But the poverty of Catholic ritual and the isolation and timidity of English Catholics led to another disadvantage which these prayers disclose, namely, the suppression of nearly all those types of warm-hearted Catholic devotion which are so conspicuous in Catholic countries; such as devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, frequent Communion, and the *cultus* of Our Lady and the Saints. It is far from true, as I need not say, that Gother and Challoner did not firmly hold the whole faith of the Incarnation, of the Holy Eucharist and of Our Lady. They preached it, fought for it, and were ready to die for it. But there were many reasons why they did not obtrude its practices on their fellow-citizens, and one need not fall back either on Protestantism or on Jansenism as an explanation. There was an anxiety, it may be admitted, natural under the very trying circumstances, to let Protestants see that Catholics prayed to Almighty God quite as adequately as Protestants themselves professed to do. Hence prayers that quoted the Scriptures and that paraded sonorous sentiments of formal worship and elementary morality, such as might be found in the Anglican prayer-book and in the sermons of the day, were provided by Catholic writers, and there was even a Catholic manual published on the lines of the Book of Common Prayer. But both Gother and Challoner, although their prayers are often too elaborate, could be terse, warm and ardent when they chose. I have a little book of Gother's before me as I write. It is entitled *Instructions and devotions for the afflicted and sick, with some help for prisoners, such especially as are to be tried for life*. It is published by Meighan, and the date is

1725—when Gother had been dead twenty years, and whilst Challoner was still at Douai. Challoner may have edited it. Some of the prayers are long and eloquent, but there are plenty of brief and warm ejaculations and exclamations. One part of the little book testifies significantly to the manners and customs of the early eighteenth century, if not of the pious missionary's own flock. We should hardly consider it necessary, in these days, to provide complete devotions for the prison, the condemned cell and the scaffold. But here we have "A daily prayer before trial," "After sentence of death," "On the day of execution," "Going to execution," and finally "At the place of execution," where, the writer adds, "as for making speeches, especially such as are a burthen to the memory, I cannot advise it." No doubt in the days of Jacobite risings, highway robbery, and death penalties of every kind, such prayers often came in useful. It is remarkable that the name of Our Lady never occurs in the volume, if we except the single invocation in the Litany for the Dying, taken from the Ritual.

Leaving his "devotions" out of the question, it is interesting to conjecture where Challoner acquired his style, such as we find it in his *Meditations* especially. It is not a very distinguished style. It is not vivid, or "incisive," or "pungent," to use the newspaper terms of the day. Challoner could be both incisive and pungent, as he shows in the reply to Middleton. But his pulpit, or sanctuary, style, certainly has the qualities of the eighteenth century sermon—formality of method and dryness of phrase. We know little of Challoner's literary studies or preferences. It is probable that he had no very extensive acquaintance with either French or English literature. The Douai men of that generation, as indeed Douai men generally, did not care to read French writers. We find no trace of the influence of the writers of the great French seventeenth century on Challoner or Alban Butler. Neither do they seem to have owed anything to the English Catholic writers who were so

prolific from the days of Elizabeth onwards. The picturesque, warm and curious phrase of a Campion or a Cressy seems to be utterly extinct. In England, the man who, perhaps, had the most powerful influence on the sermon style was Tillotson. This doubtfully-baptized primate of Dutch William's appointment came to be recognized as the champion of what was called "rational and moderate orthodoxy." He set the Protestant note, which is still heard, and rejected Popery, on the one hand, and Nonconformity, on the other, with an amiable balancing and distinguishing which left very little indeed for the believer to hold on to. This became the eighteenth century fashion. Perhaps it affected Challoner, as well as Archer, Perry, and other sermon-writers who weighed upon our youth. But I must confess that, personally, I find Challoner's homiletic style very pleasing and effective. No man can write badly, given a moderate literary culture, who has something to say and says it without affectation. Challoner was as unaffected as a child, as earnest as an apostle, as sincere as a saint. He was a spiritual man of great depth and interior union. Consequently, when he writes or speaks on spiritual subjects the utterance bears upon it the stamp of genuine reality, and it is worth while trying to make out its full significance even when you feel that it might have had a more striking form and expression. You cannot help feeling that you are in the presence of a servant of God. God has made his words fruitful, just as he has made his life. His words are those of one who has no pride of style, but who is blessed by God in his humility and zeal. His life is a life that has done more for his flock and his country than we can ever know. For lowliness, prayer and suffering are the only pledges of true success. These were the characteristics of Challoner's life. Although he seldom displayed his inmost self even to his friends, we know enough to say as much as this. Taking his acts and his surroundings with the precious treasure of his writings, we can confidently say that he was truly one

of those whom God chooses to build up His Kingdom. Such a man's work grows more conspicuous the longer the time of success is in coming.

We owe our sincerest thanks to the Rev. Dr. Burton for this great and successful labour. As I have said, it seems to be extraordinarily complete. It will be gratefully accepted as the standard history of English Catholicism in the eighteenth century. The labour involved must evidently have been very great. The writer has made use of Westminster, Clifton and Roman archives, of the unpublished treasures at Ushaw and Oscott, of numerous private papers, and of every kind of printed record. The style is large and ample, dealing in a leisurely and easy fashion with every aspect of Catholicism in the southern counties of England—missions, population, clergy, schools, persecutions, customs, personalities and all the rest. The central figure is painted with stroke upon stroke, lovingly and carefully, until we come to learn as much of Richard Challoner as there is to be learnt. We rise from these records of his career with the feeling that we have never hitherto valued at his full worth this true father in God. The book is so well done that it is hard to see how it could be improved. It will stimulate both clergy and laity to spirituality of life, to earnest work for the Kingdom of God, and to faith and hope in the providence of our heavenly Father.

✠ J. C. H.

Darnley's Execution.

A PLEA FOR MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

WHETHER Mary, Queen of Scots, was an accomplice in the assassination of her husband, Henry Darnley, is, seemingly, one of history's insoluble problems. Every generation since her own has discussed the question; and the judgment of competent enquirers is about evenly balanced for and against. Of late the scales have been inclining somewhat against the unfortunate Queen. The result of her trial before the tribunal of history may perhaps be given in the Scottish verdict "Not proven," a verdict which, though it acquits the defendant, still leaves grave suspicions behind. The present writer does not propose to reopen the general question, and has nothing new to offer on its historical sides. One aspect of the problem, however, is novel enough to be worth stating, and has not yet received due consideration. For the sake of argument, and merely for the sake of argument, I assume that Queen Mary was cognisant of the plot against her husband's life—it may still be contended that she was no murderess! Admitting even that she caused him to be put to death, she might still claim to be within her rights, as his life was duly and legally forfeit!

Is there any need to apologise for such a position, or will its mere statement bring down a storm of reprobation and abuse? I trust not; yet some things to be said will sound sufficiently startling, and are diametrically opposed to our modern democratic ideas. Intelligent and open-minded readers, however, are not likely to be scandalised, and they will give attentive consideration and due weight to what-

ever arguments are brought forward. Nor will I bespeak sympathy for Queen Mary as a matter of sentiment. Youth has ever been the champion of the fair; and few generous hearts but have been stirred by the fascination of a woman, young, royal, beautiful and unfortunate. But if I am breaking a lance on behalf of one of the tragic queens of history, the defence is not going to be a romantic one, rather is it desperately prosaic and legal, not to say just a little calculating, casuistical and cold-blooded!

To put my thesis in its simplest form: Henry Darnley was deservedly executed for high treason against the Scottish Crown whose subject he was.

The leading facts of the story are sufficiently well known not to need recapitulation. Whatever doubt may exist as to Mary's complicity in the death of Darnley, none whatever exists as to Darnley's share in the death of Rizzio, who was dragged from the Queen's apartment, vainly clinging to her robes, and slain outside her door. The Queen's own husband had signed the bond by which the conspirators hoped to protect themselves from the consequences of their cowardly act. The Queen's husband's name was used to justify that act, and to lend colour to the insinuation that it was the vengeance of an injured husband. Darnley participated in the tragic scene, holding his wife's arms as she struggled to protect her servant. His dagger was found in the corpse of the murdered man. Remember that Rizzio's murder took place within a few weeks of the birth of Mary's first-born child, afterwards King James VI; and imagine the effect upon the young and delicate mother of the cruel scene she was compelled to witness. A faithful friend and servant was brutally murdered before her eyes. She was not spared the knowledge that her own husband had instigated the outrage, which was deepened by the suggestion that the victim was her paramour meeting a merited fate. No wonder that people doubted whether her child could survive, whether the shock of such a tragedy at such

a time might not prove fatal to mother, infant, and dynasty alike.

Next I would recall that by the ordinary law of Christendom any serious attack upon the safety of the Sovereign is deemed to be high treason, and consequently punishable by death. No provision could be better justified. Upon the Sovereign's life, particularly in troublous times, the peace and security of the State depended. This was especially true in the case in question. The tranquillity of the nation, the succession of the royal house, the independence of Scotland were all bound up with the lives of Mary and her expected child. Treason was a live term in the sixteenth century and was sometimes held to cover, in fanciful ways, very distant attempts on the Sovereign's honour or good estate; but the treasonable character of Rizzio's murder in Mary's presence could not be exaggerated. Not even in these days, much less in the sixteenth century, would any constitutional lawyer hesitate to class the assassination of Rizzio, *under the circumstances*, as treason against the Majesty of Scotland.

In illustration of what ranked as treason, recall an incident in Mary's history that occurred a few months before this time. Amongst the servants who followed her from France was one Chastelard, a minstrel or poet—a vain, conceited fellow who, misinterpreting the kindness of his royal Mistress, had not only dared to boast of her favours, but one evening so far forgot prudence and honour as to conceal himself in the Queen's bedchamber. The miserable carliff was dragged from his lair, was cast into prison, and *was publicly executed*. The injury to the Sovereign's honour was construed as treason; and no one pitied the mad wretch, or blamed the indignant queen.

I conclude then, that the murder of Rizzio was certainly high treason, and as such was justly punishable by death. Amongst the guilty traitors, and prominent amongst them, was Henry Darnley, the Queen's husband, and titular King.

The question next arises did that relation or that rank exempt him from the possibility of treason, or from its penalties. Surely not! Though Darnley was husband of the Queen he did not cease to be one of her subjects—such as Prince Albert, the consort of the late Queen Victoria, became a naturalised Englishman and subject of the Sovereign. The title of King, and the Crown Matrimonial, bestowed upon Darnley did not confer on him the sovereign rights and prerogatives of his consort.

I conclude, therefore, in the second place that notwithstanding his relationship and his rank, Darnley was guilty of high treason, and had justly forfeited his life.

If this be conceded, we shall have next to consider the manner in which this forfeiture was accomplished; and some who have followed my argument to this point may demur at the method in which Darnley's treason was avenged. But I contend further, that the Queen of Scots was within her rights in condemning her husband to death in the *secret tribunal* of her own conscience, and in causing the sentence to be carried out in *any convenient manner*.

I. Mary was a Sovereign Princess, and not a constitutional Monarch. She had the power of life and death, not as a legal fiction but as an actual right, and although her royal authority was commonly exercised through courts of Justice, this did not preclude her right to try a case herself. That the King is the only source of Justice is a primitive idea inherent in the legislation of all feudal countries; and an axiom, I suppose, of Roman law. All authority is held to depend from him. All crimes are offences against his majesty or his peace. In his name are writs issued and judgments passed. In earlier times kings held their courts, and dispensed justice personally, much as they still do in the East; as people multiplied, the Sovereign's power had, of necessity, to be exercised by delegates in more or less public courts; such delegation however did not invalidate his own personal right to dispense justice himself.

Again, a Supreme Judge is not obliged in strict justice to hold an *open and public enquiry*. However salutary it may be for the interests of the accused, publicity is not essential to an equitable trial. The chief function of a Court of Justice is to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the accused. The main point to determine is whether the culprit's life is justly forfeit. *How* that fact be ascertained is comparatively unimportant, whether by public trial, by private enquiry, by confession, by open proof, so long as it be ascertained. In olden procedure a criminal caught red-handed, *flagrante delicto*, needed no formal trial; nor is such procedure opposed to natural justice. In the case we are considering the crime was committed under the Sovereign's own eyes; there could be no question of the *fact*, and little as to the *law*.

The infliction of death by a Sovereign is never the same as homicide by a private individual. The power of life and death is a tremendous prerogative, modifying greatly the position of him who lawfully wields it, setting him in a position far apart from that of the private person. For its legitimate exercise the power must be used over a subject, and must be used justly, according to substantial justice. The neglect of customary observances, of the usual safeguards against error, may be illegal, yet is not so essentially unjust as to reduce to the crime of murder what is otherwise an act of legitimate punishment. For one thing the Sovereign must always be a judge in his own case; it was the King's peace which was broken even when one of his subjects slew another; it was an offence against the King which was avenged in every convicted criminal.

In considering this point, and all others connected with it, you must throw off the convictions and experiences of the twentieth century and put yourselves back in the sixteenth. "Jeddar justice"—where they hanged a man first and tried him afterwards—had long flourished on the Scottish side of the border, and was, I suppose, not entirely

unknown on the other. We must judge these events as Mary's contemporaries would judge them, particularly her contemporary fellow sovereigns. She thought as a queen, and believed sincerely in her Sovereign rights. Royal Prerogatives may have been stretched pretty far in those times—stretched almost to breaking point—yet not for another hundred years was the breaking point reached, even in England and by Mary's own grandchildren. Mary was a disciple of the Medici, not to say of Machiavelli, a contemporary of Henry III and Charles IX of France, and of Elizabeth Tudor. She had been brought up in the Court of the Valois Kings, with memories of our Henry VIII, upon the maxims of Louis XI and the Italian princes of the Renaissance. Magnates of the sixteenth century are not to be measured by the prejudices or ideals of the twentieth. Their methods of justice were more primitive, and less developed. To their minds if a man was guilty it mattered little how his guilt had been ascertained; and if he deserved death it mattered little how his death was inflicted. These principles accord ill with the democratic notions of the present day; and we bless our stars that kings retain such powers no longer, or that we didn't live in the fifteenth century. Absolute power of life and death is a terrible weapon to place in the hands of a fallible man. Luckily Sovereigns were always comparatively scarce, and private individuals could never share their privileges.

II. This brings us to the last point in our enquiry, which is the method by which Darnley was brought to justice; and undoubtedly his private and informal execution may not be reconciled with modern methods of procedure. I suggest that Mary, in view of her husband's manifest guilt, condemned him to the death he deserved, but was then met by the practical impossibility of carrying out the sentence through the usual forms of law. Darnley could not be dealt with like Chastelard. To arraign him before any public court in Scotland was impossible. First of all would be the scandal

of a wife proceeding to such extremities against her husband; and although precedents of Henry VIII were both parallel and recent, yet Mary's position was not so secure as that of the masterful Tudor; nor had she his subservient tribunals to ratify her decrees. Darnley moreover was a member of a powerful family, with far-spread connections and influence. The alternative result of his trial would have been either acquittal by his intimidated peers or a civil war. The Queen's own position was precarious. A young and inexperienced woman, set upon the most shaky throne in Europe, she was confronted by powerful enemies without, over the English border, and by more formidable foes within, among her turbulent nobles and reforming subjects. She must either renounce her righteous vengeance, or else fall back upon methods which, however unpalatable they seem to us, were by no means unfamiliar to her own day. Under these circumstances she may well have made up her mind, and conscience, that she would be justified in committing the infliction of a just sentence to private and irregular executioners! For such a course there was no lack of precedent. It was a recognised procedure in many of the lesser courts of Europe. It was not unknown to Mary's own ancestors, feeble monarchs surrounded by powerful barons, who had sometimes either to forego lawful penalties, or to get them inflicted privately. Her familiarity with recent French and Italian history would afford other and apposite examples.

In these days of orderly procedure, of equality before the law, and of the law's irresistible might, the execution of convicted criminals by secret and unavowed instruments seems extravagant and barbarous. Relatively to our standards and opportunities barbarous it certainly was. The law has a strong arm now-a-days, and a long one; its clutches are hard to escape. The protection of individuals, being well nigh complete, can be entrusted to open and public courts that have ample power to carry out their

verdict against any offender, however powerful or highly-placed. If a criminal occasionally escapes through legal meshes, his inhumanity is a small price to pay for the safety of private individuals ensured by the publicity of legal procedure. It was different in the Middle Ages, under the various feeble governments that had replaced the Imperial authority of Rome. For one thing there were no extradition treaties in those days. A criminal had only to skip across the border of a neighbouring state (the borders were conveniently near, and the states conveniently unfriendly), and he could generally snap his fingers at the law he had broken. Even within the boundaries of a State there were men too big to be easily and successfully punished; hence it is not surprising that customs grew up, justified by public opinion, which fell back upon the crude laws of nature, unwritten law, but were successful in meeting the need.

Consider this point a little further in the light of contemporary customs. The petty States of the Italian peninsula are not the models to which one looks for high political morality; but they had worked out, through vast and varied experience, a code of practical statecraft, not ideal but adapted to the age, which should be remembered in judging the problem before us. Their annals tell of Sovereigns who tried culprits secretly, and removed them as secretly. The execution, for instance, of frail wives by husbands who were sovereign princes was not unknown, and was quite legal. Byron's "Parasina" is based on a real incident. Again the private execution of criminals was a usual practice among these petty States, leading to many abuses, but not held to be illegal or unjust. The secret Courts of the Venetian Council afford an instance in point. What looks to us like private assassination may have been a disagreeable necessity, when the only alternative was open defiance of the law to the grave peril of the State. To illustrate the situation take an ordinary case. In some turbulent

republic, say Florence, a conspiracy of discontented citizens is formed against the magistrates or the ruling faction, leading to insurrection and the murder of some high official. Of the conspirators some are at once arrested, others escape to a neighbouring state—Milan or Venice. The Florentine authorities very properly hold an enquiry, try the accused whether present or absent, condemn them all to death; and on those who happen to be within their power the sentence is promptly carried out. So far all is legal and normal; the procedure would commend itself to modern practice. But what about the fugitives from justice? It was intolerable that they should elude punishment so easily. They were still subject to the Republic's jurisdiction; accordingly the injured State invited volunteers to carry out its sentence wherever possible. By promise of pardon or ample reward, it could with little difficulty find other criminals or adventurers who, taking their lives in their hands, would execute the legal sentence of the State. Such men are often styled "hired assassins"; but is the epithet just? British Governments in our own day have set a price on the heads of enemies, without outraging public opinion. So long as a man's life was *daly forcit*, it mattered little, in olden times, by whom he was executed. If a man had been convicted of capital crime, and condemned by competent authority, the essential points of procedure were held to have been secured; and substantial justice was attained however the sentence was carried out. Whether the official executioner were this man or that other, whether the execution took place publicly in the Piazza della Signoria, or privately on the Rialto, was a matter of little consequence—to anyone but the executioner! It mattered much to him; for the States, jealous of this invasion of their jurisdiction, were apt to look upon the deed as a vulgar murder, and to brush aside, as casuistical, theories which they nevertheless acted upon when it suited their convenience!

The secret removal by competent authority of convicted

traitors is, at best, a disagreeable expedient, liable to great abuse, most dangerous to the rights of subjects. It has been fittingly abolished in modern States, or rather has been replaced by safer, and more successful, methods; but it was not contrary to medieval usage, nor was it opposed to natural justice.

All this sounds very terrible to modern ears; how much more satisfactory are the extradition treaties of modern times! But the question remains: how did it all sound to Queen Mary and her contemporaries? and how does it square with the essential principles of Morality. Let us clear our minds of cant; let us look at disagreeable facts as honest men did in the sixteenth century. If an Italian prince might lawfully execute his own wife for adultery, the Scottish Queen could rightly execute her own husband for treason. If Italian States might lawfully commit to private hands the execution of a sentence of death, the Scottish Queen could do the same. In condemning to death a traitor, even though that traitor were her own husband, the Queen of Scots was within her sovereign rights; nor did she exceed those rights when her just sentence was carried out in the only way possible under the circumstances.

The example of Henry VIII and his wives may well be recalled for a moment, for it must have been very vividly present before the mind of his niece. Twice had the terrible penalties of high treason been exacted by the English Monarch from those who had the misfortune to call him husband. True, in their cases the forms of judicial investigation had been observed, but legal forms were a poor protection under the Tudor tyrant. If guilty the poor women only got their deserts, as the law stood then, and as it stands still. If innocent they would find little comfort from the holding of a judicial enquiry. The fact of their being united in wedlock to the Sovereign was not held to be either an excuse for their crime, or a substitute for its penalty!

Parallel cases may be cited from a later century. During the reign of Charles II, the Countess of Derby, acting on her sovereign rights as Queen of Man, executed at Castle Rushen one of her subjects named Christian, who, during the Commonwealth, had betrayed her husband and his master to death. When Christian's family appealed to the Court of St. James, the Countess' procedure was held to be somewhat high-handed, for her sovereign rights in the Isle of Man were questionable. Her ladyship was ordered to pay a money compensation, but she was not thought to have been guilty of murder. Another similar case, almost contemporaneous with the last, was the execution, by order of Christina, Queen of Sweden, of one of the Swedish followers in her service. The judgment was passed and the sentence carried out in her palace at Rome, where the Queen was then residing; but the man was her subject, she was convinced of his guilt, and she was a Sovereign Princess! Here again the procedure was thought to be gravely irregular. Christina was the Pope's guest, living in the Pope's city; and she was stretching her royal powers in an unusual manner. Remonstrances were addressed to her, and she was given to understand that she must not act in that way again; still, she was not held to be a murderess.

Or take an imaginary example from our own time. Suppose some Oriental despot on a visit to England, say the Shah of Persia, or the Amir of Afghanistan, were to put to death in a London Hotel one of his subjects who had broken some native law—there would be loud outcry in the evening press, we may be sure; diplomatic remonstrances would follow; and probably the potentate would be speedily ushered out of the country; but it would be hard to call his act murder; and he certainly wouldn't be executed as a murderer.

That "the King can do no wrong" is a maxim still holding good in English law, though it needs to be taken now with some grains of salt, or with distinctions. The

King will not be fined for driving his motor-car beyond the speed sanctioned by the bye-laws; but if he should hold an execution in the back garden of Buckingham Palace there would be considerable commotion, however guilty the culprit might have been. Holyrood, however, in 1565 was not Buckingham Palace of 1905. Sovereign rights in those days were not fictions of law, they were recognised principles and very stern facts, so that we may not judge by the same criterion Queen Victoria and the Queen of Scots.

There are other points of view, no doubt, from which to regard Mary's conduct, besides the strictly legal and moral ones that we are considering here. Her behaviour towards Darnley may not have been generous, or forgiving, or Christian; we are only discussing whether it was murder. Other motives than the love of abstract justice may have influenced the Queen; but was the act to which they impelled her illegal and immoral? She might undoubtedly have exercised a Sovereign's prerogative of pardon; but was she bound to do so? The private feelings of a deeply wronged woman may have been leagued with the outraged honour of the Queen; and the woman may have stood to profit by the Sovereign's vengeance. All these are considerations extraneous to our thesis. The vital question is still, as it was ever the chief charge against her memory, whether Mary was the murderer of her husband; a truer view of her position and her rights, so it seems to me, suffices to dissipate this terrible accusation.

In sanctioning, *if she did so*, the private execution of Henry Darnley as guilty of high treason against her own person and her unborn child, the Queen of Scots, as a Sovereign Princess, would have been morally and legally within her rights; so that the removal of Darnley would be not assassination, but the summary execution of a traitor.

J. I. C.

St. Alban's, Warrington.

Though many of the readers of the *Journal* may not be aware of it, Warrington from earliest times has been a centre of Catholic interest. As far back as the seventh century, we find that St. Elphin—at one time a hermit—began to evangelise the neighbourhood of Warrington, and, at the earnest prayer of his converts, built a rude church, probably of wood. It was near the spot which was soon after occupied by a stone building, and became the parish church of Warrington. The stone church was dedicated to St. Elphin. There was, as far as can be learnt, no other church for the people, until the coming of the Franciscan Friars towards the end of the thirteenth century. These good Fathers helped the priests at the parish church in their labours for souls. The place of the old friary is now called Friars Gate.

Up to the sad reign of Henry VIII the Catholics of Warrington were happy and peaceful; but the minions of that lustful king drove out the friars, and supplanted the priests of St. Elphin's with parsons, who retain the church to this day.

From the middle of the sixteenth century till the early part of the eighteenth century, the Catholics of Warrington had no place of worship. The late Father Bury used to say that when he was in charge of Hindley in 1870, he visited a certain moated grange, some three miles from Hindley, where Catholics assembled from all parts during those two centuries to hear Mass.

So far back as the time of Charles I. Mass was secretly celebrated there, chiefly by Benedictines. As a matter of

fact, it is chiefly by Benedictines that the Faith was kept up in this part of Lancashire up to the middle of last century. Father Bury tells us that he had seen the remains of the old grange with its moat and ancient portcullis. The priest's hiding place still existed, and, near the entrance of the room used as a chapel, was a representation of a chalice. The building afterwards completed its career of usefulness as a barn, and a few years ago completely collapsed, owing to the land subsiding through colliery workings. To this place the few Catholics in and about Warrington went for many years to Mass.

In the early part of 1700, there is a tradition that the Catholics of Warrington used to meet in a public house called "Hole-i'th'-Wall," where the market now stands, and settled where the next Mass would be said, e.g. some farmhouse, generally in the neighbourhood of Woolston, some three miles from Warrington. A priest often came to these meetings, but of course dressed as a layman. He carried about with him, as if he were a packman, a small portable altar and miniature vestments.

Some time about the middle of the eighteenth century, the Catholics in and about Warrington began to meet fairly often to hear Mass in a loft behind the present "Feathers Hotel" in Bridge Street. The room was supposed to be a sack warehouse. It was approached by a narrow dark passage, purposely on a tortuous plan, and at each angle a watcher was placed to give timely notice of an enemy. Each worshipper carried a jug as if going for beer to the inn. The sack room itself formed the upper floor. The trap door in the centre would enable a person to drop down to the ground floor. A heap of old sacks covered this trap door, and in the event of an alarm being given by the watchers, the priest and emblems passed down rapidly out of sight, the sacks were again thrown down over the trap door, and the olim worshippers became engrossed in mending old sacks.

These secret services were conducted by various priests as they could be obtained; but their names are not known until about the year 1771, when the Rev. Bennett Shuttleworth, O.S.B., who had been some thirty-six years at Woolston, looked to the spiritual interests of Warrington, till his death in 1774. During his time, the Catholics left Friars Gate, and heard Mass in an upper room behind the "Coopers' Arms" at the end of Bewsey Street. As the room soon proved too small for the increasing number of Catholics, a large room was secured in Back Dallam Lane at the back of Bewsey Street. This room once served as a meeting place for Methodists, and John Wesley preached in it more than once. The small entry by this old chapel is still called "Chapel Yard."

In the year 1776, the Rev. Bernard Anselm Bradshaw, O.S.B., was sent from Lamspring to Warrington, and was its first resident priest. The date is fixed by an inscription upon a picture given by Father Bradshaw to old Peter Caldwell, and still preserved in the family. On the back of the picture is written "Brought from Lamspring by the Rev. B. Bradshaw, Priest of Warrington, in the year 1776." This was not the only relic brought by the good priest from Lamspring. That relic is a bronze handle bearing the form of the "Lamb," and was fixed in the sacristy door when St. Alban's was built in 1823, and still remains as perfect as ever.

To the energy of Father Bradshaw the Catholics of Warrington owed their first real home, viz. the old chapel at the south end of Bewsey Street, and now used as the "League Hall." This was in 1778.

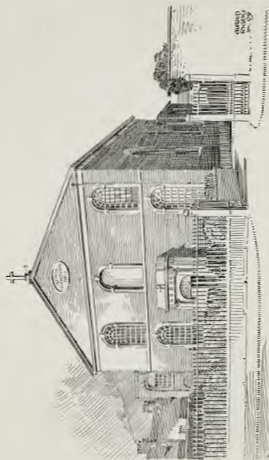
Tradition says that Father Bradshaw was "a gentleman of unusual culture, of charming humour and broad charity." The parish church at that time had for its rector a Mr. Owen. He is said to have been much of the same type of gentleman as Father Bradshaw, and between them a close friendship was formed. It was quite an exceptional thing

in those controversial times for a priest and a parson to be friends; but so it was. Only once, in a rather large company, when the subject of Purgatory cropped up, was that harmony threatened. The parson refused to be taken there. "But, after all, my dear fellow," said the priest, "don't you think you might go further and fare worse?" The rector had to laugh with the rest. Father Bradshaw glided into another subject, and harmony was restored. Their friendship continued till the death of Father Bradshaw in 1799. He was buried in the parish church yard, and Rector Owen is said to have shed tears over the open grave of his friend.⁹

For forty-seven years the old chapel served its purpose. But in 1823, under the energetic supervision of Dr. Alban Molyneux, O.S.B., who came to Warrington in 1816, the present St. Alban's was erected. It may be interesting to recall here that Dr. Molyneux was among the first batch of boys when Ampleforth was opened in 1802, and that he was President General of his Order in the year 1852, and presided over our Golden Jubilee festivities at Ampleforth in the latter part of that year. The writer was then a small boy in the school, but well remembers the great gathering of Benedictines and former alumni of St. Lawrence's. Few alas! of those present on the occasion remain. Among them is the learned Bishop of Newport, who was a boy in the school at the time, and our venerable Laurentian Patriarch, Father Paulinus Wilson, then completing his Novitiate.

But the writer had made the acquaintance of old Dr. Molyneux four years previously, *i. e.* in 1848, when he was Provincial. On his way from Brownedge to Brindle, in company with Father Walker, he called at the house of the writer's parents. It was one of those large houses found in the Fells of Lancashire, and used in persecution times for

⁹ Fr. Bradshaw was succeeded by Fr. Vincent Wearden, who died two years after him. Then came Fr. Dunstan Webb for seven years, and was succeeded by Fr. Jerome Digby who remained till the arrival of Dr. Molyneux. All these were Benedictines.



ST. ALBAN'S IN 1821

Mass, with its priest's hiding place, etc. Before leaving, he called the boy to him, and said, "Well, what are you going to be?" Though naturally a very shy little boy, he quickly replied, "I am going to be a priest." God grant it may be so," and blessed him. May that blessing of the staunch old Benedictine remain with him to the end! Little did that boy then or afterwards dream he would one day succeed the good Doctor as Rector of St. Alban's, and help to complete the chapel he built in 1823.

But to return to the year of the building of St. Alban's. Tradition says that Dr. Molyneux was a man of "some personal eccentricity." Be this as it may, he was one whom all creeds respected, and he ever held his own against all comers. His task was to build a large and suitable place of worship for Catholics, and he "brought to his task an indomitable energy." It is said that he saw that every brick set in the building was first put into water, that he "doffed his coat and spent the morning in mixing and carrying mortar to the bricklayers." Whether he also put on "clogs" like one of our modern clerical builders, history does not relate.

The church was completed in November 1823, and it was a red letter day for Warrington Catholics. There was at that time no local newspaper, but the *Catholic Miscellany* November number of that year, gives an interesting account of the opening, as follows:—

"By the incredible exertions of their pastor, the building has been completed in a space of time scarcely exceeding six months, and now, instead of an obscure, dark and damp place of worship, the Catholics in Warrington have a most spacious and elegant Chapel, which will be an ornament to the town, and it is hoped will serve to raise Catholics a little in the estimation of their neighbours.

"No fewer than 34 Priests had assembled to take part in the ceremony, a greater number than were ever assembled before in this country on such an occasion. On the Eleva-

tion of the Host, instead of the little bell which is usually tinkled, a large bell outside the Church was tolled. This had a particularly grand effect—all within being silence and adoration.

"The collections that day exceeded £140. As to the sermon, we despair of conveying to the reader even a faint idea of its eloquence."

The dedication sermon was preached by Bishop Baines, and was afterwards published. The full text lies now before the writer. It is entitled, "The Advantages and Consolations of the Christian Religion." At the end of the sermon, the Bishop alluded to his life-long friend the Doctor, in these words:—

"To you in particular, my Catholic brethren of this congregation, the present should be a day of gratitude, thanksgiving, and joy. Hitherto you have been but indifferently provided with the conveniences of public worship. In the short space of a few months, this spacious, commodious, and respectable temple has risen up, as it were by magic, among you; a striking proof of what can be done by the active exertions of a worthy, zealous, and interested man. The unwearied zeal he has shown in your service, and that of religion, deserves your best support. Were he not present, I would say more of him, for I know his worth, etc."

As is evident from our illustration, St. Alban's in 1823 was not an imposing building. In those more or less sad days, Catholics did not dare to erect an imposing Gothic church similar to St. Mary's in Buttermarket Street. But it was, and still is, a large and open church. As our local historian observes:—"With the erection of St. Alban's, Roman Catholicism became an accepted and visible part of the life of the town, and the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act six years later, removed the last excuse for persecution."

Three years after the building of St. Alban's, Dr.

Molyneux secured two valuable pre-Reformation vestments, found under a neglected staircase leading to the vaults under the parish church. A full description of them, and how the doctor secured them for a few shillings, is ably told in an interesting article by Father Cody in the *Amplesforth Journal*, December 1895, and entitled "Pre-Reformation Relics." A few months ago, a great expert pronounced them at least 600 years old, and valued them at £400 each. They are still used on great occasions.

About the year 1856, the health of Dr. Molyneux broke down, and Father Hall took charge of the mission. In 1869 the mission of Our Lady's, Latchford, just beyond the river, was founded, taking a few people—but only a few—from St. Alban's. But in 1877, half the congregation of St. Alban's were transferred to the beautiful Gothic church of St. Mary's. Again in 1894 the Bishop opened the parish of the "Sacred Heart," in Liverpool Road, taking 900 from St. Alban's parish. Lastly when St. Benedict's, in Orford Lane, was opened in 1902, St. Alban's again lost 1500 people. In spite of this, the mother church still retains a little over 2000.

There was no material change within or without the building till 1893, when the old-fashioned pews were removed from the body of the church, and replaced by very substantial handsome and carefully selected pitch-pine seats and kneelers. They are very much admired, and have been copied for more than one recent new church.

In the same year the sanctuary was enlarged, and a very beautiful altar erected from the designs of Peter Paul Pugin. It is perhaps a little puzzling to say what is the style of the altar altogether. Pugin himself described it as "The Free Classic." Certainly the arches are Romanesque. The steps to the altar are marble, and the columns partly Caen stone and partly polished granite. The altar-stone is one slab of polished marble, ten feet six inches long by two feet in depth; the whole supported on marble pillars. The massive

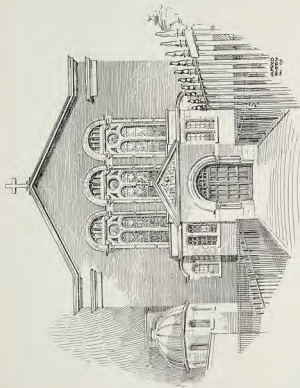
canopy above the noble tabernacle is of choice alabaster and polished marble columns.

Two adoring angels are kneeling on each side of the throne. All this stands out from the apsidal-shaped wall. Within the arches at the back, which are Romanesque, the life, miracles, trial and martyrdom of St. Alban have been exquisitely painted by the late Mr. Joseph Pippet. The pen and ink sketch by our artist, though it could scarcely be surpassed as such, cannot of course give a really vivid idea of the warmth and brightness these paintings impart, as colour is wanting. The beautiful altar rails, extending the whole width of the church, were put up at the same time, in memory of Father Placid Hall.

In the year 1900 the six large side windows, which up to that time had ordinary square panes set in wooden frames, were replaced by others with stone jambs and mullions, in the Romanesque style, following the lines of the high altar reredos. Four of the windows were filled with Hardman's finest stained glass. The other two windows are for the most part in leaded cathedral and antique glass. The walls and ceiling were at the same time decorated, and the electric light installed.

We now come to what has been done this year of 1909. First of all the old gallery with its cramped pews, and which extended far into the body of the church and beyond a window on either side, has been completely removed. This has wonderfully opened out the church. A new gallery, with ornamental front has been built, but only for choir and organ, about forty sittings having thereby been taken away. Indeed they are not now required, inasmuch as the congregation has been reduced during the last forty years from 7000 to 2000 by the forming of four new Parishes.

The old porch, which formerly was partly within the church, has been taken away, and a very fine and large outside porch erected. This is surmounted by a very large west window, consisting of six lights, thirteen feet high by



two feet six inches wide. Over every two lights there is a circular light. The window is chiefly intended as a memorial to the priests who at different times did most for St. Alban's. The centre circle represents Our Lord as the Great High Priest, and at His feet are life-size figures of SS. Peter and Paul. In the circle to the right of Our Lord is Blessed Thomas More, and below him St. Alban, Patron of the church, and St. Basil the Great. In the other circle is Blessed John Fisher, the last Catholic Bishop of Rochester, and below him St. Placid, the first Benedictine martyr, and St. Elphin, the Patron of Warrington. All the figures are in rich colours, and are fine and bold in design. These windows, like the others, have been executed by Hardman, of Birmingham, in his very best style.

Over the porch front door there is a carved pediment. The central figure is St. Alban holding a cross in his right hand, which the converted executioner is also touching. Alban is ordered by the judge to sacrifice to the false gods; and his reply to the question as to his name and profession is—"My name is Alban, and I worship the one true and living God." The executioner refuses to strike off his head "and throwing down his sword professes himself a Christian," and is martyred with the saint. The whole has been beautifully carved by Mr. Milburn of York, and is certainly a credit to him.

On the north side of the porch is a striking dome-shaped new baptistery.

The style of the whole building within and without is Romanesque, the architect being Mr. Charles Walker of Newcastle.

It must not be omitted that the organ has been cleaned and thoroughly overhauled, several new stops added, and pneumatic action fitted to the pedal organ.

The solemn re-opening took place on Sunday, September 13th. The Abbot of Ampleforth pontificated morning and evening, and two very fine and eloquent sermons were

preached by Father R. H. Benson, the eminent convert and son of a former Archbishop of Canterbury. The church was full both morning and evening.

Perhaps some apology is due to the reader for this somewhat lengthy account of primitive and modern development of Catholicity in Warrington. Still the writer trusts that, as the readers of the *Journal* are mostly Amplefordians, they may be interested in hearing particulars of one of our oldest Benedictine Missions; and he feels sure that those Fathers at least—and they are many—will be interested, who in days gone by, have been "privileged" to minister at St. Alban's.

J. P. W.

Oxford as it is.*

I. CONSTITUTION.

THE University of Oxford, taken as a whole, consists of between 13,000 and 14,000 men, graduates and undergraduates, whose names are on the register of the University as well as on the books of the twenty-six separate societies (Colleges, Halls, and the non-collegiate body) incorporated within the University, although distinct from it. Of the above number about three thousand are undergraduates, the great majority of them are reading for the B.A. degree, and about a thousand are graduates, either tutors, fellows of colleges or officials of the University, and unofficially resident within its precincts. The number of members of the University actually living in Oxford may thus be put down at about four thousand or rather more, about a tenth part of the whole population of the city.

As a legislative and administrative body, the University acts through *Convocation*, the members of which are Masters of Arts who have retained their names on the University books. They number about 6,000, of whom the great majority reside away from Oxford; so that the actually legislative body is almost identical with the *Congregation*, consisting of those members of Convocation who reside in Oxford for a fixed period of each year. All legislation must be passed first by *Congregation* (who have power to amend it) and then by *Convocation*; but it must in every case be initiated by the *Hebdomadal Council*, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, proctors, and eighteen members

* Written for the *Catholic University Bulletin*, Washington.

elected by Congregation. The *Executive officers* of the University consist of the *Chancellor*, practically always a nobleman of high rank, non-resident, who delegates his authority to the *Vice-Chancellor*, the head of one of the Colleges; and the senior and junior Proctors, who are elected by the several colleges, and assist the Vice-Chancellor in the enforcement of discipline, as well as in the general oversight of all University affairs, including the administration of its property and the control of its finances. The disciplinary authority of the Vice-Chancellor and proctors, while nominally extending to every member of the University *in statu pupillari*, is not as a matter of fact exercised within the college walls, each college being, whilst a constituent part of the University, autonomous in itself, and claiming entire responsibility for the order and well-being of its own members.

The combined University and college system which prevails at Oxford and Cambridge is in many ways absolutely unique, differing as it does alike from the purely collegiate organization of the American Universities and the purely University organization of the Universities of the Continent of Europe and of Scotland. Every college is an organized corporation under its own head, and enjoying the fullest powers not only of managing its own property but of governing its own members. Besides the general statutes of the University, to which all are bound, each college has its own separate code of statutes, drawn up at its foundation (generally many centuries ago) and added to and amended since as thought expedient. Each college is its own judge, quite apart from any University regulation, of the proper requirements for admission to its membership; the result being that in hardly any two colleges is the standard of knowledge identical, or the same qualification expected, in the case of those who seek admission. No one can be matriculated, that is formally admitted to membership of the University by the central authority, until he is

accepted by, and his name placed on the books of, one of the several colleges or halls. It follows from what has been said that the young men who are beginning their career at Oxford do so with a widely-varying equipment for their University career. The mere fact of a man matriculating as a member of certain colleges stamps him as a scholar of more than average attainments, while at others the required standard may be so low that there is no guarantee whatever that those who join that particular society have arrived at any particular grade of intellectual proficiency, or are indeed in any real sense of the word educated at all.

There are twenty-one colleges altogether in the University, one public hall, and three private halls, all of which have the same privileges as far as receiving undergraduate members is concerned. The comparatively small body of "non-collegiate" students, that is of undergraduates not affiliated to any college or hall, is on the same footing as regards matriculation, residence and degrees, and its members living in licensed lodgings, and being subject to a special Delegacy appointed for that purpose. The colleges provide a certain number of sets of rooms for their own members within their own walls, the others living in licensed lodgings in the town. Meals are served either in the college hall or the students' rooms, and every college has attached to it a chapel where there is daily service during term according to the forms of the Church of England. Keble, however, is now the only college whose members must all belong to the Anglican Church, although a certain number of scholarships at other colleges are restricted to adherents of that creed. Attendance at chapel is no longer as a rule compulsory, a morning roll-call being provided as an alternative. Nor, with the exceptions above noted, is there any kind of religious test in the case of those seeking admission to the various colleges, or proceeding, through the various channels open to them, to the degrees in the faculties of Arts, Science, or Civil Law. The faculty of Divinity alone

was permitted, when all other tests were abolished, to be reserved to Anglicans; and though students of any creed can compete for honours in the Theological School in preparation for his B.A. degree, the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity are open only to members of the Established Church; who must moreover be in priest's orders. It should be added that although the theological examinations are, as stated, open to all students, the examiners in this subject are nevertheless required by statute to be Anglican clergymen.

2. EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations required for students (the great majority of those in residence) aspiring to the B.A. degree include, (1) Two strictly defined compulsory examinations, and (2) two so-called Public Examinations, in which candidates have a very wide range of alternative subjects to choose from. The first compulsory examination is Responsions, which may be, and generally is, passed before matriculation, and of which the subjects are Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, and either Algebra (Elementary) or Euclid. Students who attain a certain standard in the "Oxford Local" and other similar examinations, held annually at various centres, are exempted from the necessity of passing Responsions. The second compulsory examination is in Holy Scripture; it includes the Greek text of two of the Gospels, but those who so desire can substitute a book of Plato. The two "public examinations" are known as Moderations and Final Schools, and in these either a "pass" or "honours" can be aimed at as a qualification for the degree. The pass-man has first to satisfy the examiners in Moderations (classics combined with logic or mathematics), and then for his Final Schools has a choice between various subjects, such as classics, mathematics, natural science, modern languages, and religious knowledge. Candidates who seek honours in

the "Greats" course, have first a searching examination in Classics called "Honour moderations" (in which the successful candidates are divided into four classes), and then a Final Examination in ancient history and philosophy, in which the candidates are classified in the same way. The Greats, or *Literae Humaniores* School still holds the premier place in the Oxford curriculum, and a first class obtained in it is reckoned the highest honour attainable; but there are seven other Final Honour Schools open to the student, those of Mathematics, Jurisprudence, Modern History (which for several years past has attracted the largest number of candidates), Theology, English Literature, Oriental Studies, and Natural Science.

3. RESEARCH DEGREES AND DIPLOMAS.

What are known as "Research Degrees" (those of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science) have recently been instituted at Oxford, for advanced students, who may be already B.A.'s of Oxford or of other universities, or else must be able to "give evidence of having received a good general education." These candidates must be twenty-one years of age, must present, in some detail, a definite subject of study or research, must give satisfactory evidence of their fitness to enter on the work, and must (if their application is approved) be regularly matriculated as members of some college or hall, or of the non-collegiate body. Eight terms of residence, *i. e.*, two academical years, are necessary for these candidates, who can then either present themselves for examination or submit a dissertation which, if approved, will entitle them to receive the degree of B.Litt., or B.Sc. At the end of twenty-six terms they can present themselves for the further degrees of Doctor of Letters or of Science. It should be remarked that for the ordinary B.A. degree at least three years' (twelve terms) residence are required, but the Honours course usually extends over four years.

Degrees in Music do not entail the necessity of residence, and are open to candidates who have passed a preliminary general examination and two examinations in music. A candidate for the Mus. Bac. degree must submit a musical exercise (of his own composition) in five parts scored for a string band, and for the Mus. Doc. degree a cantata scored for full orchestra.

Diplomas in certain subjects, such as Health, Education, Geography, and Political Economy, are granted by Convocation after a certain period of study and an examinational test. These diplomas, it may be noted, are open to women students, who are not qualified to take degrees. It may be well to remark, in this connection, that though there are several halls at Oxford for women-students who may (and do) enter for the same examinations as the men, these halls are entirely extra-collegiate. No woman can be a matriculated member of the University, nor consequently proceed to a degree; but they receive on examination certificates testifying to the class gained by them in such honour examinations as they choose to undergo.

4. THE TEST OF PROFICIENCY.

An important point to be observed in the Oxford system is that all honours, classes, and university distinctions of every kind are awarded solely as the results of examination. Attendance at lectures as well as private study are purely a matter of arrangement between the individual student and the authorities of the college. The University provides, through its professors, lecturers and readers a certain amount of tuition in every subject; every college maintains a body of tutors for the instruction, mainly of its own members, and there are besides a number of resident private tutors in Oxford who are quite unofficially employed in what is known as "coaching" men (mostly those who are not aspiring to honours) in the various subjects of examina-

tion. No inquiry is made, and no conditions are laid down, by the examining body who adjudicate on a candidate's fitness to receive a degree, as to what lectures he may have attended, what tuition, public or private, official or unofficial, he may have received, or what course of private study he may have been through. A searching competitive examination in the case of candidates for honours, and a qualifying examination, considerably less exacting, in the case of pass-men, is the sole test of proficiency; and there is no reason to doubt that on the whole it is an efficacious and satisfactory one. But to the clever (and for the matter of that, also to the stupid) youth who enters the portals of the University fresh from school, where every working hour of the day has been mapped out for preparation and private study as well as for instruction in class, the Oxford system comes as an entire revolution. "Here are the rewards I offer you," the University says in effect to her *alumni*, "and here is the syllabus of examinations through which alone you can attain them. I offer you instruction in every imaginable subject through my sixty professors and readers, each an acknowledged expert in his own branch. In each of the colleges to which you respectively belong there is a staff of highly equipped tutors ready to pour out upon you their treasures of varied learning. Private teachers there are in abundance, capable and experienced men; and the hours of your day are your own to devote to so much solitary study as you may find expedient. What you do with your time is no concern of mine. I care not at whose feet you sit, how many lectures you attend per day, per week, per term, or even if you attend none at all. All I stipulate is that you should live and eat and drink and sleep for a certain fixed period within my precincts, and (not before a given date) present yourselves before my appointed examiners to answer such questions as they may propound to you. Satisfy them, and you shall have all the good things I have to offer you—degrees and distinctions, scholarships and

prizes; but how or whence you have acquired the knowledge you possess is no concern of mine."

5. THE COLLEGE TUTOR.

It is of course the collegiate tutorial system of Oxford which comes in to supplement the curiously aloof, remote, and impersonal relations existing between the central University body and the three thousand students within her borders. It is the college tutor who is brought into immediate contact with the young undergraduate, whose business it is to direct his studies, arrange his lectures, apportion his hours of work, and generally speaking, equip him for the task before him, if he is laudably ambitious to pass his examinations with credit and take a good degree. Nor is the scope of the tutor's supervision restricted to what concerns the intellectual progress of his pupil. It is his to take thought also for his moral welfare, to keep his feet on the paths of discipline, to correct him when he transgresses them, to guide him, as far as may be, by salutary counsel and timely warning, at the outset of a career which has many pitfalls for an inexperienced youth who is, after all, little more than a schoolboy. It would be absurd to maintain that all college tutors are equally qualified by temperament or training, or by their acquired or natural gifts, to play the difficult part of friend and mentor to the successive generations of undergraduates who come under their charge. But no one who knows Oxford doubts that the system as a whole works well, or that it is, as a rule, the men who look back with most satisfaction to their Oxford career as a time not unprofitably spent, who are the first to recognize how much they owe to the ungrudging help of a wise, kindly, and experienced college tutor.

6. EXPENSES AT OXFORD.

No question, naturally, is more frequently asked of those who are familiar with the Oxford system from within, than

this; what is the approximate inclusive expense *per annum* of an undergraduate's academic career? It is a question more easily asked than answered; for, in the first place, in attempting such an estimate one must decide whether it is to include the student's expenses for the whole year, or only for the six months of the University terms; and in the second place, so much depends on a young man's tastes, habits, and recreations that the margin between what he *must* spend, and *may* without difficulty spend, in the course of the year is necessarily a very wide one. The actual fees at most of the colleges are to a great extent identical, and the cost of board and other necessary expenses is much the same at all. A yearly sum of £120 ought to cover these; and if another £100 be added to this for what may be called the supplementary expenses of college life, and vacation expenses as well, we arrive at what may be considered the average allowance of the undergraduate. It must, however, be borne in mind that a man, say at Christ Church, who hunts regularly, has other expensive recreations or hobbies, and belongs to three or four social clubs, may very easily spend double that amount or even more. On the other hand there are one or two of the smaller colleges, as well as the non-collegiate body, members of which can do very well on a much smaller income; while the emoluments derived from the numerous exhibitions and scholarships which are within reach of boys of more than average abilities range from £20 to £150 a year, lessening, of course, the annual expenses of university life by that amount. The numerous colonial and American Scholarships founded by Mr. Cecil Rhodes are of the yearly value of £300 each, but it is to be considered that their holders, most of them natives of countries very remote from Oxford, have to make this sum suffice for all their wants during the year, in vacation as well as in term-time.

7. CATHOLICS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

An immediate and natural result of the abolition of religious tests in the English Universities, now some forty years ago, was the re-opening of the question as to whether it might be permitted and advisable for Catholic students to frequent them. The word "re-opening" is used, because the subject had at various times been mooted previous to that important enactment; and although it was then as impossible for anyone to proceed to a degree without subscribing the Anglican formularies as it was for him to be a resident member of any college without attending Anglican worship, yet there had from time to time been isolated instances of Catholics frequenting both Oxford and Cambridge, in spite of the disabilities to which their religion subjected them. Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Newman, as is well known, cherished a scheme of founding a Catholic College at Oxford, and actually acquired land for the purpose, and similar hopes were entertained as regarded Cambridge. By an injunction of Propaganda, however, addressed in 1865 to Cardinal Wiseman, first Archbishop of Westminster, any such foundations as those contemplated were formally prohibited, and it was ordered that Catholic parents should be urgently dissuaded from sending their sons to the national Universities. This injunction was repeated and amplified in subsequent letters; but it was nevertheless thought in many quarters that the resolutions on the subject published by the English Bishops were much more stringent than the instructions from Rome really warranted. It was undeniable, moreover, that the whole aspect and situation were changed, subsequent to the issue of the first instructions from Rome, by the altered constitution of the Universities, and the throwing open of their emoluments, prizes, and degrees to all irrespective of creed. As the Catholic youth of England came, as it has done during the

past generation, to take a more and more active part in the public life of the country, it was more and more felt at what a great disadvantage they were placed by the want of the University training and education so helpful, and in some cases so essential, as a preparation for their future careers. Catholic opinion was profoundly stirred on the subject; and the petition which was finally addressed to Rome, praying for a re-consideration of the whole question under its now changed conditions, was backed by some of the most influential and representative names among the Catholics of Britain. It was presented through the English Bishops, and the result was that, about twenty years after the abolition of religious tests by Parliament, permission was granted by the Holy See, with certain reservations and under certain clearly-defined safeguards, for the Catholic youth of the kingdom to frequent the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

During the decade that has elapsed since the granting of this concession it has been, of course, possible to form some estimate both as to the extent to which Catholics are likely to avail themselves of it, and also as to the general results, from a Catholic point of view, and practical working of what can hardly be yet said to be beyond the experimental stage. The number of young Catholic laymen in residence at one time at either University is not large, either absolutely or in proportion to the great mass of their fellow-students. At neither Oxford nor Cambridge does it seem, at all events at present, to be likely to exceed sixty or seventy; and when it is remembered that these are not (as seems to be sometimes thought to be the case) gathered together in one college, or under one roof, but distributed pretty impartially among more than twenty colleges, it will be seen that their influence can in no sense be preponderating, and might be thought to be almost non-existent. Such, however, is not the case. The Catholic university body, small though it be, is distinctly recognized as a factor

in the University life; a decided interest is evinced, on the part both of the various college authorities and of the junior members of the colleges, in the fact of there being Catholic students among them; it is unquestionable that this small contingent of Catholics does exercise an influence, in some cases unconscious but not the less real, on the companions of their daily life; and it is satisfactory to add that that influence may be taken, speaking generally, to be a salutary one. It is a significant, and in some ways a consoling fact, that at Oxford at all events (of which University alone the present writer has any intimate knowledge) there is a perennial and curiously-marked interest, notwithstanding the numerous and more or less engrossing occupations which fill up the undergraduate life, in religious questions and everything cognate to them. It is such subjects which attract the largest and most keenly-attentive audiences to the meetings of the University Debating Society, and which are most eagerly discussed at similar societies in the various colleges, as well as in the free intercourse of ordinary life. And in the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of undergraduate opinions on such topics, among the vague, floating, half-formed beliefs which are too often all that represent the religious convictions of the youth of the present day, the clear definite creed of the young Catholic stands out in singular contrast to the nebulous and indeterminate tenets of those about him. It is quite impossible to estimate the power for good which such a young Catholic, knowing what he believes, and living up to that knowledge in his daily practice, can and does exercise on his companions in a great educational centre such as Oxford. If he is what the slang of the day and the place terms a "slacker," a flabby irresolute creature who has the courage neither to profess his faith nor to practise its precepts, then of course his influence will be the other way; and the harm done to, and by, the Catholic student of this stamp will be in proportion to the good which he has had, and has lost, the opportunity of doing to

those about him. It is because one is thankful to know that, of the very considerable number of young Catholics who have passed through Oxford during the past ten or twelve years, the majority have done credit to their faith and their up-bringing, that one may venture to express a belief that the concession made by the Holy See has been a real boon to our Catholic countrymen, and more than that, the cause of appreciable advantage to very many of their fellow-students at the English Universities.

Scattered as they are in small groups among the various colleges, it is not possible, even were it advisable, that the Catholic undergraduates of Oxford should lead any kind of corporate life apart from that of their non-Catholic fellow-students. There are, however, various means at hand for keeping them in touch with one another, and for maintaining a certain *esprit de corps* in their body, numerically unimportant though it may be. The majority, as might be expected, come to Oxford from the half-dozen or so secondary schools up and down England in which Catholics belonging to the upper and middle classes are for the most part educated. Thus they enter the University already acquainted with a certain number of former school-fellows, and they find a social centre where they may meet the other members of the Catholic contingent in the house of the specially-appointed chaplain to the Catholic undergraduates. Mgr. Charles Kennard, Canon of Clifton, and Master of Arts of University College, has held that position for some years. He occupies a beautiful old house just opposite the great gate of Christ Church, and his unflinching kindness and generous hospitality to his little flock have made him generally beloved. In his commodious chapel (which is said to incorporate some remains of the ancient Augustinian Abbey of Osney, just outside Oxford) Mass is daily said for the students; and there also, every Sunday during term, a conference or lecture is given to them by a specially-appointed lecturer, and Benediction of the Blessed

Sacrament takes place in the evening. Some of the most eminent of living theologians and preachers have given the Oxford Conferences during the past half-dozen years; among them being Bishop Hedley, Abbot Gasquet, Fathers Bernard Vaughan, S.J., MacNabb, O.P., Vassall, C.S.S.R., Rickaby, S.J., and Robert Hugh Benson, and Doms John Chapman and Bede Camm, O.S.B.

Another link which binds together the resident Catholic members of the University is the Newman Society, of which their residence in Oxford makes them *ipso facto* members, and which was founded some years ago, when the number of Catholics resident in the University was much smaller than at present.

The Society meets on alternate Sunday evenings during term, when either a paper is read on some topic of Catholic interest, followed by a discussion, or there is a formal debate held by the members. Papers have been read to the Society from time to time by such distinguished Catholics as Mr. Wilfrid Ward, Sir Rowland Blemerhassett, Mr. Justice Walton, Father Gerard, S.J., Sir Hubert Jerningham, and the late Mr. Devas. Attached to the Newman Society is an athletic club, which organizes matches at cricket, football, etc.; and the Society holds a periodical dinner, when old members are welcomed, and invitations are extended to distinguished Catholic guests, both clerical and lay.

8. PRIVATE HALLS FOR CATHOLIC STUDENTS.

A few words remain to be said about the two exclusively Catholic halls, known, according to University usage, by the names of their respective Masters—namely Pope's Hall and Hunter-Blair's Hall. Application is often mistakenly made for admission to these two institutions under the impression that they are intended for lay Catholics. This is not the case, the members of Pope's Hall being exclusively

Jesuits belonging to the English Province, while those of Hunter-Blair's Hall, which was founded by the Yorkshire Abbey of Ampleforth, are all, as a rule, professed members of the Benedictine Order, although a few members of other religious orders have been from time to time admitted. At neither of these Halls does the number of undergraduate members exceed a dozen; but they have also on their books a considerable number of Bachelors and Masters of Arts, who have graduated from them in the ordinary course. The general sentiment of the University is not unfriendly towards these two establishments, which were founded, of course, to meet the requirements of a particular class of student. "The University," said one of the most distinguished Heads of Houses, in the course of a debate in Convocation in which the status of these Halls was referred to, "must put no obstacles in the way of serious students"; and it is generally recognized that good and serious work is being done at both the Benedictine and the Jesuit Halls, the latter, in particular, having to its credit a brilliant record of academic successes of which no college in the University could feel otherwise than proud.

D. O. H. B.

The Waters of Fantasy.

It was a land of broad daylight, fact, and utility; and the people dwelling therein were a sturdy, slow-going race, wending to their daily toil and their nightly rest as their Fathers had ever done before them, in dull contentment of mind, and heavy satisfaction with the ordered course of events. An honest, reasonable folk that looked things straight in the face, glancing neither above nor below, but taking a level mid-course;—concerning themselves with things obvious and palpable, that might be seen, and handled and understood of all men.

Thus the years passed slow and heavy-winged over the land, bringing neither change nor alteration; diminishing naught of the satisfaction, adding naught to the desires of the inhabitants, until there arose one in their midst who was shame and disgrace to them, for he was a lad of Wandering Wit.

"What can we do with the lad, seeing he is a lad of Wandering Wit?" said his parents when his condition was made known to them. "For he gazeth many times on the clouds, which by reason of being so high above our heads, are not meant to be looked upon curiously; and he pryeth into the earth at foot, which by being beneath us—and we an upright race—it beseemeth us not to contemplate too closely."

And they bound rules and ordinances about him, and straitened him in a narrow place, and bid him turn a machine.

Now the machine house was built by the side of a canal, where all day long the sluggish water slid through the land,

and carried the burdens that men put upon it. And when the sun was high in the heavens the folk came thither to work: and while yet it was moderately high, they desisted: for labour was not wearisome, and there was much sleep. Only the lad of Wandering Wit slept not as others did, but listened for the faint voice of the waters, that came when the clangour of the machinery was stilled. And on a day, he asked a man that was about him, concerning the voice; but the man looked on him pityingly, and said that there was no voice; and afterwards they hung up curtains, and made shutters of wood, that he might sleep the better. But after a time, he asked yet again about the waters, finding older men and more thoughtful, and he enquired of them whence came the waters and how they were produced.

"The waters have been here from all time," they made answer, "they were ordained of Providence to irrigate the land: but they broke bounds, and flooded, and cut valleys where we would have a plain: so that our Fathers amended the intent of Providence, and directed their course amid walls. Force that is uncontrolled doeth mischief."

"Then the waters were free until ye chained them?" questioned the youth, and he felt a great pity in his heart.

"Ay, free as the Dew of Heaven," said one that bore trace of bitter writing on his brow: and the youth cried eagerly,

"What is the Dew of Heaven?"

But the others hustled the old man, and he was silent.

Then for many shadowless days the lad sought for the Dew of Heaven, and he scanned the clouds that spread formless overhead, and the earth that breathed up white dust over the herbage; but the clouds, linked neck and foot like captives, trailed in long bands to the northward, and the dust threw nets over every green thing, and bound it in a prison garment. So that nowhere could he find the Dew of Heaven.

And the rules and the ordinances wherewith he was bound,

girded him sorely, so that at last it came to pass that he strave hard and rent them asunder, and would not return any more into his narrow chamber, but abode out in the fields. But he was weary with the strife, and with the clatter of tongues that had assailed him, so that he slept all through the night mysteries; and in the very early morning, while yet the clouds were floating free in air, and the Dew of Heaven was spread on all the earth, he awoke.

And it seemed to the lad that he had found that of which the waters had told him, for the Dew was on his eyelids and his lips, so that life tasted sweet, and seemed a goodly thing to possess. And ever the sky arched higher, overhead, and the pure light shot up and quickened the dew drops into ecstasy, so that they flashed a million glories over the grass, and told high things of *Fabrie*.

Then the lad of the Wandering Wit was exalted in his spirit, and stretched out his arms to heaven. But even as he did so, the glory was drawn up from the world, and only the blank, dull day stared down upon him as of yore.

Then the lad was as one distraught for a season, and he wandered by fields and highways seeking whither the glory was withdrawn; and the longing that he had to behold it, was pain and great anguish to him, so that at the close of the day he was again very weary, and he crept down by the water of the canal, to sleep. And all night long the waters soothed and encouraged him, and told him many things whereof the sense left him in the morning. But again when he awakened, the Dew lay on his lips and eyelids, and the waters shewed the splendour of the Gods.

Then the lad rose lastly, and ran towards the light and the voice that him seemed did beckon him. But again the dull day overtook him, and blinded his eyes that he no more beheld it, so that he cast him down by the waters, and wept.

And presently he arose, and went forward again; and it came that Day lagged behind, and Night took him, and

they two went forward hand in hand under the stars. And he told his longing and his aspiration into the ear of Night, and she taught him many things; and her voice was even as the voice of the waters, so that he minded not the way they trod together, nor the thin, chill breath of Dawn. For at the gates of Dawn, Night left him, and bade him go forth alone through the portals, and bathe in the Fountain of Fantasy, that quickens the beauty of earth.

So the lad of the Wandering Wit passed alone into the great dim land, where the portals of Dawn uplifted darkness, that light might enter in. And pearl, and primrose, and pink came forth to greet him, and in the midst of the light they shed was reared a mighty fountain. Grey-seeming and vast, it loomed before the faint-lit sky, and primrose and pearl and pink gleamed the waters that lay in its depth. And even as the lad gazed and wondered in his joy, up from the wide stretched land rose many heroic and strange shapes, like unto the shapes of dreams, and stood in solemn order by the brink. Impalpable and vague were they, and the lad might not discern their features, but they beckoned unto him with their hands, so that he approached trembling, and stood likewise by the brink of the fountain.

And the figures chanted in strange tongue, like to which the voice of the night and the waters had been but an echo; and the sky became intensified with glory; and amber, and opal, and rose grew the air round and about them.

And it came to pass, that as the beams of pure light struck the fountain, it responded with murmurous swell; and the great Shapes bent down and bathed them in its waters, and the lad of the Wandering Wit did even as they did. And it seemed to him that he grew even as one with the Shapes as they bathed, and that his form became mighty and potent, so that he comprehended all beauty and purpose, and song.

Then these mighty and strange Beings passed down with the Dawn upon earth and the lad watched their loveliness trail over the world, and abide wherever it rested. So that on every side beauty, and truth, and might were palpable to him; and the little things of earth waxed ooble, and the mean things, important; and all life was strenuous and fair, and knit into mystical fellowship with one, and with other, and with him.

Then he too went down into the world with joy, and returned into his own country. And all the land appeared very fair unto him, so that he wondered how that he had never seen it so aforetime: and all the herbs of the field talked with him, and the birds and the breezes spake with him; yea, the stones and the dry earth felt with him: and so he came to the city. And when he was come to the city, he entered it singing. Now the people were all fast by their machines, and he cried to them to cease from their labour and to hearken unto him: for that he had seen and known of the meaning of things; and that they should look above and beneath them, and be sharers of his joy.

But the people scowled at him because he interrupted their work, and they said:—

"Behold we see plainly, for the light is good; and there is nothing here but what has been for all time, and in all ages. Wherefore pratest thou of Beauty, and Truth, and Purpose? Things are as they are; and we work, and we eat, and we sleep—what more wouldst thou have us to do?"

And they refused to look above or beneath them, and bent them to their machines again.

And the lad said "Nay, but ye are blind. For that which ye count Life, is but the husk of Life, and the fruit, which is the sum and spirit of it, have ye never tasted; nay, even the flower of it have ye never seen."

And as he looked round on the stolid vacant faces of the throng, it seemed to him a very pitiful thing; and he tried to tell them of the Fountain wherein he had bathed with

the mystical Shapes; and all that he had learned of the spirit of things.

"For ye know but the *course* of the World," he cried; "it is empty, and void and dead, and ye can see nothing beyond it. Hear ye the voice of the Waters of Fantasy, that tells of the soul of the earth, of the Truth that shineth and liveth, underlying its frame and upholding it."

But they jeered at him and mocked, deeming that he was a fool, and that his wit had altogether deserted him: and the elders reproved him, for that he told lies. And more especially did his relations, and those that had been his friends seek to silence him, for they took shame to themselves that he who was their kin should go contrary to the customs and traditions of the place: seeking to find reason in fact, and beauty and unity in reason.

"Things are as they are," they repeated again, "wherefore would we say 'Why?' and 'To what purpose?'—How should there be glory in the weeds of earth?—They are so much food and fodder. How should there be music in the wind?—It is so much air and breath."

Then they brought forth many and more stringent rules and regulations, and they bound the lad of the Wandering Wit yet more firmly, lest he should pervert the populace; and they kept a close guard over him, by the which his spirit was troubled, and he languished long for freedom and for the companionship of the Mighty Forms.

And on a day he thought to escape them, for that he died at the dawning, when his gaolers were asleep: and he hoped that when his body lay in earth, the grasses and the flowers above him should yet tell somewhat of his meaning to the people. But the people took him, and built a great square mausoleum over him, that it might appear to them that should come after, that he had been a credit to his generation. For they would not that any in time to come should know how that he had been a lad of a Wandering Wit, or that he had bathed in the Waters of Fantasy.

So it came to pass that many seeing the square mausoleum, and the glory of it, would fain have acquired like honour for themselves, witting little that it was raised to dispel reproach; and recking still less of the Waters of Fantasy which had led to it.

M. B. HARDIE.



*After the Looking Glass
 Hampstead, July 1927*

Lewis Carroll.

BOTH Lewis Carroll's books, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass and what Alice found there*, may be called classics, or at least nursery classics. Though so many of us have read and re-read them since childhood's days with undiminished pleasure, the circumstances of their composition, and the life and character of their gifted author are too little known, in spite of the interesting *Life of Lewis Carroll* by S. Dodgson Collingwood, to which the writer is wholly indebted for the substance of this article.

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was born on Jan. 27th, 1832, at Daresbury, about seven miles from Warrington. His father was then the incumbent of the parish, and later became Archdeacon of Richmond, Yorks., and one of the Canons of Ripon Cathedral. When he was twelve years old Charles Dodgson was sent to Richmond School. His head-master's first report of him, while speaking in the highest terms of his genius, shows that in the matter of carelessness he was no different from the average boy.

I must not omit to set off against these great advantages one or two faults, of which the removal as soon as possible is desirable, though I am prepared to find it a work of time. As you are well aware, our young friend, while jealous of error, as I said above, where important faith or principles are concerned, is exceedingly lenient towards lesser frailties—and whether in reading aloud or in metrical composition, frequently sets at naught the notions of Virgil or Ovid as to syllabic quantity. Moreover he is marvellously ingenious in replacing the ordinary

inflexions of nouns and *verbs*, as detailed in our grammars, by more exact analogies or convenient forms of his own devising. This source of fault will in due time exhaust itself, though flowing freely at present.

Perhaps parents may be thankful that the stress of modern school-life has introduced a more terse "report."

After some years spent at Rugby, Dodgson went up to Christ Church, Oxford, in Jan. 1851, and he remained in residence there until his death in Jan. 1898. On his work as a mathematical tutor and lecturer there is no need to dwell, nor on his many publications on mathematics and logic, but some few quotations from his Diary and some incidents in his life may be of interest, and serve to show something of his character and charming personality. He was always a man of high ideals, and deeply spiritual and humble-minded. The last entry in his Diary for 1855 is as follows:—

I am sitting alone in my bedroom this last night of the old year waiting for midnight. It has been the most eventful year of my life: I began it a poor bachelor student, with no definite plans or expectations; I end it a master and tutor in Ch. Ch., with an income of more than £300 a year, and the course of mathematical tuition marked out by God's providence for at least some years to come. Great mercies, great failings, time lost, talents misapplied—such has been the past year.

"His Diary," says his biographer, "is full of such modest depreciations of himself and his work, interspersed with earnest prayers that God would forgive him the past, and help him to perform His holy will in the future."

Charles Dodgson's literary career began while he was still at Rugby, with editing magazines for family circulation. It was when contributing to various magazines at Oxford that he chose the nom de plume "Lewis Carroll," names which are variant forms of his two Christian names, Lewis = Ludovicus = Lutwidge, Carroll = Carolus = Charles.

In 1861 he took deacon's orders in the Church of England, but he never proceeded to priest's orders. He used to preach not unfrequently, and his sermons were much appreciated, but he had a great dislike of being complimented on them. "It is not good," he wrote, "to be told (and I never wish to be told), 'Your sermon was so beautiful.' We shall not be concerned to know in the Great Day whether we have preached beautiful sermons but whether we preached with the one object of serving God."

From early College days Lewis Carroll began to show that marked characteristic by which, next to his fame as an author, he was best known—a remarkable love for children. The fresh innocence of childhood delighted him, and it was his greatest pleasure to win the love and sympathy of children. This he did by unflinching kindness, and by his remarkable power of being able to talk that "precious nonsense," which one seldom hears from any but little children. One of his child-friends wrote of him, later in life:—

One thing that made his stories particularly charming to a child was that he often took his cue from her remarks—a question would set him off on quite a new trail of ideas, so that one felt that somehow one had helped to make the story, and it seemed a personal possession. It was the most lovely nonsense conceivable, and I naturally revelled in it. His vivid imagination would fly from one subject to another, and was never tied down in any way by the probabilities of life.

This last remark is true of much of his poetry, for example:—

I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the owl and the panther were sharing a pie:
The panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
And the owl had the dish for his share of the treat.

When the plate was divided, the owl, as a boon, was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon :

But the pouter obtained both the fork and the knife, so, when he lost his temper, the owl lost its life.

"I am fond of children (except boys)," he wrote to one child, "and have more child-friends than I could possibly count on my fingers, even if I were a centipede—by the way, have they fingers? I'm afraid they're only feet, but, of course, they use them for the same purpose, and that is why no other insects, except centipedes, ever succeed in doing Long Multiplication."

Indeed he looked upon it as a solemn and sacred duty of his life to do all he could to bring happiness into the lives of others. On one occasion he wrote:—"To say I am quite well 'goes without saying' with me. In fact my life is so strangely free from all trial and trouble that I cannot doubt 'occupy' with, till the Master shall return, by doing some-thing to make other lives happy."

Some of Lewis Carroll's child-friends remained his friends for life, but in a large proportion of cases, the friendship ended with the end of childhood. One of his life-friends was Miss Alice Liddell (Mrs. Hargreaves), one of the three daughters of the Dean of Christ Church. On July 4th, 1862, there is an important entry in his Diary. "I made an expedition up the river to Godstow, with the three Liddells; we had tea on the bank there, and did not reach Ch. Ch. until half-past eight." On the opposite page somewhat later he added, "On which occasion, I told them I undertook to write out for Alice," "Alice" herself has given an account of the scene, from which we quote:—

Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow near Oxford. I believe the begin-



was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here, from all three came the old petition of "Tell us a story," and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, "And that's all till next time." "Oh, but it is next time," would be the exclamation from all three; and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay.

The title *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was not decided upon until 1864, and it was a year later before Miss Alice Liddell received the first presentation copy, illustrated by the author himself. At the time he had no idea of publication, but he was persuaded to submit the book to a publisher, and it was accepted. Lewis Carroll was too diffident of his powers as an artist, to publish his own illustrations, and obtained the services of Mr. Tenniel. The first 2000 copies were at once bought up, and new editions were demanded in quick succession. The extraordinary success of the book led Lewis Carroll to begin writing *Through the Looking-Glass, and what Alice found there*. The book appeared in 1871. Eight thousand copies of the first edition were taken by the booksellers, before the author had received his own presentation copies.

Of the two books, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, it would be difficult to say which is the better. Perhaps the question has been best answered by a little girl, whom Lewis Carroll asked if she had read them. "Oh yes, I've read both of them, and I think" (this more slowly and thoughtfully), "I think *Through the Looking-Glass* is more stupid than *Alice's Adventures*. Don't you think so?" The extraordinary popularity of both books

is proved by the fact that by 1885 more than 120,000 copies of the two had been sold.

None of Lewis Carroll's other works, either in prose or verse, have attained anything approaching the same circulation. As to *The Hunting of the Snark—an Agony in Eight Fits*, published in 1876, many readers will say that its meaning is quite beyond them. Some have tried to show that it was an allegory, some that it was a burlesque upon the famous Tichborne case, and others take the Snark as the personification of popularity. Let us see what the author wrote about it to a friend.

As to the meaning of the Snark, I'm afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense! Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them; so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer means. So, whatever good meanings are in the book, I'm glad to accept as the meaning of the book. The best that I've seen is by a lady (she published it in a letter to a newspaper), that the whole book is an allegory on the search after happiness. I think this fits in beautifully in many ways—particularly about the bathing-machines: when people get weary of life, and can't find happiness in towns or in books, then they rush off to the sea-side, to see what bathing machines will do for them.

During the year 1876, the first public dramatic representation of *Alice in Wonderland* was given in London, at the Polytechnic. The entertainment consisted of a series of tableaux, interspersed with appropriate readings and songs. In 1880 a dramatic version of *Alice in Wonderland* was published, with the author's consent, by Mrs. Freligrath-Kroeker, and was shortly followed by *Through the Looking-Glass* in a similar form. In 1886, the "Alice" operetta was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and again in 1888 at the Globe Theatre. It is to be again produced this Christmas, at the Court Theatre. It is doubtful if any more complete presentment of *Through*



the Looking-Glass has been given than that at the Ampleforth Exhibition of this year. As far as can be ascertained, it is the first time that the story has been presented in its entirety upon a school-stage. For the libretto, those who control the destinies of the Ampleforth Dramatic Society were responsible; for the music, we were indebted to Rev. J. C. Standish, O.S.B., and to Rev. S. G. Ould, O.S.B. The latter's charming setting of the *White Knight's* song will be long remembered by those who heard it. For the "make-up," the interesting photographs which we reproduce will speak.

One could not help feeling that the play had a real educational value, in familiarising those who witnessed it, and still more those who took part in it, with one of the two books which, after Shakespeare's plays, are probably more often quoted in the Press than any other works in English Literature. One who was concerned in the teaching of the play has said, that the constant repetition never palled, but rather served to bring home the extraordinary genius of Lewis Carroll. The play was given with as little alteration of the book as possible; only "The Garden of Live Flowers" was omitted. Though there is no sustained plot, the interest of the audience never flagged; and the fact that, for over two hours and a half, an audience of some two hundred persons was charmed with the steady flowing stream of nonsense is a high tribute to the actors, but a higher tribute to the author.

M. D. W.

Beaulieu in the Marsh.

A DILIGENT antiquarian, delayed for an hour or so at Polegate Junction on the B.&S.C. Railway—no uncommon occurrence—whilst wandering along the roads, might discover, about a mile away, a small barn-like building of stone, with buttresses at each corner, a one-light Gothic window and an arched doorway now built-up. This is, or was, an ancient chapel of St. Lawrence. It is situated in what is now known as the Otham quarter of the parish of Hailsham. I confess to having wasted many an hour at the junction without suspecting that anything so interesting was within reach. It is worth a visit, not so much for its own sake as for its history. The little chapel has a bundle of charters all to itself in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In its Saxon origin it was apparently a small parish church, parent of those at Hailsham and Hellingly. Somehow, it came to be served by the Premonstratensian Canons, when they were newly arrived in the country. The monks lost no time in promoting it to the dignity of an abbey, and Ralph de Dene, a Norman settled at West Dean, furnished the needful for its canonical erection.

There is the usual flourish of trumpets in the initial charter. The document is as lordly in its tone, as prolific in the enumeration and description of the endowments and, let it be said, as devout in its tone as that of any royal foundation. "For the welfare of his body and soul, as well as those of Robert his son and heir and of King Henry (II), and his children; for the souls also of his father and mother and of all his predecessors and successors (he strangely omits mention of his wife, living or dead), the

aforsaid Ralph de Dene gave to God and St. Mary, to St. Lawrence of Hotteham and to the Canons of the Premonstratensian Order there serving God, for the purpose of erecting an abbey, all his lordship of Hotteham and its appurtenances with the chapel of that place; his men of Dudentone, to wit, Gladwine the brother of Speg, with five solidates (according to Cowell a *solidata terra* equalled twelve acres, but according to Spelman only five, or one fourth of a *virgate*), John Cokedune, Gilbert the carpenter, William Cokedune, Hugo, Thomas de Farnstrete with his land, Robert Bunt, Wulsey Wiver with his heirs and the heirs of his brother Grig, Sewal, Ulward and Walter; also the land which Fulker held of him, in Seford, for an annual rent of 1 lb. of pepper and viij lbs. of wax; the marsh of Begeham, as Ralph his uncle held it; all the marsh which belonged to Ulric and the new marsh as far as it pertained to himself, for a free and perpetual alms (Frankalmoign) &c. &c."—a gift to which were added further parcels of property both arable and spade-land, a salt-pan called "the golden," an annual right to one oak and one beech tree within the Octave of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, sixty cartloads of peat yearly and the privilege of pannage; that is, the right to turn swine, twenty of them, into the woods in Autumn.⁹ With so fair a beginning there was the promise of a useful and healthy career for the infant Abbey, but alas! it never grew big enough or lived long enough to catch the notice of Mr. Francis Peck, and figure in his admirable pedigree of the English Premonstratensian houses, printed by Abbot Gasquet in the *Collectanea Anglo-Premostratensia*. Hence its very name was very nearly lost to history.

The fact is the canons were starved out of Otteham. The endowment was not as liberal as it appears to be. Two old marshes and one new one, a golden salt-pan, an annual oak and beech tree, a pound of pepper and eight

⁹ *See: Archaeological Collections*, Vol V.

pounds of wax may, perhaps, suggest to the reader that Ralph de Dene's foundation contained an undue proportion of indigestible luxuries. But these were among the most valuable of the gifts. The marshes would furnish a supply of reeds for carpets and fish for the table—a Begeham marsh was reckoned to be worth some twelve pounds a year of our money in Henry the Eighth's reign—whilst the salt-pan, whatever the colour of its produce, was truly golden—almost invaluable, in days when the nation subsisted mainly, for five months in the year, on salted provisions. The unproductive items, most probably, were the parcels of land. East of Ottham, coming close up to it are the sodden and barren Pevensey flats. South-west of it, three miles away, are the chalk downs with their velvet covering of fine but scanty herbage. Around it, on the other sides, there are patches of moor, still unredeemed after centuries of industry. The land at Seaford is valuable in these days, but only as desirable plots for building purposes. However, we are not left altogether without some direct evidence of the unprofitable quality of the estate. Two hundred years after the monks had gone elsewhere, they are recorded as letting their Ottham lands for as low a rent as 30 marks per annum, reserving to themselves the gifts, probably more valuable than the land, of gold and silver and wax offered at St. Lawrence's shrine, and we find in one of the leases an obligation put upon the tenant to get rid of all the fuzze—"omnem subbossum vocatum fyrces."

"Propter magnas et intolerabiles inedia," because of the great and unbearable scarcity of victuals, the canons petitioned for a change of quarters. A domicile at Hellingly was offered them. They did not accept it, for the reason that they had thought of a better proceeding. Two persons may be able to live together in comfort on their combined incomes who separately would have barely enough to keep them alive. Two little abbeys with scanty endowments should be able joined together to make

a decent priory. There happened to be another small, half-starved Premonstratensian establishment at Brokely (Brocele) in the parish of Deptford, then called West Greenwich. Ottham and Brokely united might serve, though divided they might starve; all that was required was to discover a likelier spot than either Ottham or Brokely upon which to pitch their joint habitation. Michael de Turneham, and Robert, after him, gave them just what they wanted, land and houses sufficient to build an abbey "in honour of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, in a pleasant spot called Beulieu." This was the origin of Begeham or Bayham Abbey, in East Sussex, on the borders of Kent, our Beaulieu in the Marsh.

Before leaving Ottham, let us take notice of a document which tells us exactly the amount of service a lord or landowner required of each serf or villein in the early thirteenth century. Three days' labour are to be given for the carting of manure (*caiare compostum*); one day in fifteen for general work (*averare*); five days for the ploughing—three in Autumn and one each in Winter and Lent; one day for harrowing (*herciare*) in Winter and two in Lent; three days for hay-making—one to mow the grass, a second to gather it, a third to carry it; one day for cutting brushwood or heather and a second to bring it home—in addition each villein is required to furnish a cartload of underwood (*unum cariagium de bosco*); one day for digging and carrying peat; one for cutting and bringing green-stuff from the marsh (*caiare bladum de marisco vel tassare*); one day for collecting hay (litter) in the marsh; one day for washing sheep and another for shearing them; ditto for the lambs; and besides, every man of Dudinton, who has half a yardland, is bound to make half a seme (*Summa*—a quarter or eight bushels) of oatmeal against Christmas, and to bring one amber (*Ambra*, a Saxon measure of unknown quantity) of salt from the Ottham salt-pan.⁶ Altogether, the serf

⁶ *Sussex Archaeological Collection*, Vol. V.

had to give his master forty-seven days' labour in the year, besides some lesser requisitions; and taking the working year as equal to some 250 days—a very liberal reckoning when there were so many compulsory holidays—the man had rather less than five days a week to earn support for himself and family. This, one would suppose, ought to have sufficed him, and certainly the service does not seem too exacting, or to have been a state of bondage and hardship. But all untoward accidents of weather and the like would tell against the serf. The fittest of the working days—the most seasonable and ripe for each purpose, would belong of right to the master, who, all round, had the first and best of everything.

Bayham Abbey began life as one of the many Beaulieu establishments. It is a pretty spot, well-watered (rather too much so), well-wooded, and with some nice hills in the immediate neighbourhood. The name of "Beulieu" may, therefore, have been given it by the foreign monks in recognition of its superiority over Otteham and Brockely in the matter of good looks. Or again it may not. Mr. Lower, in his *Rivers of Sussex*, quotes a curious passage from Lambard, the Kentish historian. The *Tyse or Teat* "ariseth in Watendowne forest at Frant, in Sussex (the verie place is called Hockenbury [Saxonbury?] panne), not much more than one mile from Eredge House: hence cometh it down to Beyham, to Lamberhyst streete, and to a place in Scotney ground called little Susses, where it meeteth with the borne *Beaul* (which nameth Beaulbridge)⁹ and with Theise which breaketh out of the ground at Tysehurst, named of it." Beaul (now Bewle), the name of the Bayham burn looks uncommonly like a Saxon word, and may be as old as Bayham or Lamberhurst or Saxonbury or Scotney, or any of the other places of the district, nearly all of which have Saxon names. It becomes, then, a question whether Beaulieu is a Norman or French corruption of the Saxon

* Beaulieu in Ogilby's *Britannia*.

name Beaul (if it is Saxon), or whether Bewle and Beaulbridge are English corruptions of the Norman name Beaulieu. The one supposition is about as likely as the other. Perhaps there are better precedents for the derivation of Bewle from Beaulieu than Beaulieu from Beaul. But for that very reason I am inclined to favour the latter. There is nothing more perverse, illogical, unexpected and absurd than the pedigree of place-names. The obvious derivation is sure to turn out a fallacy, and the genuine one, when dug out of its tomb, needs for its understanding and acceptance the same sort of imagination and faith which can recognise in a great fossil lizard like the *Archopteryx* the ancestor of our common sparrow.

The documents connected with Bayham do not tell us much of the life of a Premonstratensian Canon in those old days which we should not have known or surmised. They tell us that the generality of the monks were good, simple men, who were well liked in the neighbourhood, but who stood up for their rights and privileges in matters both great and small, and did not shrink from the vexatious lawsuit. They got on well with their Cistercian brethren at Robertsbridge, with the help of a mutual agreement that no person belonging to either Order should build a place or an abbey within four leagues of an abbey belonging to the other, that the monks of the one Order should not exact or receive tithes of the property or labours of the other, and that neither Order should accept a monk or novice without mutual consent. They were on the best of terms with their Bishop and were inclined even too readily to accept parish work in the world outside (*seculo celebrantes*); so much so that on two occasions the visitor, Bishop Redman, considered the canons left in residence too few for the decent performance of the Divine service. We learn also that they had no very rigid rule of enclosure, and that there was enough time on their hands for one or another of their number to get into serious mischief. But, taking it

altogether, the record of the two centuries and a quarter at Bayham is a good and pleasant one, and, as we shall see, there was something more than a neighbourly protest or expression of regret when the monks were driven from their Sussex home.

We know, perhaps, better how the canons' table was served than their altar. This has come about through the accident of the preservation of the "corrody" of a canon described in detail. The Rev. G. M. Cooper, who quotes the terms in full, declares it to be the clearest and best he has anywhere met with.⁹ The deed in which it is found is one where Abbot Richard of Bayham and the convent grant to Simon Payn of Friston and Emma his wife the corrodies of two canons to be received in our Abbey of Beyham as long as they shall live. If, therefore, we divide the provisions in half, we shall be able to estimate the cost and style of a canon's "keep" during a twelvemonth. The sum of the two corrodies runs:—"Every day two loaves of conventual bread and two of black bread; two flagons of conventual beer and one of servants' beer (*servicie familiaris*); and for the further supply of the table they shall have every year two fat pigs of the value of 6s., one fat ox or cow, value 6s. 8d., one thousand red herrings and thirty mackerel (*multellas*) worth 4s., half a cwt. of cheese 4s. For potage, 4 bushels of wheat meal, or 8 of oats, value 20d., two bushels of conventual peas 12d., two bushels of coarse salt 5d., for clothing 20s., and for shoes 3s. Two cartloads of straw, and six of wood, to be brought at a convenient time to their residence; a suitable dwelling (*habitalium sufficiens*) and pasture for one cow with our own cows." Of course a canon's share in the above dainties needs to be interpreted. One cartload of straw, three of wood, and pasture for half a cow, mean for him the right to a clean floor, a good fire when needed and a liberal supply of milk and butter. The fat pig and cow to the value of 3s. 4d., the five hundred herrings, and the

⁹ *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, Vol. IX.

fifteen mackerel represent the sufficiency of salted provisions per head which the cellerarius must take care to provide;—at his visitations Bishop Redman was accustomed to inquire diligently if the larder and granary and farm were properly stocked, and the above corrody will have agreed with, and may have been transcribed from, the regulations drawn up on such an occasion. In quantity, the canons will have had as much and more than they needed. In quality, except when a pig or cow was killed, they would have to content themselves, as a rule, with salt meats, but there would be exceptions. We may be sure that game and fowl, and wine also, would be supplied on certain saint's days and festivals—there was an Otteham annuity of sixpence (*sex denarii*) to better the food on the Feast of St. Lawrence (*ad emendacionem refectonis conventus in die Scti. Laurentii*), but such luxuries would depend on the time of the year, on the abbot's liberality, and on the fatness of the conventual purse. There would, most certainly, be eggs and fruit and green stuff from the garden and fields when they could be had, probably in exchange for and to the value of an equal quantity of the regulation foods. I am not sure if the Sussex fowl was a luxury in those days. A lease granted by the convent to Thomas Wyllard of Lamberhurst of "a house called the Owlhouse toggydder with certain lands and ij petts (pits) and certain wodlandes at a rent of eyght shillings and a henn" leaves us uncertain why the hen was included in the bargain. It might have been because the monks desired hens, or because a hen represented very exactly some fraction of pence, or because Mr. Wyllard could furnish a fowl more easily than its value in coppers. Most probably he dealt in hens. In another lease the abbot contents himself with the annual rent of a goshawk. Probably William de Lingmere, the tenant, had to do with goshawks. A welcome change of diet at the command of the monks would be freshwater fish from the marshes. But this was clearly esteemed a luxury. When Edward II signified that he

would lunch at Bayham on his way to Battle, at rather short notice, the abbot sent up to London for 600 pears and 600 large nuts (brought down to the abbey in one day), and served up at the royal table three pikes. His majesty finished off the day with the Cistercians at Robertsbridge, where doubtless he and his attendants did themselves well on two carcasses of oxen (*carcas' boum*) and 6 cheeses.

Abbot Gasquet, in his preface to the *Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensis* narrates with some detail the interesting story of a great quarrel between Prémontré and the English abbeys of the Order. As he says "Prémontré claimed three things: regular attendance on the part of the abbots at the annual general Chapter, held at the mother-house; the appointment of the visitor to examine and report to the Abbot-general as to the state of the houses; and the right to tax the affiliated houses for the benefit of the Order in general and for Prémontré in particular." All the three obligations were costly and the sum of them was an intolerable burthen. Hence they were stoutly contested. As early as 1227 we find an Abbot of Bayham possessed of a Bull, granted him by Honorius II, which exempted him from "all our commissions," because they would interfere with "the repose needful for holy contemplation," and I do not doubt that a chief object and effect of this mandate was to save him from the too frequent journeys to the mother-house. There was a waste of time and money (not to speak of a personal inconvenience and hardship) in this compulsory annual migration across the sea, for what frequently would be little more than a ceremonial gathering, which our English idiom would describe as *sinful*. Then, with regard to the visitations, Abbot Gasquet judges that "the English canons had serious cause to protest. Whilst other provinces were visited by two abbots chosen for the purpose in the district, the Abbot of Prémontré, either himself personally or by a commissary, had been accustomed to come over to England with a large train of horses and



attendants, and this had been necessarily a source of great expense to the various houses." But neither of these impositions, as they were considered, were contrary to law; rather, they were laudable and canonical customs, grown unreasonable only by their excessive charge and cost. It would have been an easy matter for the Abbot-general so to reduce the frequency of the Chapter-meetings and the style of the visitations as to make them acceptable to the English monks. But if he did this he would have to relinquish also the tax or tallage levied on each house. This last, therefore, was the real bone of contention in all the three points of dispute. The Abbot-general had learnt by experience that unless he could make the abbots bring the money over to him in France at each annual Chapter, or personally or by deputy collect it himself during the visitation, he might whistle for it. All the abbeys were in arrears at the time when the situation became acute—all except one, that of St. Radegund, at Bradsole. When these arrears were peremptorily demanded, the canons pleaded an Act of the English Parliament which forbade the payment of such subsidies, under severe penalties. The Abbot of Prémontré replied with a threat of excommunication. This threat was partly carried into effect before King Edward II. intervened on the English side. There followed an appeal to the Pope and a final victory for the English monks.

This is but a bald summary of the proceedings, but it may suffice to explain the why and wherefore of some strange goings on at Bayham Abbey. The Rev. G. M. Cooper transcribes an account of them (*Sussex Archaeological Collections*, Vol. XI) and draws from it the very natural inference that the abbot must either have been incompetent, or that he was guilty of misconduct, or that there was a flaw in his title, and that such carryings on leave us small cause to regret the *good old times* (in italics). But this is a misconception of the position. We notice that the trouble at Bayham commenced precisely when the great contention,

which had been smouldering some time, burst into flame; it covered just exactly the years during which it raged; it ended when the affair had burnt itself out—or, rather, the year before, whilst the Abbot-general's delegate was busy with the excommunications. We notice also that at the time of the Papal appeal against Prémontré, Abbot Lawrence of Bayham is first to enter the lists, and draw the first blood; in the result Adam of Prémontré was fined eighty gold florins—a sum not much short in value of £1000 of our money. The Abbot of St. Radegund was mulcted of a similar sum. The happy result of this preliminary skirmish augured a complete victory when the main battle was fought. The proctors of the English abbots wrote that now they have no doubt the Abbot of Prémontré will go under—"in nullo est dubitandum quin prefatus pater abbas, in dicta Curia miserrime oppressus, succumbet."

I give the details of the story as they are told in three English lawsuits of the years 1312-13.²⁰ There was a dispute begun about ten years previously between the Abbot of Bayham *de facto* and a certain Solomon de Wengham, a pretender, who nevertheless had the support of the Abbot-general at Prémontré. We are not told how this state of affairs came about, but the time, place and circumstances suggest that the reigning Abbot Lawrence had offended the Abbot of Prémontré by some act of disobedience in connexion with the annual tax or the annual Chapter, and that Solomon de Wengham, a more compliant subject, had been sent from the Abbey of St. Radegund to take his place. This, however, is mere conjecture, and one might think the deposition of Lawrence too high-handed a measure to be probable or possible, but that we meet with similar incidents rather frequently in monastic history, that St. Radegund's and Bayham were on a different footing to the rest of the English abbeys, being direct filiations of Prémontré and

²⁰ *Surrey Archaeological Collections*, Vol. XI.

more immediately under the authority of its abbot, and that the power of the Abbot-general to depose a subject was actually at the time a matter of dispute. Lawrence appealed to the Pope and obtained, as he asserts, a decree concerning the removal of Solomon, canon of St. Radegund, out of Bayham—a decree which was carried into effect through letters executory of the said Bull, publicly signed under the hand and seal of the Prior of Southwark, the Judge-delegate of the Pope. But Solomon had a powerful friend in a very rich knight, Henry de Leybourne—his daughter and heiress was called the Infanta of Kent, because of her wealth—a man known to history as turbulent and unscrupulous, and the two of them, Solomon and Sir Henry, on Nov. 20, 1303, appeared before Bayham with an armed multitude of persons unknown, and held the place under siege for three days. The object, admitted in court, was to reinstate Solomon as abbot, but Lawrence managed to get rid of Sir Henry and his men by paying him £20. The next recorded incident was the waylaying of a Bayham canon, John of Arundel, who was travelling, apparently, in Abbot Lawrence's interest. The indictment asserts that "William, Abbot of St. Radegund, Nicholas de Someter, Henry Clereband, Clement de Sta. Radegunda, Richard de Wyngate, Nicholas le Fevre, John le Clere, John le Taillour, John de Upchurch and Ralph de Portslade, on Sunday, the Feast of the Translation of St. Thomas the Martyr (July 7), in the 31 Edw. I (1303), did seize and carry away *vi et armis*, that is to say, with hatchets, swords, bows and arrows, in the King's highway at Ash, near Wingham, certain chattels belonging to the Abbot of Begeham, then and there in the custody of one John of Arundel, his brother canon—to wit, one horse with saddle and bridle, one portable breviary, a girdle with a purse (in all?) of the value of £10; also a Papal Bull concerning the removal of Solomon de Wengham, canon of St. Radegund, out of the

Abbey of Bayham, and certain letters executory of the said bull, publicly signed under the hand and seal of the Prior of Southwark, the Judge-delegate of the Lord Pope in the Bull aforesaid, together with 48s. in money.⁹ The object of this raid was undoubtedly to secure possession of the Papal Bull and the other documents, in the cause of the pretender Solomon, though the marauders professed to have had no other object than to seize the person of John of Arundel as rebellious, wandering and disobedient to his monastic superiors that he might be punished for his demerits, according to the rule of his Order.¹⁰ Apparently they got what they wanted and escaped punishment under our English laws; but it is gratifying to learn, from the documents published by Abbot Gasquet, that the Papal Court fined both the Abbot of Prémontré and the Abbot of St. Radegund very heavily for their respective shares in all this bad business. The third outrage on record—there may have been others between times of which we are not informed—was again the work of Sir Henry de Leybourne, Solomon's friend. On Sunday after the Feast of St. Martin (Nov. 11), in 5 Edward II (1311), Sir Henry and one John de Lisle seized and carried off two horses of the value of 50s., from the manor of Matfield, belonging to the abbey of Bayham, in the parish of Brenchley, and did other acts contrary to the King's peace, whereby the abbot had sustained damage to the amount of £3.

Abbot Lawrence resigned in 1315, at a visitation made by the Abbot of Langdon, who was sent by the Abbot of Prémontré to each of the English houses for the purpose of absolving each abbot from the effects of the general sentence of excommunication pronounced against them, provided they professed sorrow and accepted a salutary penance. Apparently, he was not sorry for what he had done and, if there was nothing more against him than merely siding with his brother abbots against the payment of the tallage, we do not think the worse of him for his impenitence, nor

for his submissive resignation.¹¹ If, however, he had stood out for a few more months, he would have had part in the general reconciliation consequent on the decision of the Holy See in the English abbots' favour. His successor was a certain Lucas de Coldone; we are glad it was not Solomon de Wengham. The name Solomon, rare among Christians, appears, however, in the list of abbots for the year 1352 and the Rev. Mr. Cooper naturally surmises that it is a re-appearance of our unscrupulous pretender. Forty-seven years is a long interval between a first and second election, and he must have been of great age, if living at that date—too old, I should think, to take up the office; but, if it were he, let us hope he was repentant, and had become a wiser and better man than he shows himself in our history.

Someone, I believe, has recently published a new history of the devil. There is no call for one; it is already written in so great a number of volumes that they take up nearly the whole of the shelves of our libraries. It is most truly the devil's work that we read on every page of our histories. More notably do we find it recorded on the parchment rolls and charters and deeds which are always so interesting to us. Happily for us this nearly indestructible material is passing out of use. We may therefore hope that much of the evil we have done and do will not live after us, but, together with the good, will be decently interred with our bones. What we have read and written of Bayham are not serious blots on its history as an abbey. We may admit that one name or another of its abbots or canons has something inscribed against it; such private matters ought not to have been remembered. But altogether the story is clean and edifying. And the truest records left us are the missing and blank pages, where one is left to make up the chronicle for himself—as we do instinctively and unhesit-

⁹ Bayham Abbey, though, like St. Radegund, it sent no representative to the English Chancery during the period of the dispute, declared that "it was unanxious and was no duty of children to eschew their parents."

atingly—with the holy and uninterrupted routine of the sanctuary; with the Faith and Grace which flowed from the house of prayer as from a fountain-head; with the daily deeds of charity within and without its walls, and with the love and peace and goodwill which can only be transcribed in the language of the angels in heaven. The last lines of Bayham history are pleasant to read since they tell us of the affectionate esteem in which the monks were held. "You have read before," says Grafton in his Chronicle, "how the cardinal (Wolsey) suppressed many monasteries, of which one was called Beyham, in Sussex, the which was verie commodious to the country; but so befell the cause that a riotous company, disguised and unknowne, with painted faces and visors, came to the same monasterie, and brought with them the chaons, and put them in their place againe, and promised them that whensoever they rang the bell they would come with a great power and defend them." The abbey bells were never rung again.

J. C. A.

A Mystery Play

FATHER HUGH BENSON'S Mystery Play in honour of the Nativity was presented by the students of St. Mary's Convent, York, on Saturday, December 18th, and on the following Monday. The modesty of the author has led him to disclaim for the play any title to be considered a literary production, but its literary merit is of course guaranteed by its authorship. It was only published, Fr. Benson writes in his Preface, as a practicable drama. But it was just this we were doubtful about. The proposal to introduce on even a convent stage, *personæ* representing the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph seemed to us to be, in these latter days, little short of alarming; and we confess we accepted the Rev. Mother's kind invitation to the representation with feelings of some apprehension. But the singing of the opening Carol followed by the impressive Prologue reverently spoken by the Herald, at once put us at our ease. We were immediately transferred from the théâtre to the Church; from an atmosphere of worldliness, into which we dreaded the introduction of the sacred personages, to one of reverence and prayer. As success in acting tragedy depends entirely on the power of the actors to keep alive in the audience the tragic emotions, so the success of the Nativity play was due to the spirit of solemnity and reverence breathed into every line, every situation, and every scene. The spirit of criticism was quenched not only by the sacredness of the subject, but by the sincerity and truth of the representation. The events of the night of the Nativity were cast into what was practically a series of tableaux, in which the spoken word was relatively unimportant. These were caught up into a

unity by the introduction of a simple old man, Zachary, who met Mary and Joseph on the road to Bethlehem, and whose spiritually sensitive ear heard the singing of angels about them and the footfall of angels in their path; who spoke to Joseph, as he toiled up the height into the town, "Her name is Mary, for he told me so"; who noticed how

"all the night
Seemed full of glory from her face, who
Came so wearily";

who recalled King Solomon's words of a maiden

"fairest of her race,
Among the vineyards, young, and full of grace";

who when he reached the poor shelter of the shepherds, would not rest, but must watch, "Lest when He come, He find me sleeping"; whose watch was rewarded by the opening of the heavens and the vision of the angels singing the triumphant "Gloria in Excelsis" that announced the Glad Tidings to the shepherd folk; who made his way with the shepherds and children to the Crib, and stretching out his arms exclaimed in an ecstasy of joy and faith,

"Did I not tell you so? Oh! see Him lie!
Dimitte nunc in pace, Domine,
Me servum tuum."

This is of course by no means an adequate account. We have omitted all reference to the crowded Inn and the sympathetic innkeeper whose sorrow at the enforced rejection of Mary and Joseph was a welcome reaction from the scepticism and scorn of the rich merchants. There were other incidents also, too delicate and sacred, almost, to mention without offence; Mary's blessing of Zachary, for instance, and of the two children on the snow-swept hillside; and the touching incident at the Crib, when the little child, Abel, asked in childish wonder, "Oh! is He truly King of Kings?" and put his toy horse in the hands of the Mother as a present for her

Son. The Mystery Play is not a play in regard to which either the nun who was responsible for its production, or the girls who took part in it would look for praise or particular notice; and it would be impertinent for us to offer them. Here and there the critic no doubt might detect flaws in the acting, or question the grouping in the tableaux. That is inevitable. But it was little short of marvellous that a comparatively small school, at very short notice—the play was got up in a fortnight—should be able to give a representation which so thoroughly caught the spirit of the original, and brought out so vividly the wonder that was abroad in Bethlehem on the first Christmas Eve, the infinite pathos of the leading events of the piece, and the sacredness of the Divine Motherhood of Mary.

Notices of Books.

Practical Devotion to the Sacred Heart. By A. Vermeerck, S.J.
Price 7s. 6d. net.

This is a handsome book of 450 pages, bound in thick imitation leather, and intended for the use of the clergy and the faithful. The new French edition was published in 1908. It is from this that Madame Cecilia of Streatham Convent has given us her translation. We are not infrequently disappointed with books that come to us from a foreign tongue, but we do not expect traces of weakness in the matter of translation from Madame Cecilia, and in this volume we do not find any. The aim of the book is to combine the practice and the doctrine of devotion to the Sacred Heart, thus promoting the glory of the Heart of Our Lord and the sanctification of souls. The first half of the book provides matter for mental prayer in different series of meditations. They are modelled on the Ignatian method, and are certainly helpful. Though, perhaps, some souls will not be attracted by all the suggestions offered, we think that they will find the form of the meditations in the main assist them to fruitful mental prayer. The second half of the book is of the nature of a repertorium where may be found all devotions and indulgences prayers in common use by those who are devout to the Sacred Heart. Amongst these we may mention a devotional and historical explanation of the invocations of the Litany of the Sacred Heart, which is both interesting and useful. The permission to recite this Litany publicly was extended to the Universal Church only in 1899, and an indulgence of 300 days granted. The Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart, in Latin and English, the Little Office, and various forms of consecration have found their place in this part of the book. The historical character of the book is made more prominent by several footnotes and extracts taken chiefly from the *Vie et Ecrites* of Bl. Margaret Mary, and the decrees of the Church which have been published from time to time. We hope that there is a cheaper edition of the book in a more simple binding, since the price of this edition keeps it beyond the reach of many who would use it with profit.

The Eucharistic Triduum: an aid to Priests in preaching frequent and daily Communion according to the decrees of H.H. Pius X. Translated from the French (2nd Ed.) of Père Jules Lintelo, S.J., by F. M. de Zelusta, S.J. Washbourn. Paper 1s. 6d., Cloth 2s. 6d.

"The Holy Father desires that in each year, if possible, a Triduum of prayer . . . be held in all Cathedral Churches during the Octave of the Feast of Corpus Christi . . . he strongly recommends that also in all churches to which the care of souls is attached . . . the same pious exercises shall at least be held on the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi." (Letter of the S. Congregation of Indulgences to the Bishops, April 10, 1907.)

Père Lintelo's book is designed to furnish priests with matter for instructions on Holy Communion during a Triduum and at other times.

As the Translator says in his excellent Preface, many of us must make a change of view, and unlearn some pages of our Moral Theology "De Communionis Frequenti." We must insist more on the effect of Holy Communion *ex opere operato*, and on the sufficiency of the two necessary conditions (a state of grace and a right intention) for a fruitful as well as sinless Communion; and we must boldly draw the conclusions which follow logically from its character as a spiritual food and medicine and an antidote to sin.

These points are well developed and applied to all classes of persons by Père Lintelo. His "subjects for instructions" will probably require a good deal of recasting by the preacher, but they contain much suggestive matter. All the somewhat miscellaneous contents of the first and third parts of the book—with the exception of the Papal Decree and the documents of the Roman Congregations, might have been omitted.

On Retreats. A Letter by St. Alphonsus Liguori.

This little pamphlet, translated by the Rev. E. H. Buckland, S.J., and published by Messrs. Sands and Co., is well worth bringing to the notice of our readers. It is a letter written to a student who was deliberating upon the choice of a career; he had thought of making a retreat and thus with greater recollection and more earnest prayer endeavouring to discover the will of God in his regard. His friends however, and even his parish priest had dissuaded him from taking this course. But not fully convinced by their arguments the student had written to ask the advice of St. Alphonsus. It is the

reply which we now have before us. The letter shows forth the saint's own love for holy retirement; it is rich in appropriate quotations from the Holy Scriptures, and it induces the reader to believe that it is in solitude and silence that God speaks to the soul. For anyone who is about to commence a retreat we think this letter a most useful means of endeavouring to disengage himself from the distractions of ordinary life.

The Fountain of Life. By One of the Authors of "Quick and Dead." Meser, Langmans, Green & Co. Price 1s.

This little book contains four essays, each of which is full of valuable suggestions for all who are in any way engaged in the instruction of the young. We are shown how real education is productive of life, leading the human soul on to the fruition of Eternal Life. The Natural must go hand in hand with the Supernatural, else is it all in vain.

The writer, in eloquent language, brings before us the truth that life becomes more strenuous and purposeful and that nothing is lost when it is all focussed upon the one thing that is of ultimate value to us. The teacher, without forcing—in no preaching tone—should endeavour to make Catholicism permeate the knowledge that he imparts to his hearers. He should put aside the fear of appearing too interested in the great truths of life, and, if his labour is to be of any permanent value he must recognise that the believing and Catholic attitude is the only one which will lead to the ultimate possession of Truth. The teacher is to use all the skill at his command and press into his service all the means he can obtain in order that he may produce in his hearers "that blessed catholic sense, which perceives at once the false or the diseased, that sense which, let the world say what it will, is the best part of literary taste." It is thus that by means of the teacher there will be imparted to the disciples that life which leads to Him Who is the Fountain of Life.

The Chronicle of Thomas of Eccleston. Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., Sands & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Six years ago Fr. Cuthbert told the story of *The Friars, and how they came to England*. The book consisted of an introductory essay on the work of the Friars and of a translation of *The Chronicle of Thomas of Eccleston*. The book which has been lately published is a critical edition of the same Chronicle, and as such will of course

appeal more to the serious student of history. The Chronicle itself is delightful reading, the translator having successfully maintained the quaint medieval style in his rendering of the Latin.

Thomas of Eccleston wrote his Chronicle about the middle of the thirteenth century. He had joined the Franciscan Order a few years after the arrival of the Friars in England so that he speaks with authority of the early work of the Franciscans. He has that implicit belief in his Order which is the charm of an early Chronicle. Consequently he is not afraid of manifesting sometimes the little weaknesses of his brethren. For instance, he narrates a quaint incident that took place at Oxford when Brother Peter was Custos there: "Neither did the brethren use sandals unless they were sick or delicate, and then only with leave. Now it once happened that Brother Walter of Madely, of happy memory, found a pair of sandals and put them on when he went to matins, and whilst he stood at matins it seemed to him that he was more comfortable than he was wont to be." However Brother Walter had a terrible dream during the night in which the sandals played a conspicuous and unpleasant part so "he threw them out into the middle of the garden."

The Chronicle abounds with incidents amusing in their simplicity. "At Salisbury it frequently happened that the brethren had but the dregs of beer to drink, which they drank with great merriment at the hour of conference around the kitchen fire and he esteemed himself fortunate who could in a friendly way seize the cup from another." And so the Chronicle rambles on, dealing simply and directly in a manner quite characteristic of the mediæval writer, with matters of great and little moment.

For the benefit of those who may wish to make a closer study of the Chronicle the translator has added excellent explanatory notes and many references to other works. These, together with a preface that deals mainly with the work of the Friars in England, render the book a valuable contribution to the study of a most interesting phase of English History.

The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiart. By a Sister of Notre Dame, and St & Co. 7s 6d.

In this life we have the story of one who was raised up in an extraordinary way to do a work in the modern world, to combat irreligion among the poor by instilling into the hearts of little ones the love of God. But in this book the thing that is most striking is the way in which suffering and light-heartedness are combined in the Foundress of the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame. The

story of Mère Julie begins with severe physical sufferings, accompanied by persecution. When to a certain extent the pains of the body pass, persecution is resoubled, and there is added that most trying of afflictions to a saintly soul, the censure of noble and holy men, and as if this were not enough the chalice is filled by the doubt and distrust that foment peace among her own daughters. Yet, in spite of all this Mère Julie has well merited the title of "the Saint who smiles," and no matter how trying the circumstances near her cheerfulness reigns.

The history of the persecution of the *Institute* by the Abbé de Sambucy is painful reading, but one must recognise the fact that when Père Varin was instrumental in beginning the connection between the Sisters of Notre Dame and this cleric, he did something that was to add great lustre to the glory of the Foundress. "Diligentibus Deum omnia cooperantur in bonum."

The character of Mère Julie is carefully discussed in Chapter XX. Very noticeable is the ruling spirit of acknowledgement of the goodness of God in all things—"*Le bon Dieu, qu'il est bon,*" is the refrain of her life. We may also call attention to her virile and courageous spirit, unshaken by opposition, undaunted by difficulty. This is in her life and in her teaching. "The *Institute* of Notre Dame must be composed of valiant souls, of courageous and magnanimous hearts, of persons who never say 'it is enough' in the matter of perfection and apostolic devotedness" (p. 484).

This is the beginning of an organization, which is doing great things for God and for His Church at the present day, and in which we still see the spirit of the Foundress flourishing and effective. To those who are interested in tracing to the source the powers at work in the cause of God, the life of the Blessed Julie Billiart will prove most welcome. For all it provides a helpful history of a strenuous, holy life.

Benedictine Vespers Book, Compiled and published at Ampleforth Abbey, Yorks. 1910.

This new and handy issue of the *Benedictine Vespers Book* is not intended to replace the more complete and expensive edition published at Downside Abbey some ten years ago. This will still find its place in our Colleges, and in the hands of those attending Benedictine Churches who can afford to purchase it. The aim of the new compilers is rather to popularize the Vespers, by so abbreviating it and reducing its price as to bring it within reach of a wider

if a somewhat humbler, circle. This their Prefatory Note proclaims, and the compass of the Volume plainly testifies.

Here, with this end in view, something had to be sacrificed, we think their choice is not misplaced. The essential and least variable portions of the Hour of Vespers, the Psalms, Responsories, the Hymns, the Versicles and Responses, that which is sung by all, and in which the laity can best take part, together with such Antiphons as belong to the Common Offices, are given in their entirety. The Antiphons belonging to Proper Feasts whether of the Season or of Saints, and the Prayers of both Proper and Common Offices are reluctantly omitted. Admittedly this is a loss, for it is in the Antiphons that the key note to the sense of Psalms as accommodated to special feasts is sounded, and the Prayer of the feast, as its original name, "Collecta," signifies, gathers up in one and offers Collectively to God the yearnings of many hearts, evoked by the spirit of the festival. If it be borne in mind that the Divine Office is the Common Prayer of the Church, whose wish it is that as many as possible of her children should join her in her official act, it will be evident that the sacrifice is made for what appears to the Compilers to be the greater good. Nor can it be said that what is lost to the individual voice and mind is lost to the soul of one who assists at a Liturgical Prayer. So far is this from being so, that the Fathers of the Desert, and Our Holy Father after them, insist that the concluding prayer, the "Collecta," shall be offered by one in the name of all. We read in Cassian's *Institutes of Monasteries*, ch. vii, "Of the Discipline of Prayer"—"But when he who is to gather up and offer to God the Common prayer rises from the ground all rise together, so that no one presumes either to kneel or prostrate before him, nor to linger after him, lest he may seem rather to have offered up a private prayer than to have had his part in the offering of him who makes the Common prayer." For this improvised Collect, St. Benedict, as we know, substituted the "Our Father," to be said by the Superior in the hearing of all and on behalf of all.

The omission of certain parts is not the only variation of the new Vespers from its predecessors. The Proper of the Season and the Proper of the Saints are here blended one with the other, an arrangement which further tends itself to brevity and will certainly simplify the finding of the Vespers of the day for the inexperienced. In the selection of the English translations of the hymns the standard renderings by Caswall and Neale have mostly been drawn upon, with such adaptations as the original Version of the hymns, happily preserved in the Benedictine Breviary here and there necessitates. Some few are from the pen of a member of the Community, and one, perhaps the gem of the collection, is the work of the late C. W. Herbert.

If the shape of the Volume is somewhat novel, it has the advantage of obviating the use of double columns necessitating a small type, and of convenience for the pocket.

The printing and binding are the work of the Community of Fort Augustus Abbey and leave nothing to be desired. The very moderate prices—eightpence in paper cover, one shilling in cloth, and two shillings and threepence in leather binding, should command a wide and ready sale, and so fulfil the wish of the compilers to popularize the Benedictine Vespers.

Saint Anthony's Pocket-Book. Burns and Oates. Leather 2s. net. Cloth 1s. net.

This is a handy pocket-book, with clasp, containing a calendar, diary, space for notes and addresses, etc., a list of the Catholic Hierarchy and much other information useful to Catholics.

A Mystery Play, by R. H. Benson. Longmans, Green and Co. 6d. net.

We are glad to bring this cheap edition to the notice of our readers and only hope that so beautiful a work will thus become more and more widely known. The play has already been reviewed in our issue for December 1908.

The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book. 1910. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d. net.

Nothing further need be said this year of this useful book, except that there are 1200 additional biographies and yet by skilful adaptment the bulk of the first issue has not been exceeded.

The Catholic Almanac, 1910. By the Editor of The Catholic Directory. Burns and Oates. 1d.

College Diary and Notes.

Sept. 17th. "This life is a certain interlude or play, the world is a stage, full of change every way"—as it is written in "Whitlull's Shorter Dictionary in Latin and English, 1586." The second Act of this "play" was enacted to-day when term reopened, though Shakespeare's description of the whining schoolboy "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school" is quite inapplicable to the modern process; unless indeed the pace be taken as an optimistic estimate of that achieved by the North Eastern trains on one of their branch lines. Our best wishes to the following who left the School at the end of last term—H. Williams, P. Martin, R. Murphy, D. Power, B. Collison, G. Gaynor, G. Dwyer, W. Darby, W. Dent Young, A. Neilan, F. Rankin, G. Marwood, J. and M. Gasman, C. and H. Bradley. The following joined the School this term—A. Dent Young, W. Dobson, J. Kelly, W. Beasley, L. Rochford, J. Miller, V. Knowles, Hon. R. Barnswell, J. Dobson, N. Fishwick, N. Smith, L. Fishwick, L. Figueroa O'Neill, E. Blackledge, A. Macdonald, F. Doherty, G. Emery, J. Heffernan, Hon. C. Barnswell.

Congratulations to W. Clapham, B. Collison (Higher Certificates), F. Goss, C. James, F. Walton, G. Richardson, C. Rochford, A. Goss, R. Marshall, G. Gaynor, N. Reynolds, A. Kelly, G. MacCormack, G. Lindsay, and J. Murphy (Lower Certificates) on their success in the Public Examinations (Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board), last July.

Sept. 18th. C. Rochford was elected Captain of the School. He appointed the following School Officials:—

Secretary	W. V. Clapham
Officemen	G. W. Lindsay, R. Marshall
Gangmen	V. G. Nacey, J. Murphy
Librarian of the Upper Library	J. Lee, N. Reynolds
Librarian of the Lower Library	J. Walker
Librarian of the Reading Room	D. Long

Editors of the Diary	W. V. Clapham, C. Atmstrong
Secretary of the Literary and Debating Society	W. V. Clapham
Secretary of the Junior Debating Society	W. S. Barnett
Secretary of the Reading Room Debating Society	D. Long
Captain of the Football XI	C. Rochford
Games' Committee	C. Rochford, G. MacCormack V. Narey, G. Barnett

Sept. 26th. The first meeting of the School was held in the Upper Library. C. Rochford introduced his "Government." A. C. Clapham led the Opposition. The chief business before the School was to determine the precise allocation of the Social Work Fund of the coming year. By the terms of the Social Work Bill passed by the School last year, the Social Work with which Ampleforth had identified itself, was that managed by Mr. Norman Potter of St. Hugh's, Halifax. Rochford read the correspondence that had passed between Mr. Potter and himself, and laid before the School three proposals:—(1) That the School purchase gymnastic apparatus for Mr. Potter's Club in Bermondsey; (2) That the School provide for the Higher Education of one of Mr. Potter's boys; (3) That the School take upon itself the financial responsibility of apprenticing one of the boys of St. Hugh's to some trade, selected by Mr. Potter. After an interesting discussion the last alternative was almost unanimously adopted.

Sept. 28th. The Football Season commenced to-day. In the "old days" before the introduction of the Association Code into Ampleforth, the Superior of the House, we believe, used formally to commence the season by kicking the ball from the top of the square into the Bounds, where the whole School were assembled to receive it. This has not happened within the memory of any boy, but the disappearance of both Bounds and Square this year, on account of the new building, recalls it.

Oct. 1st. At the parade to-day of the School Cadet Corps the Headmaster formally presented the officers of the Company with their swords and belts.

Oct. 7th. Month Half-day. After tea Fr. Philip Willson, O.S.B., gave a lecture on the "English Lakes." The slides were excellent and

the lecture both historical and descriptive was thoroughly enjoyed. Fr. Philip's recitation of "How the Waters come down at Lodore" was very effective, even for those who had seen the little rivulet that trickles down there in the summer time.

Oct. 11th. Rev. Sir D. O. Hunter Blair came to pay us a farewell visit on the eve of his departure to Brazil. Our best wishes accompany him.

Oct. 13th. The School Autumn Retreat commenced to-day, given by the Rev. S. Cody, O.S.B.

Oct. 16th. An enjoyable Retreat, in which the only dry element was the weather, ended this morning. To-day according to custom we kept the Headmaster's feast. In the afternoon the first inter-School match of the term was played on the home ground against Bootham School, York. We were naturally doubtful and even anxious about it, as we had only three members left of last year's invincible Eleven. A hard fought game resulted in a victory for us by one goal to nothing, Peguero scoring five minutes before "time." It was a strenuous game, but from our point of view its only interest, apart from Rochford's very fine back play and some good "saves" by Barnett in goal, lay in the *goodia certaminis*. The pretty short passing of the forwards and the intelligent half-back play, which so distinguished our teams of the last two years, were entirely to seek. The forwards were quite weak also in front of goal. The following played for the School:—*Goal*, G. Barnett. *Backs*, C. Rochford and H. Martin. *Half-backs*, F. Welch, J. Lee and V. G. Narey. *Forwards*, A. Goss, F. H. Goss, J. Peguero, C. MacCormack and T. Dunbar.

The Second Elevens met at Bootham, where we were victorious by three goals to nothing. The forwards played well together but were very inaccurate shots. The defence had practically nothing to do. The following was the team:—*Goal*, C. James. *Backs*, A. C. Clapham and J. Newton. *Half-backs*, I. McDonald, G. Figueroa O'Neill and C. Clarke. *Forwards*, W. S. Barnett, A. Wright, G. Richardson, J. Murphy and F. Pozzi.

For the evening the Dramatic Society had made ample preparations, and presented a series of scenes of varied intricacy, ranging

from "dumb charades" to presentations of quite elaborate, if loosely constructed plots. The Libretto was original and had evidently been written with care, matters of cosmic, national, and School interest all being grist to the composers' mill. No doubt many of the allusions were missed, but the audience were always entertained and often convulsed. We liked especially the specimen of pedagogic sententiousness in the "English Class," and the Dialogue between Edward and Leonard Williams; and the Ghost of Sergeant Garnett showed sound conservatism and an intimate knowledge of *Hamlet* in his comments on the recent developments in our drill. Such entertainments as this are severe tests of an actor's powers. It must be difficult to act with ease and *abandon*, on a "stage" of more than Shakespearian simplicity and before a well-lit auditorium, in scenes which consistently outrage all the Dramatic Unities. Yet all the performers, even those for whom this was a "first night," appeared to be thoroughly engrossed in their parts and admirably unconscious of the audience.

Oct. 26th. The home match with Dancombe Park was played this afternoon. This match is never very exciting and has come to be regarded rather as a good practice game for the School forwards. This year again Dancombe Park played, according to their customs, a game that may best be described as poor but honest. The School showed some improvement in combination, F. H. Goss and MacCormack playing well together on the right wing; but the score, 3-1, rather flatters the School XI, as our opponents' goalkeeper was on more than one occasion very kind to us. The following played for the School:—Goss, G. Barnett, Barks, C. Rochford and H. Martin. *Halfbacks*, F. Welch, Rev. B. Dawson and J. Newton. *Forwards*, A. Goss, P. Peguero, Rev. M. Powell, F. Goss and G. MacCormack.

Oct. 29th. Fr. Abbot gave a magic lantern lecture on "Bees." The bell bisected the lecture which was most interesting. We hope to hear the remaining half later in the term.

Nov. 1st. Feast of All Saints. Fr. Abbot pontificated at High Mass. Some Class matches were played in the morning; the First Form distinguished itself by utterly routing the Second. The Lower Library spent the day at Rievaulx Abbey.

Nov. 3rd. The subjects for the Headmaster's Essay Prizes were announced to-day. They are as under:—

1. A Prize is offered to members of the Upper Library for the best Essay on either (a) The Nature of Tragedy; or (b) Tompion as a Post Laureate; or (c) The Humour of Dickens.
2. A Prize is offered to members of the Lower Library for the best Essay either (a) Scott's Novels; or (b) The Idylls of the King; or (c) Life in Ancient Athens.
3. A Prize is offered to members of the Lower School for the best Essay on either (a) A Day in the Country in Autumn; or (b) A Journey in a Flying Machine; or (c) Evangelism.

The Subject for the Science Essay is "The Nature of Water."

Nov. 4th. Month Half-day. In the afternoon "Hare and Hounds." The line was laid across the moors by the Roman Camp, through Fry Rigg and home by Gilling. The trail was lost in the last mile, and so there was no winner. The country was very heavy.

After supper the Month-day "Speeches" were held. The following was the programme:—

PIANO SOLO	G. W. Lambay
RECITATION	...	Extract from Julius Cæsar	R. Marshall
		<i>Shakespeare</i>	
RECITATION	...	Ode to the Duke of Wellington	F. Courtney
		<i>Tompion</i>	
RECITATION	...	A Law Case	V. Knowles
		<i>Cropley</i>	
RECITATION	...	The Mousie and the Squirrel	L. Lancaster
		<i>Emerson</i>	
VIOLIN SOLO	E. Marsh
RECITATION	...	The Sky	R. Burgs
		<i>Shelley</i>	
RECITATION	...	The Star Gazer	G. Richardson
		<i>Wordsworth</i>	
RECITATION	...	A Warning	R. Huddleston
		<i>C. W. Herbert</i>	
RECITATION	...	Incident in the French Camp	G. Simpson
		<i>Browning</i>	
PIANO SOLO	V. G. Narey
		...	R. Power
RECITATION	...	A Guide in Rome	W. Rochford
		...	M. Figueira O'Neill
RECITATION	...	The Holy Grail	A. Dent Young
		<i>Tompion</i>	
RECITATION	...	A Collaboration	J. Telfener
		<i>Alexis Dumas</i>	R. Blackledge

Nov. 13th. Feast of All Monks. In the absence of Fr. Abbot, High Mass was sung by Fr. Prior. The Football XI went away to Pocklington. Rochford lost the toss and we had to face a strong wind and sun. A rush by the Pocklington forwards ended in Barnett bringing off a good save. Pocklington, assisted by the wind, pressed continually and their centre forward eventually scored with a splendid shot that gave Barnett no chance. Shortly afterwards Pocklington scored again. In the second half we did all the attacking and our forwards had quite a number of chances, but they were not clever enough in front of goal. Just before time Rochford almost scored with a fine kick from near the centre of the field. We were beaten by two goals to nothing—the first inter-School Match we have lost since 1906. The following formed the School XI:—Goal, G. Barnett. Backs, C. Rochford and H. Martin. Half-backs, J. Lee, J. Newton and F. Welch. Forwards, A. Goss, P. Peguero, G. MacCormack, F. H. Goss and J. Miller.

In the evening we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Oxley Grabham, M.A., M.B.O.U., Curator of the York Museum, who kindly came over to give a Lecture on the "Inland Birds of Yorkshire." The Lecture lasted nearly two hours and was illustrated by over a hundred lantern slides made from photographs taken from nature by Mr. Grabham himself. The pictures of the Common Tern, the Pied Flycatcher, the Curlew, the Green Woodpecker, and the Great Spotted Woodpecker were especially attractive. The fact that we were listening to a vivid description of the habits of birds by one who had made their observation a life-study, and who was a leading authority on the subject endowed the lecture with that personal interest and atmosphere of realism, which saves entertainments of this sort from being lifeless and academic. The round of applause which greeted the lecturer at the close, and which was followed by a few words of graceful thanks from the Headmaster must, we feel sure, have conveyed to Mr. Grabham our full appreciation of the great success of his lecture. We understand that the slides he showed are only a selection from those accumulated by years of patient labour, and that fall as his lecture was, it is but a "cypher to the great acrompt" of ornithological wealth Mr. Grabham has made his own. We hope that in the near future he will repeat the treat which he gave us to-day.

Nov. 14th. The Literary and Debating Societies did not meet to-night, as the members of the Upper Library and Higher III were attending the Dirge for All Souls O.S.B.

Nov. 22nd. Feast of St. Cecilia. Though the Restored Latin Pronunciation has quite ceased to afford material for comment, still we confess "O *Kaifilia*" sounded startling this morning. The treble solo part in the Ode *Constantibus Organis* was taken by H. Marron. After breakfast the Choir went by train to Coxwold and thence climbed the Hambleton Hills to Goresmere. The usual supper and concert was held in the evening.

Nov. 28th. Brother Antony gave a magic lantern lecture to the Lower School on "Birds."

Dec. 2nd. Month Half-day. Football match on the School ground against St. John's. Our opponents came with a record of fifteen victories unbroken by a single defeat, and a goal average of eighty-five to nineteen. They were certainly the strongest team we have met for several years, and their pace and control of the ball to-day on the very slippery ground were quite remarkable. Shortly after the kick-off, Br. Illyd dribbled passed the backs and opened the scoring with a well placed shot. St. John's pressed and after a few moments equalised. From the centre kick Br. Illyd went straight through and scored again. After about a quarter of an hour's play St. John's equalised and almost immediately afterwards took the lead. Playing very keenly they continued to hold the upper hand and their centre forward scored a brilliant goal from a pass from the right wing. Just before half time Br. Illyd shot another goal and when the whistle blew the score stood 4-3. On resuming, our forwards got together better and several times came very near scoring. After half an hour's even play Br. Bruno made the scores four all. In the last ten minutes St. John's scored twice, and won by six goals to four. It was a keenly contested match, which the better team won. Individually St. John's were much cleverer than the School team, their forwards generally doing what was contrary to our expectation. Their shooting too was, considering the state of the ground, very accurate. Of the School side the half-backs played a fine game and never tired, although they were very

hard worked. The backs too were good, but the forwards rather uneven and the wings neglected.

After tea the Headmaster presided over the Month-day "Speeches" which were held in the Study. At the end Fr. Edmund complimented both speakers and musicians on their work, and warned the School to be on their guard against the temptation in this "scientific" age, to neglect the heritage bequeathed to us by the great English Poets.

Dec. 4th. The "Government" Half-day. The School Officials went over to Hovingham for tea. They enjoyed their late return through the fields, with songs that reminded one of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and would have proved costly to weavers.

Dec. 8th. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Pontifical High Mass. Congratulations to A. Macdonald, Ewan Blackledge and H. MacMahon who made their First Communions to-day. The frost of the last two nights had been so severe that expectations of skating were in the air. The deputation sent to try the pond took an optimistic view of the strength of the ice, which steadily broke up when the School got on it. Several were immersed, but as it thawed all afternoon the hour or two we got of skating, with an attempt at ice-hockey, was not regretted.

Dec. 15th. Fr. Stephen Dawes, O.S.B., gave us an interesting lecture on the "Aeroplane." The first portion dealt with the early efforts at human flight in historical times—the Icarian experiment was treated as a myth—and contained a clear explanation of the mechanics of flying, or "gliding" as we understand it should be called. The remainder of the lecture treated of the more celebrated aeronauts. The slides were made from diagrams drawn under the supervision of the lecturer.

Dec. 19th. The heavy fall of snow to-day tempted the inexperienced to attempt to sledge in the afternoon. Their efforts were futile.

Dec. 20th. Fr. Abbot gave us the concluding portion of his most informing lecture on "Bees."

After supper the "Order" of the School was read out, and the Certificates presented to the candidates successful at the Public Examinations last July. The Headmaster announced the winners of the "Essay" prizes. The Prize open to members of the Upper Library was won by V. G. Narey, whose paper on "The Nature of Tragedy" was well thought out and brightly written. N. Reynolds was awarded a prize for his essay on the "Humour of Dickens," and F. Long for a paper on "Tennyson," which showed considerable appreciation of the patriotic poems of the great Laureate. In the Lower Library, J. Walker and C. Mackay were successful. The Second Form Prizes were won by R. Power and E. Leach, and J. Heffernan was awarded a special Prize for the best Essay sent in by the members of the First Form. The "Science" Prize was awarded to B. Livesey.

Later in the evening was held an *impromptu* concert in which members of the School took the following part:—

PART SONG ...	Humpty Dumpty (<i>Gilchrist</i>) ...	The Choir
SONG ...	The School Musician ...	G. MacCormick
NURSERY RHYMES ...	(1) Old King Cole ...	W. Rochford
	(2) Little Jack Horner ...	C. Lancaster
		D. Collison
PART SONG (S. A.) ...	Twelve to the Clock... <i>Lloyd</i>	Treble { G. Hall H. Marron R. Robertson
		Alto { G. Huddleston E. Marsh R. Harrison

Dec. 21st. Dies Optata.



The change from the Mechlin to the Vatican edition of the Gregorian Chant, of which we spoke in the Easter number of the *Journal*, is an accomplished fact, and in the minds of most an un-mixed blessing. Perhaps a number of those who heard the Plainsong Mass sung at the Exhibition last July, would deem as to its power of inspiring devotion, but the congregational singing by the School of the Responses, *Credo*, and *Sanctus* was certainly striking and inspiring. We were indebted to Dom Gregory Ould, O.S.B., for the proper Sequence of St. Lawrence. Of course it could not be sung in its right place in the Mass, as it does not occur in the

Missal, but it was sung after the Elevation on Exhibition Day, for the first time, probably, since the extinction of the monastery of St. Gall in the sixteenth century. Its author St. Nother the Stammerer (Notherus Balbulus) was born forty years after the foundation of the Empire of the West, and the coronation of Charlemagne. According to Riemann, Nother died in the year 912; and the Ordinary of St. Gall records his death on April 6th.

We append the text of the Sequence, with a translation:—

Laurenti, David magni Martyr milesque fortis.
 Tu imperatoris tribunalis,
 Tu manus torquentis erentis
 Sprevisi, seratus Desideralitem atque manu Fortem,
 Qui solus potuit regna superate tyranni crudelis;
 Cuiusque sanctos sanguinis pedagos fecit amor militis enis;
 Cum modo illum licet censore dispendio vitæ presentis.
 Cesaris tu faces contemnitis et iudicis minus detentes;
 Carnifex unguibus et sator enticulum vane consumant,
 Dolet impius Urbis Praefectus victus a pisce asato, Christi cibo.
 Gaudet Domini comens fave, concurrendum cum ipso, saturatus.
 O Laurenti, militum David inextinguibile, Regis actorem!
 Apud illum servatis ipsius deprecare veniam semper,
 Martyr milesque fortis.

English Version:—

Laurence, dauntless martyr, dauntless soldier, of great David,
 Thou the imperial judgement seat,
 Thou the torturer's cruel hand
 Hast not reeked, for in the footprints of the Loved One and the Strong
 Thou hast followed Him Whose arm alone could break the tyrant's might;
 Him Whose love hath made His spotless soldiers freely shed their blood;
 Him Whom they alone may see who give their life to gain the prize.
 Cesar's brands are sought to thee, the Judge's threats a laughing stock;
 Vainly doth the butcher rend thee, vainly doth the burner burn;
 Shamed and worsted is the Prefect by the fish the food of Christ,
 Glad the guest admitted to the baney feast, the endless joy
 Of his Lord. O Laurence! bravest of the soldiers of thy King
 Now in glory with him, ever plead His rising servants' cause,
 Dauntless martyr, dauntless soldier.

* * *

At the end of last Summer Term Mr. E. J. Kealey, B.A., who had been with us for more than ten years, left to take a position as a French master in a school in the Midlands. Owing to the establishment of the Ampleforth Hall at Oxford, where the monks can take their degrees, it has been inevitable that we should part with the lay masters who have hitherto assisted the Community in their conduct of the School. The School Staff now consists entirely,

as normally a Benedictine School should do, of Benedictine monks, though of course "Extras" such as Music and Drawing must always be taught by experts who have made these subjects their profession. To Mr. Kealey for his work amongst us, we again express our thanks, though very feebly in comparison with the vociferous cheering that greeted the mention of his name by the Headmaster on Exhibition Day.

* * *

Fr. Basil Mawson and Fr. Aelred Dawson left the School Staff at the beginning of this term for "the mission." The vacancies have been filled by Br. Herbert Byrne who graduated last June in *Litæ Humanioris*, taking Second Class Honours, and Br. Illyd Williams who has returned to Ampleforth from Louvain. We take this opportunity of saying a sad farewell to Fr. Basil and Fr. Aelred. With a sporting instincts which made him so popular, Fr. Basil combined a seriousness of purpose which none could fail to recognise. He was for the last few years Form Master of the Second Form, and a prominent member of the "Masters' Cricket Eleven. His patient coaching of the Third Set at Cricket, bore visible fruit in the improvement of the style of play in the Middle School. We trust that his cheerful zeal will be appreciated by those he has now under his charge, as it was by ourselves. Fr. Aelred has not been with us so long. After a successful career at Oxford he was placed at the head of the Preparatory Division of the School, where he accomplished several salutary reforms. He was unflinching in his efforts to instruct, to interest and to amuse, and, to quote Humpty Dumpty, he was more successful "than most." Both Fr. Basil and Fr. Aelred will no doubt find much of their work very congenial, for while on the School Staff they always chose to spend a portion of their holidays assisting Mr. Norman Potter with the management of his boys at St. Hugh's.

* * *

Though the School Cricket Eleven suffered two defeats last season, one against the Earl of Carlisle's Team played at Castle Howard, and the other at the hands of the "Pair" on Exhibition day, still the season may be regarded as a successful one, as of the four inter-School matches—the matches that matter—three were won and one drawn. In the game with Pocklington School we made

our record score in an inter-School match, scoring 318 for the loss of six wickets. The other notable match of the year was that against the Yorkshire Gentlemen, in which we made 339 for the loss of four wickets, though the Yorkshire Gentlemen indeed got their own back—to lapse into a colloquialism—by scoring 236 for the loss of only two wickets. HUGH WILLIAMS, to whose captaincy of the Eleven much of its success is undoubtedly due, headed the Batting Averages. G. MACCORMACK had the best Bowling Average. The bat for Fielding (presented by Mr. A. Penney) was awarded to CHARLES ROCHFORD, whose catching was quite a feature of the season. B. R. COLLISON was awarded the "Wyse" Prize for the best all-round cricketer.

* * *

A very satisfactory feature of the Cricket Season of 1909 was the great improvement of the cricket in the Set Games. This was chiefly notable in the Second Set where the improvement in style was very marked. In this Set A. F. MELVILLE WRIGHT headed the Batting Averages, and G. RICHARDSON the Bowling. Much of this improvement must be traced to the constant coaching endured or enjoyed by all the Sets, not only from the Professional but from the masters and chiefly from Fr. Placid, Fr. Benedict and Fr. Basil, whose efforts and attention were quite untiring. In the Lower School Mr. P. A. Lister Smith presented a bat to the boy who showed most energy and keenness in the Set Games. This was won by F. WELCH.

* * *

The Aquatic Sports took place at the end of the Summer Term, too late for notice in our last issue. Appended is the result:—
100 Yards Open Swimming Race (Prize, Silver Cup)—G. F. DWYER
Diving (Prize, Silver Medal)—W. DENT YOUNG
100 Feet Learners' Race —D. MACDONALD
"Colours" were won by William Dent Young and R. Blackledge.

* * *

We had to start the Football Season of 1909-10 with only three members of last year's Eleven. The task of the new players to maintain the unbroken sequence of victories that has prevailed since 1906 was rendered more difficult by the fact that the hardest matches

were played early in the season. The Eleven were slow in settling down this term, and even at the end the forwards never played together with anything like the precision and skill of last year's front line. The defeat at Pocklington did not therefore come as a surprise, though indeed this was due mainly to poor shooting and a want of determination in front of goal.

* * *

Though we have space and time and will for Hockey, a Hockey Season cannot yet be said to exist *a se*. At present we play up to the first week of October and, it is expected, after February. But the first part of this arrangement leaves very little time for practice, and the second, when Easter is early, is interfered with by Sports' practice. In the near future no doubt there will be effected between tradition and innovation one of those judicious compromises, which, however always take time and involve much experiment.

* * *

The Membership of the Rifle Club shows a large increase on that of last year. Although the number of private rifles has also increased, the demand on the Club rifles is still apt to outrun the supply. Shooting takes place every day after dinner, and at other times. Statistics show considerable improvement in the results obtained last year. D. MacDonald has so far the best record.

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The School Cadet Corps is now well established; and the rifle drill and manoeuvring will no doubt be found to have served its purpose in preparing the School for the formation in the near future of an Officers' Training Corps under the direct control of the War Office. We wish to acknowledge with many thanks the interest shown in the Corps by many Old Boys and friends, particularly by Mr. W. E. Gaunt, Mr. T. Dillon, Mr. W. J. Taylor, Mr. J. Maddox, Mr. J. Nevill and Captain J. B. Johnstone. Mr. Gaunt has presented among other things four handsome officers' swords, and Captain Johnstone a "Sam Browne" officer's equipment.

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There have been only a few paper chases and cross country runs this term and they have been marked by no special features of

interest, save one in which two hares, especially fleet of foot, ran for many miles and arrived home, worn out but conscious of victory, only to find that they had been pursued by phantom nothings for five miles. For those whom they had all the time believed to be in their immediate wake had never once struck their track.

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The School meetings have not been productive of much excitement, but they have not been devoid of all interest. The best debate was that upon the "Social Work Fund." It arose out of a letter of Mr. Norman Potter, in which he made several suggestions for the application of the money collected by the School. It was decided to apply it in the same way as last year, to the apprenticing of a boy to a trade. Mr. Potter spoke in his letter of the boy we had apprenticed last year, saying that he had good reports of his progress and that he had proved himself in every way satisfactory. There was to have been a meeting to discuss a "Hockey Bill," the most important part of which deals with the "Colours," but it was postponed until next term.

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Interest in Natural History has been stimulated in the "Lower School Natural History Society" by Br. Anthony's little book, which illustrates in the simplest way and by numerous drawings the growth of a flower, its separate members, their several functions and other kindred subjects. There are many besides the small boy who would gladly possess copies.

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The interest of the lantern lectures this term has more than compensated for their fewness. Fr. Philip Willson showed us the beauties of the Lake District, and incidentally told us a great deal about Wordsworth and his love of the English hills and lakes. After it was over, we wondered with the lecturer how it was we English so often find it necessary to rush to the continent for scenery, poetry and romance. But it is perhaps just as well, as otherwise we might have driven the real poets from their corner in the Cambrian hills. Fr. Abbot has lectured twice on bees and, though our knowledge of these ingenious insects (if that is correct terminology) hardly warrants our saying it, what he does not know

of them is not worth knowing. Fr. Stephen Dawes' lecture on "Aeroplanes and the Principles of Flight" was received with such enthusiasm, that he has promised us another on "Navigable Balloons." None can pretend to have gasped from one lecture the intricacies of Santos Dumont's or Wright's machine, or even to have followed Fr. Stephen through some of the very technical points connected with flight; but he succeeded in an hour and a half in arousing such interest, that next term we should not be surprised to see an Aeronautical Society spring into School existence. One enthusiast and partisan has already earned for himself the sobriquet of *Berliot*. But it would be no disparagement of the other lecturers to say that the lecture of the term was that given by Mr. Grabham, the Curator of the York Museum, on Yorkshire Birds. His subject was illustrated by photographs such as one is seldom privileged to see. It is true that the lecturer's pictures appear singly or in small groups in the leading naturalist papers, but one has to see them *en masse* to realise their value to lovers of nature, and the incredible time and patience it must have taken to get together such a collection. In many cases the photographs could only have been obtained in the most trying circumstances and after days of trouble. There was a personal note about the whole lecture, as the Headmaster said, which gave it its peculiar interest. We are glad to say that there are to be more lectures from Mr. Grabham. While on the subject of lectures may we express the hope that next time Fr. Benson visits us we shall be able to hear him speak to us on one of his many subjects—preferably Spiritualism.

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Mr. Grabham spent some time in our museum, and he seems to have been especially pleased with two things in addition to our egg collection. One was a Wedgwood Jar. It is brown clay covered with the usual green lead glaze, and is signed by John Wedgwood. Its date is probably about 1690 and the place of manufacture only a few miles from Ampleforth—Yearsley, where he first started the industry. This particular jar has remained in the district and has been used for brewing country ale, made from gale, a herb found in abundance on the moors above the college. It was presented to us by our old friend Mr. A. Ferrers Bateman. Only one other of this

date is known to exist and is at present in the South Kensington Museum. It bears the date 1691 and is described as "a puzzle jug" with three spouts and a hollow island. The jar in our museum has hitherto escaped the notice of those who have written on Wedgwood pottery. Another treasure is a Limoges Enamel. It was originally the cover of an ancient monastic missal of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It is on a copper plate and represents very beautifully the Crucifixion. The background is blue and the figures themselves are gold, though the gold in parts is badly worn; only the heads of the figures are raised.

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The Curator of the Museum acknowledges the following with many thanks:—1. A collection of valuable Fossils found in a Derbyshire coal mine (presented by Mr. Alfred Melville Wright); 2. A collection of West African curios including an Arabic Copy of the Koran, a Moslem Sobat, a Kario Sword, etc. (presented by Captain J. B. Johnstone); 3. An old-fashioned Double Barrelled Pistol (presented by F. Courtney); 4. A fine specimen of the Barn Owl (presented by Mrs. Fawcett); 5. A medal struck to commemorate the prosperity of George II's reign (presented by Sir Henry Bedingfield).

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The Social Work Fund has produced this term £5 10s. od. Two-thirds of this have been subscribed by the three top forms—the Sixth Form box realising £1 10s. In addition to this the literary abilities of the Sixth Form have been requisitioned, and they have issued a publication entitled *The Sixth Form Critic*. The motives of its promoters we do not question, but we forbear to comment either on its merits or its price. The sale of this journal has added another pound to the sum already given towards Mr. Potter, but the profits we understand are to be kept apart. Happily for the *Journal*, the *Sixth Form Critic* does not pretend "to rival its contemporary." Personally we shall be glad to see another paper of the calibre of the *Critic* in circulation next term. There is nothing like a little wholesome rivalry; but at present the Sixth Form has an entire monopoly. This is not good for their mind or their morals.

* * *

The rage for the manufacture of pen and ink Christmas cards has been more marked than formerly. By the time the *Journal* is in the hands of its readers, no doubt many will have received from their youthful artist friends, small pictures delineating curious and comic episodes, or improving upon the ever popular cat of Louis Wain, with Christmas and New Year greetings carefully printed on them. There are others too both tasteful and more emblematic of the season. No doubt the drawing master is pleased that such unworked practice has been done. Fr. Maurus has again done a card which the *Journal* has had produced according to the two-coloured process of photography.

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While masons and other skilled artisans are engaged in building the Theatre and putting the finishing touches to the Infirmary, a persistent rumour prevails that the monks under the direction of the Procurator are engaged Trappist-wise in forming what is, if we are to believe the Clown in Hamlet, an even more endurable structure on the hill. They are digging their own graves or rather grave, for being socially inclined they are all to be buried in one large grave—a species of vault—which will contain no less than seventy. Information is not forthcoming as to whether this grim reception room will be ready for the approach of Halley's comet, but the smaller fry of the school and more pessimistic astronomer unite in believing that it is intended to meet the exigencies of the predicted catastrophe. But obviously some future arrangements, including a good deal of organisation and more accommodation, will be required if it is really intended for this unhappy contingency. The real truth is surely that on those occasions when one of the monks die here, great difficulty is experienced in hewing a grave out of the rock. The new arrangement will obviate this.

* * *

The Ampleforth Old Boys' Annual Dance will be held on the 12th of January in the Empress Rooms, Kensington. Mr. H. Pike has again undertaken the onerous duties of Secretary, and the Committee is composed of the following:—Captain M. S. Woollett, Mr. A. T. Fenney, Mr. John Rochford, Mr. Joseph Rochford, Mr.

J. Fishwick, Mr. J. M. Tucker, Captain the Hon. E. Stourton, and Mr. G. C. Keogh.

* * *

The Secretary of the Ampleforth Old Boys' Cricket Club, Mr. Allan Hanson—has sent us a summary of last season's results. Nineteen matches were played, of which six were won, six drawn and seven lost. Mr. R. C. Smith heads the batting averages and Mr. W. H. Ireland has the best bowling figures. The Annual Dinner of the Club was held on Sept. 8th at Tivoli's Restaurant and was well attended, though it took place at a time when several members were away from London. For next season a long fixture list has been arranged. We have not yet seen it, but we trust there is included in it a match with the School. The "Old Boys" have acquired a new ground for next season at Park Royal. It is not quite as large as that at St. Quintin Park, but can boast of a pavilion thoroughly up to date and fitted with every modern convenience. The Club so far has been just able to pay its way, and next year we trust will have an increased membership that will set the Treasurer's anxieties at rest. Laureatians living near London who wish to join the Club should write to the Secretary, Mr. Allan Hanson, 27 Alfred Place West, South Kensington, S.W.

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Appended is the Secretary's report of the Northern Tour of the Vacation Cricket Club last August:—

The result of the matches are as follows:—Played 10; Won 4; Lost 5; Drawn 3. The teams played were rather stronger than those we met last year. This season the batting of the Club was on the whole quite satisfactory, but there was a distinct paucity of bowlers. We were unfortunate to lose the services of B. R. Bradley after the first match. O. L. Chamberlain was the most consistent scorer and B. R. Collison was also quite reliable. The Rev. J. P. Dolan and F. W. Hesketh were most valuable members of the Eleven in the few matches in which they played, and the Rev. H. A. Chamberlain played one great innings. The brunt of the bowling was borne by G. H. Chamberlain and B. R. Collison. A. F. Smith our only fast bowler was unfortunately incapacitated early in the Tour, and his services were very much missed on the fast wickets that prevailed in

the early part of August. The fielding on the whole was good, G. W. Lindsay being particularly smart. We have as usual to thank many kind hosts and hostesses, too numerous to mention separately, to whose hospitality the social success of the Tour was largely due. We have lost a very good friend by the untimely death of the Rev. F. Smith of Garston who was indirectly the founder of the Craticulæ, as it was at his suggestion that in 1901 an Ampleforth Team was got together to play against his Ushaw XI. Since then the match has been an annual event during which Fr. Smith entertained to luncheon both teams and a numerous body of friends and supporters. His kindness and good nature will be held in affectionate regard by all who came under their spell. R.I.P.

Appended is a summary of results:—

<i>Ushaw XI.</i>		<i>Craticulæ.</i>	
J. P. Charnock, l.b.w., b. Smith ... 47	O. L. Chamberlain, c. Ombrose, b. Finch 53	M. J. Vardon, c. Collison, b. G. H. Chamberlain 22	J. Barton, b. Cookson 10
Rev. C. Bullock, c. Lindsay, b. G. H. Chamberlain 0	B. R. Collison, c. and b. Taylor ... 6	G. H. Chamberlain 0	F. W. Hesketh, b. Charnock ... 25
T. Ombrose, c. Lindsay, b. Smith ... 13	Rev. J. P. Dolan, b. Charnock 31	H. Finch, c. H. Chamberlain, b. Smith 12	C. Almondey, c. and b. Finch ... 4
P. J. Ward, c. H. Chamberlain, b. G. H. Chamberlain, c. Crowley, b. Vardon 9	Rev. H. A. Chamberlain, b. Vardon ... 2	J. Crowley, b. Smith 16	G. W. Lindsay, not out 15
R. Cookson, b. Hesketh 19	A. F. A. Smith, l.b.w., b. Charnock ... 0	Rev. C. Taylor, c. Collison, b. Smith 23	J. O'Reilly, not out 3
E. Charnock, run out 2	Extras 7	Total 271	Total 371

A. F. A. Smith took 5 wickets for 27 runs.

CRATICULÆ v. GARSTON (20 XI).

Craticulæ 150. B. Bradley 48, B. Collison 49. Garston 149.

CRATICULÆ v. SETTON.

Setton 129 for 6 wickets (Declared).

Craticulæ 25 for 4 wickets.

CRATICULÆ v. EAST LANCASHIRE.

East Lancashire 195.

Craticulæ 110.

CRATICULÆ v. PRESTON (20 XI).

Preston 26. G. Chamberlain 6 wickets for 29.

Craticulæ 53.

CRATICULAR V. OXTON (48 XII).
Oxton 234 for 2 wickets (Declared).
Craticular 143 for 9 wickets.

CRATICULAR V. OREMSKIRK (50 XI).
Oremskirck 115.
Craticular 139. Rev. H. Chamberlain 62.

CRATICULAR V. OLD NAVYIANS.
Old Navyians 213 for 8 wickets (Declared).
Craticular 94.

CRATICULAR V. INCE BLUNDELL.
Ince Blundell 78. S. C. Lovell 6 wickets for 24.
Craticular 134 for 8 wickets.

CRATICULAR V. LIVERPOOL SECOND ELEVEN.
Craticular 166 for 8 wickets (Declared). R. S. Weid Blundell 38.
Liverpool 97 for 8 wickets. G. Chamberlain 6 wickets for 39.

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We have to thank Fr. Hildephonsus Brown, O.S.B., for a set of Elizabethan dresses presented to the Green Room; also Fr. Hilary Willson, O.S.B., for the gift of a number of old engravings.

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The Librarian of the Upper Library wishes to thank Fr. Philip Willson, O.S.B., for a copy of Wordsworth's Poems; and Mr. Hamilton Berners, of the Irish Guards, for the *Army and Navy Gazette* sent during the term.

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Congratulations to the following "Old Boys" —

TO RAYMUND G. MANSION who was married on Dec. 2nd in Rio de Janeiro to Miss Cecilia Kuypers, daughter of Mrs. Kuypers of 29 Belisle Park Gardens, Hampstead.

TO T. W. MARWOOD who was married on Sept. 26th at St. Aloysius' Church, Oxford, by the Very Rev. Canon Leonsdale, assisted by the Rev. F. O'Hare, S.J., to Miss Mabel Clarke, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Clarke of Twyford House, Bucks.

TO JOSEPH ROCHFORD, eldest son of Joseph Rochford, Esq., Turnford, Herts., on his approaching marriage (on Jan. 18th) to Miss Lena Blanche Rapley, daughter of the late Major W. Adrian Rapley and Mrs. Rapley, of Kensington Court Mansions, Kensington.

TO HOWARD MARTIN of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, on his approaching marriage (on Jan. 12th) to Miss Gwendoline Mary Morley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morley, of Thorseycroft, Erdington.

P. A. MARTIN came in September 1904 and left last July. He was Captain of the School from September 1903 to Easter 1909. He was Captain of the Football Eleven in 1908-9, and a member of the Cricket Eleven in 1909.

H. WILLIAMS came in September 1903 and left last July. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination with three First Classes in 1908. He was a member of the *Dramatic Society* and took the parts of Ophelia in 1905, of Cordelia in 1906, and of Phaedippides in *The Clouds* in 1907. He was a member of the Football Eleven in 1908-9, and Captain of the School and Captain of the Cricket Eleven in the Summer Term of 1909. He won the Raby Prize for English Literature in 1908.

G. GAYNOR came in 1904 and left last July. He was a member of the Football Eleven of 1908-9, and of the Cricket Eleven of 1909. He was a member of the *Dramatic Society*, taking the parts of Charon in *The Frogs* in 1905 and Caliban in *The Tempest* in 1908. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1909.

T. D. POWER came in September 1905, and left last term. He was a member of the *Dramatic Society*, taking the parts of Dionysius in *The Frogs* in 1905, of Trinculo in *The Tempest* in 1908, and of Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night* in 1909. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1908, and won a Reid Exhibition at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1909.

B. R. COLLISON came in 1904 and left last term. He was a member of the Football Eleven of 1908-9 and of the Cricket Elevens of 1907-8-9. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1907 and 1908, and the Higher Certificate in 1909. He won the Milburn Prize for Mathematics in 1908.

J. I. POTTER, L.D.S.I., has been appointed to a Lectureship in the Medical School of the National University of Ireland.

G. F. MURPHY has been appointed Lecturer in Mining and Metallurgy in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

G. W. H. NEVILL has been appointed to a Residency at Sokoto, West Africa.

CAPTAIN THE HON. E. P. STOUTON, Yorks. Light Infantry, is stationed at Aldershot.

CAPTAIN J. B. JOHNSTONE is stationed at Bordon, Hants.

LLEWELLYN BULLOCK WEBSTER has been made a Director of the Minciva Motor Co.

E. J. DE NORMANVILLE has received the appointment of assistant editor of the *Motor*.

R. ROCHFORD, Exeter College, Oxford, was the stroke of the winning crew in the Meade Fours, last term.

D. TRAYERS after holding a scholarship for two years at Finsbury Technical School, has gone to study engineering at Armstrong College, Newcastle.

H. WRESENBERG passed the Matriculation in the First Division.

K. MURPHY is studying Electricity at Boston University.

ALFRED RIGBY won the Third Prize—£100—in the competition open to all architects in the British Isles, for designs for the Grimsby Town Hall. Two of his architectural drawings appear in the present issue of the *Journal*.

Literary and Debating Society.

THE First Meeting of the term was held on Sunday, September 26th, 1909. Fr. Prior took the chair at 8 p.m. In Private Business the usual election of officials took place. Mr. W. Clapham was elected Secretary and Messrs. Rochford, F. Goss, and A. Clapham were appointed to serve on the Committee. On the motion of Mr. Rochford, seconded by the Secretary, the following new members were admitted:—Messrs. Miller, Richardson, Walton, Chamberlain, Barnett, Long, Burge, Peguero, Martin, Goodall, Huddleston, A. Newton, Wright and Ryan. In Public Business Mr. James read a paper on "Bismarck."

The Second Meeting was held on Sunday, October 3rd. In Public Business there was a debate on the motion "That the State should establish a Censorship of the Press," moved by Mr. Marshall, opposed by Mr. A. Clapham. The motion was lost by 7-14.

The Third Meeting was held on Sunday, October 10th, when Mr. Goss read a paper on "The Indian Mutiny."

The Fourth Meeting took place on October 17th. Mr. Kelly moved in Public Business "That the Septennial Act should be repealed and shorter Parliaments instituted." He condemned the Septennial Act on the ground that it gave the party in power absolute rule, while the Electorate had no opportunity of expressing their wishes on questions of domestic and foreign policy which might arise. The Act had been passed to establish the House of Hanover firmly on the throne. Surely it had outstayed its welcome. If a Triennial Act had taken its place we might have been saved from the present Budget. Finally, he said, an increase in the number of General Elections would lead to an increased interest in politics throughout the country.

Mr. W. Clapham, who opposed, denied that the Septennial Act

could be proved to have done harm. Its repeal would be an injustice to the Government, who would be unable to pass any important measures in the short time at their disposal; and would result in a number of hasty measures, an increased expense to the country, and a decrease in the number of candidates for election.

Mr. James pointed out that the passing of the Septennial Act in 1717 was an unconstitutional act. It had given too much power to the House of Commons. However useful and necessary this Act had been, there was no longer any reason for its existence. Recent events tended to show that its continuance might become a rational danger.

Mr. Rochford described the conditions of English political affairs under the Triennial Act, and the immediate improvement which had resulted for its repeal. We now had representatives in Parliament who had the courage to hold to their convictions, and were not shaken by every gust of public opinion.

Mr. Lindsay said that very few Acts could continue in force for two hundred years and be of the same value at the end of that time. The present Act was not one of that rare species. Even during the first period of its existence it had not produced the good effects which the last speaker had claimed for it, but had rather been the cause of increased corruption.

Fr. Wilson, the visitor, thought that the supporters had evidently a very low opinion of the Electorate. If it allowed itself to be duped by the Government it was not fit to rule; if it felt the necessity of changing its representatives every three years, it must be either very fickle or very simple-minded. Members of Parliament should be elected for their principles. If those principles could not endure for seven years, they were of little value.

Messrs. Marshall, Reynolds, McCormack, A. Goss, Chamberlain, Narey and Wright also took part in the debate, and after the usual replies from the mover and opposer, Fr. Prior spoke and then put the motion to the vote. There voted, for the motion 17; against 7.

The Fifth Meeting of the term was held on Sunday, October 24th. In Public Business Mr. Narey read a paper on the Budget of 1909. He began by showing that the Budget was Socialistic in its spirit

and methods; in the taxation of land, especially, it would fail in its avowed object, injuring the poor equally with the rich. It was, moreover, a revolutionary measure for it had been the means of re-introducing, in effect, the Licensing Bill and the Land Valuation Bill.

There followed a discussion on several points raised by the reader of the paper, in which Messrs. Marshall, Kelly, and the visitors, Messrs. Barton, Blackledge, Neeson and Perry took part.

The Sixth Meeting was held on Sunday, October 31st, when, in Public Business, Mr. McCormack moved "That in the opinion of this House, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey committed suicide." He began by giving an account of the depositions of Titus Oates concerning the Popish Plot made before Godfrey, who was soon after found lying dead in a ditch near Primrose Hill. Through the machinations of Oates suspicion soon fell upon the Jesuits, against whom France and Bedloe came forward as witnesses, and confessed to being their accomplices in the murder. The hon. mover then proceeded to show that there was no foundation for this charge, which had no better reason for its acceptance than the fact that it appealed to the excited imagination of the people as the most reasonable explanation of the crime. He enumerated the chief objections to this theory, and then went on to establish the fact of suicide from expert evidence of the circumstances of the crime, which conclusion, he said, was fully confirmed by the mental condition of Godfrey just before his death.

Mr. Reynolds, who opposed, having first called in question all the conclusions of the mover, then proceeded to deal with the evidence of the two witnesses France and Bedloe, which, he said, pointed conclusively to the fact of the murder by Catholics.

At the conclusion of the opposer's speech, as there was little time left for discussion of the remarks of the first two speakers, Mr. Rochford moved an adjournment which was eventually carried by a single vote.

The Sixth Meeting was, accordingly, resumed on Nov. 7th. Mr. Rochford then reopened the debate by speaking as an advocate of the theory of suicide, which in the absence of any certain evidence seemed

most in accordance with ascertained facts. The suggestion of any violence on the part of the Catholics and of the Jesuits in particular, was supported only by the worthless and contradictory statements of scoundrels like Bedloe. In proof of his opinion he pointed out that besides the direct evidence already given, there was the obvious belief in suicide on the part of the dead man's brothers, who had refused an examination of the body. Their refusal, based upon their knowledge of his mental condition, could only be explained by their suspicions of suicide.

Mr. Marshall, who spoke next, examined in detail the statements of Mr. Reynolds with whose conclusions he professed himself to be in complete disagreement. He then attempted to explain the supposed murder of Godfrey by a somewhat novel theory which was not well received by the House. After a protracted discussion the motion was put to the vote and lost by 10 to 14.

At the Seventh Meeting, held on Sunday, Nov. 14th, Mr. F. Goss read a paper on "The Early History of Music."

The Eighth Meeting was held on Sunday, Nov. 28th. A motion of Mr. Rochford to limit the time of Private Business was rejected by a large majority. In Public Business, Mr. Marshall moved "That the British Empire has ceased to be the first power in the world." He quoted facts and figures to show that England had begun to decline industrially and financially, and that both America and Germany were ahead of us. Our condition was alarming though not quite desperate—we had still at hand a means of regaining our material superiority in Tariff Reform which had raised Germany to her present position. A more serious cause of alarm and the true cause of national decadence was the loss of that progressive spirit, which foreign nations had recognised as our chief national characteristic, and the secret of British Supremacy.

Mr. Miller, who opposed, attempted to allay the fears which the hon. mover's remarks were calculated to arouse, by reminding his audience of the great reserve of power and energy which we possessed in our Colonial Empire. It was inconceivable that anyone could reflect seriously upon the relations, both social and industrial, which

existed between England and her Colonies without being convinced of our superiority. Germany had realized this and her activity was due to her desire of emulation.

The motion was lost by 9 votes to 16.

The Ninth Meeting was held on Sunday, Dec. 5th. After the conclusion of private business, Mr. Lindsay read a paper on "Friendship in Shakespeare." He began by warning his audience against the dangerous fallacy of attributing to Shakespeare the views and sentiments expressed in his plays. He wrote as a dramatist, not in his own person; yet it was impossible for the poet to write thirty-five plays and not show in them his own views. The relations of Hamlet and Horatio were intended to give to the world, Shakespeare's ideal of human friendship. In conclusion, he referred to the *Merchant of Venice* which was not, as generally supposed, the story of Shylock the Jew, but was the story of the friendship of Bassanio and Antonio. This theory alone, he said, explained the cause of Antonio's grief, which was due, not to the loss of his merchandise but to his approaching separation from Bassanio, while, at the same time, the problem of perpetuating the friendship rendered the Fifth Act essential to the play.

A discussion took place upon various points raised by the paper in which Messrs. W. Clapham, F. Goss, James Rochford, Narcy, Chamberlain, McDonald and A. Newton took part.

The Tenth Meeting was held on Sunday, Dec. 12th. In Public Business the motion for debate was "That the action of the Lords in rejecting the Finance Bill is a violation of the Constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the Commons." The motion was introduced by Mr. Chamberlain, who began by contrasting the respective duties of the two Houses, as they existed in the State to-day. His audience, he said, would be unjust to him if they presumed from the words of the motion, that he had any intention or desire to derogate in the smallest degree from the rights and privileges of the Upper House. All that he wished to show was that by a process of gradual constitutional change in the machinery of the State, it had come to be recognised and had been

repeatedly asserted by members of the House of Lords, that the right of taxation rested with the Commons alone. English law was based on precedent. Never before had the House of Lords rejected a Finance Bill. By their action they had violated the most sacred rights of the people and had threatened the principle of English political freedom.

Mr. Walton then rose to oppose. He took the House back with him to the time of Cromwell who after abolishing the House of Lords had reinstated them to save the nation from the tyranny of the Commons. He agreed with the hon. mover that political freedom was the most sacred and inalienable right of every British subject. That right had been threatened by the actions of the present Government and the Lords, by their recent fearless and decisive action had earned the gratitude of every sensible Briton. Once again, as in the time of Cromwell, they had been called upon to protect the people from the tyranny of the Commons. As for the legality of their action, Mr. Chamberlain had surely not spoken seriously when he stated that their rejection of the Finance Bill was unconstitutional. They could not alter a Finance Bill but they could reject any Bill whatever. The Finance Bill was a modern invention compared with the undeniable antiquity of this privilege of the Lords.

Mr. Marshall remarked that the present Liberal Government had recently given to South Africa a Constitution which contained an Upper Chamber with the power of veto. If the arguments of the hon. mover had any force, they proved that the Lords had the power to pass Bills of their own free will. What became of their freedom if they had not the power to reject. He concluded by offering this dilemma to the supporters of the motion for their careful consideration.

Mr. Narey attempted to show that on historical grounds the action of the Lords was not, in the least, unconstitutional but merely an extreme exercise of their rights. But apart from the abstract justice of their action they would certainly have been guilty of great injustice if they had allowed the Budget to pass without an appeal to the people. Did the hon. mover wish to suggest that the Lords had insulted the electors by consulting them on a question which vitally concerned them?

Messrs. Kelly, Richardson, Goss, Blackledge, Wright, A. Clapham, Ryan, Rochford, Dunbar and Lindsay also spoke. The motion was lost by 9 votes to 18.

W. V. CLAPHAM, Hon. Sec.

Junior Debating Society.

The 149th meeting of the Society and the first meeting of terms took place on Sunday, the 19th of September. In *Private Business*, Messrs. Courtney, Dolson, Kelly, Betsley, and the members of the Lower Third were elected members of the Society. Mr. W. Barnett was elected Secretary; and Messrs. Livesey, I. Williams and H. Marron to serve on the Committee. In *Public Business* the inaugural address was given by Fr. Dominic. His subject was the "Art of Debating."

The 150th meeting was held on Sept. 26th. In *Public Business* Mr. G. F. M. Hall moved "That the Conduct of the Boer War was Unworthy of England." The hon. mover disclaimed any intention of being unpatriotic; in asking hon. members to support the motion he was not asking them to be pro-Boers or Little Englanders, for "that way madness lies"; neither was he impugning the bravery of officers or men. He then sketched the history of our relations with the Transvaal and the late Orange Free State from 1880, and proceeded to deal out scathing criticism on the ineptitude of the War Office in their conduct of the War.

Mr. F. Courtney opposed. There are mistakes made in every war, but save for the great initial mistake of underestimating the strength and tenacity of the Boers, he did not think the failures of the military authorities of the time were numerous or conspicuous. It was easy, even for the hon. mover, to be wise after the event. But in apportioning blame or praise, regard must be had to the information at the disposal of the War Office at the time. Englishmen are so rarely defeated that they are apt to lose their heads when disaster does come.

Mr. Walker spoke third. The great defect in the conduct of the war was the backwardness of the Intelligence Department. The disaster at Spion Kop was due to a poor map.

Mr. Weissenberg thought the War Office entered on their task ignorant of its magnitude. They were totally unprepared.

Mr. Cadie condemned the War Office. They supplied the troops with guns whose sights were defective, and then marvelled at the relatively good marksmanship of the Boers.

Mr. Barton thought hon. members underrated the natural difficulties the theatre of war offered to the English troops: they were fighting in a difficult country whose natural formation was altogether in favour of the Boers.

The Debate was continued by Messrs. Harrison, Hardman, Marsh and other members. The result of the voting was a tie: 20—20. The Chairman declined to give his casting vote.

The 151st meeting was held on Oct. 3rd. Fr. Danstan, Mr. V. Giglio and Mr. P. Neeson were present as visitors. In Public Business Mr. Mackay moved "That this House approves of Boy Scouts." To be a boy scout was to enter into the reward promised to those who early retired to and early rose from their beds; the boy scout became healthy from much open air exercise; wealthy, because his avocation encouraged habits of thrift; and wise, because practical wisdom was aimed at by all boy scouts. Boy scouts were also encouraged to be chivalrous—a virtue sadly to seek in these days. They helped heavily laden old women up hills, and had been known at the risk of personal danger to prevent the weak and the crippled from being insulted by the street arab. Their code of honour aimed at developing the social virtues and checking the selfishness that was in the opinion of adults the distinctive characteristic of boyhood. From the military point of view their services would be a valuable addition to the defences of the country.

Mr. Marron in opposing said the boy scout movement amounted to a public nuisance. They were turning the thoroughfares of the cities and the people's parks into one vast playground. If Waterloo was really won on the playing fields of Eton, it was no reason for turning the whole country into a recreation ground. Bands of these

boys might be met daily, blowing whistles, waving flags, shouting mock orders and generally behaving in a manner that would not be endured in men, outside of the enclosures of lunatic asylums. It taunted boys frivolity, self-consciousness and conceit. No general would tolerate them on a battlefield. He could imagine Lord Kitchener's reply if it were suggested to him that he should make use of these boys for purposes of warfare: "*non tali auxilio*" he would say, if indeed his indignation did not move him to express his opinion within the compass of a single syllable.

Mr. Simpson said the hon. opposer evidently knew nothing about the boy scout movement. He had carefully avoided facts save in one instance, where he had misconstrued them. Waving flags was not otiose, and blasts on whistles were a recognised form of signalling. Boy scouts were trained to follow marked tracks, manage a horse, cook a simple meal and generally to become self-reliant.

Mr. E. Williams thought that at the worst, scouting for boys was a healthy form of amusement. The class from which the boy scouts were drawn, had not for the most part the advantage of games that required discipline. The boy scout movement supplied this want.

Mr. Livesey was opposed to the movement. Boys enrolled themselves as scouts merely in order to organise mischief-making expeditions. He had heard of one instance where some boy scouts invaded the cellar of an empty house, and made a camp fire there, with the result that the fire brigade had to be summoned.

Mr. L. Williams altogether disagreed with the last speaker. It was very unfair to impute unworthy motives to boy scouts, who as a body were most honourable and sensible. As for the incident of the fire in the cellar, he simply did not believe it.

Mr. Livesey, interrupting, said he had it on very good authority—that of a policeman.

Mr. Williams, continuing, wondered how Mr. Livesey had got into conversation with the police. He did not care to pursue the topic. The rules laid down for the boy scouts were exactly what boys in that position required. It would be a great pity if the movement should be sneered at and tabooed by people who had not examined the question for themselves.

Mr. W. S. Barnett thought the restraints scouting imposed on the

boys were very good for them. Smoking was forbidden, for instance, and anything approaching deceit. The great point in favour of the movement was that the boys were put "on their honour"—a luxury generally denied to boys of the lower classes.

Mr. F. Welch agreed with the last speaker. He thought it strange no one had yet mentioned in that debate the name of Sir F. Baden-Powell, the noble founder of the movement. Surely such an authority should be sufficient for hon. members inclined to sneer and criticize.

Mr. H. McCabe thought scouting developed a healthy instinct in boys.

The hon. visitors also spoke. The motion was lost 15—24.

The 152nd meeting was held on October 10th. The Rev. Sir D. O. Hunter Blair, O.S.B., and Br. Hephonius were present as visitors. In Private Business Mr. W. Barnett moved "That Electricity is of greater use than Steam." Of the many modes of energy, that given to us by electricity was the best, for it was the most convenient force, the most powerful and the easiest to control. Electricity can transmit light and heat as well as give the power of locomotion. Though still in its infancy the uses of electricity had largely encroached on the province of steam. The tram, the railway, the boat, the kitchen oven and the printing press, all were now managed by electricity. Electricity could do everything steam could do far more efficiently than steam, besides having a province of its own into which steam could not enter.

Mr. Hardman, in opposing, said the hon. mover in his enumeration of the manifestations of electric power had left out the thunderbolt of Zeus. Perhaps the omission was intentional, because the vagaries of the thunderbolt—its direction and force were quite incalculable—illustrated the uncertainties of electric light and of electrically-driven machinery. If electricity was so useful why was it not used for long distance traffic? The difference between electricity and steam was the difference between a little launch and the Mauretania; or the difference between a coner's barrow and a motor car. The uses of steam were undoubtedly more extensive than those of electricity. Electricity, he admitted, was cleaner than steam, and its operations were

more neatly controlled than those of steam. It was, if he might employ a feminine word, much "nicer" than steam, but by no means more useful. Furthermore, steam was largely used to produce electricity.

Mr. Marsh professed himself in agreement with the hon. opposer, but thought his last remark unformative from a debating point of view, because it subordinated steam to electricity as the means to the end.

Mr. B. Smith said that it did nothing of the sort. The point Mr. Hardman had made was that steam produced electricity. If this were admitted then steam was the greater, being related to electricity as cause to effect.

Mr. Power said he would not enter into the nice distinctions that were being drawn by the previous speakers. He would admit that steam was more widely used than electricity but could not follow the inference Mr. Hardman drew from this fact. When the first match appeared in the world, our remote ancestors could no doubt argue that tinder and flint were of greater use than matches, because they were more widely used at the time. Mr. Hardman's argument was exactly similar to this. The point was, that everywhere all over the world electricity was gradually taking the place of steam. Where engineers had a choice they preferred electricity.

Mr. Robertson compared the chances of accidents resulting from electricity and steam and thought the latter safer.

Fr. Hunter Blair and Messrs. Hall, L. Williams, McKillop, Clarke, and Weissenberg also spoke. The motion was carried by 23 votes to 17.

The 153rd meeting was held on October 17th. Fr. Justin, Br. Hephonius and Mr. P. J. Neeson were present as visitors. In Private Business Mr. Livesey said that the committee regretted there were still quite a number of hon. members who had not yet addressed the Society. He hoped it would not be necessary for the officers of the Society to revise the list of members, but one of the conditions of membership was that hon. members should speak a *minimum* number of times each term. The hon. secretary (Mr. W. Barnett) said that the rules of the Society were not like unto the

laws of the Medes and Persians. He was quite anxious for all hon. members to speak. Some hon. members had, it is true, refrained from speaking hitherto, presumably from shyness or dryness. He was afraid Mr. Livesey's veiled threat would increase the one difficulty and do nothing to remove the other. In Public Business Mr. Cattle moved "That this Society disapproves of the attitude of the Government towards the Suffragettes." The hon. mover devoted the first portion of his speech to a recapitulation of the now well-known arguments in favour of giving women votes. He proceeded to urge that women had a right to votes if they could get them. Being for the most part educated women who had learnt a lesson from history, the suffragette leaders came to the conclusion that peculiarly articulate and even violent methods were necessary in order to impress on the nation their claim to the franchise. It was by violence the working man had got the vote; it was by violence the tenants in Ireland had become or were becoming owners of the soil; it was by entering into gaol that the Nonconformists hoped to enter into the kingdom of the Church Schools. All these examples encouraged the suffragettes to adopt unconventional and uncomfortable methods. Now the Government treated these suffragettes as they dare not treat others—the Nonconformists, for instance. Why? The answer was the greatest argument in favour of women franchise that could possibly be put forward; women could be treated like the prisoners in the Zoo, *because they had no vote*. Imagine the noise that would arise if Dr. Clifford were forcibly fed! Yet dozens of women had been treated like this in most of the gaols of the kingdom: "Judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts."

Mr. B. Smith opposed. Women had no right to the vote, therefore they had no right to use violence to get it. The Government really was not responsible in the matter. It had made no new laws on the point. Women got into gaol for breaking windows—"sending messages" as they call it—or causing disturbances which were offences in themselves against the laws of the land. The Government had merely allowed these laws to be put into operation. When these distressed damsels then tried to commit suicide by starvation, the Home Secretary had saved their lives. Even

admitting that others had won privileges by fighting for them, it was surely a very bad argument to conclude that our laws should be the result of force rather than principle. He would follow the hon. mover in concluding with a quotation—"Frailty, thy name is woman."

Mr. McKillop thought more sympathy should be shown with women on this point. Many ladies of distinguished birth had suffered for the cause. Hon. members should bear in mind the great disabilities under which women laboured. They had no redress for their grievances except the vote. The suffragettes had been guilty of excesses no doubt, but there was surely excuse for them.

Mr. L. Rudlin thought that women who paid taxes should have representation or else have a House of their own—a Third Chamber to revise the legislation of the other two and make sure, before a measure passed into law, that it was the wish of the women of the country. He also quoted Aristotle.

Mr. F. McCabe reminded the House of the violence of the suffragettes, not in word only, but in deed also. Messrs. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill were messengers of peace, compared to them. Women should prove their right to govern by their ability to obey.

Mr. Collison said that if men had to prove the same thing, the list of voters in England would be a mere fraction of its present size.

Mr. Dobson was afraid that women lacked the sense of proportion that was necessary for useful voters. This was proved by the weird and unnatural conduct of the suffragettes.

Mr. E. Williams asked what sense of proportion, apart from the pint measure, men were blessed with, that they should demand it in women? It was positively impertinent for men to climb intellectual pedestals, because they had a lodger's vote, or a property qualification. Women had the same qualification. Why should they not be given the vote? To refuse it was an insult to logic, to chivalry, to common sense and to womanhood. He hoped the suffragettes would continue to make it hot for the Government.

Mr. L. Williams said

"Those best deserve to have that knob
The strongest and the surest way to get."

He had prepared much to say in favour of the suffragettes, but should be content to say "Amen" to the emphatic protest of the previous speaker.

Fr. Justin and Br. Ildephonsus also spoke. The motion was lost, 12—26.

The 154th meeting was held on October 24th. Fr. Justin, Br. Bruno, Br. Ildephonsus, Br. Iltyd and Mr. P. J. Neeson were present as visitors. Mr. L. Riddin moved "That this House approves of the Budget." No one liked to be taxed; but millions of money were needed for the national services this year. Where was the money to come from? The present government decided to take it from the rich who had it, and produced the Budget under discussion—the People's Budget. Immediately there was a loud outcry; a wall went up from duke and millionaire, and threats to dismiss under-gardeners and stable boys were made. The proposals made in the present Budget were fair, and the burden had been placed on the broadest back. "The Trade" were rightly taxed; they had made millions out of their monopoly; the principle of taxing ground values had been foreshadowed for years, and agreed to by Liberals and Conservatives. There was no injustice in the Budget. The rich should willingly bear their share of the national burdens.

Mr. L. Williams opposed. After some abuse of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he proceeded to argue that in taxing the rich, you were taxing the poor. The rich man's capital is the poor man's wages: the great mistake the Cabinet were making was to take money from individuals and try to use it themselves. In taxing land they were taxing food. The Budget would send up prices enormously, and by taxing land, food and wages, it would make it very hard to exist at all. The tax on "the Trade" was unfair and was mere revenge; capital had been driven abroad and the Budget cut at the root of all enterprise.

Mr. Lacy said he thought it reasonable to ask a ground landlord to pay something for his vast "unearned increment." A landlord who at the end of a lease of 50 years raised his rents from £200 to £2000, surely should pay something on the increase.

Mr. McDonald disagreed with the last speaker. If the tenant had been paying £200 for property whose market worth was £2000,

it was the tenant who had the best of the bargain and it was the tenant who should pay the tax.

Mr. G. Hall said he thought that the Budget would be very hard on people living on annuities and invested money. It would raise the prices all round, and people who had nothing to sell would be very hard hit.

Mr. Livesey moved the adjournment of the debate.

The debate was resumed on Oct. 31st. Mr. Livesey re-opened the debate with a fierce denunciation of the Budget. The liquor trade would be ruined; licensed houses were being taxed out of existence. If the country wished to abolish alcohol the country should do it, but not by means of a finance bill. The building trade had been already greatly injured, and the ranks of the unemployed swollen. And all this in the name of the poor. The land taxes were the thin end of the Socialist wedge. Surely the Society would not be carried away by the visionary schemes of social reform put forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If Mr. Victor Grayson was pleased with the Budget, that should be enough for hon. members. He hoped the House would reject the motion by a large majority.

Mr. C. Clarke said he had no pity for the liquor trade. It had, at a great profit to itself, sold slow poison to the people for a generation. When he heard the Lord Chief Justice say that 80 per cent. of the crimes that came before the Law Courts, were directly traceable to drink, he could not oppose the licensing taxes in the Budget.

Mr. Gade feared that if business men felt that Budgets like the present one could pass, all security in property would be taken away.

Mr. J. Clarke thought that the sale of drink was being steadily and fairly diminished by the Balfour Compensation Act. He regretted Mr. Clarke's hysterics.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Emery, Walton, E. Williams and Collison. Mr. P. J. Neeson also spoke. The motion was lost, 12—30.

The 156th meeting was held on Nov. 7th. Fr. Dunstan and Br. Gerard were present as visitors. In Public Business Mr. E. Williams

moved "That this House approves of Tariff Reform." The hon. mover said that the chief argument for Tariff Reform was not the growing competition of Germany, nor the fact that other countries were fast ousting the British from the markets of the world, but the crying evil of unemployment at home. He did not care so much about England's commercial supremacy, except in so far as it was bound up with the general prosperity of the country; but the evil of unemployment was a growing one and eating away the heart of the nation. There was something rotten in the state of England, when so many thousands could get no work. The Liberal Government were altogether on the wrong tack. They seemed to imagine that by taxing brewers and dukes they would get the money to give to the poor. But what was wanted was not money but work. Labour Exchanges were almost useless. They might enable workmen to get to their work; they could not provide work. Tariff Reform would create work and thus provide wages. At least it might do this; and things were so bad, we could well afford to risk the change. As the custom duties would be considerable, other taxes would be lightened.

Mr. Weissenberg opposed. The premises of the hon. mover were plausible. Tariff Reformers always claimed that their system would provide revenue for the national services by taxing foreign goods; this was called making the foreigner pay. It would also keep out foreign goods and thus procure employment at home. That is, it would increase revenue by admitting and taxing foreign goods; and increase home employment by shutting out foreign goods. Surely it was insulting to offer such an argument to rational beings. Tariff Reform would also corrupt public life, and raise the cost of living.

Mr. Sharp in supporting the motion, said that ready-made window frames were dumped into this country, and our own joiners were out of work. There was nothing absurd about a system that proposed to remedy this state of things.

Mr. Hall said that England was the only country which clung to Free Trade, and she was fast losing her position. Tariff Reform would keep capital in the country.

Mr. Temple said that all the countries that had Protection were

practically self-supporting. The different conditions in England justified a different system. For England to put a tariff on foodstuffs was, he thought, suicidal. It was like a householder ordering a loaf of bread from his baker, and then waylaying the messenger bringing it.

Messrs. Livesey, Marsb, L. Williams, and G. Figueroa O'Neill also spoke. The motion was carried, 25—16.

The 157th meeting was held on Nov. 21st. Fr. Dunstan, Br. Herbert and Mr. Neeson were visitors. In Public Business Mr. Livesey moved "That this House regrets modern methods of Locomotion." The train, the tram and motor car are so many temptations to prevent a man using his legs. He did not know what would become of the legs of the human race in a few generations, so little use was being made of them. They would perhaps grow obsolete like the appendix. Formerly, human beings when they were grown up used their muscles in order to get about. Now they were for the most part wheeled in elaborate perambulators. The aeroplane was the latest invention in this line. It was an absurd effort by man to forsake his element for that of the birds of the air. He regretted the days of the old stage coach. Village life and the pleasures of the village green had been ruined by the train which hurried the people to unhealthy towns. It was this concentrating in towns that had ruined Rouze and was ruining "merric England."

Mr. Power, in opposing, said that he would not follow Mr. Livesey's speculations as to the future of the human leg. Mr. Livesey's remarks rather filled him with alarm about the future of the human head. The hon. mover's speech was a tissue of fallacies. Trains had not ruined village life. The hon. mover was quite welcome to dance on the village green or fly round the "painted Maypole," as far as trains or motors were concerned. People have given up these things because they have grown out of them. It was the same with the stage coach. If the hon. mover wishes, there is nothing to prevent him going home in a stage coach. Modern methods of locomotion had conquered space and bent the rigid laws of time to their will. The motor too made pedestrians quick and observant. The aeroplane was full of interesting possibilities.

Of course he expected the old argument about Rome to be trotted out once more. But perhaps Rome would not have fallen, if it had been brought into closer touch with its dependencies. After a prolonged discussion the motion was lost, 14—26.

The 158th meeting was held on Nov. 28th. Mr. Walker moved "That the history of England proves the superiority of Kings over Queens." Mr. Lacy opposed. The motion was carried, 24—18.

The 159th meeting was held on Dec. 5th. Mr. C. Clarke moved "That the House of Lords as at present constituted was a danger to English Democracy." Mr. Pozzi opposed. The motion was lost, 12—30.

The Midsummer Play.

OVER the old stage were inscribed Horace's words "*Conamur tenuis grandia*." With the achievements of the past to emulate, Operas, Shakespeare Plays, Greek Plays, it was certainly a bold venture, "a grand thing" to make the last performance on the old stage that of a story book without any connected plot. And yet we think that the venture was fully justified, and that the representation of "Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice found there,"—the first representation as far as we know on any school stage—was an achievement to be proud of, and to be remembered. It is almost impossible to compare the last play, as a play, with any which have gone before it. Recalling the White King's unanswerable remark about the efficacy of hay as a restorative when one feels faint, while we should not venture to say of this play that we have seen nothing better, we can certainly say we have seen nothing like it.

The staging was excellent, in spite of the great difficulties which the dramatisation presented. The speaking and the acting were good, and it was pleasant to observe how intelligently the actors entered into their parts. The music too was pleasing, though at times perhaps the singing lacked vigour, and distinctness of articulation. Of the leading rôle, played by R. Harrison, the difficulty for a boy is

obvious to anyone who knows Lewis Carroll's book, yet the part was well and simply rendered. We thought the Red Queen (E. Martin) very successful, a veritable spit-fire, while B. Smith showed the meek simplicity of the White Queen—"the dear good creature," to great advantage. E. Williams, as the White King, was particularly bright and intelligent. Humpty Dumpty (D. Long) might have been permitted to say of himself, without undue egotism, "There's glory for you." As the White Knight, F. Long gave his difficult part well, though the interpretation was scarcely one expected after years of acquaintance with the White Knight of the book. His noble steed was just such as one would expect to find in the Looking-Glass world. Perhaps the most successful scene was "Tweedledum and Tweedledee" (I. McDonald and E. Marsh), but the whole performance was bright, interesting and very quaint.

Obituary.

VERY REV. CANON WADE, O.S.B.

ON the 9th of July, 1909, died at Merthyr Tydfil, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church, in the sixty-second year of his age, Bernard Stephen Canon Wade, the faithful and devoted pastor of the Mission. He was buried on the Wednesday following and was followed to the grave by a vast crowd of clergy and laity. No one can wonder when he reads of a church filled with weeping mourners on the day of the Requiem; of thousands gathered outside around the doors; of silent forms and bowed heads as the coffin was borne to the hearse; of the long procession to Cefn Coed; of the tears and heartrending expressions of grief as the body was lowered into its last resting-place.

Here were laid the remains of one who had been, to others besides his own flock, a true friend and guide for five-and-twenty years, who had won their affection and respect and was endeared to them more than they knew till they saw he was gone. The obituary notice of Canon Wade in the *Merthyr Express* of July 17th is an eloquent and generous tribute to one whose qualities had marked him out for special regard and who had gained the esteem and confidence of all in Merthyr and the district as a member of the Board of Guardians, a ready and efficient speaker, a man of blameless life, of quiet but resolute energy combined with tact and courtesy to all. It was such qualities as these that made the writer say, "No man was held in higher regard by the whole community," and that he was "one of the best citizens Merthyr has ever seen." But it is when we turn to the touching words of panegyric spoken by the Bishop that we recognise those sterling qualities in Canon Wade that were the foundation of his character and that adorned his life throughout from boyhood to death—Truth, loyalty and fidelity! "I do not think," said the Bishop, "that I have ever known a more true and loyal and faithful man than Bernard Stephen Wade," and appealing to those who



THE VERY REV. CANON B. S. WADE, O.S.B.

had known him in Merthyr during the last twenty-five years, "most of you can tell me about his straightforwardness, loyalty and faithfulness."

The writer of these lines remembers Canon Wade for some years as a school-fellow at Ampleforth and as a member of the same Religious Community, and can bear witness to the correctness of the Bishop's outline of those earlier days: "I remember him when he was quite a child at Ampleforth. There never was a more cheerful or more helpful child or boy. He was friends always with his masters and companions, always ready to join in the study and the play. And afterwards, when he pursued his more serious studies, there again he was most dutiful, helpful, clever, public-spirited, liked by all."

And lastly when the generations that have known him shall have passed on like himself, the noble church he built at Merthyr and the mission he established at Merthyr Vale will stand for the best memorials of his zeal, his energy and his name.

The *Mass de Requiem* was sung by the Right Rev. Abbot of Ampleforth in presence of Dr. Hadley, Bishop of the Diocese. The Abbot President, the Right Rev. F. A. Gasquet, seventeen of his own brethren and several of the secular clergy assisted at the obsequies. The procession to the cemetery, which was fully a mile in length, was composed of, besides the clergy, contingents of the Glamorgan and Brecon police, the members of the Young Men's Society, the children of the several Catholic schools with their teachers, the members of his own flock and numbers of non-Catholic gentlemen, both lay and clerical. The service at the graveside was performed by the Abbot of Ampleforth. We conclude with the following taken from the *Merthyr Express* :—

"Thousands of people had taken up prominent positions in the cemetery grounds, and the sight was one of the most solemn ever witnessed there. As the coffin was lowered into the grave the grief expressed was almost heartrending, and just afterwards the earth closed over the body of one of the best citizens Merthyr has ever seen."

FR. BERNARD DAVEY, O.S.B. (R.I.P.)

In the death of Fr. Bernard Davey, St. Lawrence's has lost its most venerable member, the first for many past years to reach the age of eighty. He was not the oldest, however, in the habit or priesthood, having joined us almost in middle life.

Fr. Davey was born in 1828 at Dorchester in Oxfordshire, and came of an old Catholic family, which had suffered for the faith, to which it had clung right through the penal times. He used to relate how as children they were driven nine miles in all weathers to hear Mass every Sunday in Oxford, where the nearest church was situated. In so doing they used to pass by Littlemore where Dr. Newman then lived in his Anglican days, and who many years afterwards, as Cardinal Newman, told Fr. Austin Davey, how edified he used to be as he witnessed them going by Sunday after Sunday and in the roughest of weather, to hear Mass. Such fidelity to their religion had struck Newman, and had won his admiration for such staunch and practical Catholicism.

Fr. Davey was educated at St. Edmund's, Douai. On leaving school he went into business, and had no thought of the religious life. After some years, however, he received the grace of a call to religion. But with that humility and diffidence of his own powers, which were the characteristics of his whole life, he considered himself unfit for the priesthood, and so thought of becoming a lay-brother. It would appear, however, as far as we can ascertain, that by the advice of a Redemptorist Father, he was prevailed upon to aspire to the priesthood, in a religious order. Eventually he applied to St. Lawrence's, and was admitted there as a Postulant in 1861. From thence he proceeded to the Belmont Novitiate in 1862, being a fellow novice of Fr. Wilfrid Sumner, whose death followed so closely upon his own. After his return to Ampleforth in 1866, his diffidence again prompted him to obtain a longer preparation for the priesthood than was usual—a period of an extra year. Many can still recall the Br. Bernard of those days, grey-haired and venerable. He acted for a time as Guestmaster and also as Infirmaryman; and many can recall amusing incidents of boyish advantages taken of his

simple kindness in that office. After his ordination he served the Ampleforth and Kirby missions for a short time.

In 1873 he was sent to Dowlais to assist Fr. Basil Hurworth and then to take charge of the mission at Maesteg, where he fell upon evil times. During the great "Strike" of those days he shared the hardships and real poverty of his people. For some time he acted as his own housekeeper, and used to relate in after life how his dinner many a day consisted only of "pea-flour." After Maesteg he served various small missions such as Studley and Acton Burnell. For a time he was chaplain to the nuns at Stanbrook, and also later to those at Mayfield. At the age of sixty-five he went from Barton-on-Humber to St. Anne's, Liverpool, where he remained ten years. Still wonderfully active and with health that was remarkable for the age of seventy-five, he was sent to Brownedge, near Preston, where he laboured cheerfully and vigorously till his eighty-first year. Possessed of a strong constitution, and blessed with wonderful health, he seemed likely to rival his elder brother, Fr. Austin, who still enjoys good health at the age of eighty-four. But a bronchial attack finally proved too much for him, and he died in his eighty-first year, on the 6th of July, 1909, at Brownedge.

His earnest piety and patience during his last illness edified all those who attended him. He was buried by the side of several of his brethren in the cemetery attached to St. Mary's, Brownedge. The text of his funeral panegyric, preached by Fr. Hilary Willson, we think summed up his life and character: "The simplicity of the just shall guide them" (Prov. xi, 3). His faith and piety were of that childlike nature which wins the kingdom of heaven. His simple straightforwardness, no doubt, sometimes led him into mistakes in his dealings with others; mistakes that used to call forth his favourite expression, which he used to utter with such a look of astonishment and expressive gesture: "My patience! Did I say that? How foolish of me!" Little in his own eyes, diffident of his abilities, he nevertheless zealously did his duty, and lived and died a good monk and a good priest. May he rest in peace.

FATHER WILFRID SUMNER, O.S.B.

Hardly had his old friend and fellow-novice been laid in his grave at Brownedge than Fr. Wilfrid was discovered to be ill—to be looking ill as well as complaining of illness. For about a dozen years he had not been his old energetic, hard-working self. All the time he had seemed to others strong and healthy enough; and his manual labour on our hill-side showed that he had some real strength and some health also of a sort, though it was not satisfactory to himself. Consequently, most of us had come to think him hypochondriacal, particularly as no one—not even the doctors—could see in him signs of the ailments and diseases he fancied himself to possess. We knew that this hypochondriasis is a disease in itself, although it is one which does not appeal strongly to our pity or sympathy. Hence he was never asked to do anything he did not think himself fit to undertake, and it may be that our cheerful assumption of his real healthiness was the best and kindest help and encouragement we could have given him. His last illness, so short and mysterious and inevitable, makes it evident that for a long while, perhaps for years, a terrible disease had been preying upon him unseen in a quarter unsuspected even by himself. Whilst the enemy was burrowing its secret way into the fortress, he was for ever sounding an alarm at the gates and we remained undisturbed because we knew that the alarm was unfounded.

Francis Sumner was born in the year 1821 at Coughton in Staffordshire, of a well-known old Catholic family. He came to Ampleforth in 1854 and took the Benedictine habit in 1862. He was professed in the year following, returned to his College in 1866 and was ordained priest in 1869. When we first knew him as a young religious he was a sturdy, strong-limbed, determined-looking young man, a willing and untiring worker, active in mind and body. The quality of his work was its conscientiousness, and it was the evidence of this also in his spiritual life which to us boys made him an edifying influence. There are many now living who will gratefully testify to the effect of his intelligent and dutiful work as a master, and to his sane and discriminative appreciation of men and things. He was one of

those who gave great attention to small details, and we found this instructive and interesting. We generally wanted to know what Fr. Wilfrid had to say about a new statue or picture, a new book, a new building, or, indeed, a new anything; he was sure to have something to say worth hearing and to be as anxious to say it as we were to listen to it. He was a free and outspoken critic, but always from the constructive point of view. His humour led him to want to better things and add to them and finish them; to point out and remedy defects; to weigh and balance plans and schemes. When his discussions and arguments persuaded him to adopt a view, he became an enthusiastic advocate who delighted to win converts over to his side. His ideas seemed almost to run away with him. His speech became as hurried as his short steps and bustling manner. But he always had a very clear idea of what he wanted to do and to say, and his enthusiasms were never likely to lead him into an unjust prejudice or a rash initiative.

As a sample of his teaching methods, we remember how an indignant surprise that a certain senior class should be so ignorant of the meaning of such terms as frieze and plinth, ogival, gable and the like impelled him to introduce into the course—whether classical, mathematical, historical or what, we do not recollect—a series of lectures on the various styles of Architecture. They were dictated and written out, illustrated also by some who had artistic leanings, and, though necessarily brief and elementary, they were sufficiently sound and comprehensive to serve as a foundation or outline which could be safely built upon and added to and filled up by after reading and experience. And as a sample of Fr. Wilfrid's attention to detail, let us recall to those who witnessed it his setting of *Johannes Cesar* on our little stage. By a careful study of Montfaucon and other authorities and a certain practical ingenuity of his own, he contrived to introduce into the dresses and accessories, with but small means at his disposal, as much realism and archaeological accuracy as we should expect to find in a modern pageant. Nothing was too trivial or too difficult to be considered beneath or beyond his attention and care.

After filling the offices of Prefect, Junior-Master and Sub-Prior he was sent into the North Province. His first independent charge

was Egremont in Cumberland, from which he was transferred to St. Mary's, Buttermarket Street, Warrington. He was there for thirteen years and it was the common opinion of his superiors, during the time, that they had no better manager of a mission than Fr. Wilfrid. He was restlessly active and attentive to his work and most successful in everything he undertook. The interior of the fine church, then little more than a shell, he fitted up and beautified almost beyond recognition. He had always some scheme of improvement on hand to which he devoted the energies of both mind and body—so closely, that we heard it said of him more than once "he is wearing himself out." But he could not help himself; whatever its affect might be, this extravagant expenditure of energy was a part of his nature. Once we heard him complain of being quite tired out, and he said he had planned for himself a holiday of complete rest. He would go, he said, to Llanudno or to Cornwall and spend all the days lying on the Orme's Head or the Cornish cliffs, doing nothing but bask in the sunshine and gaze over the sea, with a book to read if he cared to look at it. He carried out his plan and went to Cornwall with a companion; but, once there, he bustled all over the county and dragged his tired socius to every point of smallest interest that could be reached on foot, by coach or by train.

His working days were broken off abruptly many years before his death. But his retirement did not bring him peace. He was able to take interest and find distraction in many things; yet we believe that he found most rest and happiness in the work he was still able to do at times—some brief spells of duty on the mission and his manual labour on the hill-side. The evening of his life was not yet reached; he did not look nor feel himself to be an old man altogether past work. But the clouds gathered suddenly, and the light failed quickly, and God called him to his rest. R.I.P.

THE REV. WILLIAM GIBBONS.*

We regret to record the death of the Rev. Fr. Gibbons, of the diocese of Newport, one of the priests on the staff of St. David's, Cardiff.

* From *The Tablet*.

Fr. Gibbons, after his usual work on Sunday, August 29th, 1909, was seized with illness on the following day, and died on Wednesday evening, September 1st. He was in the forty-fifth year of his age. He was born at Wolverhampton, and came of a family that has given sons and daughters to the Church and the religious life. He began his education at Ampleforth, in 1876. He always wished to be a Benedictine, but was not accepted on account of his weak health. He left in 1882 and then went for a short time to Douai, still hoping to join the Novitiate. In 1885, through the kindness of Bishop Hedley, he was sent to Lisbon, and went through his philosophy and divinity at the English College where he was ordained, in 1891, by Cardinal Vannutelli. He spent nearly the whole of the eighteen years of his priestly life at St. David's, Cardiff. For some time he was a member of the Cardiff School Board. At his death he was Secretary to the Associated Catholic Schools at Cardiff. He was always very delicate in health, and suffered much at times.

The funeral took place at Cardiff on September 4th. On the previous night there was a Dirge in St. David's Church. The Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Very Rev. A. van den Heuvel, rector of St. David's, in the presence of the Bishop of Newport. Two brothers of the deceased priest, D. Bernard Gibbons, O.S.B., and the Rev. John Gibbons, were respectively deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass. The Bishop was attended at the throne by the Very Rev. Canon Kelly, O.S.B., the Rev. Fr. O'Reilly and D. Elphege Duggan, O.S.B. Canon Colgan was master of the ceremonies, assisted by D. Aidan Crow, O.S.B., and the Rev. Fr. Roe, Inst. Ch.

At the end of the Mass the Bishop of Newport delivered an address. Taking for his text the words of Ecclesiasticus xxxv. 8, "The offering of the just man enricheth the altar, and smelleth sweet in the sight of the Lord; his sacrifice is accepted, and his memory the Lord shall not forget," he said that they were gathered round the bier of one whom he would venture to call a "just man." It was the prerogative of God alone to read the heart—but sometimes there were signs which men's intelligence and instinct could not mistake. There were many living who had known the Rev.

Fr. Gibbons from his childhood to that hour of God's visitation last Wednesday evening, when, in anguish and bodily collapse, but in resignation, in peace and in hope, he breathed his last upon this earth. He was forty-four years old, and had been a priest for eighteen, during nearly all of which he had lived and had worked at St. David's, Cardiff. Born of a good and honourable Christian family, he had been trained first by a mother who combined a cultivated mind and strong sense with hereditary faith and sterling piety. From her care he passed to the Benedictine Colleges of Ampleforth and Douai, and finally studied for the priesthood at the English College of Lisbon, a nursery of good priests and apostolic men. As a child and as a student, he was gentle, docile and affectionate. The talents which God had given were good, if not brilliant. But he had what was better than brilliance—a heart so turned to the light of God as to give him a singular grasp of the things of the spirit. It might truly be said of him in the terms of St. Paul's prayer for his Ephesian converts, that the "eyes of his heart were illuminated," and that he had that "spirit of wisdom" which is given to the humble and pious (Eph. i, 17). Catholics, whilst they venerated all priests for their sacred character, placed no bounds to their honour and affection towards a priest who was a priest in all his deeds, words and life. Thank God, such priests were not wanting; they loved to see their priests men of prayer, and to assist at their devout and reverent Mass. They loved to see them occupied with the church and the altar, as if it were their home. They willingly came to hear a clear, instructive and pious sermon, delivered with the unmistakable accent of the true pastor. They were touched to see a priest who spent himself for the children of the parents, in school and out of school, in the church, in the sanctuary, and in the street. They warmed to a priest who was a father of the poor, really troubling himself to gather charity, and to organise charity, and who spent little on himself. And they admired and wanted to work with a priest who took upon himself public burdens for the good of the Catholic flock. If that was so, it needed no explanation to understand why there was affectionate mourning, combined with deep veneration, for the priest that parish had just lost. He had offered his life and work to God from his childhood. It was an offering that was never taken back, but which deepened in fervour

every year. In the words of the Holy Spirit, it enriched the Altar of God. For God's revelation, and Christ's Redemption, and the Christian Mass and Sacraments, and the Holy Church of Christ, depended for their effect in the world upon human ministry, and especially upon the priesthood. The consecration and dedication of a true priest enforced Christ upon the world. Redemption, the Blessed Sacrament, and eternity—they all shone the more brightly in the devotedness of a devoted priest. The graces of Calvary flowed more abundantly on souls by the prayer and abnegation of a true priest. Thus his sacrifice enriched the golden Altar which for ever stands before the Heavenly Father, and which is Christ Himself (Apoc. viii, 3). Sweet was the sacrifice of a priest's heart and life in the sight of Christ. Could God forget such a priest? No Catholic could doubt that God remembered it with that memory which is a name for His beneficent remuneration. They believed that his sacrifice was accepted. What mattered a long life or a short life when a life was crowned with that acceptance. His memory the Lord would not forget, and neither would the flock, his friends, the brethren he had left on earth. That memory would draw them nearer to God. They would desire to love God with more thoroughness, to live more for the one and only end, and to do more for the Kingdom of God, to detest sin with a more genuine detestation. So would the life of a good priest be in benediction, and they would not omit to pray for his soul, that being purified from all stains it might speedily be admitted to that divine vision which awaited every just man.

At the conclusion of the sermon the Absolutions were given by the Bishop, and the body was then carried to the Cardiff cemetery, where Fr. van den Heuvel performed the service at the grave.

Fr. Gibbons was sincerely loved in Cardiff, both Catholics and non-Catholics uniting in esteem of his edifying life, his services to religion and education, and his work for the poor. There were large crowds at the Requiem and at the funeral, and about forty of the clergy of the diocese attended. By his will he left his property to Bishop Hedley except his large and valuable library, which he gave to his brother, F. B. Gibbons. It is now at Ampleforth.

Notes.

We are in hopes the new building will be roofed in before the snow comes. Not that snow will do much harm; frost is an enemy more greatly to be feared. But it is inconvenient and unpleasant. An unroofed house in the snow looks so miserable in its unsheltered nakedness. It suggests the extreme of discomfort—snow down the neck and in the boots, snow next to the skin everywhere. Happily the work is so advanced that there is not much more to be done before the roof-timbers are fixed. Happily also, the seasons now-a-days are so much later that only poets have a right to expect a big downfall of snow before the middle of January. Bolingbroke was of opinion that people generally would not find it any easier or more attractive to "swallow naked in December snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat." We agree with him; it is the sort of thing our slangy generation would describe as a "rotten" idea. We are not likely to be tempted to warm blankets, hot grog and a roaring fire, "immediate." Should, however, any of us be taken that way, we are afraid they will have to procure their December snow through a cold-storage company from the Riviera or some other winter resort. The weather has been "capsaltoric, O" of late—according to the newspapers. For us winter seemed to begin about the middle of August, and it has been going on beginning ever since.

What are we to call the building when it is finished? At present it goes, we believe, by the name of the Theatre. The word is appropriate enough since there is to be a permanent stage, and its chief and almost only use will be for spectacular business. We have no traditional name for such a place. We presume that our brethren at Downside would have called it the "Palace." Our forefathers at Discoloard would doubtless, following the French

custom, have spoken of it as the "Salon." We fancy Drs. Baines and Burgess would have named it the "Academy" or the "Athenaeum." At Oxford or Cambridge it would be simply the "Hall." This last seems to us to be the most august title. But we are not likely ever to dine in it, and that seems to be the most important use of the College Hall of our Universities. Moreover, we have a Hall already, though only a very little one.

Other rather notable work has been going on during the term. There has been a re-furnishing of our Choir and Sanctuary. The old red curtains have been replaced by handsome green ones, with a green carpet and cushions to match. There is a new abbot's fald-stool; red cassocks have been introduced for use on pontifical days; new oak benches for the singers have been placed in the choir. In the monastery Mr. H. Freeman and an assistant have spent some weeks cleaning and re-varnishing the pictures. They have done their work carefully and well. In one or two instances the effect has been in the nature of a discovery—the discovery of a radio-active element in their composition not hitherto suspected.

Sincere compliments and best wishes to our new Prior, Fr. Edmund Matthews. We know that he will prove as capable a Head in the monastery as he has been in the school, and that, being Prior as well as Headmaster, he will be the better able to preserve that unity of direction and aim which means corporate strength and makes for success. Our congratulations also to our new Sub-prior, Fr. Maurus Powell. May we also take occasion to express our gratitude to the late Prior for his long service and unfailing kindness to each and all of us? It is thirty-seven years ago since his connection with Ampleforth began, and twenty-eight years since he took the habit. During his long stay in the community Fr. Anselm Turner filled many offices, was Prefect for three years and Prior from the first election of an Abbot until the present term. His chief home care was for the trees and shrubs on our hillside. He will be long remembered for his hearty welcome and hospitable attention to our numerous guests. But his great work, one into which he threw all his energy, and which will remain as a testimony of his worth to

posterity, is the building of the two parish churches at Kirby and Ampleforth. There have been many excellent missionaries at both places, but none have left behind them such solid proofs of priestly devotion and enterprise. He carries with him to his missionary career at Brownedge a reputation already won for zealous and successful missionary work.

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There have been other changes on the Mission. Fr. Jerome Pearson has been compelled to retire through bad health from Warwick Bridge and has now returned to the monastery. Fr. Aelred Dawson and Fr. Basil Mason have left us to take up posts at St. Anne's, Edgehill, and St. Mary's, Warrington. Fr. Benedict McLaughlin has left Warrington for Dowlais in South Wales and Fr. Hildebrand Dawes has gone to assist Fr. Wulstan Barnett at Warwick Bridge. Our good wishes go with all of them.

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We spoke of Br. Celestine Shepherd's brilliant success at Oxford in our last issue. His friends will be glad to hear that he had the happiness to be ordained Deacon at the Oratory, Birmingham, on December 18th. We wish him God's blessing and happiness.

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When Mr. Balfour was lecturing at Oxford the other day, he said something to the effect that taste in Architecture changes, as in everything else; and we see in our cathedrals a patchwork of various styles belonging to various centuries, each period in succession having been so convinced of the æsthetic superiority of its own work that it sacrificed unity of conception to cling to its own ideals of beauty; and he had no doubt, or perhaps very nearly believed, or tentatively presumed to suggest—he grew rather indefinite at this point—that if they had had the money, each period would have pulled down all that their forefathers had erected, in order to build it up again in the latest and best and most beautiful style—according to their notions of what was best and most beautiful. We tentatively presume to suggest, or very nearly believe, or rather we have no doubt—our inclination is to grow more positive the more we think of it—that the spirit which guided our ancestors in their additions and improvements, was very much the same as that which has pre-

sided over the renovation of St. Alban's, Bowsay Street. Of course the question of cash comes in, whether we build up from the foundations, or add to an old structure, or merely gild a weathercock. The men of the bronze age will have had a proverb that you can do nothing without brass, just as men of all later times have said you can do nothing without money—described, perhaps, as shekels, denarii, oboli, cowries, rupees, angels, dollars, tin, and the like, but meaning always the same thing. This, however, regulated chiefly the quantity and quality of the work and only secondarily its extent. In many instances it would have been cheaper to pull the old work down and build up all afresh than to lengthen it and add to it and strengthen it with wall and arch and buttress, as our forefathers did. They let it stand for two reasons: that it was in use, and that they revered it—either for its beauty or the loving memories associated with it. One of the most striking anomalies in the way of rebuilding is the north-west tower of Chartres Cathedral. The front with its old north-east tower is of the flattest, sternest, early Roman period. This part has been left untouched and at the other corner, needed for symmetry but out of all proportion in height and breadth, we find one of the most elaborate and richest productions of late French Gothic. The cost of it would have rebuilt the whole facade in most excellent style—only, however, at the sacrifice of some of the best archaic sculpture the country possesses. Moreover, the nave of the church would have been thrown out of use. But we are being led into a discussion that is matter for an essay. Fr. Whittle, and Fr. Feeny before him, had to keep the old Bowsay Street chapel going whilst they ennobled and beautified it. It could not be spared for a week, let alone for the time needed to pull it down and build it up again. Then, both priests and people had a reverence and fondness for it. It was sacred to them from its history and its long consecration to the service of God. It was not handsome to look at. It could not be transformed into a notable work of art whatever might be spent over it. But it could be beautified both within and without. And this has been excellently well done—thoughtfully and reverently, making full use of all the resources at the service of our modern architects.

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From our Oxford Correspondent:—

The following paragraph appeared in a recent number of the *Oxford Magazine*:—

"In the new issue of the *University Calendar* it will be noticed that a change has taken place in the *Mastership of one of the private Halls*—a change which marks the departure from Oxford of one who was widely known and highly respected in the life of the University. The Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart., O.S.B., M.A., has recently ceased to preside over the Hall which for some ten years has borne his name. Sir David was educated at Eton and Magdalen. Becoming a convert to Catholicism he entered the Benedictine Order and attached himself to the Abbey of Fort Augustus in Scotland, where for some years he was Rector of the school which was then conducted by the monks. From Fort Augustus he was sent in 1896 on a special mission to Brazil in connexion with the revival of the Benedictine Order in that country. A year or more later the Benedictines of Ampleforth Abbey, Yorkshire, were desirous of returning to Oxford, where in former days their monastic ancestors, from their three establishments of Gloucester College (now Worcester College), Durham College (now Trinity College) and the now defunct Canterbury College, took no small part in the life of the University. Sir David Hunter Blair entered heartily into the project, and returning to England lent his services and the weight of his influence to his brethren of Ampleforth by consenting to become the head of the private Hall which they desired to establish for members of their monastery. Under his direction the new Hall began its life, and during its short career, in proportion to its numbers—for it is the smallest educational establishment belonging to the University—it has proved itself in the Schools quite capable of bearing comparison with Colleges where the best scholastic traditions are maintained. Last year Sir David was invalided by a serious illness, and soon afterwards resigned his position as Head of the Hall. He has now returned for a time to the scene of his former labours in Brazil, and his Oxford friends will join in the hope that the change of climate and of work will effect his complete restoration to health. The *Mastership of the Hall* is now in the hands of the Rev. E. S. Anselm Parker, O.S.B., M.A., and the house will conse-

quently be known as Parker's Hall. But although the name has undergone a change, there has been no alteration in the constitution of the Hall, and no break in its internal continuity; for it is still retained by its founders, the Benedictines of Ampleforth, as the house where their members pursue their University studies."

The good traditions of our little Oxford house were in no way tarnished in the examinations which took place in June last. The news of Br. Celestine Sheppard's First Class in Theology arrived just in time to be inserted in our last issue; but too late for publication came the results of the examinations of our other two candidates, Br. Herbert Byrne and Br. Sebastian Lambert. The former gained a Second Class in the Honours School of *Litteræ Humaniores*, and the latter a Third Class in the Honours School of Modern History.

The community at Parker's Hall is now larger than it has been for some years. Fr. Cuthbert Almond took up residence there early in the term, and is engaged in literary work and in teaching Moral Theology to some of the students. There are three "freshmen," Bros. Francis Primavesi, Alexis Chamberlain and Sylvester Mooney (the last from our sister Abbey at Woolhampton), all of whom are studying for honour schools. Bros. Celestine Sheppard and Sebastian Lambert, who have both taken their B.A. degree, are still at Oxford and pursuing a course of post-graduate study. In the material fabric of the Hall considerable change has taken place during the Long Vacation—in fact certain portions of the building have assumed a substantiality and respectability which recall little of their pristine condition. The "Wing," which former students will remember as an extremely decrepit structure exposing its ribs of lath to the assault of wind and rain, has received a new coat of external plaster, and really induces one to think that it has many years of existence still before it. The rooms throughout the house have been rejuvenated with an expenditure of much wall-paper and fresh paint. Unfortunately the "Quad" has suffered considerably from the ruthless feet of heavily-shod workmen, which have wrought great destruction of vegetable life. This however is a minor detail in comparison with the improvements which the house has undergone, and the students are grateful to the Head, Fr. Anselm Parker, and to Br. Alban, of Ampleforth, for the labour

and energy they have expended during the Vacation in order to bring about the present state of things.

Thanks are due also to several friends who have recently presented useful gifts to the Hall; these are Mr. W. Taylor, who gave us a new sanctuary bell and *Ritus*; Mr. J. Raby, who presented pictures and a most acceptable donation besides; and also two other benefactors who desire to remain anonymous.

The number of Catholic freshmen who "came up" this term is 35, and the total number of Catholic undergraduates in the University is now 85—not a great proportion out of the 3826 who make up the total of undergraduates now in residence, but still a number which marks a great progress, and is encouraging and hopeful to all who realise the necessity that lies upon English Catholics of re-entering the educational life of the great Universities of our country. The conferences for the Catholic students, which take place every term at the house of the Chaplain, Mgr. Kennard, have been given this term by the Right Rev. J. I. Cummins, O.S.B. They have been well attended and much appreciated.

The Franciscans of Cowley kept high festivity during three days of the term by way of celebrating the seventh centenary of their founder, St. Francis, and several members of our Oxford house were privileged to join in the rejoicings. One of the preachers on this occasion was the Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P., B.A., who as a member of our Hall distinguished himself so conspicuously in the Modern History School a few years ago. Fr. Cummins, too, took a prominent part in the celebrations and preached on the last day of the triduum. The benefactions of the Benedictines to the Franciscans were of course recalled to memory, with perhaps some pardonable exaggeration due to the fervour of the festival. But whatever these benefits were, we can no longer doubt that they have now been amply repaid by the grateful sons of St. Francis, for the Provincial, in virtue of an old privilege possessed by the Franciscans at Oxford, has honoured Ampleforth, and indeed the whole Order, by—conferring upon Fr. Cummins the distinguished degree of Doctor of Divinity! 'Tis small wonder that there was a quaver in the voice of both donor and recipient whenever they made allusion to so great an honour, for it was one of those

occasions when profound emotion can hardly be restrained. We beg to add our respectful voices to the chorus of congratulation which we feel sure will greet Dr. Cummins at the reception of this new dignity.

* * *

The annual Ampleforth reunion of Old Boys of the London district took place at the Holborn Restaurant on the evening of Nov. 30th. Captain the Hon. E. Strouton proposed "Alma Mater." Fr. Abbot, the chairman, in his reply met the expectations of all by dwelling on affairs of interest to Old Boys connected with Ampleforth during the past year. The health of the School had been excellent, rendering the large detached infirmary, lately completed, an object merely ornamental; the number of boys had been raised to 128, while a few were waiting their turn for admission to the School; this was certainly a development since the time when, as a boy, he remembered there was exactly half that number. Thanks to our Hall at Oxford, University graduates of the Ampleforth community were employed in every branch of the teaching staff. He spoke also of the details of the new block of buildings which will provide an Exhibition Hall and indoor plunge bath; if the winter is gracious this will be opened in a few months. Many reminiscences of the "old days" were humorously introduced into Captain Woollett's speech in proposing Fr. Abbot's health—the archery on the yet unfeathered hill at the back of the college, the one-eared cricket, the ruthless football, the "useless tradition" of the mnemonic feat of reproducing the thousand dates and the thousands of other things besides. Fr. Abbot, too, in his reply, had much to recall of the "reds" and "blues" and episodes belonging to an earlier stage of civilization at Ampleforth. Mr. George MacDermott spoke of the London-Ampleforth Cricket Club of the past year, bestowing praise and thanks where they were due. Six matches were won, six lost and nine drawn; socially the club was a great success. Mr. Harold Pike, the organizer of the present gathering, asked for co-operation in the matter of the London Dances, which will take place on Jan. 12th at the Empress Rooms, to ensure that it will be successful as in former years. The spirit of union and energy among Old Amplefordians, which was made manifest in all the

speeches, assisted by the musical ability of Messrs. Corble, F. Hayes, Gilbert and E. de Normanville, made the annual gathering a complete success.

* * *

The annual dinner of the Old Ampleforthians of Liverpool and the neighbourhood was held at the Exchange Station Hotel on Dec. 9th. As usual the reunion was a most successful one, thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. John Fishwick, and about seventy old boys and friends spent a very enjoyable evening. Fr. Corlett presided, and was supported by Fr. Abbot, Fr. Prior of Belmont, and Fr. Brown, S.J.

The Chairman led the way, and was followed by other speakers, in entertaining all present with amusing reminiscences of old school-days, conjuring up pictures that appealed to many who had played their part in the stirring events described.

A cordial welcome was given to the Prior of Belmont who in a graceful speech replied to the toast of the Jubilee of St. Michael's Priory.

An excellent band discoursed sweet music during the evening, and this innovation proved very welcome and was much appreciated.

The Abbey Library acknowledges and renders sincere thanks to many benefactors: to Fr. Abbot, Fr. Paulinus Wilson, and Fr. Bernard Gibbons for a large number of books given; to Fr. Hildephonus Brown, Fr. Maurus Blane and J. F. Bateman, Esq., who also have given us useful works.

* * *

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphi*, the *St. Angustin*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Domesday Review*, the *Georgian*, the *Ossian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Student and Mittheilungen*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Austral Light*, and the *Bulletin de S. Martin*.

The Ampleforth Society.

FOUNDED 14th JULY, 1875.

Under the Patronage of St. Benedict and St. Lawrence.

President:—The Abbot of Ampleforth.

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1. To unite past students and friends of St. Lawrence's in furthering the interests of the College.
2. By meeting every year at the College to keep alive amongst the past students a spirit of affection for their Alma Mater and of good-will towards each other.
3. To stimulate a spirit of emulation amongst the students by annually providing certain prizes for their competition.

Five Masses are said annually for living and dead Members, and a special "Requiem" for each Member at death.

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

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THE RIGHT REV. P. A. BAINES, D.D.

Bishop of Siga.

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

Vol. XV.

MAY, 1910.

Part III.

Bishop Baines and the Cardinalate.

The following letters need no introduction, save to say they have never been published before, are preserved in the archives of the Clifton Diocese, and are printed now by kind permission of his Lordship, Bishop Burton. They tell their own story. The occasion of Bishop Morris' Sermon was the Jubilee celebration, in 1864, of the settlement of St. Gregory's at Downside.

Hindlip, Worcester,
May 10, 1858.

MY LORD CARDINAL.

I trust that your Em. will not consider it intrusive or impertinent in me, if I venture to address you on the subject of your late most interesting work, which I have read and re-read with the greatest delight. At page 234 your Em., in giving a description of the coronation of Leo XII, says that "the triple crown was placed on his head by the Cardinal Dean, the Venerable Pacca." Cardinal Pacca was not Dean of the Sacred College at the time. Even in the year 1825, when the Jubilee was published and the Church of Sta. Maria in Trastevere substituted for the

ruined basilica of S. Paul's, one of the three at which the Jubilee is opened, Cardinal Pacca was designated as legate to Sta. Maria in Trastevere, being then only *Sub-Dean* of the Sacred College. Moroni says: "Ve fu prescelto il Cardinal Pacca à legato, allora *Sottodecano* del Sagro Collegio, dacchè il *Decano*, il *Cardinal della Somaglia*, era archiprete lateranense." Then again at the *possesto* of Pius VIII, in the year 1829, he was still only *sub-dean*, and accompanied that Pope together with the Dean della Somaglia in the Pontifical carriage to St. John Lateran. "Andavano in sua compagnia il decano e sotto decano del Sagro Collegio, i Cardinali della Somaglia e Pacca."

Besides, I had always understood that the privilege of crowning the Roman Pontiff belonged to the senior Cardinal Deacon, and not to the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, who, as Dean, consecrates the Pope, if not yet a bishop at his election. Accordingly I consulted Gaetano Moroni's *Capelle Pontificie*, and there at page 54 I find that, after the Cardinal Dean has recited over the Pope the prayer "Omnipotens . . . dignitas Sacerdotii, etc., etc.," the Senior Cardinal Deacon proceeds with the ceremony. "Allora il Cardinale secondo Diacono leva la Mitra al Pontefice ed il Cardinale Primo Diacono a cui spetta coronare il Pontefice Romano gli mette in testa la Sagra tiara, ossia triregno, profendo queste parole: "Accipe etc., etc."

Your Em. describes Card. Consalvi as the Deacon of the Mass on that occasion, therefore it would not have been that Cardinal that the Pope was crowned by. I believe it was the Cardinal Albani; but at all events it was the *Primo Diacono*, and he and the 2nd Cardinal Deacon are by right always "a dextris" and "a sinistris Pontificis"; whilst the Cardinal Deacon who ministers at Mass walks between them in the Procession up St. Peter's, and is called always "Diacono ministrante," whilst the two other Cardinal Deacons are called "i due Cardinali più antiche." In all this the prescriptions of the *Cerimoniale Episcoporum* pro-

bably originated, for there, in Chapter VIII, lib. 1, it is prescribed that the Bishop's assistants among the Canons should be "duo primi canonici ex ordine Diaconali," if the Canons be thus divided; but in the next chapter, speaking of the Deacon at the Pontifical Mass, it says "ex canonicis Diaconis esse debet, nec referat an sit de antiquioribus nec ne, etc., etc."

I conclude your Em. might possibly wish to state this, should your valuable work go through another edition, as I sincerely hope it may. At page 327 your Em. in concluding your account of Dr. Baines, an account which, I hope you will pardon me for remarking, many must think a little too severe and not quite fair; you add "The Death of the Pope alone prevented the consummation of this plan; his successor probably had not heard of it."

I must own I am considerably perplexed at this assertion, for I hardly have thought it possible that your Eminence should have been kept in ignorance by Dr. Baines of a very *important circumstance* which took place immediately after the Coronation of Pius VIII and, as Dr. Baines assured me, within a week of that event. But before I proceed to relate it to your Em. I will with your permission mention an anecdote told me by Dr. Baines respecting the Cardinal Castiglioni. The Bishop, frequently conversing with me about Rome and great personages there, used to mention to me the Cardinal Castiglioni, who, he says honoured him with his friendship, and often called upon him at the Palazzo Costa after "Ave Maria," and would sit with the Bishop and his friends and partake of their evening tea, chatting familiarly with them. On one occasion, I remember especially his Lordship telling me, it so happened the Padre Scinto, the Penitentiary for the English language at St. Peter's, was calling on him, when suddenly the Cardinal Castiglioni was announced. The Padre, remembering it was late and that the Cardinal would be displeased at finding him from home at that hour, at once retreated into the Bishop's bedroom,

through which was egress to the staircase beyond. The Cardinal was ushered at the same moment into the Bishop's saloon, and the Padre Scinto, who had forgotten his hat, could not return to take it. Moreover, remembering that he had left it on the table, he was kept in the greatest dismay, fearing that the inquisitive Cardinal might ask the Bishop whose hat it was, being both old and unadorned by any distinctive Prelatic band. The Bishop meanwhile had not noticed the hat and neither (fortunately for the Padre) had the Cardinal. However, his Em. only remained a short half hour, at the expiration of which, to the Bishop's surprise and the amusement of his friends, the Padre reappeared to claim his hat and to wish them a hurried "Buona Sera."

When I was last in Rome, in the Holy Week of 1845, I had a long conversation with Padre Scinto at St. Peter's, and as it was chiefly about our mutual friend Dr. Baines, I believe I alluded to the story I have just now given. However, I mention this merely to substantiate the fact that Cardinal Castiglioni was on friendly visiting terms with the Bishop and highly esteemed him. If so, is it likely he would never have heard or have observed the favour with which Leo XII regarded the Bishop? That the contrary was the case, the circumstances which I have promised to detail, and which I designated as *important*, will clearly prove. I will relate it as I have over and over again heard it from Dr. Baines' own lips, premising that I could willingly, if that were necessary, attest on oath the truth of the story. Whether Dr. Baines mentioned it to any other person now living, I was quite unaware till within the last hour or two, when a correspondent of mine, to whom I had written it, refers to the circumstance, in a letter I have just received, in these words: "Nearly all you have stated I knew well from information I had at the time, etc., etc. I had forgotten particulars, but now as you relate them, how familiar do they seem to my mind!" Poor Lady Bellew,

had she been alive, could have corroborated my statements I have no doubt: but alas! she is now no more. Padre Scinto, too, if he be still living, might, if requisite, be asked about it. I will tell the Bishop's story in his own words. "Within a week of his Coronation, the Pope sent Cardinal Odescalchi to me to express his continued good wishes and favour, and to offer me, if I would stay in Rome, a position at Court, that the Cardinal smilingly intimated to me, his Holiness meant as a step to a still higher position, which I understood to be the Cardinal's Hat, for which dignity I confidently believed Leo XII had intended me. The Cardinal then told me, his Holiness would at once provide another Vicar Apostolic for the Western District, if I acceded to this plan, and wished to know what I felt about it."

I asked the Bishop, the first time he related this to me: why he had not at once expressed his readiness to comply with the gracious intimation? His answer was: "my predecessor had just died; I felt in better health and spirits; I was homesick and anxious to return to friends and native air; I preferred just then the position of an English Vicar Apostolic, immeasurably though it was beneath the Cardinality, and I was eager to found the Seminary for the Western District and to promote, by my presence, the interests of Religion in that part of England; so, there and then, without further reflection, I entreated the Cardinal to offer to the Pope my most humble and grateful acknowledgements, to petition His Holiness to allow me to return to England for the present, and not to consider me undutiful or unmindful of his great goodness towards me, but permit me the opportunity of exerting for the good of Religion the talents which I felt I possessed, and which, with renewed health and strength, I hoped would be of service to the Catholic Faith in my own country." Such, my Lord Cardinal, is an exact and true account of Dr. Baines' interview with the Cardinal Odescalchi, as I am

quite ready to vouch for. And now I may mention to your Eminence another circumstance of which I myself was an eye-witness, and which not unremotely bears on the history I have just given you.

When I accompanied Dr. Baines on his last journey to Rome, in the Spring of 1840, we arrived at Genoa on Whitsun Eve, June 6th. The Bishop's first visit was to the Cardinal Archbishop Tadini, who was an old friend and whom he had previously known at Rome as Padre Tadini. After the first salutations were over, the Cardinal informed the Bishop that the Padre Odescalchi was at Sant Ambrogio, preaching a retreat to the candidates for Holy Orders to be ordained on the following Saturday, and that, moreover, the Padre was to appear on the morrow at San Lorenzo in the Pontifical habiliments, in order to assist the Cardinal in the consecration of one of his Suffragans—a neighbouring Bishop, who was to have attended, having been taken suddenly ill, and being thus prevented from coming to the consecration. The Cardinal added: "If you, Monsignore, can remain over Sunday morning to assist me, I know that Padre Odescalchi will be made perfectly happy, for nothing does he dread so much as being obliged to officiate as a Bishop since he has retired from the world and the honours and dignities he once held."

The Bishop explained to his Eminence that our passage money had been paid to Civita Vecchia, that the steamer sailed that evening, and that we should be obliged to continue our voyage, and that he was sorry on that account, that he could not comply with the Cardinal's wishes.

Our next visit was to Sant Ambrogio where we were introduced to the Padre Odescalchi's cell by the Padre Jourdan. I shall never forget that interview! The Padre Odescalchi's supreme delight at seeing the Bishop again, and Dr. Baines' overwhelming agitation at beholding the former Cardinal and Vicar of Rome in the coarse habit of a poor Jesuit. They tenderly embraced each other and were

soon embarked *in medias res*. The Bishop detailed to him, as he had often done of old, his troubles and his fears, and the history of his renewed difficulties. As he spoke, the Padre's eyes filled with tears and his expression was one of intense sympathy. His words are engraven on my memory. "Alas! Monsignore, you should never have left Rome. You made the great mistake of your life, when you declined that gracious offer I was ordered to make you. Ah now, you remember! Eh?"

Dr. Baines wept as he spoke and, in the presence of such a saintly man, I was completely overcome by feelings of compassionate interest in the Bishop, and of painful surprise at hearing so conclusive a confirmation of what the Bishop had told me had taken place eleven years before.

The only remark Dr. Baines made to me as we left the building was: "You understood, John, what he said." I answered: "perfectly, my Lord"; to which he rejoined: "Then never forget it."

Evidently his mind and heart were too deeply occupied at the moment with the impression of that strange interview to converse with me; and we wandered on from street to street and from church to church, during the next hour or two, Dr. Baines hardly once addressing me or noticing my presence.

All that I have unhesitatingly placed before your Em. convinces me, if it fail to convince others, that Pius VIII thought of Dr. Baines for the Cardinalial dignity, and that, so far from his Holiness being ignorant of his predecessor's plans, he had in every human probability heard of them; and had Dr. Baines' ambition or zeal or instinct (call it what we may) led him at the time to aspire after high position at Rome and induced him to give up his English friends, home and interests (which at that time must have been a condition *sine quâ non* of his elevation) the Strada Cardinalizia was open to him.

I wish to add here, that Dr. Baines was never Prior of

Ampleforth, nor was he wholly educated at Lambpring Abbey, but was there for three years and a half only.

I hope and trust that your Eminence will cheerfully pardon my boldness in addressing you as I have done.

With the greatest admiration for your talents and the profoundest respect for your exalted position and the most affectionate regard for your person, I cannot ungratefully forget the friend and patron of my youth, who is gone before us, and who (I know it well) entertained towards you a lingering attachment, which no unfortunate differences or disagreeable circumstances ever effaced. Of this I have many proofs, and they are convincing ones, both of his high esteem for your Eminence's talents, and of the position which he felt, and cordially foretold to me, you ought and would one day occupy in the English Church. You, also, my Lord Cardinal, as you once told the Bishop of Arras, in introducing me to him, have known me since a little boy, and this, added to the kindness with which you have invariably received me, emboldens me to address your Em. a longer and more unreserved communication than I should otherwise have presumed to forward.

In the hopes that you will pardon its length, I entreat your blessing and kiss the sacred purple, remaining with the deepest respect etc., etc., etc.

J. B.

Private.

Leznoo, May 11, 1858.

DEAR MR. BOSOMI,

The only thing that I have to find fault with in your letter is your fear of offending me, by correcting any error in my late work. It would be both foolish and unfair in me not to desire the utmost accuracy, and to wish to be as just as possible to every one.

I have no doubt but you are right about the Pope's

Coronation, and I think I know how I was misled about Pacca. These mistakes are easily set right.

What you inform me of, for the first time, about Dr. Baines is much more important. No one has ever mentioned it to me before. At the same time, I will make one or two remarks.

1°. If Pius VIII had the same intentions as Leo, being such a personal friend of the Bishop's, this does not prove that he knew of his predecessor's intentions. He may have acted *sua propria*. I well remember Nicolai treating the matter as a profound secret, not yet manifested to anyone, as he made enquiries about Dr. B.; and I doubt if any direct intimation was made to the Bishop, when he was desired to go to S. Callisto, that it was in order that he might *thence* be made Cardinal.

2°. This is confirmed by your account, that Pius's idea was to put him in some office from which to elevate him to the purple: whereas I know that Leo intended to make him Cardinal at once, by the *insitution of the hat*. I should never have known anything of the matter, but for Nicolai's private communication.

You may depend, however, on the facts disclosed by you being properly used in a new edition, should my work ever reach one.

I should be sorry to have judged Dr. B. severely; for I entertain the kindest feelings for his memory. But I cannot help feeling that his voluntary isolation and rejection of all counsel were his greatest misfortune, and caused the wreck of his magnificent designs and of his own health.

When we saw such men as Dr. Logan, Rooker and Metcalf, who had made great sacrifices for him, not to mention Gentili, etc., put aside, because they could not coincide in all things, and persons certainly not their equals in mind and acquirements, put in their places, and still more, when one saw him prefer to have the whole burthen of his

gigantic undertakings pressing on his own shoulders, instead of his sharing responsibility with others, it was impossible not to fear the very consequences which ensued. As to myself, I was devoted to him, heart and soul, and lost favour at Rome in the manner in which I espoused his cause. I saw in Pylor Park the beginning of a new era for Catholic affairs, in education, in literature, in public position, and in many things which now are realities, and then were hopes. How was all this broken off? One cause of our separation is too painful for me to recite; but the decisive one was my unfortunately presuming on what I thought confidence, and offering advice when I thought it would be most useful. This produced such a rebuff as I have never received before, and never have since. It was by letter; but if my answer was preserved among the Bishop's papers, I should not mind all the world seeing it. I closed it by saying what may now seem prophetic, that "if any one should hereafter record his life, I hoped he would not draw his character from his letters."

This is certain—that whatever little abilities I may possess, whatever, small as it may be, I have been assisted by Divine Providence in doing, were once at his feet and at his free disposal. I cannot repine that he rejected them, nor consider this otherwise than one of those over-ruled acts of a higher dispensation, whereby our lives are turned into other channels than we had contemplated and even planned.

Excuse my thus frankly endeavouring to justify my estimate of Dr. Baines' character, towards which I should be sorry to be unfair.

I am ever

Your affecte. Servt. in Xr.

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

Hindlip, Worcester.

May 15.

MY LORD CARDINAL,

I hasten to express to your Em. my grateful sense of the very kind manner in which you have received my last letter, and beg at the same time to thank you most sincerely for so very indulgently permitting me to comment on your late work. Had I not felt that my letter had already far exceeded any reasonable length, I should have added a postscript with reference to another passage in the life of Leo XII, at page 319, where your Em. states "that Leo XII had, through his habitual abstemiousness, been enabled to undergo the long fast of 23 hours preparatory to the anticipated Mass," which in the years 1826 and 1827 that Pontiff had himself celebrated at Sta. Maria Maggiore, and which no other Pope had attempted. It appears to me that a question may be raised on this passage as to whether the Pope did actually fast from the previous midnight, imposing upon himself a serious trial to his physical strength, which is not exacted from the Cardinals. I quite remember going to the Sistine Chapel with Dr. Baines and Mr. Englefield on Xmas Eve, 1840, when the Card. Patrizi sang the Mass, and Mr. E. telling me that the Cardinal was not obliged to fast from the previous midnight. Afterwards, I discovered in Moroni, at page 349, the whole history of the matter, and from the Brief of Pope Benedict XIV "Quodam de more," it seems that there is a tacit dispensation of the Sacramental Fast.

The Pope says:

"Alcuni hanno scritto che ogni anno si fa la spedizione di un breve di dispensa dal Papa. Ma sapendo il Papa l'ora in cui si celebra la Messa e sapendo che chi la celebra non ha sempre mantenuto il digiuno, e nulla di ciò parlando e nulla su ciò disponendo, e lasciando correre, subentra una

certa tacita dispensa, che assicura la coscienza di chi celebra la messa in quella notte, *dopo aver mangiato*, etc., etc."

Then Benedict XIV continues: that as the Mass in the Pontifical Chapel could not be omitted on that night, and as it must be said before midnight (the Cardinals and Bishops having to celebrate three Masses afterwards at their own homes and then return at an early hour for the third Mass sung by the Pope) it would be difficult to find any Cardinal (at the age in which they are decorated with that dignity) able to maintain his fast from the previous midnight, so the fast is dispensed with. The Pope then might and probably did avail himself of a tacit and generally acted upon dispensation, of which he could not have been ignorant, and which the Cardinal Camerlengo or his delegate might each year, if he had liked it, have made use of. In that case there would be nothing so wonderful in the Pope singing the first Mass; at least the previous fast need not have been observed by His Holiness. Your Em. may depend perfectly upon the correctness of my statements respecting Dr. Baines. My memory is particularly and vividly retentive, and I feel that I have not in any way exaggerated the details I submitted to you in my last letter. I do not dare to assert that Dr. Baines was without faults or without blame; but in the particular instance your Em. gives of his isolating himself and in turn rejecting the advice of such men as Dr. Logan, Dr. Rooker, Gentili, etc., etc., the very mode in which the Bishop acted proves that he was willing, to a certain degree, to fall in with the views of others and to adopt them, and that he listened to advice and acted upon it whilst under the influence of one and then another, as in the case of Gentili more particularly. From your Eminence's character of Dr. Baines, the world would suppose that he was self-opinionated and unyielding at all times. From the year 1835, for example, to the year 1839, Gentili completely ruled the Bishop with reference

to the internal arrangements of the College, the direction of the studies, and the training of the ecclesiastical portion of the students. With much that was admirable and excellent in poor dear Gentili (whose memory and saintliness I venerate) there were many *Sfranzagione* and absurdities, with a tendency to extreme severity to ecclesiastics, and exclusiveness of any system or notions but his own. Well! Dr. Baines gave him, for the time, his fullest confidence, allowed him to do just as he pleased, sacrificed Dr. Rooker to him, and was completely led for a while by his Italian counsellor. I could multiply cases of this sort, in which Dr. Baines manifested his willingness to listen to or act upon advice. Sometimes, no doubt, it was different, especially with regard to your Em. I perfectly recollect your coming to Prior Park in the Augt. of 1835, your leaving again, your visit, if I mistake not, to the Shrewsburys and what ensued between the Earl, the Bp. and yourself with reference to your report of Prior Park and of Dr. Baines' proceedings. I know the coolness of the Earl and Countess towards the Bp. dated from that period, and I believe I have heard Dr. B. say that he would not adopt your views, or in some way displeased you then; which was the cause of your giving up any plan you may then have had for the good of the College or of Religion in that District. I sincerely regret that.

That there was a plan of some sort I know too from the Bp., who used to tell me that previous to this, in the year 1834, he was most eager, whilst at Rome, to obtain your Em. for his coadjutor. He has described to me more than once how he importuned the Pope on his knees to name you Bp., as the greatest favour he could confer on the Western District and the College; and he also has given me Gregory XVI's constant answer, viz.: that you were both too young, he to require a coadjutor, and your Em. to be consecrated; but that that might follow later on, and that, at present, you might repair to England and take the manage-

ment of Prior Park. The wonder is that being such a boy at the time, I could be so impressed with matters far beyond my sphere or appreciation.

That your Eminence's account of Dr. Baines has led to considerable discussion in the Cath. periodicals could not have been foreseen, though such unfortunately is the case. The "Rambler," for instance, with its atrocious assertion in a recent number, regarding Dr. B. and Protestants: an assertion so injurious, not only to the Bp.'s memory, but positively inferring a grievous violation of the divine precept of Charity in its highest sphere. I am told that the family alluded to indignantly repudiate the truth of the scandalous story, and I am persuaded your Em. will be glad to learn this. In having expressed to the Bp. (at the time of the Autumn of '35, I venture to guess) your hope that "his biographer would not record his character from his letters," your Em. evinced your knowledge of Dr. Baines' disposition: impetuous (constitutionally so) and at times hasty with his pen and in his language, but then so quickly forgiving, so unboundedly generous at heart, so deeply regretful for any pain he caused others to feel.

I said that to the end of his life he loved you; and though I am but a very insignificant individual, yet a great portion of my early admiration for your Em. and interest took its tone from his mind and words. The day you called to take leave of him, in the August of 1840, ere you quitted the Eternal City for England, you remained a short hour to dine with the Bishop, Mr. Collyer and myself, and when you had bade him farewell and had left the Pallazo Minghanelli, Dr. Baines burst into tears; then overcoming his emotion, he exclaimed: "I hope with all my heart he will have a smother path than I have had. I fear that he has helped to bring me into all this trouble; but whether or not I do wish him well and forgive him with all my heart." I well remember the smile of contentment which his features wore, after he had used these words. It struck

me forcibly at the time. At this distance of eighteen years I am sure I repeat as sincerely and as affectionately the Bishop's good wishes, and I earnestly pray and trust that your valuable life may be long preserved to us, for the glory and advancement of Religion, and that, after the many storms and crosses to which your Em. has been subjected in defence of the Church, the remaining portion of your existence may be all peace and sunshine to its close.

Once more I ask your blessing and kiss your sacred purple, and am ever, etc., etc.

J. B.

Leyton, N.E.

May 19, 1853.

DEAR MR. BONOMI,

There are only two points in your last letter which require any remarks from me. 1st. I was of course quite aware that the Pope or Cardinal who sings Mass on Xmas night is dispensed from fasting from the midnight before, and takes some refreshment in the interval. The peculiarity in Leo's case was that he did not avail himself of the dispensation, or usage, but fasted strictly from the midnight before. I almost think it was from himself that I heard it.

2^d. With reference to Dr. Baines' observation about me, when we parted at Rome, I can only say that I had nothing on earth to do with his being called to Rome. Indeed, I remember my surprise at hearing that the Pope had summoned him, nor do I now even remember on what precise grounds this step was taken.

Just after I received your letter, a convert friend of the highest standing was in my room reading the "Recollections," and was come to the part about Dr. Baines. He happened to ask me some question about him, which led me to remark, that I was considered to have treated him severely. "Well," he remarked, "I can only say that Dr. B. has risen immensely in my estimation from what I have

just read. I had no idea that he was so remarkable a man, or had occupied so high a place in Church affairs."

I trust, therefore, that I have not injured his reputation in the eyes of many.

Your affecte. Servt. in Xt.,
N. CARD. WISEMAN.

Rochampton, S.W.

MY DEAR BONONI,

Pray accept my best acknowledgment for your kind letter, as well as for the compliments which you are pleased to pay to the few unpremeditated words that fell from my lips, on the occasion of the celebration of the Jubilee on Tuesday last.

Dr. Ullathorne had engaged, some three weeks before, to be the preacher on the occasion, and it was only at the breakfast table, that morning, that he declined, and it was pressed upon me. I had just time to find a text before the procession moved to the Church, and trust the rest to Providence. You are pleased to say I succeeded; and I rejoice thereat. My observations would have been incomplete had I omitted the mention of one of the greatest ornaments of the Benedictine body, as well as the most illustrious of its members in modern times; our dear, and ever to be lamented friend, Dr. Baines. I loved him as a brother; and esteemed him as one who was worthy of every consideration; and in this feeling I was not alone. For the Pontiff Leo XII had destined a Cardinal's hat for him; but died before the act was completed; his successor Pius VIII renewed the offer, which our dear friend Dr. Baines then declined. I remembered the incidents, and could not do less in speaking of the *Worthies* of the body than give utterance to my feelings, as I did. You have written the sum and substance of what I said; but my exact words were, if my memory serves me, these—Having just said that the spirit

of Bede lived in Belmont, Cuthbert's piety hovered over the spot in which we were assembled, Paulinus and Dunstan and other glories of olden days were revived in many who belonged to *Alma Mater*, I added: "Would you learn the true glory, the real honour, the sainted piety of the English Benedictine Congregation, separated by only a few paces from the hallowed spot on which I stand—there you will behold the stone that marks the remains of some of four score and upwards of years, who have seen the horrors of that upheaving of well nigh the whole world, the Revolution in France, and who exiled thence were now sleeping the sleep of peace beside their younger *Confères*, too soon, alas! called away to receive the reward of their labours, however confined but beneficial they had been. In the midst of these there sleeps a great and illustrious prelate of the Benedictine body in modern times: a man of the highest talents by nature, adorned and enlarged by study—of a disposition the kindest and most generous; one, whom to know was to love; who had the power of fascinating all who approached him, whether young or old—whose success in the labours of his sacred and exalted position was great; who was honoured by the sunshine of the favour of the Sovereign Pontiff, who had in store for him honours which he only could bestow; but who returned home to be assailed by, and to suffer a dire and heavy persecution at the hands of those from whom he least deserved it. In the man, on this hallowed day, let us glory; from him let us learn." I then turned to congratulate the Bishop of Clifton, etc., etc. The words above were, as well as I can recollect, those which I uttered. Had I been aware that the duty of the sermon would have devolved on me, I should have taken pains to render it worthy of the occasion, but, perhaps, not have succeeded better than you and others have pleased to say I did. As to the illustrious Bishop, the object of our regrets and sorrows, he merits all that generous and grateful hearts can say in his behalf.

"I shall be happy to meet you some day at Mathews' at 14 Highbury Park. Here are my engagements—to-morrow I have to be at the Chrystal Palace, to preside at a Charitable dejeuner in aid of the Mission and Schools at Holloway. I shall see the Rittons there; and I will tell them you will be in town, and will dine with them on Wednesday. I say Wednesday, for tuesday I shall be at Richmond for the distribution of prizes at Dr. Kenny's Schools, and thursday I shall be all day at Isleworth Convent on duty—and you mention that thursday you will be busy elsewhere. If what I mention meets your wishes, drop a line to either 14 Highbury Park, Islington, or to 1 Crown Court, threadneedle Street, City, and they will be delighted to hear you are coming.

What I have written you are fully authorized to communicate to Revd. Dr. Brindle: or make what use you please of my words; they were spoken publicly, and I am not ashamed at having given them utterance—for they carry in their impress the stamp and mark of truth. I should like to have been present with you at the Good Shepherds: but my time is already engaged.

I will send this to Portman Square in the hope that you may receive it tomorrow early, before you go to Hammer-smith.

With every best wish, and sincere esteem, believe me to be
faithfully yours,

✠ WILLIAM MORRIS.

June 19th.

Nevertheless, the earliest known copy of the "Imitatio" was inserted in a Volume composed in part by John Gessen, Abbot of Vercelli.

The discovery in the library of the college of Arona, formerly belonging to the Benedictines, of a printed Venice edition of the "Imitatio" (in 1604) gave rise, naturally, to the claim of that Order to the production of so fine a work. A note, or Colophon, was found therein to the following effect:—

"This book was not written by Jean Gerson, but by John, Abbot of Vercelli."

Nothing is known of the Abbot's life, or the date of his birth, but his name is found in many old MSS. The above evidence was destroyed by fire, with the Abbey of Vercelli, in 1580. Notwithstanding the doubt which hangs over his existence, his claim has several supporters; and the *Biographie Universelle* gives the names of eleven adherents (if I have counted them correctly), but the grounds of their opinions could not be easily traced. Full justice, however, can scarcely be done to the Abbot's claim, in the absence of Wolfsgruber's Monograph "Gesson," 1880.

The last name which need be mentioned is that of:—

4th. *Walter Hilton*, author of the "Ladder of Christian Perfection," an Augustinian Canon of the Charterhouse, Shane, who died in 1395. As this was nineteen years before Thomas à Kempis became a priest, this seems a bar to W. Hilton's claim to the authorship of a book hardly yet written. The French *Biographie Universelle*, and the English National Biography both give his life and works, but neither authority connects his name with the *Imitatio*, and there is no contemporary evidence whatever on this subject. No similarity in style exists between the "Imitatio" and the acknowledged work of Hilton, but this could hardly be expected, as the "Ladder" was written in English and translated into Latin.

But Hilton's connection with the "Imitatio" is very inter-

esting. For when Hilton was said, by Bale in 1559, to have written a treatise "De Musica Ecclesiastica," attention was called to the fact that all the early English MSS. of the "Imitatio," and some Continental copies, bore this title. A contemporary of à Kempis attributes to him the volume in metre (metrice) "*Qui sequitur me*"—the first words of the "Imitatio." This word (*metrice*), together with the foregoing facts, was long a puzzle, until it occurred to Dr. Karl Hirsche of Hamburg to examine the punctuation and other marks, the result showing that the work is written in rhythm and even in rhyme, and is scored so as to render it easy to read, or to chant, or even to commit to memory.

The result is a style which hovers between prose and poetry, and is a characteristic of many devotional works, but this system of punctuation marks is not used by any of the foregoing claimants, *except* by à Kempis himself.

But Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, an expert deeply read in the bibliography of the "Imitatio," considers that the musical theories of Dr. Hirsche are a little fantastic and far-fetched, and that his "cabalistic marks" are imaginary. ("The Month," 1894). It is, however, not denied that rhythmic cadences exist here as elsewhere in devotional literature. The title "Church Music" is found in all the most ancient MSS. and is not more "old" than "Little Garden of Roses," or "Valley of Lilies," or other names adopted by à Kempis himself.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

Any close examination of the text, with a view to finding indications of the authorship, or points of comparison with the writings of other ascetical divines, has been made difficult by the fact that the four books of which the work is composed were not issued at the same period, nor are they constructed on the same method, nor expressed altogether by the same style, nor have they always been recognized by the same titles.

There are small points of difference between the First Book (which alone is entitled to be called "*Qui Sequitur Me*") and the Second; and marked differences between these and the Third, and there are slight indications of identity in all. The books also vary greatly in length, and this in about the following proportions:—

1st Book	about	63	pages
2nd	"	36	"
3rd	"	145	"
4th, Holy			
Communion	56	"	
		<hr/>	
		300	

It will be seen that the Third is nearly as long as the remaining three.

The *First Book* is noticeable for its antithetical style, and many of its sharply defined sentences have passed into proverbs. Such are:—

Chapter	XI.	Lay the axe to the root.
"	XV.	He does much who does well what he does.
"	XX.	A merry evening makes a sad morning.
"	"	Leave vain things to the vain!
"	"	No man can command but he that has first learnt how to obey.
"	XVI.	Occasions do not make a man frail; they shew what he is.
"	XXI.	Habit is overcome by habit.
"	XXIII.	<i>To-morrow</i> is an uncertain day.
"	"	Away from sight, quickly out of mind.

These sayings have not a strictly religious sense, nor are all the sentences complete, but (with two or three in the Second Book) it would not be easy to find so many apothegms in all the books that follow.

Some personal notes, revealing the author's life and experiences, occur in this Book. Up to Chapter VIII he is

still in the world, or at school, and in fact the earliest part of the Book is only applicable to a devout secular life as:—

Do rarely with young people or strangers.
Fawn not upon the rich, etc.
Be not familiar with any woman, but in general
commend all good women to God.

But later on (in Chap. XVII-XXV) we find that he has now entered into a Religious Order; he deems it "no small thing to dwell in a Monastery;" speaks of the tonsure and the habit, and of the exercises of a good religious; and asks himself "wherefore comest thou *here*, and why hast thou left the world?"

An early and touching experience, familiar to our pulpits, is recorded in this Book, belongs to this period, and no doubt refers to himself:—

BOOK I. CHAP. XXV.

"When a certain anxious person who oftentimes wavered between hope and fear, once, overcome with sadness, threw himself upon the ground in prayer before one of the Altars in the Church, and, revolving these things in his mind, said: Oh, if I only knew that I should persevere; that very instant he heard within him this heavenly answer: "And if thou didst know this, what wouldst thou do? Do *me* what thou wouldst *thou* do, and thou shalt be perfectly secure."

"And immediately being consoled and comforted, he committed himself to the divine will, and his anxious wavering ceased."

There is no personal note so excellent as this in any other Book.

Three other references to the gift of perseverance are found in the early part of this book, but not elsewhere in the "Imitatio." It would be interesting to collate these passages with the early acknowledged writings of the author.

The *Second Book* is far the shortest of the four, and (speaking of outward form only) greatly resembles the First, of which it is a continuation. There are (Chapter XVI) many references to the first trials of Conventual Life, as was to have been expected.

Although every section, as in the other books, is steeped in Scripture and the Fathers, the Second Book is almost alone in literary quotations.

Two lines of Ovid (beginning *Principiis obsta*) are cited in Book I-XIII, and are found also in another Spiritual Treatise.

A rhyming Latin verse (*Satis suaviter equitat, Quem gratia Dei portat*) occurs in Chapter IX, and a brief quotation from a favourite hymn is found in Chapter IV:—

*Omnis mundi creatura	Then, every created thing
Quasi liber et pictura	Would be to us a mirror of life
Nobis est, et speculum.	And a book of holy doctrine:

Other hymns and verses, probably his own, are referred to in the text; but a strong indication of authorship is found after Section 2 of Chapter XI, of one of the oldest known MS. (an autograph of à Kempis).

Here, a somewhat terrible proposition of Mystic Theology:—

. . . Et si Jesus vellet quod irent in infernum. . .

has been struck out by the author's own pen, leaving the foregoing words just visible.

Also at the end of each book, the same writer has added an *explicit*:—"Here end admonitions, etc.;" whereas there is no *finis* or *explicit* after the Third or Fourth Book of the Autograph.

Why has the author made so marked a distinction, unless he felt himself at liberty to amend and close the first two Books, but not the others?

The Mode of Address (if I may so call it) also differs

* Sacred Latin Poetry?—*Trench*.

"Imitation."

notably. In the First and Second Books the penitent addresses his own soul; in the Third and Fourth, the Form is that of *Prayer*, and *Answer to Prayer*. As a consequence, the *first person singular* hardly occurs, excepting in quotation—or, say, ten to twelve times at most in Books I and II. In the Third Book, however, it is used about 300 times—a marked difference in style and method. The frequent rhymes and harmonious cadences, referred to above, are less marked in these two books, Third and Fourth.

The *Third Book* (now unfortunately called the Fourth) is much the longest and is usually deemed the most valuable. This is the Book which is the most fully quoted, and from which comfort and support have been drawn, through so many generations, by so many troubled minds. "A very beautiful book," says a Unitarian Minister (J. E. Manning, M.A.), while George Eliot's wayward little heroine derived consolation from its worn pages marked by a hand long deceased.

The elocutionary and Musical Notation of the previous books,—the rhyme and rhythm,—now become fainter and often vanish from longer sentences. It appears as though an effort had been made to introduce the harmonized notation to the larger books, but had not been successful.

The mode of instruction is also very different. Every chapter begins "Christus" or "Anima fidelis," in holy conversation.

A few prayers are inserted for the first time not always, it would seem, arising out of the text. There are other differences. The history of the longer Book is special to itself. No one can speak with certainty about the contents of a Work, of which there are 400 MSS.; but it would appear that the First, Second, and Fourth, (Holy Communion) Books were generally issued together,—while the largest Book (Third) was often issued by itself,—with a separate title.

Again, the First and Second Books are *completed*. We

have this over à Kempis' own hand. But there is uncertainty about the last chapters of the Third Book,—as anyone might suspect on reading the end of the LVII Chapter—to which there is a suitable and pious termination,—followed by two inferior chapters, the outcome of some discussion as to the position of the Saints in glory. The famous Oxford MS. of 1438 has the word *finis* after Chapter LVIII. The Third Book has no tail-piece whatever in the Autograph of 1441.

There is another point connected with this Book. Perhaps certain "Admonitions" or "Exhortations" appearing in their proper Books may be found also in the larger Book (Third). How did this repetition occur?

Take an example:—

BOOK I. CHAPTER XXI.
Fight manfully; habit is overcome by habit.

BOOK III. CHAPTER XII.
Long-standing custom will make resistance, but by a better habit shall it be subdued.

BOOK I. CHAPTER II.
The learned are well pleased to seem wise—and to be called so.

BOOK III. CHAPTER XLIII.
Never read anything, in order to appear more learned or more wise.

The words and the thoughts are the same, but would not anyone say that *two* hands have been at work in such cases, one having the clearer and more incisive style?

Of the Fourth Book * (of the Blessed Sacrament), I have only left space to call attention to Chapter V, in which there

* The Fourth Book (of the Blessed Sacrament) has held that position through thousands of editions and during 500 years, thus:

Book 1, 2, 3, 4 (of the Blessed Sacrament),
whence recent Publishers, to the great confusion of references, have arranged them thus:

Book 1, 2, 3 (of the Blessed Sacrament), 4.

I have omitted to point out that Chapter XVII of the Book of the Blessed Sacrament ends with a repeated prayer "O for me a poor sinner,"—a neat and beautiful ending, but one which does not appear in the other Books of the "Imitation." Chapter XVIII is by a later hand clearly.

is a reference to the Chasuble, and to the Cross behind the Officiating Priest, to whom, principally, the Book refers.

It would be some assistance to our enquiry if it could be ascertained in what countries this practice obtained.

A Dutch Catholic gentleman informs me that, in Holland, a Cross always appears on the back of the Chasuble and has always done so within his knowledge. Can this be said of France or Italy? But it is question for experts in Sacrificial Vestments, and for them only.

Subject to this point, I think that the Author of the Review in "The Month" (for March, 1886), that there is "*overwhelming proof*" as to the claim of à Kempis to be the author of the "*Imitation*," is fully borne out. But there remains the question what is the "*Imitation*," and what does it include? Surely only the first two Books.

To me there appears to be room for further investigation, as regards the remaining claims, and the remaining Books.

M. S. WOOLLETT.

The Fight with the Dragon

From Schiller's *Ballad*

This is a free translation of the well-known ballad by Schiller. The story goes that while the Knights of St. John were in Rhodes, the island was troubled by a dragon, and that five knights lost their lives in their efforts to kill it. Then the Grand Master strictly forbade any further attempt. The rest of the legend is given in verse.

1

What tumult's this? Why runs the crowd
Through narrow alleys roaring loud?
Has fire to Rhodes brought woe?
But no! there rides an arm'd Knight,
Behind whose horse, O fearsome sight,
A monstrous beast trails low;
A dragon by its shape it seems,
And 'twixt its jaws there frightful gleams
Of fangs a bristling row.

2

A thousand voices shout in praise:
"That is the monster, come and gaze
Upon his slayer bold:
Many erstwhile their lives have dared
For saving of the flock and herd,
But none their tale have told.
Let us extol this noble Knight,
With trusty sword and arm of might,
And kindly heart of gold!"

3

High stands the Convent of St. John,
 And thither press th' exulting throng
 And crowd the marble stair.
 The Knights are met in council grave;
 For leave to speak the youth doth crave,
 And stands with modest air:
 "The deed is done, the beast is slain;
 Travellers may wander o'er the plain,
 Pilgrims to shrines repair."

4

The Master's brow grew sad and stern:
 "Earth's laurel-wreath of fame to earn
 Thou hast been bold, my son.
 But say, how hath our King and Lord,
 With Cross so dear by us adored,
 His glorious victory won?"
 The blushing Knight made answer low:
 "Obedient He—th' infernal foe
 By this to death was done."

5

"But thee, alas," the Master said,
 "To break the law self-will hath led!"
 Then humbly came reply:
 "Judge not, my lord, till all is heard,
 And thou shalt find that if I erred,
 'Twas not maliciously.
 The thought of those who'd died in vain,
 The story of such woe and pain,
 Bade me rise up and try."

6

"By night and day no rest I knew,
 And stronger still the longing grew;
 At last I found a way.



Drawn by a limner's skilful hand,
Eftsoon I saw before me stand
The hideous beast of prey :
The snaky coils, the jaws wide-spread,
Though pictured, caused a pang of dread,
And shudder of dismay.

7

"A pair of noble hounds I brought,
These and my steed I daily taught
To face the loathly sight.
Much time and care the task did need
Ere I could trust them for the deed,
Nor fear them put to flight.
Then came fresh tales of piteous woe,
And to myself I murmured low :
'In Heaven-sought strength I'll fight !'

8

"Thou know'st the hill where stands the shrine
That guards a wonder all divine,
The Mother and the Child ;
Each one who goes there comfort wins ;
So long I prayed, confessed my sins,
And cleansed my heart defiled.
Then girded on my armour bright,
Strode down the hill at dawn of light
Into the waste all wild.

9

"The monster's lair was close at hand,
My pages stood, a ready band,
With charger and with hound.
I bade them wait, I sprang to horse ;
The dogs, all eager for the course,
Rushed on with nimble bound.

Soon we espied the deadly foe ;
The rein I drew, my lance laid low,
And checked all noisy sound.

10

"Forth came the beast ; his poisonous breath
Waited an odour as of death,
While fierce he hissed and whined.
Bravely the dogs upon him flew,
Against him swift my lance I threw,—
It could no entrance find,
Amid those scales of adamant—
Then 'gan my shudd'ring siced to pant
In terror at such Rind.

11

"To earth I leapt and drew my sword—
Rushing, the monster howled and roared,
And flung me to the ground.
Then ran the dogs and fixed their teeth
The scaly armour underneath,
While I, with lightning bound,
Drove in my steel up to the hilt—
A stream of thick black blood was spilt,
The coils lay all unbound."

12

The shouts no longer could be pent,
With clapping loud the air was rent,
The Knights were fain to cheer—
All but the Master, stern and sad,
Who waved his hand and silence bade,
Then spoke for all to hear :
"Thou hast fought bravely, O my son,
Yet left the noblest deed undone,
Nay, worse than that, I fear.

13

"No earthly dragon need we dread
Like heart by willfulness o'er spread,
Refusing to obey,
The Lord took up a heavy yoke,
Our pride by His obedience broke
And pointed out our way.
This thou hast scorned, so now, begone !
Not so are heavenly laurels won ;
'Tis meekness gains the day."

14

A bitter wailing, long and loud,
Broke forth from all the list'ning crowd ;
Mercy the Knights did crave,
Silent, the youth his arms laid down,
Upon his brow no haughty frown,
But reverence sweet and grave.
He went—the master loving cried :
"Come back !—to conquer self and pride
Is bravest of the brave !"

The Last of the Dragons.

SCHILLER'S pretty ballad, *The Fight with the Dragon*, a translation of which the reader will find on another page, is based on a narrative which professes to be and was once accepted as historical. From primitive days until the time when Shakespeare wrote and the Bible was printed in English, no one of any consequence had challenged the belief that the monsters we call dragons did once exist, and most people believed they lived somewhere still; that a wanderer in wild and unblest regions might even yet discover, in some secret place, a lone survivor of the race,—degenerate and timid, now, shrinking from sight; a terror of the night and of the solitude; snatching its prey under cover of darkness or tempest; lurking, perhaps, during the day, in some pestilent morass or some mountain cave; poisoning the atmosphere with the fetid and deadly exhalations that arise from the filth which surrounds it. For a very long period of time solitary individuals only had been reported; and the occurrence of these had been so casual and rare that scientific writers feared to commit themselves to any assertion about their origin more definite than that they just happened. They came somehow out of the unknown,—as comets come and plagues and thunderbolts and other fearsome things. And, like them, they were classed as portents and prodigies—signs of the anger of God and punishment of sin.

Hence the belief in dragons was of the same kind—only less absolute and sanctioned by authority—as that in devils. The faith in the one was, in fact, related to that in the other. St. John, in the Apocalypse, describes the great battle in Heaven as Michael and his angels fighting with the dragon,

using the traditional conception of this monster to describe "that old serpent who is called the devil." People, therefore, naturally assumed there was something diabolic and satanic about dragons. They were believed to breathe pestilence and death; to dart flames from their eyes that scorched and burnt up their foes; to live in an atmosphere of brimstone and mephitic vapours. In Pagan times, only demigods like Horus or Perseus or Hercules are reported as having slain them; in Christian times the victors were soldier-saints like St. George, or virgin-saints like St. Margaret, or pious knights like the one in the ballad. Popular credulity did not go quite so far as to endow the dragon with supernatural powers, or to assert that it was one of the old gentleman's disguises; but it did think it a sort of devil's dog, under Satan's particular protection, and that no one might dare to stand against it, unless he had first fortified himself by prayer and the Holy Sacraments and asked the blessing and help of the Almighty.

The story of the last of the dragons, the winged monster of Rhodes, is told in various histories, and always much in the same way. We may, therefore, take the version of Bosius (*Hist. Religionis Hierosol.*) as sufficiently authentic. Translated from the transcript in *Physica Curiosa*, it runs as follows:—"In the year 1345, when Clement VI was Pope and Elió de Villanova Grandmaster of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, there happened a marvellous thing, worthy of lasting record. Not far from St. Stephen's Church in the island of Rhodes, there was a great headland, with a large cave in it, out of which there used to flow a stream. Within this cave there dwelt a horrid monster, huge and fearful to behold, whose inconceivable ferocity wrought havoc amongst the inhabitants and cattle of the eastern parts of the island, and whose foul breath so poisoned the air that no one could come near the shore without endangering his life. Wherefore the Grand-master published an edict, warning all and sundry, of whatsoever rank and

degree, to keep aloof from the spot. The knights, in particular, were interdicted the neighbourhood under pain of deprivation of the habit and forfeiture of life—the place still goes by the name of the *Malpasso*, a name richly deserved. Now, there lived at that time a knight of Rhodes named Deodatus de Gozon, Gascon born and a youth of the rarest qualities notable both for his lofty spirit and his corporal strength. This young man took it sorely to heart that, out of so many knights and warriors of high lineage, not one was found daring enough to beard the monster and put an end to its mischief. And so greatly did the love of adventure take hold of him and the desire of fame and renown urge him on, that he could not rid his mind of the thought that here was an opportunity for him to prove himself such as would never come his way again,—a combat so exceptional and unheard of, with a beast so bloodthirsty and terrifying, that should he succeed in slaying it, he would have rid the Island of a pestilent scourge. Indeed, he felt as though he could never find repose again night or day until he carried this desire into execution. But, for that he feared to disobey openly the merciless edict of the Grand-master, with its death-penalty, without taking anybody into his confidence, he silently turned over in his mind how and by what means he could satisfy his ambition.

"Now, what he first did was this. Stealing secretly to the place, he studied carefully the form and make of the beast in every part of its body, taking exact note also of its colouring. He found the beast to be a dragon of this sort. The trunk of its body was of about the dimensions of a great horse or bull; the neck was long and rough, with a head shaped like that of a serpent and long ears like those of a mule; as it opened its jaws it displayed a horrid mouth set with rows of sharp-pointed teeth. It walked on all fours and had feet armed with claws like those of a bear; its tail and other parts were for all the world like those of a crocodile. An incrustation of the toughest scales, in an

intricate pattern, covered the whole of the body, and there were two cartilaginous wings of an orange colour (*sanguineo flavo misto*) on their under side: these were the tones (*mixtura*) of the rest of the body. Then, it had a way of moving about so sharply and swiftly, half-flying, half-running on its feet, as it seemed, that no horse, going at the top of its speed, could keep up with it. And when it ventured abroad in quest of food, what with the rattling of its tortoise-like scales and its terrifying hiss, heard such a long way off, those who were at a great distance felt themselves paralyzed with fear and fright. Here (says the author of *Physica Curiosa*) I have given you the appearance and style of the dragon, as well as I could gather them from the very precise observations of Br. Deodatus. Kindly look at the illustration.*

"Then, without further delay, on the plea of urgent domestic affairs which required his presence, the knight obtained leave of absence from the Grand-master and went into his own country. There he straightway took in hand and fixed up a paper and canvas dragon, as like as could be to that of Rhodes, both in size and shape, and in the different colours and parts of it. To the same end he purchased the most highly-bred charger he could find and two of the stoutest dogs—of the breed they call English. These preparations complete, he took with him certain of his domestics, picked for the purpose, and made them get inside his canvas monster and so govern it that it walked correctly; and he taught them how, by the use of strings, they could pull open its fearful jaws and make it flap its wings and twirl its tail to the one side and the other, so that it presented the counterfeit of a living dragon to the life. Whereupon, Deodatus proceeded to urge first his horse and then his dogs in a fictitious assault of the sham dragon.

*We have had an excellent copy made of this 'Iconismus,' and recommend our readers to compare it with the verbal description—to its disadvantage.

And for two whole months he continued them in this exercise, practising and training them with so great diligence that, at the very sight of the image, both horse and dogs would be filled with such a rage to attack it, they could hardly be held back by bridle and leash. Upon which, feeling secure now of a happy issue in the real dragon-fight, he put an end to this schooling and hastily returned to Rhodes, bringing back with him both horse and dogs and his assistants.

"Arrived at the Island, he did not waste a day before he put his plan, now mature, to the test. On a day, therefore, as pre-arranged, he vested himself in a leather jerkin, armed himself with a stout lance, girded himself with the sword best adapted for such a contest, and having first commended his task to God and St. Stephen and the Baptist, in St. Stephen's Church not far from the dragon's lair, took his way to the cave of death. With him went his servants, whom he bade climb a rock whence they could overlook the arena of the conflict, instructing them, should they see the dragon dead and himself living, but yet overcome with its venom, to run at once to his help with the pre-concerted remedies; but should they behold himself slain and the dragon alive, to consult their own safety by flight. After giving these instructions, fearlessly and with great boldness he ventured into the cave, the dragon's bedchamber, and perceiving no movement strove to arouse the animal from its repose with shouting and noise, until the horrid hissing and the rattling of scales gave him notice that it was on the way out of the dark recesses of the cave. Then he took up his position on the flat ground, as best suited for the combat, and awaited the monster. The latter, as soon as it saw the horse, allured by so tempting a prey, came at him with a rush, running and flying with wonderful speed. Thanks to their training neither horse nor dogs were unnerved at the fearsome sight of the monster, and they began the attack fearlessly, each acting after the fashion in which it had been instructed.

The Knight bore down at the charge and struck so fiercely with his lance against the scaly armour of the dragon, that it was shivered at the first blow. Meanwhile, the dogs had fastened their teeth in the softer parts beneath the belly of the beast, and so worried it that it turned its attention to them, giving the Knight, who had lost his best means of attack, time to get down from his horse and renew the fight on foot, armed now with sword and shield. Seeing him coming, the monster raised itself up on its hind legs with its fore paws stretched out in front, and seizing the Knight with its left claws and the shield with the right, strove to hug the life out of him. The Knight, on his side, whilst the soft part of the neck was thus exposed, ran his sword into it so effectively that the blow was followed by a torrent of blood. Upon which the beast, writhing with pain and wild with rage, pushed on so madly that the more it pressed forward the deeper the point of the sword was forced into its vitals, and working backwards and forwards, after the fashion of a saw, laid bare the whole of the neck. Then the monster, weakened by so great a flow of blood, began to stumble, and fell with its weight upon the Knight, who, what with the exhaustion of the terrible struggle and the stupefaction caused by the mephitic exhalations from the cavernous opening in the body of the beast, already weak and faint, lay to all appearance with the life crushed out of him. Realizing what had happened, the servants, who had not forgotten their instructions, flew down from the rock to his assistance, and dragged their inanimate lord from beneath the brute. Then seeing there were yet some signs of life, they brought cold water from the stream in their caps until they had drenched his whole body with it. Whereupon, their lord, revived by these cardiac fomentations and quite himself again, mounted upon his horse and rode back to the city etc. etc."—Here the narrative is taken up by Schiller, who—he it said with all reverence—though he avails himself of the usual poet's licence to omit some details and improve

upon others, displays a poorer skill in narrative and a less fervid imagination than the scientific historian.

As I have said, this story has been preserved for us and handed down to us as history. What are we to think of it? In itself, it has as good a claim to be treated as authentic as the generality of the incidents we read in the chronicles of the fourteenth century. It hangs together; there is in it no particular which can at this date be contradicted and disproved; as it is not designed to help or injure any cause or faction, we can have no grounds for denouncing it as spurious, forged to serve a purpose. Yet, most of us do decline to accept it as truth. We say of the legend, rather contemptuously, we have heard something very like it before but are not likely to hear anything like it again. This, however, is not necessarily to its discredit. Whether, in an event or circumstance, history is repeating itself, or not repeating itself, does not add to or take from its credibility. In very truth, our one argument against the story is that we do not believe in dragons. Up to the present time, that has been for us reason, enough and to spare, for the rejection of this and all stories of dragons, ancient or modern, whether told seriously or not.

Given a disbelief in dragons, all the circumstantial details which should make for the credibility of a story will tell against it. We see in them only the art of the narrator. We admire their verisimilitude as we admire the cleverness of a conjuring trick. When a professor of magic shows us a box or jar, and shakes it and turns it mouth downwards to prove to us it is empty, he only convinces us there is something concealed in it which he is going to produce;—because we are prepared beforehand to disbelieve everything except the dexterity of the performer. When our historian Bosius gives us dates and names that can be verified, and circumstances and descriptions that can be weighed and tested, we are only the more certain that he is "pulling our leg"—because we are prepared beforehand to disbelieve

everything except the cleverness of the performance. When we suspect a "make-up" and look to find it, the very whiteness and regularity of a set of teeth, or the quantity and perfect colour of a head of hair, will be clear evidence to us of the art which is an improvement on nature.

Our forefathers very rightly accepted these and other records of the appearances of dragons because they believed in dragons; we have rejected them as fables or classed them among the curiosities of folk-lore, or explained them away as sun-myths, because we did not believe in them. What are we to do now that we have come to believe in dragons once more? Anyone who studies the skeletons of extinct monsters in the South Kensington Natural History Museum will find there likenesses, more or less nearly exact, of each and every one of the many forms of dragons reported in history. He will be able to discover there a better illustration of the dragon of Rhodes than the "Iconismus." He will find dragons with the short tail and long neck and serpent's head; dragons with the toughest of scales; dragons with rows of sharp-pointed teeth; four-footed dragons with cartilaginous fins or wings; dragons with claws like a bear, which, we are told, were wont to stand erect on their hind legs when fighting an enemy. He will find very excellent skeletons of the wingless dragon of Japanese art. He will meet with sea-serpents with neck fins like wings, great enough in size to match the tallest of the discredited sailors' yarns. It is not many years since scientists talked of the riotous extravagance of men's fancies, who devised such grotesque and impossible combinations of beasts, neither fish nor flesh nor fowl. Now, they wonder what sort of wildly hideous nightmare of a monster will be next unearthed from the refuse-heaps of nature's factory. After a longish spell of incredulity about dragons they are compelled to say: "Geology reveals to us that there once lived upon the earth reptiles so great and uncouth that we can think of no other but the time-honoured word

'dragon' to convey the slightest idea of their monstrous forms and characters." "And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

Our neighbourhood of Ampleforth has a dragon story of its own. This is the legend of the "Worm of Nunnington." This worm was a serpent, as its name suggests, which killed its victims by crushing them in its folds after the fashion of a boa-constrictor. It is said to have had a head like that of a dragon. The version of the story which has come down to us is, however, much too modern and improved to be of service as the record of a fact. But the description, loose and imperfect as it is, will serve as an illustration of the variety of forms the dragon takes in the different legends. Only in heraldry has it a settled shape and appearance. The dragon of Rhodes was clearly an amphibian; it dwelt in a cave out of which a stream or river flowed; it had a sort of fins, described in the account as wings. It was a huge semi-aquatic lizard of the Plesiosaurian type, with the characteristic long serpentine neck (Dr. Buckland says the beast had thirty-three neck vertebrae, surpassing in this the most long-necked bird, the swan); the head of a reptile; sharp-pointed rows of teeth like those of a Saurian; an armoured "trunk and tail, having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped," with vertebrae, says Dr. Buckland, whose construction resembled that of Crocodiles. On the other hand, the "worm" of Nunnington is described as a land snake, with a crested head (the heraldic head of the dragon) and, if we may believe the legend to have had a foundation in fact, may have lived in the famous Kirkdale Cave (only three miles away), where Dr. Buckland unearthed a heterogeneous mass of bones—not complete skeletons, but odds and ends from the bodies of the "Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Bear, Tiger, Hyæna and sixteen other animals"—very difficult to account for, except as the debris left behind it by a beast of prey. The entrance to the cave is, or was a few years back, only wide enough

for a man to crawl through on hands and feet, and suited to no other monster of any size except a snake.

One of the superstitions of the modern geologist is the enormous periods of time he demands, to account for the deposit of a few feet of mud or the shifting of a bed of gravel. He is, in consequence, quite unable to conceive it possible that any descendants of the great fossil reptiles should have been seen by man in the flesh. But, to my mind, it is even more inconceivable that there should be found, in every nation and land, a tradition of the existence of such monsters, during the historic period, without some foundation of fact,—a tradition, moreover, in most cases, independent and unrelated; every class and description of the many different dragons corresponding, more or less, to known classes and descriptions of the so-called prehistoric monsters. The one side reasons in this way: The strata in which the fossil monsters are found were deposited some tens of thousands of years before the appearance of man on our planet; to suppose them contemporaneous, so that the tail-end of the one period overlapped the beginning of the other, is ridiculous. The other side says: We have evidence, in these legends, that man was contemporaneous with the survivors of one or more of these fossil reptiles; the tail-end of the fossil period must, therefore, have overlapped the beginning of the historic; consequently, the idea that these two periods were separated by tens of thousands of years must be reconsidered. The dragon-stories are themselves a kind of fossils, embedded in certain strata of human thought and experience. They are evidence of something, and must have a meaning, could we but read it. They deserve, therefore, the same sort of scientific investigation and study that we give to fossil footprints and old bones.

Here is a good instance of the opposite deductions one may draw from the same piece of evidence. Mr. Hutchinson in his *Extinct Monsters* has the following passage: "Like the Mammoth and the Mastodon, its contemporaries, the woolly

Rhinoceros has given rise to some curious legends. In the city of Klagenfurt, in Carinthia, is a fountain on which is sculptured the head of a monstrous dragon with six feet, and a head surmounted by a stout horn. According to popular tradition, still prevalent at Klagenfurt, this dragon lived in a cave, whence it issued from time to time to frighten and ravage the country. A bold courtier killed the dragon, paying with his life for this proof of his courage. The same kind of legend seems to be current in every country, such as that of the valiant St. George, and of St. Martha, who about the same time conquered the famous Tarasque of the city of Languedoc, which bears the name of Tarascon.

"But at Klagenfurt the popular legend has happily found a mouthpiece; the head of the pretended dragon killed by the valorous knight is preserved in the Hotel de Ville, and this head has furnished the sculptor of the fountain with a model of the head of the statue. Herr Unger, of Vienna, recognized at a glance the cranium of the fossil rhinoceros; its discovery in some cave had probably originated the fable of the knight and the dragon."

Another person, who does not begin by assuming that every head of a woolly rhinoceros must be a prehistoric fossil cranium, and who has no particular prejudice against dragons, would, quite as logically, see in this legend a further illustration of the independent origin of the many dragon stories—we have here quite a new type of beast—and, in the skull preserved, very satisfactory evidence of the late survival of another prehistoric monster. Of course it is very unscientific and narrow minded to give a moment's consideration to the bold courtier; nevertheless I should like to believe that there was such a man, that he once lived worthily and fought bravely, and nobly died for the love of his brethren; and I should fear to vex his ghost by the suggestion that he merely distinguished himself by digging a fossil cranium out of the floor of a cave.

Is it possible that the dragon in one or other of his many shapes may be living now? In the light of the recent reversion of scientific opinion concerning the existence of the sea-serpent, it would be rash for anyone, be he ever so incredulous, to answer no. The expedition in search of the giant sloth ended in failure. I think no one had any real confidence in the talk of a gigantic reptile of the Saurian type seen in the Canadian desert, nor in the report, last Autumn, of a Bunyip, the dragon of the Australian swamps. But the forests and mountains have yet many unexplored recesses where strange monsters will most certainly be found. Then, there are the lonely tracts and unvisited depths of the great oceans. Since the report of Captain the Hon. George Hope, no one can have any doubt that a large marine mammal of the long-necked Saurian type does still live in the sea. It will be killed some day and labelled with a Greek name, which few people will care to remember. Probably, it will be popularly known as the great sea-serpent or the sea-alligator. But our forefathers would undoubtedly have called it simply a dragon.

J. C. A.

Hora Novissima.

I. Chorus.

Hora novissima,
Tempora pessima
Sunt, vigilem!
Ecce minaciter
Imminet Arbitr
Ille supremus:
Imminet, imminet.
Ut mala terminet.
Equa coronet,
Recta remuneret,
Anxia liberet.
Æthera donet.

Auferat aspera
Duraque pondera
Mentis onusta,
Sobria muniat,
Improba puniat,
Utique iuste.

II. Quartet.

Hic brevis vivitur,
Hic brevis plangitur,
Hic brevis fletur;
Non brevis vivere,
Non brevis plangere,
Retribuatur.
O retributio!
Stat brevis actio,
Vita perennis;
O retributio!
Cœlica mansio
Stat sine plenitudo;

Lo, the last hour!
A time most full of woe!
Let us watch.
Behold the Judge is near,
Supreme;
And very dreadful.

Even now He stands upon the
threshold,
That He may destroy what is evil,
That He may crown what is just;
That He may reward the righteous,
That He may set free the doubting;
That He may bestow the bliss of
Heaven.

He shall take away the harsh
and heavy burdens
Of the troubled mind.
He shall reward the continent,
The wicked punish,
Each according to the measure of
his deeds.

Here we live but a short time;
Here we briefly mourn;
Here we weep a little.
Life has no term
Nor mourning any place,
Where He rewardeth.

O great reward!
This passing act of life
Begetteth life eternal.
O great reward!
Those mansions of the sky,
Even for us, who are so full of sin.

* A portion of the poem "De Contemptu Mundi," written by Bernard of Morlaix, a monk of Clèves, and made use of as a libretto by Dr. H. W. Parker, for his Oratorio "Hora Novissima." The translation was made on the occasion of its production by the Catholic Philharmonic Society at Liverpool, under the direction of Mr. H. P. Allen.

Quid datur et quibus
Æther? egentibus,
Et cruce dignis,
Sidera veribus,
Optima sordibus,
Astra malignis.

Sunt modo prælia,
Postmodo præmia.
Qualia? plena:
Plena relectio,
Nullaque passio,
Nullaque poena.

III. Aria.

Spe modo vivitur,
Et Syon angitur
A Babylone;
Nunc tribulatio;
Tunc recreatio,
Sceptra, coronæ.

Tunc nova gloria
Pectora sobria
Clarificabit,
Solvēt enigmata,
Veraque Sabbata
Continuabit.

Patria splendida,
Terraque florida,
Libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus
Est ibi civibus,
Hic peregrinis.

IV. Chorus.

Introduction and Fugue.

Pars mea, Rex meus,
In proprio Deus
Ipse decore
Visus amabitur,
Atque videbitur
Auctor in ore.

What is given? And for whom
This Heaven? For the needy,
And those worthy to be crucified:
Worms shall attain the firmament,
Fools what is most excellent,
Those born accursed, immortal
glory.

Here are the battles,
And after, the reward.
Of what kind? Most full;
A plentiful renewing,
And there shall be no suffering,
Nor any pain.

Bass.

Now we live in hope,
While Zion is tortured
By Babylon.
Now is tribulation,
Then new life,
The sceptre, and the crown.

Then a new glory
The hearts that love wisdom
Shall enlighten,
It shall make mysteries clear,
And the true Sabbath
Shall endure for ever.

A most fair country there is,
A land of flowers,
Without thorns,
To those who have been faithful,
There as citizens to dwell
Who here were wanderers.

My King and my portion!
God, in His own
Beauty
Seen, shall be loved,
And He shall be seen,
Our Creator, face to face!

Tunc Jacob Israel,
Et Lia tunc Rachel
Efficietur,
Tunc Syon atria,
Paleraque patria
Perbicietur.

Then Jacob shall be Israel:
Both by Leah and Rachel
Shall be fruitful:
Then the mansions of Zion
And that beautiful country
Shall be complete in their perfec-
tion.

V. Aria. Soprano.

O bona patria,
Lumina sobria
Te specularunt:
Ad tua nomina
Sobria lumina
Collacrymantur:

O excellent country!
Wise eyes
With longing regard thee;
At thy name
The eyes of the wise
Fill with tears.

Est tua mentio
Pectoris unctio,
Cura doloris,
Concipientibus
Æthera mentibus
Ignis amoris.

Its sound is
An anointing to the breast,
The healing of sorrow;
To minds conceiving
Of Heaven
The fire of love.

Tu locus unicus,
Illeque colicus:
Es paradiscus:
Non ibi lacryma,
Sed placidissima
Gaudia, risus.

Thou only land!
Thou art the heavenly
Garden of Deight:
No tears are there,
But most gentle
Joy and pleasantness.

VI. Chorus.

Tu sine littore,
Tu sine tempore,
Fons, modo rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis,
Estque tibi lapis
Undique vivus.

Thou without bounds,
Without time!
Art a fountain, yea a river,
Delightful to the good,
Thine is that Rock
Whence living waters flow on every
side.

Est tibi laurea,
Dus datur aurea,
Sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis
Oscula suscipis,
Inspicis ora.

The laurel crown is thine
A dowry of gold is given thee,
O comely Bride.
Thou shalt first receive
The Prince's kiss;
Thou shalt gaze upon His face.

Candida lilia,
Viva monilia,
Sunt tibi, sponsa,
Agnus adest tibi,
Sponsus adest tibi,
Lux speciosa.

Thou' hast white lilies
As living jewels,
O Bride!
The Lamb is with thee,
A Bridegroom with thee,
Beautiful as light!

Tota negotia,
Cantica dulcia
Dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita,
Quom bona præbita
Conjubilare.

All thy task,
Sweet songs,
To sing sweetly;
For evils, verily our due,
And for good things given
To rejoice.

VII. Aria. Tenor.

Urbs Syon aurea,
Patria lactea,
Cive decora,
Omne cor obruis,
Omnibus obruis
Et cor et ora.

O Zion, city of gold,
Land flowing with milk,
Made beautiful by those who dwell
in thee,

Nescio, nescio,
Quæ jubilatio,
Lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia
Gaudia, gloria,
Quam specialis:

Thou overwelmeest every heart;
Thou strikest silent
Every heart and tongue.
I do not know, I cannot tell,
What joy is thine,
Or what thy splendour,
How delightful
Thy companionship!
How wonderful thine own peculiar
glory!

Laude studens ea
Tollere, mens mea
Victa fatiscit;
O bona gloria,
Vincor; in omnia
Laus tua vicit.

When I desire
To praise these things, my thoughts
Are overcome and fail,
Verily by the excellence of thy
glory
I am conquered; in everything
Thy praise surpasseth me.

VIII. Double Chorus.

Stant Syon atria
Conjubilantia,
Martyre plena
Cive micantia
Principe stantia
Luce serena;

The courts of Zion
Are rejoicing together;
They are thronged with martyrs;
Radiant with citizens;
The Prince is there;
They are serene in their brightness.

Est ibi pascua
Mitibus afflua,
Præstita sanctis ;
Regis ibi thronus,
Agminis et sonus
Est epulantis.

There for the meek,
Are fertile meadows
Promised to the Saints.
The King's throne is there,
And the sound as of an army
Feasting!

IX. Aria. Alto.

Gens duce splendida,
Concio candida,
Vestibus albis,
Sunt sine fletibus
In Syon ædibus,
Ædibus almis :
Sunt sine crimine,
Sunt sine turbine,
Sunt sine lite
In Syon ædibus
Editoribus
Israelitis.

A people glorious in its leader
A fair assembly
Clad in white raiment ;
They are without tears
In the Temple of Sion,
In the Temple of Delight.

They have no sin,
They have no storm of passion,
They have no strife,
In the most excellent
Abodes of Sion ;
They, " who have prevailed with
God ! "

X. Chorus.

Urbs Syon unica,
Mansio mystica,
Condita cælo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo,
Nunc mihi lugeo,
Tristor, anhelo.

O Sion, thou city apart !
Thou mystical building,
Set with thy foundations in the sky
For thee now I rejoice,
Now for myself I weep,
I am mournful, I sigh.

XI. Quartet & Chorus.

Urbs Syon inclyta,
Turris et edita
Littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo,
Te flagro, te volo,
Canto, saluto :
Nec meritis peto ;
Nam meritis meto
Morte perire :
Nec reticens tego,
Quod meritis ego
Filius iræ.

O Sion, thou renowned city,
Thou Tower built
On the rock !
I seek thee, I pursue thee,
For thee I burn, thee I desire ;
I sing thee, I salute thee !

I do not seek as meriting,
For I deserve
By death to perish,
Nor by silence do I hide my guilt,
For by my merits
I am a child of wrath.

Vita quidem mea,
Vita naniis rea,
Mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus
Exitibus
Obruta, trita.

Indeed my life,
My too guilty life,
My dead life
Verily by deadly
Crime
Is crushed and broken.

Spe tamen ambulo,
Præmia postulo
Speque fideque ;
Illo perennia
Postulo præmia
Nocte dieque :

Yet in hope I walk,
I demand reward,
Hoping and trusting
Even those rewards
Unending I demand,
By night and day.

Me Pater optimus
Atque piissimus
Ille creavit,
In lue pertulit,
Ex lue sustulit,
A lue lavit.

The best,
The most tender Father,
He has created me ;
In sin He has borne with me,
Out of sin He has raised me,
From sin He has washed me.

O bona patria,
Num tua gaudia
Teque videbo ?
O bona patria,
Num tua præmia
Plena tenebo ?

O beautiful country !
Shall I see thy joys ?
And thee ?
O good country !
Shall I grasp
Thy full rewards ?

O sacer, O pius,
O ter et amplius
Ille beatas,
Cui sua pars Deus ;
O miser, O reus,
Hac viduatus.

O holy, and devout,
O thrice and wholly
Blessed
Is he whose portion is God !
O wretched, O accursed
Is he who hath Him not !

J. A. W.

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

CHAPTER XV

Of our going to Cannington.

IN the month of February 1807, within the Octave of our holy Mother St. Scholastica and in Lent, the first party set off for Cannington before there had been any repairs made on the premises, except in the lower garden. There we had ordered the walls to be repaired and some wall fruit trees to be planted. It must be observed that the Community would by no means have ventured to go to Cannington before the house had been made in some degree habitable for them, more particularly in Lent, with several of the Community sick, and two in a dying way, but that Mr. Hussey, the owner of Marnhull, was very urgent with us to allow him to return. He had much distrest himself by letting it, and he was anxious to get it back immediately; but though we had 8 years remaining of our Lease, and could have insisted on remaining, yet Revnd. Mother thought it better to yield it up. She sent off 1st Str. Teresa Catherine (then Celerere) and Mother Mary Francis, Str. Mary Bridget, lay-sister, and a Man and a Maid. They took with them a Case in which was inclosed the remains of Sister Mary Gertrude Parkinson, whose body was taken up from her grave at Nash House

Marnhull with the permission of Bishop Sharrock and the other Superiors; as it was judged most proper not to leave it in a place which would most probably, on the return of the owner, be turned into a garden. We buried it in the first grave we had occasion to open there. The Bishop had sent Revnd. Mother all the necessary leaves for the translation of her Convent and appointed the Revnd. Mr. Tournell of Cannington, or (if they preferred it) Revnd. Mr. Bodmin of Taunton, to hear the Confessions of the Nuns, until they were all arrived with their Confessor, the Revnd. Abbé Prémord. The party arrived at Court House at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and, it being a fasting day in Lent, they were in much need of a dinner; this they supplied with some tea etc., the worthy Mrs. Knight's family having been so good as to get them fires lit in two rooms, the Library and the room adjoined to it. These 2 rooms, and a place called the old Kitchen in which we contrived to cook, wash and do other necessary work in, though we found it much out of repair (not even with a door to it), were the only places we could inhabit. Mrs. Board's family was still there, and the Revnd. Mr. Tournell, the Priest of the Congregation, occupied the best rooms. The latter was absent from home when this first party arrived, yet he had locked his rooms, thinking that as he had been put there by Lord Clifford he was not to give them up to us. The first night we laid our mattresses on the ground, three in a room, and there being a bedstead in the Library we put Mother Mary Francis to sleep there, sending the man to the gallery to do as well as he could! The weather was bitterly cold, and the rooms much exposed to the high winds through being so greatly out of repair. We immediately set about making what arrangements we could for the reception of the rest of the Community.

Mr. Board and family left as soon as ever his house was ready to receive him, but we found more difficulty in getting Revnd. Mr. Tournell to remove; he wished to

remain and live with our Confessor, but this was not at all according to our wishes; at last, after much trouble, Revnd. Mother agreed to give up to him, for his residence, two small Cottages which were attached to the premises, and were at the west end of the Orchard. The first thing we attended to was to make us a Choir. We arranged this on the right side of the Sanctuary, dividing it from that by a grate. Soon after this more of the Nuns arrived bringing all the sick, and by the 12th of March we were all come, except Revnd. Mother, the Confessor, and a few others; but by the 19th, St. Joseph, the whole Community, consisting of 17 Nuns, the Confessor, some Maids and a Man, in all 22 persons, was got together. In arranging our poor Choir we would not be at the expense of Stalls, but put up the benches we brought from Marnhull, leaving it to future Superiors to make further improvements and thinking we had done all that was befitting our present state of poverty.

Whilst we were in the midst of our alterations and repairs, it pleased Almighty God to take to Himself Mother Placid Brindle, who died in April, and to cast down on the bed of sickness our dear Revnd. Mother. However she continued to superintend everything as well as she could on her bed, up to a very short time before her death, which took place on the 31st of August 1807. At this time also, Revnd. Bishop Sharrock fell sick, and continued in so infirm a state that there was little or no recourse to him until he died.

At the death of the Revnd. Mo. Teresa Joseph Johnson, there remained 6 ancient Nuns and 5 more of the Choir, 2 old lay sisters and two young ones. In due time the Election of a new Prioress took place, and Sister Teresa Catherine Macdonald was elected, the 29th of September 1807, at a time when everything at Court House was in the most difficult circumstances. In the October of 1807, we gave the Habit to a Daughter of the worthy Mr. Knight who resided in Cannington, and who had been so kind to the Community on their arrival. She was received by the late Prioress.

Leaving the present business, I must observe that there was an addition made to the number of the Choir Religious by the admission into the Community of a French Benedictine Nun. She had been professed at an Abbey at Beauvais, where they made stricter observance of the Holy Rule than we did, although they did not observe perpetual abstinence from flesh. She was called Sister Anne Roy of the Assumption, a very good Religious, who, like all the rest, had been, on account of the Revolution, under the painful necessity of leaving her Monastery. With several others she had taken refuge in England, and was for some time living with them at Blythe House, Hammersmith. There she got under the care of Revnd. Mr. Forrester, who very strongly recommended her to the Community at Marnhull. She had been with the Benedictines from Montargis at Bodney Hall but had not remained there; she left to become a teacher of French in the school of the Nuns of New Hall, where she was at the time she applied for admittance with us. This having been agreed on a few weeks before the death of Mother Teresa Joseph Johnson, Sister Ann Roy of the Assumption was admitted to come on trial, and she arrived at Court House about the 2nd week in September 1807, when the office of Prioress was held by the Subprioress Mother Teresa Hagan. She put on the Habit and began to follow all the regularities of the Community, as well as they could be observed when everything was in commotion. After the Election of the Prioress had taken place, Str. Ann expressed a great desire to join in the observances of the Constitutions; but wished not to pass through the formalities of the Noviceship, and to preserve the liberty of returning to France again. These two things were granted to her. She then followed all our rules, changing her name to that of Mechtilda. We were glad to avail ourselves of the assistance which this worthy Religious was willing to give us; however she returned to France in the year 1816, but 2 years after came back on some business for Abbé Prémord. She then ex-

pressed a great desire to be regularly admitted as one of the Community, but hesitated because of a difficulty of conscience. She could not bring herself to make the offering in the Vows, which we do, of all our actions for this conversion of England; she feared this would prevent her praying for her own Country. Rt. Revnd. Dr. Collingridge therefore insisted on her leaving the Convent, which she did and returned to France. When the second Revolution broke out in that Country, in 1830, she returned to us with the Revnd. Abbé Prémord and remained with us, living in a pious edifying manner and waiting for her happy translation to her Heavenly Country.

But to return to 1807. As soon as the Choir was finished we got the Confessor to bless it, and then went on with other alterations and repairs, and in about 18 months the house was habitable, not however without great labour and expense. It swallowed up much money with little to show for it.

1808. In the year 1808, Lady Mannock, who was a great Benefactress to us, wrote to Revd. Mother that she had a young girl 11 years of age whom she had taken under her protection, and that she much wished, *for her own sake*, the Community would take the child and educate her, hoping by this means she might get a vocation to be a Nun. Mother Prioress thought we could not refuse so great a Friend as Lady Mannock, so the child was permitted to come. Her name was Ann Cuddon. As we had no accommodation for a school, she was put under the care of Mother Subprioress and another Nun. Mr. Board (the person who was in possession of the house when we came) hearing of this, came to Mother Prioress and earnestly begged she would permit him to send his two youngest Daughters to Court House on the same footing, and another friend made the same request on behalf of a Niece. Revd. Mother referred this business to the Councillors, who were of opinion that, as there was one student, it would be less trouble to the

Mistress, and better for the one child to have companions. Our good Confessor and Revd. Mr. Forrester our extraordinary were of the same opinion. It was therefore decided to take them. Mother Prioress was also, at this time, solicited to receive an Ursuline Nun from Amiens, who was then in the School at New Hall.

Revd. Mother and the Nuns thought it would be very useful to admit this good Religious, whose Institute was for the Instruction of Youth, as she might render them great service in their little School. They, therefore, with the advice and permission of Bishop Sharrock, admitted her. Her name was Mother Eugene Cinq-Mars, a most respectable and pious Religious, who was of the greatest use to us in the management of the School. She paid us a yearly pension of £24 and wore our Habit so as to appear like the rest. This little School, however, having only been undertaken as a trial in order to oblige those who asked us, was not continued longer than about three years. We received no more than the 4 Pensioners above named, who all returned home for the year 1811.

By this time the greatest part of the Community were become so very infirm (many sick and four already dead) as to oblige us to make some changes in our regular observances. The Bishop thought these changes absolutely necessary; they were therefore agreed to with an understanding that when the Community increased in numbers and were able to keep them, the regular observances of the Constitutions were to be again taken up. The changes were as follows:—

Prime was to be at half past 6: the Community Mass at half past 7; the Hours at half past 10, and on Sundays an hour earlier; the Dinner at half past 11; Compline to follow Vespers; and Matins and Lauds to be said at 7 in the evening. These regulations were in force during the years 1812, and 1813.

The Community had long resolved, in order to render

themselves serviceable to the country, to establish a Poor School, as soon as they conveniently could, and Mother Eugène Cinq-Mars remained with them for this purpose. It was brought about in the course of time. We only undertook this School at the express order of our Ecclesiastical Superiors.

1809. On the 17th of Octbr. this year the worthy Bishop Sharrock died. It was a great loss to the Revd. Mother, it happening at a time she stood in need of the advice of so good a friend to the Community as he was. He well understood the necessities of the House. This could not be expected of his worthy successor, who, until the death of Dr. Sharrock, was an entire stranger to the Community and Court House; although Mother Prioress had given him some account of things and the names of the members when he began to act as Coadjutor in the District. Bishop Collingridge soon afterwards paid us a visit, when the House had been got into as good and regular a condition as we could reach in the time (1810). His Lordship examined all through the House, and expressed great satisfaction, saying he found it more like a Convent than any other establishment in his District.

The Community chiefly subsisted on the allowance granted by the English Government to the French Emigrants. We had a small sum in the Funds but it only yielded a small interest a year. But Lord Clifford began now to prove himself not only a kind friend, but likewise a generous Benefactor. At his first visit after the arrival of the Community in Cannington, his Lordship ordered the workroom to be done and painted, and he made over to us the possession of two fields enabling us to keep 7 cows: we soon found how profitable our dairy was to us—selling Butter and Cheese etc. He also kept the House in repair for many years at his own expense. As the old Religious died off our Income was decreasing, but the same Divine Providence who had so tenderly watched over the Community from its foundation continued to aid us in all difficulties.

The reception of 2 Postulants and new Benefactors enabled us to go on without debts, and even to save something every year, which added to our funds, and by degrees brought us annually something considerable.

It was about this time that we began to observe Inclosure more perfectly than we had been able to do since our arrival in England. But on our coming to Cannington, Mother Teresa Joseph Johnson earnestly wished and intended to have it kept with Grates, as strictly as possible; but her subsequent death, and the length of time it took to put the Monastery in a regular form had delayed the execution of this intention until the year 1809, when Grates were erected: but this arrangement did not last long, as our Ecclesiastical Superiors thought it more prudent in the present situation of things to dispense with this point of the Constitutions. We had professed but 2 Choir Novices since our Establishment at Cannington, and in a few years we were reduced to the small number of 5 Choir Nuns (3 ancient and 2 young ones), and though so few, the religious observances were kept up with the greatest exactitude. But in the year 1818, 2 younger Daughters of Mrs. Knight of Cannington entered the Noviciate, God having given them the courage to join us at a time we had but 5 to keep Choir. Next year one of Mrs. Board's daughters also came, and she was soon followed by many others, and amongst them the 3rd Daughter of our kind Patron, Ld. Clifford; so that in 1820, we were 15 Choir Nuns and 4 Lay Sisters.

We conclude by mentioning the singular blessing which our Lord has so mercifully granted to our Community in the establishment of the Sacred Institute of the Perpetual Adoration.

During the Superiority of the Revd. Mother Mary Clare Bond of Jesus, the Community, or at least some part of it, especially the Prioress, earnestly wished to adopt this sublime Devotion, but they could not obtain the necessary

permission from their Ecclesiastical Superiors, and Mother Mary Clare made the sacrifice of her pious wishes to God who had inspired her with them. The same attraction however continued to subsist in the Community, and in the year 1808, propositions were made on the part of Madame the Princess de Condé, formerly of the Perpetual Adoration in Paris, to establish this Institute in our Community. Our worthy Bishop, Dr. Collingridge, entered into the proposal, but the peace of Amiens soon following, the Princess returned to France, and the subject was suspended for a time. It was again revived with increased ardour, and efforts were made to induce the Bishop to authorise our beginning this Sacred Institute, but his Lordship still considered the Community too few in number (we were then only 10, or 12 Choir Nuns), though he was himself much devoted to this Adorable Mystery, and had been endeavouring to establish the Perpetual Adoration in his District by dividing the duties amongst the several Communities he had under his Jurisdiction. This plan found many obstacles to its accomplishment; and his Lordship had been considering how, and in what manner, he could bring about the holy design he had long formed, when God Himself declared in our favour. Our number had then increased to 15 Choir Nuns. Str. Mary Angela Salvin had been attracted to our Comty. from the impression that the Perpetual Adoration to which she was singularly devoted had been established in it. She even wrote to Mother Prioress to this effect, and, in her answer, her Reverence told her that we were ardently wishing for the happiness which she thought we were already possessed of, and that she hoped it would not be long before it was granted to us. Accordingly she entered the Noviceship; but before her clothing she applied to the Bishop in order to ascertain what were his real intentions with regard to our adopting this sublime Institute, feeling it was *that* to which she was particularly called. His Lordship still held back, but gave strong hopes that by

waiting a little we should obtain what we had so long desired. At this time we were expecting the death of our dear Str. Aloysia Joseph Halloran, who was like our dear last named Sister especially devoted to the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. Our good God was pleased to make use of this afflicted Invalid as an instrument to further His designs in our favour, by granting without delay the establishment of this Sacred Institute. Our worthy Bishop was then residing in our out-quarters, and being in a very precarious state of health, we had permission to go into his apartment. He was a very holy learned Prelate, of a strong mind, and particularly incredulous with regard to believing supernatural occurrences, unless accompanied by the most unequivocal marks of divine authority. But the instantaneous cure of Sister Aloysia Joseph, then seemingly at the point of death, so impressed him that he accepted it as the expression of the will of God that the Institute of the Perpetual Adoration should be introduced amongst us. About a month after its establishment, the good bishop was seized with his last attack of spasms, and had it not been for the Perpetual Adoration he would have died without human assistance. Mother Prioress happened to be the watcher that night from 10 to 12, and on hearing the Bishop's bell ring, she thought herself obliged to leave the Bd. Sacrament in order to answer the call. On entering His Lordship's room she found him in an agony of pain. She ran for the Confessor, Father Dullard; called the next adorer, Mother Celerere; every remedy was tried; the Bishop received Extreme Unction, and expired. He had said Mass in the morning. R.I.P.

With this account of the beginning of the Perpetual Adoration in our Comty, we may bring this writing to a close. The devotion was confirmed by a Brief of His Holiness Pope Gregory 16th, dated 16th Decbr, 1812. By another Brief, dated 16th July 1833, the same Pope took the Comty. under the immediate jurisdiction of the

Holy See, appointing Card. Weld His Vicar, with power to delegate a Vicar in England. The Comty. increasing in members and Court House being too small (it was but lent to us by Lord Clifford), by the advice of Card. Weld and with his approbation, we removed to Mount Pavilion at Colwich, near Stafford, which we purchased. We were most kindly received and welcomed by Bishop Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District. To which place the Comty. removed in April 1836. Possession was taken on the 21st of March, the Feast of our Glorious Father St. Benedict, 1835.

Notices of Books.

The Catholic Church in China. By Rev. B. Wollerstan, S.J. Sands & Co. 10s. 6d. *net.*

It is said that in one of our large North Country ports, recently the scene of religious riots innumerable, a poor Chinaman, in order to protect his premises from the window smashing he saw on either side, wrote up on his shop the following rather quaint notice, "Me no religion—Me only wash clothes." The moral of the story points to one of the greatest hindrances at the present day to the Christianising of the "Middle Kingdom." The late Mr. Alexander Michie, speaking of the various sects which find their way to China, assures us "That it is a great evil can hardly be doubted. Whenever Chinese converts obtain a bearing on the subject, they speak with no ambiguity of the immense loss of force which Christianity sustains through these divisions." That this is indeed the curse of the East as well as of the West becomes abundantly clear as one reads the pages of Fr. Wollerstan's book. There is another difficulty, viz.: the action of the European nations in regard to China. There seems an increasing dislike to things foreign.

Fr. Wollerstan has placed before us a painstaking, full and often vivid account of the work done in China during the last fifty years by Catholic Missionaries. His matter is taken to a very large degree from Governmental and other non-Catholic sources.

He shows us the foreign missionary as he actually is, and at times one is amazed at their lives of heroic self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. To quote one or two witnesses out of many, one feels that Mr. Frederic Balfour's words are not too strong when he says that the Catholic missionary "has renounced all—home, country, friends, fortune, nay, even his own identity—for ever, to be Christ to the perishing poor. His faith has led him to follow his Master's commandments to the full, and to give up *all* for Him." Sir Francis Younghusband writing a little later, on meeting two French fathers, "we recognized at once that we were not only with *good* but *real* men. What they possessed was no weak sentimentality or flashy enthusiasm, but solid human worth. Far away from their friends, from all civilization they lived and worked and died. When they left France, they left it for good; they had no hope to return; they

went out for their whole lives." But one could multiply quotations indefinitely. Mrs. Bishop, writing ten years ago, gives us some little idea of what she calls the "anguish of loneliness which these Roman missionaries endure." The remembrance that they were doing God's work alone saved them from certain madness, our priest assured her. He was a man, like so many of his confreres, of much culture and refinement. "Whenever I have met," she continues, "with Roman missionaries I have found them living either. . . in bare, white-washed rooms, with just enough tables and wooden chairs for use, or in the dirt, noise and innumerable discomforts of native houses of the lower class, personally attending on the sick, and in China, Chinese in life, dress, style and ways, rarely speaking their own language, knowing the ins and outs of the district in which they live. . . Lonely men, having broken with friends and all home ties for the furtherance of Christianity, they live lives of isolation and self-sacrifice, forget all, but the people by whom they are surrounded, identify themselves with their interests, and have no other expectation but that of living and dying among them." We are not left in ignorance as to what these "surroundings" are. Mr. Norman, writing of Peking in 1895, says that the filth of the place is quite indescribable, that it is in fact one colossal and uncleaned cloaca. We may notice by the way that it is an ill wind that blows no good. The Vicar Apostolic living in Peking was once asked how cholera could be resisted in such a place. "Cholera," he answered, "it could never enter. It would be asphyxiated at the gate."

If one looks for appreciation by unbiased witnesses of the workers at their work, one is again met by a bewildering profusion of such. Some of these are not a little surprising. For example, Colonel Yale, R.E., in speaking of modern exploration work says: "But here it is necessary to interpose a caveat. When we speak of the commencement of modern exploration in China and Tibet, or allude to any modern traveller as having been the first to visit this or that secluded locality in those regions, it must be understood that we begin by making a large exception in favour of the missionaries of the Roman Church: for those regions have to a great extent, and for many years past, been habitually traversed by the devoted labourers who have been extending the cords of their Church in the interior, and on the inland frontier of China. . . There are indeed notable exceptions, etc." The admiration of these workers is found in unlikely quarters. In one case, to quote from the leaves of a Protestant Chaplain, who can hardly withhold his admiration of the Jesuit mission near Shanghai, "Our good general even, who has all the instinctive horror of 'holy water' which a strictly religious Scotchman is likely to have, could not refuse the aspersorium at the funeral of French Officers at Peking, and to

sprinkle the coffins of the departed with his own hand." With the picture in one's mind's eye of our good general meekly allowing himself to be sprinkled, why doubt the possibility of converting China!

So much for Part III. The first portion of the book, *i. e.* Parts I and II, deal with the great evils that oppose and defeat the Christianisation of China at the present day. Here again the author has collected testimonies and opinions from all who have written or spoken on the subject, and this portion is largely made up of verbatim quotations from the best of these sources. It can be regarded, therefore as a high authority by Catholics and Protestants alike on the work of Missions in China. As already said, the grand obstacle to the conquest of that country lies in the division among the teachers themselves. "How can I," asks the pagan, "accept a religion whose professors themselves cannot agree on its most essential points?" A placard was posted in Hunan and published in the Shanghai papers, on which were inscribed the words—"Although the adherents of the religion only worship Jesus, yet being divided into two sections of R. Catholics and Protestants, these are continually railing at one another, so that we have no means of determining which is right and which is wrong." And the missionaries themselves see all this. They see the futility of work without unity among the workers. Their work, their efforts certainly have increased wonderfully. During the last 40 years, great strides have been made, but the results have been lamentably out of proportion.

Unity is the great cry of the missions to-day. Many attempts have been made to promote it but with little success, and the failures leave them more divided than they were before. Father Wollerstan gives us some account of the great Conference of 1907, held at Shanghai under the auspicious motto "Unity in Christ." There is a pathetic kind of humour in the grave solemnity of this gathering, combined with its utter hopelessness. While so many are striving for this unity in Christian teaching, many are for distributing the Bible without any teaching at all! Bible societies distribute over a million copies annually. The fruit of this work must be indeed very small, when we reflect that of the few who can read intelligently (one in twenty for males, one in ten thousand for females, according to one authority) very few can understand. For the translation of the Scriptures into Chinese is extremely difficult, owing to the absence of words expressing such ideas as Baptism, Worship, Sacrifice. Such ideas have to be taught by a circuitous method. The translations increase year by year. Nearly every dialect of China has its version now. It has even been suggested to make a version in pidgin English. One shudders to contemplate the result!

The second of the great obstacles to the progress of Christianity is of more recent growth. It is the strong anti-foreign prejudice of the Chinese, deeply impressed by years of injustice and cruelty. Probably no nation has suffered more in its relations with foreign powers, and China feels it more acutely in the pride of its ancient civilization. "No one," writes Capt. Brinkley, "that has read the story of China's foreign relations . . . can doubt that their cumulative effect has been to store up in her bosom a fund of deepest resentment. What she is now (1904) towards foreigners differs strikingly from what she was two hundred years ago; and what she is now, that she has been made by systematically harsh treatment, such as no other nation ever suffered at the hands of alien Powers." And much as they have suffered in their own country, they suffer more when they emigrate to Christian lands. In any of the large ports of England we know well enough what the popular feelings are towards Chinatown. And so it is that the Chinese have come to hate Christianity because it is foreign, and to hate missionaries as emissaries from foreign governments.

The book ends—as all well-beloved books of the kind ought to end—with statistics, and these are of considerable interest. The percentage of Catholics in the various provinces varies from Chihli, where 20 per cent. are Catholics, to Sinking which only contains 300 in all. In the general statistics for 1907 we find the total number of Catholics placed at 1,071,928, being an increase on the preceding years of 86,010 (at least) and to these may be added the rather handsome total of 424,571 catechumens. The Protestant sects show a total (1905) of 178,251.

There are in China 44 Catholic Missions, 43 bishops, 1,346 European priests and 592 Chinese priests. Catechists are very numerous. In the case of one province (South East Chihli) we get a table showing the advance made in 50 years:—In 1857, there were 9,505 Catholics; 1860, 10,030; 1890, 38,005; 1900, 50,875; 1904, 45,419; 1906, 59,646; 1907, 62,454.

And so the author leaves that strange country, that formed the goal of St. Francis Xavier's dreams. Francis never landed in the mainland, but his fellow-priests soon did. Long before the advent of Protestantism and the consequent "Chaos of Creeds"; long before the encroachments and depredation of Europe and America, and the consequent hostilities and hatred, they were at work, silently diffusing their Master's message with a devotedness and a peace that could scarcely be imagined in China to-day.

And what is the lesson from all this? The author gives it in the words of a non-Catholic who has made a special study of the question, the late Mr. Alex. Michie: "Other hope failing, it seems to be after all to the Vatican and its disciplined agents that the Christian world

will have to look if anywhere, for extrication from its dilemma in China, for having been repulsed elsewhere it is to that quarter that the Imperial Government would naturally address itself, if the personal and national schemes of foreign diplomatists would but permit it so much liberty of action."

Bishop De Mazenod.—His Inner Life and Virtues. Translated from the French of the Very Rev. Eugene Baffie, O.M.I. R. & T. Washbourne, London, 1909. 6s.

Bishop Dupanloup, in a remarkable letter on the proper manner of writing a Saint's Life, said "What hagiographers should understand is that generalities are of little account in the Lives of the Saints, for in them spiritual profit above all is sought. Details are of paramount importance, since they edify the reader, and serve to make the saint better known. In mere accessories, great moderation should prevail; but of the real subject, the saint himself, let us have details, multiplied details. They show him to us living and acting according to nature and grace, and this is the secret of the thrilling spell his life casts over the reader."

The work before us does not pretend to be a life in the ordinary sense of the term, but it is an attempt, and a very successful attempt to portray, by means of details and multiplied details, the inner life and character of a great servant of God, and the Founder of the flourishing missionary Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Apparently, in the French edition, there is no biography at all of Bishop De Mazenod; for that the reader is referred to other works. In the English translation, which emanates from the house of the Oblates at Inchicore, Dublin, the leading facts of the Founder's life are supplied in the Translator's Introduction of nine pages. This is perhaps the least satisfactory part of the book. To anyone not familiar with French History from 1780 to 1860 it is very close reading, and the absence of new paragraphs in several places makes it the more so. The attempt to convey a very large amount of information in a small space leads to such curious expressions as the following:—"The learned and wise Father Magg, a suppressed Jesuit, who lived in a little cell over a sacristy."

The author, Père Baffie, is obviously an enthusiastic disciple and admirer of Bishop De Mazenod, and his work cannot fail to inspire the reader with admiration for so great and holy a soul, and to stir up a desire to follow the example of so fervent a life. To his young religious aspiring to the priesthood Bishop De Mazenod wrote: "The Church in her distress expects powerful help from you, but be well assured that you will be of use to her only in the measure of your advance in the practice of religious virtues."

The work of 457 pages sets forth the Bishop's virtues and as by relating incidents in his life. Perhaps the most attractive and helpful chapters are those dealing with his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and with Bishop Mather at the Altar. His zeal for the spread of Frequent Communion, and for the establishment of the Sacred Adoration in his diocese of Marseille, remain one of the work of that great apostle of the Blessed Sacrament, the Venerable Verc Julien Eyraud.

A Handbook of Church Music—F. C. C. Egerton—Washington.
Instructions for the use of the singers. 3d.
 London, 1909. 35 cts. net. Supplement to Handbook, containing

instructions for the use of the singers, 3d.

The purpose of this book is to assist those who, in conformity with the wishes of Pope Pius X. are trying to expand hymnology as a part of the Liturgy. The endeavor is to explain how hymnology should be taught and sung, and to give simple directions for the carrying out of the services—so far as the style is concerned—in a simple and unobtrusive manner. The writer is evidently an enthusiastic lover of the Liturgy, and naturally in entire sympathy. But, while it contains a good deal of interesting and useful, there are many things which invite criticism. To attempt this in detail is impossible in a short notice; a few points only can be mentioned.

In the chapter devoted to "the all-important subject of Rhythm," the author endeavors to illustrate the meaning of rhythm by referring to the difference between a good and a bad reader, and says of the latter—"Instead of giving to each syllable its proper quantity or amount of accentuation, he makes them all the same length." This statement and the whole passage which follows it betrays the fact that the author fails to appreciate the difference between accent and quantity, as well as between the rhythm which arises from accentuation and that sympathetic rhythm which arises from the proper intonation of the sense of words. There is a good deal in the chapter which is as unsatisfactory as the above.

At the end of it we find the following paragraphs on Rhythmic Signs, followed by an inadequate explanation of them: "In order to make the accents of the Chant more easy and uniform, the addition of certain marks called rhythmic signs. These are particularly useful in the case of choirs managed with the assistance of the Liturgy, since they render the performance more easy, more precise, and more uniform." Our own conviction,

founded on experience, is that rhythmic editions are more useful for all choirs however accomplished, and we understand that they are used now by the Science monks themselves. However this may be, one would have expected that, in view of his opinion expressed above, the author, in a book intended chiefly to help small choirs, would have adopted the rhythmic editions as the basis of all his teaching.

As to the accompaniment of the Chant, the organist is rightly directed not to place his chords on unimportant notes, and thus interfere with the rhythm. The principle of *mesure* changing the chord except at the beginning of a rhythm is the basis of all the instruction given to the accompaniment, and should, we think, be much more fully insisted upon. Most of the published accompaniments are very unsatisfactory through neglect of this principle.

Certain hints are given as to Latin pronunciation. Perhaps it would be too much to have hoped that the author would, as yet, adopt the reformed pronunciation, which really makes the meaning of Latin easier and more intelligible. That whatever scheme of pronunciation is adopted, it be neither too lax, nor too strictly considered, and spread, and one scarcely expects to find two such sentences as the following written fifteen lines of one another: "The chemist should make certain that his class obtains perfect correctness in pronunciation, when once this has been assured they need be little concerned with either form or content." "The chemist should not be afraid by subsequent carelessness on the part of the singers. There is a tendency to grow somewhat slack in important details." On the whole the book is disappointing.

Sermons of St. Bernard on Advent and Christmas. Washington, 25. 00.

It is unnecessary for us to say anything in commendation of this book, a translation of some well-known homilies of St. Bernard. And for this reason we may perhaps be permitted to offer some critical remarks that occurred to us in a careful reading. The chief of these and the most fundamental are quite different from the sermons to which St. Bernard's sermons are given, and it may be due to many causes. His sermons are not quite as success in English. It may be due to the fact that we are accustomed to make those loose logical order and some digression, on Scripture with many words that it was his purpose to take St. Bernard tells us in so many words that it was his purpose to take the occasion from the Gospel of speaking what pleased him. The consequence is that they often seem, according to the paradox of the old critic, not to have beginning, middle or end, and we are left

somewhat dissatisfied. Again St. Bernard's exposition is figurative and imaginative. He is fond too of verbal assonance, and this,—apart from the impossibility of conveying its force in translation—rather repels than attracts present-day readers. These are difficulties of matter and arrangement. Then there is the difficulty of reproducing the peculiar characteristics of St. Bernard's Latin. He is a skilful writer, and there are many passages of great rhetorical power and beauty. But, to judge by different translations of his works that we have read, his attractiveness is not often able to "get through" into English idiom. A passage which delights in the Latin seems in the English dull and flat. His epigram is generally spoilt, his *locus tertiorum* cannot be translated, his periods halt. And again his language is studded with allusions to the vulgar Scriptures. Often his text is a string of quotations; but even when he is not expressly quoting, he is frequently using and adapting the words of Scripture. Now in the Latin this does not escape us. It is chiefly the words of the psalms that he so uses, and the Breviary makes us familiar with these. But in the English such nuances are lost. Yet the translation before us is a good one. It is generally quite accurate, though we think we detected some few mistranslations. It is not too slavish or literal. Indeed the translator or translators have dealt very freely with the text. They use paraphrase. They make large omissions. They summarize whole paragraphs in a short sentence. But even with this domestic editing St. Bernard does not seem to find himself in the English. For one thing, there is wanting, we venture to think, an attempt at conciseness and brevity of expression, some approach to the epigrammatic that is quite a feature of the original. To give an instance of what we mean. In the first homily on the "Missus Est" we have in the Latin, "salutiferam elegit sequendi partem in humilitate peccator quam in virginitate superbus." This is translated, "It is safer for the sinner to follow in humility than to be proud in virginity." But we would suggest that some such translation as "Safer a humble sinner than a proud virgin," is both more correct and more effective. Then we met some instances of too careful translation such as, "To usurp a similitude," "The plenitude and affluence of things temporal had brought on the oblivion and pendency of things eternal." And we do not like "indigence of merits," "prevention joy." Again, St. Bernard's metaphors are sometimes removed when we think that they might have been saved with some advantage to the brightness and vivacity of the writing. Thus it seems a pity to translate "praecipitatus" which suggests the poet's "hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky" by "rejected." Of minor points, should not "they" on page 126, line 14, be "those"? And on page 96 "him who is" would be clearer if written in capitals. There are two or three printer's errors.

We have been critical, but we have purposely omitted to speak of the solid merits of the book. These are considerable. Bishop Hedley speaks of them in forcible sentences. "The reader," he says, "will find in St. Bernard, as in all the Fathers, that steady, large, and almost unconscious exposition of Catholic faith in its widest sense, which the multiplication of religious books must always tend as a corrective to limited views and one-sided enthusiasms. He will also, I do not doubt, appreciate the fine and piety of that great saint. The ardent devotion which marks every page of his sermons may not now be a novelty to Catholics, for a leader like St. Bernard makes his own spirit in this regard an inheritance of the whole Church, and we are all to a great extent thinking the devout thoughts and practising the elevations of the heart of which he gave the example. But it is always inspiring and stimulating to go to the fountain head, and to study the very turns and expressions of such a master; and his touching piety, whenever he treats of the Word made flesh, or the Virgin Mother, will always be more real to us and more edifying when we feel ourselves actually in his presence—the presence of one who was at once so heroic in his sanctity, and so great an historical figure in the twelfth century."

The Higher Education of Boys in England. By Cyril Norwood, M.A., Head Master of Bristol Grammar School, and Arthur H. Hope, M.A., Late Assistant-Master at Radley College. With twenty-two special contributions. Murray, 12s. net.

The large and growing literature of Education has not recently received a more valuable contribution than this volume of nearly 600 pages. It is most comprehensive. The first four chapters, forming Part I, contain a history and criticism of Secondary Education in England, France, Germany, and America. In Part II the authors' scheme for reform is stated and defended. Parts III and IV mainly consist of short essays on teaching-methods and the accessories of school life, much in the style of the chapters in *The Public Schools From Within*. In the last Part the case for reform is summed up and re-stated.

Faith indignatus librum is the authors' motto, and the emotion is evident but always controlled. Their moderation under trying circumstances wins from the reader at the outset a confidence which is soon strengthened by their evident ability and experience. For the constructive side of their work the *locus classicus* naturally is their book. We would not, if we could, provide a substitute. Briefly, they advocate the provision and enforcement of better elementary education, greater differentiation of curricula, equal opportunity for all, correlation of the different kinds and grades of schools which now

car out a wasted existence in ruinous isolation. From these naturally follow many minor reforms, which are carefully explained. But the central principle is the extension of public control to the whole system of education.

We may say at once that, though many of their proposed changes seem to us most desirable, there are some with which we cannot agree. We strongly dissent from the authors' view of the comparative merits of Day and Boarding Schools, and we cannot share their almost Fabian reliance on the watery friendship which territorial affinity might produce. We do not believe that anything, except the saving of travelling expenses, would be gained by transforming our schools into purely local centres. But it is with the proposal to extend public control that we are least in sympathy. Public management of Education has hitherto conspicuously failed to promote elasticity or to satisfy diverse individual and local needs. The authors admit this, and postulate a reformed Board of Education to establish and control the national system. But it is one thing to present a paper scheme of "decentralized control" by which the State through expert authority shall supervise, direct, and unify the whole system, and at the same time respect local needs and allow head masters "freedom of action in the details of curriculum and administration, and scope for individuality in method and ideal" (p. 555). It is quite another thing to safeguard local differences and personal initiative from the conflicting interests of a shortsighted public and the encroachments of an expert administration, "more bureaucratic than scientific." There is no department in which the antagonistic sections of the tax-paying public take a closer, more limited, and less unselfish interest than the education for which they pay; and there is no department in which expert authority is more rigid and uncompromising. And why is State interference necessary? Because (p. 160) the problem of national Education is so complex. True, the complexity is great, and it will be greater, though less chaotic, when the *diversa membra* of our "system" have been correlated, but the correct inference from this is that a reform in the head and centre of the whole will immediately and inevitably affect the parts. A wise reform of our Universities will go very far to remedy the most serious defects, and, though it is too early to speak with entire confidence, yet recent events seem to show that both Oxford and Cambridge are capable of making considerable changes in their methods and constitution without external aid.

Perhaps the results of University reform would be vider than Messrs. Norwood and Hope expect, for in spite of the excessive rigidity of our present methods which they (sometimes) deplore, they seem to think it possible for any incompetent adventurer to win the continued support of parents for his perfectly useless school. But it

is not so. The struggle for existence is nowhere more severe than where educational establishments are the competitors, and nowhere is it more certain that the survivors are the fittest—however far short of the ideal they may fall.

We have devoted much space to this one question of State interference; but this is what the authors must expect and probably desire. Proof that we are right and Messrs. Norwood and Hope wrong would not destroy the value of their book. It is a most excellent collection of the data of which every reformer must take account, and is full of instruction alike for the educationist who works in the class-room and the educationist who writes to *The Times*. There is need for books such as this, for the chief obstacle to reform is not prejudice or obscurantism but the yet unsolved difficulty of understanding the root of the evil. We must wait for an accurate diagnosis of the case before we prescribe, still less begin to apply, a remedy. The task is not yet accomplished. For example, there are two quite different sets of answers in this book to the question whether our present system suffers from too much or too little uniformity throughout its parts (pages 187, 416, 531, and 556, and pages 188, 288, 317, 533, and 555). Again, on pages 517 and 540 there are amusing differences in regard to the starting point of reform.

All this, however, only shows that this book does not contain the last word on the subject, and clearly none are more modestly and more sincerely aware of that than its authors. But no one who is interested in English Education will fail, if he is wise, to avail himself of their labours.

Spiritual Instructions. Reginald Buckler, O.P. Burns & Oates, 31. 6d. net.

This book is a series of instructions on the main aspects of the Christian and religious life. Beginning with a clear and succinct statement of the Christian's end, the author goes on to deal with the chief means of attaining that end. The style is simple, plain and direct. The illustrations chosen are forcible, if sometimes homely. The doctrine is of course sound, and is generally very clearly stated. The author has good store of apt quotations and we were particularly grateful for some well-chosen passages from St. Thomas Aquinas. He is rightly insistent on the importance of a clear understanding of the psychology of habit and this is quite a dominant idea to which he frequently returns. Again there is a practical argument urged over and over again from the wisdom of the children

of this world. The instructions are intended for all who are trying to lead the Christian life, but they are written mainly for religious. Occasionally there is some defect in clearness due perhaps to a confusion of the two points of view, as for instance in the chapter on the Spirit of our State. The author's teaching is especially good where he develops the point that "if our mill is not grinding corn it is grinding chaff," and that if we do not seize the higher we are caught up by the lower. There is some sting in some of the judgements. We read, "How easily all this desultory reading more especially when accompanied by smoke, leads to indulgence, tepidity and indolence." We noticed some few errors of syntax or diction, and one or two printer's errors. The phrase "to cotton to" seems beneath the dignity of the subject. There is a passage (on pages 136, 137) where that unfortunate word "thing" does perhaps more service than should be required of it. There is an allusion to the "works" of Socrates which we did not understand. The "four elements" appear in a serious context, but are only meant, we suppose, as pragmatical truth. In the chapter on obedience, "How sweet and submissive is the little cat!" reminded us irresistibly of the Book of Ead Beasts. Is it the hippopotamus or the yak?—But these are very insignificant blemishes in a clear and earnest treatment of a well-worn theme.

Newman Memorial Sermons. By Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., and the Very Rev. Canon McIntyre. Longmans. 1/- net.

This little book consists of two sermons preached at the Oratory, Birmingham, on the occasion of the opening of the Newman Memorial Church in December of last year. Fr. Rickaby gives a short sketch of what, from personal study of Newman's writings, he considers to be salient points in the great Cardinal's character; and the result is certainly a very interesting discourse. Canon McIntyre emphasizes—seasonably, in view of present controversies—the most characteristic note of Newman's religious life—his obedience to the voice of God speaking through a definite scheme of dogmatic teaching. The sermons are not unworthy of the historic occasion on which they were delivered.

The Catholic Social Year Book for 1910. Catholic Truth Society, 6d. net; bound 1s.

The reader is warned in the Preface to this book that it is only the herald of a "Year Book" of a more scientific character, which the C.T.S. intends to publish annually. This book, however, is

most interesting as bearing witness to the quiet yet rapid growth of a real and practical interest in all matters of social reform. It brings home the pressing need for further organization, and most of all for willing workers—and if these latter are found, this publication makes it clear that no talents however limited or however extraordinary need go unused, so varied are the calls for help.

All Catholics who feel in any way interested in the welfare of the Church in this land, should be possessed of the information this "Year Book" supplies.

College Diary and Notes.

Jan. 18th. Lent Term begins. Voting for Captain of the School took place this evening, and resulted in the re-election of C. Rochford.

Jan. 19th. Rochford appointed the following School Officials for the term:—

Secretary	W. V. Clapham
Officersmen	J. Miller, K. Blackledge
Librarians of the Upper Library	N. Reynolds, G. Richardson
Librarian of the Lower Library	E. Williams
Librarian of the Reading Room	D. Long
Gamesmen	J. J. Murphy, G. MacCormack
Secretary of the Literary and Debating Society	V. G. Narey
Secretary of the Junior Debating Society	E. Williams
Secretary of the Reading Room Debating Society	K. Power
Editors of the Diary	C. Almsough, G. W. Lindsay
Captains of the Football and Hockey Sets:—	
1st Set	C. Rochford, F. H. Goss
2nd Set	R. Marshall, G. Richardson
3rd Set	F. Courtney, J. Temple
4th Set	E. Martin, M. F. O'Neill
5th Set	V. Knowles, Hon. E. Burnswell
6th Set	L. Lancaster, G. Simpson

Jan. 23rd. The hard frost of the last two nights had made the ice bear. The emotions of the Preparatory Division on hearing the news were reminiscent of those which surged through the bosoms of Xenophon's Greeks when they cried *Θάλασσα, Θάλασσα*. A Head Master's, as distinguished from a solar, Half-Day was given for skating. There was a heavy fall of snow in the evening.

Jan. 25th. In spite of the use of spades, snow-ploughs, and Fourth Form boys, attempts to clear the pond have had to be abandoned *re infecta*. The Sledging, however, was like the "mobled queen"—good.

Jan. 27th. The first meeting of the School this term was held after tea. Rochford thanked the School for his re-election as Captain. He said they were back for a short and crowded term. The Football Eleven would have to practise hard in preparation for the inter-School matches with Bootham and Pocklington. At the end of February Hockey would probably be recommenced, but he hoped during the term to bring in a "Government Bill" to deal with the whole question of Hockey. A fair amount of time would also be required for drill for the School Cadet Corps, which he hoped would very soon become an Officers' Training Corps. There was also the Rifle Club, which, with its increased membership, ran away with a good many hours. Towards the end of the term Sports' practice would take place as usual.

Jan. 28th. The last day of the Comet. For the past week between five and seven o'clock the new Comet has been an object of vision and interest to the School. In addition to the Telescope, binoculars of every size and description have been focussed on the western sky, where, comparatively close to Venus, the Comet has been plainly visible even to the naked eye. This evening, however, it was dim and indistinct, a visit apparently *pour prendre congé*.

Feb. 3rd. The Month Half-Day was not celebrated owing to the weather. We understand, however, that "guarantees" were given. For the same reason the return Football Match with Duncombe Park was postponed. After Supper Fr. Maurus gave an "Art" Lecture on "Raphael." The slides were well chosen and adequate, and the lecturer's commentary would have converted a Pre-Raphaelite.

Feb. 7th. Shrove-tide was rather spoilt by bad weather. There was the usual recreation after dinner and the usual Shrove-tide walks to the usual places of interest in the neighbourhood. In the evening the Dramatic Society entertained us with *The Private Secretary*. There were adaptations of course, and the inevitable excisions from the Third Scene resulted in a loss of situation scarcely compensated for even by the whole-hearted vivacity with which the actors conducted their sprightly dialogue. The principal part was taken by V. G. Narey, who did not disappoint expectation in giving us an

intelligent, clear-cut rendering of the part of the impossible curate. The merit of Narey's acting is that the audience are never in doubt, from the first moment of the actor's entrance, as to the kind of character he is portraying. The defects are the obvious defects of this quality. The character is given away at once, and interest diminished in his subsequent career. The perfection of an actor's art is something like that of the writer of a Latin Period. The sense must be incomplete till the end. Still it is infinitely better to have the sense too soon than not to have it at all. The other characters too were all well done, and the piece as a whole presented in a manner to which Thucydides might, without hesitation, have applied his favourite superlative.—ἀξιολογίστου. The following was the cast:—

Mr. Marsden	J. J. MURPHY
Harry Marsden	A. POWER
Mr. Sydney Gilson	E. WILLIAMS
Mr. Cattermole	C. ROCHFORD
Rev'd. R. Spalding	V. G. NAREY
Miss Ashford	F. LEWIS
Miss Stead	G. F. HALL

Feb. 10th. Fr. Justin gave an interesting and lucid lecture on the "Mycenaean Civilization." In the short space of an hour we excavated Troy and Mycenaean and Knossos in Crete, and what is more important, received or revived an impression of Homer. The slides, which were particularly good and clear, represented subjects which were not familiar to any but the top Forms, and offered to the Lower School a fertile field for at times even articulate conjecture. Yet the lecturer, like Daedalus, "*ipse dolus seculi ambrosiisque resedit,*" and two members of the First Form were afterwards heard discussing with heat and even acerbity the relative merits as archaeologies of Schlicemann and Mr. Arthur Evans. It was a most enjoyable lecture, and even the Chemistry Room in which the Lecture was held, took on for the time an old-world atmosphere that must have been a welcome change, even to the unrepentant Scientist, from the sensations that usually obtain in this room. Though the subject-matter was of course "old," yet it was not "stale" even to the scholar, for the lecturer, like the poet.

"Closed the tertiary glasses
That all pursue;
Yet on his lips the eternal themes
Again were new."

Feb. 12th. Inter-School Football Match against Bootham School. We were without MacCormack, whose place at outside-right was taken by A. F. Wright. The game was played on the Bootham ground, which was very heavy after the recent floods. We won the toss, and with the aid of a slight breeze kept the ball in the Bootham half. Play, however, ruled fairly even, the defence on both sides being very strong. Just before half time Peguero scored after some clever dribbling. Shortly after resuming, Bootham made the scores equal. The rest of the game was hard fought. Bootham, who had the advantage of a host of vigorous and at times tonitruous supporters in the presence of their School, played a determined game and pressed continually. But the Ampleforth defence was sound, and repelled attack after attack. Just before time, Wright received the ball from a long kick by Rochford, dashed down the wing and centred accurately to Peguero, who, with an easy shot at close range scored the winning goal. The following played for the School:—Goal, G. Barnett; Backs, C. Rochford, H. Martin; Half Backs, A. Clapham, J. Newton, F. Welch; Forwards, A. Goss, J. J. Murphy, J. Peguero, F. H. Goss, A. F. Wright.

The Second Eleven played at home. In the first half we had most of the game and through some good forward play, chiefly by Kelly and Richardson, we led at the interval by three goals to nothing. On resuming, we were mainly on the defensive, and although Welch scored once, Bootham scored three times. We thus won an even game by four goals to three. The following formed the School Second:—Goal, J. James; Backs, J. McKillop, J. Figueroa O'Neill; Half Backs, W. Clapham, N. Reynolds, J. MacDonald; Forwards, W. Barnett, G. Welch, G. Richardson, A. Kelly, and J. Miller.

Feb. 21st. To-day, the Simnington Hounds met in the Quarry on the Hill, not accidentally, but officiously. Great efforts were made to draw a fox that, unconscious of plagiarism, had lately been

adopting an attitude towards "hen roosts" that suggested the methods of a Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer. For a long time the fox defied the attentions of the terrier that discovered him in one of the caves near Fr. Sumner's new lawn; but at last he bolted. Hounds were quickly laid on, and after rather a short run pulled their quarry down in the open. The Master presented the Mask to the Head of the School; and Leonard Williams, the first boy "up," received, not, we thought, without a blush, the Brush.

Feb. 24th. Meeting of the School in the Upper Library. The Captain introduced a "Hockey Bill." The only clause that provoked any discussion was the one determining the Hockey Season. After suggestions that Hockey should be played in the Christmas Term only, in the Easter Term only, and in both Terms, the last was ultimately adopted.

March 1st. The February Month Half-Day which had been displaced by the weather was held to-day. The School went in various detachments to Gilling Bridge, where there was a meet of the Sinnington Hounds. A fox broke away at once from a cover on the North side of the Station, and headed for Slingsby. Turning right-handed at Hovingham, he ran through Sir William Worsley's demesne towards Brandsby, down through Fairfax Wood and crawled panting and beaten across the Valley to the little copse near the Farm Buildings. Meantime Hounds had changed foxes and were last seen running in the direction of Byland. The difficulties the writer has had in building up this narrative are similar to those that beset Thucydides in recording those events of which he was not an eyewitness. The writer himself was more or less present during part of the run, but often *longo intervallo*; and so the account rests, to quote in English the Greek historian, "partly on what I saw myself, partly on what others saw for me. And my conclusions have cost me some labour from the want of coincidence between accounts of the same occurrence by different eyewitnesses."

March 3rd. Month Half-Day. Sports' practice commenced. The usual Speeches in the evening. Appended is the programme:—

PIANO SOLO	<i>Auf den Burgen</i>	F. S. Walton
		<i>Grieg</i>		
RECITATION	The Things that are more Excellent	D. MacDonald
		<i>W. Watson.</i>		
RECITATION	Laughter	G. E. Farrell
		<i>Carlyle</i>		
RECITATION	The Victim	F. Long
		<i>Tennyson</i>		
VIOLIN SOLO	E. Marsh
RECITATION	Hymn before Action	G. F. Hall
		<i>Kipling</i>		
DIALOGUE	...	Fragment of a Platonic Dialogue	...	(A. F. Kelly
		<i>A. G. Godley</i>		U. Miller)

March 9th. "Government" Half-Day. A moquet tournament was played off in the afternoon.

March 10th. Fr. Maurus gave a second "Art" lecture. His subject this time was "Leonardo da Vinci." The lecture like the one on "Raphael" was very interesting and informing, and we hope is the second of a long series.

March 23rd. To-night the Easter Retreat given by the Rev. B. Jarrett, O.P., commences.

March 27th. Easter Sunday. The "Old Boys" who came up for Easter put a powerful football Eleven in the field against the School Team. An interesting and even game resulted in a win for the School by two goals to nothing.

March 28th. Athletic Sports. Very fine weather prevailed and the track round the New Cricket Ground was in good condition. Under the able direction of Fr. Joseph the programme was carried out without a hitch. There was an unusually large attendance of visitors, and from a spectacular point of view the sports left nothing to be desired. Even the long races produced very close finishes, and the excitement at the end of the mile race, when A. Clapham just won on the tape after a sensational spurt by Pozzi, will long be remembered by those who were present. Appended are the results:—

Ampforth College. March 28th, 1910. Athletic Sports.

Conducted under the Rules and Regulations of the A.A.A.

All Races run on a Grass course.

First Set.

	1st.	2nd.	Time, Height, etc.
100 Yards	T. Dunbar	J. Murphy	107 sec.
220 Yards			
440 Yards	F. Dunbar	A. Clapham	59 sec.
Half-Mile	A. Clapham	T. Dunbar	2 min. 23 sec.
Mile	A. Clapham	F. Pozzi	5 min. 25 sec.
Hurdles	C. Rochford	T. Dunbar	21 sec.
High Jump	J. Murphy	T. Dunbar	4 ft. 10½ ins.
Long Jump	A. Clapham	T. Dunbar	15 ft. 11 ins.
Weight 16lb.	C. Rochford	T. Dunbar	20 ft. 9½ ins.
Cricket Ball	P. Goss	T. Dunbar	77 yds. 1ft. 2 ins.

Second Set.

100 Yards	A. Power	K. Harrison	12½ sec.
220 Yards	A. Power		
440 Yards	A. Power	A. Dent Young	1 min. 5½ sec.
Half-Mile	T. Temple	O. Barton	2 min. 3½ sec.
Mile	L. Williams	O. Barton	5 min. 40 sec.
Hurdles	J. MacDonald	A. Power	
High Jump	(D. MacDonald (G. Welch	F. Long	4 ft. 2 ins.
Long Jump	W. Martin	D. MacDonald	14 ft. 5½ ins.
Weight (14 lbs.)	L. Raddin	C. Collison	23 ft. 4 ins.
Cricket Ball	G. Welch	C. Collison	74 yds. 2ft. 3 ins.

Third Set.

100 Yards	H. MacCabe	L. Rochford	13 sec.
220 Yards	—	—	
440 Yards	C. Sharp	F. MacCabe	1 min. 11 sec.
Half-Mile	G. Hall	L. Rochford	2 min. 41½ sec.
Mile	C. Simpson	E. Martin	6 min. 10 sec.
Hurdles	M. F. O'Neill	C. Simpson	24½ sec.
High Jump	(C. Simpson (M. F. O'Neill	—	4 ft. ½ in.
Long Jump	H. MacCabe	J. Clarke	13 ft. 5 ins.
Weight (14 lbs.)	H. MacCabe	B. Cadie	24 ft. 9 ins.
Cricket Ball	F. MacCabe	B. Cadie	67 yds. 1 ft. 8½ ins.

Fourth Set.

100 Yards	J. Hellerman	V. Knowles	12½ sec.
220 Yards	J. Hellerman		
440 Yards	J. Hellerman	C. Lowthor	1 min. 13 sec.
Hurdles	J. Hellerman	E. Byrne	25½ sec.
High Jump	J. Morogh Bernard A. Long		5 ft. 9½ ins.
Long Jump	C. Cravos	A. Long	12 ft. 7 ins.
Weight (10 lbs.)	A. Darby	J. Hellerman	20 ft. 2½ ins.
Cricket Ball	A. Long	H. McMahon	55 yds. 2 ft. 6 ins.

Fifth Set.

100 Yards	J. Heslop	J. Cravo	14½ sec.
220 Yards	J. Heslop	L. Lancaster	33 sec.
Hurdles	G. Simpson	J. Cravos	28 sec.
High Jump	J. Heslop	G. Simpson	3 ft. 5 ins.
Long Jump	T. Orendain	J. Cravos	16 ft. 1½ ins.
Weight (10 lbs.)	J. Heslop	J. Cravos	18 ft. 8 ins.
Cricket Ball	J. Heslop	J. Cravos	42 yds.

Convolutin Race—J. MacKillop, H. MacMahon, J. Cravos.

Sack Race—E. Doherty.

Three-legged Race—F. MacCabe and C. Sharp.

Hot-Step and Jump—(1st set) T. Dunbar. (2nd set) G. Welch. (3rd set) D. Long. (4th set) A. Darby. (5th set) F. Orendain.

Booting of a Wheel—(1st set) A. Clapham. (2nd set) F. Courtney. (3rd set) F. MacCabe. (4th set) A. Long. (5th set) G. Simpson.

Tug-of-War—C. Cravos, A. Darby, G. Emery.

The Silver Cup for the Champion Athlete was won by T. Dunbar. In the evening, at the School Rifle Range, a team of the visitors "shot" the first six in the School. The School for whom D. MacDonald was in great form, won rather easily in spite of some brilliant shooting by Captain C. W. Hines.



The opening of the term was signalized by really cold weather, but the prospect of good skating was soon dispelled by heavy falls of snow. In consequence, the whole school crowded to the sledging track. Rapid movement and the thought of "what may be" before the end of the journey lend to this sport some of the pleasures

associated with the longer distances of motor runs. The excitement, too, helps to keep out the cold, for the possibilities of one of these small trips are many. However good one's intentions may be, however much bent on steering clear of all obstacles and retaining our seats, or of reaching the end of the track by skilful turnings and delicate manipulations of the rudder, things unforeseen frequently occur. *Ne fait pas le tout qui veut.* Fellow passengers are too often our worst enemies, and the large tree and later the hedges are permanent menaces, the avoidance of which is not the easier by reason of the temper and the attitude of mind of those who are toiling to the top for another run. The gasworks are the great drawback of the track and enforce a limit to our ambitions. Would the procurator consider their removal? There are so many places for gasworks and so few for sledging!

* * *

"The Old Boys" who were here at Easter subscribed generously towards defraying some of the expenses of the golf course. Our best thanks are due to them. The new course is a greater success than we could have hoped for and the latest improvements carried out under the direction of Br. Leo have added considerably to its amenities. One of the masters holds the record, doing the nine holes in thirty-seven and the eighteen in eighty. The school has taken up the game more ardently, for until recently the fever had not been very contagious. Youthful aspirants are frightened away by the merciless criticism of the already initiated, whose advice too frequently resembles that given by the bard:

Tennis be your sole endeavour

If you would aspire to fame:

But at golf believe me never

Can you hope to play the game.

Golf is a game that lays itself open to so much ridicule

When the disappointing ball

Takes, if hit, the wrong direction

Sometimes is not hit at all,

that it would be more popular in the school if more tolerance were extended to the younger generation. As it is, F. Welch holds the

record among the boys, and C. Clarke is the most consistently good.

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Some efforts were made at the beginning of the term to be the first to enter the new infirmary, but they were too feeble. Presumably this is a blessing in disguise, but really it does seem a curious dispensation of Providence that this building, erected at some cost and no little trouble, not to mention more æsthetic considerations, has not yet housed one of us, but has acted as a sort of charm and performed perfectly the function so often attributed to the umbrella which is reluctantly taken out but so seldom wanted, save when it has been left at home. If we succeed in dispelling all the germs and microbes next term, it is possible that we may find ourselves in possession of our other new building, before the Infirmary, which has been finished some time, has justified its existence. It is doubtful, however, whether it will be ready for exhibition unless Messrs. Arncliffe and Hodgson bestir themselves and display unwonted energy.

* * *

The "Social Work Fund" this term has reached the sum of £8 11s. 6d. The term was short, and it is hoped that during the next term something better may be accomplished. The Sixth Form has contributed generously both their labour and their money. The *Critic* which emanates from their gallery has considerably increased its circulation and thereby helped to augment the fund.

* * *

The School Cadet Corps, which, we understand, is to be metamorphosed into an Officers' Training Corps after the summer, has been manœuvring in the valley, taking the Bathing Wood Hill and charging against invisible enemies where it pleased Sergeant Wright to find them. Unfortunately there have been no admiring spectators, no one who can chronicle in these pages "the noble and brilliant fight," such as enraptured the poetic Snodgrass. But we can safely say of ourselves that had there been, he would have spoken of us in the same strain, admiring, not "the warlike ferocity, but the civilized gentleness of our attacks," and with the immortal Pickwick at the manœuvres would have found pleasure in "the eyes that flash

not with the rude fire of rapture and revenge, but with the soft light of humanity and intelligence," which even at the command "eyes front" would not have changed into countenances "wholly divested of any expression whatsoever," such as confronted that great man. On the contrary, our countenances are often too expressive on these solemn occasions.

♦ ♦ ♦

It will be remembered by many readers of the *Journal* who knew the Natural History Society in its early days, that the period of its corporate activity was limited to the Summer Term, when its members met in the Junior Library on Sunday Evenings, and papers were read followed by a discussion. The habits of birds and wild animals were, perhaps, the most popular topics, though much freedom was always allowed in the choice of subjects. All who had any personal observations to record in any branch of Natural History could find an appreciative audience—the habits of bees, a description of a local fossil recently discovered, prehistoric animals, sea-anemones, the scattering of seeds, are a few of the subjects recently discussed.

The increase in the number of its members in recent years and the growing interest in Natural History, due, in great measure, to the formation of a Junior Society and the systematic course of Nature Study which is now given in the Lower School, have rendered necessary a change in the organization of the Society. It is now divided into Sections; general meetings are held on alternate Sundays during the Summer, and there are Sectional Meetings once a fortnight. By this means it has been possible for members to make a special study of any subject in which they are interested, and an opportunity has been given for making collections of specimens. To this end the excursions which are held have also contributed in no small degree.

As a result of the change much good work has been done during the past year, especially in the study of Entomology. The collection of beetles has, perhaps, been the most popular; moths and butterflies have received some attention, and a good number of specimens have been collected and classified; and an excellent collection of land shells has already been made. The study of plants, though not popular, has not been quite neglected, and here it has been possible to continue the work throughout the winter. A new departure has been

made in the study of microscopic pond life, for which the numerous ponds in the immediate neighbourhood offer exceptional facilities. Most of the common infusorians and several species of rotifers, have been identified.

Although the Society has not yet recognized the existence of a geological section, it is hoped that it will do so during the coming term. The interesting geological features of the district have been under close observation during the winter; the school museum possesses a good collection of fossils which will prove useful. Finally, the nucleus of a Natural History Library has been formed. We take this opportunity of thanking Fr. Idephensius Brown for the gift of the first volume of Church's *Floral Mechanism*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Lancaster, of Auchenheath House, Auchenheath, has sent us a number of birds shot by himself and exquisitely mounted by the well known naturalists, Kirk of Glasgow. We are very grateful for these excellent specimens and take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Lancaster. But for these there have been few additions during the last year to the naturalist cases in the library. This term, however, has seen one more—a very sapient-looking brown owl, whose wisdom does not seem to have saved him from becoming the prey of some small boy. A very untrustworthy report says that it was found lodged under the bed of one of the Preparatory, being pursued thither, it is supposed, by its usual enemy. This is surely apocryphal and based upon the fact of the proximity of the Preparatory Dormitory to the Museum, or possibly upon its look-out towards the wood.

♦ ♦ ♦

Among the relics of Napoleon Bonaparte now being exhibited in the new Hall of the Tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides, Paris, is a death mask made upon his death bed by Dr. Automarchi. The features are very unlike those we usually associate with Napoleon, and in consequence, it is the source of much controversy, which is of especial interest to us, as we have in the museum an exact replica of this mask which was once in the possession of the Napoleon

family. It was given to us many years ago by Mr. A. K. Hutchison, who was tutor to the Napoleon children, and who received it directly from the family.

* * *

Ten new medallions have been placed in the south window of the Study. They represent the brothers, Saints Chad and Cedd, who lived and laboured so near the school, and the arms of their monasteries and dioceses, together with the arms of the generous donors, Br. Cyril and Mr. Joseph Maddox, to whom our thanks are due.

* * *

The Choir is neither better nor worse than usual, but what some of our burlesque neighbours would describe as "just middling." The custom of the trebles singing portions of the Chant of the Vatican Gradual has been firmly established. There are parts of the Plain Chant that are often so much more effective if well sung by boys' voices. At least that is the opinion of the school. The alternation between men's voices and boys' in the plainsong music at the *Mandatum* on Maundy Thursday and at the *Offertoria* on Good Friday was pleasing, while the sitting, by Mitterer, of two of the antiphons at the Palm Sunday Procession was a welcome innovation. The new Vespers published at the Abbey has done something to make the soulless and voiceless part of the school more appreciative and less weary of Vespers. We find, however, that we are not as yet at home with the Vatican Chant as with our old friend of Mechlin.

* * *

We have to thank Mr. Lindsay for very generous donations towards the Athletic Sports prizes and the Green Room, and also Mrs. Fisher of Grimston Manor for the gift of a very beautiful dress to the Green Room.

* * *

We beg to ask the prayers of our readers for the Countess Telfener, and to offer to John Telfener and his family, our sincerest sympathies. The Countess Telfener has bequeathed to Ampleforth several

relics; an ancient ivory crucifix, a very beautiful Madonna, and two exquisite miniatures, the one representing St. Francis in prayer, and the other, "Italy" surrounded by her Saints. The latter is particularly remarkable for the fineness of the work, and is painted on ivory. These gifts give the Countess Telfener a two-fold claim upon our prayers. May she rest in peace.

* * *

Our congratulations to the following Old Boys:—LEONARD GEORGE MACKAY, M.D., on his marriage to Miss Florence Marion Pugin, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Peter Paul Pugin and Mrs. Pugin, 4 Palace Mansions, W., and grand-daughter of the late Augustus Welby Pugin;

JOSEPH ROCHFORD, on his marriage to Miss Lena Ilanche Rapley, daughter of the late Major Rapley (of Bethune's Mounted Infantry) and of Mrs. Rapley of Old Court Mansions, Kensington, which took place at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, on January 21st;

LEWIS ELLYN BULLOCK WEBSTER on his marriage to Miss Dorothy Stevens, which took place at the Oratory, on December 27th; Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., preached;

CHARLES FARMER on his coming of age. The event was the occasion of a presentation from the tenants of the Farmer estate in the parishes of Llandilo, Llandinam, and Troleglwys, which he inherited from his father, the late Colonel Farmer, some years ago.

COLONEL ANDERSON was present at the Athletic Sports and gave a cup for the champion athlete. Our best thanks.

JOSEPH COCKSHUTT, J.P., has been elected Chairman of the Lytham Council.

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We offer our condolences to Mr. John Smith, J.P., on the death of his wife. R.I.P.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the soul of Dr. Newsham of Birkdale, who died on Jan. 29th. R.I.P.

We also ask prayers for Philip Hanson, who died in South Africa October 25th, 1909. He was in school from '85 to '89. R.I.P.

Literary and Debating Society.

THE First Meeting of the term was held on Sunday, Jan. 30th, 1910. In Private Business the usual Elections took place. As the result of the voting, Mr. Nacey occupied the post of Secretary, and Messrs. W. Clapham, F. Goss and Rochford, formed the Committee.

In Public Business, Mr. Rochford read a paper on "Siberia," in which he attempted to correct some false impressions which were current in England. The popular novelist was chiefly responsible for the belief that Siberia was chiefly a land of criminals undergoing cruel punishment. Other phases of Siberian life were often depicted in the worst possible light. Though, it was true, the Northern Zone was barren and devoid of natural sources of wealth, the greater part of the country was under cultivation. The Trans-Siberian Railway had opened up the country to colonization, and by its means many industries had been established. Moreover, the great mineral resources of the country were being exploited by the most modern methods.

A short discussion followed, in which the following members took part: Messrs. Blackledge, W. Clapham, A. Goss, Chamberlain, Lindsay, A. Clapham.

The Second Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, February 6th. In Public Business, Mr. Richardson moved "That Tariff Reform is preferable to our present Fiscal Policy." It was not necessary, he said, to insist upon the importance of the problem of taxation at the present moment. He asserted that we could make the foreigner pay our taxes, without detriment to England, either by a rise in prices or by a protective tariff. The latter policy would increase the employment of British workmen, and would cause foreigners, instead of strengthening their "tariff walls," to lower their prices. England should live by her own diplomacy and not by the will of Germany. We had undoubtedly prospered under Free Trade, but why not

increase our prosperity by Tariff Reform? He advocated a policy of Colonial Preference as being pleasing to our Colonies and beneficial to ourselves.

Mr. H. Martin, in opposition, denied that there was a general desire on the part of our Colonies for a Preferential Tariff. Canada, at least, had nothing to gain from such a policy, and, indeed, very few Colonies were dependent upon England for their trade. Wages and regular employment had, he asserted, increased considerably under Free Trade, and ill-considered meddling with our Fiscal policy could do nothing to alleviate unemployment. It was foolish to attribute Germany's phenomenal progress to Protection. It was due to her natural resources. He stigmatized Tariff Reform as robbery of the poor by the rich. The agitation for Protection was being carried on solely in the interests of the capitalist. The steady decrease in our imports should make it evident that there was no pressing need for Protection.

Mr. Blackledge then spoke against the motion. He agreed with the last speaker as to the injustices which the poor would suffer under Protection, and quoted statistics to show that a tax on wheat would be paid entirely by the consumer.

His conclusions, however, were called in question by Mr. W. Clapham, who also stated that the nature of the proposals of the Tariff Reformers had been misunderstood in the heat of party strife. Their intentions were moderate and reasonable. They had been impressed by the gravity of the situation created by the increase of unemployment under Free Trade, and proposed to apply the most obvious and feasible remedy that had been suggested.

On the motion of Mr. Reynolds, seconded by Mr. McCormack, the debate was then adjourned.

At the Third Meeting, held on Sunday, February 13th, the adjourned debate was reopened by Mr. McCormack who, speaking against the motion, compared the average wages earned in Germany, France and England, and pointed out that there was little reason to hope that the British workman would derive any benefit from Protection. He quoted figures to show that the annual revenue to be derived from the proposed tariff had been greatly overestimated, and pointed out that, at present, we obtained comparatively little

wheat from our Colonies which would, consequently, derive no substantial benefit from a preferential tariff.

Mr. A. Clapham suggested that Free Trade had been the cause of our small supply of wheat from the Colonies. Canada alone was capable of supplying all the wheat consumed in England. A reformed tariff would make it impossible for foreigners to undersell the Colonies.

Mr. Rochford de sored, in poetical language, the increase of unemployment. Tariff Reform by protecting English industries against German competition would increase employment.

Mr. Dunbar maintained that German methods of retaliation had proved futile, and should not be adopted by England.

Mr. Marshall argued that our Shipping trade had developed in spite of Free Trade and pointed out that Protection would not destroy it. Every Protectionist country had increased the amount of its annual exports.

Mr. Chamberlain considered that the advocates of Tariff Reform had lost themselves in a maze of contradictions. Protection would ruin our shipping trade. It could not prevent the further increase of unemployment.

After Messrs. Murphy, Kelly, Peguero, Lindsay, and Narey had spoken, the debate was again adjourned.

At the Fourth Meeting of the Term, held on Sunday, February 20th, Mr. Miller continued the adjourned debate on the motion for Tariff Reform. After recalling, briefly, the chief arguments of previous speakers in favour of Protection, he passed to the consideration of the condition of labour in the chief countries which still favoured Free Trade. If we were unable to see its disastrous effects in England, the misery which it had produced among the labouring populations of Turkey and China was too notorious to be disregarded, even by the most uncompromising adherents of that unfortunate policy.

Mr. McDonald followed with an attack upon Cobden who, he said, by means of his false theories had been the means of encouraging emigration. By adapting Tariff Reform, England would keep for herself all her able-bodied subjects and give them an equal chance against the foreigners.

Mr. Burge thought that much useful information could be gained as to the probable advantages of Protection by a comparison of the rate of wages and the price of food in England and America. It was a common error to suppose that the higher price of food in the latter country was one of the evils of Protection. The higher rate of wages must be taken into account. Referring to the agricultural depression, he urged Protection in the interest of the farmer and small landowner.

After Messrs. Chamberlain, Quinn, Clapham, Blackledge, Lindsay and Rochford had spoken, and after the usual replies from the mover and opposer, the motion was put to the vote and carried by 17 votes to 10.

The Fifth Meeting was held on Sunday, February 27th. In Public Business Mr. Burge read a paper on "Marie Antoinette." He began by giving a brief sketch of her early years, which were passed partly at the Viennese Court and partly under the guardianship of well-meaning but incompetent tutors. He then described her departure from Austria, her arrival at Versailles and her betrothal to the Dauphin's eldest son, the future Louis XIII, and showed how the ill-feeling and unpopularity which were her lot in after years were fostered by her own folly and frivolity. Her theatre at the Trianon, her Austrian sympathies, her love of riches and splendour, all added fuel to the fire of popular indignation; and the incident of the diamond necklace with the subsequent trial of Cardinal Rohan was the most important factor of her downfall. The reader then portrayed some of the last scenes of her life—her separation from the king the day before his death, her imprisonment at Paris, her trial before the Commune, and her death amid the shrieks of the Paris mob.

The following took part in the discussion which followed: Messrs. W. Clapham, A. Clapham, F. Goss, Rochford, A. Goss, Lindsay, Kelly, McCormack, Marshall, Murphy, Chamberlain, Martin, Goodall, McDonald, Wright and Narey.

The Sixth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, March 6th, 1910. In Public Business Mr. Barnett moved "That England should adopt a Referendum." He pointed out that the referendum

had been tried in Switzerland and in several American States, where the results had been most satisfactory. The object of the referendum was to give to the people the power of veto over legislation. This would prevent any hasty and ill-advised legislation more effectively than a Second Chamber, and would, moreover, have the additional advantage of putting an end to the evil results of the party system.

Mr. Narey, who opposed the motion, pointed out some of the bad effects which the adoption of a referendum would have in England. Public interest in politics would decline as it had done in Switzerland, and, in addition to this, Parliament would be rendered practically useless and would act chiefly as the mouthpiece of the mob. The labouring classes would refuse to pass any measures which affected their purses. The voices of the upper and middle classes would be silenced, for the adoption of a referendum would put an end to the discussion of matters of public interest which was now carried on in the House of Commons, and must inevitably result in general ignorance of politics in the country. Thus, while the people would have supreme power over the destinies of the country, they would be deprived of the sole means of understanding the merits or demerits of the proposals upon which they must give a final decision.

Mr. Rochford expressed surprise that the success of the Referendum in Switzerland could be considered a reason for its adoption in England. He was willing to admit the superiority of the Swiss in the arts of sleighing and skiing, but refused to believe that we had anything to learn from them in the matter of legislation.

Mr. James opposed the adoption of a Referendum as giving too much power to the masses. It would be a dangerous weapon in their hands on account of their lack of education and interest in politics, and might easily be used in the cause of socialism and anarchy.

Mr. W. Clapham thought the principle of the Referendum essentially bad. Members of Parliament were chosen by the people for the sake of some special capacity for politics which they were supposed to possess. Why, then, override their decisions by an appeal to an incapable and often ignorant mob?

Mr. Lindsay, disagreed with all the members who had opposed the

motion. They had falsely assumed that there could be no limits to application of a referendum if once adopted, and that it must, of necessity, abolish the House of Commons.

Messrs A. Goss, Chamberlain, Marshall and McCormick also spoke. The motion was lost by 9 votes to 16.

At the last meeting of the term which was held on Sunday, March 13th, a joint debate was held with the members of the Junior Debating Society on the motion "That modern times are too prosaic."

V. G. NAREY, *Hon. Sec.*

Junior Debating Society.

THE 160th meeting of the Society and the first meeting of Term was held on Jan. 30th. Br. Gerard, Br. Iltyd, and Mr. P. Neeson were present as visitors. In Private Business Mr. E. Williams was elected Secretary, and Mr. L. Williams, Mr. B. Livesey, and Mr. W. Barnett, to serve on the Committee. In Public Business Mr. Morrogh Bernard moved "That Conscription would be disadvantageous to England." He said that Conscription was unnecessary for England, and would be injurious. Englishmen were patriotic enough to fight voluntarily for their country if need arose, and they had qualities which would compensate in war, as they compensated in peace, for their numerical inferiority to other nations. By Conscription we would enlarge our army at the cost of its efficiency and morale. Military considerations, therefore, did not favour Conscription; and an examination of other aspects of the question led him to a similar conclusion. Compulsory military service would involve a waste of the most valuable years of a man's life, and would swell the ranks of the unemployed by making men disinclined to settle down to the monotonous routine of a civilian's life.

Mr. McDonald opposed the motion. No one who had studied the results of Conscription in Germany would be misled by the hon. mover's *a priori* arguments. The greatness of England was indisputably bound up with her military supremacy, and that supremacy could no longer be maintained by merely voluntary service. Hon. members should not rely on our strong navy. To the command of the high seas, hitherto sufficient, we must now add the command of the high air. Conscription would effectually combat the denationalizing influences of modern life.

Mr. Simpson warned hon. members not to trust analogies with continental countries. The latter laboured under a need for Conscription from which England, owing to her insular position, was free.

Mr. L. Williams opposed the motion. In the Army and Navy

Estimates of recent years, he detected signs of an increasing want of interest or courage in dealing with military problems, which could only be counteracted by Conscription.

Mr. Livesey said that Conscription would have many unpleasant consequences, and was incompatible with efficiency. Examples of compulsory work were familiar to hon. members, and should help them to imagine how military operations would be carried out by a conscript army.

Mr. Courtney thought that the last speaker had failed to take an impersonal view of the matter. He agreed that a powerful army was not so needful to England as to some other countries, but advocated Conscription for the Navy. Messrs. Dobson, Hardman, Power, Temple, E. Williams and E. Martin also spoke. The motion was lost, 16 votes to 23.

The 161st meeting took place on Sunday, Feb. 6th. Mr. Collison moved "That this House views with alarm the present state of the English Navy." Mr. McKillop opposed. The motion was carried, 34—7.

The 162nd meeting of the Society was held on Feb. 13th. Fr. Dunstan, Br. Iltyd, and Mr. P. Neeson attended as visitors. In Public Business Mr. Walton moved "That the conditions of life in the country are to be preferred to those which towns afford." He said that the perceptible difference between country air and that which pervaded our towns was confirmed and defined by scientific analysis. It was proved that the lungs of dwellers in towns came into close and constant contact with many strange substances and gases, to which those who lived in the country were happy strangers. The invigorating effect of the air in the country was evident, mortality was lower there, and diseases simpler and fewer. He would merely mention these facts, leaving hon. members to draw their own conclusion, and the hon. opposer to explain them away if he could. Viewed from the æsthetic stand-point also, towns were inferior to the country. They were blots upon the face of the land, monuments of the destructive effect of man's handiwork on the beauty of Nature.

England would remain dependent on foreign nations until the growth of towns was checked and our national resources developed.

Mr. Emery opposed the motion. He said it was idle to conjure up visions of Arcadia. That happy country belonged to a bygone era when the world moved more slowly. The facilities afforded by modern civilization were not mere luxuries. They were indispensable in the present state of the struggle for existence, and they were only obtainable in towns. Hon. members would not prosper if they based their lives on the Eclogues of Virgil.

Mr. Morrough Bernard said that if the hon. opposer's view of the "luxuries" of modern life was correct, the motion was doomed, for there were no Roller-Skating Rinks in country districts.

Mr. Courtney said that towns were artificial growths which sacrificed all else to commerce.

Mr. C. Clark questioned the latter part of the last speaker's statement, and enumerated some of the pleasures which were obtainable only in towns.

Mr. Barnett said that "the fatal fascination of the gas lamps" was physically, financially, and morally ruinous.

After a prolonged debate the motion was carried, 23—12.

The 163rd meeting was held on Feb. 21. Fr. Dunstan, Br. Illyd, and Mr. A. F. Smith were visitors. In Public Business Mr. Dobson moved "That this House disapproves of Vivisection." He said that Vivisection might be tolerated if it caused only slight discomfort to animals, and contributed to the knowledge required for successful surgical operations. But neither of those conditions was fulfilled. Vivisection, as he showed by an account of typical experiments, subjected animals to acute suffering, and, as Bishop Westcott said, God never meant to reveal knowledge to man by the torture of His creatures. Experiments of this kind afford no useful knowledge which could not be acquired by careful observation. The structural differences of animal organisms are so great that when surgeons begin to operate on human beings they have to unlearn what they have learnt by the vivisection of animals. Finally, he asked what

right man had to inflict on animals sufferings which he himself could not bear.

Mr. Boucock opposed the motion. By his description of the horrors of Vivisection the hon. mover had shown himself a skilful orator rather than a seeker after truth, for the animals for which he had invited hon. members' pity were invariably under an anæsthetic. The premises of anti-vivisectionists were matter for a *reductio ad absurdum*, for if the repairing of the human body at the cost of animal life was unjustifiable, the replenishment of it, at the same sacrifice, was equally so. Hon. members must beware of exaggerating the capacity of animals for suffering. The difference in this respect between savages and civilized men was great; and it was natural to suppose that there was a far greater difference between even the lowest types of humanity and brute animals. He feared that anti-vivisectionists were willing victims of prejudice and visible ignorance.

Mr. Simpson also opposed the motion. He complained that anti-vivisectionists posed as the only sympathetic and unselfish people in the world. Of course he regretted the sufferings of animals, but he subordinated his feelings to his reason, and his reason assured him that if surgeons were not permitted to experiment on animals they would not be skilful or practised enough to save human lives.

Mr. Courtney asked for an explanation of the terms "right" and "wrong," as applied to the treatment of animals. If animals had rights against us, it would be difficult to defend vivisection, and equally difficult to defend hunting. The truth surely was that animals were meant to subservise our interests, and we were under no obligations to them.

Mr. Livesey admitted that vivisection served a useful purpose, but pleaded for safeguards against wanton cruelty. It was not true that anæsthetics were always administered. Medical students experimented on animals quite callously, and for the most frivolous reasons.

Mr. Hall was not surprised at the last speaker's fervour, but could not agree that the evil was so common as was suggested. Hon. members must not let the main issue be confused by the discussion of exceptional circumstances.

Messrs. E. Martin, Hardman, Mackay, Mowagh Bernard and other members continued the discussion. The motion was lost, 26 votes—16.

At the 164th meeting of the Society on Feb. 27th, "Life in the Middle Ages" was discussed.

The 165th meeting was held on Sunday, March 6th. Br. Ildophonus, Br. Illyd, and Mr. P. Neeson were present as visitors. Private Business was devoted to an examination of the Committee's treatment of some proposed subjects for debate. In Public Business the Society discussed "Ancient and Modern Warfare." Mr. Marsh said that the perfection to which military methods had now been brought should fill the lover of peace with satisfaction rather than alarm. In former days the movements of fleets and armies had been so slow, and the means of attack so poor that wars had lasted for years, inflicting untold misery, converting populous countries into deserts, and paralysing the trade of the world. Now the destructive power of military engines was so great that the contest was soon over. The discomforts incidental to war were still severe, but much had been done to diminish them. There was less cruelty than formerly, and the modern commissariat and ambulance arrangements had removed some of the most painful circumstances of ancient warfare.

Mr. Temple took the opposite view. He said that the best mode of warfare was that which ensured the victory to the better side with least injury to either. But in modern wars the advantage normally rested with the combatant who was superior in one respect only. Physical strength and dexterity, courage, resourcefulness, and practical ability, no longer found free scope nor received their reward. The issue was decided by cunning, or intellectual superiority in the narrowest sense of the word. He could not accept Mr. Marsh's curious argument from the development of the engines of war. The shortening of wars—if they were really shorter—was counterbalanced by the greater fierceness and intensity of the struggle. For barbarity and ingenious cruelty the Russo-Japanese War was unsurpassed in history.

Mr. J. Clarke said that wars were now undertaken from purer motives, and waged with more restraint. The ties of kinship and patriotism were no longer weakened in time of war.

Mr. Poni said that the products of modern civilization had been perverted to the destruction of life. The use of wires charged with electricity to destroy an enemy was cruel and discreditable.

Mr. Emery said that whereas in olden days war was a hobby, it was now a business.

Mr. Hall would have liked to hear what inference the last speaker drew from his cryptic proposition. However, he thought there was much truth in it. Qualities which formerly were never associated with a military career had become necessary, owing to the greater intricacy of war. He feared that generals now lacked unselfishness and loyalty.

Mr. Courtney said that in former times the better a soldier was, the more chance he had of safety. An agile man, for example, could avoid an arrow. But against a bullet one was powerless. War had become too costly. The indemnity which the Romans exacted from Carthage after the Second Punic War would not cover the cost of a single naval battle now.

Messrs. Livesey, Power, Barnett, E. Williams, Hardman and Simpson also spoke.

The Valley in Winter.

BLEAK January, dreary February! How one somehow dreads these months of silent repose in Nature. The winds howl, the land is iron-hard with frost. Winter lays its cold grasp on everything; the sky above is dull and leaden; the dark, heavy clouds hurry on, from time to time pouring down on the valley their icy storms of hail and rain. How one looks forward to the return of spring and the opening of Nature's treasures!

And yet, bleak as January may be, frostbound, buried in snow, there is still beauty in Nature, and already some few plants have put forth their first buds, and turn our thoughts to spring. For however heavy the day, and biting the wind, in some sheltered hedge in the valley or on the slopes of the hill, one may even now find green leaves on the honeysuckle, always the first to show signs of spring. Nestling under the garden wall the Christmas roses bloom, and here and there on the cemetery bank the pretty blue flower of the periwinkle may be found. The sharp green shoots of the snowdrops stand out above the bare ground beneath the pines—in a few weeks they will be one mass of drooping lily-white bells.

Winter is the time for the study of the trees. The lovely verdure of the hedges and trees, whose colour and shape make the country view of our English summer, has vanished. They stand stripped of their leaves, ready for any storm that may blow. Well may they be prepared, for it is not often a winter passes in our valley without the cruel, lashing winds tearing up some veteran from the place where he has long stood and braved the storms of many years. These bare trees are Nature's skeletons, but there is nothing ugly in Nature. What have we from the hand of man that can compare with the delicate tracery of the silver birch as it stands outlined against a dark wintry sky? Even the gnarled trunk and knotted branches of the oak, the tall ragged outline of the elm, have a beauty all their own. Each tree has its own characteristics, each its own peculiarities, so much so that even as one is whirled through the

country in a train the momentary glimpse of a tree as it stands outlined against the sky, or boldly upright in a neighbouring hedge, is often sufficient to enable one to name its species.

There is some colour, too, in the woods and valleys even at this the dead of the year. A sombre, heavy colour it is true, but even that has its attractiveness, for without our winter dullness half the enjoyment of the light, beautiful shades of Spring would be lost. Contrast and long absence add immeasurably to the charm of Spring. The dull green fields gradually fade imperceptibly away into yellowish brown, finally to give way to the dull, greyish blue setting of the woods that line the far slope of the valley. Inanimate Nature is brightened too by an occasional flash of black and white as a magpie dips and scurries across the open fields, by the hurried, fluttering flight of the brightly coloured jay along the hedgerows, the dipping, swooping movement of the red-capped woodpecker. So, too, with the other birds, the rooks, jackdaws, fieldfares, thrushes, redwings, starlings. They have not the bright colours of their fellows, but each makes up for this deficiency by noisy, energetic search for food, darting about hither and thither as if anxious to make the most of the present, not knowing what the morrow may bring. The more severe the winter, the more lively are the birds. Frost sharpens their appetites and sets them hunting more diligently among the fallen leaves, and along the hedges. A bird with well-filled crop feels little cold. It is not the clear, bright frost that causes so much suffering; but when the hoar frost covers the hedgerows and trees, grass and undergrowth, animal life is appalled. A silence falls over Nature. Not a sound breaks the stillness, not a creature is to be seen, unless, perhaps, a passer-by disturbs a startled hare from its form, or a bird from its hiding-place. Even then they will not go far; the hare seeks the nearest convenient bush or bramble, the bird shuffles off to the nearest shelter again. The crouched-up position of the body, the aimless, dragging flight, show the misery of the poor creatures. For each time they move a shower of fine glass-like splinters falls on their fur or feather. These cling, and, melted by the heat of their bodies, cause them to be numbed and chilled with the cold.

The month of February is, perhaps, the most fatal in all the

alendar to bird-life in this country. The ground is usually hard with frost and covered with snow, leaving only bare trees and hedgerows. Berries then form the chief article of food for most birds. When they are gone most birds seek the farmyards. Some are too shy, some, perhaps, too weak, and these perish miserably of cold and hunger. It is very difficult to try to estimate the death-roll in Nature for a skeleton here and a few feathers there are all that one finds scattered about the country side—these are all that the rats and wossels leave. There is an instinct, too, among the wild creatures of Nature to creep into some hole or crevice and there to die in safety, out of sight. The storms of hail and rain and the heavy falls of snow of this last February wrought terrible havoc among the creatures of the fields and woods. The remains of numbers of field-fares and redwings scattered about the snow told their own pitiful story.

A fall of snow completely upsets the rooks. They flap along from tree to tree, cawing disconsolately to each other, searching the ground for any refuse or carrion they can find. For in the winter they feed as their cousins, the carrion crows. This winter the rooks seemed very hard pressed, for not only were they ready to eat carrion but they also did their best to dash the brains out of their smaller brethren. It was very curious to see a rook "hawking" after a sparrow or even a starling and trying to strike the smaller bird down with a stroke of its beak. The smaller birds, except on one solitary occasion when a sparrow fell dead with its brain pierced by the great heavy bill, always seemed to get off safely, for the rook though a strong flier, is not built for hunting. Of late years this bird has been getting into the keeper's bad books. Half the damage done among the eggs and young game on a neighbouring estate, the keeper maintains, is due to the members of the rookery by his master's house. At first one felt inclined to doubt this statement, but on three separate occasions some half-a-dozen of the marauders rose from pheasants' nests and each time nearly all the eggs, about thirty, were found to have been broken and sucked. It is said that the damage done by the rooks increases each year, and the keeper can hardly be blamed for seeking to lessen their numbers. There can be no defence for a thief caught red-handed in a time of plenty.

In severe weather little mites like the tits and goldcrests must die off in great numbers. Yet they can always be found in pines and firs, busily peering into every little cranny and crevice for any little morsel or dainty titbit. Of course their food is found among the boughs and in the cracks of the bark of trees so that when the ground is covered with a white mantle of snow it affects them little. They are quite as much at home running along the under side of a branch as on the top.

The woodcock and snipe seek the turnip fields at this time of the year. The broad leaves prevent the ground beneath from freezing hard, the snow that may settle on them melts quickly when the sun comes out, and drips down and softens the ground. The worms rise—and the woodcock and snipe are busy.

At the last days of February pass and the month of March begins another change comes over Nature. The occasional spring-like mild days put new spirit into every creature of the wilds, and give life a new meaning for them. How one listens with eagerness, and amusement too, to those first few notes of the thrush. He has not yet got his voice, he does not feel sure of himself. It is just a gurgling note or two, a tuning up as of a musician trying a long neglected flute. A week or two more and he will burst into strong throbbing song that makes the air ring with its melody. The little wren fills the wood with its wonderful strong trill of notes, while the sharp "cheek," "cheek!" of the great tit echoes from tree to tree. The hedge sparrow ventures a low note or two from the thicket, the chaffinch calls to his following mate, while the yellowhammers are just beginning their curious string of notes ending in a quaver. The robin is the most insistent of them all. Perhaps it is because his song is the most complete at this, the opening season of the year. Later there are many others with finer, stronger voices that drown this little red-breasted songster, so that he is passed over unnoticed.

The birds' instincts now turn to nesting—periwits rise in couples from their prospective nesting sites, and their plaintive call, so frequently heard as they move about in flocks a short time ago, has given place to the love note. In the corner of a secluded field or in the wood there are scenes of rivalry. Two pheasants, brightly arrayed in the metallic splendour of the mating season, fight for a

coveted site. How different is their behaviour now from that of a month ago. Then they rose with a hurried cuckling that alarmed the whole cove; now they seem little disturbed by an intruder. A pretty sight in early spring are the young rabbits sitting by the mouth of their burrows, an occasional black one giving variety to the picture. They are not very obedient, and their sense of fear has not yet developed sufficiently to outweigh their curiosity. The sharp stamps of the old doe as she strikes the ground with her hind legs in warning, or shows her scut as she dashes to cover, pass unheeded by her offspring. It is often only after a sharp rap that they turn into their burrows with every show of reluctance. And yet, let the large shadow of a bird pass along the field, or the sharp beat of wings sound near them and they will bolt readily enough. The instinctive warning against natural enemies is developed early; that against man comes later. At this time the rabbits' cousins, the hares, start their mad courting capers. There is nothing more ludicrous in nature than the great brown puss careering and jumping around, so intent on his gambols that he will almost run into you before he notices your presence.

Obituary.

HERBERT RAILTON. (R.I.P.)

THE kindly and appreciative notices in the newspapers will have told our readers of the death of one of our distinguished old Amplefordians, Mr. Herbert Railton. He had a great love of his Alma Mater, and though he did not renew his personal acquaintance with the College until a few months before his death, he never lost touch with his old school and schoolfellows. We are indebted to him for the frontispiece to the *History of Ampleforth Abbey* and for the gift of some specimens of his admirable draughtsmanship. When he re-visited the scenes of his youth, he was much moved by their beauty, and it was with the older buildings he expressed himself most pleased. He had been in failing health for some years, and died in his 53rd year on Monday, the 14th of March.

The story of his life is told so fully and sympathetically in *The Blackburn Times*, that we who have so deep an interest in him cannot improve upon it, and it has the merit of being an estimate of his distinction and abilities as accepted by the general public. We quote it, therefore, in full:

"Mr. Railton was born at "Brownlow House," near the Pleasington Railway Station, on November 21st, 1857, his father being the late Mr. John Railton, of the firm of R. and J. Railton, ironfounders, at St. Paul's Foundry, which was situated on Blakey Moor, near the present Technical School. Mr. John Railton, who was a man of portly build, with a good, fresh complexion, was twice married. By his first wife he had a son Fred (who died many years ago) and two daughters, one of whom became the wife of the late Dr. Patchett, and was married a second time, whilst the other became the wife of the late Mr. William Polding, and is now Mrs. Pike, of Bristol. By his second wife Mr. Railton had a daughter, Ada, and two sons, Louis and Herbert—the subject of this article. The family were

adherents of the Catholic faith and Herbert received his education at Mechlin, Belgium, and Ampleforth College, Yorkshire. He had from his early days displayed a particular aptitude for drawing, and on leaving college he became articled to Mr. W. S. Varley, then of New Market-street, and afterwards of 15, Richmond-terrace. Mr. Varley's name is associated with a number of church building undertakings in Blackburn and district, including the Trinity Wesleyan Church, St. Alban's old church, and St. Barnabas's Church. His practice was bought by Mr. J. C. Howard Sandbach in 1891.

Professional routine never turned young Railton from his natural bent, and often he would return to the office at night and spend an hour or two in sketching according to his own tastes. Two of his earliest drawings, dated 1872 and 1873—both of which, strange to say, are large studies of the human head—were given by him to Mr. and Mrs. T. Webster, who were then, and are still, the caretakers of the suite of offices at 15, Richmond-terrace, and now adorn the walls of their kitchen. A later sketch by him of one of the wards at the Blackburn and East Lancashire Infirmary was utilized for many years by the secretary of that institution to embellish his memorandum stationery, and this example is interesting as indicating the development of the artist's facility for refinement of line and delicacy of treatment. Probably his first serious effort at drawing for publication took the form of some sketches of the collision at the Blackburn Railway Station on August 7th, 1881, by which seven persons were fatally injured and 50 others seriously hurt. These were accepted by the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." About this time he became a member of the Blackburn Literary Club, and he also got on very friendly terms with the late Mr. Charles Haworth, whose pictures of the Blackburn of a former day are well-known to old readers of "The Blackburn Times," and who imparted to the aspiring artist many useful hints about black-and-white work. As time went on, and Mr. Railton gained confidence in his abilities with the pencil, he began to yearn for a wider field in which he might turn his talents to better and more profitable account, and about 26 years ago he went to London. There, in course of time, he became acquainted with Louis Wain and John Jellicoe, and

ultimately joined them in chambers in Chancery-lane. Those associations continued for many years, during which he reached the height of his fame. He married a London lady, who was herself an artist, and who wrote and illustrated a story for children which appeared in one of the popular magazines a few years ago. For some time after marriage he resided at Hampton, and then went to live on the borders of Epping Forest. Of the later years of his life it need only be said that his great talents did not establish him in the position he ought to have occupied, and the highest hopes of his best friends went unrealized. A man of amiable disposition and alert demeanour, he was somewhat singular in appearance. There was at times something almost boyish-looking in his small, slight figure and buoyant walk. He had a mop of untidy grey hair, on which he invariably wore a hat of unconventional shape. His eyes seemed continually peering, and his small hands were never at rest. He maintained the Bohemian style and curiosities of manner of a type of artist that Thackeray knew well, but is now rarely seen. He visited Blackburn on several occasions within recent years, the last time probably being about 18 months ago, when he called on Mr. Richard Haworth, of Preston New-road, with reference to an exhibition of pictures the latter was then arranging. He executed about a score of sketches for Mr. Haworth, the last one being a pen and ink drawing of Houghton Tower. This was undertaken about three months ago. There is in the Blackburn Art Gallery a very fine charcoal drawing by Mr. Railton of the Base Court, Houghton Tower, finished in 1896, and purchased with the proceeds of a gift by the late Mr. Sydney Yates, of Blackburn. It was reproduced in the "Illustrated London News" of March 11th, 1899.

For many years Mr. Railton was able to command a high price for his work, but his success as the originator of the "pretty" school of architectural drawing begat a host of imitators, and, with the growth of supply, the prices came down. Still, he always obtained the best prices in a declining market.

His "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways" was one of his most successful efforts. This work covered most of the old Coaching routes. Mr. Hugh Thomson provided the figure drawings—a phase of art in which showed Mr. Railton to the least advantage—and Mr.

Railton was responsible for the scenery. Among his notable works are "The Moated Houses of Britain," "Ancestral Homes," "Windsor Castle," "Hampton Court," "Dreamland in History," a set of illustrations to the jubilee edition of "Pekwick," "Edinburgh and its Story," "The Peak of Derbyshire," "The Inns of Court and Chancery," "English Cathedral," series of books, "Our English Minsters," "Travels in England," and illustrations to a work on York, published in 1906, and another on Florence published in 1907. "His illustrations to a book of Hampton Court," writes a London correspondent, "were the last drawings really representative of his talent. He was given unusual opportunities to study the old Palace at all hours. He spent a night, or part of a night, in the haunted rooms, and believed that he had seen the Hampton Court ghost. In recent years he found himself rather forgotten by the public, which was perhaps becoming a little distracted by the many young lions of architectural draughtsmanship on view in prominent places. But some of the best of these young lions were not too proud to own that his illustrations to "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," which appeared in the "English Illustrated Magazine," were one of the inspirations of their earliest efforts. This series in which he collaborated with Mr. Hugh Thomson, really began a period in topographical illustration. In our days of a severer and more realistic manner of treating architecture, Railton's drawings had a certain slight gimcrack look, and his device of adopting different methods of line work, for instance, for parts of the same wall without regard for what he represented, but merely to give a pretty effect, stood very badly the test of time. But his free and graceful line and gift for displaying the pictorial attractiveness of his subject, and the novelty of his manner gave people a new interest in a high branch of illustration that had fallen on very dull days. He inspired publishers to revive the topographical book, and without Railton's example I doubt if we would ever have seen Macmillan's fine 'Highways and Byeways' series."

In a book on pen drawing, published in 1880, Mr. Joseph Pennell wrote:—"Mr. Railton, until lately, when he has taken a new start, giving up the pen, has retained his popularity and remained where he was. He has the same great merits that I praised, and the same



HERBERT RAILTON

grave defects. He has only, however, to look around him to see the enormous influence that he has had on contemporary illustration. The most interesting of his imitators is Holland Tringham, who is now working in a style for himself. In speaking of this imitation and stealing of ideas and execution, from which Railton has suffered, possibly, more than anyone, I cannot help pointing out that these editors who will encourage one man because he imitates another, and will publish that imitation because it is cheaper than the original, are a disgrace to journalism." A quarterly review, "The Library," in 1902, published a series of articles by R. E. D. Sketchley on "English Book Illustration of To-Day," in which appeared the following:—"After Mr. Pennell comes Mr. Herbert Railton. No architectural drawings are more popular than his, and no style is better known or more generally "adopted" by the illustrators of little guidebooks or of magazine articles. An architect's training and knowledge of structure underlies the picturesque dilapidation prevalent in his version of Anglo-gothic architecture. His first traceable book-illustrations belong to 1888, though in "The English Illustrated," in "The Portfolio," and elsewhere, he had begun before then to formulate the style that has served him so admirably in later work with the pen. The illustrations to Mr. Loftie's "Westminster Abbey" (1890) show his manner much as it is in his latest pen drawings. There is a lack of repose. One would like to undecorate some of the masonry, reveal the austere lines under the prevalence of pattern. At the same time one realizes that here is the style needed in illustration of picturesquely-written books about picturesque places, and that the stone tracery of Westminster, or the old brick and tiles of the Inns of Court, are more interesting to many people in drawings such as these than in actuality. But Rico's "broken line" is responsible for much, and not every draughtsman who adopts it direct, or through a mixed tradition, has the architectural knowledge of Mr. Railton to support his deviations from stability.

In illustrations to books where a thread of story runs through historical fact, books such as those written by Miss Manning concerning Mary Powell, and the household of Sir Thomas More, the artist has collaborated with Mr. Jellicoe, who has put figures in

his streets and country lanes. . . . Mr. Holland Tringham and Mr. Hedley Fitton were at one time unmistakable in their Railtonism."

We hope that his old friends and school companions will not forget him in their prayers. R.L.P.

Notes.

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S saying of Bp. Baines, "If anyone should afterwards record his life, I hope he will not draw his character from his letters," is a remarkable one. In those days of voluminous correspondence, when it was not unusual to be more intimate and outspoken on letter-paper than by word of mouth within closed doors, we should have supposed a man's confidential correspondence to be the safest and truest revelation of his inner self—more so even than a private diary. The latter is a sort of soliloquy, and generally has something stagey and artificial about it; when we read the former, we fancy ourselves to be overhearing a conversation, where there is nothing hurried in the ideas and every word has been well considered. It is very difficult to suppose Dr. Baines' letters not to be the expression of one side of his character—though it may be the worse side.

* * *

We think that the Cardinal's estimate of his one-time friend, in *The Last Four Popes* as supplemented by the letters to Mgr. Bonomi, will carry conviction with it. Our *Ampleforth* records tell the same story, that of a man who made himself a failure and unpopular, and lonely, by his taking everything on his own shoulders, instead of sharing the responsibility with others. He broke with the Prior and Council, and the President and Chapter, just as he fell out afterwards with Dr. Logan, Rooker and Metcalf, with Gentili and Wiseman, and with his first and closest friend, Dr. Burgess. And he did it, in most cases, by letter, in the same unaccountably rude fashion that Card. Wiseman describes. After reading a large portion of the Bishop's correspondence, we, certainly, did come to the conclusion that, with gifts that compelled admiration, he was of a disagreeable and ungentlemanly disposition. We found his letters to have a hard and bitter taste; to be free, generally, from chance indiscretions but to be infused with an arrogant and uncompromising spirit;—letters which an easy and colloquial style—jocular and affectionate at times—

failed to make attractive. But it is clear these letters do not do him justice. Both Mgr. Bonomi who worshipped him, and Wiseman who broke with him, agree in describing Bishop Baines as naturally affectionate and generous; one who inspired sympathy and devotion; a most fascinating personage, until the fit of the spleen, or whatever it was, took him. Then an old-standing friendship was soured and curdled in a moment, as milk in the neighbourhood of a thunder-storm. Card. Wiseman's description of his own treatment—it was not peculiar to his case—reminds us of a dog coming up to its master trustfully, expecting a caress, only to be driven away with a kick. Mgr. Bonomi very charitably attributes this behaviour to a native impetuosity of speech; Dr. Wiseman hesitates to accept that explanation; and he suggests—he does not exactly say it—that, with Bp. Baines, it was "Mr. Hyde" who usually wrote "Dr. Jekyll's" letters

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We have heard it said, by a survivor of those days, that all Bishop Baines' geese were swans—until he got to know them more intimately; but it would be truer to say that he grew dissatisfied with his swans. There is no evidence that he came after a little while to undervalue the undoubted abilities of the helpers whom he dismissed so rudely. He was a man of moods, but was not so fickle-minded as to be unable to tell a hawk from a barnshaw, when the wind blew from a wrong quarter. Apparently, these capable men were too self-reliant to please him. He began to feel the *grasp of affairs slipping* out of his own hands into theirs, and he incontinently dismissed them.

* * *

Those who knew him will say that the rubrical criticisms, with which Mgr. Bonomi begins each of his letters, are eminently characteristic of the famous Master of Ceremonies. They are very precise, very authoritative, and presented in the grand, full-dress manner. The points raised are somewhat trivial and the second is hardly worth discussion. The Holy Father was not likely to have consulted Moroni to find out whether he should keep the strict Eucharistic fast or not, and it could not matter to him, if he chose to take some sustenance, whether he did so by virtue of his own special dispensa-

tion or his own tacit permission. We do not think, however, that the good-hearted Monsignore really cared too much whether the Cardinal was right or wrong on these liturgical points. He made use of his well-known hobby as a pretext for writing a letter in which he could introduce a warm and praiseworthy defence of his beloved friend and patron, Dr. Baines. We notice that the Cardinal did not remember, in the second edition of his book, to correct the assertion that Dr. Baines had been Prior of Ampleforth.

* * *

The English and Scotch Benedictine Congregations have happily been re-united by decree of the Holy See. No one can doubt that, with the blessing of God, the union will be to their mutual advantage. The interchange of help and sympathy has already begun. Fr. Hilary Wilson has gone North to Fort Augustus to act as Superior. Fr. Stephen Ryan has taken up missionary labours at St. Peter's, Seel St, where Fr. Joseph Macdonald preached a most successful mission during Lent. We understand that in the course of time, the College at the Fort, closed for so many years, will be re-opened and that Fr. Oswald Hunter-Blair may return from Brazil to take charge of it. With its attractive surroundings, its healthiness and its history, it ought to be and, we believe, will be, one of the most popular and successful schools in Great Britain. We regret to have to record the death of the late Abbot of Fort Augustus, the Right Rev. Dom Leo Lins, who died at Buckie, Banffshire, on St. Benedict's Day, March 21st. He had ruled as Abbot for 22 years and passed away in his 61st year. May his soul have eternal rest!

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If the new Building is not yet roofed in, we cannot put the blame upon the weather. We have had a bright cold March and a brighter and colder April, and both months have been just right for out-door operations. The proverb says "the watched kettle will not boil"; perhaps, we have watched the work too hard and closely. We are very nearly resolved not to look at it again till it mends its manners. Our readers will be interested to learn that the statues of SS. Wilfrid and Bede have been removed from the end of the church to adorn the façade of the new Building. It was thought they would fill a niche

as well as better; in the result, it is found that they fill their niches as well as the best. They are quite transformed—"translated," perhaps, we should say; Bless them

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None of the accounts of Mr. Herbert Railton's career, that we have seen, have taken proper note of the influence of his early education at Ampleforth. He himself is reported to have spoken of Pennell's well-known illustrations of English Cathedrals, in *Harper's Magazine*, as having directed his steps in the way he afterwards walked. We do not question this assertion, but we assert that there are few drawings of his which do not betray the impress of his training under our excellent master, for full fifty years, Mr. Boddy. In his management of the broken line, in his selection of subjects and in the skilful generalisation of detail, those familiar with Mr. Boddy's work will at once recognize the hand of a pupil,—one who, with an undoubted genius and style of his own, never forgot or discarded his master's methods. Both master and pupil were architects by profession who devoted themselves to the making of pictures.

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We wish every grace and happiness to Fr. Celestine Sheppard, Fr. Leo Hayes, and Fr. Bruno Dawson, who have been recently ordained priests; also to Br. Herbert Byrne and Br. Antony Barnett, who have received the Diaconate, and to Br. Gerard Blackmore who has received the Subdiaconate. Our best wishes to a former Secretary of the Journal, the Very Rev. Aidan Canon Crow, on his election to the Diocesan Chapter of Newport.

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The three illustrations of Ampleforth in 1871, which we publish in this number, were executed to serve as leaves of a booklet designed for advertisement purposes. The project, happily, was never carried out. We cannot think the excellent professors and students of those days would have recognized themselves in the puppets that play their parts in the different scenes. How the artist managed to make the admirable buildings look so dull and uninteresting we do



not know. It is most careful and conscientious work—of the British School of “Engraving in all its branches,—Bill-heads, Visiting-cards Business-premises, Gentlemen’s seats, etc., artistically designed and engraved on wood or metal at the lowest prices.”

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During the Christmas-to-Easter term Fr. Adrian Mawson acted as Second Prefect in the place of Fr. Paul Nevill. Shortly after Christmas Fr. Paul’s health broke down, and it became necessary for him to leave us for a time. He has now returned to his work though he is still subject to doctors’ orders. We hope he will soon regain complete strength.

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Notes from Oxford:—

The past term has little of interest to record to its credit. True there has been much noble achievement in the “Rugger” field, and in “Toggers,” and in the various other departments of the athletic world; and in the lower and comparatively unimportant sphere of examinations there has been “Honour Mods.” But all these things are merely what we expect in the Hilary Term as a matter of course. There was a small flutter in academic circles caused by a proposal that “Forestry” should be elevated to the rank of subjects recognized in the Honour School of Natural Science; but the plan was unmercifully quashed by the university Fathers in Convention assembled, so that the student of Forestry has to remain content, as before, with a mere Diploma. The members of our Hall have shared the general normalness of things, which was only slightly ruffled at the end of term by sandy examinations which certain of the students had to undergo. Fr. Abbot gave us the pleasure of one of his flying visits; and we were glad to welcome Capt. Woollett, who made a stay of several days at the Hall.

The conferences for the Catholic undergraduates were given by Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., on “Socialism,” and appear to have been very generally appreciated. Next term’s course, we understand, will be delivered by Fr. Bede Camm, O.S.B.

The state of the more important Inter-University contests is quite interesting. As was the case last year, the cricket match will be the

decisive event, Oxford having won the Rugby match and the Boat Race and Cambridge having proved victorious at Association Football and Athletic Sports. Oxford won the cricket match last summer, and there is no reason for thinking they will not repeat the performance.

We defeated Cambridge at hockey after a very close finish. This match is watched with close interest by Amplefordians, now that the noble pastime of hockey is so firmly established as a school game.

As far as the Newman Society was concerned, the event of the term was the meeting held in the old Common-room of Balliol, at which Mr. G. K. Chesterton read a paper on "Dogma and Prejudice." The distinction between these two was illustrated by an amusing sketch of the career of two social workers "Hudge" and "Gudge." We were naturally pleased to find that Mr. Chesterton insisted upon the necessity of dogma, especially in matters of religion. The debate that followed was saved from mediocrity by an excellent speech from Mr. de Zulueta of New College, whose views on the subject elicited the openly expressed approval of the lecturer.

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A booklet entitled "The Martyr's Field" has probably already reached many of our readers. It was particularly welcome and interesting to us for many reasons. The main portion is taken up with the story, too briefly but well told by Mother Mary Salome, of Pickering, a place which has been an attraction to us of the neighbourhood, and to visitors from all parts of the country, on account of the beautiful Pre-Reformation frescoes in the old parish Church. Some of them were sketched for the *Journal* many years ago. They form by far the finest series of their kind in any old Church in England. Of greater interest, however, is the story of the Ven. Nicholas Postgate, who was cruelly done to death, as a very old man at Tyburn, York, in 1689. He is the joint patron of our part of Yorkshire, with St. Chad of Lasingham and St. Aedred of Rievaulx. These latter were great monks who lived in the glorious days when England was entirely Catholic; he was a secular priest, who, disguised as a labouring gardener, worked in reality in the Lord's vineyard as a missionary for fifty years, to nourish and keep fruitful and

increase, if possible, the dying faith on the moors and in the dales of Yorkshire. He was the last, until very recent years, to say Mass at Pickering. Our efforts to find any new information about this saintly missionary and martyr have not, we must confess, been very successful, but we have not given up the intention of gathering together what is known about him. One of his hands (the other is at Durham) is in our possession at Ampleforth, together with a cloth soaked in his blood and a short document. At present we wish merely to express our thankfulness that the apostolic spirit of the aged martyr-priest is to be found again at Pickering, and to welcome the clear signs of a Second Spring. Fr. Bryan has already accomplished much during the past few years, in his capacity of priest, schoolmaster, housekeeper and general factotum, in the face of so many natural causes of discouragement. We have seen a new schoolhouse rise and reach completion, and the members of his "Academy" of Yorkshire infants grow from three to nearly twenty. Now we are looking to the opening of a handsome church (to-cost over £3000) in the near future. God's blessing has been very manifest in all his labours, and we trust that before long the charity of his many well-wishers will provide him the comfort of a presbytery in place of his present one-room abode, a loft above a barn which is at present the church.

Our best wishes to the energetic missionary.

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