

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL



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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

VOL. XVII

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Part I

•• Blessed •• Balbus

A FANTASY

MEN of distinction are sometimes requested by enterprising journalists to indicate, for the benefit of an admiring public or a more discriminating posterity, those other distinguished persons whose example or writings have exercised influence upon their character and careers. If ever this writer were to become a person of distinction—which seems at present improbable—and were accordingly invited by the Editor of this *Journal* to furnish the names of those who have largely influenced his life, he would be disposed to place high up on the list a mysterious figure that looms large on the horizon of early years, powerfully affecting untold generations of budding minds. School-life had hardly dawned when, with the first opening of the Latin grammar one came across the name of Balbus! *Balbus murum edificabat*. Who does not recall with anguish the struggles of budding genius to construe this mysterious phrase!—how with throbbing brow and a damp finger we turned the well-thumbed, musty pages of the lexicon in search of its deep significance? Who can forget the proud feeling of success as a meaning dawned gradually on

the youthful mind; and the thrill of triumph when the theme scrawled on the slate came back into his grubby fingers with a large R marked boldly on its greasy surface? But within a few weeks, or even days to the brilliant ones! we had learnt all there was to be known about Balbus; thank heaven! we had done with Balbus and his blessed wall, and need never trouble further about him.

Alas for the vanity of childish hopes! We had not even begun to plumb the depths of significance still hidden under the mystic phrase.

One of the world's unknown heroes is Balbus. Save for a single detail of personal habit, and that a painful one, we know nothing about his career, his parentage or appearance, his history, his date, his fate. The cheapest Society paper couldn't furnish out a paragraph about him; and even *Who's Who* would begrudge him a single line. Across the astonished gaze of generations he flashes like a comet—and then fades into darkest night!

We may reasonably infer that Balbus stammered—a distressing congenital defect that proves he was not gifted with eloquence at least, and must have greatly diminished his influence upon contemporaries. He can hardly have been a public man, a rhetorician or politician, though he may have been a writer or a poet—one of the many great ones whose works get lost or never get written; and yet we do really know something about him, and can infer a lot more from the one recorded fact of his history—"Balbus was building up a wall."

Men have been saved to fame by the achievement of one noble deed, and a single anecdote has sufficed to illustrate a character for ever. This one recorded act of Balbus has sufficed to immortalise his memory; had we time we might reconstruct from it his whole life's story, much as some scientific person built up the carcass of a Megatherium from one joint of its great toe.

"Balbus was building up a wall." Note the force of the

tense and what it involves. It is not merely that Balbus built a wall—a fairly notable accomplishment that many other men have achieved; but "Balbus was building up a wall"—went on doing it. He didn't merely build one particular wall; apparently his one occupation, his main interest, his sole thought, his vocation, his title to fame was to go on building up his walls. It is a grand idea! Evidently Balbus was a Constructive genius, a builder-up—one of the few who choose the higher, harder paths so little trodden by the mob.

Most men prefer destruction to construction, and are better at it. It is so much easier to pull down than to build up, so much more attractive to many minds, as making so much more noise in the world, and kicking up so much more dust. The destructive element, or capacity, is often more prevalent in men than the constructive, in children for instance, and critics and other irresponsible beings. Balbus chose the better part, the harder task of the man who does something in the world, instead of the pleasanter lot of one who watches other people working, or the more fascinating duty still of those who discourage others doing anything, or even destroy their up-building. There must have been plenty of such folk about whilst Balbus was busy over his wall—a crowd of smaller men, indolent, easy-going and cynical, who stood by and watched him, proffering suggestions and criticisms in plenty. "They wouldn't build a wall at all! What's the good of a wall? It only takes up room; it's an obstruction, interfering with other peoples' blessed rights. Who wants the wall! Quite enough walls about already; let's pull it down!" So when Balbus isn't looking they mix some mud with his mortar, or pull out a few bricks or stones, and just to encourage him, throw them at him in a friendly way. Meanwhile—so History tells us, and even Higher Criticism can't get behind it—*Balbus was building up a wall!*

Some of the bystanders merely offered advice in quite a

superior sort of manner: "The wall's all right, and wants building up, no doubt; but why on earth are you building it that way? It's not in the best place to begin with, its style is deplorable, and its architectural pretensions beneath contempt. We'll show you how to do it." So by way of making a good start, they pull it all down; and then being a bit tired, they go off for a drink and forget to come back again; or else look out for another wall to improve in the same way.

Other of the onlookers lean up against Balbus' wall smoking pipes and expectorating—a favourite attitude this to lean up against a wall that somebody else has had the bother of building! If it doesn't fall down, well! they can always sit on it! But if enough of them get together to lean against it, before the mortar that was mixed with mud had time to set, and if Balbus wasn't up to their dodges, as he probably wasn't in those earlier days, then they lean against the wall till it falls down, and then go off grinning, quite satisfied with their morning's work. All the same, so far as we can make out, Balbus went on building up his wall; though whether he ever got it finished is problematical.

The question has been raised, as they are both classical personages, whether some cryptic relationship may not exist between Balbus, the typical builder-up of walls, and that other great Roman builder, of whom we also read in early youth, Romulus. There may be something in it—as the philosopher said when he shook his head; for a man who earned immortality as a builder-up of walls must have built something splendid, famous, enduring. True, higher critics have been found bold enough to deny historical existence to either Romulus or Balbus. This is really going too far! Many disrespectful remarks have been made about Balbus by impatient school-boys; but they never so far forget themselves as to call him a "myth." So it may be that Romulus and Balbus are really

the same fellow under another name—much as scholars have discovered that the man who wrote Homer wasn't Homer at all, but another fellow of the same name who lived about the same time. Or perhaps Romulus stammered, and so got the nick-name. At any rate Romulus busied himself with building up walls, just like Balbus, and whilst thus usefully occupied met with some of the same difficulties. Only he seems to have dealt with them in a more drastic fashion. One of his friendly critics was his brother Remus, who had a nice jeering way of his own, and being a relative was privileged to say what he thought without the trouble of picking his words. Brother Remus, amongst other things, used to amuse himself with jumping over the rising wall, probably knocking off some of the stones in the process, until one fine morning Romulus, getting a bit exasperated, happened to drop a brick on the brother's head—whereupon Remus "smiled a sort of sickly smile and curled up on the floor, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." I've always had a sneaking sympathy with brother Romulus in this little affair, and with the jury who brought in a verdict of "justifiable accident." Romulus, like Balbus, certainly went on building up his walls; we know they weren't built in a day, but they grew in time into a city, and the city grew into an empire—and the City and its Empire are eternal!

There may be a closer connection than is at first sight apparent between the eternity of those walls that Romulus built and the remains of Brother Remus buried beneath its bricks. According to primitive building contracts if a wall is to stand firm it needs to have a living person built into its foundations;—a profound truth expressed in many a hoary legend and in some gory misdeeds! A man must put a living soul into his buildings, his own at any rate when he can't get anyone else's, if his buildings are to endure.

More especially is this the case if they be mystic walls that Balbus was building up, and spiritual stones that he

was putting into their places. As we come to think of it, perhaps he wasn't Romulus after all, or anybody classical and pagan, but rather some personage scriptural and inspired. Could he have been the stuttering Prophet, contradicted and persecuted, foreseeing and lamenting, whom the Lord set over the nations to build up and to plant? Or was he more probably some unknown Christian saint, whose touching legend was really written by one of those clever monastic forgers who palmed off other so-called classics upon Cicero or Virgil? His name is obviously associated with edification. His legend is too simply true for even modernist criticism to feed upon, and its beautiful influence has been unbounded. There are plenty of canonized saints of whom we have hardly more authentic lives; so that Balbus may really be one of those edifying characters who deserve beatification though they never attain the honour.

In this case we shall have to reconstruct Balbus' story, and see in him some good old monk, perchance, whose long and lonely life has been summed up in a single illuminating phrase. Figure him as a plodding, patient man, sticking to the appointed task in spite of criticism and opposition—one of the many whom the poet describes as stones polished and set in place with blows and much hammering—"tusionibus, pressuris, expoliti lapides." Or think of him as some heroic founder, building up his walls like those who rebuilt Jerusalem, with a sword in one hand, and a trowel in the other; and notice how the sword is always less potent than the trowel, for the trowel constructs whilst the sword can only destroy. Round about him and his walls gather and clamour the crowd of critics and cynics who do nothing themselves and only hamper others; and the more likely he is to succeed the louder and wilder grows the clamour. "Why can't you let the thing alone! Come, come, this will never do! He's actually building up a wall. This will have to be stopped"—all *bien entendu* for the good of souls, "ad

majo rem Dei gloriam!" But as they couldn't stop him with noise, they had to stop him with stones—the very stones he had gathered for his building. "St. Stephen's loaves" men call these stones—stones that some men give their children when they cry for bread. They serve however in building up walls of a certain make, for which the best cement is mortar mixed with martyrs' blood. So the walls of Jerusalem get built up!

Poor Balbus then must be one of those who builded better than he knew—a man who failed in spite of all the help he got from others—one of the failures for whom heaven is meant. And that is how "Blessed" Balbus comes to get his name into the Martyrology of—Usuard!

There are actually worthy, matter-of-fact people who if they get thus far will exclaim:—"What on earth is it all about? Why all this pother over a grammarian's copy-head?"

J. I. C.

A Lover of Books

It was the publication, half-a-dozen years ago, of a pretty booklet, the first of a series called *The King's Classics*, which restored to public knowledge and favour the name of Richard de Bury, an old-time Bishop of Durham. He died in the year 1345, and was buried, says the Durham chronicle, "with some kind of honour and a fair amount of dignity in the south angle of the church of Durham, before the altar of St. Mary Magdalen"—buried and straightway forgotten. A stone with inscription marked the site; for some reason or other, someone, at some time, removed it from its place and forgot to put it back again. Now, thanks to Mr. Thomas' new translation of the *Philobiblon* and the cheap edition of it, the good bishop is like to have a humble niche to himself in every book-lover's remembrance. Whether his name will become a household word with us is doubtful. Up to the present time he has been practically without honour in his own country. We owe to France the earliest and best study of his life and work. America has taken the lead in giving practical recognition to this Englishman who wrote so delightfully in praise of the book. Five years ago, the authorities of Durham Cathedral had their repose disturbed by a gentleman who described himself as a member of the De Burian Literary Society of Maine, and asked that the transatlantic De Burians might be permitted to set up a monument in honour of their patron. Nothing came of it; the authorities apparently listened with mouths open, turned over, closed their eyes, and went to sleep again. Since then the Grolier Society of New York has taken vigorous action and the vault is now



distinguished by "a beautiful slab of pure white Sicilian marble, on which is figured the effigy of Bishop Bury, carved by a clever Irish sculptor in low relief." A French biographer, an Irish sculptor, a Welsh translator, Sicilian marble and American dollars! It goes rather against an English stomach to accept charity like this from strangers, even when offered gracefully as a present. I do not think we shall suffer Richard de Bury's name and fame to sink back again into oblivion.

During his lifetime, there was a select opinion that the bishop had been rewarded with wealth and honours beyond his desert, though it was not audibly expressed before his death. The common consent both of Court and Country held him to be a man of the very first importance. This was his own idea also. He tells us so in his book. But if his detractors were silent whilst he was alive, it was not from any fear of unpleasant consequences to themselves. Bury was a man of peace, good-natured and generous to a fault. There is not an unkindly act or word recorded of him; and he lived in a short-tempered, rough-spoken age, when to be a good hater was a valuable and much-admired accomplishment. Moreover, he was too humble, or too high-minded, or, perhaps, too sure of himself, not to take criticism in good part and acknowledge a mistake when pointed out to him. We shall be near the truth if we suppose his enemies silent, partly out of respect for his person and office, and partly for fear their remarks should be ascribed to spite and jealousy. Perhaps, also, they were not quite sure, till he was dead, that he did not possess all the good qualities his reputation and position seemed to assert. If he was in any way, consciously or unconsciously, a pretender, he was a most engaging and convincing one. We, who know him from his book and the few brief notices in chronicles and the recently-published fragment of his Registers, see no reason to doubt him. Rather we are inclined to suspect in him unrecorded virtues, and

accomplishments hidden from the public gaze. But it is time to look at the record of his life.

Beyond the fact that his father was a certain Sir Richard Aungerville of Suffolk, we know nothing of his family. A priest-uncle, John de Willoughby, took care of him in his childhood. He was sent to Oxford as a boy and is reported to have gone through a distinguished course there, sometime or other in his early days (according to Pits, and the *Biographia Literaria*), taking the Benedictine habit at Durham; at which time he dropped his surname, according to the monastic custom, and became known afterwards as De Bury, from Bury St. Edmunds, his birthplace. Because of his scholastic attainments he was taken by King Edward II into his service as tutor to his son Edward of Windsor, afterwards King Edward III. The pupil, born in 1312, must have been a quick learner; since the royal education—he is said to have spoken French as well as English, had some knowledge of Latin and understood German—was satisfactorily completed by the year 1823 or 24, what time his preceptor—we are told only of the one—was promoted to the Chancellorship of Chester, which county, together with Flint, had been given to the King's son for his maintenance. When Guienne was added to the prince's dowry, Bury took charge of that province also as Treasurer. This brought him into disfavour with King Edward and his favourites, the Despencers. In the year 1325, Queen Isabella, who had been deprived of her lands and servants, and limited to an allowance of 20/- a day, persuaded the King to let her cross over the channel to visit her brother's court as his representative. Her son, now Duke of Aquitaine, crossed over afterwards to do homage for his dukedom. Staying over long in France, the two of them were peremptorily summoned home by the King. They impolitely declined. Thanks to their treasurer, Bury, they were well supplied with funds and could afford to await a more favourable moment, when the King would be less anxious to have them back

again. For his part in this affair, Bury incurred the anger of the King and the Despencers. They sought to lay violent hands on him and hunted him out of the province so admirably administered by him. He escaped his pursuers by taking sanctuary in Paris. Then came the invasion of England by Queen Isabella, the dethronement of Edward II, and the time when the reins of government were entrusted to the boyish hands of King Edward III.

I think no one will blame the young King for his attachment to his old tutor and the trust he placed in him, or even for the gifts he lavished on him. Bury had given his pupil ample proofs both of capacity and fidelity—a higher capacity and a sounder fidelity than anyone else so far had displayed. He was a man used to court life and ways, a wise administrator and accomplished linguist; with an imposing and attractive personality. We know him, from the recent measurement of his remains when the grave was opened, to have been tall, to have been not less than six feet in height. Then, to judge from the effigy on his seal, his face was of almost feminine beauty, with large deep-set eyes and faultless features, of the type we English are agreed to describe as pure Anglo-Saxon. Such a fine figure of a man would naturally be a first choice to represent his British Majesty in court ceremonies abroad, and the accomplishments would naturally recommend him to the King as the very person to entrust with a difficult and delicate mission. The drawback with a man like Bury would be that, discovering he could generally get whatever he wanted, he might choose to plead in his own interest rather than the King's, and make use of his opportunities to serve his own ambitions. The *vitium ambitionis* was brought as a charge against Bury by his sole contemporary detractor, Adam de Murimeth. Bury has confessed to the fault in his book. But, I think the young King will have felt the safer for Bury's well-known failing. For with him the "vice of ambition" was directed not to the acquisition of wealth and privilege, but to the

harmless collecting of old books. Listen to this candid statement:—

"When we prospered in the world and made acquaintance with the King's majesty and were received into his household, we obtained ampler facilities for visiting everywhere as we would, and of hunting as it were certain most choice preserves, libraries private as well as public, and of the regular as well as of the secular clergy. And indeed while we filled various offices to the victorious Prince and splendidly triumphant King of England, Edward the Third from the Conquest—whose reign may the Almighty long and peaceably continue—first about his Court, but then concerning the public affairs of his kingdom, namely the offices of Chancellor and Treasurer, there was afforded to us, in consideration of the royal favour, easy access for the purpose of freely searching the retreats of books." Not much harm in a *vitium ambitionis* of this species. He naughtily continues: "Wherefore, since supported by the goodness of the aforesaid prince of worthy memory, we were able to requite a man well or ill, to benefit or injure mightily great as well as small, there flowed in, instead of presents and guerdons, and instead of gifts and jewels, soiled tracts and battered codices, gladsome alike to our eye and heart." "Corrupt bribery," says the Dean of Durham.⁹ Not at all. Bury neither gave nor promised anything in return for the presents people made him. There was a popular notion, because of his high place near the King, that he was worth keeping in a good humour. He was frankly amused at it, and accepted it as one of the privileges of greatness. (Our Cabinet ministers are asked to entertainments and shooting parties for similar reasons, and accept the invitations in a similar spirit.) Where there is no bargain, there is no bribery. Bury, at that time, had little of his own to spare, and nothing in his gift except goodwill and friendship. The

⁹ Richard D'Aungerville of Bury: *Fraser's* of his Register and other Documents. Sarum Society.

most he could do, or did do, for anyone was to present a petition to the King and secure it a favourable hearing. Doing so, he was acting as an accredited agent and had the right, in law and honesty, to take remuneration if he wished. An instance of this so-called bribery, a solitary one, brought against Bury by some detractors, will be dealt with later.

Adam de Murimeth's direct charge against the book-loving bishop is that he got possession of the bishopric, and the lot of benefices held by him previous to his consecration, "*per preces magnatum et ambitionis vitium*." "*Per preces magnatum*" means at the will and petition of Edward III. The King certainly did what he could for the advancement and comfort of his tutor, the "beloved clerk," as he calls Bury. He held successively the offices of Colliery, Treasurer of the Wardrobe, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Chancellor, besides being sent twice as Ambassador to Pope John XXII at Avignon and employed for some years in political missions at the French and Scotch Courts. Before his elevation to the episcopate, he enjoyed the possession of more than half-a-dozen prebends (Lincoln, Sarum, Lichfield, Penrhyn, Crediton, Lok, York, and perhaps another), was rector of Croydon and Dadington, Archdeacon (for awhile) of Sarum, and Canon of Westbury and York. It is an imposing list of prelelements and not perhaps a complete one; yet the sum of the benefices was not reckoned enough to furnish the King's chief clerk with an income above his deserts, or even sufficient for his needs. There is extant a petition from Walter Langton, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, to the Primate asking that Bury be suffered to enjoy his pluralities, and such others as may be given him, in peace and quiet, because his service of the King entailed *non modica onera expensarum* and on account of the slender returns of his benefices (*omnium beneficiorum exilitatem*). It should be remembered that the holder of many benefices only took for himself the excess income of each after his curate or vicar had been fully and legally provided for.

This surplus did not, in most instances, reach high figures. Hence pluralism, from the pluralist's point of view, was a necessity. The arrangement was the one and only legal method of sweating down—to use the accepted phrase—benefices that were fatter than was good for them. Moreover, in the impoverished state of national finance, only by such preferments could the King manage to pay the salaries earned in his service. No one, I think, has ever defended pluralism in theory. The holding of many benefices is an abuse in itself and opens a door to other abuses. But, in practice, the system was not so very objectionable. The door by which abuses might slip in was strictly guarded. It is really surprising how few scandals can be directly traced to pluralism. It even helped to make alienation of Church property impossible. The strong hand of the law defended the interests of parishes and parishioners, and kept a keen ward over the fulfilment of obligations. The beneficiary, for his own sake, saw to it that the estate and parish were rightly cared for and administered, whilst the vicar looked diligently after his own interests and dues. Indeed, to judge from existing documentary evidence, mainly bundles of parchment deeds and court records, the chief evil of the system was the envious and litigious spirit it engendered; each and all of the parties concerned in a benefice watching the other's doings with the suspicious eye of an inquisitor, holding it to be a grave religious obligation to take care that no one interfered with or infringed his own particular rights and liberties.

I can well believe that the promotion of Richard de Bury to the Bishopric of Durham hurt the self-esteem of those whose votes were set aside, and I can feel sympathy with Graystones and the monks; though, to my mind, they acted unwisely and put themselves in the wrong. What took place undoubtedly supplied a first-class grievance to the disaffected of those old days; and recently the case has been cited as a glaring instance of Papal injustice and of

Roman, or rather Avignon, tyranny. For this reason the story deserves to be told at length and with circumstance. During the reigns of the three Edwards, when England was at blows with the Scots, the Durham bishopric was raided times out of number by bands of irresponsible reivers or by the soldiers of the Scottish Kings. It was the natural base from which the English armies began operations against the enemy; and its strong places, Berwick, Newcastle and Durham, were the first line of defence against Scottish invasion. Yet, strange to say, this border stronghold was not in the custody of a strong man armed, but of the man of peace, a Bishop. In the Patrimony of St. Cuthbert, as it was called, that is, the County Palatine of Durham, the successor of the Saint ruled with the powers of a King. The Bishop of Durham sat in Parliament not merely as ordinary of the Diocese, but as Earl of Sadburg and Prince Palatine of the County. No such power as his was wielded by any other man in the kingdom except the King—not by the Primate, nor the great Duke of Lancaster, not even by the King's son. Sir T. Duffus Hardy gives the following as a summary of his powers:—

1. The right of having his own courts of chancery, exchequer, and admiralty, as well as holding pleas of the crown, pleas of land, and also a court of wards and liveries.

2. The same right of appointing his own chancellor, justices, sheriffs, justices of the peace, coroners, escheators, and other officers, within the liberty of Durham, as the sovereign possessed elsewhere within his realm.

3. The right of issuing in his own name writs, precepts and mandates, both original and judicial, and commissions to raise forces and levy subsidies.

4. The right of coining money in his own mint at Durham.

5. Forfeitures and escheats of every description, whether for high treason, or in right of "ultimus haeres."

6. The right of the "year, day and waste"—a purely royal privilege.

7. The right to pardon treasons, murders, felonies and infractions of the peace.

8. The right of holding councils in the nature of parliaments.

9. The right of granting charters for free-warren, markets, fairs, as also for murage, pontage, pavage, etc.

10. The right of creating palatine barons by summoning tenants to councils and parliaments.

How these liberties originated history does not tell us, but they waxed greater rather than less as centuries moved on, and, though Edward I found them troublesome with so masterful a Prince Palatine as Bishop Anthony Becket, they were not curtailed until the reign of Henry VIII and only abolished in 1836. In Bishop de Bury's fragmentary Registers there is abundant evidence of his active enjoyment of this royal jurisdiction—evidence also that his rights were not only undisputed but sanctioned and defended by King Edward. There is existing a royal mandate to the Barons of the Exchequer ordering them to supply the Bishop with dies and the other requisites needed to coin shillings for his use. There are also royal letters commanding that the Bishop's full regal rights (*omnia jura regalia*) be recognised and respected by his Treasurer and Barons of the Exchequer. And do not our readers know how Bury's successor, Bishop Hatfield, with the Nevilles and Percy his subjects, led his men, under the banner of St. Cuthbert, against the Scots and fought them at Neville's Cross, taking King David prisoner and leaving fifteen thousand of the enemy dead upon the field?

It was inevitable, therefore, that the English Kings should demand as a right the final word in the appointment of the man who had to fill a civil position of such exceptional importance. It was inevitable, also, that it should be granted him—grudgingly by the monk-electors, deprived

thus of their chief monastic privilege of choosing their own superior, freely by the Holy See which could not reasonably or effectively refuse it. Hence an old-established custom that the name of the bishop-elect should be submitted to the King for his approval—he had a similar customary right in the appointment of the Archbishop of Canterbury. To do the King justice he seldom interfered with either election without a fair pretext—never without getting his own way. The ordinary course of things when the monks' candidate was rejected by the sovereign was that the royal nominee was inducted into the See by a "Papal provision."

The Durham monks, at the previous election, had been treated badly. As usual they elected a monk—their natural mistake—though, by all accounts, an able and excellent man, Henry de Stamford, Prior of Finchale. But at the request of Queen Philippa, Louis de Beaumont, a kinsman of hers, was recommended by the King and instituted by the Pope. At the time of his consecration he was a layman, with no understanding of Latin, only able to pronounce the words with difficulty. Graystones, in his Chronicle, tells us how he was coached beforehand for many days in preparation for the consecration ceremony, in order that he might read his "Profession" decently; how he got along somehow till he came to the word *metropolitice*, but then, drawing a deep breath, he had to confess himself beaten, and exclaimed in French "*Seyt pur dite*" (Take it as said). Another time, when he was conferring Orders, stumbling over the words, in *enigmate*, he remarked to those around him, "By Saint Louis, it was not cousteous of the man to write such a word as that here." The monks naturally were not proud of this bishop of theirs. He was no friend to them nor they to him; and though he did some good and no real harm, they considered themselves badly treated in having an illiterate Superior thrust upon them. Consequently, when he died, they were exceptionally anxious to avoid a "provided"

Bishop, and to secure their own candidate's elevation to the episcopal throne.

Of course they made their usual mistake. They elected a monk, one of themselves, who had been their own Subprior for more than twenty years, Robert de Graystones, a man of whose good qualities they, and they only, had experience. No doubt he had been an excellent Subprior and could be expected to turn out a fairly good Abbot or Bishop—Bishop Bury said at his death he was better fitted to be Pope than he, Bury, to be in Minor Orders—but he had no knowledge of matters outside the cloister, and as Prince Palatine and Earl of the Scottish Marches, would have been a decidedly risky experiment. However, he and his electors were quite ready to take their share of the risk—they thought only of themselves—and after the election, Graystones hastened to the King to obtain his consent. It was refused; the King remarked that he had been given to understand the Pope had already provided the See with a bishop in the person of Richard de Bury, Keeper of the Privy Seal. Graystones and his friends then tried to steal a march on the King, and without the Royal or Papal consent, the monk's candidate was consecrated Bishop of Durham by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of Carlisle and Armagh, in the private chapel of the Archbishop's house. This done, Graystones boldly returned to the King to petition for restitution of the temporalities. He was denied an audience; indirectly a message from King Edward was brought him by the Treasurer to the effect that such a proceeding as the consecration of a bishop in England without the royal consent was an unheard of proceeding, but that his Majesty would say nothing until he had taken counsel and met his Parliament. Meanwhile, Papal letters arrived preconising Richard de Bury to the See. He was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Benedictine Abbey of Chertsey, and installed by the Prior of Durham. No further notice was taken of Graystones. The York consecration

was ignored, as though it had never taken place. At Bishop Bury's installation feast there was a remarkable gathering. The King and Queen were present, with the Queen Mother and the King of Scotland; the two Archbishops were there together with five bishops, seven earls and countesses, and all the notables of the Palatinate, besides a number of abbots and priors and knights; the concourse of common people is described as an innumerable multitude. It was an intentional demonstration that Court and County, Church and Cloister, that the whole nation, in fact, disapproved of the action of Graystones and the Durham monks.

Poor Graystones! He humbly shrank back into his cloister and busied himself during the remainder of his days in writing a chronicle of which the final and culminating scene is this history of himself and his lost bishopric. He tells us that he made no appeal for a trial of his case; it would have cost the convent a great sum of money and, in his opinion, the issue was too uncertain to justify the expense. With the man himself one is in sympathy. He was convinced of the justice of his cause and made a plucky attempt to win it. Finding the ordinary gate to the episcopate closed to him, he cleverly took the fence, as we may say, and cleared it, reaching the post ahead of his rival. But the judges ruled against him. He had lost the race by employing unfair tactics. The hurried consecration in a private chapel could not be approved or recognised by either Pope nor King. His fellow Benedictines of other houses, as far as one can judge, took sides with his rival. This is significant. So also is the curious fact that it is mainly from Graystones' narrative, and a royal letter granting pardon to the Archbishop of York for his misdemeanour, that we know the particulars of the consecration.

The relations between Bury and his monastic chapter were cordial and intimate, though their mutual rights were at that time too ill-defined for them to be in perfect concord.

The Benedictine Order in England was in process of reconstruction. By order of the Council of Lateran the separate Houses had coalesced into a Congregation, and, during the reign of Bishop Bury, there was issued the famous Bull of Benedict XII, inaugurating a new era in its history. It was a time when the settled values of tradition and precedent suddenly became uncertain and sacred customs grew obsolete in a day. Neither monks nor bishop had as yet had leisure to study exactly how and where they stood. Hence some uncertainty of purpose, and a sort of tentative disagreement concerning Episcopal powers and monastic liberties, during a Visitation which the bishop desired, and was permitted, to hold in the year 1343. There was the danger that any act or declaration, any concession or denial by either party would be quoted afterwards as a precedent. Consequently, we meet with protests issued by both sides to safeguard real or supposed liberties. Notably, we find the monks objecting to the Bishop's description of his status as "tanquam Abbas Prioris et Conventus,"—a phrase they would at one time have welcomed with applause. Now, they feared that if its use was permitted, the concession might be interpreted as acknowledging that the Bishop had a kind of abbatial jurisdiction over them. This would have imperilled their right to elect the prior, and would give his Lordship some claim to interfere in the government of the Community. On one occasion when Bury stayed the night at the Priory, a formal document was drawn up to certify that he was admitted only as a favour and not by legal obligation, as a guest and not as a Superior. But the Bishop and Prior understood and respected each other. What may look to us, when we read the records, like jealous bickerings about trifles was only what we call "playing the game."

The present Dean of Durham has made a direct charge against Bury of taking a bribe from the Abbot of St. Alban's. This is the solitary instance, before mentioned, in which

Bury acted as an accredited agent at the King's Court. The Dean tells the story in these words: "The Abbot [of St. Alban's] wanted the power of imprisoning those whom he had excommunicated. This was a delightful privilege already enjoyed by bishops, and it surely might be useful to hold the Abbey creditors at bay. So he approached Bury, then Clerk of the Privy Seal, with a handsome gift, four fine MSS. out of the Abbey Library, a Terence, a Virgil, a Quintilian and Jerome contra Regium (? Rufinum). So eager was the Abbot for this that he persuaded his reluctant brethren of the Abbey to sell for fifty pieces of silver thirty MSS., in addition to the above." There is no such "story" told in the *Gesta Abbatum S. Albani*, to which the Dean refers as his authority. He himself, evidently, has been enjoying the "delightful privilege," exercised by some so-called historians, of interweaving fact and fancy so as to make a picture which will agree with the Protestant notion of the morals and manners of monks—such a one as we find depicted in the foolish romances of a century ago. The Chronicle tells us that Abbot Richard, having summoned the senior monks in council, by virtue of their assent (*ex eorum assensu*), granted to Bury the four books mentioned above, in the hope that he would forward the business of the House in the Court of our Lord the King (sub spe promotionis negotiationum domus in Curia Domini nostri Regis)—in other words to secure him as their agent at Court. Then, going on with the story of the alienation of books belonging to the Abbey, in a second paragraph, it tells how, by the same Abbot's order, with the consent of the then members of the Chapter, thirty-two books were sold to Bury for fifty pounds weight of silver (the thirty-two books are reduced by the Dean to thirty, and the "fifty pounds weight of silver" done into English as "fifty pieces of silver" for the sake of effect, to suggest a Judas-like transaction). The only story told by the chronicler is that of the doings (spread over the nine years of the Abbot's reign) by which

certain books belonging to the Abbey were alienated by him and restored. But the Dean—finding in another chapter of the Chronicle mention that the Abbot had once punished by excommunication certain of his monks for failing to contribute their share of the King's dues, finding again in another chapter that he also excommunicated some others of the Community who sought to depose him, finding in yet another chapter that, through Bury's agency, a licence was procured from the King, which permitted the Chancellor's Court to put in prison such excommunicated persons as had been denounced to it by the Abbot, in the same way as the Common Law Courts were permitted to imprison those denounced by a bishop—working up his materials, in the manner of a village glazier, who makes a "restoration" of an old pictured window by piecing together odd fragments of coloured glass, collected from anywhere, and fixing them in a framework of modern stuff—has placed before us a patchwork arrangement of his own, which he would have us accept as a characteristic bit of real medieval work. Surely he cannot expect us to believe, and cannot really believe himself, that the Ecclesiastical Law permitted Abbots and Bishops to excommunicate importunate creditors, or that King Edward III would have conceded to any one of his subjects, bishop or abbot, the "delightful privilege" of shutting them up in prison to keep them at bay. The paragraph in the Chronicle is brief and much condensed, but it is carefully worded and admirably lucid; hence it is hard to understand how the Dean should have missed its meaning. The "Licence" gave the Abbot no power of imprisonment whatever; that was left as usual in the hands of the lay authorities of his Court of Chancery. They would take care that no injustice was done to the accused, who had an Englishman's right to plead and prove his innocence, if he could. The Abbot's part was to signify to the Court the fact of the excommunication; the law was set in motion "*ad significationem abbatix*." He had no

power to excommunicate at will, but only as the law directed and permitted. He had no power to excommunicate any one who was not his subject, under his jurisdiction. With these latter he could usually deal satisfactorily without the special licence of the King. But he needed the royal licence—this was its chief value to an Abbey—to protect his domain from the felons and outcasts who took sanctuary within its liberties. Moreover, as the concluding sentence of the Licence informs us, not only did the Abbot receive no novel powers of excommunication or imprisonment, but no new or exceptional powers were granted to the Court of Chancery; the Chancellor was only saved the trouble and expense of obtaining from the King, in each separate case brought by the Abbot to his notice, the royal leave which enabled him to issue a writ against the person of the accused. Would the reader surmise, from the Dean's story, that the Chronicler, though he roundly denounced the Abbot and his councillors for the "abominable donation," and "infamous" transaction, by which they alienated the books of the Abbey, had nothing but praise to bestow upon the conduct of Bishop Bury and his executors—the one that, inspired by conscientious motives, he gave back many of the volumes, and the others for allowing the Abbey the opportunity of recovering the rest by purchase at a bargain (*meliori foro*)? Yet such is the case. These are the words with which the narrative concludes: "*Ut Conventus Sancti Albani pro tanto beneficio ejusdem Ricardi de Bury animam haberent specialiter in suis orationibus commendatam.*"

I do not think the reputation of Richard de Bury is affected in the least by the imputation that he has been over-rated as a man of letters and learning. Petrarch's description of him, when they met at Avignon, as "a person of an enterprising mind, with some acquaintance with letters, who from his youth had been eager beyond belief to pry into abstruse matters" is exactly what a reader of the

Philobiblon would expect to be told of its author. Murimeth's *mediocriter literatus* is "faint praise," as the Dean of Durham remarks; but I take it to be a grudging admission that Bishop Bury had some distinction as a scholar, though not enough to lift him above the rank. I do not "feel," with the Dean, that in this phrase Murimeth "re-echoes the scornful words used by him of Bury, 'volens magnus clericus reputari,' 'ambitious to pose as a great scholar,'" because I think the Dean's translation of the words "magnus clericus" inadmissible in this connection. When the King, writing to the Pope about Bury calls him "dilectus clericus noster," or Bishop Langton, in another letter, describes him as "clericus Domini nostri Regis," they are not referring in any direct way to his scholastic attainments. Louis de Beaumont, Bishop Bury's predecessor, might, under some circumstances, have been accurately described as "magnus clericus," though he did not understand Latin and stumbled badly over the pronunciation of big words. The word "clericus," to my mind, has reference not to Bury's scholarship but to his state of life, his profession. If Murimeth, when he used the phrase, had been writing of Bury when a "clerk" in the King's service, the phrase would imply that he was wishful to be reputed a notable King's clerk—to be ranked with the great Secretaries of State—Treasurers and Chancellors, like Longchamp and St. Thomas-a-Becket. But, since it was written of Bury as Bishop, I take it to mean that, when collecting at such cost and pains, his "five big cart-loads" of books, he had it in his mind to be classed among great Churchmen—the Cathedral-builders, the founders of Colleges, the notable administrators—to be regarded as a Bishop-Bountiful, who bequeathed to posterity a nobler legacy than did any of those who had preceded him—a great Library. But who really cares what Bishop Bury's day-dreams may have been—whether he saw himself in Academic finery listening to the University orator pouring out fulsome praise in indifferent Latin,

or had visions of a great hall with richly-carved roof and handsomely painted windows and in it some students repeating a prayer for his soul, and blessing his wise liberality as they pore over rare volumes borrowed from its shelves? He may have had the former ambition; he certainly had the latter; he probably had both, and many another pleasant imagining besides. Who shall blame him if he wished people to think better of him than he deserved—give every man his deserts and who shall escape whipping?—or hoped that he might be judged by others less harshly than he judged himself? I am unable to see any reason why the finger of scorn should be pointed at Bishop Bury if he did want to be reputed a greater scholar than he really was. Let him who is without fault amongst us cast the first stone against him. However, there is no need that the Bishop should beg for a merciful judgment from us. Whether a "magnus clericus" or not, he has written a great book—or did someone else write it for him? It matters not. As far as his readers are concerned the book is his, Bury's—wholly his; for it is himself. We do not doubt that it will live. A self-revelation like the *Philobiblon* is that most interesting of all things to us mortals—a magic mirror in which one can see a strangely transfigured likeness of oneself. Such a book has a mission in the world. It is a testament, this little volume Bishop Bury has bequeathed to us; his confessions, his song of songs, the romance of his love and life.

J. C. A.

The Lost Atlantis

An old Greek historian and geographer, in an unusual access of the spirit of criticism, denied us the story of Abaris the Hyperborean "how he carried an arrow over the whole earth eating nought the while." It was a regrettable piece of self-restraint, and the more annoying when we recall much in that same writer that was not so ruthlessly excised. Consider the history of Scyllias the diver of Scione, the best diver of his age. He was with the Persian fleet that was sailing to conquer Greece, but his Greek heart longed to be with his countrymen. "And how he accomplished his desire I cannot say full certainly, and I wonder if the account that men tell is true. For they say that he dived into the sea at Aphetai and did not come to the surface again till he reached Artemisium, passing in this way full ten miles through the sea. And indeed many stories are told of this man that seem like to false tales and some again that are true; but of this I would judge that he travelled to Artemisium in a boat." Is not this a fine example of the true historical spirit? Here is no rough dealing with old story, nor harsh ungentle criticism, but a kindly and tentative and open-minded discussion.

Doubtless the circumstances of his time encouraged this fair attitude of non-committal. It was a time of discovery. Our Elizabethan age, with all the romance of the great sea captains, the stories of Raleigh and the Golden Hind and many such, was just such an age, a time when men dreamed of the vast possibilities of the new world that was daily more and more disclosed to them. Surely beyond in the far west lay the Isles of the Blest, surely the sea had yet more marvels to disclose and men might yet find the Earthly Paradise.



And what else might not be true when so much beyond men's dreams had yet been seen and proven? And even more reason had the men of Herodotus' day for great and lofty guesses at the unknown. The known was so confined and so limited, and the possibilities so many. What a mysterious and miraculous thing was their geography! The imagination had much liberty and story had full play. They had their famous captains too. There were Drakes and Raleighs, and Herodotus in some sort has written *Purchas: His Pilgrims*. Think of that first circumnavigation of Africa. Pharaoh Necho had just cut his canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, and then our Ferdinand called to his presence a Phoenician adventurer—a mute inglorious Columbus—and bade him sail, sail south down the Red Sea and come back to him and Egypt by the Pillars of Hercules, the straits of Gibraltar. Were ever sailing orders more explicit? And so the Phoenicians sailed. And every autumn they landed and sowed their corn and waited for harvest. Then reaping it they sailed again. And so in the third year they came back, even as they were bidden, by the Pillars of Hercules, to Necho and Egypt. "And they said"—the truthful historian adds—"a thing I cannot believe though another may, that as they sailed round Africa they had the sun on their right."

But it is not with the geography of Herodotus that we are here concerned, except so far as to show what a world of surprise and mystery lay round those ancient Greeks. It is with a story of a later day by no professed geographer, Plato's tale of the lost isle of Atlantis. The name itself has come to be fastened and fixed in the world's imagination. The story has had a wondrous history. From the days of Plato to our own, it has fascinated and attracted. Men have voyaged in search of it. Medieval geographers marked it on their maps. It has been the inspiration of many a legend. It has mingled with the stories of the Earthly Paradise. It has kept company with the Welsh Avalon,

with Lyonesse, with the Isle of Brazil, with St. Brendan's island. And sober writers have located it in every part of the globe "not only from China to Peru, but from New Zealand to Spitzbergen, including such an eminently unpromising locality as Palestine." Plato little thought what a vigorous and persistent life it was to have, when he first told the tale of Atlantis in his dialogue, the *Timaeus*. And now in these our days it has again appeared and a new identification is advanced. But first let us see what was this germ of so much life and story.

On the 22nd or 23rd of May, of a year unspecified but near the end of the fifth century B.C., Plato takes us to the house of Cephalus in the Peiraeus and there we find a meeting of Socrates and some friends, and listen to the dialogue of the *Republic*. Two days afterwards some of them meet again to continue the discussion, Socrates, *Timaeus*, *Hermocrates* and *Critias*, and this is the dialogue called *Timaeus*. It is a long dialogue and an interesting. For Plato's philosophy it is of cardinal importance. Its wide speculation into cosmology and physical theory gives it a special attraction, and it was popular with the Platonists. *Athenaeus*, an ancient collector of interesting gossip, has a story of a man who made his cooks learn the dialogue by heart and recite it as they brought in the dishes. But here we are only concerned with a small part of it, one unimportant episode, though this is the tale of Atlantis itself. It is introduced in this wise. Socrates expresses a wish, "as might wish one who looks upon a fair picture," to see the parts of his ideal state alive and in action. *Timaeus* is then reminded of an ancient tale of Solon, that Athens itself was once such an ideal state in former days, a state of great and puissant majesty. It was the time when it overthrew, almost single-handed, the power of the island Atlantis and then perished with it in a common cataclysm. And he tells how Solon came by this tale. In the course of his travels (doubtless it was when, as history has it, he



absented himself from Athens for a time that he might not be compelled to reverse aught of his late legislation—a course of action that would not commend itself to a modern reformer, he came to the town of Sais in Egypt, situated at the apex of the Delta. There, as was the wont of Greek travellers (what wondrous talk Herodotus had with them!) he had much converse with the priests of the goddess Neith, great lovers of Athenians, for that their goddess was Athena too. These priests loved to speak of antiquity, and especially of the age—old civilisation of their own Egypt. Willingly they brought forth from their treasure things old to make the yesterday Greek take his right place in the scheme of history. Solon seems to have entered into the situation with some zest. Perhaps he enjoyed their foibles. There is just a suspicion of a little quiet badinage. However the priests did not take alarm. Solon turned the talk on to all that to the Greeks was most ancient. He spoke of such ancient persons as Phoroneus and Niobe. He even introduced the flood. But when he set about the matter of chronology and endeavoured to affix dates to his history, then an ancient priest broke in, "O Solon, Solon, you Greeks are ever children, and never a Greek is old." "What do you mean?" said Solon. "Young are you, all of you, in your minds, and in them you have not any ancient belief from old tradition nor any learning hoary with age." And the reason of this, the old priest explains, is that all other lands, save only Egypt, are subject to recurrent catastrophes, and all the inhabitants perish but a few shepherds and neatherds in the hills; and so their civilisation is ever growing and dying again and never reaching any age or permanence. And so has it been with Athens. For of old, Athens was the centre of a wondrous power, a city of men fair and famous, and great and glorious were their deeds. And of all cities and constitutions under heaven, it was the fairest and best. But a great disaster came and all perished. It was at the time when Athens

accomplished that greatest of her deeds and broke the insolent might of the isle Atlantis. This was a power that "came from out the Atlantic Ocean and in arrogance attacked both Europe and Asia. At that time this ocean was navigable and at the mouth of the strait which you Greeks call the pillars of Hercules was an island, greater at once than Africa and Asia, and from it travellers at that time might pass to the rest of the islands and from them to the mainland beyond. The waters within those straits, seem but a bay with a narrow entrance, whereas the ocean beyond was a true ocean and the land that lay around it a continent in very deed. Now in this isle Atlantis ruled a wondrous line of kings, who controlled all the island and many other isles as well and parts of the mainland. And, further, of the land that lies towards us within the straits, they ruled Africa as far as Egypt and Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. Then this power gathered its might for a great effort and tried at one blow to enslave your land and ours and all that lies within the straits. And at that time it was, O Solon, that the might and valour of your city shone conspicuous to all men. For taking the first place in courage and in all the arts of war, partly as leader of the Hellenes, partly of her own single might when others fell away, boldly meeting the uttermost dangers, she overcame the invaders and set up trophies of victory; she saved from slavery those who were not yet enslaved, and freed with a generous zeal all whoso dwelt within the pillars of Hercules. But thereafter came monstrous earthquakes and floods and one day and night of disaster, and all your fighting-men in mass the earth engulfed, and the isle Atlantis in like manner sank beneath the sea and vanished. And so it is that now the ocean is impassable and no ship can win its way through it, for it is blocked by very shallow shoals that the isle created as it sank."

That is the tale of Atlantis. It is only introduced as an episode in Plato's dialogue, to launch a description of the

ideal greatness of an Athens that once was. But we know it as a tale of wondrous vitality that has lived and grown greater with time. And have we not as boys passed with Verne's Nautilus over the sunk monuments of its glory and with the mysterious captain meditated amongst its ruins? But till our day, through many vicissitudes and many reincarnations, it had yet eluded capture, and, after centuries of rough handling, scholars had come to feel they did it wrong to entreat it thus and to be content to leave it as majestic myth. Yet again we begin to vex it, and this time, as never before, it is or seems to be on its way to become history. It is indeed strange from one point of view that this should happen in our critical days, and yet again it is not strange. For the historian's attitude has suffered a great revulsion. It is a notorious fact that we now treat tradition, however it comes to us, with greater tenderness and reverence than our fathers would allow it. They were sadly critical. To them all was a poor gossamer of fiction and fable, and for history or truth worth nothing at all. But now we find in myth and tale a real historical foundation and we elaborate and discuss, in the large hope of being able to decide what therein is history and what the accretion of imagination and story.

And there is good reason for such change of attitude. Take up a history of Greece written in the generation that is past and read the chapters on the prehistoric period. All legend is explained away as beautiful story, partly native, partly borrowed from universal fable, doubtless allegorical or quasi-philosophical, but in nothing indicative of a substantial truth, of a basis of fact and real incident. Now all is changed. The archaeologist has discovered another Greece, that was unknown before. He has discovered a world as prosperous and magnificent as that depicted in the poetry of Homer. He has shown that, centuries before historic Greece, there flourished on the same soil a civilisation of great attainment and great artistic power. Homer doubtless writes in the

days of its decline, but he has known the glory that was and preserves its memory. He lives when another race occupied the ancient strongholds, when the early peoples were dispossessed and subject, but he writes of that which was, and is, not building an airy structure of fancy and imagination, nor dazzling us with a "light that never was on sea or land." Thus has archaeology justified Homer. But it has done more than this. Its results point back to an earlier time, *Vixere lortes ante Agamemnona*. It takes us to a time before the empire of the Achaeans of Homer, to a period when the civilisation of the Aegean was dominated not by Mycenae or Tiryns but by Crete. Homer indeed knew something of this ancient empire. He speaks of Minos the king, who in some mysterious way used every nine years' space commune with Zeus. Yet in his armies the princes of Crete do not take first place. Idomeneus and Meriones are not as Agamemnon and Menelaus. The glory of Crete had departed for ever. But even in much later time the Greek historians preserve recollections of a day when Crete was a sea-power and Minos the sea-lord of the Aegean. Their testimony was little regarded before now, to-day the tradition is accepted fact. It is not here the place to describe the splendour that has been revealed at Knossos, the capital of Minos, the centre of that old-time empire, nor to detail the prosperity testified by rich finds on many a site in Crete. But—one word and the secret is out—Crete is the new claimant to the fabled glory of Atlantis.

There is something of the attraction of paradox in this last attribution. No longer is it America or Japan, or any isle in the far-distant sea, but a land quite near at home to ancient Greece and Egypt, the despised and unpretending Crete. On the face of it it is a hard saying. It is a solution at variance direct and obvious with some of Plato's details, and again we may feel that we do wrong to give his fancy such local habitation and such name. But consider the arguments that one may adduce in favour of Crete's claim.

It is based of course on the new estimates of Archaeology. Nowhere has that science made such revelation as in Crete. It has established with general agreement that this island was once the seat of a civilisation as ancient and firmly established as it was wonderful. The spade has produced clear proof of the occupation of the site of Knossos from a time so far back as the tenth century B.C., and has traced its history from the rude neolithic age through a great period of artistic development to a sudden catastrophe. When the eighteenth dynasty was ruling in Egyptian Thebes, Crete was the centre of an empire whose trade and influence extended from the North Adriatic to Tel-el-Amarna and from Sicily to Syria. The whole sea-borne trade between Europe, Asia and Africa seems to have been in its hands, and its intercourse with Egypt in particular was both close and considerable. It had a strange and original art. To the peoples with which it came in contact it would give the impression of a powerful and energetic kingdom. The sea connected it with other lands but it also cut it off from them, and in those days, when navigation was young and the watery waste more vast and awful in consequence, it might well be that other peoples thought of Crete as of a great island-continent, with extent and compass proportionate to its well-known fleets.

If we examine the details of Plato's description, as given in the *Timaeus* and in another dialogue, the *Critias*, there are many points that strike us at once with their resemblance to what we have learnt of Crete. He says that the island "is the way to other islands and from it one might pass to the continent beyond." Is not this a true description of Crete from an Egyptian standpoint? And, in modern phrase, Crete is called a "stepping-stone to three continents." It is significant too that the empire of Atlantis is not described as a single homogeneous power but as a combination of different elements dominated by one city. And this is just the conception of ancient Crete

that archaeology most strongly suggests. The palaces of powerful princes are scattered over the island, but Knossos in position and in splendour is clearly lord and chief. There is even in the Critias a description of the capital that would seem to tally exactly with the position of Knossos. "On the side towards the sea and in the centre of the whole island, there was a plain which is said to have been the fairest of all plains and very fertile. Near the plain again and also in the centre of the island at a distance of about fifty stadia, there was a mountain not very high on any side." On this was built the palace of the high kings. And it is in just such a situation that Knossos is built, on a low hill that rises from the plain. Further, the boundaries that Plato assigns to the power of Atlantis are identical with those that archaeology would give to the influence of Minoan Crete. Plato says Atlantis ruled over North Africa as far as Egypt and over Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. Then again the records of Egypt tell of some great attempt by the people of the sea (the Egyptians called it the "very green") to invade and conquer Egypt. The names that are given in the record are with some certainty equated with the Achaeans and Teucris and Danaans. Rameses III repelled the invasion and has left the account of his victory on the walls of Medinet Habu. The details are vague and uncertain, but perhaps we have here the very moment of the invasion of Atlantis, and it may well have seemed to the Egyptians that Minoan Crete was at the head of a confederacy that aspired to universal conquest. Then, for the destruction of Atlantis by the might of Athens, it is not difficult to suppose that Egyptian legend knew of the destruction that most certainly came on Crete from out the north, and, because in Solon's time the Athenians were best known to them of the continental Greeks, fixed on these as the principals in that overthrow.

But what of the chief discrepancy between Plato's detail and the new identification? The story locates Atlantis beyond the pillars of Hercules. Well, Solon may here have

garbled the account of the priest of Neith. The Saite might well speak of Crete as lying in the sea to the far west. The Egyptians were never great sailors. They clung much to "Nilus' gently flowing stream" and ventured little beyond, except to do a little quite safe coasting. If any seafaring was to be done, why, there were Phoenicians and careless Greeks. But to Solon, with the wider horizon of an Athenian, the far west sea would naturally mean the Atlantic. And then there is the curious statement that the Atlantic, after the destruction of Atlantis, became shallow and impassable for ships, "by reason of the shoals that the isle created as it sank." This of course is the reverse of the truth if we take it of the sea beyond the straits, and it cannot therefore represent any Egyptian experience of those waters. But within the straits, in the Mediterranean itself, there is just such an intractable stretch of shoal and sandbank on the north coast of Africa, off the modern Tripoli and Tunis, the ancient Syrtes. It lies to the south-west of Crete. An Egyptian vessel, if one ventured so far—and after the destruction of the Minoan sea power the Egyptian may have found himself compelled to make such venturesome voyage, until the Phoenicians came to the rescue—if it missed or were driven out of its course, might easily find itself in this disastrous region. And, if it won its way back to Egypt, it would be with a tale of the dangers of the seas, a tale easily transformed by the prevailing thought of the Minoan disaster and woven into an unreal connection with it.

There are other minor points of contact between Atlantis and the Crete of Minos. In the Critias, Plato describes Atlantis and its customs with some particularity. There is much about the great palace and the docks and the skill of the people in all manner of metal work. But one point which at once catches the attention of one who has studied the archaeology of Crete is the mention of the bull hunt. "There were bulls who had the range of the temple of Poseidon; and the ten kings, who were left alone in the

temple, after they had offered prayers to the gods that they might take the sacrifices which were acceptable to them, hunted the bulls, without weapons, but with staves and nooses." We recall at once the bull-frescoes in the great palace at Knossos, frescoes which show that among the Minoans the bull was a sacred animal, and which picture too just such a hunting scene. We remember also the whole myth of the Labyrinth and Minotaur. Sober archaeologists have found the Labyrinth in the palace of Knossos with its intricate maze of room and passage. And, for the man-bull that lurked in that maze, there are the striking frescoes still clear on the ruined walls and the certain prominence of the bull in the old religion of Crete. Then there are the famous Vaphio cups, a product of the same civilisation though found on the mainland of Greece, which give with great artistic truth and vigour, a bull hunt with staves and nooses.

This then is the case for Crete. It was first advanced by an anonymous writer in the *Times* of London, February 19th, 1909. Since then it has found a place in the books that deal with the Cretan discoveries. Little that is new has been added to the arguments of the writer who first introduced it. Perhaps, when the Cretan records are deciphered, we shall have some light thrown on a mysterious subject. Or, more probably, some yet undeciphered Egyptian record will be found that gives a contemporary record of the greatness of Minoan Crete. Till such consummation we must, perhaps, for all the interest and attraction of the identification, be content to suspend judgment. There is ever the uneasy suspicion that Plato is bewitching us with the magic of his poetic creation. None knew better than he how to construct a "noble lie." The story of Atlantis is not the only one that is told in his writings. And why, we may think, vex this myth with ingenious application, if we are content to let be the story of Er the Armenian and many another such?



The Vaphio Cups

In the same vein, of course, it is possible for us to wax very merry over the series of claimants to the title of Atlantis. Indeed the remarkable list of identifications, made wherever and whenever Plato has been earnestly studied, creates in the mind a natural prejudice against any new claimant. Nor are there wanting parallel quests in literary history. Jowett compares the discussion on Atlantis to the discussions regarding the Lost Tribes of Israel, that once revolved so persistently and so unprofitably round the mysterious theme, "These are the ten tribes, which were led away out of their own land in the time of Osea the King, whom Salmanasar the King of the Assyrians led away captive, and he carried them beyond the River, and they were carried into another land." Theologians have some little time now abandoned this attractive but arid pursuit, and Basques and others may again breathe freely. And, indeed, Atlantis had had a period of rest and was little vexed among ardent Platonists until this new attribution. What then are we to think of it? The common-sense commentator would ascribe the whole story to the genius of Plato, who, in his own words, could "invent Egyptians or anything else." Perhaps he is a truer friend to his author. And indeed this thought will ever remain to give us obstinate questioning. But such commentators wrote before the Cretan discoveries were made. Can we in view of them dismiss it all so lightly? It seems not. It may need some strength of soul and rigid control of a wicked sense of humour, but why not at the end call unproven—to both antagonists? We have not here to fear the dire result of hesitancy and indecision pictured in Johnson's quaint apologue.

P. J. McC.

Archdeacons deprived under Queen Elizabeth

THE lives of the last Catholic Bishops of the ancient sees of England after that "by too severe a fate" they were "fallen from their high estate," have been written by Fr. Phillips of Ushaw College.

The present writer in the pages of the *Downside Review* for 1910 gave some account of the last Catholic Deans, which will be hereinafter referred to as "Deans."

In the following pages an attempt will be made to tell the story of the last Catholic Archdeacons in this land.

ARCHDEACONS DEPRIVED

JOHN BLAXTON, B. Can. L. Oxon 1532-3. Archdeacon of Brecknock, 1554, Treasurer of Exeter, 1558, Prebendary of Salisbury, (Bedminster, and Radcliffe) 1555, and Incumbent of Bracton, Worcestershire 1554, was deprived in 1559. In a letter from Scory, the Bishop of Hereford, to Cecil dated the 17th of August, 1561 (S.P. Dom. Eliz. XIX, 24, quoted Gee p. 161), we read "Mug, Blaxton, Arden, Gregory, Ely, Havard, that were driven out of Exeter, Worcester and other places, have been so maintained, feasted and magnified, with bringing them through the streets with torchlight in the winter, that they could not much more reverently have entertained Christ Himself." Besides our Archdeacon, the persons to whom Scory alludes can be confidently identified by the aid of S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, as:—Walter Mugge, Prebendary of Exeter; Thomas Arden, Prebendary of York, Worcester, and Hereford; Friar Gregory

ARCHDEACONS DEPRIVED

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Basset, B.D., Vicar of Sowton, Devon, formerly one of the Oxford Franciscans; William Ely, President of St. John's College, Oxford; and Thomas Havarde, Incumbent of Llandilo Fawr in the diocese of St. David's; all of whom, with the exception of William Ely had been already deprived of their preferments. In S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, Blaxton and Mugge are referred to thus:—"Two stubborn parsons; divers processes being sent for them, are so supported in Herefordshire that the same cannot be executed against them, and reported to be maintained by Mr. J. Skydmore, Mr. Pie, and one William Lusty, a prebendary of Hereford." The Mr. J. Skydmore above mentioned may be John Scudamore of Holme, Esquire, one of the Council of the Marches of Wales, J.P., Custos Rotulorum, High Steward of Urching Field, and Steward of the City of Hereford, as to whom see "*Letters of the Bishops to the Privy Council*, 1564 (published in *Camden Miscellany* IX, vol. 53 of the 2nd Series) at p. 12, and *Stryke Mem.* II, ii, 162, but it is more probably John Scudamore of Kenchurch, Esquire, J.P., as to whom see "*Letters of the Bishops*," pp. 12, 19. He was in the Fleet from the 11th of February to the 10th of March, 1577 as a Catholic (S.P. Dom. Eliz. CXXX, 43). Mr. Pie I have not identified. William Lusty is clearly William Luson or Lewson (see "*Letters*," etc. pp. 19, 599.) who was Archdeacon of Caermarthen, Treasurer and Prebendary of Hereford (Le Neve I, 313, 490, 504), and Rector of Exminster, Devon (Oliver Eccl. Ant. II, 25) and died holding all these offices in 1583. In the "*Letters*" Bishop Scory complains:—"There be also in this diocese and county of Hereford divers fostered and maintained that be judged and esteemed some of them to be learned, which in Queen Mary's days had livings and offices in the Church, which be mortal and deadly enemies to this religion. Their names be Blaxton, Mugge, Arden, Ely, Friar Gregory, Howard,

Rastall of Gloucester, Jonson, Menevar, Oswald, Hamerson, Ledbury, and certain others whose names I know not. These go from one gentleman's house to another, where they know to be welcome." Howard is clearly Havarde above mentioned; Rastall of Gloucester is John Rastall, M.A., ex-Fellow of New College, and Jonson is Henry Johnson, clerk, late parson of Broadwas in Worcestershire. The remaining four I have not been able to identify. Perhaps Ledbury is 'Saunders' Richard Ludby, Prebendary of Hereford, whose name does not occur in Le Neve; perhaps Menevar is Thomas Mynevere, O.S.B., a Hereford man, one of the Monks of Westminster ejected with Abbot Feckenham, possibly the Roland Mynyver whom Kirby records as entering Winchester College in 1539, aged twelve from Hertford (Qu. Hereford?), but as to Oswald and Hamerson I can make no conjecture.

John Blaxton had been Vicar of Chudleigh, Devon, from some time after 1536 to 1541 (Oliver Eccl. Ant. I, p. 25.)

JOHN BOXALL, Archdeacon of Ely. See "Deans."

MATTHEW CAREWE, Archdeacon of Norfolk, signed in 1559, but by 17 July, 1563 had fled beyond the sea. (Birt's *Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, p. 380.)

WILLIAM CARTER, D.D. Cantab., 1544, Archdeacon of Northumberland 1558, was deprived in 1559. He had been Rector of Bishop's Wearmouth, Durham, from 1546 to 1548. In 1562 he was restricted to within ten miles of Thirsk, Yorkshire, where he still was in 1570 (S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XVII, 72). In 1570 or 1571 he escaped to the continent and arrived at Douay in 1571, where he lived at the English College at his own expense. He died at Mechlin in 1578. Gillow I, 413.

WILLIAM CHEDSEY, D.D. Oxon., 1546, Archdeacon of Middlesex 1556, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxon. 1558, Prebendary of St. Paul's (Chiswick), 1554, Christ Church (6th stall) 1554, and Exeter 1556, Rector

of Thakeham, Sussex 1554, Canon of Windsor 1554, Rector of all Hallows, Bread Street, London 1554 (see Hennessey), and Vicar of Shottesbrooke, Berks, in the diocese of Oxford 1558, was deprived of all these preferments in 1559, and committed to the Fleet on August the 6th, 1562, where he remained till his death, which apparently took place after 1574 (Oxford Hist. Soc. XXV, 104). Gillow I, 484, is in error both as to the date of his imprisonment and of his death. See D.N.B. X, 174, Cf. C.R.S. I, 18, 20, 41, 43, 48.

THOMAS DARBYSHIRE, D.C.L., Oxon. 1556, ordained Subdeacon in London, March, 1555-6, Archdeacon of Essex 1558, Principal of Broadgates Hall 1556, Prebendary of St. Paul's (Tottenham) 1543, and Rector of Fulham 1558, of Hackney 1554, and of St. Magnus, London 1558, was deprived in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign of all his offices. He went to the Council of Trent and obtained the decree against frequenting Protestant Churches. He was imprisoned in the Fleet in London, 21st Feb. 1560, but escaped and entered the Society of Jesus at Rome 1st of May, 1563; and was sent on special mission to Scotland, and professed of the four vows 1572. He resided chiefly at Paris between 1575 and 1583, and died on the 6th of April, 1604, at Pont à Mousson, Lorraine. He was not succeeded in Principalship of Broadgates Hall till 1564. See D.N.B. XIV, 44. See also C.R.S. I, 48.

ANTHONY DRAYCOTT, D. Can. L. Oxon. 1522, Archdeacon of Huntingdon 1543, Prebendary at Lincoln (Bedford Major) 1539, and Lichfield (Longden) 1556, and Incumbent of Winksworth and of Chetley in the diocese of Lichfield, and of Cottingham and Kettering in the diocese of Peterborough, was deprived in 1559 or 1560, and committed to the fleet with William Chedsey on the 6th August, 1562, for the second time, having been before imprisoned there in 1559. He appears to

have kept the Rectory of Draycott, Staffordshire, and having been liberated in 1570, probably on account of his health, to have retired thither. He died the 20th of January, 1570-1. See D.N.B. XVI, 8. Gillow II, 105. Willis II, 451. C.R.S. I, 18, 41, 48. Gee, *Elizabethan Clergy*, 256.

JAMES DUGDALE, A.B. Oxon 1545, Archdeacon of St. Albans 1557, and Master of University College, Oxford 1558, was deprived in 1560 of his Archdeaconry and a year later of his Mastership. According to Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses* he was Rector of Higham, co. Leicester in 1586, and perhaps Vicar of Alnsford, Somerset from 1590 until his death in 1594, but *quære* whether the same. I think he is the "Sir James Dugdell dwelling at Warcop" who was saying Mass in March, 1590 (C.R.S. V, 181).

MICHAEL DUNNING, LL.B. Cantab. 1541, Archdeacon of Bedford 1558, Prebendary of Stow Longa, Lincoln 1557, and Rector of North Tuddenham, Norfolk 1557, was deprived in 1558, and died very soon afterwards. See Cooper I, 203.

HUMPHREY EDWARDS, B.D. Oxon, 1554, Archdeacon of St. Asaph's 1554, and possibly at the same time Rector of Llantrillo, Merioneth and Caerwys, Flint (see Foster's *Al. Ox.*) was deprived of his Archdeaconry before 1562 (See Thomas' *St. Asaph*, 237). According to Foley (Records S.J. VII, 222, 956) he was a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. He entered the Society of Jesus and became Professor of Sacred Scripture at Milan, where he died on the 30th of November 1587. (The Humphrey Edwards, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, in 1549, is another person who died in 1557. See Hennessey, *Nov. Rep.*)

JOHN FITZJAMES, B.A. Oxon, 1544, Archdeacon of Taunton 1554, and Rector of Chew Magna and Dinder 1554, in the diocese of Bath and Wells, was deprived and succeeded in his Archdeaconry in 1560 and in his Rectory in 1564.

He may very possibly be the James Fitzjames, clerk of Somersetshire who was a fugitive beyond the sea 29th of January, 1576. (See Strype Ann. II, ii, 596-7.) Sander does not give his Christian name. He died an exile before 1588 according to the *Concertatio*. See also C.R.S. I, 18, 41.

JOHN GLAZIER, LL.B. Oxon., Archdeacon of Hereford 1557, and Rector of Freshwater, Isle of Wight 1549, and Erwardon 1559 in the Norwich diocese, Vicar of Newington Bagpath, Gloucestershire 1556, was deprived and succeeded in his Archdeaconry in 1560 and in his living of Freshwater in 1562.

EDWARD GREGORY, Archdeacon of Bangor 1556, Prebendary of Chester (6th Stall) 1554, was deprived of his prebend in 1559, and probably of his Archdeaconry at the same time. Compare Ormerod's Cheshire (1882) I, 271; Willis' Cathedrals; Rymer's *Foedera* XV, 563.

JOHN HANSON, M.A. Oxon 1557, Archdeacon of Richmond 1554, and Rector of Rochdale, both in the Chester diocese, was deprived in 1559. In S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. xi, 45 among the names of those reported to be fled over the seas is that of "John Hanson, late Chaplain to Dr. Scott." The Bishop himself was then in the Marshalsea. A John Hanson, M.A., Rector of Thorington, Suffolk resigned before the 26th of January 1558-9. This is probably the same person. He died in exile before 1588 according to the *Concertatio*. He had been fellow of Magdalen, Oxford, from 1538 to 1547. Vicar of Bowdon, Cheshire, in 1556-7.

JOHN HARRISON, Archdeacon of Stowe 1554, was deprived in 1559. As to the Archdeacon's subsequent history I know nothing. Possibly he was principal of the College at Arras in 1591. (Strype Ann. iv, 94). One of this name was Vicar of Poorstock, Dorset, from 1554 to 1559.

JOHN HARPSFIELD, Archdeacon of London, See "Deans."

NICHOLAS HARPSFIELD, D.C.L. Oxon, 1554, ordained acolyte in London Feb. 1553, Archdeacon of Canterbury 1554, Prebendary of Canterbury (4th stall) 1558, and of St. Paul's (Harleston) 1554, and Rector of Saltwood, Kent, was deprived of these four preferments early in 1559. He was committed to the Fleet on the 20th or 21st of August, 1559, for attempting to fly the country. There he remained till the 19th of August 1574, when he was liberated with his brother John, and allowed to go to Bath for his health (Dasent, *Acts of the Privy Council* VIII, 283-4). On the 27th of November, 1575, he was too ill to appear personally before the Star Chamber (*ibid* IX, 54): and he died the 18th of December, 1575, probably in some private house in London. D.N.B. XXIV, 431. Gillow II, 134. N. and Q. 10th S. I, 224.

OWEN HODGSON, B.D., Archdeacon of Lincoln 1558, and Prebendary of Lincoln (Longford Manor) 1557, was deprived in 1559. He is one of the Archdeacons mentioned in Sander's list, as "*vel vincit vel exales*." He had been Rector of Atherington down to 1555 and held the prebend of Coringham from 1556 to 1557.

ALBAN LANGDALE, D.D. Cantab, 1554, Archdeacon of Chichester 1555, Chancellor of Lichfield 1559, Prebendary of York (Ampleford) 1554, and Rector of Buxted, Sussex, was deprived in 1559 or 1560, and committed to the custody of Lord Montagu, with whom he appears to have lived till his death, the precise date of which is unknown. He was living in 1584. See D.N.B. XXXII, 94. Gillow IV, 115. Rymer's *Foedera* XV, 543. C.R. S. I, 18, 41.

JOHN LAWRENCE, B.C.L., Archdeacon of Wilts 1554, was deprived in 1564 though he subscribed the articles of 1562 (Strype *Ann.* I, 1, 489). Probably the John Lawrence who entered Winchester College in 1539, aged eleven from Tisbury, who may be the Fellow of

C.C.C., Oxon who supplicated for the B.C.L. degree in 1549, though this letter is described as of Somersetshire. Foster (*Jl. Ox.*) however identifies the Archdeacon with an earlier John Lawrence.

EDMUND MARVYN OR MERVYN, M.A. Oxon 1541-2, Archdeacon of Surrey 1556, Prebendary of Winchester 1554, and Rector of Sutton, Surrey 1554, and of Bramshot, Hants. 1549, was deprived of his Archdeaconry and Prebend in 1559, though he was not succeeded at Sutton till 1563. His name occurs in Sander's list of exiled or imprisoned Archdeacons. He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford in 1532 from Hampshire (probably from Bramshot whence a Thomas Marvyn entered Winchester College at the age of fourteen in 1535), and became a Fellow in 1536, B.A. in 1537. C.R.S. I, 18, 41.

GEORGE PALMES OR PALMER, LL.D., Archdeacon of West Riding, Yorkshire, 1543, Prebendary of Yorks (Wetwing), 1558, Lichfield (Wolvey), 1547, and Southwell, was deprived of all his preferments in 1559 (with the possible exception of his Lichfield prebend in which he was succeeded in 1563). He was probably imprisoned in 1564 for refusal to take the oath which was again tendered to him in that year (see Geo, p. 197). And compare Laderchius, vol. III, p. 199. He died in exile before 1588 (see the *Concertatio*). On the 23rd of June, 1565, the Archbishop of York writes to incite the Queen to exercise greater severity to Dr. Palmer and Bishop Bonner, S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XII, 108. He was Prebendary of Langtoft, Yorks., till 1558. Strype M. III, 1, 171.

ROBERT PERSEVALE, B.D. Archdeacon of Chester 1554, Prebend of Chester (4th Stall) 1556, and Incumbent of Ripley, Yorks. was deprived of his Archdeaconry in 1559 and succeeded in his prebend and at Ripley about 1562. His name occurs in Sander's list. According to Ormerod's Cheshire, vol. I, p. 115, he was imprisoned for the Faith.

RICHARD PORTER, Archdeacon of Buckingham 1554, was deprived in 1559. His name occurs as Ricardus Petreus in Sander's list, and in the "*Concertatio*," where he is stated to have died in exile before 1588. He is therefore probably to be identified with Richard Petre, LL.B., who held the prebend of Preston, Sarum, from 1547 to 1570 when he was deprived, the first prebend at Peterborough, from 1549 to 1565 when he resigned it, and the prebend of Knaresborough, Yorks., from 1552 to 1571. In connection with this last Willis (*Cathedrals* I, 147) says: "He went beyond sea about 1562 for his Religion."

ROBERT PURSGLOVE, *alias* SYLVESTER, Archdeacon of Nottingham, 1549, Suffragan Bishop of Hull, 1538, Prebendary of Southwell (Oxen) 1558, and (if he is to be identified with Le Neve's William Sylvester) of York (Wistow) 1541, was deprived in 1559. He died the 2nd of May, 1579. (D.N.B. XLVII, 485.)

JOHN RAMBRIDGE, D.D. Archdeacon of Derby. See "Deans."

GRIFFITH ROBERTS, M.D. (Siena), Archdeacon of Anglesey, was deprived in 1559. He was in Rome in 1564 (*Cath. Rec. Soc.* ii, 4), in Milan in 1567 and in 1590, in which latter year he was Cardinal Federigo Borromeo's confessor. He was apparently still alive in 1611, and had obtained a canonry at Milan. Probably the Dr. Roberts residing in Paris on the 27th April, 1580. See *Cal. S. P. For.* n. 279. See D.N.B. XLVIII, 379. Willis, *Llandaff*, pp. 138-9.

THOMAS ROBERTSON, D.D., Archdeacon of Leicester. See "Deans."

JOHN STANDISH, D.D. Oxon 1541. Archdeacon of Colchester 1558, was deprived in 1559. The D.N.B. following Wood *Ath. Ox.* I, 235-8, says he was at the same time deprived of his prebend of Eadeland in St. Paul's, but this case is peculiar in as much as, whereas he was deprived of his prebend early in 1558 under Mary and restored to it in

1560 under Elizabeth, he obtained the Archdeaconry of Colchester for the second time the 18th October, 1558, under Mary, and was deprived of it the 13th of December, 1559, under Elizabeth, as is clear from Hennessey's *Notum Repertorium*. See D.N.B. LIII, 473.

THOMAS TAYLOR, LL.B., Archdeacon of Lewes, was deprived in 1559. His name occurs as Taylor, Archdeacon of Chichester in Sander's list.

NICHOLAS WENDON, M.A. Cantab, 1554, LL.D. probably abroad before 1567, Archdeacon of Suffolk 1559, Prebendary of Norwich 1561, Rector of Winesham, Suffolk, and of Tawstock, Devon, was deprived of his prebend in 1570 for being a layman, but was not deprived of his Archdeaconry till 1575. He had been Vicar of Minster, Kent, from 1557 to 1561, and it appears did not reside at any of his benefices, but lived in 1562 at Lound in Suffolk dressed as a layman with Spanish cloak and sword (Cooper I, 384. Strype, Parker III, 159). He had gone abroad by 17th July, 1563 (*Birt's Elizabethan Settlement* p. 380). In 1572 we find one Doctor Windham "a civilian and great papist" living at Bruges (S.P. Dom. Eliz. LXXXIX, 16). In 1575 Mr. Wendon was reported to have gone towards Rome (*Douay Diaries*, p. 301). His name occurs as Nicholas Wendon in a list of fugitives the 29th January dated 1576-7 (Strype Ann. II, ii, 596). He was ordained at Cambrai 23rd February, 1578 (*Douay Diaries*, p. 8) and afterwards obtained a Canonry (*ibid* p. 28) and Archdeaconry (*ibid* p. 360) there. At the last two references he is called William Wendam and Dr. Wyndham respectively. He was in Rome in 1580 (*ibid* p. 360). He died "in castris" (*ibid* p. 26) i.e. probably in the Spanish Camp in the Netherlands, sometime about December, 1589. See S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XXXI. 104-108. Dodd makes two persons of him, viz.:—Nicholas Weedon and William Windham, and confuses him also with Ralph Windon, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

This last is possibly the Dr. Wyndham who was in the Fleet February, 1579 (Douay Diaries, p. 149), and on the 22nd April, 1579, and on the 31st July, 1580 (S.P. Dom. Eliz. CXXX, 43), and at Wisbech in October, 1580 (S.P. Dom. Eliz. CXLIII, 17) and in 1595 (Camden Soc. 2nd Series, vol. 56, p. 230).

NOTE TO ARCHDEACONS DEPRIVED

- (1) According to Hardy's *Le Neve*, JOHN BLAXTON, the Archdeacon of Brecon, was succeeded by W. Downham, and JOHN PRATT, Archdeacon of St. David's, 1557-8, was not succeeded before 1607.
- On the other hand according to Dr. Gee, p. 283, Blaxton was succeeded by one Constantine in 1559, and it was the Archdeacon of St. David's who was succeeded by Downham in 1560. If Dr. Gee is right we must add the name of John Pratt to the name of Archdeacons deprived, but a person of this name obtained the Prebend of St. Decuman's Wells in 1561, and the Prebend of Oxten, Southwell in 1563.
- One John Pratt, Scholar of B.N.C., was ordained acolyte at Oxford, April, 1557.
- (2) According to Dr. Gee, William King, appointed Archdeacon of Northumberland in 1558 was succeeded after deprivation in 1566. But Le Neve says he became Archdeacon 1st Jan, 1560-1, and resigned in 1566. Anyhow he was a Protestant and died Canon of Windsor and of Canterbury, 23 Sept., 1590.

LATER ARCHDEACON DEPRIVED

JOHN BRIDGEWATER, M.A. Oxon. 1556. Archdeacon of Rochester 1559, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxon. 1563, Rector of Twyford, Bucks. 1563, Rector of Woolton Courtney, Somerset 1562, Prebendary of Bristol (3rd Stall) 1563, Prebendary of Wells (Compton Bishop) 1572, Master of St. Katharine's College, Bedminster 1570, and Chaplain to the Earl of Leicester (S. P. Dom. Add. Eliz.

XXVII, 124) resigned all these preferments in 1574 and went abroad. He was Rector of Yelling, Huntingdonshire 1553. He was alive in 1596. D. N. B. VI, 432. Gillow I, 294.

One of this name was Vicar of Anstell and Blaseye, Cornwall 1549-50, and was succeeded after deprivation in 1563. He was also Rector of St. Columb Major, Cornwall 1558, where he was succeeded in 1560.

JOHN B. WAINWRIGHT.

Translating St. Thomas

- (1) New things and Old in St. Thomas Aquinas, a translation of various writings and treatises of the Angelic Doctor, with an Introduction by H. C. O'Neill. Dent and Co. 1909. pp. 320.
- (2) The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas, Part I. Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. First Number (qq. 1-26). Washbourne. 1911. pp. lxxxvi + 361.

It is to be hoped that the work of putting St. Thomas within reach of English readers will go forward. We sometimes feel inclined to make apology for his power over us. The best apology is to help others to feel for themselves what it is and whence it comes.

You may not understand, says Coventry Patmore, one tenth of a treatise by Aristotle, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Swedenborg, or Hegel; but what you do comprehend remains engraved on your memory like a precious intaglio, and you find that you have been learning *things* and not listening to gossip *about* things.

Even a very fragmentary acquaintance with the works of St. Thomas enables one to feel the character of his mind. It is a mind that studies things, not theories. No doubt the two go together and we get our knowledge of theories by help of things and vice versa. But it is plain that there are two different habits of thought; we may take a new thing as another illustration of a general idea; or we may use a new idea to get further knowledge of and insight into a thing. In this case the object of our study is the thing; in the former it is the theory. The study of theories makes



for popular books, broad generalisations easily grasped, telling criticism of received views. But it gives little knowledge of things. If you put together your broad ideas of astronomy and try to make a clear picture of the relative movements of earth, sun and moon for one hour, you will find at once that you have no real knowledge of what happens. Your few ideas combine into a shadowy sketch which you feel is probably a caricature of the facts. To know the whole, you would need those general ideas not a few presented one by one each in a luminous chapter, but hundreds of them on every page, stated shortly and with direct reference to this hour's movement. And when by intense labour of mind you at last follow what is happening, you will realise that even in such simple things as this physical motion, or the shape of a pebble, or the song of a bird, the facts are so complex that no series of propositions can exhaust them and enable a man to reproduce the facts exactly. From this results a most important difference in the two habits of mind. How is a new statement to be checked. If I speak of the edge of the pebble, am I to be judged by my neighbour's statement that the pebble was roundish, or by re-examining the pebble? Will you check an astronomical statement by comparing it with Sir Robert Ball's statement of principles or with the facts? The mind that studies things is habitually aware that new statements may conflict with received principles, and yet accord with facts; the student of theories overlooks this.

St. Thomas had the habit of mind that examines things. His things are human nature and spiritual things firstly, and incidentally the things of nature. Every new statement of friend or foe sends him back to re-examine the thing in order to see how such a statement came to be made. Either to find that it is part of the truth; or to see what the adversary mis-saw and mistook; or to understand how his false principles led him to a false expressing of what he saw. How

completely and thoroughly St. Thomas did this is always a fresh amazement. If one tries to group the sayings of the Sacred Scripture as to the dealings of the Holy Spirit with the Church and with the individual, and then turns to the *Contra Gentiles* for help, one finds there not a few guiding principles but every detail of the relations and doings of the Holy Spirit thought out and built into a solid edifice with every text of Scripture put into its right place so that the mere seeing it there makes its true meaning evident. When one reflects how this result must have been attained, by what pondering of the facts, of the texts, of the Fathers' teachings till all stood clear and intelligible in the Saint's mind, one realises how much he worked. For he has done this not once but in every subject he touches. *Quot articula tot miracula*. Is there any other who could dare to say as of his own knowledge that "nothing necessary to faith is contained in Scripture under a spiritual interpretation which is not somewhere stated plainly"?

His is the work not of a student but of a saint. Faith and love underlie it. It is God's world, and we are God's children. The senses are God's way of letting us see His world: be sure He has given us senses that will not deceive. Our intellect is God's way of letting us know truth; it also will not be deceived when it judges of truth. Senses and intellect each have their limits; this also is God's doing. Let us therefore see clearly how far they avail and why some things are out of their scope. Within their own sphere let us use them and trust them fearlessly, since for this God gave them. Our senses tell us that these are the accidents of bread and of wine. Our intellect tells us that Three Persons cannot be One Person. Trust both. By all means look steadily, earnestly, repeatedly; do not miss the truth by only half-using your powers. But when you have used them thoroughly, do not throw doubt on what they report as evidently true. For an instance of this fearlessness one might read in the *Contra Gentiles* the unshrinking

tracing out of all the philosophic difficulties of transubstantiation, where the little that becomes evident is frankly accepted and the much that remains obscure is frankly left in obscurity. On the other hand in things that are beyond our powers let us not pretend to see what we cannot. I can see the effects of the wind, the travelling ripple and the fleecy foam and wisps of vapour, but no good comes of pretending to see the wind. In the world of God and His Creatures it might be thought that God Himself must be the one luminously self-evident object. And men might dispute for ever, saying on the one side If God existed surely He would be evident? and on the other He is evident, but you will not see Him. But by a full statement of the facts St. Thomas makes it clear that one side is saying, If God existed surely we should be differently made; and the other is answering We are differently made; and both are missing the truth. To a mind capable of directly knowing the essence of God and of His creatures, His existence would be the most self-evident of all truths. To us who have direct knowledge of creatures but not of God, creatures are evident and He is not. So the pre-eminence of God is not lessened by the limitations of our powers.

In the things that are beyond our natural powers God has taught us both knowledge and commandments. Let us study these things with full trust that He has good reason for wishing us to know them. Visible and invisible are pondered with faith, and shed wonderful lights on each other. There must be a reason for naming the Son of God the Word, and glimpses of it are found in the analogy of the word of the human mind. The rebellion of our passions against the soul that vivifies them finds a companion mystery in the rebellion of free will against the God who gives it being.

With the same child's faith, St. Thomas receives and studies the commandments. God is our Father, who needs not our goods—be sure then that He commands only what

is good for us, forbids only what is bad for us. Let us study therefore His commandments also, to see how they lead to good. Where our natural knowledge fails, His revelation may supplement.

In studying the permanence of marriage we find natural reasons why it should last long and very long, but they just fail to make it evident why marriage should be life-long. And then comes the revealed teaching that the perfect and ideal marriage must be a Sacrament of the union between God and the souls of men, a union that should be indissoluble.

With this faith goes love. This study of the truth is a study of the beautiful. Every work of God is beautiful, because in some way like to Himself. But St. Thomas' sense of beauty is the tranquil sense of the greatest painter. It does not add gorgeous skies and glowing colours to the commonplace. That would be another beauty; but the beauty he sees is the beauty of the thing as it is now, and if he can depict that it will speak for itself. So he presents the wonders of God without labouring to make them impressive. Manning had something of the same power. "The author of Sacred Scripture is God, in whose power it is not only to arrange words, as man can, to signify events, but also to arrange events to signify other events." He puts in no word to express his deep sense of this omnipotence, yet the whole Article conveys it.

Sometimes in his liturgy or his prayers his love finds expression. One cannot read without a thrill the passage where he answers "*Hoc facite in meam commemorationem*" with "*Memoria memor ero, et tabescebit in me cor meum.*" And the whole of his character of soul seems expressed in the line "*Tu qui cuncta scis et vales.*" We know in part and study in part what God sees whole and entire. We explain in part some of His work, but to Him this and all other works are possible. And we rest, not on the little or much that we have understood, or seen Him do, but on His

knowing all things and being able to do all things. So we can picture St. Thomas' life of joined prayer and study, where loving faith brought ever further insight, and new insight deepened love and faith.

The character of mind here described shows itself in St. Thomas' method of dealing with other writers. The Dominican translators say—"It is interesting to note the respect the author pays to the least of such authorities, and the ingenuity exercised in reconciling their words with dogma." It is not ingenuity but insight. These writers, whether Catholic, heretic, or pagan, must have had some reason for saying what they did. St. Thomas therefore goes at once to the thing under discussion to see if the author's words describe some part of the truth. In most cases they do; if not he can generally see what misobservation or misconception led to the misstatement.

This respect which he shows to others ought to be shown to himself by his readers. The thousand statements of a man who holds a pebble in his hand can only be checked by one who holds the same pebble. If you will understand an article of St. Thomas fully, you must have before your mind the thing talked of as he had it. To gain this is the labour. His first statement brings a picture before the mind, but very soon he says something which does not fit in the picture. Every new statement must send you back to re-examine the thing and find what he is speaking of, until the whole is figured in the mind and you find you can read straight through and follow all he says. Often this is not achieved till the neighbouring articles have been studied, and then at last you really understand his opening statement. As sometimes in a poem of Browning the meaning of the whole must be grasped before you can understand the first line.

In reading the Dominican translation this labour is increased by the uncertainty as to whether the apparent clash of two statements is due to the English or to the

Latin. After the article which decides that the existence of God is not self-evident to us, it is startling to read (p. 23) "the existence of God *in so far as* it is not self-evident to us." This seems to imply that to some extent it is self-evident to us, and suggests re-examining the previous article; but the Latin *secundum quod* does not imply it. Whereas on p. 17 the apparent clash between "it is not unfitting if even according to the literal sense one word in Holy Writ should have several interpretations," and "the multiplicity does not produce ambiguity—seeing that these interpretations are not multiplied because one word signifies several things" is correctly reproduced from the Latin.

Mr. O'Neill's book of *New Things and Old* should be recommended wherever a thoughtful reader is likely to make acquaintance with St. Thomas. His short introduction is mainly filled with the life of St. Thomas. His extracts long or short are all on important subjects, and fulfil Patmore's promise: we are learning things, not listening to gossip. Mr. O'Neill's style is almost ideal for the purpose. It reminds one of Cardinal Mannings's, concise and severely unadorned, firm and clear cut in expressing the thought. And his rendering of technical words is sometimes very happy. Here is an example of his work (*Summa* I, 3, 7, c.) :—

God is altogether simple, and this is made clear by many reasons. Firstly, indeed, by what has been already said. For since in God there is composition neither of quantitive parts, because He is not a body; nor of form and matter; nor of nature and suppositum; nor of essence and existence; nor of genus and difference; nor of subject and accident; it is manifest that in Him is not composition, but that He is altogether simple.

Secondly, because every composite is subsequent to its components and dependent on them, but God is the first entity.

Thirdly, because every composite has a cause, for things which are in themselves diverse do not come together to form a unity unless by means of some cause uniting them: but God has no cause.

Fourthly, since in every composite it is necessary there should be potentiality and act, which in God does not exist, since either one of the parts is act with respect to another, or at least all of the parts are in potentiality with respect to the whole.

Fifthly, since every composite is something which differs from its component parts. And in wholes made up of dissimilar parts this is clear, for no part of man is man, nor is any part of the foot the foot. In wholes, however, made up of similar parts, although something which is said of the whole may be said of a part as a part of air is air and of water is water, yet something else is said of the whole which is not applicable to a part; for if the whole of the water is two cubic feet, this cannot be said of any of its parts. So therefore in every composite there is something which is not itself.

With this we may contrast portions of the Dominican version of the same passage :—

The absolute simplicity of God may be shown in many ways. First from the previous articles of this question. There is neither composition of quantitative parts in God (for He is not a body), nor composition of form and matter; nor does His Nature differ from His Personality, nor His Essence from His Existence; neither is there in Him composition of genus and difference, nor of subject and accident. Therefore it is clear that God is nowise composite; but is altogether simple. . . .

Fifth, because nothing composite can be predicated of any single one of its parts. And this is evident in a whole made up of dissimilar parts; for no part of a man can be called a man, nor any of the parts of the foot, a foot. In wholes made up of similar parts, although something which is predicated of the whole may be predicated of a part (as even a part of the air is air, and a part of water, water), nevertheless something is predicated of the whole which cannot be predicated of any of the parts; for not because the whole volume of water is two cubits, can any part of it be two cubits. Thus in every composite there is something which is not the whole.

Since the Dominican translation is to be completed, it is worth pointing out faults in detail. First, the translation

is not always sound. In the article "Whether God exists" we read—"A thing moves inasmuch as it is in act." Moves: is it *movent* or *moventur*. A careful examination shows that the translator has rendered all this article without troubling to distinguish the two voices, though the distinction is, of course, the very essence of this argument. Another failure is in I, 1, 8, p. 14. St. Thomas says the Church uses Pagan philosophers as *outsiders*, and probable: the inspired writers as *her own* and incontrovertible: the doctors as *her own* and probable. The translator, missing the contrast between *externa* and *propria* says the Pagans are extrinsic, the Scriptures are used appositely, the doctors properly. Such lapses are far too frequent.

A frequent cause of obscurity in the translation is the punctuation and conjunction of sentences. A proof of St. Thomas is made up of a number of steps which he sets out in order. Like stepping stones in an uneven river-bed, some of these propositions appear alone, others rest on one or several subsidiary propositions. In the Latin St. Thomas always makes it clear whether a proposition is a step in the main proof, or a justification of the previous main proposition, or one of two or three leading up to the next proposition. In the translation his conjunctions are omitted, often with great gain to clearness; but often also with great loss. At the top of p. 23, and at the foot of p. 25, the paragraphs become a string of unrelated propositions, and it is impossible to guess why they stand in this order rather than another.

It is evident that the translators have not agreed on any equivalents for the technical Scholastic terms,—*actus*, *potentia*, *ratio*, and the rest. This is wise, since no competent translator would consent to be tied to one rendering in the present chaotic state of the English language. For one phrase, "the influence of the heavenly bodies," I suggest that the true equivalent is the forces (or laws) of nature. Use this equivalent for example in the *Contra Gentiles* III, 104,

and it will make the chapter intelligible and up to date; though the translators of that work omitted it as useless. This is not to give St. Thomas the benefit of our modern knowledge, but to substitute the wrapper of our ignorance for the wrapper of his. It will need a future writer to make us realise the emptiness of our phrase "forces of nature."

"In the twentieth century there was a general belief that the events of this world are governed by some entity called Nature. In the literature of the time we constantly read of the laws of nature, the dictates of nature. Whether this Nature was to be regarded as a material thing, or as a force or influence, or even as a personal authority, they do not seem to have made up their minds. They went into the wild to be alone with Nature, to commune with Nature, and there she was as a mother to them. Wind and rain and sea were the forces of Nature. Men were punished for violating the dictates of Nature. Nature re-asserted herself by new diseases and madnesses destroying those who persistently defied her laws. The rule of Nature was not limited to this planet but was universal throughout space. The same law of Nature that made the apple fall from the tree also made the comet rush away from the sun. Face to face with the mystery of why the thistle no matter how carefully cultured will still produce not figs, but thistles, why the young tiger, reared on milk will crave for blood, they put these things down to the promptings of Nature. In fact, in dealing with every question of ultimate causes, they seem to have been content with the phrase, It is a law of Nature, without considering who or what Nature is, and seemingly without being conscious that the question might be raised."

Now is not that fair criticism in as far as it makes us see that we use the phrase in a hundred different senses without noticing that they are different, without noticing too that we do not commit ourselves to any one of these senses? And is it not unfair only as our criticism of the Scholastics is unfair? We must have some working way of speaking

of the ultimate causes of material phenomena. We say forces of nature. They say influence of the heavenly bodies. And we dare to ask them what precisely they mean and how they could possibly believe what their phrase implies.

In the Dominican translation there is a long introduction opening with Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical of 1879. Most of the remaining fifty pages are occupied by an appalling essay on the Scholastic philosophy, which should be omitted from future editions. On p. lxxx is an apology for St. Thomas' astronomy written in a spirit of superiority which calls for strong protest.

If you will find a man who really understands modern astronomy, and get him to take the trouble to really understand St. Thomas' astronomy, and to set it out plainly for us, we shall have a trustworthy verdict, and I think we shall be surprised to learn how much of truth St. Thomas had and how little of error. But till that is done, why should anyone write such a passage as we read in this introduction.

As to St. Thomas himself, his remarks display no more interest or information on the subject than might be uttered by any "educated gentleman" of his time who was able to observe for himself in the spirit of an amateur, and to record his own occasional impressions.

Why do modern writers, who have never examined their own scientific knowledge nor that of their victims, keep up this affectation of being able to see all round the science of old writers and to render account of all their errors? Let us borrow a sledge-hammer from Coventry Patmore: "Though erroneous as well as obscure, the errors of great original thinkers are commonly related in a more living manner to truth than the commonplaces and pretentious *réchauffés* of the present day."

St. Thomas' astronomy is related in a very living manner to the truth as far as my very limited reading of his

"remarks" enables me to judge. Here is one example: I cannot remember where it comes.

St. Thomas wants an illustration. In some comparison of the Divine with the human, an objector has pointed out that even the human facts as stated are not strictly accurate. And St. Thomas is answering that just because of the enormous disproportion between the infinite and the finite, a small inaccuracy in the finite may be disregarded. And his illustration is this: Astronomical measurements made at the surface of the earth are referred to the centre without detriment to the truth of the conclusions based on them. Now, patient reader, to put the matter with brutal plainness, do *you* know whether modern astronomers refer their measurements to the centre of the earth? or in what the process consists? or how it illustrates St. Thomas' arguments? And if not, are you competent to say how much interest and information is "uttered" by St. Thomas in this "remark"? But if you have an astronomer friend and another friend who knows St. Thomas well enough to identify the passage, you will find that the astronomer wants to read it for himself before he quite believes in it; and then his verdict will be something like this: Apparently St. Thomas knew that the earth is spherical, and understood how measurements taken at the centre of the earth would differ from the measurements we make at the surface; and knew that stellar distances are so vast that this difference can be ignored; and knew that astronomers actually do ignore it, treating the world as a mere point, and accounting their surface-observations as having been made at that point, the centre of the earth. Now that is a very solid and complete groundwork of astronomical knowledge, and if St. Thomas knew so much, we had better be very slow to treat any of his astronomy as nonsense.

The assumption that all true science is modern and is possessed by all moderns is so common that it is worth while stopping over another example of it. The victim this time is Tacitus.

Tacitus wrote of the short northern night:—

Nox clara et extrema Britanniae parte brevis, ut finem atque initium lucis exiguo discrimine intermecos, quod si nubes non officiant, aspicere per noctem solis fulgorem, nec occidere et exsurgere sed transire affirmant. Scilicet extrema et plana terrarum humiliter umbra non erigunt tenebras, infraque coelum et sidera nox cadit.

Which we may translate:—

The night is light and in furthest Britain short, so that you distinguish the ending and the beginning of the light by a very brief interval. And they say that if clouds do not hinder, the glow of the sun is seen all night, not setting and rising, but passing across. Because, of course, the flat rim of the earth with its low shadow does not throw the darkness high; and the night falls lower than the sky and stars.

On the last sentence, *Scilicet extrema . . . nox cadit*, the following note is made in Macmillan's School Class Book.

The notion on which this explanation is founded was that night was the shadow cast by the earth, Comp. Plin. H.N. II, 7, *Neque aliud esse noctem quam terra umbram*. This shadow as cast by the "extrema et plana terrarum" "the flat extremities of the earth" (which, of course, is conceived of as a plane surface), would reach but to a small altitude (humilis); the darkness therefore would not extend very high, and while it more or less affected the earth would wholly fail to touch the higher regions (*infra coelum et sidera nox cadit*).

The educated gentlemen responsible for this note are Alfred J. Church, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford, one of the assistant masters in Merchant Taylors' School, London; and W. J. Brodribb, M.A., late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and their comment has been reprinted fifteen times between 1867 and 1902, and doubtless many generations of schoolboys have found in it one more occasion for hazily assuming that the ancient mind was careless and ignorant and the modern mind clear and accurate. Whereas it seems to me that clearness and accuracy are on the side of Tacitus.

What is the fact that he is describing? This; that when the sun is just below the horizon there is still a glow in the sky though not on the ground; while at midnight earth and sky alike are in darkness. What causes this difference? At midnight the solid earth is between us and the sun, cutting off all light. At dawn or sunset only the shoulder of the earth—the edge—the rim—intervenes, and cuts off the light from the earth but not from the clouds; the ground is in shadow, the sky is not. All of which Tacitus compresses into fifteen Latin words: "the flat rim of the earth with its low shadow does not throw the darkness high; and the night falls lower than the sky." Is not that a clear and accurate statement of the reason? Try to write a concise explanation, and the nearer you get to Tacitus' words the nearer I think will you get to the truth.

Now, what faults do his editors find in it? Three, apparently.

First, that he had a "notion" that night was the shadow of the earth. Do they believe that modern science has given up that notion? Night *was* the shadow of the earth. What is it now? And they quote Pliny, that you may be assured that the ancients really believed this notion. It tempts one to write a parallel note on *Fluctus oceani*: "The notion on which this phrase rests was that the sea was made of water. Comp. Exodus 15, *reduxit super eos aquas maris*."

Secondly, that it is absurd to think that a sphere has anything that can be called "extrema" or "plana"; it is like talking of the rim of a football. Well, but will you look at the moon or the sun, which are also spheres, and you will see that from any point of view they *have* an edge or outline and that you cannot talk about them without using some word such as astronomers use to express the rim, limb, edge, outline—*extrema* in fact. And will you try to express the fact of the sun being just below the horizon without using any word like rim, or edge, or horizon, or

extrema? It cannot be done; *extrema* is a necessary idea.

But why did he add *plana*? Why the "flat" rim of the earth? Perhaps the modern may score a point over *plana*, but I am not sure. When from a height you see the sun rising or setting over the rim of the earth is not "flat rim" the description that at once comes to mind? But of course Tacitus is not wasting a word on needless description. He is thinking not of the east or west but of the northern horizon in northern countries, and this he ventures to call in some special way *plana*. I think we had better suspend judgment against him. Because, you know, in Northern Britain the flattening of the earth at the poles is apparent; and the northern horizon is flatter than the east or west just because it is northern. And when you write your perfectly accurate and scientific Latin description of the earth, you will certainly express the flatness of the ends of the earth by Tacitus' phrase, *extrema et plana terrarum*. So suspend judgment. He may have meant to convey some absurdly idiotic idea by his wonderfully true words, or he may not.

On the third count, "*coelum et sidera*," Tacitus had better plead guilty. He certainly thought the stars were in the sky, and that the night which reaches the sky also reaches the stars. In mitigation let it be said that we who know that the stars are far beyond that cloud-sky yet speak of them as being in the sky.

"Sweet as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

In sum, then, it appears that if Tacitus had known all that we know he would have written just what he has written except perhaps one word *sidera*. And that he is dissected into tortuous nonsense by editors who do not believe that night is the earth's shadow.

They seem to have approached the point thus: Here is some astronomy: what was it these ancients believed? That the earth is a flat surface, and casts a shadow which is night.

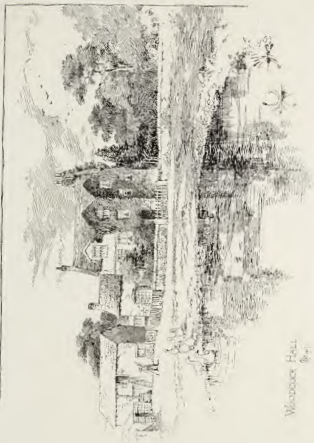
And that is all wrong and exploded, isn't it? Now let us see what a man with that nonsense at the back of his head would mean when he wrote this passage. And so the flatness of the earth and the shadow theory are both put down as nonsense and both attributed to Tacitus, and there is no sign that the editors ever tried to clear their ideas as to what they themselves believed. It is the very opposite of St. Thomas's method.

J. B. McL.

Forgotten Shrines*

THE days are happily passing away when the mass of the English people were taught to view the Reformation in England in the spirit handed down by Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, a spirit which may be summed up in the two expressions "Good Queen Bess" and "Bloody Mary." Historical facts cannot be denied and truth at length must prevail. J. R. Green in his popular work, *Short History of the English People*, has given prominence to the cruelty of the persecution and the number of its victims, yet his pages, like those of many other writers, show some curious misconceptions. "To modern eyes," he says, "there is something even more revolting than open persecution in the policy which branded every Catholic priest as a traitor and all Catholic worship as disloyalty." Yet, on the other hand, he goes on to say, "The first step towards toleration was won when the Queen vested her system of repression on purely political grounds." And again, "The oppression of the Catholic gentry was limited to an exaction, more or less vigorous at different times, for recusancy and non-attendance at public worship. The work of bloodshed was reserved wholly for priests." The truth is that scarcely a year passed during the last twenty of Elizabeth's reign without some laymen being brought to the gallows for their faith. In the four months from July 24 to Nov. 29, 1588, twenty-one priests, eleven laymen and one woman were martyred. In the year 1596 laymen alone suffered death. Hallam also, in his *History of the English Constitution*, says that as far as he remembered

* *Forgotten Shrines*. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., B.A. London: Macdonald and Evans. Price 25/-.



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no woman suffered death for religion in Elizabeth's reign. One might mention the details concerning three or four. These may be taken as examples of errors still widely spread in the midst of an increasing enlightenment.

In the period from 1577-1681 Challoner, who is careful not to claim any doubtful cases, gives the number of martyrs as 263: 145 secular priests, 23 Jesuits, 8 Benedictines, 7 Franciscans, 77 laymen and 3 women. This number does not include the Irish Martyrs,* nor more than 80 in England during Henry VIII's reign. The actual number of martyrdoms, of course, gives a very small idea of the extent of the persecution. Very many died in prison. Dr. Bridgewater gave the names of 1200 who lost estates or were imprisoned or banished before 1588, that is before the greatest heat of the persecution began. Nor is this all, but only such cases as came under his notice. In the years which followed the number was many times multiplied. The terrible barbarity and the extent of the persecution of our Catholic forefathers is now being better understood by everyone and is looked upon with shame by many of our non-Catholic friends. We welcome such books as Gairdner's *Lollardy and the Reformation*, of which a third volume has been recently published; or his volume in the *History of the English Church Series*, which gives us the truth about the persecutions in Henry VIII's reign. For such books as these penetrate into circles where Lingard and later Catholic historians cannot gain admission. The Catholic publications on the subject of the English martyrs, as is well known, have been numerous. Challoner's large volume, *The Lives of the Missionary Fathers*, made popular what had previously been hidden in archives or published only in a Latin dress. The numerous articles in *The Rambler* and *The Month*, the writings of Fr. Morris, S.J., especially his three series of *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, the volumes of the

* *The Idea Topique constantine, etc.*, Paris, 1609, gives a brief account of ninety-one Irish martyrs.

Catholic Record Society, especially that on the martyrs edited by Fr. Pollen, may be mentioned as making accessible a large amount of interesting matter or as giving us sketches of particular men and times and places. Fr. Bede Camm has followed in their footsteps and has devoted many years to collecting facts, visiting scenes and forming pictures for us of the heroic lives of those who kept aglow the ever-dwindling embers of the Faith. Many of us have followed with great interest his lantern-lectures or his conferences on the English Martyrs. All lovers of the English martyrs must acknowledge their gratitude to him for his labours in this field, for his many articles in the Catholic magazines, for his works on Dom John Roberts, for his *Douay, Oxford and Tyburn*, for his *Lives of the English Martyrs*, his *Cardinal Allen* in the St. Nicholas Series, to mention no others. But in the *Forgotten Shrines* we are presented with a volume which gives a certain finality to his efforts. Here we have the result of many years' labour. It is a very handsome, large quarto volume, with attractive binding, excellent paper and printing. There is a great wealth of illustrations—about 160 photo reproductions or sketches. The half-tone blocks, chiefly from the author's own photographs, are mostly very beautiful, especially the frontispiece, a view of Harvington Hall. Joseph Pike, so well known to the readers of the *Journal* for many years, is responsible for all the sketch work, which displays the high standard already familiar to us. It is difficult to pick out any of his views in preference to others where all are good. Some of the plates might have been improved by reproduction on a smaller scale, which would have softened the hard lines which now and then appear. And all would have been better had they been printed on art-paper; but it would be ungracious to complain, for this would have added considerably to the bulk and price of the volume. Many perhaps will be deterred by the price from purchasing the volume, but the book will solve the difficulty

sometimes experienced in selecting a gift for a friend or a prize for a student.

The matter of the book will be found fascinating throughout to those amongst lovers of the martyrs who are somewhat familiar with the details of their lives. Bare facts would have been entertaining. But here we have the narrative of one who has been engaged in a labour of love and is enthusiastic about his subject; who does not look upon by-gone times as the dead history of the past, but describes scenes in the lives of men still watching over and helping the cause for which they sacrificed their liberty, their possessions and their lives, and whose labour still bears fruit. He has visited in the spirit of the pilgrim most of the scenes which he describes and makes them live again for us by the vivid character of his description. He has gathered, too, the local traditions still handed down as precious heirlooms never given to the public, but guarded with jealous care by their possessors. The old generation, he reminds us, is quickly passing away, and it is well to "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost."

The sub-title of the book is *An account of some old Catholic Halls and Families in England, and of relics and memorials of the English Martyrs*. If we take the list of the more important relics, given in the last chapter, memories of many persons and places are recalled. The author tells us that his list of relics has grown to a large folio of nearly three hundred pages; and a great many that had been preserved with loving care till the French Revolution were then scattered and lost. Thus nothing or scarcely anything remains of the relics venerated till then at the English College at Douay which was the Alma Mater of the majority of the English Martyrs. Dom Bede's enthusiasm has had a share in stimulating growing appreciation of the value of the martyrs' relics. Frequently they have lain neglected and precious traditions lost. Their possessors have been taught to value them not only because they are relics, but

also because of the price that has been paid or the risks run that they might be rescued and preserved to succeeding generations. In the *Life of Louisa de Carvajal* reproduced in English some years ago* we have a delightful picture of one who risked life as well as possessions in her ardent love for the martyrs by her devotion to the work of rescuing their precious remains. And we are given here a pathetic story from the York Records of a certain Mrs. Hutton and her children who got into trouble for saving the heads of two martyrs exposed on the leads over the prison in which they had been confined. The children were interrogated in vain and stood their whippings with a fortitude beyond their years, while the heroic mother was thrust down into the underground dungeons of the Lower Kidcote on Ousebridge where in a few days she died. These heads, it is conjectured, may be those found in recent years walled up in the old Church of the Vavasours at Hazlewood Castle.

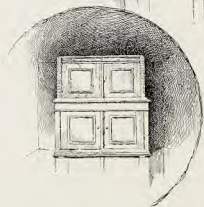
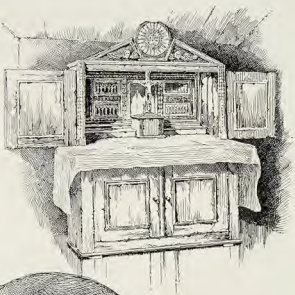
In the communities at Taunton, Lanherne, Darlington, Chichester and Colwich are still preserved the relics venerated at Nieuport, Antwerp, Gravelines, Hoogstraet and Paris; and Downside has, besides other treasures, those of Lambspring. Only very few of the entire bodies of the martyrs remain to us. That of Archbishop Plunket, which was taken to Lambspring in 1685, was translated to Downside in 1883. The head is at the Siena Convent, Drogheda, and one of the arms (the other is lost) is at the Franciscan Convent at Taunton. The body of the Ven. Philip Howard is in the Fitzalan Chapel at Arundel. There are others in non-Catholic hands. That of Blessed Margaret Pole is in the Chapel of St. Peter *ad Vincula* in the Tower. We are told that part of it was shown to the King of Siam as a curiosity! That of Ven. John Kemble lies in the churchyard at Welsh Newton. Of late years a pilgrimage has been organized to the martyr's grave. A

* *Quarterly Series*, Vol. VI, 1873.

briar pipe is generally provided in the pilgrim's luncheon-basket to recall the old man's cheerfulness as he smoked on his way to the gallows, and hard-boiled peas to remind us of the spirit in which to carry out our pilgrimage. These little reminders seem to imply that our expedition was rather of the nature of a picnic, but the hurried struggle of three miles from the banks of the Wye to the top of a Welsh hill under the blaze of the midday sun of August—the anniversary of the martyr's death on August 22nd, 1679, together with other hardships due to bad management, made this a veritable pilgrimage. Fr. Kemble's left hand is in our church at Hereford, where many of us have seen it, gorgeously enshrined at the expense of Mr. Monteith of Carstairs in thanksgiving for his recovery from a serious illness when the holy hand was applied to his lips by Bishop Hedley. The body of Ven. Charles Baker, S.J., lies outside the doorway of Usk Priory Church. That of Bl. Thomas Percy lies somewhere on the site of the demolished church of St. Crux at York, and that of Ven. Thomas Thwing in St. Mary's Church, Castlegate, York, and many other of these precious remains must be entombed at York. Several heads of the martyrs are preserved. In confirmation of Dom Bede's opinion "That of Bl. Thomas More is, I believe, still safe in its niche in the Roper vault in St. Dunstan's, Canterbury," it may be added that some years ago the sexton told Fr. Almond that before the vault was cemented over, he had seen a head hanging in a net of silver wire. It is difficult to think that this can be any other but that of the martyr, remaining as it does so near the tomb of his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper. Dom Bede tells at some length the story of "The skull of Wardsley Hall," that of Dom Ambrose Barlow, O.S.B., martyred Sept. 10th, 1641. His left hand was formerly kept at the mission at Knaresborough, but is now at Stanbrook. Other parts of his body are at Downside, Taunton and Erdington. When Fr. Barlow was in prison, Ven. Edmund

Arrowsmith appeared in glory to him during the night. In a letter to his brother, Dom Rudesind, he says, "I believe I shall suffer, for Mr. Bradshaw (alias Arrowsmith) the last that suffered martyrdom, the night after he suffered, whereas I knew nothing of his death, spoke thus to me, standing by my bedside, 'I have suffered and now you will be to suffer; say little, for they will endeavour to take hold of your words.'"

Thus sweet and hallowed memories arise as we pass from one to another of these resting-places of relics of the martyrs or the almost "Forgotten Shrines" which were the scenes of their labours. It will be best to leave for a later occasion our own neighbourhood: the Yorkshire moors with Fr. Postgate, whose left hand we have at Ampleforth; Ripley Castle, four miles from Knaresborough, with its apostle Fr. Francis Ingleby; the Shambles at York, still so picturesque, where Margaret Clitherowe lived, and the York Tyburn where the zeal of so many received its crown. We propose in this paper to ramble in another district where many of our fathers carry on the work of the saints and reap the harvest of seeds sown and watered by the blood of the martyrs—the district of Brindle, Brown-edge, Lostock Hall and Leyland. The old side-board now used as the altar in St. Peter's Chapel at Ampleforth came from Lancashire. Dom Bede tells us (p. 198) that there is a tradition that it was sometimes used as an altar by Fr. Arrowsmith, the martyr. We know little of its history beyond the few facts furnished by Abbot Smith. It was in the possession of the Dennet family at Appleton in Lancashire, who lived within three hundred yards of a house occupied for some years by the martyr. A member of the family was Mother Prioress of the nuns of St. Sepulchre, now at New Hall in Essex, and Fr. Abbot remembers an old relative who died about 1859, over ninety years of age, who knew this Prioress and handed down the tradition from her. John Smith, father of Abbot Smith and of Mrs.



Dawson who gave the side-board to Ampleforth in 1905, married Miss Ellen Nightingale, a niece of the Dennets. The Altar was at that time, it is thought, the property of the Dennets and was left to Mrs. Smith. But others assert that Mr. John Smith purchased it some time before 1863 from the de Hoghtons at Old Bold Hall near Sutton, St. Helens. The marks left by the two Mass candles on the *mensa* are still visible. There is a cupboard in the side where perhaps the altar furniture was kept. Our altar may have had no very interesting history. If it had, we fear it will never be told. The illustration of the altar and that of Woodcock Hall are from blocks kindly lent by the publishers of *Forgotten Shrines*. But another old altar belonging to the Burgess family came from Lancashire, where ours perhaps saw many vicissitudes, and provides a long story, told in Dom Bede's pages, which gives a very interesting picture of the persecution during several generations.

First let us follow some incidents connected with Fr. Arrowsmith, who is spoken of in the chapter headed "In a Martyr's Footsteps." The scene is laid in the district of Brindle, and Hoghton Towers, where James I in his cups knighted the loin of beef and made it a sirloin. The builder of this mansion did not enjoy it long, for five years after its completion persecution drove him from his native land. His son Thomas, who accompanied him, returned later as a priest and was lodged in Salford gaol from 1582-84 and probably died there. His elder brother Richard was also apprehended in 1581. Cardinal Allen was once a guest at Hoghton and Bl. Edmund Campion stayed there during the winter 1580-81. The Hoghtons lost the faith through that cruel system, then so widely practised, of seizing the head of the family when he was young and bringing him up perforce in the new religion. It is interesting to know that one of the members of the Hoghton family has been received into the Church. Fr. Arrowsmith was born in 1585, and his piety is recalled by the fact that he used to recite the Little

Hours of Our Lady's Office on his way to school with his brothers, and her Vespers and Compline on the way home. Small and uncouth in appearance, with delicate health which twice resulted in a serious breakdown in his studies, he was nevertheless bright, attractive and full of fun. He returned to England at the age of twenty-seven. After ten years he was arrested and lodged in Lancaster Castle but released. He frequently said Mass on the old Burgess altar. In Gregson Lane there is a house one end of which faces the entrance to Gregson Mill, where he used to say Mass and where probably for the last time he offered the Holy Sacrifice. An interesting feature of the building is a small room in which the ironwork around the fireplace is hammered into representation of the wheat and vine, emblematic of the Mass. There still exists a dark attic, like that of Fr. Postgate, without light and approached only by a ladder and a trap-door. In 1841 a storm of wind blew down part of a wall in the attic, and behind it was discovered a hiding-place in which was found a box containing a chalice and his vestments and two altar stones. I understand that Fr. Ildephonsus Brown, who was incumbent at Brindle 1874-84, still retains the altar-stones, but one of the chasubles, also given to him, he presented to Stonyhurst, a fitting resting-place for the relics of a well known Jesuit martyr. He has also the dark blue lining of a less perfect chasuble which Fr. Arrowsmith is said to have worn in this house. The old Blue Anchor Inn, with its hiding-place, situated a few minutes' walk from the Catholic Church at Brindle, has now disappeared. After spending his last few years at Brindle Fr. Arrowsmith fled from this inn on his last fatal journey, and Dom Bede graphically describes this last scene as he was hunted to death by his pursuers. He was martyred on August 28, 1628, aged 43, at Lancaster. The gallows were erected about a quarter of a mile from the Castle. Hard by were a cauldron, boiling high over a vast fire, the butcher's knife and other

apparatus of torture. "Nothing grieves me," he said, "so much as this England, which I pray God soon to convert." He was hanged, drawn and quartered, and his members were exposed over John of Gaunt's Tower. His hand was amputated, and by some unknown means came into the possession of Catholics. It is now known by the name of "The Holy Hand," and is venerated in the Church of St. Oswald at Ashton-in-Makerfield, and some of the miracles wrought by his intercession even to-day are here related. His life was written by Fr. Cornelius Morphy, S.J., the priest serving Brindle, and was published in London in 1737. Foley in his Records relates an interesting incident in connection with the same Mr. Morphy. About the year 1735 a gang of priest-catchers resolved to carry off the worthy father, but several of his neighbours who had got wind of the affair bestowed themselves behind a hedge on the way leading to the chapel, determined to rescue him or lose their lives in the attempt. The hearts of the ruffians were, however, softened by the mild language of the priest at home, and his friends still lying quiet behind the hedge heard his enemies on their return hotly blaming one another for being deterred from their resolution of bringing him before the justices.

In the district to which we have already referred there are many "Shrines" still existing of which an interesting history I think might be pieced together. Of some of these Dom Bede mentions the names only, such as the old almshouse in a field off Brier's Brow, Wheelton (near Chorley), where the hiding-place still exists, and a house at Lockett Lane, and Slate Delph Farm, Wheelton; and he has no opportunity even of mentioning, for instance, Blacklach House, subsequently known as Old Hall, Leyland. Over the principal entrance there are the Catholic emblems, L.H.S. and M.R. The present house was built by Roger Charnock in 1620 with a view to its being of real service in storms of persecution. The chamber used as a chapel had

a secret recess for the sanctuary, and four hiding-places were made, two in the roof, where church furniture was stored, a third adjoining a chimney, and another extending from the ground to the upper storey. The recent restorations have quite taken away the archaic appearance of this old "Shrine." Since a confrère is writing on this subject, it is best to say no more—either about Robert Charnock who lived here for thirty years as Vicar General of the district, or the tombstone in the cemetery, or the lawsuit which robbed our Leyland mission of this valuable property.

Not far away is Mawdesley, with two more old "Shrines"—the Hall, where Ven. John Rigby (martyred in 1600) was born, and Lane End House, connected with Ven. John Finch (martyred in 1584), Ven. George Haydock, and William Haydock (martyred in 1537). Many relics are here preserved, a list of which is given in the book, drawn up by Fr. Hilary Wilson, who appears in an illustration clad in the old vestments and exhibiting the relics. Until 1831 the chapel in this house was the only place of worship for Catholics of the district, just as the Catholics of Preston (formerly Prieststown) at one time worshipped only in a barn at Fishwick. In 1761 the old Chapel of St. Mary was built in Friargate by Fr. Barnewall. This was erected, as we find in Foley's Records, with the greatest caution behind the front houses of Friargate, quite shut out from view, and the work was carried on under the name of Mr. Clifton of Lytham and called "the new building." Fr. Barnewall died in 1762; in 1763 a "No Popery" cry was raised and the chapel entered and gutted by the mob; and Fr. John Smith in flight for his life was saved by crossing the Ribble on horseback. St. Wilfrid's was built in 1793 and the staff consisted of three priests.

Many of our readers will perhaps regard with astonishment the number of Catholics in South-west Lancashire about this time, 1778. The following amongst other figures are given in an article by Mr. Chambers entitled "Catholic

Records in the diocese of Chester" in the *Dublin Review*, January 1908. In Lancashire County there were fifty-three priests, of which, we notice, three were in Liverpool and three in Goosnargh.

CATHOLICS

Kirkham, 1380	Warrington, 400-500
Standish Gate, 1194	Liverpool, 400
Preston, 1000	Brindle, 200-300
Goosnargh, 580	Weldbank, 200-300
Leyland, 400-500	

Twenty-five or thirty years later the figures stood as follows: Priests, 127; Chapels, 107.

CATHOLICS

Manchester, 10,000	St. Helens, 1100
Wigan, 3500	Leyland, 876
Preston, 3000	Prescott, 850
Ormskirk, 2000	Blackburn, 754
Brindle, 1271	Lancaster, 680
Garstang, 1200	Walton, 363

It must be remembered that the name of a place refers to a larger area in these records than it would signify at the present day, but we must confess that there is something mysterious about these figures, into which we have not the opportunity now of inquiring. The extraordinary increase, for instance, at Preston and Brindle, may dispose some people to question the accuracy of the figures.

Mention has been made of the old missionary altar which has been in the possession of the Burgess family from the time of Queen Elizabeth. Its history brings before us several interesting details concerning this neighbourhood. From the illustration it will be seen that it is in the shape of a wardrobe or bureau, and that when closed it gives no indication of its true character. It was constructed in 1360 by Mr. Burgess, who was at that time bailiff of the Townley family near Burnley. It will be remembered that after St. John's Day 1559 the Mass became an illegal act. According

to an inscription beneath Mr. Townley's portrait in Townley Hall, he was incarcerated in nine prisons, and at the age of seventy-three, when he had become blind, "was bound over to appear and keep within five miles from Townley his house. Who hath paid into the Exchequer twenty pounds a month and doth still (1601) so that there is paid already about 5000 pounds." A large sum in our money. In 1564 on account of danger Mr. Burgess moved to a large farm, "Denham Hall," under the Hoghtons of Hoghton Tower in the parish of Brindle, and three miles from the mansion. There Catholics gathered once more round this altar, and there, at Eastertide 1581, Bl. Edmund Campion said Mass. When the Hoghtons lost the faith about 1611, in the manner already described, the Burgess family removed to a more sequestered farm called Woodend in the neighbourhood of Clayton-le-Woods, where the altar was again erected. This house has now been pulled down. Two martyrs said Mass there, the Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith in 1622 and John Woodcock. Woodcock Hall, the latter's birthplace, is another "Shrine" in this district. It is situated about two miles from Woodend, and oncoming from Leyland to Lostock Hall, it appears standing alone in all its former beauty on the left side of the main road. It is now divided into two tenements. In one dwells a family of Fr. Mercer's parishioners; in the other, the main part of the house, the fine oak doors, the massive staircase and panelling are tokens of its past importance. A small recess, immediately behind the front door and just large enough for a man to stand upright within, is pointed out as a priest's hiding-place. This seems very unlikely. Of greater interest is the wall of the bed-room, which gives a hollow sound when struck, forming part of a chimney which runs up from the ground floor and seems from the outside view to be of unnecessary bulk. But about this, too, one is inclined to be sceptical. Further investigation in the house might however prove fruitful.

John Woodcock was born here in 1623. His father conformed to the State religion to save the estate, which had been in the family for above four hundred years. His mother, an Anderton, sent the boy to St. Omer's, and afterwards he studied in Rome. After the Capuchins in Paris had dismissed him on account of his health, he joined the Friars Minor at Douay, and being clothed by Fr. Heath became Br. Martin of St. Felix in 1631. In 1632 he made his vows before Fr. Francis Bell, and in two years was ordained. The young man's longing for martyrdom was increased when the news came of Fr. Heath's death in Tyburn in 1643, but feeble health kept him back. He was preparing to sail when his second master, Fr. Bell, received the crown of martyrdom in December of the same year. In the spring of 1644 he arrived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and his first thoughts were directed to his family and friends, many of whom needed reconciling. Only on Aug. 14th did he reach the neighbourhood of his home. He arranged to say Mass during this night of the vigil of the Assumption at Woodend on the Burgess altar. He had heard confessions and was vested waiting for the clock to strike the hour of midnight when the arrival of pursuivants was announced. The altar was closed and the priest hurried into the hiding-place, and old Mr. Burgess, seated in a rocking-chair, had to cudgel his brains to meet the inquiries of the priest-hunters concerning the number of people found about the house. Our martyr lay hid till after their departure, said his last Mass on the old altar, and hastened before day-break to his father's house, Woodcock Hall. Meanwhile the pursuivants returned with a man who remembered the hiding-place where formerly he had been stowed away when courting a servant maid. The prey had fled. Mr. Woodcock feared for the safety of himself and his property and sent off his son, to flee as he knew best. Fr. Martin was overtaken on Bamber Bridge and dragged off to Lancaster Castle, where after remaining two years, on Aug. 7th, 1646,

a cruel death but a martyr's crown was his lot. The Burgess family afterwards lived near Warrington, next they held a tenement for three lives at a farm in Cuerden near Bamber Bridge, and later again at Clayton Brook, adjoining the old farm of the Hawkslough upon which in 1784 they built the present brick house. Mr. Burgess placed the altar in a large room at the back of the house until the chapels at Brownedge, Clayton Green and Leyland were opened. This famous altar was removed in 1843 to Brockholes near Preston and afterwards to Bolton-le-Sands for the new mission in 1886. It is now in the private oratory in the house of Mr. Thomas Clarkson. The Tabernacle contains an old silver chalice on which is engraved: "When Him you see, remember me." The old missal of 1609 formerly belonged to the Benedictine nuns at Cambray, who are now at Stanbrook.

S. A. P.

The Bradfield Play and the Story of Orestes

THE Egyptian priest who remarked that the Greeks were always children deserved the maximum penalty of oblivion for his querulous and inaccurate generalisation. Obviously he had never seen a tragedy of Aeschylus. We felt ourselves to have been born in a better time as we cycled from Oxford to Bradfield College to see the Agamemnon, and our uppermost thought, as we turned upon the hill and saw the spires of the University glinting in the sun, was that when next we should come within sight of its venerable monuments, we should have added another vital experience to life. As we rode the sky grew darker, and when at length we had taken our seats in the auditorium of the Greek theatre, which is delightfully situated in the open air, and quite enclosed by trees, heavy black clouds were massed around the curse-stricken palace of the Atreidae, broken, just before the commencement of the play, by some flashes of brilliant sunshine. The effect was almost symbolic. It suggested the ancient doom of the house of the Pelopid line, yet bade us hope for the coming of the prince Orestes, the avenger. This we were not destined to see; it would perhaps be too great a strain upon the patience of a modern audience to present in full the complete statement of Aeschylus' view of the "Orestes" legend, as comprised in his trilogy of three plays—the Agamemnon, the Choephore, the Eumenides. Allowing for a judicious amount of cutting, the three plays if produced one after another would probably take a little over six hours to perform. It would, however, be extremely interesting to

watch, as much from the point of view of Drama in general as from any interest one may take in the classical Greek branch of the art. For this legend of Orestes was dramatised by the three greatest ancient dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and each one of them treated the story entirely from his own point of view. We have therefore three definite attempts to solve the same problem by three of the greatest dramatic artists the world has seen, and the result is in each case different. That should be interesting. And when we reflect that the problem was one of deep religious and human import, and that the Greeks were a people who depended for their serious thoughts about God and humanity far more upon their tragic poets than upon their State religion, we realise that the attitude which their greatest tragedians chose to adopt must have mattered intensely to every intelligent man. Further, the fact that the story of Orestes furnishes the only extant example of separate treatment by Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, shows that the legend must have appealed in an exceptional degree to the dramatic and religious instincts of the nation. The "problem" of the story is as follows:—

Agamemnon, King of Argos, when the Greek host was assembled at Aulis, before setting forth to Troy, had in obedience to an oracle, sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia, in order that the fleet might sail; (she was eventually rescued and spirited away by the goddess Artemis, but that is another story). When he returned from Troy, Clytemnestra his wife and Aegisthus his cousin slew him and reigned in his stead over Argos. Years afterwards, Orestes, son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, returned from the exile which he had been suffering since his father's murder, and killed his mother and her guilty consort in obedience to an oracle from Apollo. In this matricidal act of Orestes lay the whole dramatic value of the legend. Here was a man bidden by express divine command to commit

an act against which the most fundamental human feelings and the finest moral instincts of the Greek race cried out with the utmost abhorrence.

It was a fine opportunity for the dramatist who was also a religious teacher; a fine field for the presentation of a study of conflicting motives. The legend, as it was received by the tragedians, distinctly stated that Orestes slew his mother, and tradition bound them to observe at least the general outlines of the legend in their representation of it. It would, therefore, have been too bold a step to represent Orestes as refusing to obey Apollo's mandate, but what they could do was to exhibit the two forces—the divine command and the human feeling—in conflict, and describe the result upon the hero's soul. It must of course be remembered in this connection that each artist's solution of the problem was produced at a different time; the Trilogy of Aeschylus coming first, then the *Electra* of Sophocles, and lastly (as is now more generally accepted) the *Electra* of Euripides. Moreover the *Electra* of Sophocles has seemed to some to be a definite reaction against the views of Aeschylus, and in Euripides' play one cannot but discern an undercurrent of strong and by no means indefinite criticism of the methods and opinions of the other two dramatists. Some comparison of the way in which each of these three great men treated the problem may perhaps serve to illustrate in some small degree the characteristic outlook of each upon life.

Aeschylus dramatised the legend in a sequence of three plays. In the *Agamemnon* he related the story of Agamemnon's murder by Clytemnestra and Aegisthus; in the *Choephoroe* he told how at length Orestes came back, was recognised by his sister *Electra* who had been pining away in the palace in sorrow for her father's fate, how they devised and executed the deed of revenge, and how finally Orestes was driven from the house in frenzy, pursued by the Furies, the avengers of his mother's blood. In the

Eumenides, he tells of the hunting of Orestes by these grim fiends, and how at last Orestes flees to Athens, and in the wonderful trial scene, with the Furies as prosecutors and Apollo as advocate, wins his case by Athens' casting vote, and is purified from his matricidal stain. Obviously Aeschylus felt intensely the difficulty of reconciling the conflicting forces; and at the end of the Choephoroe when Orestes leaves the stage pursued by the Furies, we are left in grave doubt as to the final issue. It almost looks as if the Furies are to have their way, and Apollo's oracle is to be discredited. The internal conflict in the hero's mind is brought out finely at the end of the Choephoroe in the two speeches of Orestes after the vengeance, when he gradually goes mad. And we notice with concern that the mere utterance of the divine command is not sufficient to nerve Orestes to his task; it must be reinforced by threats of disease and affliction if he fails to obey. In the supreme moment when he falters at the sight of his mother's breast, it is the thought of Apollo's prophecies, of what shall come upon him if he disobey, that gives him strength. But this internal conflict, though it cannot be passed over as a factor in Aeschylus' treatment, yet does not seem to be the key-note to his full conception. Characteristically he lifts the whole question out of the region of human conflict and passion. It may be that he did not fully understand the dramatic possibilities of the analysis of human character, or it may be that his mind naturally reproduced finite things in terms of the infinite, but whatever be the explanation, he personifies and brings into actual conflict on the stage the mighty forces which have so far been the ruling powers, but unseen. He gives his final solution in a duel between Apollo and the Furies, the powers of darkness pitted against the powers of light. The question is one which only gods can settle, and it ends in a victory for Apollo. In thus showing us both an "internal" conflict of motives as well as a conflict of forces outside the hero's

own soul, Aeschylus comes very near the construction of Shakespearean tragedy; he differs from it by allowing the dénouement of his Trilogy to proceed solely from the action of the external forces. But the important thing is that he decides that the mandates of heaven are sacred and must be obeyed, even though men doubt their wisdom. It is this final declaration of faith after the darkness of doubt that distinguishes the treatment of the story by Aeschylus.

The attitude of Sophocles towards the legend is somewhat surprising. It seems as though either he were not aware of its dramatic possibilities or else for his own purpose deliberately avoided them. Professor Murray, in the preface to his translation of the *Electra* of Euripides, seems almost inclined to call the *Electra* of Sophocles an "undramatic" play. For Sophocles presents to us no "internal" conflict whatever. In the first few lines of the play Orestes is ushered on to the stage as the sun rises full over the plain of Argos, and the air is merry with the morning song of birds.

ὦς ἑλὼν ἦν λαμπρὸν ἄλυσσιν αἶας
 ἴσῃ καὶ φθόγγῳ· ἡνίκου σαφὲς,
 μελέων τ' ἄντρον ἐκλάσσει δαφύδων.

[*Soph. Electra*, II, 17-19].

These words strike the key-note of the whole drama, and throughout the lyrical portions we catch at intervals echoes of their joyous note. This opening scene, like the first scene in *Macbeth*, brings us at once into the whole atmosphere of the play, which in this case is one of triumph and decision. Orestes marches straight to his vengeance without one qualm of conscience, no foreboding, not one backward look. He comes as the minister of heaven to cleanse his father's house. He thinks without horror of the task before him. He devises his plans with the utmost coolness; his movements are definite; his orders cut like a knife. There is no hesitation at the moment of action. There are no pursuing Furies; nay, the Chorus confidently invoke the Furies to help Orestes

in his righteous deed. This is decidedly a change from Aeschylus, and we may ask why Sophocles conceived the legend in this way. Was he unaware of the dramatic value of conflicting motives? That is impossible; he had before him the Trilogy of Aeschylus. Rather he seems deliberately to have set aside all the storm and stress of doubt of which Aeschylus could not rid himself. And his reason for doing so seems to have been that the stain of blood guiltiness which Orestes would bring upon himself by his mother's murder was in his eyes not nearly so terrible nor so degrading a thing as the moral wickedness of Clytemnestra herself. With the human feeling that is characteristic of his poetry he saw in Clytemnestra that moral turpitude which Aeschylus had almost overlooked. As we read the play we find the greatest stress laid on the baseness of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus; it is Electra's chief woe, and finds frequent mention in the Choral odes. Regarded in this way the play becomes a clear vindication of the moral order. Sophocles would have none of that sickening doubt about the wisdom of the gods. The house of Atreus was steeped in sin. The stain of this moral guilt must be wiped out by the moral governors of the world. They must have an agent who will do their bidding and trust them, knowing that gods can do no wrong. The stain on the hand can be purified by ceremonial, the stain on the heart can be blotted out only by death. This death is ordered by the gods. Let that be sufficient. Such seems to have been Sophocles' attitude towards the deed of Orestes, an attitude adopted with unshaken faith, and, be it added, with supreme artistic results. Sophocles has left out what was thought to contain the dramatic value of the story, and has produced a remarkable drama.

We turn lastly to the version of the legend given in the Electra of Euripides, and here most of all we feel that we are treading on dangerous ground. For Euripides is in many respects an innovator, and in some respects a reactionary;

and as the summing up of his opinions into one or other of these two classes is a matter of some dispute, it seems inevitable that the personal element must enter into an estimate of any of his plays. Especially must this be the case in the present instance of the Electra, which Professor Murray regards as the "best abused, and, one might add, not the best understood, of ancient tragedies." One can, however, only record one's own convictions.

With this caveat, then, let us say that in the Electra of Euripides the whole question of the right or wrong of Orestes' deed is discussed over again from a different point of view. The whole setting of the problem seems deliberately lowered in an attempt to answer the question "How would all this fine story work out if it took place among modern men and women?" The sublimity of sentiment, the ideal "background" which found expression in the conceptions of Aeschylus and Sophocles, are here discarded almost, one feels, with a sneer. Conventionalities of everyday Athenian life are occasionally alluded to, and where the structure of the plot shows signs of dilapidation, the chinks and crevices are filled with a sententious moralising which merely exasperates and does not edify. One is constantly being brought up with an unpleasant jar against the personal opinions of the poet. Everything is conceived in a meaner mould. His Orestes is a very ordinary, weak-spirited youth, with little or no princely dignity. His Electra is a hysterical, rather small-minded girl, occasionally spiteful and unjust; her life is ruined and soured, and she seems to feel her own personal discomforts even more than her father's fate. Her chief sorrow seems to be that she has no dresses suitable to her rank. The key-note of the play is the intense horror with which Orestes regards the slaying of Clytemnestra. He lives in a perpetual gloom, and far from feeling that he has the justice of heaven behind him, he loses no opportunity of throwing doubt upon the oracle of Apollo. It may be that

Euripides felt a most intense loathing of the crime of matricide, and felt also that Apollo was no god if he could command such deeds; but instead of attempting to reconcile the two things, as Aeschylus and Sophocles had done, he seems to have conceived his play in a spirit of cavilling opposition to the existing religion. Even the gods Castor and Pollux who appear as the *dei ex machina* are only prevented by what looks like a sense of "playing the game" from giving utterance to strong views on the subject of Apollo and his prophecies. And what makes us question the sincerity of Euripides is that at the end of the play he leaves us in a mist of doubt. He seems to take infinite delight in undermining popular beliefs without setting up anything definite in their place.

It is true that we do not get the best of Euripides in this play; it is also true that his statement of the problem (it is impossible to call it a solution) gives him ample opportunity for some wonderful studies in character, and many masterly dramatic touches, while his setting of the play, so far as that goes, is original and striking; but it may be doubted whether his attempt to make the legend of Orestes "realistic" was a success. He tried to give us everything straight from nature; his Orestes and Electra were types of character that could have been found in any well-to-do Athenian household of the day. His Clytemnestra is very feminine, a type of character rather like the Queen in Hamlet. She even shows redeeming touches, which fact incidentally makes the divine oracle more loathsome. But the result of this realism is not convincing. The whole tone of the play is critical and negative. Instead of the bold constructive design of Aeschylus and Sophocles we have no more than a couple of remarkably clever studies. The grand moral effect of the preceding versions of the legend is dissipated in an attempt to make the story a faithful reflex of ordinary life; and this attempt, instead of bringing the story more nearly home to our hearts, succeeds

only in vulgarising it. Euripides, if we may dare to say so, seems in this play to have mistaken the true function of the realist. For the artist, as Aristotle has since suggested, is at perfect liberty to make his own world, and to weave his story according to the conditions which he has himself imposed upon that world. Shakespeare may in one play introduce a sea coast of Bohemia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Delphic Oracle, and call the composition *A Winter's Tale*, yet no realist shall say him nay. His play, provided he be consistent with himself, is artistically as true and "real" as a modern domestic drama at the St. James' Theatre. But should the characters which he has placed in this somewhat ideal setting talk and act as, for example, the characters in "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" talk and act, then the realist could step in and protest.

In this sense the Trilogy of Aeschylus and the *Electra* of Sophocles are far more "realistic" than the *Electra* of Euripides. They are true to their archaic world. But Euripides' play is full of awkward combinations of the modern and the archaic which are not calculated to give the effect of an artistic "reality." It is technique, not literary truth, which is the province of realism. These, then, are the views offered by the three greatest of the Greek tragedians upon the problem contained in the legend of Orestes, and it was with many thoughts of the interest which it had stirred in the ancient world that we witnessed the Agamemnon at Bradfield.

In the setting which Aeschylus gave to the legend, the Agamemnon takes the place of a long first act. It is as though the whole of Macbeth consisted of a preparation for the murder of Duncan. But the genius of the Greek dramatist makes it infinitely dark and grand. He keeps us silent with horror as we see the curse gradually settling round the House of Atreus. This great first act he has so invested with a character of its own that many consider it by itself to be the finest tragedy of the ancient world.

Knowing that the real problem is to come in the succeeding play, we feel that every word of the Agamemnon is fraught with tremendous issues. The whole play is bathed in a gloom from beyond the grave, and haunted with an overwhelming fear of future visitation. The first note struck is one of jubilation. Troy is fallen! But as soon as the first joyful triumph is over, the hearts of the Chorus are chilled with an indefinable foreboding. They describe it vaguely; they try to shake it from them in song; but it comes back unbidden to their hearts, and will not be denied. The play goes on. The Chorus cast their cares upon Zeus, and sing in convincing accents of the Justice of God, and the downfall of the pride of man.

It is at this moment that Agamemnon and his captive Cassandra enter, and one feels at once that the toils of death are fast about him. We listen with horror to Clytemnestra's guileful invitation; eventually he goes into the palace with her, to his death. Cassandra remains, and in a wonderfully impressive and thrilling scene, relates in prophetic frenzy the deed of horror that is being committed inside the house. The Chorus do not understand her, and she breaks forth into an impassioned tale of all the afflictions that have befallen this doomed house. As she raves, we can almost see the very things enacted before our eyes. The scene seems to be lit with the lurid gleam of blood; she hears in the air the cries of the murdered infants of Thyestes; the door appears to her as the gate of hell; the lordly palace is "a hideous den, abhorred of heaven"; she sees in terrible detail the death of Agamemnon, and her own fate, and crying out to Apollo for one mortal stroke, she breaks her prophet's staff and rushes inside the house. Agamemnon's death-cry is heard within, and just as the Chorus are about to rush the door, it opens and displays Clytemnestra, standing with an axe in her hand, the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra. She exults over her deed. The Chorus wail for their dead lord. Aegisthus enters, and

seizing the dead man's crown, puts it upon his own head. The Chorus show fight, but are overpowered by Aegisthus' guards and led out as prisoners. Thus the play ends. It is almost impossible to describe the sense of growing calamity which broods over the representation of this play. In the midst of the first triumphant paean there sounds one faint note of gloom like the sigh of a chord in the minor key; this note grows gradually stronger and stronger until we feel with overwhelming horror that this house is stricken unto death. Regarded as the prelude to the deed of Orestes, the Agamemnon brings us at once into line with the whole setting of Aeschylus' conception of the legend. It ushers us into a region gloomy and terrible, the scene of awful crimes, where through the darkness we can see the dim shapes of mighty spirits, biding their time.

It is this oppressive sense of calamity that makes the play almost unsupportable to a modern English audience. We are not accustomed to stand so much unrelieved sadness. It may indeed be questioned whether representations of Greek Tragedy which under original conditions must have but rarely taken place, would be welcome in an age in which the evening visit to the theatre is perhaps regarded more in the light of an aid to digestion than as an imaginative stimulus. The passion of Greek Tragedy is too intense, its style too severe, its range, shall we say, too restricted for our modern taste. Its psychological interest is narrow; its spectacular effects are primitive; its love interest is practically nil. On the other hand it is always intellectual, always imaginative, and nearly always hauntingly beautiful. It is also nearly always elevating and ennobling to a degree. A Greek Tragedy seldom leaves us brooding over the weakness and pettiness of mankind; it never leaves us groping after unnecessarily painful solutions of complicated domestic problems. Man is always a fine thing in Greek Tragedy. He errs through pride, but kingdoms topple as he falls. He has inherited a curse, and his case is fought

by the gods. In modern drama, rightly or wrongly, one sees man almost entirely from the opposite point of view. Plays like Ibsen's "A Doll's House" leaves us fuming with indignation at the pettiness, the narrow-mindedness, the selfishness of mankind. Other plays by different authors leave us with even less charitable thoughts. In modern drama there is a room for a special type of sordid cynicism which the Greeks would not have tolerated for a moment. For the theatre in Greece was a place where the nation came to be taught. They expected from their tragic poets the best of human philosophy, and woe to the poet who taught them falsely! It is true that the range of Greek Tragedy was restricted, but it was restricted to the things which they considered worth knowing. And among the few things that Greek Drama has left us, this opening play of the Trilogist of Aeschylus stands out among the foremost for imaginative power and breadth. The story had somehow got into our brains, and as we left the theatre the sun was lying over the western clouds like a pool of blood, and the trees shivered gently as we passed, as though the enchanted wings of Proene had brushed them in her first flight from the abhorred palace roof where she had reigned as queen.

And then, as we passed up the little glade that leads from the theatre, we heard voices behind us, "And didn't that boy look splendid as Clytemnestra, and what extraordinary dresses they had."

"Yes, and weren't the Chorus funny?"

The Agamemnon—funny! Sunt lacrimae rerum.

J. B. McE.

Obituary

W. J. BODDY—AN APPRECIATION

MR. BODDY passed away on May 12th in his eightieth year. The facts of his life are few. A native of Woolwich, he spent the early part of his career in an architect's office. In 1853 he came to reside in York, and since that time until 1908, when he was obliged to undergo an operation for a serious internal complaint, he had been actively engaged in the teaching of drawing and painting. For fifty years he was Art master here at Ampleforth, and his many pupils will always remember him as an earnest teacher, who lightened their lessons with ever ready good humour and pleasantries. He exhibited in the Royal Academy from 1860 until 1890, and could reckon among his patrons the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Many well known artists received tuition at his hands, among them the late Herbert Railton, so successful as an artist in black and white.

In a journal which from its beginning has been illustrated by his pupils it may not be amiss to give some appreciation of his work and teaching. It was a common saying of his that Art is not Nature but Nature passed through the alembic of man. A painting is an individual perception of Nature; it is not a photograph, nor altogether an imitation of Nature, but a man's expression of it. Thus the Ideal in Art is the very soul of it and its glory. The perfect artist is the man who falls in love with Nature, who studies and understands her various moods, assimilates them with his own personality and reproduces them as the expression of his own soul. He takes rank as an artist not from the poetry in him, though this may be intimately connected with his artistic feeling, but from his ability to seize and render the aspects of Nature with power and truth. His vivid and delicate perception of gradations and subtle qualities in Nature

enables him to produce similar perfections in his work. He takes to himself what is in most accord with his own individuality, so that Art is as varied as the temperament of the artist—sometimes impetuous, sometimes gentle and quiet, sometimes all colour and splendour. The first view, therefore, of a picture before the subject is studied in detail, will reveal the artist's individuality and power. His work always bears his own stamp. This was distinctly so with Mr. Boddy's art. It reveals to us an artist who was a perfect gentleman, unobtrusive, quiet, gentle, full of peace and harmony, with nothing in him of crudeness or vulgarity, a nature that hated vain display, loved to dwell in quiet spots among the wooded hills or the wild rocks of our English coast, in the quaint secluded nooks and courtyards of a medieval town or the sombre aisles of a cathedral. Here his soul found the peace and poetry it loved so well, and here it was that his life's work was wholly spent. Naturally of a retiring disposition, with little or nothing of an artist's irrepressible conceit, he never cared to mix much in Society. He was slow to make new friends; but once a friendship was formed it was lasting and sincere. Worldly success was to some extent sacrificed in his devotion to his art and the desire to impart some share of it to others. That his teaching was successful is generally admitted, but it can only have been rightly appreciated by those who studied under him. Only a few of them have reached eminence; but all have been given a source of enjoyment and recreation, a love of the beauties of Nature, an appreciation of the true and beautiful in colour and form, good taste, and a knowledge of the difficulties of Art. What more can the school-boy hope to attain? It has been said that his teaching was old-fashioned and not according to up-to-date ideas. There is truth in this. He hated modern methods. He considered they had bent and crooked Art education, with their laboured, elaborate, stippled copying of the antique, and their manufactured drawings, where the student's attention was too much absorbed in breaching out spots in shadows, and in laborious achievements of technique and finish. It was not these modern attempts at imitation that Mr. Boddy set his pupils to work at, but at the manly drawing which expresses the artist's knowledge in a few, bold vigorous strokes of pencil or brush. His painting was not an illusive imitation, but a vigorous expression of

the knowledge of facts, a setting down on paper of his impressions of the essential reality of an object which he saw or remembered. His work therefore was never very highly finished, at least that which he set before his pupils; and hence it was work which a student could attack with confidence, and from which he could easily acquire some all-important truths and principles to guide him in his future study. He himself had the invaluable faculty of seizing upon those salient points which give character to a scene. He did not rely for his effects on any careful rendering of details—they were for the most part suggested rather than given—but on the combining of incidents and details into a harmonious whole; the result a subjective impression. His best works were undoubtedly his architectural drawings. He loved to depict ancient things and more particularly old and beautiful bits of Gothic work. In this he was assisted by his technical knowledge, to which he added an exceptional skill in the perfect rendering of the texture of stone; his cool greys were the envy and despair of many an imitator. To omit mention of his "sepia and indigo" drawings would be to leave half of his work untold. He has left some fifty or sixty volumes of admirable sketches on tinted paper. They are not generally known and have never been exhibited, but it is to be hoped they will one day come to receive the public recognition they deserve. In some respects they are unrivalled. They show him to have been a perfect master of the art of light and shade. To take up one of these books of sketches and study it is to learn all that can be learnt of beautiful texture, atmospheric effects and gradation.

In his death we have lost one whose place at Ampleforth we can never hope to fill, but thanks to his generosity and that of Miss Boddy we are the possessors of nearly all his pencil and painting copies. May they keep alive his spirit and his memory. His last wish to one who saw him on his bed of sickness a month before he died was that his old friends at Ampleforth would remember him in their prayers. He died as he had lived, in perfect peace.

A. M. P.

CHRISTOPHER PRIESTMAN. R.I.P.

Christopher Priestman, whom many of our readers will remember, died early in June at Belfort fortified by all rites of Holy Church. He was first alto for some time and a member of the orchestra. Always considered the frailest of five, he survived two of his brothers, Henry and Oswald—both of whom died some years ago. He entered the School at the same time as his four brothers in 1889—at the age of twelve. R.I.P.

Notices of Books

The Way of Perfection of St. Teresa of Jesus. Translated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. London, Thomas Baker, 1911. 6s. net.

Admirers of St. Teresa's works owe a debt of gratitude to the Benedictines of Stanbrook for this excellent edition of *The Way of Perfection*. We learn from Father Benedict Zimmerman's scholarly introduction that St. Teresa finished her first draft of the work in 1565 at the Convent of St. Joseph at Avila. The manuscript after her death found its way to the royal monastery of the Escorial where it is still preserved. Some time after 1567 the Saint completely rewrote the work with many changes and some additions. This manuscript is now at the convent of Valladolid. The present edition is the result of a careful comparison, and piecing together of the two texts, and so gives us the whole of St. Teresa's invaluable work. Former English translators of whom there are two, have followed the Valladolid edition only. Abraham Woodhead's translation (1675) has been republished in Dent's Cloister Library (1901). The archaic English has a certain charm about it, but the sentences are frequently cumbersome and involved, and their meaning is difficult to grasp. This is also the case in Canon Dalton's translation (1852) which lacks the attraction of archaism to cover its defects. The Stanbrook edition is in clear and flowing English, and seeing that Father Zimmerman "has repeatedly compared every word with the originals, and can vouch for the accuracy of the translation," there can be no doubt that it gives us St. Teresa's thoughts with a degree of precision hitherto unattained.

In an article in the *Dawnside Review*, March 1911, Abbot Butler says, "St. Teresa teaches consistently that virtues are more desirable than any mystical graces, and must be the foundation of all genuine spirituality. Thus the *Way of Perfection* will be found hardly less suitable in communities given up to active works than in those that practise the contemplative life as did St. Teresa's own nuns." May we not add that persons living in the world, who are striving to lead a serious spiritual life, will find much in St. Teresa's strong and clear teaching which will be of immense profit to them? What a help it would be to one leading an active life to acquire a habit of recollection, to gain the virtue of being able to turn to God who dwells in

the soul that is in a state of grace, and to converse with Him! St. Teresa teaches that this is not a grace of mystical contemplation, it is not a thing which is altogether above us, but it is "something which, with the grace of God, we can desire and obtain for ourselves." The following extracts will show how clear and definite is her advice. "Let us realise that we have within us a most splendid palace, built entirely of gold and precious stones—in short, one that is fit for so great a Lord—and that we are partly responsible for the condition of this building, because there is no structure so beautiful as a soul filled with virtues, and the more perfect those virtues are the more brilliantly do the jewels shine. Within this palace dwells the mighty king who has designed to become your Father, and who is seated on a throne of priceless value—by which I mean, your heart.

"At the first glance you may think that such a simile to explain this truth is far-fetched, yet it may prove very useful to you, for we women are not learned, and must make use of every means in order to understand well that we have within us an incomparably greater treasure than anything we can see around us. . . . If we took care to remember what guest we have within us, I think it would be impossible for us to give ourselves up so much to worldly virtues and cares, for we should see how vile they are in comparison with the riches within us. . . . Perhaps you will laugh at me and say that this is obvious enough. You may be right, yet I took a long time to realise it. Although I knew that I possessed a soul yet I did not appreciate its value, nor remember who dwelt within it, because I had blinded my eyes with the vanities of this life. I think that had I understood them as I do now, that so great a king resided in the little palace of my soul, I should not have left Him alone so often but should have stayed with Him sometimes and not kept His dwelling in such disorder. . . . The chief point is that we should resolutely give Him our heart for His own, and should empty it of everything else, that He may take out, or put in, whatever He pleases, as if it were His own property. This is the condition that He makes, and He is right in doing so; do not let us refuse it Him. . . . As Christ does not force our will, He only takes what we give Him, but He does not give Himself entirely until He sees that we yield ourselves entirely to Him" (Ch. xxviii).

An earnest soul cannot help being encouraged and spurred on by such passages as these. We have touched upon one point only, but St. Teresa's teaching is throughout as luminous and pointed as it is on this matter of recollection.

We would add that all the works of St. Teresa and of St. John of the Cross are being published in a uniform edition by Thomas Baker under the able editorship of Father Benedict Zimmerman.

St. Thomas Aquinas. Fr. Placid Conway, O.P. Longmans. 11. 6d.

This life is one of a projected series of "Lives of the Friar Saints" of which two have been issued. The object of the series is plainly to give a clear account of the saint's life and virtue in a brief space. The style and format of the book is accommodated to the present day demand for the neat, tasteful and short volume. How far are we now, most of us, from Charles Lamb's love of the tome? Scarce can we bring ourselves to read anything that is not presented in attractive guise. Already then our Catholic publishers have given us the excellent St. Nicholas series, and here is another launched. We wish it every success, and from our reading of this instalment would venture to predict that it will win it. Of course the conditions of the series impose succinctness and concentration—a sort of tabloid saint's life—and we cannot justly complain if the result is sometimes unsatisfying. Especially is this the case when, as in this book, a highly concise account of the saint's philosophical and theological achievement is given. The writer, we notice, remarks, with perhaps a sly topical reference, that "No one can presume to abridge him (St. Thomas) without losing the charm of his rare diction: wilfully to excise an argument, especially one which he calls 'a first and more obvious one,' such as the proof of God's existence drawn from motion, is the freedom of a pigmy towards a giant." We willingly assent to this, though one may surely recognise that our modern time has some prejudices of taste and appetite. And the first clause is something like *felo de se*. But this is idle cavilling, and we are sure readers will get from the Life a real interest in and reverence for the "Angel of the Schools."

St. Bonaventure. Fr. Laurence Costello, O.F.M. Longmans. 1/6.

This is the second of the two lives already issued in the "Friar Saints Series." We have little to say of it beyond the general remarks made above. The book is again tastefully issued. There are six well chosen illustrations. We much like the editors' decision to give good reproductions from such painters as Pinturicchio and Fra Angelico da Fiesole, and these saints are particularly fortunate in their artists. The present life we have found well written and easy to read. It is brief, but there is not really much incident recorded of the life of St. Bonaventure. And we are glad that the writer has not given way to the temptation of supplying this lack of detail with vague supposition and general reflections. One or two words gave us pause, such as "vocals" and the phrase "it

arrives that." There is a sentence about knowledge on p. 69 that is, perhaps, obscure. For "robust beggar" we have a merely personal predilection for that delightful phrase "sturdy beggar." We may say in conclusion that we enjoyed this sketch of St. Bonaventure's life, and we should like to express our entire agreement with the biographer that to know St. Bonaventure we must go to his writings, that no history can bring us into such intimate contact with his life, or so reveal to us the secret workings of his soul. But the biographer's art is necessary to entice us to such reading, and to introduce us to the writer of the *Life of Christ* and the *Stimulus Aemulor.*

Lourdes and its Miracles. A Guide to Mary's Shrine. T. N. Taylor. Orphan Press, Rochdale. 1/-.

This short guide, the only one published in English, will be of the greatest value to those who are going on Pilgrimage to Lourdes. May it also prove an incentive to many to visit that hallowed spot!

College Diary and Notes

May 2nd. Summer Term begins. Our best wishes to W. R. Barnett and L. G. Rudden who have left. The following joined the School:—J. B. Allanson, B. J. Gerrard, R. J. McArdle, S. F. Morice, and L. S. Spiller.

May 3rd. A. C. Clapham was re-elected Captain of the School. He appointed the following Officials for the Term:—

Secretary	A. P. Kelly.
Captains of the Games	{ A. F. M. Wright C. W. Clarke
Librarians of the Upper Library	{ R. H. Blackledge B. J. Boscock
Librarians of the Middle Library	{ E. J. Marsh R. A. L. Robertson
Librarians of the Lower Library	{ D. St. John Fawcett B. S. Martin
Journal Committee	{ G. R. Richardson, R. H. Blackledge D. F. McDonald
Captain of the Cricket Eleven	A. C. Clapham
Cricket Committee	{ A. C. Clapham, G. R. Richardson A. F. M. Wright, A. P. Kelly

May 4th. Cricket Practice commenced. The following are the Captains of the Cricket Sets:—

- 1st Set—A. C. Clapham, G. R. Richardson.
2nd Set—J. C. Kelly, B. J. Hardman.
3rd Set—C. R. Simpson, E. J. Martin.
4th Set—P. A. Killeen, R. E. Haynes.
5th Set—J. D. Barton, F. S. Craves.
6th Set—B. J. Gerrard, T. C. Orendain.

May 7th. Meeting of the School in the New Theatre.

May 9th. Home Cricket Match. Our opponents were Duncombe Park. The visitors were again captained by Mr. J. Frank, the veteran opponent of the Australian Elevens that visited England in the early nineties. The match was rather dull and was really little more than a practice game. Of the School Colts O. J. Barton showed good form and C. B. Collison played with quite a straight bat. Chamberlain too showed promise, but he might leave a little more to chance.

Ampleforth College.

Rev. P. J. Dolan, b. Stevens	27
N. J. Chamberlain, b. Stevens	8
Rev. R. C. Heskeith, b. L. Frank	13
O. S. Barton, run out	13
Rev. T. I. Barton, b. Nixon	10
A. F. M. Wright, c. Hoggart, b. Stevens	9
Rev. W. I. Williams, b. W. Frank	64
A. C. Clapham, b. W. Frank	6
G. R. Richardson, b. W. Frank	0
A. F. Kelly, b. W. Frank	1
I. J. Robertson, not out	0
C. B. Collison, not out	0

Extras 33

Total (10 wks.) 195

Duncombe Park.

L. Frank, c. T. I. Barton, b.	6
W. I. Williams	13
W. Frank, b. R. C. Heskeith	13
B. Nixon, b. Richardson	8
H. W. Stevens, b. R. C. Heskeith	0
J. Frank, b. T. I. Barton	19
J. Holdridge, b. R. C. Heskeith	0
F. Walker, c. Clapham, b.	7
T. I. Barton	7
Dr. Blair, b. W. I. Williams	0
I. Swales, c. O. Barton, b.	1
T. I. Barton	0
E. Cooper, c. Wright, b.	11
W. I. Williams	4
R. Frank, not out	5
F. Hoggart, b. R. C. Heskeith	2

Extras 12

Total 83

May 18th. Cricket Match. Our opponents were St. John's College. The visitors won the toss and began confidently. The first wicket fell with the score at 53 and the second with 122 on the board. Three wickets then fell quickly but the score was taken to 199 when St. John's declared. We had no chance of winning the game and indeed came very near to losing, for it was only owing to a plucky stand by Clapham and Williams during the last quarter of an hour that we were enabled to draw.

St. John's College.

E. F. Morrell, c. A. Clapham, b. Wright	26
A. T. Yeadon, c. W. I. Williams, b. T. I. Barton	43
K. L. Copeland, c. and b. Rev. T. I. Barton	82
G. H. Whitty, c. W. I. Williams, b. T. I. Barton	2
R. O. Milne, run out	6
F. G. Houghton, not out	5
C. E. Pearson, c. Clapham, b. Richardson	4
C. H. Sturges, c. Clapham, b. Richardson	12
J. F. King	
A. J. Nappin	
R. N. Newby	

Extras 14

Total (7 wks.) 194

Ampleforth College.

N. J. Chamberlain, b. Yeadon	9
Rev. J. P. Dolan, b. Milne	1
Rev. R. C. Heskeith, c. Pearson, b. Yeadon	37
Rev. T. I. Barton, c. and b. Morrell	8
A. F. M. Wright, b. Yeadon	3
O. S. Barton, b. Morrell	11
Rev. W. I. Williams, c. Copeland, b. Morrell	4
A. P. Kelly, c. Copeland, b. Morrell	1
A. C. Clapham (Capt.), not out	15
G. R. Richardson, b. Milne	5
L. T. Williams, not out	4

Extras 10

Total (9 wks.) 108

May 24th. His Lordship the Bishop of Middlesborough confirmed the following:—G. M. Hayes, F. L. Le Fevre, B. J. Gerard, A. L. Milburn, A. G. Gibbons, F. Mackay, R. J. Emery, L. B. Lancaster, F. S. Cravos, G. F. Newsham, J. C. Cravos, J. G. Simpson, D. Collison, J. F. Dalby, L. S. Spiller, R. J. McCordle, S. F. Morice, the Hon. C. Barnewall and C. J. Field.

May 25th. Many congratulations to Fr. Herbert Byrne, Fr. Sebastian Lambert and Fr. Antony Barnett who were ordained priests to-day. Also to Br. Gerard Blackmore who was ordained deacon. The "collecting" members of the Natural Society spent the day at the Fosse.

Mr. W. Swarbrick brought the Thirsk Cricket Eleven on their thirty-first annual visit. The visitors batted first and lost two wickets for 20 runs. Then a very long stand was made, Wray hitting our bowling all over the field. Hansell also scored easily and the score was taken to 140 before the third wicket fell. After this Wright's fast bowling met with some success and the innings was brought to a close for a score that was much smaller than at one time seemed at all probable. We had only an hour and a half in which to make 212 runs—an impossible task considering the quality of the bowling. Under the circumstances our innings was sufficiently satisfactory. Though there was at no time any prospect of winning we were never in danger of defeat.

Mr. W. Swarbrick's XI.

R. Bolton, c. W. I. Williams, b. T. I. Barton	12
L. Cressley, c. Clapham, b. T. I. Barton	0
W. Wray, c. F. B. Dawson, b. W. I. Williams	115
N. Hansell, b. W. I. Williams	53
E. B. Peat, b. W. I. Williams	0
W. Swarbrick, b. Wright	0
D. C. Davis, b. Wright	0
C. R. Jolliffe, c. Wright, b. W. I. Williams	0
H. O. Fibbins, b. Wright	0
A. Buchanan, st. F. B. Dawson, b. W. I. Williams	4
F. R. Hansell, not out	13

Extras 3

Total 211

Ampleforth College.

Rev. R. C. Heskeith, c. F. Hansell, b. N. Hansell	27
N. J. Chamberlain, b. W. I. Williams	12
O. Rev. T. I. Barton, b. Wray	18
Rev. W. I. Williams, c. sub. b. N. Hansell	46
R. A. Marshall, c. and b. N. Hansell	5
Rev. F. B. Dawson, not out	1
A. F. M. Wright, b. Wray	0
I. J. Robertson	0
G. R. Richardson	0
A. P. Kelly	0
A. C. Clapham (Capt.)	0

Did not bat

Extras 12

Total (6 wks.) 121

May 27th. Inter-School match at Ampleforth, v. St. Peter's School, York. We won the toss and batted first on a bowler's wicket. Chamberlain was run out in the first over, and Wright joined Robertson. At 13 Robertson was caught at the wicket off his glove. Williams helped Wright to take the score to 31 when he was out in precisely the same way as Robertson. Kelly made a single and in the next over was cleaned bowled by a ball that kept very low. Richardson made a commendable effort to force the game, hit two fours and a three, tried for another four and was bowled. Clapham was rather foolishly run out and 6 wickets were down for 47. Marshall joined Wright and played an invaluable innings. He only made 9 runs but kept up his wicket while Wright "went for" the bowling. The seventh wicket fell at 99. Barton stayed to see Wright bring up the 100 and then was bowled by a shooter. McCabe scored a single off his first ball and then Wright who had played a great innings of 59—including 10 fours, 4 twos and a five—was out to a " Yorker." The innings closed for 105—a good score under the circumstances. St. Peter's could make nothing of the bowling of Fawcett and Wright and though not a single man was bowled, their innings closed for 43.

Ampleforth College.		St. Peter's School.	
N. J. Chamberlain, run out	0	H. Fernandes, c. A. Wright, b. Fawcett	16
J. J. Robertson, c. H. Lacy, b. Peters	1	B. C. Cairns, c. H. McCabe, b. Fawcett	2
A. F. M. Wright, b. Hopkins	69	F. Ferguson, b. b. Richardson	0
L. T. Williams, c. H. Lacy, b. Peters	6	H. O. Lacy, c. O. Barton, b. Fawcett	2
A. P. Kelly, b. Hopkins	1	D. Fernandes, c. A. Clapham, b. Wright	2
G. K. Richardson, b. Peters	11	C. Mathurst, c. R. Marshall, b. Fawcett	4
A. C. Clapham (Capt.), run out	3	W. Haynes, c. H. McCabe, b. O. S. Barton, b. Hopkins	0
A. R. Marshall, c. D. Fernandes, b. Haynes	9	C. L. Wright, c. A. Clapham, b. Wright	2
O. S. Barton, b. Hopkins	0	W. Wray, c. Richardson, b. Fawcett	0
H. J. McCabe, not out	1	A. J. Wilson, c. Marshall, b. Fawcett	5
D. St. John Fawcett, c. W. Fernandes, b. Haynes	1	H. Hopkins, not out	1
Extras	3	Extras	4
Total	105	Total	43

The Second Elevens met at York. St. Peter's winning the toss were dismissed for 70. We batted feebly and were all out for 40.

There was time for a second innings, and playing very keenly we got our opponents out for our own first innings' total of 40. We had then 20 minutes in which to make 71 runs. An exciting race against time commenced. None was wasted. The batsmen attempted to score off every ball and the outgoing batsman on his way to the pavilion passed his successor hurrying to the wickets. It was an exhilarating innings. In the end we were defeated by one boundary stroke.

St. Peter's School 2nd XI.		Ampleforth College 2nd XI.	
First Innings.			
J. Jolly, b. Clarke	18	H. E. Buge, c. Jolly, b. Durrant	0
H. Baskett, b. Clarke	3	I. G. McDonald, c. and b. Hicks	13
P. Bethell, c. I. McDonald, b. D. McDonald	0	F. C. McCabe, c. Nelson, b. Durrant	0
R. Durrant, c. Doherty, b. D. McDonald	0	C. B. Collison, c. Hargreaves, b. Durrant	13
A. Shann, b. Farrell	18	D. P. McDonald, b. Durrant	1
S. Hargreaves, b. Clarke	8	C. E. Sharp, c. Baskett, b. Hicks	1
F. Foster, c. Doherty, b. Clarke	0	F. W. Long, c. Jolly, b. Durrant	3
S. Hicks, b. Farrell	14	E. J. Marsh, not out	1
F. Nelson, c. and b. Farrell	0	G. F. Farrell, c. Durrant, b. Nelson	2
R. M. Farquharson, b. Long	3	C. W. Clarke, b. Nelson	1
H. Thornely, not out	0	F. C. Doherty, c. Nelson, b. Farquharson	0
Extras	4	Extras	5
Total	70	Total	40

St. Peter's School and XI.		Ampleforth College and XI.	
Second Innings.			
S. Hicks, b. Farrell	0	F. C. Doherty, b. Durrant	16
S. Hargreaves, run out	2	C. W. Clarke, c. Durrant, b. Farquharson	0
R. M. Farquharson, b. Clarke	0	T. G. McDonald, st. Hargreaves, b. McDonald	7
F. Foster, c. I. McDonald, b. D. McDonald	7	Durrant	7
P. A. Bethell, c. Sharp, b. D. McDonald	14	D. P. McDonald, c. Jolly, b. Farquharson	19
A. Shann, run out	5	F. C. McCabe, run out	7
R. Durrant, c. D. McDonald, b. Clarke	2	C. B. Collison, b. Nelson	2
H. Baskett, b. D. McDonald	0	C. E. Sharp, not out	7
J. Jolly, not out	2	G. F. Farrell, not out	9
F. Nelson, b. D. McDonald	0	H. E. Buge	1
H. Thornely, b. Clarke	1	F. W. Long	Did not bat
		E. J. Marsh	0
Extras	7	Extras	0
Total	40	Total (6 wks.)	67

May 31st. The annual whole day expedition to Goresmire took place. There was one very heavy shower but otherwise the day was beautifully fine.

Cricket Match, away v. Castle Howard. We lost the toss and fielded first. The wicket was drying but was not very difficult. Owing to really good bowling backed up by excellent fielding we got Castle Howard out for 104. Richardson took 4 wickets for 25. Our innings started badly, and half the side were out for 49. The 7th wicket fell with the score at 93, and the 8th and 9th with the addition of one run. Clapham, an excellent bat in an emergency, then came in and helped to take the score to 108 and thus win an exciting game by four runs.

Castle Howard.

J. Calvert, c. F. B. Dawson, b. Wright	16	N. J. Chamberlain, b. F. Bradshaw	7
G. Calvert, b. Wright	2	Rev. R.C. Hesketh, lbw. b. Bradshaw	13
R. Brown, c. T. I. Barton, b. Richardson	15	A. F. M. Wright, run out	6
J. Byass, b. Richardson	15	Rev. T. I. Barton, b. Byass	41
M. H. Smith, c. Marshall, b. W. I. Williams	6	Rev. F. B. Dawson, c. J. Calvert, b. Bradshaw	11
Rev. H. Ward, c. T. I. Barton, b. W. I. Williams	23	R. A. Marshall, b. Bradshaw	11
F. Bradshaw, c. T. I. Barton, b. Richardson	23	Rev. W. I. Williams, c. Brown, b. Smith	10
W. J. Meyer, st. Kelly, b. W. I. Williams	14	A. P. Kelly, run out	6
B. Rodwell, c. W. I. Williams, b. Richardson	2	G. R. Richardson, c. Bradshaw, b. Byass	0
H. M. Coates, st. Kelly, b. W. I. Williams	0	A. C. Clapham (Capt.), not out	3
H. Chapman, not out	0		
Extras	12		
Total	104	Extras	11
		Total	108

June 4th. Whit Sunday. Fr. Abbot sang Pontifical High Mass. After Mass the annual match with the London Old Laurentians' Cricket Club was commenced. We out-played the "Old Boys" in all departments of the game, though it must be admitted they had much the worst of the wicket, which was very fiery in the morning. Kelly played a great innings of 136, scoring all round the wicket and with every variety of stroke. The "Old Boys," who were without two of their regular bowlers, fielded excellently throughout the whole of our long innings. One or two catches were missed but these were by no means easy, and the ground fielding never got loose or slack. They were ably captained by Mr. Bernard Rochford.

London Old Laurentians.

C. R. Rochford, c. Chamberlain, b. Richardson	19	N. J. Chamberlain, b. R. Calder	4
C. S. Kerin, c. Marshall, b. Wright	5	A. P. Kelly, c. Barton, b. Hanson	136
R. Calder Smith, c. Richardson, b. Wright	12	A. F. M. Wright, c. Carter, b. Westlake	16
A. J. Pappas, c. Robertson, b. Wright	4	R. A. Marshall, lbw. b. Kerin	0
J. C. Barton, b. Richardson	0	G. R. Richardson, b. R. Calder	13
H. J. Carter, b. Richardson	0	A. C. Clapham (Capt.), not out	63
S. E. Pike, c. Chamberlain, b. Wright	4	J. J. Robertson, st. Pappas, b. Hanson	2
F. Calder Smith, b. Richardson	0	H. J. McCabe, run out	5
P. E. Westlake, b. Richardson	4	O. S. Barton, not out	9
H. E. Pike, b. Richardson	12	I. G. MacDonald	
R. J. Rochford, not out	5	L. T. Williams	Did not bat
A. J. Hanson, c. Robertson, b. Richardson	5	D. H. Fawcett	
Extras	7		
Total	72	Extras	26
		Total (7 wks.)	274

June 5th. Whit Monday. Some Members of the Upper Library went to Malton to spend the day on and in the river. The Natural History Society were out for a field day—their first whole day expedition this term. At home there was a Cricket Match between Elevens of Ampleforth (under 15) and Pocklington School (under 15). The visitors won a close match by 23 runs. L. H. Rochford played a good innings and was unlucky to miss his fifty.

<i>Pocklington School (under 15).</i>		<i>Ampleforth College (under 15).</i>	
G. N. Ashdown, b. Chamberlain		2 M. J. Ainscough, c. Bond, b. Alfred	16
R. T. Allred, c. Clarke, b. Knowles	25	H. J. Emery, run out	0
J. C. Burbridge, b. Collison	0	G. C. Chamberlain, b. Cousin	6
A. T. Coulson, c. Power, b. Chamberlain	0	J. D. Clarke, b. Hodgson	9
G. C. Wood, c. Clarke, b. Chamberlain	7	O. J. Collison, c. Alfred, b. Hodgson	7
G. L. Highmore, run out	0	L. H. Rochford, b. Wood	47
G. H. Hodgson, lbw. b. Collison	28	J. C. Caldwell, b. Highmore	4
M. F. Burbridge, lbw. b. Collison	20	R. J. Power, c. Ashdown, b. Burbridge	13
H. M. Harrison, c. and b. Chamberlain	4	V. C. Knowles, c. Hodgson, b. Wood	7
R. M. Bond, c. Rochford, b. Chamberlain	0	W. J. Rochford, not out	0
S. N. Cousin, not out	0	C. G. Leese, b. Wood	0
Extras	4	Extras	15
Total	147	Total	124

June 6th. Inter-School Match, v. Pocklington School. We batted first and thanks mainly to Clapham and Richardson scored

184. Clapham's 57 was quite a good innings, made without a chance or even a bad stroke. Richardson played fine forcing cricket, the proper game under the circumstances, but he got out with a bad stroke. Pocklington failed to make a good fight. The College bowling was good, Wright, Richardson and Fawcett keeping an almost faultless length; and the fielding was excellent, L. Williams' two catches being especially smart.

Ampleforth College.

N. J. Chamberlain, b. Wood	...	11
A. P. J. Kelly, b. Hepston	...	12
A. P. M. Wright, c. Moore, b. Hepston	...	47
A. C. Clapham (Capt.), c. Bond, b. Wood	...	57
G. R. Richardson, b. Hepston	...	45
J. J. Robertson, c. Bond, b. Hepston	...	5
H. J. McCabe, c. Bond, b. Wood	...	8
D. H. Fawcett, b. Wood	...	5
L. T. Williams, c. Williams, b. Wood	...	0
O. S. Barton, c. Kay, b. Wood	...	7
R. A. Marshall, not out	...	1
Extras	16	
Total	184	

Pocklington School.

H. R. Burill, b. Wright	...	8
D. W. Moore, c. Kelly, b. Richardson	...	5
J. Hutton, c. Williams, b. Wright	...	20
R. S. Wood, c. Williams, b. Richardson	...	1
G. J. Bond, c. Fawcett, b. Richardson	...	17
C. Kay, b. Wright	...	0
G. W. Helme, c. Wright, b. Fawcett	...	18
A. K. Fagge, b. Fawcett	...	5
F. W. Fisher, c. Marshall, b. Fawcett	...	1
A. Hepston, b. Fawcett	...	9
C. C. Williams, not out	...	1
Extras	7	
Total	92	

June 8th. The *Natural History Society* went by train to Sinnington, walked and collected to Kirby Moorside, and trained back.

June 9th. Major Barry Drew came over from York to inspect the O.T.C. contingent.

June 11th. The *Dramatic Society* gave a public dress rehearsal of *Macbeth*.

June 14th. A half-day. The Past v. Present Cricket Match commenced. At eight o'clock before a large audience including parents, sisters, cousins, "Old Boys," etc., the *Dramatic Society* produced *Macbeth* in the New Theatre.

June 15th. Feast of Corpus Christi. Exhibition Day. An account of to-day's proceedings will be found elsewhere in these pages.

June 21st. The Cricket Eleven played Bootham School at York. We lost the toss and Bootham started well scoring 6 before the first wicket fell. Richardson then brought about a collapse and eight wickets were down for 79 runs. Harrison however hit out

pluckily and his score of 35 included eight fours. The innings finally closed for 145. Clapham opened our innings with Chamberlain and before the partnership was ended, the pair had passed the Bootham total. Neither player has a beautiful style, but both played orthodox cricket, hitting the ball clean, and generally well in the centre of the bat.

Bootham School.

R. P. Darby, b. Richardson	...	15
W. C. Waterfall, b. Fawcett	...	33
A. D. Hamilton, b. Fawcett	...	0
G. J. Milner, b. Richardson	...	0
C. Seale, b. Richardson	...	0
W. Wigmore, b. Richardson	...	0
R. Barrow, c. Clapham, b. Richardson	...	5
C. R. Grosse, b. Fawcett	...	1
R. C. Harrison, run out	...	35
A. Cohen, c. Clapham, b. Wright	...	14
W. Pitt, not out	...	5
Extras	11	
Total	145	

Ampleforth College.

N. J. Chamberlain, not out	...	65
A. C. Clapham (Capt.), c. Barrow, b. Milner	...	31
A. P. M. Wright, not out	...	4
A. P. Kelly	...	0
G. R. Richardson	...	0
O. S. Barton	...	0
C. R. Collison	...	0
J. J. Robertson	...	1
L. T. Williams	...	35
H. C. McGale	...	14
D. H. Fawcett	...	5
Extras	13	
Total (1 wkt.)	163	

June 22nd. Coronation Day. A holiday. The O.T.C. contingent had a field day on the moors near Duncombe Park. The rest of the School played cricket. At 10 o'clock a large bonfire in front of the College was lit, and the National Anthem was sung. There were also fireworks and effective illuminations.

June 29th. Home Cricket Match, v. Castle Howard. We were fortunate enough to lose the toss, for Castle Howard went in to bat on a wicket that never became really easy but was very difficult during the first hour of the match. We thus got a strong batting side out for a very small total. The College Eleven batted well and freely against only moderate bowling, and won almost without effort.

Castle Howard.

H. C. Cholmondeley, b. T. I. Barton	...	5
F. Thompson, st. Kelly, b. W. I. Calvert	...	3
G. Richardson	...	20
J. Everatt, c. P. Dolan, b. W. I. Huggins	...	4
Williams	...	0
J. Byass, b. Richardson	...	0
Williams	...	2
M. H. Smith, run out	...	0
A. B. Rodwell, c. Kelly, b. W. I. G. F. Tunner, st. Kelly, b. W. I. Williams	...	0
Extras	13	
W. J. Mayer, c. R. C. Hesketh, b. T. I. Barton	...	0
G. Calvert, b. W. I. Williams	...	18
Total	92	

Ampleforth College.

N. J. Chamberlain, c. and b. Byass	7	G. R. Richardson, not out	12
Rev. J. P. Dolan, c. Everatt, b.	28	L. T. Williams, b. Mayer	2
Smith	20	O. S. Barton, bow., b. Mayer	10
A. F. M. Wright, c. Rodwell, b.		R. A. Marshall, st. G. Calvert, b.	
Connell	25	Mayer	0
Rev. T. I. Barton, b. Connell	46		Extras 16
Rev. R. C. Hesketh, b. Connell	54		
A. P. Kelly, b. Connell	24		
Rev. W. I. Williams, b. Connell	21		
A. C. Clapham (Capt.), c. G.			
Calvert, b. Byass	5		
		Total	250

The 2nd Eleven went to Pocklington and won their game quite comfortably. The wicket favoured the bowlers, and the scoring was very low. D. P. McDonald bowled through the whole of the Pocklington first innings taking five wickets for only four runs. He also made the highest score of the match.

Pocklington School 2nd XI. Ampleforth College 2nd XI.

First Innings			
G. Alfred, run out	2	C. R. Collison, b. Alfred	1
R. P. Ashdown, b. McDonald	6	L. McDonald, b. Alfred	3
R. Brown, b. Long	5	P. Vuytsteke, bow., b. Alfred	11
P. A. Holmes, b. McDonald	0	D. P. McDonald, b. Alfred	7
L. Lewis, b. Long	4	F. S. McCabe, b. Kay	14
C. W. Wood, b. Long	4	B. Burge, c. Moore, b. Alfred	6
R. F. Harrison, c. Vuytsteke, b.		R. Harrison, b. Alfred	5
Long	4	F. J. Doherty, b. Kay	4
P. Moore, b. McDonald	0	J. Clarke, not out	2
P. H. Kay, c. Vuytsteke, b.		C. Clarke, b. Brown	11
McDonald	0	F. W. Long, c. Moore, b. Kay	0
C. Highmore, bow., b. McDonald	0		
L. Hovegerstone, not out	0		
	Extras 2		Extras 3
Total	27	Total	67

Pocklington School 2nd XI. Ampleforth College 2nd XI.

Second Innings			
G. Alfred, b. J. Clarke	0	C. R. Collison, c. Harrison, b. Brown	17
R. P. Ashdown, b. J. Clarke	0	L. McDonald, c. Wood, b. Kay	3
R. Brown, b. Burge	12	P. Vuytsteke, b. Alfred	2
P. A. Holmes, b. C. Clarke	0	D. P. McDonald, c. Alfred, b.	
L. Lewis, c. Collison, b. J. Clarke	2	Wood	10
C. W. Wood, bow., b. Burge	10	F. S. McCabe, bow., b. Highmore	0
R. F. Harrison, b. Burge	1	B. Burge, b. Highmore	7
F. Moore, b. D. McDonald	11	R. Harrison, b. Highmore	0
P. H. Kay, not out	4	F. J. Doherty, b. Highmore	5
C. Highmore, run out	10	J. Clarke, not out	1
L. Hovegerstone, c. Burge, b. D.		C. Clarke, b. Wood	5
McDonald	4	F. W. Long, c. and b. Hovegerstone	7
	Extras 10		Extras 7
Total	64	Total	75

July 1st. A contingent of the O.T.C. consisting of 29 cadets, and Sergeant Instructor Wright under the command of the officer commanding left for Windsor for the Royal Review. They parted on the Square at 7.30 p.m. and received an enthusiastic send-off from the School.

July 5th. The Eleven went to York to play the Yorkshire Gentlemen. We won the toss and had first innings on a perfect wicket—perfect, that is, from the batsmen's point of view, for from the bowlers' it was very much the reverse. Under the circumstances 176 was not a sufficiently large score. The College threw away a number of wickets by what can only be described as wild strokes at the lob sent down by Mr. Lane-Fox. Br. Clement and Kelly made a good stand for the fifth wicket, but when a fairly large score seemed in prospect, Kelly was run out through some smart work in the field and fatal hesitation on the part of the batsmen. Clapham played a plucky innings later on, though he too succumbed to a ball that should have been hit to the boundary. The Yorkshire Gentlemen had a strong batting side though they had to fight very hard for their runs until they had passed the second hundred. After that the fielding fell off rather inexcusably. Sir Archibald White and Mr. J. P. Wilson each played a splendid innings and were never in difficulties. Kelly's wicket-keeping was quite up to his usual high standard, and the number of "extras" was due rather to erratic bowling towards the end of the match.

Ampleforth College.

Yorkshire Gentlemen.

N. J. Chamberlain, b. Lane-Fox	16	D. C. F. Barton, b. T. I. Barton	11
Rev. J. P. Dolan, c. Moss-Blundell, b. Lane-Fox	24	C. E. Anson, b. Richardson	24
A. F. M. Wright, c. Barton, b. Lane-Fox	10	Capt. E. Moss-Blundell, c. Clapham, b. Wright	35
Rev. T. I. Barton, c. Pender, b. Lane-Fox	5	Sir A. W. White, b. W. I. Williams	59
Rev. R. C. Hesketh, b. Pender	1	T. G. N. Bardwell, c. R. C. Hesketh, b. Wright	11
A. P. Kelly, run out	39	J. P. Wilson, st. Kelly, b. Barton	54
Rev. W. I. Williams, c. Pender, b. Lane-Fox	22	Capt. H. B. Boston, c. Richardson, b. Wright	15
A. C. Clapham (Capt.), c. Moss-Blundell, b. Lane-Fox	10	H. D. Pender, b. W. I. Williams	11
G. R. Richardson, c. Pender, b. Pender	29	E. Lane-Fox, st. Kelly, b. Hesketh	4
O. S. Barton, b. Pender	8	A. H. Anson, b. T. I. Barton	11
L. T. Williams, not out	9	Capt. G. E. Raynard, not out	18
	Extras 2		Extras 35
Total	176	Total	288

July 11th. Inspection from the War Office of the O.T.C.

R. J. BLACKLEDGE.
G. H. RICHARDSON.



Exhibition Day

This year for the first time the Exhibition was held in the middle of term—on the fifteenth of June. As it was also the feast of Corpus Christi, Pontifical High Mass was sung by Father Abbot; during which the choir rendered Elmer's "*Missa de Spiritu Sancto*." They did not however do themselves justice, as was evident from their singing later on in the day, when they showed their true powers. Mass was followed by the procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the grounds. A Guard of Honour, made up of members of the Training Corps in khaki uniforms and carrying rifles, accompanied the Blessed Sacrament, and nothing could have added more to the grandeur and solemnity of the Procession. The canopy over the Blessed Sacrament was carried by Mr. H. Carter, Mr. E. Dawes, Mr. J. H. Nevill, and Mr. J. P. Raby. In front of the New Monastery a beautifully decorated altar had been erected, and here Benediction was given. The School and visitors kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament on the lawn. The procession was over by about eleven o'clock, and then after a short interval the Exhibition commenced in the New Theatre, which looked as bright and attractive in the morning sun, as it had appeared comfortable and "theatre-like" in the glare of the footlights the night before, during the performance of "*Macbeth*." The morning's programme was opened with the singing of Bishop Hedley's "*Ode to Alma Mater*," in which the solo was well and pleasingly sung by John Caldwell, the first treble. The Prologue then followed, the rendering of which by V. G. Narey, might be looked upon not only as a fitting introduction to the general programme, but also in particular as introducing the reciter himself, who was so frequently to be brought before the notice of the audience during the course of the morning. For in addition to the fact that he appeared once more upon the programme, in his really clever execution of Chopin's "*Fantasia Impromptu*,"

he also figured prominently in the Prize List, and was mentioned in the Headmaster's speech for his success in the Higher Certificate, in which he gained a Distinction in History, and more especially was congratulated for winning the First Foundation Scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, last December.

The Distribution of Prizes for the various subjects, which formed the chief part of the programme was interspersed with the customary Glee, and Speeches. The Latin and French speeches were particularly good; John Daniel Telfener and Noel Chamberlain distinguishing themselves in the latter for their humorous and spirited acting. Donald P. McDonald also deserves special mention for his graceful recitation of William Watson's beautiful poem, "*Domine Quo Vadis*."

Towards the close of the proceedings Francis Long—the school-boy Siddons of the previous evening—was presented with the Ampleforth Scholarship, which he won this year, and then, after the Distribution of Special Prizes, the Headmaster read his Report. He spoke first of the change of scene in holding the Exhibition and pointed out the advantages as compared with the study hall. After commenting on the health of the school, he proceeded to speak of the latest development, in the form of the Officers' Training Corps, which was, he thought, a step that no one would regret. He also spoke of the football and cricket, which had been quite up to the average, and then turned to the results in the Higher and Lower Certificates of the previous year, and read out a list of successes. In conclusion he thanked the Ampleforth Society for their Scholarship, and the donors of special prizes.

After a pleasing Epilogue, recited by Ralph Blackledge, Fr. Abbot rose to welcome his guests. He regretted that he was unable to introduce to them this year His Lordship Bishop Hedley, who had been unavoidably detained at the last moment. In speaking of the new building he reminded his audience that it was only owing to the generosity of Mr. Peter Feeney that it had been possible to build it at all; and with a few supplementary remarks he drew his speech to a close.

After lunch the visitors made their way to the cricket field to witness an inspection of the O.T.C. by Colonel Leese. The Corps consists of sixty boys, and their display of military manoeuvres was

carried out with great success, a statement which we uninitiated are enabled to make with confidence on the authority of Colonel Leese who, at the end of the Review congratulated the Contingent on their performance, and urged them to still greater self-sacrifice in the perfecting of the work they had undertaken. He hoped that by the end of the following year, their numbers would be greatly increased.

After the Review there was Tea on the Lawn and the resumption of the Past v. Present Cricket Match in which, it must be confessed, the Present proved rather complacent victims. Appended is the score :—

<i>Past.</i>		<i>Present.</i>	
O. L. Chamberlain, b. Richardson	14	N. J. Chamberlain, lbw., b.	h.
Rev. R. C. Hesketh, b. Richardson	7	A. B. Hayes	0
J. P. Rahy, b. Richardson	28	A. P. J. Kelly, b. Nevill	5
H. T. Ainscough, lbw., b. Richardson	0	A. F. M. Wright, c. F. B. Dawson,	h. A. B. Hayes
J. H. Nevill, b. Fawcett	18		20
H. J. Carter, c. Chaplain, b. Wright	5	A. C. Chaplain (Capt.), b. Nevill	1
Rev. A. R. Hayes, c. Kelly, b.		G. J. Richardson, c. R. C. Hesketh,	
Richardson	10	b. A. B. Hayes	8
J. Westhead, not out	30	O. S. Barton, b. Nevill	1
J. R. Forsyth, b. Richardson	0	R. A. Marshall, b. A. B. Hayes	3
Rev. F. B. Dawson, lbw., b. Wright	18	C. C. Collison, run out	8
E. P. Davies, run out	0	H. J. McCabe, not out	6
		D. H. Fawcett, b. O. Chamberlain	2
		C. J. Clarke, b. O. Chamberlain	0
Extras	12	Extras	9
Total	142	Total	63

The day was formally brought to a close with Pontifical Benediction given by Fr. Abbot during which the *Te Deum* was sung.

The following is the Prize List :—

Prize List

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

VI. Form	Reginald Marshall
V. Form	Noel Chamberlain
IV. Form	Joseph Kelly
Higher III. Form	John Temple
Lower III. Form	Vincent Knowles
II. Form	Noel Smith
I. Form	Graham Emery

ENGLISH

VI. Form	Reginald Marshall
V. Form	Charles Mackay
IV. Form	John Temple
Higher III. Form	Anthony Rankin
Lower III. Form	John Heffernan
II. Form	Graham Emery
I. Form	Lawrence Lancaster
" Writing	Joseph Morrogh Bernard
" Drawing	

HISTORY

VI. Form	Noel Chamberlain
V. Form	Leonard Williams
IV. Form	Vincent Knowles
Higher III. Form (Roman)	Godfrey Hayes
Lower III. Form (Greek)	John Heffernan
II. Form	Francis Cravos
I. Form	

GEOGRAPHY

IV. Form	Cyril Clarke
Higher III. Form	Gerald Farrell
Lower III. Form	Anthony Rankin
II. Form	Francis Morrogh Bernard
I. Form	Joseph Morrogh Bernard

LATIN

Set I.	{ (1) Augustine Kelly (2) Bernard Livesey
Set II.	Hugh Marron
Set III.	Not awarded
Set IV.	Edward Marsh
Set V.	Not awarded
Set VI.	Martin Ainscough
Set VII.	{ (1) Leonard Milburn (2) James Barton
Set VIII.	Eric Le Fèvre
Set IX.	Joseph Cravos

GREEK

Set I.	...	Augustine Kelly
Set II.	...	Hugh Marron
Set III.	...	Edward Marsh
Set IV.	...	Edmund Leach
Set V.	...	Martin Ainscough

FRENCH

Set I.	...	Not awarded
Set II.	...	Cyril Simpson
Set III.	...	(a) Edward Williams (b) Not awarded
Set IV.	...	Martin Ainscough
Set V.	...	(a) Leo Fishwick (b) Basil Martin
Set VI.	...	George Newsham

GERMAN

Set I.	...	Charles Mackay
Set II.	...	Arthur Dent Young
Set III.	...	Anthony Rankin

MATHEMATICS

Set I.	...	Francis Long
Set II.	...	Eustace Morrogh Bernard
Set III.	...	Hugh Marron
Set IV.	...	Vincent Knowles
Set V.	...	Herbert Hickey
Set VI.	...	Denis Long
Set VII.	...	Norman Fishwick
Set VIII.	...	Harold Martin
Set IX.	...	Archibald McDonald
Set X.	...	Graham Emery

SCIENCE

Set I. (<i>Mechanics</i>)	...	Francis Long
Set II. (<i>Chemistry and Physics</i>)	...	Edward Williams
Set III. (<i>Chemistry</i>)	...	Cuthbert Collison

SCIENCE (*Continued*)

Set IV. (<i>Chemistry</i>)	...	Godfrey Hayes
Set V. (<i>Physics</i>)	...	(1) Eric Le Fèvre (2) Cyril Cravos
Set VI. (<i>Natural History</i>)	...	Gerard Simpson

MUSIC PRIZES

Piano	...	Vincent Narey
Violin	...	Edward Marsh
Theory (<i>Turner Prize</i>)	...	Vincent Knowles
Improvement	...	Walter Rochford

PAINTING AND DRAWING PRIZES

Painting	...	Reginald Marshall
Drawing	...	Charles Mackay
Improvement	...	Martin Ainscough
Extra Prize for the best copy of the year	...	Ralph Blackledge

EXTRA PRIZES

Best Classical work of the Year for the VI., V. and IV. Forms	...	Augustine Kelly (Presented by John McElligot, Esq.)
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"Milburn" Prize for the Upper School

(<i>Mathematics</i>)	...	George Richardson
English Essay for the VI., V. and IV. Forms	...	Noel Chamberlain (Presented by John Raby, Esq.)

Latin and Greek Composition for the

Higher and Lower III. Forms	...	John Caldwell (Presented by John Nevill, Esq.)
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"Fishwick" Prize for the II. and I.

Forms (<i>Latin Grammar</i>)	...	Norman Fishwick
Special Prize for Latin and Mathematics	...	Alan Clapham
Special Prize for History	...	Vincent Narey

The Dramatic Society

MACBETH

On the evening of the fourteenth of June this year, the Exhibition Play was for the first time acted in the new Theatre Hall, and those who witnessed the performance will not, we think, regret the change. The stage and scenery—though the latter merits praise more for its quality than for its quantity and variety—are incomparably superior to the former temporary erection in the Study Hall, and perhaps for the first time in Ampleforth history, the audience was able to sit through the performance, without feeling “cabined, cribbed, confined” for want of room. But although the external surroundings of the dramatic performances has been changed, yet the type of representations still remains the same. In spite of the prevalent tendencies of the modern professional stage as a whole to look upon musical comedies or society plays as the criteria of dramatic excellence, the amateur actors of Ampleforth can still claim to be conservative—in the only true and proper sense of that word—and to hold up as models the great classical masterpieces against all the “Chocolate Soldiers,” “Merry Widows” and other similar products of the genius of our twentieth century dramatists (?)

This year, though a Greek comedy had been contemplated, yet finally it was to Shakespeare that the actors turned for their play—and to Shakespeare in his finest and most tragic vein. Perhaps there is no other of his works which can be so easily staged with success as can “Macbeth.” So full is it of exciting incident, so rapt up in gloomy mystery, and the effect is so heightened by the introduction of the supernatural element in the form of “the three weird sisters”; that from the point of view of stage effects alone, it “has the makings” of a successful play. But what is really of paramount importance in the reproduction of “Macbeth”—without which, even if the staging of the play be perfect, it must inevitably be an utter failure—is that the title rôle and the part of Lady Macbeth should be entrusted to skilled actors. It is essentially a “two part play” and we are glad to be able to congratulate the

Dramatic Society on having achieved this most important point successfully.

The last time we beheld Leonard Williams in a Shakespearean play it was as the gentle Miranda—that “Eye of an enchanted Paradise”—that he appeared; but now it was in the very different part of the devilish Macbeth. Certainly the change from the heroine of a comedy to the hero of a tragedy is rather a startling one, but he proved to us by his performance that though like Nick Bottom, the weaver, he could act with credit the part of a “Lady dear,” yet that “his chief humour is for a tyrant.” He was at his best in his soliloquies, and during the Murder and Banquet scenes. The part of Lady Macbeth was taken by Francis Long, and his performance from first to last was excellent. Not only was his acting perfectly natural and graceful, but what is of even greater value—it was intelligent. All the subtle and varying emotions of that intricate character, were brought out by motion of body, expression of face and tone of voice that showed forth the skill of a real actor. We would emphasise the words “real actor,” as it was this want of real acting among the performers which formed the chief fault. There were of course some exceptions, for example, the three witches (Eilred Martin, Anthony Rankin, and Denis Long), who entered thoroughly into the spirit of their parts, and notably Arthur Dent Young, whose graceful and dignified representation of Banquo was one of the most pleasing features of the play. But the secondary characters, taken as a whole, seemed rather to speak their parts than to act them; and though the speaking was good in general, yet there were those who in this respect, also lacked that variation of tone and power of expressing the different emotions, which denote the true actor. However this must to some degree be a characteristic of nearly any play acted by a school, and one cannot justly exact a professional standard from any body of amateurs. One feature in the reproduction attracted our attention as being somewhat novel. We had set before us the scene in which “the wife and babes of Macduff are savagely slaughtered”—one which is almost invariably left out in performances of Macbeth. One rather wondered how the scene would be brought to a close without a cold-blooded murder taking place before our eyes; but as the murderer rushed at Macduff’s little son, we were prevented from witnessing this piece

of realism by the timely fall of the curtain, the piercing shrieks of the little victim leaving us to imagine the sequel. We may conclude our observations with a word of praise for the above mentioned murderer (J. D. Telfener), whose performance might be set up as a model for actors of minor parts.

Appended is the caste:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duncan (King of Scotland) ...	R. E. BURGE
Malcolm (His Son) ...	C. R. SIMPSON
Macbeth (A General of the King's Army) ...	L. W. WILLIAMS
Macduff ...	D. P. McDONALD
Banquo (A General of the King's Army) ...	A. J. DEWE YOUNG
Lennox ...	E. J. WILLIAMS
Rosse } (Noblemen of Scotland) ...	G. F. HALL
Fleance (Son to Banquo) ...	J. G. MORRISON BERNARD
Son to Lady Macduff ...	J. G. SIMPSON
Wounded Officer ...	R. J. POWER
Seward (General of the English Forces) ...	G. FARRELL
Seyton ...	C. E. SHARP
1st Murderer ...	J. D. TELFENER
2nd Murderer ...	R. J. POWER
An Armed Head ...	VISCOUNT ESCOMBE
A Child Crowned ...	V. KNOWLES
Doctor ...	I. A. TEMPLER
1st Officer ...	HON. R. E. BARNETWELL
1st Witch ...	E. J. MARTIN
2nd Witch ...	D. F. LONG
3rd Witch ...	A. E. RANKIN
Lady Macbeth ...	F. W. LONG
Lady Macduff ...	R. J. ROBERTSON
Gentlewoman ...	I. McDONALD

Lords, Attendants, Soldiers, Apparitions, Singing Witches.

The Royal Review of the Officers' Training Corps

On July 1st a contingent of the O.T.C., twenty-nine cadets in number, with Sergeant Instructor Wright, under the command of the O.C. left for the Royal Review at Windsor. We paraded on the Square at half-past seven in the evening and marched down the fields to Gilling. We had some hours wait at Leeds for the Special conveying the cadets from the Public Schools of the North of England

and Scotland. It was about 2.0 a.m. on Sunday morning when we left Leeds. We arrived at the camp at Windsor at half-past eight and found the tents already in position. There was breakfast about half-past ten. Our quarters were with the 20th Battalion, 5th Brigade. Sunday afternoon we spent by the Thames or wandering over Windsor Castle. The night we passed in the tents, wrapped in blankets on a waterproof sheet spread on the ground. Our kit-bags did duty as pillows. Monday morning was occupied with drill and preparations for the Review which was held in the Great Park some distance from the Camp. Here special stands had been erected, and in front of these the whole force numbering 18,000 cadets was drawn up at shortly after 2 p.m. Their formation was three sides of a rectangle, and our contingent was stationed on the extreme left, nearest to the stands, forming part of No. 1 Company of the 20th Battalion under the command of Major Warre, D.S.O. The King arrived on the ground about three o'clock and was followed by the Queen, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary in an open carriage. His Majesty rode along the lines inspecting the Corps and then took up a position with his staff, which included the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, Lord Roberts and Sir John French, at the saluting base. The Queen's carriage was drawn to the same point and the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards were moved into position to play the "march past." Our battalion was the last to march past, and on the return to camp we were informed that the King was especially pleased with its smartness and marching. We entrained at Windsor at midnight and arrived at Ampleforth on Tuesday morning at half-past nine fit but fagged.

VINCENT G. NAREY.

In Westminster Abbey for the Coronation

One of the *Journal* Committee has asked me to write about the Coronation. I received a huge envelope one day last April and when I opened it found in it a card from the Duke of Norfolk inviting me by command of the King to the Coronation. I was very glad to get this invitation so soon, and it made me very excited until

after the actual day of the Coronation which was two months later. The card was sent by the Duke of Norfolk. On the 20th of June I went up to London, found it covered with decorations and full of people from all countries. At night it was lit up with illuminations. I had to be in the Abbey at half-past seven on the Thursday morning, and so had to leave the Hotel Russell very much earlier, which was very inconvenient. I got a taxi and started off, but when we were near the Abbey I had to get out and walk on account of the traffic. I found it very hard to get to the Abbey because the crowd was so enormous. Many of the people had stayed up all night to get a good place to see the King and Queen. I arrived at the Abbey at last and was shown my place. I was sitting next to a naval cadet and we had to wait for a very long time, and then we heard huge cheering and roars and shouts from the crowd who were greeting the King and Queen. They passed up the Abbey and the ceremony began. It was very long and I could not see it very well as there was a large wall in the way. I was dressed in black velvet with a white satin waistcoat and a white tie. The singing was very fine and when the King and Queen came in, the boys of Westminster School joined in the singing, and shouted "Vivat Regina Maria" and "Vivat Rex Georgius." After a very long time the King and Queen passed by me again and we all sang "God Save the King."

REGINALD BARNEWALL,
Lower III. B.

Officers' Training Corps

An Officers' Training Corps Contingent was formed on the 8th March, and now numbers two officers and fifty-three Cadets. It is expected that the full establishment of seventy-five Cadets will be reached in the Michaelmas Term.

The Uniform is the usual Service Dress with brown leather equipment; the Greatcoat Carrier alone is of a light web pattern. The heavy demands which the cleaning of appointments makes upon the time of their owners have been readily responded to. The members of the Corps are evidently proud of their uniform, and

no stimulus has been required to make them present a smart appearance.

Colour Sergeant Instructor C. G. Wright, 5th Yorkshire Regiment, has directed the drill, and thanks to his inspiring energy the whole of the work required to fit the Contingent to take its place at Camp has been successfully accomplished. This includes "Close Order" work, skirmishing, attack and defence, Advanced and Rear Guards, and Outposts. The Moors provide admirable ground for practice, and have been the scene of some interesting and instructive Field Days.

A site for a new Rifle Range has been chosen east of the Square, and the work of construction will be undertaken as soon as the plans have received the approval of the military authorities.

A Contingent of thirty-one attended the Royal Review at Windsor. It was placed in the 20th Battalion under the command of Major H. C. Warre, D.S.O., who was specially complimented on the smartness of his men in the "March Past." After the Annual Inspection which was held towards the end of the term, the Inspecting Officer gave the Officer Commanding a very satisfactory report upon the appearance and work of the Corps. The chief weakness is in the work of the Section and Squad Commanders, who have not yet acquired an adequate appreciation of their position and responsibilities. The following appointments were posted in orders dated the 12th March, 1911:—

Col. Sergeant Clapham, A. C.	Corporal McDonald, I.
Sergeant Narey, V. G.	" Collison, C. B.
" Blackledge, R. H.	Lance-Corporal Hall, G. F.
" McDonald, D. P.	" Walton, L. A.
Lance-Sergeant Marsh, E. J.	" Burge, B.
Corporal Robertson, R. A.	" Harrison, R. H.
" Temple, J. R.	

The thanks of the Contingent are tendered to Fr. Mayo, S.J., of Beaumont, Major G. Barry Drew, Mr. Mark Sykes, M.P., who is Colonel of the East Riding Territorials, and to Mr. W. F. Gaunt for great assistance given to the Corps, and to Colonel W. F. Leese for the gift of a drum and two bugles.

The Natural History Society

In spite of many rival attractions the *Natural History Society* has had its normal number of members during the present term, and although less activity has been displayed than in former years, some good work seems to have been done. The attendance at the General Meetings has never fallen below thirty, and the papers read were of more than usual interest. Sectional meetings have also taken place as usual.

We are pleased to be able to record that the Geological Section seems now to be well established. It has held several meetings during the present term, under the direction of Fr. Sebastian Lambert, who has read papers on "Fossils," "Processes of Rock Formation," and "Faults and Joints in Rocks."

On Ascension Day there was an expedition to Newburgh and the Fosse. The upper lake, where the beautiful Bog Bean and Marsh Cinquefoil were in bloom, is always a good hunting-ground for the entomologist and many specimens were obtained. Butterflies were remarkably scarce throughout the day, though a few were captured on the return by Yearsley Moor and the Gilling Woods.

The Annual Expedition to Gornire was also a naturalist's field-day—an unusually successful one in spite of a very heavy storm which occurred in the morning. The Green Hair Streak Butterfly was very plentiful this year on the Moors, where also the Tiger Beetle was found, while the Fritillaries were seen in great numbers on the slopes of the Hambleton Hills. Several interesting botanical specimens were recorded including the Greenwinged Meadow Orchis and the beautiful and local Dusky Cranes Bill.

On Whit-Monday, a party of Naturalists went by train to Sinnington, whence they walked up the valley of the Severn in the direction of Lasingham. The early part of the day was spent in exploring the woods which overhang the river. They seem to be one of the most favoured haunts of the Butterfly Orchis which was found in several places. The party then went on to Lasingham and returned to Kirby Moorside by way of Spaunton Moor.

The following papers were read this term by members of the Society:—

May 21st	"The Pigeon"	R. H. BLACKLEDGE
June 18th	"The Turtle"	V. G. NAREY
July 9th	"The Weasel Family"	B. J. BOOOCK

The Term

In the early spring many a hopeful prophet foretold "King's weather" for the summer term, and their hopes have been realised even beyond the golden dreams of optimistic meteorologists. For the weather has been gorgeous. There must we suppose have been some rain since Easter. We remember a week or so of rather cold days in June, but our impression of the term is one of day after day of cloudless skies and a dazzling sun that seemed to make the belief of the Pursees almost intelligible. And the nights in the first fortnight of July when the moon has risen blood-red over the venerable tower of Gilling Church and traversed its lonely path from East to West across the valley, the only light in the heavens because it was so great! On one of these nights the writer, sleepless, leaning out of his window felt the wondrous witchcraft of this vale in the power of the silent moon now sinking in the West—for it was between two and three in the morning—when, while wood and hill and field were bathed in silvery light, in the far East a veil seemed gently lifted revealing rosy dawn. East was greeting West and a spell was charmingly broken.



1st Gentleman—The news, Rogero.
2nd Gentleman—Nothing but bonfires.—*Winter's Tale.*

So it was, at least with us in the depths of the Country, on Coronation night. Around the large fire in front of the College we sang the National Anthem with all the zest that the occasion, the flames

and the unwonted scene demanded. Whether it was due to the impatience of the authorities to see us in bed or to the perennial state of advance our clocks have assumed or have had thrust upon them for the benefit of would-be travellers, our fire was alight five minutes before the others. The sudden illumination of the sky on the stroke of ten told of many others in the neighbourhood—notably that which the bucolic loyalty of the villagers had prompted on the top of the hill and described in the *Yorkshire Post* as one of the most noteworthy in the North of England. When it was lighted it gave the impression from certain points of a great fire kindled on top of the monastery. The two fires no doubt lost something from their proximity. We were proud of ours—its dimensions and the energetic way it went about its dying for King and Country—a symbol of the loyalty that was eating out our breasts—until we read next morning of the fire lighted by an old Laurentian, Mr. Does, Lord Lonsdale's agent, at Whitehaven. It was a hundred and three feet high—the largest in England. The fireworks, though frequenters of the Crystal Palace might have been critical, were good—more especially the rockets. At the best displays, they are the most attractive. Their meteoric but vigorous life contrasts strangely with the little apologetic puffs with which in loveliness and grace they end.

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We are glad to be able to state that the exceptional dissipations of this Coronation Summer Term has had no deleterious effect on the Social Work Fund in connection with Mr. Norman Potter's great work at St. Hugh's, London. Rather more than the £10 promised to Mr. Potter has been readily subscribed and this without any effort by peaceful persuasion or importunate entreaty. We hope some of those boys who live in and near London will add their personal service to their generosity for this is what Mr. Potter especially desires.

+ + +

The neighbourhood is becoming renowned for motor trials. Lately we have had an invasion of cars from Germany which came out of their course to try Sutton Bank. About eighty passed through Oswaldkirk but several turned back baffled by the bank and made for their destination by another route.

+ + +

The golf has lost an ardent champion in Fr. Leo Hayes, to whom the success that has attended it during the last few years has been entirely due. His untiring efforts at the new course have made golf practicable for the School, and the Club will with difficulty replace him. Fr. Leo is now at Canton. The small boys will have special reason for lament seeing that in his magisterial capacity his work lay among them. The Gothic revival in Church vestments which has marked the past few years is attributed to him, and certainly he was consulted and designed dresses for the York Pageant. We wish him many years of good work.

+ + +

The Cricket Eleven have had on the whole a successful season. They were twice defeated, once by a strong "Yorkshire Gentlemen" side and once by the *Past*. In both matches it must be said the Eleven contributed towards their defeat. In the game with the Yorkshire Gentlemen the College batsmen played the really difficult bowling well, but failed badly against Mr. E. Lane-Fox's "lobs." "The only way to play slow bowling is to hit it" is said to have been the advice of Dr. W. G. Grace to a young cricketer. But when boys are opposed to a team of men on a ground large enough for a county match, it is doubtful whether it is wise to adopt this method in dealing with the deliveries of an expert "lob" bowler. In the match with the *Past* the College Eleven gave a really bad display of batting. There are mitigating circumstances: the atmosphere of Exhibition Day is scarcely one favourable to serious cricket; in a game with a scratch Eleven of "Old Boys" there is always absent the intense rivalry—the keenness to win—which converts a moderate school Eleven into a formidable side; and this year the College innings took place immediately after the Inspection of the O.T.C. It does not seem to be on record with what success precisely Cincinnatus ploughed when he laid down the sword for the ploughshare, but the sudden change from carrying a Lee-Enfield to handling a cricket bat seemed to be too much for the College batsmen who are also cadets. However there was no excuse for the tame strokes by means of which four or five of the Eleven got themselves out. For the *Past* Mr. J. H. Nevill howled very fast and kept a good length, and Mr. J. P. Raby batted with much of his old power and skill though he was obviously short of practice.

+ + +

The most satisfactory feature of the season was the handsome victories the Eleven obtained in the Inter-School matches, all of which were won outright. St. Peter's were beaten by sixty runs; Pocklington by eighty or ninety, and Bootham by ten wickets. A. C. Clapham was a most consistent batsman, a first-rate field and a good captain. Kelly's wicket-keeping is said by one whose experience makes him competent to judge, to be the best that the College has hitherto produced, and the fielding generally was of a very high order. The Eleven contained only three regular bowlers but each of these was well above the average, and aided by smart fielding the attack was sufficiently formidable. The batting of the Eleven was rather unconvincing and the style not at all impressive. There was an almost total absence of the "pretty" batting which G. W. Lindsay, B. Collison, R. C. Hesketh and H. Speakman had accustomed us to look for in the last few seasons; and it would be a simple untruth to describe any individual innings as—*to borrow an aesthetic term from Longinus—an "eye-smart."* The following are the averages of the First Eleven:—

BATTING

	<i>Innings.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Not out.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
A. C. Clapham	10	263	2	37.5
A. P. Kelly	9	208	0	23.1
A. F. M. Wright	11	174	1	17.4
N. J. Chamberlain	11	139	1	13.9
G. H. Richardson	9	102	1	12.7
H. J. McCabe	4	20	2	10.0
C. B. Collison	2	19	0	9.5
O. S. Barton	8	60	1	8.5
L. T. Williams	5	17	2	5.6
R. A. Marshall	7	29	1	4.8
D. St. John Fawcett	3	8	0	2.6
J. J. Robertson	5	8	1	2.0

BOWLING

	<i>Matches.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
D. St. John Fawcett	4	93	14	6.6
G. Richardson	11	310	32	9.6
A. F. M. Wright	9	370	22	16.8



A. C. Clapham, A. P. Kelly and G. H. Richardson were given their Cricket "Colours" during the term.

The following have won the "Averages" Bats:—

Batting (presented by Mr. W. J. Taylor)	A. C. CLAPHAM
Bowling	G. H. RICHARDSON
Fielding	R. A. MARSHALL
Best All Round Cricketer ("Wyse Bat")	G. H. RICHARDSON

+ + +

The Lawn Tennis Club has had an almost record membership, and thanks to the weather which helped to keep the Courts in first-rate condition, and to the energy and tact of the Club Secretary, J. D. Telfener, the season has been an unusually successful one. Mr. J. Stanton has again presented two Racquets as prizes for the Tournament. At the time of our going to press only the first round has been decided, of which the following is the result:—D. P. McDonald beat J. J. Robertson 6—1, 6—3; N. J. Chamberlain beat C. Mackay 6—2, 6—0; P. E. Vuysteke w.o., R. H. Blackledge scratched; A. F. Melville Wright beat J. A. Miller 6—4, 6—0; W. J. Dobson beat B. Burge 6—3, 6—4.

+ + +

There has been a revival of Water Polo this term, due in some measure to the long period of hot weather which made swimming so desirable; to, perhaps, the swing of the pendulum—there was no Water Polo last year—and to the necessity for practice for the Tournament which has just begun at the time of the writing of this note. Three teams are entered for this tournament. TEAM I:—Goal, H. J. Emery. Back, A. C. Clapham (Capt.). Half-Backs, C. B. Collison and B. S. Martin. Forwards, R. J. Power, P. E. Vuysteke and D. P. McDonald. TEAM II:—Goal, A. Darby. Back, A. P. Kelly (Capt.). Half-Backs, B. J. Hardman and N. J. Chamberlain. Forwards, J. A. C. Temple, J. J. Robertson and C. R. Simpson. TEAM III:—Goal, D. Collison. Back, R. H. Blackledge (Capt.). Half-Backs, E. J. Martin and W. A. Martin. Forwards, J. Dobson, C. Mackay and F. H. Pozzi.

+ + +

At the Aquatic Sports which are to be held at the end of term, the following events will be contested:—

1. Competition for Swimming "Colours"—12 lengths (400 yards) in 10 minutes.
2. Open Swimming Race. *Prize*—Silver Cup—3 lengths.
3. Diving—Open. *Prize*—Silver Medal.
4. Swimming Race—(boys under 14)—1 length (33½ yards).
5. Learners' Race. *Prize*—Swimming (Badminton Library)—1 length.

* * *

The following are the head boys of each Form:—

Sixth—A. C. CLAPHAM

Fifth—F. W. LONG

Fourth—B. C. LIVERSEY

Higher Third—C. E. SIMPSON

Lower Third—V. C. KNOWLES

Second Form—N. FISHWICK

First Form—J. MORRUGH BERNARD

* * *

Old Laurentians

CYRIL AINSCOUGH has been playing cricket for Ormskirk.

DECLAN POWER has passed his Intermediate Medical at Trinity College.

COUNT TELFENER is making a tour in South America.

PATRICK NEESON is studying surveying with a view to an estate-agency.

T. H. J. NEVILL was Holofernes in the Shakespeare Costume Ball at the Albert Hall.

J. J. MURPHY is studying at London University.

PHILIP WILLIAMS has received the appointment of an Assistant Commissioner on the Gold Coast.

DOM JUSTIN McCANN (1st in "Greats" 1907) and DOM PAUL NEVILL (2nd in History 1905) took their M.A. at Oxford this term.

DOM HERBERT BYRNE (2nd in "Greats" 1909) and BERNARD ROCHFORD (2nd in History 1910) took their B.A. degrees.

T. O'C. DUNBAR at the Trinity College Sports won three firsts and a third. First in the 120 yards, 12.2.5 seconds. First in the 220 yards, 23.2.5 seconds. Third in the 100 yards. First in the 120 yards (University Harriers' Tournament) 12.1.5 seconds.

W. P. HEFFERNAN at the same Sports had the distinction of winning the Viceroy's prize for the Quarter Mile, and received the congratulations of His Excellency. His time was 51 seconds.

G. F. WELCH at the recent Golf Tournament at Portrush was the winner of a Cup.

* * *

Notes

BEFORE the last echoes of the Coronation die away—not to be heard again, we hope, for a long generation—some of its minor Notes may be distinguished, and chronicled. Is it the last time that an English king shall be crowned with these old-world sacred and romantic rites? Before this reign ends the rising tide of radicalism and unbelief may have swept away, if not the Throne itself, at least its religious and chivalrous surroundings. Already the suggestion is muttered in some quarters; and few realize how unique in a prosaic and irreligious age our English coronation has become. A glance at the usages of other nations is instructive. The Muscovite Czar sets the crown upon his own head, but he takes it from the altar after it has been blessed by his priests. Among Catholic sovereigns only the King of Hungary has been anointed and crowned during Mass. Other European monarchs, whether kings or emperors, inaugurate their reigns either with no religious rites at all, or with nothing remotely resembling the mystic ceremonies of our English coronation. No throne stands now in France, and not for eighty years has a Most Christian King been hallowed with the chrism of Clovis in the cathedral at Rheims. Perhaps the Kings of Spain have never been solemnly crowned, certainly in the new constitutional kingdom His Most Catholic Majesty formally assumes authority with neither priestly blessing nor public prayer;—he takes a short oath in Parliament at the hands of a Prime Minister! The Portuguese king did the same. That mushroom monarchs of revolutionary origin like those of Servia, Italy, Belgium, or even German Kaisers or Bulgarian Czars, should have no religious crowning is not surprising. They have no traditional ritual, and they mostly dispense with any ecclesiastical intervention. The King of England who, even though he reigns by parliamentary title, still holds power from the Almighty, is not too haughty to receive his crown from the hands of his church's ministers,

NOTES

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and with elaborate ritual that goes back to William and Aldred, or even further to Ethelred and Dunstan.

♦ ♦ ♦

A Royal coronation is by far the most Catholic service now surviving in the Anglican church. When the Reformers pulled the old ritual to pieces they didn't dare, or were not permitted, greatly to alter the forms for a Coronation. These rites occurred but seldom; they affected only one person, and were witnessed by comparatively few, moreover the claims of early Protestant sovereigns were so ambiguous that they needed all the sanction they could get from ancient usage and hallowed forms. Hence the survival of the traditional forms. "Not all the water of the unplumbed sea can wash the unction from an anointed king." There was something sacramental about a royal consecration, as though conferring a kind of "character." The ceremonial used at the Coronation of George V was the *Liber Regalis* drawn up by an Abbot of Westminster for the crowning of Richard II, the few changes introduced being more in substance than in outward form. Of course Protestants had to bring in the presentation of a Bible, and to have a Communion service instead of Mass. But it is the only religious rite in which they still use Holy Oil, the king being thrice anointed on brow and breast and hands with the sign of the Cross; the sword, spurs, sceptre, ring and crown are blessed with prayer if not with holy water; and the crown, taken from the "Altar" (not the "holy table" in this connection), is placed upon the Sovereign's head by the "archbishop" who legally claims to represent St. Augustine. This latest coronation was in some respects even more medieval, that is, more Catholic, than many of its predecessors.

♦ ♦ ♦

What a strangely sacerdotal figure the King's photograph shows him in his Coronation robes. In long purple tunic, embroidered stole and cope, with sceptre in hand and diadem on head it is far more the priest than the warrior that we look upon. Cerdic of Wessex was raised on a shield and hailed as king by the shouts of his victorious warriors; the War-lord of the pagan Saxon has been changed by the Church into the temporal Shepherd of the Lord's fold; and Cerdic's latest descendant, with his grave, bearded face,

and his sweeping robes and crowned head resembles nothing so much as an Oriental bishop.

* * *

At the last two Coronations the abbacy of Westminster, pertaining to the honour of the Laurentian house, has unfortunately been vacant; such being the present dearth of deserts—or of their appreciation! Otherwise it would have been an interesting and suggestive incident if among the various pretensions advanced and adjudicated in view of the Coronation, an abbot of Westminster had submitted his claim to perform services which of late have been usurped by the Elizabethan Dean. The abbot had to instruct the king privately in his ceremonies, to bear his confession overnight and perform various other duties during the actual coronation! It might plausibly be contended that the titular abbot of Westminster is not a more shadowy personage than some others whose claims have been recognised, than hereditary cup-bearers and chamberlains forsooth, or the Champion of England! The Court of Privileges considered and passed judgment upon some less substantial pretensions than those that could be advanced by an abbot of Westminster. Had such a one proffered his claim and offered loyalty to discharge his customary duties, the claim might of course have been rejected; but it would have been considered, and some day it might have been allowed. Perhaps by the next coronation the Laurentian community may have produced some one of its sons worthy to wear the Westminster title with due modesty and grace.

* * *

Rumour tells of many hearthburnings among the High Church party that not even at this last Coronation could the Anglican bishops agree to resume the mitre, which is the distinctive head-dress of their rank. A fine chance was missed again of asserting "Continuity!" Where all else is medieval and so much is Catholic, where heralds strut about in tabards and kings-at-arms in mystic garb, and peers in the robes of their various grades, it does seem incongruous that only the spiritual barons should wear no head covering. As the Crown is set upon the King's head, each peer puts on his coronet—every peer except the bishops, who rank first in the baronage! Perhaps it is meant to show that the Crown is

not the source of spiritual honours as it is of temporal. But a favourable opportunity was lost for the public and authorised resumption of the old insignia of episcopal rank. The taint of Popery however clings to a mitre, and protestant prelates have always been shy of wearing them—except on their coat of arms.

* * *

Talking of Peers, and with sweeping changes impending in the powers and constitution of the Upper House, how few politicians remember that in old Catholic days, when the Barons of England was strongest and most useful, its hereditary elements were very much less numerous than they have ever been since. Before the Reformation only a minority of the Peerage had a right to their summons by heritage. The abbots of parliament outnumbered the bishops; and both together slightly outnumbered the lay lords. That is to say, a majority of the Peers had gained their seats, and their powers of legislation, not merely as sons of their fathers, but by personal merit or public service recognised by some form of either election or appointment. These Spiritual Baronies formed a very democratic element in the State, as life peerages bestowed on talent that had risen from the ranks. Thus the destruction of the abbeys altered the whole balance of the Constitution. With the abolition of the greater part of the Spiritual Peerage, the hereditary element, for the first time in history, became predominant in the more powerful Chamber; and the tendency was strengthened through the confiscation of abbey lands, by which a new nobility was enriched, protestant and hereditary of course. Thus were doubly augmented the hereditary constituents and the influence of lay landlords, both of them useful elements in the State, but never meant to be paramount. Tudor tyranny and unchecked land-ownership are thus among the evils entailed upon the country by the Reformation; the former needing to be cured by the blood-letting of the Civil War, whilst slow and painful attempts are now being made to remedy the latter by radical or socialistic legislation. From this standpoint some may view with more equanimity the inevitable changes that are impending. But among projects for reform of the House of Lords why does no one suggest the restoration of

spiritual peerages? As a temporary but effective expedient it has much to recommend it. Fancy swamping a recalcitrant House of Lords with five hundred abbots!

* * *

On July 18th of this year was celebrated the Jubilee of the opening of St. Mary's Church, Woolton. Memories of old Laurentians cluster thickly round the house and Church. The names of Frs. O'Brien, Whittle, Prest, are still remembered in the parish with affection. Some of the old inhabitants are fond of telling how Fr. O'Brien, in order to save expense, secured the voluntary labour of the young men to get out the foundations of the house. Others will recall the prosperous state of the Mission under the direction of Fr. Whittle. At the division of the Missions in 1891, Woolton fell to the lot of Downside Abbey and the last Laurentian Rector was Fr. Prest. The present Rector, Fr. Vincent Corney, taking advantage of the Jubilee of the Church, which falls about this time, has carried out an extensive scheme of renovation and redecoration of the Nave and Chancel.

* * *

Fr. Corney has shown praiseworthy energy in not shrinking from celebrating the event on a grand scale. Fr. President (Dr. Gasquet) and Fr. Butler, the Abbot of Downside, kindly consented to honour the proceedings with their presence. A large number of the brethren, as well as of the secular clergy, responded to the Rector's invitation. The proceedings opened with Pontifical High Mass. Fr. President (Dr. Gasquet) was the Celebrant and it is not often that one hears the liturgical strains rendered with such sweetness and devotion. Fr. Abbot Butler of Downside preached a thoughtful (and not too long) sermon on the text, "My house is a house of prayer." The ceremonies were conducted by Fr. B. Gibbons, and the intricate pontifical functions were performed with a smoothness and quiet, which formed a pleasing contrast to the excitement and confusion which often prevail when a Bishop descends upon an unsophisticated personnel. One of the results of the Abbatial system is to be seen in the ease with which our Fathers acquit themselves of their various duties on these occasions. A choir of Benedictine Fathers rendered the Music, the

old Mechlin. It was given with a precision and a heartiness which soon will be heard no longer; for at no distant date the united choirs of the different families will be no more than a happy memory.

* * *

So large a gathering of clergy could hardly have been arranged for at Woolton, were it not for the kindness of P. E. J. Hemelryk, Esq., J.P., who entertained about fifty of the Fathers and placed his beautiful grounds at their disposal for the day. Some very happy speeches were heard after the dinner. Fr. President received a very warm welcome on rising to respond to the toast of his health. Everyone was pleased to note how much better he looked. After alluding to the sumptuous lunch prepared by the host he said that he now understood the meaning of a word that had often puzzled him, that was Woolton *Muck*.

* * *

From our Oxford Correspondent:—

More often than not, the "summer" term is something of a misnomer; you go up at the end of April and try to believe it is summer, the pretence is kept up through a cold and cheerless May, and then, just as the summer really begins, "schools" and "going down" are upon you. This year, however, no complaint could be found, save that, for so relaxing a place as Oxford, it has been if anything too hot and oppressive. The temptation to build a town beside a river is strong, but if Oxford had been built on "Boaz' Hill" it would have been a different place—in more than the topographical sense.

The term has passed without much incident. We had a visit from three of the Colonial Premiers, Sir. E. Morris, Sir. J. G. Ward, and General Botha, who received honorary degrees. The warm welcome accorded the last named was very pleasing. At the Encaenia Lord Charles Beresford and the Maharajahs of Gwalior and Idar were similarly honoured.

Public lectures have been diverse and numerous. For some reason or other impossible hours are frequently chosen for them. Four o'clock in the afternoon on a hot day in the middle of "Eights

Week" is not the time one would naturally choose to go to hear lectures, especially if they be in a foreign language. That despite such drawbacks good audiences assembled to hear M. Bergson's two lectures on "L'idée de changement" is a tribute to the position his philosophical system, or rather method, has won for him. The first was mainly concerned with the problem of method and both the possibility and nature of philosophic tuition. The second, dealing more particularly with the special problems involved in the concept of change, outlined the proposal by which he would reverse the positions which substance and change have usually held in Philosophy.

The Romane lecture was given by Professor Bury of Cambridge, who took for his subject "Romances of Chivalry on Greek soil"; Professor Selwyn Image has continued his course on the fundamental laws of "Fine and Applied Art"; the second "Halleyecture" was delivered by Professor Turner on "The Movements of the Stars"; while our thanks are due to the English Board for arranging a course of lectures by Professor Legouis of Paris on French poetry.

Some of the Reform Statutes have advanced a stage further. That creating a Finance Board and the Faculties statute have assumed a final form, while the preamble to the Greek statute exempting Honour students in Mathematics and Science from Greek was passed by a substantial majority. If coming events have been casting their shadows before and Oxford is to become a Greekless University as the pessimists declare, it is hard to reconcile their prophecy with the fact that "Literae Humaniores" had more candidates this year than it has had within the memory of man.

Eights week was favoured with brilliant weather and some splendid racing was run. New College "bumped" Magdalen the first night and maintained their position to the end; but the tables have been turned at Henley where Magdalen after disposing of New College in the first heat secured the Grand. The inter-university cricket match ended in a hard-fought victory for Oxford. This leaves us an easy first in the greater athletic contests of the year.

At our own Hall no one has had to face the ordeal of finals this year, but the Rev. J. S. Mooney of Woolhampton is to be congratulated on his "second" in Mathematical Moderations. During

"Commemoration" the Rev. Paul Nevill, Bede Jarrot, O.P., and Justin McCann proceeded to the M.A. degree, while the Rev. Herbert Byrne took his B.A.

* * *

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St. Augustine*, the *Austral Light*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Bulletin de S. Martin*, the *Downside Review*, the *Georgian*, the *Irish Rosary*, the *Oscotian*, the *Ratchiffian*, the *Raven*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Ushata Magazine*, *Edmundian*, *St. Bede's Magazine*, and the *Cottonian*.

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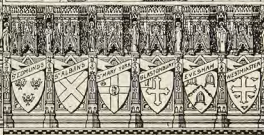
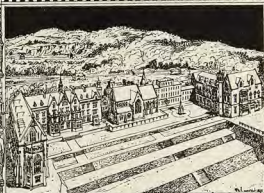


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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

VOL. XVII

JANUARY, 1912

Part II

Holiday Rambles III

A WEEK IN RUSSIA—I

STEAMING swiftly along the wide, smooth Gulf of Finland, of which the low-lying shores were barely visible from our decks, we steered towards a golden ball that glittered on the horizon ahead, until, as we drew nearer, the chimneys and roofs of a town began to detach themselves, and the glittering ball proved to be the gilded dome of a church sparkling in the sunlight. The grey walls of a fortress showed up next from the dull waters, with a chain of flat islets, fortified and frowning, that stretch across the sea-way, and together with floating mines and submarines are supposed to make Cronstadt impregnable. I was not prepared for the pall of smoke, belched out from innumerable chimney stacks, that, as we advanced up the Neva, hung over the city before us. I had pictured St. Petersburg as a city of palaces, fortresses and "prospekts"—the haunt of anarchists and czars, hardly realising that it is also a busy, manufacturing centre, whose appearance from the sea reminded one of nothing so much as the first view of Liverpool to one sailing up the Mersey channels. Entering a canal the "Danotlar Castle" made its way slowly to the

Port, which again lies some three miles below the centre of the city.

A large part of our first day under the Russian flag was consumed by custom and police formalities, with a most minute examination of passports, and slow, laborious deciphering of unfamiliar foreign names. The officials who had boarded us at Cronstadt took away even the small case of ammunition used for signals and rocket-apparatus! As a Catholic priest I had been refused a passport by the Russian Consul in London, and referred to the Minister of the Interior at St. Petersburg! After some trouble and official intervention the *Visa* was granted with apologies by the Russian Embassy in England; but the Consul was hardly to blame, as unrepealed laws still forbid the admission of Catholic priests into the Czar's dominions. To judge by the amazement expressed by my fellow-travellers at such belated intolerance unrepealed laws against Catholic priests might be absolutely unknown here in England!

But if it is difficult to get into Russia, and still harder, they say, to get out of it, yet when once landed on Russian soil, the ease and smoothness of our movements were agreeably surprising, and the complete absence of supervision or restraint. I had anticipated securing passports in a breast pocket, ready to be produced every ten minutes. Actually they were taken from us in the Neva, and we never saw them again, or wanted them, till they were returned to us on our departure. If we were under supervision we never knew it, nor did we experience the slightest annoyance or difficulty though we moved about singly or in parties, by day or by night. Neither were signs of popular repression visible, or of the down-trodden people of whom hostile critics talk with such exaggeration in our daily press. You see far more swaggering officers and more military domination in any Prussian town than in either of the Russian capitals. Doubtless our visit did not coincide with, or provoke, either pogroms or revolutionary riots; the officials seemed pleasant

and obliging, the few police about looking like stolid, good-natured family men who had never hurt a fly in their lives! Though the upper classes are tall, handsome and well set up, most of the common people are of a smaller size and a lower caste, with somewhat forbidding features, flat-nosed and low-browed. This is the Finnish type, approximating to the Tartar, that prevails in the north. The popes or clergy are numerous and picturesque in their grey or black habits, and tall, brimless hats with long hair hanging over their shoulders. Rough and tangled as this is generally worn, it gives them an uncouth and disreputable appearance, that is probably belied by the simplicity of their lives; many others of the city clergy and upper ranks with their noble beards have however a most dignified and patriarchal mien. A characteristic figure in the streets is the *droshky*-driver, generally a man of enormous proportions with a low-crowned top-hat, and a full-skirted coat thickly padded and worn even in the heat of a Moscow summer. Its voluminous folds are supposed to be an equally effective protection against either heat or cold; they have other advantages as well. Private *droshky*-drivers are said to be paid by weight; and there's a story of an enterprising American girl who prodded one with her hatpin up to its head, failing even then to arrive at the quick!

In modern times when new world cities spring up like mushrooms in a night, peopled by emigrants from distant shores, the foundation of St. Petersburg fails to impress our imagination as it did that of our fathers; but it was a marvellous feat for its age, and it remains to all time a monument of what may be accomplished by the relentless will of an unscrupulous autocrat. In 1703 Peter the Great had just gained an important naval victory over the Swedes, then the chief enemies of his rising empire; and his first idea was to found a fortress against their inroads on an island lying on the broad bosom of the Neva. This project developed after the decisive defeat of Charles XII at Pultowa; and

Peter resolved to build not merely a fort to harass the Swedes but a great city and a new capital, that was to be Russia's gateway to the West—a window through which the Tartar, turned from gazing through Moscow back to Asia, should look out upon Europe and the West. Seldom has a site been less fitted for the foundation of a great city—this inhospitable spot with a long, dreary winter, amid wide stretches of marshy soil and sodden bogs, and endless forests shrouded in heavy fog. The swift stream of a noble river swept by to a tempestuous sea; but its waters were frozen for long months, and its frequent floods overflowing the low banks turned the land into stagnant swamps and quaking bogs. Peter paved the marshes with dead men's bones, and built his city upon them. Its foundations cost one hundred thousand lives. Soil for the mounds of the fortress had to be carried in baskets on men's backs. Relays of forty thousand labourers were kept continually at work—Swedish prisoners, Russian troops, peasants pressed from every province; and they died like flies unheeded. Provision for the needs of such multitudes was beyond the skill of the age or the humanity of the government; famine, frost, sickness, plague claimed hosts of victims; but human life has ever been cheap and abundant in Russia, and the work went ruthlessly on. First the fortress was built, then some wooden quays and houses; three wide alleys were next driven through the forest on the river's left bank, where the main part of the city now stands. The chief of these, the *Nevsky Prospekt*, runs a straight course of three miles, and for length and breadth at least is still the finest street in the world. Along these embankments and avenues tradesmen and artisans were bribed or forced to settle, and the nobles compelled by Imperial ukase to build their palaces. Outraged nature sometimes revenged itself. Tremendous floods swept over the growing city, threatening to reduce it to its original swamp; but man's skill and pertinacity prevailed; and by degrees the marshes got drained and dried, canals were cut

and deepened, river banks were raised and strengthened by masonry. Catherine II completed what Peter the Great began. She is regarded as the city's second Foundress, to whom it owes much of its splendour, and many of its finest monuments. St. Petersburg in summer is as fair a sight as eye could wish to see—the river gaily dancing in the sunlight, its broad surface and several streams spanned by wide bridges, its granite quays lined by classic buildings and rows of palaces, overtopped by gilded domes and coloured bell-shaped cupolas, the whole dominated by the grim walls and tall gilt spire of the Fortress where the bones of dead Emperors are buried, and living victims of autocratic rule. The Neva in its lower reaches is crowded with craft of every kind, and bordered with wharves, docks, warehouses, behind which stretch the endless streets of a busy, manufacturing city.

Everything looks modern about Russia! It is only a young State at most, the two hundred years of its capital making a respectable antiquity; and even Moscow which dates perhaps from the twelfth century has been mostly rebuilt since Napoleon. The wide streets and vast open spaces of St. Petersburg, its tall regular house fronts, its classic colonnades and palaces suggest Paris or any great western capital, only the golden cupolas, the bulbous multi-coloured spires, the bizarre architecture of the churches lending distinction and local colour. But if the city lacks romance and antiquity, it suggests power and immense wealth; it is the only continental capital that escaped Napoleon's barbarous hordes; and never elsewhere have I received such an impression of riches and splendour as from the churches and palaces of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Hermitage picture-gallery formed by Catherine II ranks high among the celebrated collections of the world; the imperial palaces stored with priceless works of art, are resplendent as a poet's fancy; and many a church cupola recalls the gorgeous dream!—

"Of a dome of molten gold
To be a counter glory of the sun.
There shall the eagle blinded dash himself;
There the first beams shall strike, and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery;
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon,
Shall send a light upon the lost in hell,
And flashings upon faces without hope."

In the centre of St. Petersburg the Kazan Cathedral, dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, reproduces on a smaller scale and not very successfully the dome and colonnade of the Vatican Basilica; its sanctuary screen of solid silver is composed of church-plate looted by the French in 1812, and piously applied to its present purpose when recaptured by the Cossacks of the Don. St. Isaac's, a most imposing classic building in the form of a Greek cross, is unrivalled for the beauty of its mosaics and the splendour of its jewels, marbles and gold. Polished granite monoliths, sixty feet in height, seven in diameter, one hundred and twelve in number, support the four peristyles of the church; on the construction and decoration of which nearly three millions have been expended; malachite and lapis lazuli being as common here as marble is in Italy. Beautiful pictures in mosaic, and modern in style, adorn the ikonostasis, whose glittering sumptuousness is somewhat relieved by the subdued light of the interior. The church of the Resurrection, built to commemorate Alexander II on the very spot where he was murdered, displays almost equal splendour, as well as some interesting developments in its architectural features and its sculptured decorations.

At the far end of the Nevski Prospekt rises the *Lavra* of St. Alexander Nevski, the third largest and most important monastery in Russia and the residence of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg. *Lavra*, anciently *Laura*, meaning a Sheepfold, always connotes a group of monasteries governed

by an Archimandrite; the head of a single one being the *Hegumenos*. Here there are no less than seven. The titular patron, St. Alexander, was a Muscovite St. Louis, contemporary and counterpart of the Latin Crusader; he was a thirteenth century Grand Duke who fought chivalrously against Tartar hordes and Teutonic knights and sternly rejected overtures of reconciliation from the Pope! His title of Nevski comes from his great victory over the Western knights won by the banks of the river on the very spot where the monastery was afterwards built. Canonised long ago by his church, Alexander's wonder-working remains were brought here by Peter the Great, and enshrined in a richly-wrought tomb of solid silver. The wealth of the church's adornment in Italian marbles, Siberian agate and Persian pearls attests the popularity of the shrine, and the faith of people and princes in its health-giving virtue.

A long night journey of 400 miles, mitigated by comfortable sleeping arrangements, brought the traveller next morning to Moscow. The straight rail-route which an autocrat ruled as the shortest line between his two capitals runs through monotonous plains and forests that show a few scattered villages, but hardly a town, and only one low range of hills to break the level. Moscow at first sight is disappointing. A busy, populous place of modern appearance it swarms with specimens of all the many races gathered under the Czar's rule; but cities soon lose local colour in these days of rail and travel, and here the oriental garbs of Tartar nomads and Siberian merchants are fast giving way to the store-clothes of modern life. The wide suburbs look commonplace and sordid, but the battlemented walls of the so-called Tartar city are distinctly picturesque with their towered gateways guarded by quaint little shrines; and the Kremlin is unique. Moscow is said to resemble Damascus, though to appreciate its eastern appearance one must view it from above, as we saw it from the Bell-tower of the Kremlin. Spreading

largely over a level plain intersected by channels of the Moskaw, its houses are embowered in wide gardens from whose dense foliage rise minarets and gilded domes, "white towers with golden-throated bells," groups of twisted spires covered with variegated tiles, green, blue, crimson, yellow. Let the poet lend some lines again to describe the scene:

"Each morn new roofs shall dazzle, sudden towers
And masonry in morning magical;
... that land where we would be
Where life no longer jars, nor jolts, but glides."

Only that last line does not suit Moscow in summer! The streets being paved with big cobble stones you may glide over them right enough when buried as they usually are, inches deep in snow, but during the short summer as the droshkies race recklessly along at breakneck speed they certainly jar and jolt. It may be good for the liver, and luckily the horses are sure-footed and well cared for. Even in early June the heat was terrific; the sun's glare in the Kremlin square reminding one of the Piazza of St. Peter's in July.

The jewel of Moscow, the heart of Holy Russia and its glory, is the Kremlin. Rising on a slight eminence above the river which along one side washes the feet of its towers, the Tartar fortress or Kremlin constitutes a third city, set within the other two, and forms a vast fortified precinct, roughly triangular in shape, containing within its gates churches, palaces, convents, a citadel, an arsenal and government offices. The noble cincture of its walls, the twelve gothic gateways and frequent towers recall forcibly old pictures of medieval towns, which is the less surprising when we learn that they were erected by Italian workmen towards the close of the *cinquecento*. Italian artists too built the churches and older parts of the palaces in a curious mixed style that is partly Lombard, partly borrowed from Byzantium and even Persia. Travellers talk lightly of the Mahommedan appearance of Moscow and the mosque-like

character of Russian churches generally; they forget that the Turkish mosque was originally a Catholic basilica, and that the Mussulman stole most of his architecture from Christian Greeks; they forget even that Constantinople was ever a Christian city, that the Turk, an upstart among the nations, has never had art or style of his own, and that the Muscovite would never have borrowed them if he had.

The several churches of the Kremlin group are unexpectedly small; all put together would not make a good-sized minster in the west; they are more like covered side-chapels of a vast open-air cathedral. Each one serves some particular purpose in the Czar's career—one for his baptism, another for his coronation, another for his marriage, one for his burial, though since Peter the Great the Emperors have been interred in the fortress church of the new capital. The external grouping of these churches is very effective; their high walls, their countless cupolas, and a few lofty turrets with gilded chains hanging from the doubled-armed crosses that crown them, all make one harmonious picture with the encircling battlements of the white-walled fortress. Of the dim, solemn interiors only general impressions remain; of dull gleaming vaults resting on tall circular columns and lighted mainly from aloft; of gigantic patriarchal figures that loom from the high roofs and round the lower spaces of the pillars; of aisle walls showing an unbroken series of *Ikons* in metal garments and golden frames, before which silver lamps twinkle and innumerable votive candles. The sanctuaries are screened off by a richly decorated wall, the *Iconostasis*, bearing favourite pictures loaded with barbaric wealth of gold and precious stones. Crowding the narrow aisles, and dimly visible in the gloom, stand the tombs of patriarchs, saints or grand dukes; in one church alone there are forty-seven princes buried; most of these tombs are of bronze, one of silver contains a martyred patriarch; some are covered with palls, many have lamps burning upon them. Through

the solemn spaces a stream trickles continuously of curious sight-seers, or devout worshippers bowing and crossing themselves before their favourite saints; whilst ever and again rises and falls the grave chant of stately priests, magnificently robed and bearded, whose voices are the fullest and most sonorous in the world. The effect is deeply impressive. Over these shrines of Faith and Fatherland broods a mysterious religious charm; earthly wealth and simple piety combine in their adornment, before them religion and patriotism blend in devout homage to God and the Czar.

"And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
Till it shall surely dazzle pilgrim nations
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands."

Just outside the Kremlin walls, its weird pinnacles showing in every prospect, rises the most remarkable church edifice in Moscow, in Russia, probably in the world, for St. Basil's is the most bizarre specimen of eccentric building that has ever been erected. Yet though an architectural freak it really fits in perfectly with its environment. Its ground plan shows a number of small circular chapels grouped round one somewhat larger in the centre, all connected by a labyrinth of narrow corridors, and all crowned by cupolas of different design. Altogether there are eighteen chapels, and eleven domes varying in colour, height and shape; some look like extinguishers, others more like melons, pine-apples, onions, bulbs of all kinds. St. Basil's was built in the sixteenth century to replace an earlier structure of wood, the cone-shaped pinnacles of which were reproduced in stone. The legend runs, but we need not accept it, that Ivan the Terrible put out the eyes of the Italian architect to prevent him ever building anything more wonderful!

There is a religious significance about this shrine that illustrates well the intense faith of the Russian, always deep even when not strong enough to control his wild passions.

The holy man enshrined here was a poor beggar clothed in sackcloth, loaded with chains, who sat by the palace gates reproaching, not always mutely nor merely by his austere life, the godless deeds of those who dwelt therein. But when he died and his soul was borne to Abraham's bosom they honoured his mortal remains far beyond those of grand dukes or czars; and his glorious sepulchre over against the Imperial dwelling stands ever as a witness to eternal law, a silent proof that faith and penance are more durable than pride or power.

The visitor to the Kremlin, or in fact to any of the Russian palaces, can sup on horrors as well as lunch and dine on plots and murders. Here in Moscow are the Red Stairs down which were thrown executed criminals or murdered Czars—the Czar still walks down them on his coronation day. There after murdering his father they hanged the five year old son of the Catholic Czar, possibly an usurper, who is known as the false Dimitri. That wooden cross marks the spot where the Grand Duke Alexis was assassinated only the other day, some of his mangled remains being blown on to that roof several stories high; here is the Convent where his widow, an English princess and now a nun, prays for his guilty soul. Within that church in St. Petersburg you see the dint made in the pavement by the bomb that killed Alexander II; this cheerful, peaceful Square witnessed the massacre of the mob on Bloody Sunday. Outside yon grated window the fellow conspirators of an imprisoned Empress were hanged before her eyes; in those dungeons the son of Peter the Great was done to death at his father's orders; within that palace Paul II was murdered with the connivance of his own son; in attempting to escape from that fortress where his mother had imprisoned him, Ivan II was killed by one of his guards! Altogether Russian annals are as full of gruesome stories and domestic tragedies as—well! as any medieval history of western Europe! Details may be a little more picturesque

or grim, with an added touch of Oriental ferocity; but Russia was always four hundred years behind western ways; and the British tourist (who knows English history) has really no call to turn up the white of his eyes at the long list of Muscovite conspiracies that were either quenched in blood or succeeded through treacherous assassination.

The bugbear of English guide-books is Ivan (John) the Terrible, a savage but able brute that recalls our Henry VIII. Ivan has some excuse in that though living in the same century as the English Bluebeard he had a less civilized background and a less settled stage for his misdeeds. He was not hypocrite enough to persecute for religion, he killed his son but not his wives, and the butcheries that Henry got other people to carry out through legal forms Ivan frequently executed with his own hand. Altogether the Muscovite makes the more picturesque figure, and he scored in the manner of his death; for whilst Henry died in despair, crying out upon the monks he had murdered, Ivan became one himself, and so made a better end than might have been expected. The black pall that still envelopes his metal tomb indicates his monastic profession and his tardy repentance. Ivan once proposed marriage to our Queen Elizabeth, no doubt recognising in her a kindred spirit;—and a very well-matched couple they would have made!

J. I. C

(To be continued.)



A STREET IN THE MONASTERY.

The Monks and Puritans of the Desert

A CONTRAST

AT Cairo, the wise, the experienced, will tell you strange and wonderful things of the Coptic monasteries of the Eastern desert, only, alas! the descriptions do not quite tally. According to one authority these monasteries were haunts of the foulest and most abominable vice and debauchery; opportunities of drunkenness and crime were the real attractions which drew men out into the desert. Another authority informed us that the inhabitants of the monasteries were foully dirty, loathsome of appearance, diseased, and mostly mentally unsound—in fact a collection of naturals and cripples expelled from the world of men which they only served to cumber. Then there was a Frenchman who had written a book—a beautiful, tantalizing, exasperating book, in the most beautiful academic modern French—a meandering work which proved its author a man of some learning, culture, polish, brilliance, and poetry, but one who, owing to excess of these excellent qualities, failed ever to come to grips with his subject.

My Frenchman scintillates without illuminating—he sees too much and yet too little. Camels' souls, priests of Anmon Ra, golden deserts, sinister defiles, historical chatter, archaeological reminiscences, sunsets, sunrises, and minute and beautiful constructions give very little foundation upon which to build; therefore did we decide to go out and see this convent of St. Antony—five days' ride over the desert beside the Red Sea—a strange desert inhabited only by woolly-headed coastguards in the Egyptian service; beautiful polished Sudanese dressed in jerseys, riding breeches, puttees, and tarbushes of Khaki, with a noble hackle of ostrich plumes on one side. Most effective

gentlemen, who salute smartly, stand to attention, and maintain that preternaturally solemn countenance which all the ebony race assume when in office; on the shore these men ride to and fro. Westward stretches a most unholy desert of rocks and crags, eastward the Gulf of Suez, up and down which run tramps, troopers, mailboats, and ships of war.

This desert coast road gives one an odd enough turn, to one riding southward: on his right hand lies the grimdest of uninhabited lands, parched, empty, desolate, unknown; on his left within three miles there ploughs a steamer with deck stewards, old ladies, liverish civilians, Sahibs, Mem-sahibs, invalids, tourists, deck cricket, sweepstakes, cocktails, concerts, and all those devilish accompaniments of English travel; before his nose bobs and waves the grey head and neck of the traveller's camel. Well, five days of this and you come where few people come, to that monastery of Antony the sainted Abbot which lies at the foot of Mount Uadum; a huge wall of rubble forty feet high and above a mile in circumference encloses the place—it has but one entrance.

Now, before I go any further, just let me here say, that I know nothing more of St. Antony than that he has a day in the calendar, and that each year his name is handed down to posterity in the catalogue of the Royal Academy, wherein are numbered and labelled the various pictures of his temptation painted by the anatomists of the day.

Well, I said that the monastery had but one entrance, but beside this one entrance there stand two vast niches, like two blocked-up gateways—were it not that they were obviously built for some purpose. Above one of these niches is a wooden ledge with a trap in its floor; beside the gate a little turret with a bell and stone to steady it; within the niches remains of fires and ashes, and blackened stones—all this not a little puzzling if you but pause to think. This niche is the perquisite of the local Arabs. By im-

memorial tradition the monks have thrown sufficient food for four persons into this niche each day. The local Bedawi arrange among themselves how this is to be shared—those who want the food live in the niche for two or three days and draw the rations. While we were there a man and two women lived in the niche for two days and gave it up on the third to three men. In return for this charity the Arabs bring the monks provisions from the Nile, four days' journey, once a quarter. The basis of the arrangement is that in return for transit and also for defence the monks maintain one family every day in the year.

We rang the bell, a ridiculous tinkling affair, cracked, weak and crazy, with a hoarse, thin, dusty little voice—chink atink adrink a bink ti tink tik a tik a tink a tak a ti ti tink—for some ten minutes; we beat upon the door of iron with stones—the sound was more melodious and resonant; presently a black shawl fluttered over the battlements—"Who are you?" "Soldiers of the State!"—"Welcome!" "And travellers of consequence!"—"God be with you." The shawl vanished and after some time footsteps were heard and voices behind the door—a grumbling argument, a rattling of wooden keys, a heaving and thrusting, a clanking of bars, a squeaking of hinges, and at last the door gaped, yawned, groaned, creaked, and eventually opened slowly—and we were in the monastery. Now, first, remember a monastery in the East has nothing to do with any preconceived notions of monasteries in the West; cloisters, buildings, choirs, chapels have no part with these monasteries of the Egyptians; an Arab village with a wall round it is what you have to bear in mind. Now the monastery of St. Antony is a village of sixty houses, formed in two streets. Besides these there is a large and a lesser garden, a guest house, a general store, a stable, a mill, four small churches, a swimming bath (please note, O libellers!), an oil press and four vaults.

The disarray in which I describe these things is on

purpose; do not please worry about system in a Coptic convent; almoners, bursers, buttery keepers, doctors, priors, novice masters—these are all a part of the Western mania for system, tidiness and purpose, which begins with St. Thomas Aquinas and leads to motors and Sir E. Cassell.

Well, the door opened and we entered the monastery, at least passed the gate and saw the village before us, and perhaps half a dozen of the monks—gentle-eyed brown men, both old and young—some in poor blue cotton shirts, others in black gowns, with black shawls upon their heads—each must needs kiss our hands, and bid us welcome in a manner at once humble, gentle and civil. We were led from the gate to the domed porch of the great chapel which stands at the end of the village street—a matter of about three hundred yards; there chairs were brought out, syrup of roses, tea, and coffee. The monks heard with great grief of the death of Butros Pasha.* Indeed I take the opportunity of here remarking that this is the first occasion that I have heard from Egyptian lips any condemnation of this shameful crime. The monks know what it means and grieve; the others know what it means and can scarce conceal their joy. The Englishman wags his head and says, "This is a bad business about poor old Butros." Well, to continue, these monks are twenty-five in number, ten of them are priests, the rest brothers; besides these there are two servants who may become monks some day.

Now, on first acquaintance these monks differ from Maronites, Nestorians, Jacobites, Syrians, Armenians, or indeed any native Christians I have met, in that they appear to have a very distinct idea of Christian charity; they seem to have no feuds or rancorous hatreds; they speak with unclouded brow at once of Jesuits, Franciscans and the Greeks of Sinai. "Our liturgies differ, but the Saviour is one" was a little phrase continually recurring

* Butros Pasha, the Egyptian prime minister (a Copt), was assassinated in March 1910, the day before we left Cairo.



SENUSI CHILDREN RECITING THE KORAN.

and said with a gentle far off smile most comforting. We stayed perhaps half an hour talking of this and that, and then went into the chapels—two chapels, a great one for coolness in summer, a small one for warmth in winter—two chapels with altars and lamps, and screens of good wood-work inlaid with ivory in places and, I think, bone in others, a few old and bad pictures, one good Arab lamp, some ostrich eggs and straw mats, leeterns like Punch and Judy theatres; these form the trappings of a simple enough double church, the greater whitewashed, the lesser painted with rude frescoes.

On the floor of the summer chapel lay olives drying—mats in the winter one. Now, let me here say that of the appalling filth so noticeable to some travellers I saw nothing—neither more or less than an ordinary Arab village; as to the monks they were not only gentle and civil, but, over and above this, the priests were by no means so ignorant as some will have them; of history they knew not a little—the conquest by Amru al As and the taxes of Omar, the follies of Hakim and the villainies of Ed Darasi, the riots and raids of the Berbers, were all things referred to in casual conversation which betokened either some reading or at least some intelligent conversation. Very little you may say, but far beyond the native Christians of Asia Minor, or the schools of the American Missionaries and other perverters of youth.

We left the monastery to go to lunch, but not before a kid and above twenty of the finest wheat loaves were pressed upon us—"It's little we have but that little is yours" and so on, but really meant and no return expected. In the evening we returned to hear the choir office, for indeed these monks have offices—one at midnight, one at four, one at seven in the morning. Now to be sure one should be very merry over this, ready with some good hearty jokes about vain superstitions; or else should one be super-higher critical, ready with sage and profound comparisons

with ancient Egyptian mysteries, priests of Isis and what not; anything but the obvious event under one's nose.

We went into the chapel and found the monks and servants and brothers scattered in various nooks, but roughly in order of precedence,—servants at the bottom, then the brothers, and the priests within the screen; a low sonorous murmuring filled the place; each monk and brother was repeating the office, which I think does not vary with the day; the chant was rapid, articulate monotone, and full chested, not nasal or whining; and there was a look of attention and meaning which seemed to me new in Eastern Christians. By the door an old brother repeated his prayers with wrapt sincerity, hands outstretched and head upraised. Occasionally one of the priests beyond the screen would turn and say which prayer was to be repeated; sometimes the chant would change to a brisk measure, the cadence of which was familiar to me,—so for about an hour, during which we distinguished, the Gloria in excelsis, the Pater, the Sanctus, and the Creed, and several psalms in Arabic; beside this, something like litanies in Coptic,—so for an hour with an abrupt termination, a slow falling away, but nothing systematic.

Upon this office I noted one thing, and that is that the Rufai Dervishes are undoubtedly beholden to the Coptic monks, for much of their *Zikkir*—the rapid cadence, the full monotone, the sudden changes, and above all the rhythm of their chants are, I feel pretty sure, identical and hardly by coincidence. On our way back to camp we passed an old brother in his cell, ninety years of age, blind and nearly toothless; "I would salute you could I lift my hands" was his greeting and farewell.

The next morning to Mass at 7-30 (Lent). There are three Masses a week—Wednesday, Friday, Sunday. The brothers only communicate, unless serving a Mass, thrice a year—Christmas, Epiphany and Easter. I had been prepared for some slipshod slovenliness at Mass and trembled,

but it was a great relief to find that these fears were unfounded. I will try to describe this Mass of the Coptic monks as I saw it. First, in the dark church office was continuing as on the previous night; the priest who was to say Mass stood before the central altar but not within the sanctuary; he bowed and prostrated before the altar much as Moslems do; he then censed the altar from without; he then stood before the altar with a lighted taper held parallel to the ground and signed the air with a sign of the Cross; this indeed did remind me of Egyptian monuments. While the office continued to be chanted, the priest and a server went within the sanctuary and vested, by the simple method of selecting what they wanted from a heap of garments lying on the right of the three altars; they then came out—the priest in a red cape and black turban, the server in white with a white turban, a white hood with a large red Jerusalem cross, a tunic with the same device on the back and front, beneath all a plain alb or shirt embroidered with silver. The priest and server then went out into the body of the church and came back, then prostrated before the altar and went into the sanctuary when the priest washed his hands, turned and faced the church—all this while the monks sang. Now the server came out and was given by one of the monks a tray of little round cakes of bread, and a flask of wine; with infinite care and much ceremony the priest selected one of the cakes, then compared it with each of the others, then anointed it with wine—the remainder were anointed with wine also—the tray of anointed cakes was then taken away; the selected cake was put upon the altar and wrapped in a pall; the wine from the flask was poured into a large chalice and also wrapt up. Then Mass proper began: the Gospel, a long selection from the Exodus, being read aloud in Arabic to those in the church; after which various psalms were named by a monk and sung by the rest—one old monk, in the darker parts, called lustily

on the monk who named the psalms to "speak up that men may know what to do;" Mass proceeded up to the consecration, when a bell was rung in the tower and all prostrated. Communion was then given to the server alone; so far as I could see, the host was broken in pieces, dipped in the chalice and given with a spoon; each time the server partook he walked once round the altar with a kerchief held to his lips—he partook three times in all; the priest then consumed what remained, and drained the chalice; he then washed his hands with great care and took three great ablutions, the chalice being filled each time; the chalice was then wiped, dried, and set aside, the priest then turned to the church and said, "May God bless King Edward the Seventh, King of England, and his sons; May God bless Mark Sykes, his wife and his children; May God give rest and succour to the soul of his servant Butros." Then each monk in his order came and was blessed by the priest, then each brother, and lastly the servants. So we found that Mass was ended after one and a half hours—the blessing was again reminiscent of the Dervishes, the priest stroked the cheeks of each man and blew upon his forehead.

After Mass each monk and brother and ourselves was given the remainder of the blessed and anointed cakes from which the altar bread had been selected. Hence I gather the origin of "Pain beni," which gives a considerable insight into the very early distinction betwixt blessed bread and Communion—which is something of a backhander for Gibbon, R. J. Campbell and Co.

After Mass breakfast and a general view of the convent (see plan). In the garden there is a small church dedicated to a local saint named Mark or Murghos, who died within the convent, I noticed a picture of him holding a rosary—the rosary is part of the Antonine monk's office. It consists only of Divine praises in short ejaculations like the Moslem rosary. In the garden which is but badly kept there are

- A. Gate
B. Host for Bedawin.
C. Niche.
D. Kiosk.
E. Cells.
F. Abbot's house and probable seat of library
G. Great church and window chapel.
H. Refectory.
I. Guest House.
K. Well.
L. Springs and bath.
M. Burial vault.
N. Antonine monk's house.
O. St. Mark's tomb.
P. Host.
Q. Lesser garden.
R. Church.
S. Stable.
T. Bakery.
V. Oil press.



PLAN OF MONASTERY.

vines, olive trees, date palms. In one corner of the garden we came across a little house wherein stood a chair and a box of rusty tools. "What is this place?" "Once one of our monks was a mender of shoes; two years ago he died!" and here was his house. Since he had died nothing had been moved, his shoes stood in the corner; a bowl of olives, now dried and shrivelled, stood upon the shelf; grass grew under the stool which was half turned; perhaps, as on the day the old cobbler rose from his work for the last time.

Now, if you take the train at Alexandria and travel westward you come to another land—neither of the Arabs of Arabia nor the fellahin of Egypt, but to the folk who call themselves sons of the Weled Ali. To visit their camps is to find a strange enough contrast to the Bedawi of the Shamieh, of Hejaz or of the Jazirah't'l-Arab. Frankly, I do not like these people. The Bedawi, I know, have their faults and virtues, and among their virtues is an easy gentlemanly tolerance of other men's creeds, combined with a decent respect for their own religion, and a natural predisposition not to worry about other people's souls. Now, the moment I stepped into a tent of the Weled Ali I was immediately impressed by the fact, that there could never be and never would be any fellow feeling betwixt them and me—civil they had to be, but friendly or amusing never. Tall, brown, stoutly built, and with a puffy look about the cheeks—which seems a part of the Moroccan and Tunisian countenance—they were Arabs and something else; their white robes, white trousers, and fezes made them new and strange creatures. Their eyes are small and cunning, set in a fleshy face; their beards thin; their complexion sallow. No guestfire burns in the tent and it is only lit under protest—and then not to brew coffee but a tea that burns the breast and silences digestion. Coffee is "shameful," Tea is from God; Tobacco is "shameful." O most abominable puritans! As you speak you can see that you yourself are

"shameful"; there is no "Salaam alaikum"—there is only a superior look; there is no freedom, no ease, but a polite grumpiness which evidently conceals, very ill, a dour and rasping fanaticism. These fellows are all most profoundly influenced by Senussi; the women are veiled closely and hidden behind harems; every stimulant is rigorously shut out except the aforesaid tea; and when Shaykh Senussi is mentioned, a kind of holy shudder pervades the place. In the first tent I went to—no conversation; in the second I was informed as follows: "Senussi is the holiest of men, a place of pilgrimage, a shrine, a messiah, a fountain of piety. O how virtuous a man he is!—he can breathe virtues into other men's souls; Hashish eaters, drinkers of coffee, smokers of tobacco and other filthy-habited persons have recourse to him—he breathes upon them and behold they can never again abide the stink of Hashish, coffee, or tobacco, they are cured of such shameful ways. Miracles he works daily. His greatest miracle was worked on an Englishman—this Englishman disguised himself as an Arab of Syria booted in red boots, with Kaffieh, Egul, and Abba cloak; he imposed on all as a true believer, yet when he was five days' ride from Senussi, the Slave of Peace shuddered and said, 'I smell filth—there is a stink of impiety in my nostrils—Kaffirs are at hand, go forth and seek.' And the servants of the Slave of Peace went forth and found this person in red boots and Kaffieh marching in the desert with a face like a hyaena. And they seized him and reported to the Holy one. 'Smite him,' cried the Holy one, and they smote this one, and the blows fell like winter rain on the roof of a tent, and he admitted his lies and uncleanness and he was turned away."⁹

The tents differ from those of the Bedawin of the East, being of white hair and having tassels within, and wind-sails and ventilators. The lance has never been used nor do

⁹ This is a verbatim account of a certain Englishman's expedition to Jerbah. The miracle was worked by means of a telegram dispatched by Shaykh Senussi's agent in Cairo, to his other agent at Benghazi, who sent on the news by runner.



A FOLLOWER OF SENUSSI.

they know the name of it. Mullahs live in the camps and the children are taught the Koran. Horsemanship is not considered, and there is no connection or interest between them and the people of the East. Prayers, groans and pious ejaculations are the order of the day—readings of the Koran and hatred of unbelievers I think the mental outfit; everything is put down to religion; white clothes are religion, tassels in tents are religion, food, drink, and everything else are religion. A Mullah however told me that it would be possible to visit Jerbub under the following conditions—if one agreed to leave all tobacco, coffee, etc., behind; further, agreed to say and do nothing unclean while in the Oasis; further, came from the Turkish and not the Egyptian side and sent a messenger humbly craving leave to enter; then indeed perhaps it might be possible for an unbelieving Kafir to approach this Holy spot and the old humbug who lives in it.

MARK SYKES.

Shadows and Rays

THE sky from east to west is islanded
With broken cloud, through which the western sun
Shoots rays that of a truth do parallel run,
Yet seem to us like mighty spokes to spread.
True seeming this; for by it we are led
To the source from which their being was begun.
But eastward, lo! the clouds cast every one
Long shadows; and these too from a fountain head
Seem to diverge: and falsely lead the eye
To seek a dark sun in the eastern sky.
So truly do we seek a source of light
And right: but not of wrong and night.
All goodness points to the one Good indeed
Evil is but a lacking and a need.

Nov. 1911.

J. B. McL.

An Attempt at the Religious Life

It will doubtless at first sight seem strange to speak of a religious house chiefly composed of two wedded couples with their children, or of the religious life without the triple vow of poverty, chastity and obedience. My subject nevertheless may be fittingly termed, as I have termed it, an attempt at the religious life. As such I believe that some account of the establishment made at Little Gidding by Nicholas Ferrar, about 1625, for the sole purpose of leading a life entirely devoted to God's service, will not prove without interest for Catholics. Perhaps Nicholas Ferrar and his household are already known to the readers of this journal from Shorthouse's delightful description of them in *John Inglesant*.^{*} Though the Reformation suppressed by force the Catholic faith in England, it was powerless to destroy the religious instincts and needs of human nature which that faith addresses and satisfies. Therefore we soon find these instincts making themselves felt even among the Protestants. The first effect of the Reformation had been the substitution of the natural for the supernatural. Elizabethan England on the whole sought to make the most of this world and cared little for the next. This led at first to great success and glory alike in the world of politics and of letters. It is the age of Drake, of Burleigh, of Shakespeare, and of Bacon. Yet all this worldly glory and prosperity

^{*} This description, however, far from being strictly true to the historical facts owes much to the writer's imagination. When I read the book some years ago it interested me so much in Little Gidding that I both visited the place and sought out a life of Nicholas Ferrar. I bought a life written by an anonymous Anglican lady and edited by the late Canon Carter of Clewer. On this I chiefly base the short account which I am about to write.



Interior
LITTLE GIDDING CHURCH
Engraving

ended, as was inevitable, in dissatisfaction and disillusionment. We shall clearly see this if we compare with the close of Dante's great poem of the supernatural the final teaching of the greatest poet of the natural, Shakespeare. Dante leads us up to the vision and fruition of God in heaven which for ever satisfies our will and nature. His final words are:—

"Gia volgeva il mio disire e il velle
 Si come rota ch'egualmente e mossa
 L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle."

Shakespeare's conclusion about the life and destiny of man is one full of hopelessness and utter emptiness:—

"We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep."

After and against this the reaction came. Man created for God turned again towards Him. Lacking the Catholic faith* the religious instincts found one-sided and often strangely perverted expression, but some means of expression they must and did find. Now, whenever we have a strong revival of religion, it must of necessity bring with it a desire in men's minds for a life of complete dedication to God's service, in other words for the religious life. In seventeenth century England, hatred of Rome checked this for the most part, but here and there we have attempts made at such a life. The most important of these is the household established in 1625 at Little Gidding by Nicholas Ferrar, an Anglican of the Laudian School. He was born in 1593 and was the son of one Nicholas Ferrar a city merchant. He was brought up from childhood by a very devout mother, and from his earliest years seems to have displayed such whole-hearted zeal in God's service as would,

* I am far from ignoring the actual Catholicism there was in England, but am dealing here with the Protestant majority deprived of the faith not by their own but their fathers' fault.

I believe, have made him a canonized saint, had he been a Catholic. When only eight years old he underwent a religious experience which impressed itself on the whole of his future life. In bed one night he was assailed by doubt both of God's existence and, if He did exist, of man's power to serve Him acceptably. He went out into the garden and there prostrate on the ground with tears he begged of God "that He would put into his heart the true fear and awe of His Divine Majesty, that this fear and love of God might never depart out of his mind, and that he might know how he must serve Him. After much bitter weeping he felt his heart much eased and comforts began to come to it, to have an assurance of God, and the doubt began to pass away and his heart was much cheered . . . Two things . . . were so imprinted in the heart and mind of the child that they came fresh into his memory every day of his life. The one was the joy and sweetness which he did in that watching night conceive and feel in his heart; the other was the gracious promise which God made to him to bless and keep him all his life so that he would constantly fear God and keep His commandments." * Soon after this he was sent to school, from which at the age of thirteen he went to Clare College, Cambridge. His early life was marked by his religious devotion and by his intense application to study, which with the aid of an exceptionally good memory soon made him an excellent scholar. On the other hand he seems to have been intensely serious, and to have taken no part in social life.

In 1613 he was compelled by ill health to leave Cambridge and to travel abroad. He seems at that time to have been so ill that he did not expect to live. He wrote to his parents to comfort them for the death, which he believed was at hand, by thoughts of the joys of heaven. He says also in

* The ultimate source of these quotations seems to be John Ferrar's lost memoir of his brother.

this letter that if God should grant him to return home alive "I will all the days of my life serve Him in praising His Holy Name and exhorting others; yea, in His tabernacle and in His holy sanctuary will I serve Him, and shall account the lowest place in His house better and more honourable than the greatest crown in the world." On the continent he spent much time in study at Leipsig and at Padua. He also travelled through Holland, Germany, Italy, and Spain, going through the last named country on foot. Twice he nearly died of illness, and he had a hair-breadth escape from capture by pirates. On this latter occasion he displayed the courage which marks all men of true holiness, for when the sailors were doubtful whether to surrender to the pirates or no, he urged on the crew resistance to the last. Fortunately, however, a larger ship coming into sight attracted to itself the pirates' attention. Nor did he neglect his religion. We catch for instance a glimpse of him passing a Lent in quarantine on his first entrance into Italy. Those days he spent in "reading, meditation and prayer" on a mountain covered with thyme and rosemary, keeping also a strict fast. In Italy he was of course face to face with Catholicism. We hear of charitable attempts at his conversion. Neither then nor later however did he receive the grace of the faith. The reason we cannot tell though we may perhaps suggest that he was to be one of those lanterns which God in His Mercy keeps alight in the dark places unilluminated by the faith. On his return his father's death kept him for some years engaged in business and public life. He took a leading part in the management of the affairs of the Virginia company, and in 1624 sat in Parliament as member for Lymington. Then it was that he assisted in the impeachment of Middlesex. A successful political career seemed open before him, but in reality he was longing for a life of retirement that he might devote himself wholly to God. He was offered a Professorship at Gresham College, and a post under

Government. He refused both and also the offer made to him by a rich merchant of his daughter in marriage with £10,000 dowry. At this time indeed he seems to have wished to go to America as a missionary. He could not however leave his widowed mother, the more so as all his life long he was devoted to his parents and relatives. Therefore he hit upon the expedient of combining both family and religious life, he himself remaining celibate. His mother aided him in this, and accordingly in May 1625 she bought an estate at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. What further steps towards retirement from the world Nicholas intended to take we do not know. He and his family were hurried to Little Gidding that year by the plague. His brother John Ferrar went on thither first to prepare the house. Nicholas Ferrar joined him soon afterwards, when he had wound up his business affairs in town. As soon as he arrived, his mother rode over to join him from Bourne, where she had been staying with her daughter-in-law. When she reached Gidding she would not enter the house till she had been to church to return thanks to God. The church, however, was then full of hay, as it had been used as a hay-loft since the godless days of Queen Elizabeth. Nothing daunted, the old lady pushed her way in among the hay, paid her devotions and then made her son send immediately for workmen, who then and there tossed the hay out of the windows. Next year the family paid a final visit to town, when Nicholas Ferrar was ordained an Anglican deacon. For this he prepared by much fasting and meditation, and watched through the whole of the preceding night. Therefore, though of course he remained as much a layman as before, he doubtless obtained from Our Lord very great graces. At the same time he made a solemn vow before his family and friends to devote himself to God's service and to become "the Levite in his own house." Further than the diaconate he never proceeded.

At Little Gidding he spent the remainder of his life with

his family.* With him lived his mother and his brother, John Ferrar, with his wife and his son Nicholas and daughter Virginia (born at Gidding). His sister Susanna also lived there with her husband, Mr. Collett, and some fifteen of their sixteen children. Two of these Collett nieces, Mary and Anna, wished later to take vows of chastity, but being prevented † by the Protestant Bishop of Lincoln, their diocesan, they had to content themselves with an open resolution of this life, which however they kept till death. How Nicholas Ferrar was able to persuade his relatives, with one consent, to adopt a life of retirement from the world and a rule of prayer, as strict as that of many religious houses, is indeed a mystery. Apparently it was due to his remarkable personality. We may compare with it the religious vocation of the seven brothers of St. Bernard through the influence and example of the Saint.

Before describing this life and rule at Little Gidding I will say a little about the place itself. It is situated on a hill not far from Huntingdon. There is a fine view from it over rolling country of the typical midland type. The hall where the Ferrars lived has been completely demolished. Only a farmhouse stands near the site.‡ The little church remains as it was, though shorn of seven feet at the west end. Behind the church is a wood. The church, quite small and without aisles, is furnished like a college chapel or monastic choir with opposite stalls. These were so arranged by the Ferrars; but whether or no the present stalls are their work or that of the clergyman who restored the church in 1853 I cannot say. The brass eagle lectern and the brass font put in by the Ferrars still remain, though the

* He seems to have paid occasional visits to relatives and friends.

† If the story told in Hackett's *Life of Bishop Williams* be true, as it probably is.

‡ When I revisited Little Gidding last October, the farmer pointed out in the field before his home the marks of the foundations of the old hall visible beneath the grass. During the exceptionally dry summer of this year (1911) they had, he said, been unusually distinct. Of the Ferrars' garden some old box trees near the church still remain.

former was only discovered in 1853, in a pond where the Puritans doubtless threw it when they pillaged Little Gidding in 1646. The Ferrars also wainscotted the church and put up a pulpit and reading desk. They did not however put in or restore any stained glass window depicting Our Blessed Lord, as Shorthouse represents. The present east window is nineteenth century work. On the contrary a Protestant dislike of images combined with a fear of giving further scandal to the now so powerful Puritan school of thought kept the church without any paintings or carvings of religious subjects.²⁰ It was, however, kept in a clean and reverent fashion rare at that time in Protestant churches.

The day at Little Gidding began early. The household rose at 5 a.m. in winter and 4 a.m. in summer, even old Mrs. Ferrar rising at this early hour. After private prayer all met in the great chamber. There the boys and girls repeated by heart set chapters of scripture and hymns. At 6 o'clock they said the first of the hourly offices of the day. As it would then have been considered too "Romish" to use the Catholic offices even in a modified form, Nicholas Ferrar compiled an office of his own for use every hour. It consisted of psalms, a portion of a concordance or harmony of the Four Gospels compiled by himself, and the following hymn sung to the accompaniment of an organ:—

"Thus Angels sang, and so do we,
To God on high all glory be;
Let Him on earth His peace bestow
And unto men His favour show."

We note that the general substance of these offices is quite in accordance with the Catholic liturgy though lacking its beauty and fulness. Certain members of the family were responsible for the recital of the office every hour. At

²⁰ When the Dean of Peterboro' told Nicholas Ferrar that his chapel needed a crucifix in the east window, Nicholas replied that had he found any niche in existence he would have retained it, but not having found one he would not introduce it.

6.30 the whole family went in procession to chapel for Morning Prayer which was read by Nicholas Ferrar. This was followed by the hourly office of 7 o'clock, after which the children breakfasted and then went off to their lessons. For their education no less than three schoolmasters lived in the house, Nicholas Ferrar having, as we saw, a truly Benedictine love of learning. At 10 o'clock all went to church again and the Litany was read. The elders fasted till dinner at 11.15. Before dinner a hymn was sung and grace said. During the meal some instructive though secular book was read aloud and an abstract made of what was read, to be afterwards transcribed and learned by the children. After dinner there was recreation till 1 o'clock, when the boys went to school. At 4 o'clock, Evening Prayer was read in church. At 5 o'clock (probably after the hourly office) there was supper, preceded by a hymn. At supper the Bible was read and also, I am sorry to say, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. This book had been read to Nicholas from childhood, and was his *Acta Sanctorum*. His early acquaintance with and love of this lying work was doubtless largely the cause of his deep-seated but perfectly sincere hatred of the Church. After supper there was recreation till bed-time. The older members of the household as well as the children were fully occupied all day long. Some rooms were fitted up as alms rooms for poor widows. These were tended by Nicholas' nieces. The nieces also visited the sick and poor of the neighbourhood, and dressed the wounds of any who were injured. They seem in fact almost to have acted as district nurses. They found time, nevertheless, for elaborate embroidery and for writing out books in a "fair writing" then much in vogue as an intermediary between ordinary writing and printing. Nicholas Ferrar also sent to Cambridge for a bookbinder's daughter who lived in the house for a year and taught his nieces to bind books most beautifully. Moreover the whole family employed themselves in making Concordances or

Harmonies of the Gospel both for their own use and as presents to others. Portions of each Gospel were cut out and neatly pasted together, while little engravings were inserted to illustrate the text. Seventeen of these or similar works are still in existence. I have only seen a facsimile page, but, even from that, one cannot but be struck with the extraordinary neatness and minute carefulness of the work, which thus recalls the manuscripts emanating from the monastic scriptoria in earlier times. Nicholas Ferrar himself translated several devotional and ascetical books, besides writing copiously on religious subjects. (These writings are now lost, having been destroyed by the Puritans). To him it was that George Herbert entrusted his now so renowned poems for publication.

So far we have dealt with the life of the day, but night was by no means given up to sleep. Nicholas Ferrar at the suggestion of George Herbert soon instituted a night watch. Two men or two women together recited, one night in each week, the whole Psalter antiphonally from 9 o'clock until 1 o'clock; two thus watching each night. The watch was kept by the men in their own oratory at one end of the house, by the women in theirs at the other end of it. The Psalter was recited kneeling, but intervals were allowed in which the watchers rested and in winter warmed themselves at the fire. Low organ playing was also interspersed with the Psalter. Nicholas Ferrar himself watched two nights a week, and on the other five nights rose at 1 o'clock and prayed till morning. On his watch night he seems to have spent the whole night in devotion. Thus prayer at Little Gidding was all but perpetual.

The Sunday rule was somewhat different. They all rose as early as usual but remained in private prayer till 9 o'clock, when they attended Morning Prayer in church. Afterwards till 10.30 they taught children from the neighbouring parishes to learn the Psalter by heart, these children being therefore known as "The Psalm children." At 10.30



Nicholas Ferrar read the first portion of the Anglican communion service and the Vicar of Steeple Gidding preached. After service the Psalm children were given a free dinner, and then the family dined. Recreation followed till 2 o'clock, when the household walked out to Evening Prayer at Steeple Gidding. The hourly offices were all said together after the evening service. The remainder of the day was given to recreation. Once a month there was a communion service for which they all seem to have fasted, and on those days the servants, who had also been to communion, dined at table with the family. Surely on these occasions devout acts of spiritual communion must have been made by all and great graces thus obtained.

The fare at Little Gidding was very plain. "Their bread was coarse, their drink small and of ill relish to the taste," says Hackett (*Life of Williams*). Moreover they seem to have kept fast days rigorously. "On Ash Wednesday," we read, "for the better suiting of their bodies to their Hearts and their Hearts to the Meditations of the Day, they forbore the Refreshment of corporal Food." On the great feast days of the Anglican Church (all of course Catholic feasts in origin) they met as a little society, each member of which was called after some virtue (the Submissive, the Cheerful, etc.). The members then told edifying tales taken chiefly from the lives of the ascetics of the desert or other early fathers, though some also from the lives of great men of more recent date. Among these it is interesting though somewhat surprising to find the death of King Philip III of Spain held up to admiration. There were also stories of martyrdoms, most of these being really such, though there were also a few pseudo-martyrdoms out of the hateful Foxe. These stories were interspersed with hymns sung to the organ. The whole exercise was written down and the "Conversation" books containing them have been preserved. Two of these have been printed and I have looked through them. The stories are delightfully quaint

in manner, and though this quaintness, to our taste at least, amounts sometimes to a certain affectation, a deep piety pervades the whole book. Among the hymns is a most beautiful translation of "cur mundus militat." Another delightful hymn or song in the book begins:—

"O happy you, that have subdued
The force o' the world's desire
And into the fort of solitude
For safety do retire.
You fled from freedom so supposed,
In straitness freedom find,
Because true freedom is inclosed
I' the circuit of the mind.
That soule, sayth God, which I affect,
I will withdraw apart;
And tell unto it in effect
The secrets of My heart."

Of this academy John Ferrar was the Guardian, Nicholas Ferrar the Visitor and Mrs. Collett the Moderator; Anna Collett was the Patient, Mary Collett the Chief. We have seen that the peculiar life at Gidding was partly the result of the special circumstances which forced Nicholas Ferrar to continue life with his family. A great deal in it can however be traced to Nicholas Ferrar's study of the Fathers of the Desert. Unable owing to the prejudice against Popery to copy much from contemporary or mediæval Catholic models Nicholas Ferrar was thrown back on the eastern hermits of the third and fourth centuries. When for instance Nicholas' old tutor Bishop Lindsell remonstrated with him on his austerities, he asked him why he had taught him to read the lives of the old fathers if he were not to imitate them. The Conversations are, as we saw, full of stories taken from their lives. From them too was surely derived the constant recitation of the Psalter, which was, I believe, one of their chief devotions. Moreover the

fact that both the Mass and the sacramental system in general would bulk less large in the lives of desert solitaries than among later religious made them more congenial models to those unhappily deprived of these supremely important constituents and elements of Catholic devotion and religious life. On the other hand the conversations, the reading at meals and the organ-playing and singing at the hourly offices and in the conversations was probably, as the Anglican biographer herself suggests, derived from the Oratorians whom Nicholas Ferrar must have come across in Italy. Such practices of their life would not offend his Protestant opinions.

Of course this mingling of family with religious life lacked permanence. Several of the younger members left Gidding to marry, and finally the religious life dies away, though not entirely till John's death in 1657. On the other hand we hear of friends being received to live at Gidding and to be educated according to the rules enforced there. Moreover other friends came over to Gidding and especially from Cambridge to spend there a few days of informal religious retreat, sharing in the devotions of the house. Of these by far the most interesting figure to Catholics is the poet Crashaw, then a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. He not only joined in their prayers both by day and night, but when he returned to Cambridge continued a similar life there. "In St. Marie's Church near St. Peter's College," says the Preface to his poems *Steps to the Temple* (quoted by the biographer), "he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels, there he made his rest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God, when, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others in the day." One of his poems seems to refer to the Gidding community. Nor did his devotion lack its reward. Ejected from his fellowship by the Puritans because of his refusal to sign the covenant, he went abroad, received the grace of the faith and ended his days at Loreto attached to the Holy House.

I will conclude with some account of the last days and character of Nicholas Ferrar. His mother died in 1634. Nicholas, no longer afraid of causing her anxiety, now increased his ascetic practices. He spent his scanty hours of sleep lying on a bearskin spread upon the floor, nor would he warm himself by a fire. Much of his copious writing was written kneeling. He grew extremely depressed by the rising power and growing truculence of the Puritans. Indeed he foresaw their triumph, and once told his brother John, "If you should live to see the Divine service and worship of God by supreme authority brought to nought and suppressed, then look and fear that desolation is at hand." Curiously enough when in 1637 he went up to town to visit his friend Bishop Williams in the tower he foretold to him that he should come out of prison and rise to greater dignity. I cannot but conclude that God in recompense for his life-long service had granted him some share in that prophetic power so common with the saints. Foreseeing then the coming overthrow of the Anglican establishment and liturgy he earnestly begged his brother to keep firm in that worship and doctrine. "It is the right old good way you are in," he said, "keep in it." It seems very strange that so learned a man could really have thought that the good old way which had not yet been a hundred years in existence. We must not however forget that he had been brought up an Anglican from infancy, and that all his religion came to him through Anglican channels. This appealed to his affections and to a certain natural piety towards the belief of his childhood. Indeed I feel sure that not a few simple, devout and affectionate souls are to-day kept in one form or another of Protestantism by the force of early religious training and by the remembrance of graces received within it, though not of course through it. Such mistakenly think that to deny the Protestant negations is to deny and ungratefully to reject all this good which God has given them. This was, I

believe, largely the case with Nicholas Ferrar. At this time Nicholas began to compose a meditation on death, of which we possess a fragment, which breaks off in the middle of a sentence, as the author left it when he died. On Friday, Nov. 3rd, 1637, Nicholas Ferrar felt suddenly ill. Sure that he was soon to die he sent for the Vicar of Great Gidding, Mr. Goose, and begged him to continue the daily services at Little Gidding. Soon after this he took to his bed, from which he finally removed to a pallet on the floor. Here he lay for a month, faint but free from pain. He no longer even wished to live. On the contrary, "I rather desire," he said, "to be dissolved with St. Paul, and to leave this life for one eternal in the heavens."

On Sunday, Nov. 5th, he received communion, doubtless making an act of spiritual communion with the greatest fervour. He would summon from time to time the different members of his family and urge them to continue in the same way of life. Truly humble he abhorred any personal praise. His brother once said to him, "What shall become of us poor sheep, if the shepherd be now thus taken from us?" "Do you know what you say?" was the answer. "Go, I pray you, go to church and fast this day and beg of God to forgive you your undue speeches and expressions; it much grieveth me to hear them." When a clergyman reminded him of his plentiful alms he answered, "I am to ask God forgiveness for my great neglect in that my duty. It had been but my part to have given all that I had, not to have scattered a few crumbs of alms here and there. The Lord God forgive, I most humbly beseech Him, my too much carnal love to my friends in this kind." He seems in these words to regret that he had not adopted absolute poverty instead of having kept his money for his family. He now ordered his grave to be dug and some books of poetry and romance to be burnt which had been locked up in chests since his retirement to Gidding. On Advent Sunday he again received communion and again doubtless made fervent acts of love and contrition. Later on

he summoned the clergymen into his room and asked them to say the prayer for a dying man out of the Prayer Book. Then he lay still as if asleep for an hour and a half. "But afterwards" (I now give the description of his end in the very words of his brother's memoir) "he, on a sudden, casting his hands out of the bed with great strength, and looking up and about, with a strong voice and cheerful, said, "Oh, what a blessed change is here! What do I see? Oh let us come and sing unto the Lord, and magnify His Holy Name together. I have been at a great feast: Oh magnify the Lord with me." One of his nieces said presently, "At a feast, dear father?" "Ay," replied he, "at a great feast, the great King's feast." And this he uttered with as sound and perfect voice as in the time of his health. While all stood somewhat amazed and loth to interrupt him, if he should say more, he laid himself down most quietly, putting his hands into the bed, laid them by his side, and then shut his eyes, and in this posture laid, his legs stretched out, most sweetly and still. The ministers went again presently to prayers, and after awhile they said that prayer again (that God would be pleased to send His angels to carry his soul to heaven), all kneeling round about his pallet. While these words were saying, he opened his lips and gave one gasp; and so, not once moving or stirring hand, foot or eyes, he rendered up his soul, to be carried in their hands unto His Lord Jesus Christ's bosom, which was that he so often prayed for. And at that instant the clock struck *one*, the hour that he constantly rose up every morning to praise God and to pray unto Him." He was buried next Thursday, Dec. 7th. We are told that his right hand and fingers remained "lithe and flexible as if they were of a living man." The bodies of Catholic saints often remain wholly incorrupt for centuries; need we then wonder if one who, though deprived of the faith by invincible and therefore inculpable ignorance, nevertheless according to his imperfect lights devoted himself wholly to God, should have been

permitted some small share in this mark of divine approval?

He seems to have been by temperament impetuous and masterful and yet at bottom very humble. He was a great student but somewhat narrow in his intellectual outlook. He never could depart for good or evil from the teaching of his youth, and he therefore never attained to a wider and truer creed than he was then taught. On the other hand he never relaxed his grasp upon the partial truth which it contained. He loved dearly the Anglican Church and was most obedient to its authorities (for instance he would not even recite the Litany daily without express leave from the Bishop). It is sad indeed to have to record his hatred of Catholicism. The Pope he believed to be Antichrist and his sayings about the Holy Mass I would not care to set down. This however, probably also in part due to his early reading of Foxe, proceeded from zeal for what he honestly believed to be the true faith and the true Church. Hence at root it is surely far more Catholic than the modern toleration of Catholicism by many Protestants because they have ceased to believe that there is any one objectively true creed. Nicholas Ferrar seems also to have been most generous, a most loving and dutiful son and devoted to his relatives. In fact we saw how he feared that his love for them had encroached too much upon his love for God. Yet he certainly did love and serve God wholly and that throughout his entire life. This is the chief fact about him, and this after all is the only really essential duty of man. Had he been a Catholic, there can be (as I have said at the outset) little doubt that he would have become a saint. Even as it was, he was certainly one of the holiest men who have ever lived outside the true Church.

After Nicholas' death the Gidding life still went on and probably continued till John Ferrar's death in 1657. The church however was sacked by the Puritans in 1646 and the family was temporarily driven away. Indeed the Gidding household had excited much public attention both friendly

and hostile. Many visitors came to see it, and of these not a few were Puritans who came in order to find fault. Friends however came too, and among these was King Charles himself. The King came there three times, once in 1633 on his way to Scotland to be crowned at Holyrood, again in 1642 at the outbreak of the Civil War, and finally in 1646, after Naseby, he visited Gidding alone and in the darkness of night.⁹ This perhaps it was which brought down on Gidding the fury of the Puritans that same year.

The inevitable want of permanence of the religious life at Gidding was but a symbol of the instability of the High Anglican religious revival of the Caroline age. Dependent on royal favour and without any firm basis of infallible authority, it gradually died away into the utter deadness of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless the study of this movement and of its various manifestations, of which the Little Gidding community is doubtless among the highest, should not be without interest or value for us Catholics. Indeed from the study of any deep religious life or of any holy men outside the Catholic Church there is I believe a twofold profit to be derived. On the one hand the weakness, one-sidedness, and instability of such non-Catholic religion, whether displayed in a society or in an individual, should teach us to appreciate the more that strong, entire, and everlasting faith which is ours. On the other hand, when we contemplate the wholehearted devotion and service of God of men such as the Ferraris, who lacked so many aids to that service which we by God's grace possess, we ought surely to be stirred by a keener desire to make the fullest use of our complete treasure of doctrine and sacrament, lest at the last reckoning we should find that, whereas they with their five talents had gained a full five besides, we had buried our own ten fruitlessly in the earth.

E. WATKIN.

* An old oak on the Gidding estate is known by the name of King Charles' oak.

Wind: A Point of View

LAST night I was aroused by the fury of a gale unsurpassed to my remembrance for violence and velocity. The shutters were closed, but the window was open and I lay awake listening in the darkness. I could follow every phase of the hurricane. I heard its long sweep through the swaying beeches, now stripped of their last leaves and shaken in branch and stem. Now and then I heard the snap of a broken bough, and later on, towards morning, the sudden terrific crash of an ancient walnut tree that had weathered the storms of nearly two hundred years. I followed each rise and fall, each lull and swell of the tempest, as it paused only to gather fresh energy for another, more violent, outburst. I could have fancied at times it was the sobbing of some wild creature in mortal anguish of suffering, in frantic paroxysms of woe. And images of pain and of passion came before me and, by association of ideas, seemed to offer an explanation of that feeling of pity, as for a thing half human, yet of dread, as of some blind and destructive influence, which had possessed me from earliest childhood, when the wind howled and beat against the house.

No other element or natural phenomena do I find evoking the same sensations of sympathy and repulsion, of fascination and recoil. Is the cause of this physical or psychological? Does it spring from the soul within or the storm without? Is it a voice or only an echo?

Those waves of pain gradually working up to *crescendo*, mounting and falling like the ebb and flow of a tide, each time increasing, till at last they diminish in duration and intensity—those alternations of fitful energy and collapse,

of efforts and lassitude, reiterated and familiar—what spectacle of nature presents them to us more faithfully, or half so poignantly, as they are suggested by mere variations of sound? An invisible orchestra, the power of the wind over our nerves and emotions is proportionate to our own impressionability. Appealing through the most spiritual of the senses to the profoundest depths of our being, it demands an ear responsive to delicate vibrations and a temperament instinctively introspective, if we would seek for a meaning in its music, wild and rudimentary, but requiring like the immortal masterpieces of genius, not musical intelligence alone, but adequate imagination and sensibility for its understanding.

Is it not then because of this exclusive appeal to the hearing that the wind seems at once the most impersonal and subjective, the least material of the elements?

Yet, whether it moan over the restless waters or whisper through the summer woods, whether it rave and rage at sea or on land, by night or by day, the voice of the wind ever remains a mystery to man's spirit, something haunting yet strange, akin to him but remote and often hostile. He may read into it his many moods, finding it swift as his thought, sudden as his inspiration, impetuous as his impulse, free as his fancy, boundless as his desire; but he knows it to be at the same time complex and incomprehensible as his soul itself. Fire, water, earth, these he can bend to his will, control, and make minister to his pleasure; but recent experiments notwithstanding, the empire of the air is still beyond his conquest. For what power less than divine has ever bade the winds be still; and can human science truly be said to command that mysterious force which submits only when it is spent, or in obedience to laws spontaneous and inscrutable as caprices?

On the other hand it may well be this character of incalculability and inconsequence which, joined to familiarity, accounts for the little awe it inspires in the normal mind.

When we listen to reason rather than a transitory impression, to experience rather than sensitive nerves, we believe that a hurricane, as much as fever or passion, must end in exhaustion, and convince ourselves that, without aid from fire or flood, its ravages in temperate latitudes at least, are seldom irreparable. At sea, where wind works the greatest mischief, mariners fear it less than fog, and laugh at its ravages as a strong man laughs at a woman's anger.

Its strangest power is over the nerves, bewildering, agitating, even alarming. The sensation of uneasiness, irritation and distress seems to arise with this incarnation of unrest, passing through all the stages of disquietude to the excitement of revolt, sometimes in the insane, to the frenzy of delirium. There is a tension of the nervous system differing entirely from that which precedes a thunderstorm for instance. Then it is usually from a feeling of lassitude that we suffer, a languor and prostration, explainable by the weight of the atmosphere. But as soon as that pressure is removed by the discharge of electricity, not merely do we feel relieved but invigorated, not simply refreshed but exhilarated. After a gale, the contrary takes place. Instead of reaction we have diminished vitality. Peace follows strife, calm succeeds to storm, silence to tumult. But the peace, the calm, the silence, are those of exhaustion. Our deliverance is sleep, that image of death, not life awakening life to renewed activity. Hence the wind to me remains the type, the tragic and supreme symbol, among all the elements and phenomena of nature, of the force at once and the futility of passion.

Others indeed surpass it in all that depends upon visual appeal. Impressions received through the eye, because of their distinctly objective character, must influence the ear, to a certain extent, when the two organs are affected simultaneously. Therefore we lose something of the melancholy cadence of the waves by seeing them dance and sparkle in the sun, of the burden of the ocean's lament in

the stupendous spectacle of its vastness. It is only at a distance or when darkness falls, that we can appreciate the finer emotional shades these sounds should suggest. Involuntarily we close our eyes to follow a fugue of Bach or savour a song of Beethoven. And are we not apt in our entrancement over a sunset's colour to undervalue the delicate harmonies of evening, when sounds, almost inaudible at other times, surprise us with a new sonority?

It will be answered that, in nature no less than in certain forms of art, impressions conveyed through two separate organs are blended so perfectly as to enhance and apparently complete each other. But is it true in the case of the ocean, is it even true in that of a thunderstorm?

The question is an interesting one, to be decided perhaps by individual taste or temperament. Still, if hearing be a finer intellectual medium, a subtler agent for spiritual influence than sight, its action must be stronger, since it is purer, when exercised alone. For this reason, a tempest, immeasurably inferior from the point of view of sheer impressiveness, grandeur and sublimity, moves us in a manner that a thunderstorm never does. Both raise in the mind the idea of conflict. One is vivid, dramatic, picturesque. We are taken out of ourselves, carried away and enthralled; but as our interest is not personal, neither does the crisis, awe-inspiring though it is, profoundly affect us. Long and intimate association with certain well known Biblical scenes, imagery and personages, must always and inevitably determine the character of the emotion such a storm calls forth in the Christian's breast, strictly limiting his sentiments to those of a religious but somewhat vicarious order. Thunder, we were told as children, is the voice of God and raises very definite and distinct ideas of veneration and of fear, long after the days of childhood are past; but how different is this solemn awe from the weird and unearthly terror inspired by wind! As different perhaps as mysticism from religion! At all events, however absorbed, we remain

throughout a thunderstorm merely spectators. Should physical sensation prevail over contagious example or the influence of early tradition, some of us may exult in the colossal combat going on above us; but our thrill is due to electric currents, tangible as any battery, not to the glorious excitement of combat for combat's sake. We are stimulated, but by false appearances of hazard, blinding us to the triumphal issue, by a cheap delight in danger divested of all preoccupation of our individual weal or woe.

Moreover the sublimity of the attendant circumstances, the violent contrasts of light and dark, the lurid lightning, serve, whilst exalting, to remove the scene still further above the pale of human emotion into spheres dazzlingly inaccessible. Yet, at the same time, so real and material are the images evoked by thunder-clap and lightning-flash, so convincing their impact on the senses, that they must appear almost gross compared with the wind's subtlety, to its vaguer suggestions. Never other than objective, they cease at last even to symbolize. The sound of thunder becomes to our ears verily the cannon's roar, the crackle of grape shot, the heavy roll of artillery; the lightning is the flash of steel, just as the storm's vibration is the quivering shock of a cavalry charge. And if we should behold cloudy hosts arrayed against each other, the powers of the firmament fighting the dread field of Armageddon, it is with weapons of warfare realistically familiar. If with Miltonic majesty, but with rapidity unattainable by words, the battle stamps itself upon our brain, like an Apocalyptic vision, in characters of fire, as suddenly too as a vision, or as a picture flung upon a screen, it vanishes, leaving us, save for a transient feeling of physical elation, no more sense of reality than a dream.

How differently are we affected by that combat of which at the time we have often only audible evidence! For the agitation of the trees, the waves and the clouds, I will claim to consider but as accidental and accessory. They

add little, after all, to the essential quality which distinguishes the wind from every other element, its independence of visual effect. Even when we see the havoc the storm is working our sense of it does not seem greatly heightened. Imagination plays so large a part in audible impression. Next morning we may read of disaster and ruin; we may behold the beach strewn with wreckage, the garden laid waste, damage and destruction in orchard, wood and field. But these results can but confirm our midnight apprehensions; they could not augment the poignancy of our disquietude, when actually under spell of the tempest. The strange restlessness to which we were a prey by day, the fevered insomnia of the night, what else were these but sympathetic vibrations, symptoms of disturbance outside ourselves? The pulse of the universe had quickened to a fever pace; our own had risen in response.

Again, what a difference the intense yet complex feelings suggested by the wind, particularly that most musical, weird and eerie wind, that blows off the Atlantic and haunts our shores and the wilder coasts of Cornwall, Ireland and Wales! Here, miles away from the sea, not far from the western frontier of Germany, when it freshens to a breeze, can we not fancy something of the old salt savour in the softer buffets of that same wind we strove and struggled against in our youth—like unto a spirit we could neither elude nor repel, personifying perhaps the aggregate of those subconscious and persistent influences which are breathed in with one's native air, with one's ancestral atmosphere! The tones of its voice can be plaintive, can be passionate, but though waking in the human soul every echo of the whole gamut of human suffering, strife and despair, they are always more than humanly potent. Whatever of effort and of revolt is imprisoned in man's spirit would seem to be seeking an outlet, surging and seething in the storm. We feel the conflict is tragic enough to have a collective significance, yet is it poignant enough to be

purely personal. And because it is immaterial it appears to us interminable, a struggle pursued till the end of time old as the world, of doubtful and tremendous issue, the never ending duel of will and fate; "for the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly . . . and groaneth and travaileth in pain, even until now."

Surely this accounts, fancifully yet not too incredibly, for the far larger hold which the wind, in proportion to its power for evil, takes upon the imagination. We understand the superior danger of other elements, yet they do not occasion us the same disquiet. Our terrors are not intuitive or temperamental, are rather perhaps survivals of a lower stage of racial development or merely contracted; we do not feel them part of us. When we hear the wind we remember that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood," but against some mysterious force, in a sense indeed one with us, but at times, at the full height of the storm for instance, external to ourselves, and, more truly than thunder, than lightning, to be identified with the "principalities and powers and the rulers of the world of this darkness."

"ANGUS COMYN."

The Birth of Belmont Priory

It is usual to speak of the erection of the Cathedral Priory at Belmont as the work of the English Benedictine Congregation, devised by its Superiors and carried into execution at the order of General Chapter. It is a true statement from the official point of view. Only by the sanction and with the encouragement of General Chapter could such an undertaking have been begun and completed. Nevertheless, it would be vain to seek for the story of its making in the acts and decrees of Chapter. Living things—monasteries should be classed among organisms with personalities of their own—are not built up by statute. A modern poet has thus described the "Making of man":—

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for heaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And Madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite
Love, that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of death.

Such lilting verses dance in the memory and Time, Grief and Co. have a trick of changing partners in the *melée*; but they could never have helped much in the creation of anything—except a minor poet. They with their gifts are,

to our mind, merely a substitute for the fairy godmothers of the old story—an unsatisfactory one. We shall take no note of them, or of anything that has to do with the philosophy of history. Our simple task is to tell of some living beings who assisted at the birth of the Cathedral Priory of St. Michael and the Angels,—certain very substantial god-fathers, who brought to its making and enrichment such gifts and graces as they had in their power to bestow.

The story begins with a letter written to Fr. Barber, President of the E.B. Congregation, by the Right Rev. Thomas Joseph Brown, Bishop of Appollonia and Vicar Apostolic of Wales. Finding himself greatly in want of priests to serve the missions of his large diocese, he turned to his brethren for help, and begged that certain propositions he had to make might be considered by the President and his advisers. In reply, the President instructed the priors of the three houses, St. Gregory's, St. Lawrence's and St. Edmund's, to hear what the Bishop had to say and, after due deliberation, to advise him what course of action, if any, should be adopted by the Congregation. The meeting was held at Coventry. D. Peter Wilson (Downside), D. Ambrose Prest (Ampleforth) and D. Francis Appleton (Delegate of D. Placid Burchall, Douai) were present. At the first Session—Fr. Ambrose Prest has left us an elaborate report of the meeting—the assembled "Fathers proceeded to read the letter addressed to the Rev. Father President," and having duly formed themselves into a Committee, resolved, firstly: "to stay their Councils until they had received from the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, either in writing or *visà voce*, the Propositions which his Lordship might have to make; secondly: "that they would hold their deliberations without the Bishop being present";—a most correct attitude, facing the business straight and promptly; courteous, yet undemonstrative; ready to be amiable or disagreeable, as it might be deemed advisable. At the Second Session, the Bishop came before them and

made the following proposal: "Will you consider and inform me if you consent, that this District (viz. Wales) shall retain the *services*, or an equivalent to them, of such Ecclesiastics as may enter the E.B. Cong., being sent to one of its Colleges by the V. Ap. of this District, and educated upon payments received from him to the period of their Profession and to the age of 24; or till they shall have time to go through an ordinary course of Philosophy and Theology? Being regulars and members of an exempt Cong., the parties in question will *personally* be subject to the Visitation and Correction of their own Superiors; but it will be necessary for the V. A. or Bishop to possess authority, such as the Provincial has, for appointing them to any mission in his District." As anyone might have foreseen, it was "unanimously decided that the Proposition could not be entertained, because it involves a material deviation from our Constitutions." But the Fathers very kindly made a suggestion:—"That under the fostering care and active co-operation of the V. Ap. the Community of SS. Adrian and Denis be established and settled in Wales. They (the Fathers) feel convinced that the Rev. Fathers Bonney, Hall and Hankinson, and others professed for that dispersed Community, are members capable of carrying out forthwith the undertaking with the strongest hopes of success, and that the prospect has the high recommendation of being in conformity with the ancient practice of the English Church."

We have reason to suspect that the "prospect" did not so highly recommend itself to the Lamspring Fathers above mentioned. But the suggestion of a new monastic establishment, preferably in the Welsh District, fitted in with some of the aspirations of FF. Anselm Cockshoot and Ambrose Prest. These two, the late and the reigning Priors of Ampleforth, the wiser for some experiments unsatisfactory to themselves and their Community, had conceived and discussed together and with their friends the idea of a Common House of Studies

and Strict Monastic Observance for the Congregation.* But so far it had resulted in little or nothing except some desultory talk and correspondence. The next step in advance was another proposition, communicated by Bishop Brown to President Molyneux on Nov. 19th, 1851 (a year after the establishment of the Hierarchy) in the following letter:—

"DEAR FR. PRESIDENT,

"On my way home from a meeting of the Bishops, preliminary to a future Synod, I avail myself of one leisure day to submit to your consideration, and that of the Regimen, a proposition of great importance, but which I am bound to request may be received by all of you as strictly confidential.

"If Chapters be appointed, and the recommendations of Bishops originate with them; moreover, if Regulars be excluded from all the chapters, they become thereby reduced to a sort of inferior position, and the English Benedictine Congregation loses all its former peculiar distinctions. In a few years hence the result may become very serious.

"Any details of what took place at our meeting we engaged to keep secret. One only exception was made, and it is the communication I am about to submit.

"Mixed Chapters of Seculars and Regulars cannot, it is said, be admitted—it is unknown in the Church. Moreover, as the office of Canon is perpetual, the Bishop, or the Canon, being a Regular, could prevent the latter from being removed by his Superiors.

"The only means of preserving some portion of your ancient privileges is by constituting Regular Chapters; but more than one of these would probably not be admitted, and more than one would burden you too much, whilst one

* From one of Fr. Anselm's notes we learn that they had printed some papers: "Resolutions of St. Lawrence's, April 1845," "The Indispensable Conditions of Success, etc.," "Buildings and An. Expenses, etc.," "The Advantages of, etc." (archib. D. A. Prest, pencilled in the margin).

such may benefit the Order and all Regulars in England. That one is naturally the united Sees of Menevia and Newport. This I sought the sanction of the Bishops to propose to you, and if you choose to agree to supply it, they will all concur in recommending the appointment to the Holy See. Time, however, will not admit of long deliberations and your negative answer will be irrevocable.

"Are you then willing to form the Cathedral Chapter of Newport? It will require at least four Canons with a Dignitary, and to be increased, as means permit, to ten Canons. If you agree to this, and establish yourselves at Newport, and there perform the Choral Duties, the eyes of the Catholic Body will be fixed with admiration on you, and the E.B.C. will gain much before God and man.

"Now I beg of you to consider the proposal by conyoking the Regimen, not by epistolary correspondence. I have been too much from home this year, so that I cannot go to join your deliberations, but I will afford you any aid in my power by replying to your enquiries—or I shall be glad to afford you three rooms at my house, and a fourth bed may be engaged in Chepstow. Time must not be lost. I go home to-morrow. With best wishes, I remain, Dear Fr. President,

"Your devoted Brother in Xt.,

✠ "T. J. BROWN.

"Might not Lamspring be thus restored? The mission at Newport is able to maintain now 3 Priests, two Lay-brothers and 3 Nuns, but they live with much economy. T. B."

The copy of this letter from which our transcript has been made was sent by Dr. Molyneux to Fr. Ambrose Prest, and in the covering note (Nov. 25th) the President writes: "I have no doubt I shall call a meeting of the Definitors and a few influential Brethren at Downside for Tuesday the 2nd of Dec., that is, for this day week. I should very much like you to be there, if the state of your health, and other circum-

stances, will permit you to travel so far in this inclement season of the year." The Definitorial consultation naturally resulted in an acceptance of the proposal, though not a final and unconditional one. Meanwhile, Fr. Cockshoot was busy with his and Fr. Prest's scheme of a Common House of Studies, looked upon now with some favour by Superiors and an authorised subject for discussion. He drew up and printed a circular with the heading "The Buildings of St. ——" (the blank space was left to be filled up with the name of some mission to be obtained by arrangement with Dr. Brown or one of the other bishops) asking the brethren to consider "the Difference in point of Advantages and Expense, etc., for the double object of a Monastery and a College, which will be offered by the Present Buildings (unnamed) after their enlargement and alteration, on the one hand, and on the other, by the Erection *ab initio* of a small Monastery or House of Studies, and the appropriation of the existing buildings to the requirements of the College." There is no hint of the Cathedral Chapter proposal. There is no mention, either, of a Common Noviciate in conjunction with the House of Studies. But both were in the air. In the covering letter of one of these circulars, directed to a confrère (probably Fr. A. Prest), Fr. Cockshoot writes: "Holme, April 23, 1853. As, according to present arrangements, the subject of the establishment of a House of Studies, or of the Monastery of St. Benedict's in the Diocese of Newport, will be discussed by the President and myself, with Bp. Brown, as well as at Downside, we ought to lose no time in acquiring clear conceptions of the nature of the proposed Establishment, and of the extent of the accommodation which will be required—otherwise we cannot judge of the propriety of accepting or of declining to accept the Buildings at Coedangred, which with their concomitants are supposed to be equivalent to £3000. On the subject of the Noviciate, it appears to me, that the novices should pass their *Constitutional* year of probation in common at St.

Benedict's, after having had a first year of probation at their respective Houses, as Postulants; during which year they could be employed as Assistant Masters." The blank spaces of the first circular are now filled up with *St. Benedict's* and *Coedangred*, a South Wales mission, offered by Bishop Brown to the Benedictines in furtherance of his College scheme. But we note that the word "College" and everything relating to its requirements have now been crossed out with the pen. The Common Noviciate, evidently, is about to take its place. It would run better in harness with a House of Studies than a College—if indeed, a joint College and Noviciate would not be altogether unmanageable. We feel sure the Bishop, looking first, as was right, to the needs of his Diocese, was not altogether pleased with the change. But he has his private knowledge of the negotiations concerning the Benedictine Cathedral Chapter to console him.

It is as well to remark, at this point, that Fr. Anselm Cockshott had the much-admired habit, whenever an idea took hold of him—and he either originated or assimilated many—of schematising it; cutting it up into two or three main divisions, with three times three subdivisions, tying portions together with brackets; labelling the divisions A, B, C, etc., or 1, 2, 3, etc.; boxing up the whole within ruled lines of latitude and longitude, and then issuing it as a Schedule, either in print or in script, for the convenience and enlightenment of his brethren. The form these schedules took leads one to surmise that he acquired the method from the patient and admiring use of *Gorizia*, a complete course of Moral Theology in tabular form, much prized by our forefathers. We may not doubt that such schedules had their value. They helped to keep the details of the scheme in their subordinate place and order; to prevent them from overlapping or obscuring the main issues; and at the same time to insist that no one of them should be overlooked. Fr. Cockshott's were really good of their kind. They have

something of the neat excellence which we unwillingly admire in the schedules of the Board of Education. We have a fancy that Form IX would have greatly tickled the palate of the worthy Fr. Anselm, if he had lived to taste it.

During the next few years, these schedules were produced with surprising rapidity. There are eight of them—in print or writing—connected with this one question of the House of Studies. The first—that already referred to—is not of great interest to us in these days. It vaguely informs us that at St. Benedict's, Coedangred, there is a good church, three bedrooms, and "good though probably too small offices"; also it presents to the reader Fr. Cockshott's idea of the minimum requirements of the establishment in staff and buildings;—the former may consist of three priests, who will share between them the offices and duties of Prior, Subprior, Professor of Theology, Professor of Philosophy, Junior Master, and Novice Master. The second, third and fourth schedules are tables of comparison, shewing, on the one hand, the combined expenditure of men and material, over the training and education of novices and Juniors, in the three existing Houses; and, on the other, the prospective expenditure in a single House of novices and studies common to all three—assuming the final result to be "the production of four priests in the aggregate per an." We may not suppose that Fr. Anselm's patient elaboration (three times repeated with variations) of what in effect is a simple sum in arithmetic was needed to convince the President and his advisers of the economic gain that would result from a centralisation of the training and schooling of the young Benedictines. What then could have been the use of all this labour? I think we may assume that Fr. Anselm's readily-excited enthusiasm had not so far proved infectious; that he had found the Brethren indifferent to his scheme; and that he was trying to imprint the advantages of it upon their minds. He would show them that it was all as simple and certain

as that two and two made four—or, perhaps, with some luck and good management, a trifle over and above. Such preliminary schedules were what he called “prospects.” He was one of those who dealt mainly in futures; or, if we may say it without disrespect, he was in the habit of counting his chickens before they were hatched. Indeed, in this instance, he began to count them before the nest was made or the place finally selected for the building of it. As soon as Coedangred was suggested, he seized upon the idea joyfully, and called upon all the brethren to rejoice with him in his discovery, that here, with about a third of the present expenditure, we should hatch out—not four priests per annum, but five; an average of six novices resulting in the annual production of five priests—one bad egg only in a clutch of half-a-dozen.

We learn from a letter of his to Fr. Ambrose Prest, dated April 26th, 1854, that the Rescript from Rome concerning the establishment of a Benedictine Chapter in the Diocese of Newport and Menevia has now been published. He writes as one who has knowledge of the march of events only by hearsay. “I have heard little of the Project of 1853 for many months”; but he has been told, he says, of the rejection of an offer of land by Mr. Vaughan, and of the later offer, by Mr. Wegg Prosser, of “a very handsome church which he is willing to build, with four acres of land, which he believes he is able to enfranchise, and an endowment of £100 a year.” “I imagine,” he adds, “although I cannot speak with confidence on the point, that the church is in progress if not built in great part, and that it is adopted for the Cathedral Church of the Diocese to be served by the Benedictines agreeably to the Rescript from Rome: and in the event of the Benedictines declining (which is not anticipated as they were pledged at the Oscott Synod) to serve the Cathedral Church and to form its Chapter, the Rosminians are ready to take the duty and send at once 6 Priests, and 2 Lay-brothers. If the Chapter decline the formation of a Common

Noviciate there, I believe St. Gregory's will still take the place as their Noviciate and House of Studies . . . I give you this account, because you appear to have scarcely heard of it.” (Fr. Prest was not so ignorant as he allowed his friend to suspect). “The name of the place is Belmont and the copies of letters from Dr. Brown and Mr. Heptonstall, which I enclose and beg you to return, will give you a more detailed description of the Offer in general.” From a second letter of Dr. Heptonstall's, dated May 7th, we learn that Fr. Ambrose Prest had already been consulted both about the formation of the Chapter and the Belmont buildings, and that so far only “the foundations of the church which Mr. Prosser intended to build (before we came forward) are in the ground. He cannot go forward with building the Church itself before the end of July or the beginning of August, on account of the formalities to be encountered with regard to the exchange of Land. But he has now and has had for a long time several men employed in cutting Bath Stone etc. for pillars, windows, jambs etc. Hence when he begins to build, the work will advance rapidly.”

Passing over Fr. Cockshoot's “Notes for the adaptation of the Statuta Capitularia to the Ben. Cath. Chap. of Newport and to a Common Noviciate and House of Studies” and Fr. A. Prest's comments on them—he begins to break out into schedules again—we come to Bishop Brown's lengthy and voluble address (the draft, in the Bishop's small handwriting, takes up ten closely-written foolscap pages) “To the Very Reverend and Reverend Father President and Fathers of the E. Benedictine Congregation in General Chapter Assembled”—at St. Lawrence's, Ampleforth, July 13th, 1854. It is only possible to give a brief summary of it here. His Lordship, after congratulating them “upon the apparently flourishing condition of their Monasteries,” and a brief word about “the ancient and resuscitated status” of the English Benedictines, informs them that “a single Chapter is offered, by the consent of all the existing Bishops and with most

flattering terms on the part of the Holy See," to their acceptance. "This," he says, "will involve the right of nominating a Regular to the Headship of one Diocese; and of perpetuating therein the existence of Regulars in parochial ministrations, from which gradually they will be excluded elsewhere. Your Definitory has accepted the offer. But I look upon it as still within the power of the Chapter to decline it, although not without injury to your reputation and welfare. Yet would I, in the very interest of the E.B.C., greatly prefer that you should decide against forming the Cathedral Chapter of the Diocese of Newport and Menevia, unless its acceptance be adopted by you cheerfully, unanimously or nearly so, and with a resolution to carry out the scheme in such a way as alone can be creditable and beneficial to yourselves." He then gives some plain-spoken reasons why the Chapter should be most anxious to carry out the scheme and says: "Some of you may reply that the Holy See is not bound to accept any of those recommended by the Chapter for the Episcopacy. Certainly the Holy See may decline any of the names—but it will do so only when all three are such as against them lie doubts and reasonable objections. Suppose such to be the case, and a Benedictine who was not named was appointed—or a Regular of another Order—or even a Secular: still he is a short-lived man; whilst a Chapter does not die, and at his demise the remedy reverts to the latter. I can conceive no other serious objection except the difficulties of carrying out the scheme . . . Your difficulties will be, to supply subjects and money. To me it appears so essential to the interests of the E.B.C. that the Benedictine Cathedral Chapter be rigorously carried out, that you ought to decide—'Men and Money must and shall be found.' Some reliance may be prudently and confidently placed in Providence, which has in many ways manifested a special interposition in the affairs of the E.B.C., as its history demonstrates." Then he comes to the discussion of the various proposed plans: 1. Newport, most desirable

of all places for the Cathedral Monastery, but an impossibility. There is no freehold land near the existing church; the cost of that a little distance away is forbidding—£800 per acre. If the monastery be built outside the city, it might just as well have been put anywhere else. 2. Lt. Col. Vaughan has made an offer of nearly forty acres about five miles from Abergavenny—"by a very bad road and at a distance of about five miles from a market. The scenery is beautiful; but on that man cannot subsist . . . Everything will have to be erected there, as at Newport, except a boundary wall. Col. Vaughan thinks that for £3000 a monastery sufficient to contain 40 persons may be erected, with offices, and a decent church, in consideration of stone, tiles and lime being on the spot. You will probably hesitate before you assent to this. And you will bear in mind that the eyes of many, not looking friendly, will be upon your undertaking, ready to mock at the Caricature of a Provisional Cathedral Church, being a room of a monastery." 3. "Mr. Wegg Prosser offers a beautiful Church, quite fit to be called a Provisional Cathedral, 5 acres of freehold land, all the ornaments for church service, £100 per An. for the maintenance of the Service, and stone for the Monastery on the spot. The cost of the Church will be nearly £10,000 and may exceed that sum . . . You will have to find means for the building of a Monastery and offices." . . . He, the Bishop, cannot promise much help. He tells them they must not calculate on the Holy See assigning to them a portion of the Franciscan funds in his hands, but says, "I can offer £2000 for an annuity of £80 for my life, begging that some care be taken of my sister, if she survive me; and certain medical men are of opinion that one of the valves of my heart is nearly closed. You may reckon on a few hundreds from public aid—the rest must be made up by yourselves."

We may skip Dr. Brown's attempt to forestall the objections to the scheme likely to suggest themselves to

the Chapter. They are most of them of little weight and need no refutation. Two lines only he devotes to, perhaps, the most serious consideration of all. "How are you to support your subjects in the Monastery? There will be no School. The question will, I think, be satisfactorily answered by Fr. Anselm (Cockshoot)." Then he turns to the need of a House of stricter observance in order to contradict the false notions of some detractors of the Congregation, "who confound the misdoings of a few with the character of the whole." He quotes two instances in illustration of what he means, the second of which is of some interest still in these days. "Because one Member, very discredibly in my impartial opinion, was not prevented from running greyhounds at coursing matches, betting thereon and bartering his high-bred dogs for large prices, only sheltering the Priesthood and the Monk under the Soubriquet of Mr. George, I was directed to look at him as a specimen of English Benedictine Missioners, whose doings no Superior checked. These sad things have been talked of far and near—to my grief; inasmuch as no explanation could be comprehended and accepted. Hence a spirit of worldliness, to the exclusion of zeal, retirement, humility, docility, poverty, is charged against the whole E.B.C." (Poor Fr. George Caldwell! Yet his successes with his greyhounds, only a brief episode in a long life, enabled him to build a handsome church free from debt, and his Ormskirk parishioners learned to venerate him as a man of blameless life and a true gentleman, whose only fault as a priest and monk was a type of piety rather old-fashioned in its strictness and severity.) The remainder of the Letter is chiefly taken up with advice that Chapter should make known its wishes and suggestions concerning the rights and duties of a Monastic Cathedral Chapter, a few congratulatory sentences, and a rather lengthy regret that the English Benedictines had not found themselves able and willing to take over the Cardiff Mission

when it was offered them. But a passage in the postscript should be quoted:—"The Provincial of the Order of Charity, so soon as it was proposed that Newport should be the See of the Diocese, offered to withdraw his subjects. If the existing church be made the Cathedral, he is not at liberty to retain it—especially if the Chapter be composed of monks—to whom, thereupon, the Cathedral belongs. With much difficulty I induced him not to abandon the Mission which I had no means to supply, before I could ascertain your resolution; and, in consequence, he consented to leave his subjects till after Easter, by which time I presumed that the determination of the E.B.C. would be known and acted upon. Subsequently he gave me an extension of the services of his Order, until the month of August, now at hand, when he withdraws his subjects in case you can replace them." This honourable and generous act deserves remembrance and recognition. His Lordship further described Newport as "quite a model mission," and said, "I should be most sorry to lose the services of those who work it so well."

In the Definitions of this Chapter we find no allusion to the Papal Rescript, or to the proposed new foundation. But a letter from Fr. Heptonstall (Rome, April 18th, /55), commissioned by Chapter to present its views to the Propaganda, tells us of the progress of the affair. Drs. Brown and Polding were with him. A difficulty had been raised connected with the provisional nature of the proposed Belmont establishment and its ultimate transference to Newport. When faced by it, Dr. Brown began to waver. "A day or two ago," Dr. Heptonstall writes, in a P.S. dated April 20th, "Dr. Brown was pressing me to give up Wegg Prosser's place and, by a paper to the Propaganda, to pledge ourselves at once to Newport . . . I did not conceive myself to have the power of thus pledging the Congregation, and besides that, I thought we should be acting a very dishonourable and ungrateful part towards Mr. W. Prosser. Dr. Polding entirely

agrees with me under the circumstances." The Bishop, moreover, had grown impatient at the delay, and resolved to leave Rome at once. He did so; and by arrangement Dr. Heptonstall followed a few days later. Then, as no letters came from Propaganda, he began to regret that Dr. Heptonstall, at least, did not wait to see the affair to its conclusion. In a letter to Fr. Cockshoot (written to inform him that "when submitting the business which took him to Rome to the Holy Father [Pius IX], the Pope inquired into the condition of the E. B. Congregation, and especially how many houses of Noviciate there were.—Hearing from me that at each Monastery there was a Noviciate, he observed immediately that this would not be allowed to continue") he openly confessed to this uneasiness. Even after the receipt of a preliminary letter from Rome, he could not keep from looking back to the Newport scheme. He was so nearly of a mind to throw over Mr. Wegg Prosser, that he actually began a quarrel with him over one of the conditions of the gift—the introduction of Plain Chant at Belmont; declaring that any such "dictation on matters of internal discipline" would be resented by the E.B. Congregation. It was only on Sept. 3rd, 1856, that Dr. Heptonstall was able to write of the good Bishop: "He seems now to have given up Newport altogether."

At this date, therefore, we may assume that Belmont, with every one concerned both in the Congregation and out of it, was accepted as a settled fact. The deeds of transfer were not yet signed; Propaganda had not yet issued the copy of the Statutes; the building of the monastery had not yet actually been begun. But Belmont was born. Fr. Allanson and a few friends, with his freshly-written history of the failure of a similar scheme in 1781 before them, had doubts of its success, more particularly of the Common-Noviciate part of it. But, though quite out of sympathy with the new establishment, they were prepared loyally to support it. Fr. Allanson wrote to a *Confère*: "Whatever may be my own private opinion on the establishment of a public

Noviciate, it is my duty to support the authorities of the Body in carrying out the wishes of Chapter—and I shall do so if called upon." Fr. Cockshoot found one more occasion for the issue of a brace of schedules—not unlike in form and quite as prospective as any that had gone before. But now they were not devised to convince the Brethren of the excellence of the scheme; that was taken for granted. They simply ask advice "in the preparation of the Designs of the New Priory of St. Michael." The Definitory had entrusted the erection of the monastery buildings to himself—a buoyant enthusiast, and Fr. A. Prest—a sombre-minded critic; both with a reputation for business capacity and expert knowledge of building. Fr. Heptonstall, Provincial of the South Province, acted with them as a sort of supervisor and financial agent. We have no room left to deal with the troubles and anxieties of these good men in their task or to tell of Fr. Anselm's devoted labours and self-sacrifices. We see the result and are proud of it. We should have liked to be able to add that the "prospects" have been realised to the full; but we cannot. Fr. Cockshoot was too warm-hearted and sanguine for his prophetic arithmetic to have a chance of turning out correct, even by accident. These last schedules (the last-mentioned; he lived to schedule a very large and complete Way of Monastic Perfection for the Belmont novices and another for the Community of St. Mary's Priory, Old Longworth, i.e. himself) had as little of the nature of exact science as the first. In Schedule 1st he gives the estimated Choir-Community of St. Michael's on Aug. 15th, 1857, as 25 and the income as £750. This might have been somewhere near the mark. But in the companion schedule, giving a "Prospect" for Aug. 15th, 1866, nine years later, his lowest estimate foretells 45 choir monks and novices, 10 lay-brothers, and a nice little income of £1380; his tallest vision foretells 61 choir-monks and novices, with lay-brethren and income in proportion.

J. C. A.

The Pines

Grow straight to heaven. So shall you be
And seem most sweet to human eyes.
The soul that God hath bidden rise,
Its stooping is no joy to me.

The sister pines grow in a wood
Straight, straight to heaven, with lengthening reach.
How lovely would each seem to each
If pine saw pine, and understood!

If pine saw pine, and year by year
Grown taller, saw its sister grown
To stature answering its own—
How fair would each become! and dear!

But how if pine should lean to pine
Drawn by the neighbouring loveliness;
Should lean in longing to possess,
And swerve away from heaven's design?

The stooping works its own defeat,
It mars the perfect forms of both,
It sets a limit to their growth,—
The point at which they aim to meet.

Awhile they work each other's death,
Hiding heaven's brightness each from each;
Then, learning late the truth I teach,
Take, with bent stems, the upward path.

Grow straight to God, and love shall then
Stream on your soul from every hand,
For He, in His most sweet command
Makes twins the love of God and men.

Aug. 1911.

J. B. McL.

Prebendaries deprived under Queen Elizabeth

To the *Ampleforth Journal* for July 1911, the present writer contributed a paper entitled "Archdeacons deprived under Queen Elizabeth." As several readers found it interesting, he now proposes to follow it up by the present list, from which the names of Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons, who held prebends or canonries with their other ecclesiastical promotions, have been omitted.

WILLIAM ALLEN, M.A. Oxon 1554, Prebendary of York 1558 (?), Fellow of Oriel 1550, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford 1556, if he as a layman had a prebend at York (which seems doubtful as his name does not occur in Le Neve), probably resigned it together with his office of Principal in 1559. He crossed to Flanders 1561, but returned in 1562. He again crossed the sea in 1565 in which year he was deprived of his Fellowship at Oriel. He was ordained priest at Cambrai in the same year. In 1568 he founded the English College at Douay which in 1578 was transferred to Rheims. He was Regius Professor of Divinity at Douay 1570, D.D. 1571, Canon of Cambrai about 1575, Cardinal Priest of the title of S. Martino 1587; Archbishop-nominate of Mechlin 1589. He died the 16th of October 1594. *D.N.B.* I, 314. Gillow I, 14.

THOMAS ARDEN, Prebendary of York (Wighton) 1556, Worcester (14) 1558, and Hereford (Bartonsham) 1559, Rector of Hartlebury, Worcestershire, 1554, and Vicar of Southstock, Oxon, 1551, was deprived in 1560 or

1561. In S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, and wherever he is mentioned by Strype he is called John Arden. It is uncertain whether he is the person of these names, who took his B.A. from Christ Church in 1536/7, and his M.A. in 1537 (Foster *Alumni Oxon.*), or the man, who according to Cooper (*Ath. Cantab.* I, 219) was elected from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, in 1547, but left without taking a degree; probably the latter. He was very likely related to Edward Arden of Park Hall, Warwick, as to whom see *D.N.B.* II, 74. Gillow I, 57. He "lurked" in Herefordshire with Archdeacon John Blaxton and others.

WILLIAM ATKINS, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln (South Scarle) from 1556 to 1560, may not improbably be the William Atkins of Sander's list. He is possibly the William Adkins from Salgrave, Notts., who entered Winchester College in 1534, was Fellow of New College 1540 to 1546 where he became M.A., and Fellow of Winchester College 1546. He died still a Fellow in December 1561, and his brass may still be seen in the Cloisters there. *N. & Q.* 2nd S. II, 195.

THOMAS BACON, B.D. Cantab. before 1557. If the heading of the document printed Rymer's *Foedera* XV, 563, is to be taken as decisive, this person, who was Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and Prebendary of Ely (6th Stall) and died the 1st or 2nd of January 1558-9 was deprived of his prebend before his death. Cooper *Ath. Cantab.* I, 191.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Prebendary of Hereford (Pratum Majus) 1542 to 1560, may possibly be identical with the person of this name who was incumbent of Longford, Norwich diocese 1556 to 1561, when he was succeeded after deprivation. If he is, he was probably deprived of his prebend at the same time.

EDMUND BEDINGFIELD, Prebendary of Exeter (St. Endellion) suffered deprivation and his successor was appointed in

1562. He was probably related to Sir Henry Bedingfield as to whom see *D.N.B.* IV, 133. The names of Humphrey and John Bedingfield occur as recusants in Strype *Annals* II, ii, 343, 676; III, ii, 422.

ALEXANDER BELSHIRE, B.D. Oxon, Prebendary (4th stall) of Christ Church, Oxford, 1546, and first President of St. John's College, Rector of Handborough, Oxon, was deprived of the first two preferments in 1559, and Strype seems to imply in his additions to the list in S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45 (*Ann.* I, i, 411), that he was deprived of the Rectory as well. It appears however from Wood's *Annals* I, 141, that he was Rector when he died on the 13th of July, 1567. He was a native of Yate, and entered Winchester College at the age of eleven in 1513. He was Fellow of New College from 1521 to 1541, and M.A. 1526-7 was Rector of Tingewick, Bucks. from 1540 to 1557. Willis' *Cathedrals* III, 454, gives his epitaph. See *D.N.B.* XI, 136.

RICHARD BERNARD, Prebendary of Wells (Eastharptree) 1551 who vacated his Prebend before 1564 may possibly be identified with Richard Bernard, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and also with the Richard Bernard of Sander's list, who is undoubtedly the Richard Bernard, D.D., who matriculated at the University of Douay in 1578, as to whom see the *Ampleforth Journal* for April 1911, at p. 293.

JOHN BICKERDYKE, Prebendary of Ely (7th Stall) and, according to Sander, of Wells, was deprived of, or resigned the former preferment in 1559. He was probably also the Rector of Shipdam, Norfolk, about 1557, succeeded in 1561.

LEONARD BILSON, M.A. Oxon 1546 (whom Gee pp. 285, 296 calls *Lawrence* and Dodd calls *Richard*). Prebendary of Winchester (compare Strype *Memo.* II, ii, 265), Salisbury (Kingsteignton) 1552, and Wells, and Rector of Kingsworthy Hants, 1558, was deprived of all four

preferments early in Elizabeth's reign. He had been headmaster of Reading School in 1546. He was uncle to Thomas Bilson afterwards Protestant Bishop of Winchester (Strype *Whitgift* II, 350). On the 14th June, 1862, he had already been a long time in the Tower (*Cath. Rec. Sec. I*, 56). He was still there in April 1570 (S.P. Dom. Eliz. LXVII, 93) and was removed thence to the Marshalsea by order of the Privy Council the 14th of October 1571 where he still remained in July 1580 (C.R.S. I, 60, 70). In 1579 he was aged about fifty. (Strype *Ann. II*, ii, 660.) He was discharged from the Marshalsea between June 1582 and March 1582/3 (C.R.S. II, 231).

BARTHOLOMEW BLITHMAN, M.A. Oxon (Supp. 1560), Prebendary of Wells (Dinder), and Rector of Cossington, Somersetshire, was deprived in 1560. Strype *Ann. III*, i, 39.

HENRY BOVEL, B.D. Cantab. 1554, Prebendary of Southwell (Normanton) 1559, Rector of Keggsworth, Leicestershire, 1554, was deprived of his prebend before the 8th of June 1562, and of his rectory in 1560, and as appears from S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, fled abroad either in or before that year. According to Bridgewater's *Concertatio*, he died in exile. He became Rector of Ringstead, St. Andrew, Norfolk, in 1551. Cooper *Ath. Cantab. I*, 451.

GEORGE BELLOCK, D.D. Cantab. 1557 (ordained ostiary in London Dec. 1553), Prebendary of Durham (10th Stall) 1551, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1554, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity 1556, and Rector of Much Munden, Herts., about 1556, was deprived of all four preferments and fled over seas, but was captured by pirates who robbed him of all he possessed. He was at Antwerp in 1567 where he died in 1580. *D.N.B.* VII, 254. Gillow I, 338.

GILBERT BOURNFORD, OF BURFORD, B.D. Oxon 1554, Ch.

Ch. Oxon B.A. 1540-1, M.A. 1545 (ordained Acolyte March 1553-4 at Oxford), Prebendary of Wells (Hazelbeare) 1555, Rector of Hazelbury Plucknet 1555, and of Clotworthy 1556, both in Somerset, was deprived in 1560 (Strype *Ann. III*, i, 39). He was also appointed to the Chancellorship (Wood says in 1554 but this must be wrong), which owing to the accession of Elizabeth he was unable to obtain (*Fasti*, I, 135). He went to Louvain at once. In the list of fugitives beyond the sea, printed Strype *Ann. II*, ii, 596-7, and dated 29th of January, 1576, he is called "Gifford Barford, Clerk of Somerset." In Frere's *Marian Reaction* his surname is given as Benford. In October 1579 he was still living in great poverty at Louvain. S.P. Dom. Eliz. CXXXII, 47. C.R.S. I, 19, 23, 42, 46.

ROBERT BURLAND. Prebendary of York (Stillington) 1558, was deprived in 1559, if we may trust Rymer's *Foedera* XV, 563.

THOMAS BYAM. Prebendary of St. Paul's (Bronesbury) 1560 was succeeded after deprivation in 1562. Cf. Strype *Grindal*, 87.

GILES CAPEL, M.A. Oxon 1545, Prebendary of Wells (White Lakington) 1551, and Rector of Yeovilton, Somerset, 1554, was succeeded after deprivation in 1560. He had been Fellow of All Souls, Oxon 1540, Rector of Duloe, Cornwall, 1541, Rector of How Caple, Herefordshire, 1549. He went abroad to Louvain early. His name occurs in Sander's list, and in the list of fugitives beyond the sea dated 29th January 1576 transcribed Strype *Ann. II*, ii, 596-7. He was still living at Louvain in 1572 (Phillips *Ancient Hierarchy*, pp. 359-62). He was no doubt a member of the Herefordshire family of that name. According to the *Concertatio* died abroad before 1588. Cf. C.R.S. 19, 23, 42, 46.

RICHARD CARRE, M.A. Cantab. before 1546 (? LL.D.). Prebendary of Exeter (Chulmleigh) and Master of Magdalene,

Cambridge, 1546, was deprived at any rate of his Mastership in 1559. His later history is unknown. Cooper *Ath. Cantab.* I, 209.

For EDWARD CHAMBER or CHAMBERS, Prebendary of Chichester, see the *Ampleforth Journal* for April 1911 at p. 295.

THOMAS CHEDULTON or CHYDDALTON, Prebendary of Lichfield (Pipa Parva) 1552, and Vicar of Worfield, Salop, 1547, resigned his prebend and was deprived of his vicarage, being succeeded in the former in 1563 and in the latter in 1562. He was absent from the visitation of 1559. In November 1577 his name occurs among the 110 or so Staffordshire recusants as residing at Castlechurch (S.P. Dom. Eliz. CXVIII, 17 [1]).

WILLIAM CHELL, Mus. Bac. Oxon 1524, Precentor of Hereford 1554, and Prebendary of Hereford (Ewington) 1545, was deprived of his precentorship and resigned his other prebend in 1559. His later history is unknown. *D.N.B.* X, 183.

THOMAS CLEMENT, Prebendary of York (Absthorpe) 1554, was absent from the visitation of 1559, and his prebend was sequestrated. He was succeeded in it in 1564. He is probably the Clement, priest, of Sander's list. No doubt he was related to John Clement, M.A., M.D., also in Sander's list as to whom see *D.N.B.* XI, 33, Gillow I, 498.

MAURICE CLENOCK, B.C.L. Oxon 1548 (D.C.L. and D.D. according to Gillow), Prebendary of York, Chancellor of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and Rector of Orpington, Kent, and Bishop-nominate of Bangor was deprived very early in Elizabeth's reign, though he was not succeeded at Orpington till 1566. He went with Dr. Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph's, to Rome, here we find both in Jan. 1564 (C.R.S. II, p. 3). He became Camerarius 1567 and Custos 1578 of the English Hospital. On the 6th of February 1570 he gave evidence against Queen Elizabeth at Rome (Laderchius III,

p. 201). He was first Rector of the English College there 1578-9 and was drowned soon after on a voyage from Rouen to Spain. Gillow I, 500. *D.N.B.* XI, 37. C.R.S. I, 23, 48. Though it has been doubted, Dom Norbert Birt has shown that Sander was quite right in calling him a prebendary of York, see *Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, p. 152.

ANTHONY CLERKE, B.D. Oxon 1536, Prebendary of Chichester (Firle) 1550, and Incumbent of East Dean 1558, and Vicar of Cowfold 1554, both in Sussex, formerly a Cistercian, was deprived and succeeded in his prebend in 1563, and in the other two livings in 1560. He had been Vicar of Oring, Sussex, 1547.

Note. ARTHUR COLE, D.D. Oxon. Though it would appear from Le Neve, Hennessey, and Gee, that he was deprived of his prebend at St. Paul's and from Rymer's *Foedera* XV, 563 that he was also deprived of his canonry at Windsor, it is clear that, if this were so, it was not on theological grounds, for he died the 18th of July 1558. See Wood's *Colleges and Halls*, ed. Gutch p. 331.

ROBERT COLLINS, Prebendary of Canterbury (6th Stall) 1554, was deprived in 1559. He was formerly Cardinal Pole's Commissary for Canterbury and Calais. He may be the Oxford man who was B.A. 1512, M.A. 1515-6, B.C.L. 1522, B. Can. L. 1522, Rector of Chignal St. James, Essex, 1534. Cf. *Strype Parker* I, 103, *Cranmer* 24, 472, *Mem.* III, i, 211, 474, 476, 478, 481, ii, 120, 123. One Robert Collyn was sent to the Queen's Bench for religion 6th Feb. 1558, and discharged on the 18th Feb. following.

WILLIAM COLLINGWOOD, Prebendary of Chester 1556, is said by Sander to have been deprived, though Boase says he died in 1558. He however compounded for the first fruits of the Rectory of Cristleton, Cheshire, the 15th of June 1559, in which he was succeeded before the

20th of February 1560-1. He is therefore another proof of Sander's accuracy. He was possibly the incumbent of Ford in the diocese of Durham who was absent from the visitation of 1559. Another of this name was Rector of St. Mary Moses, London, 1555, and Rector of St. Nicholas, Olave, 1565 to his death in 1569.

For HENRY COMBERFORD, Prebendary of Coventry and Lichfield, see *Downside Review* for Dec. 1910, pp. 301-2.

ROBERT COSYN, M.A. Oxon 1537, Treasurer 1558, and Prebendary (Mora) 1559, of St. Paul's, and Rector of Great Greenford, Middlesex, was deprived in 1559. He had formerly been Fellow of Balliol 1547, Vicar of St. Lawrence Jewry 1545, Rector of Beckenham, Kent, 1547, Rector of Crick, Northants, 1548.

EDWARD CRATFORD, M.A. Oxon 1544, Prebendary of Wells, and Rector of Lydeard, Somersetshire, was deprived in 1560 (Strype, *Ann.* III, i, 39). He was a native of Herefordshire, and received the first tonsure in London in December 1554 (Frere, *Marian Reaction*, 258). He was Fellow of All Souls and B.A. in 1540, but had migrated to Christ Church by 1547. He became second master at St. Peter's College, Westminster, in 1551, and Chaplain to Philip and Mary in 1555. From 1554 to 1557 he was Vicar of North Petherton, Somerset. He seems to have gone abroad early in Elizabeth's reign. He is called "Crockford" in the list of fugitives of 29 January, 1576. According to the *Concertatio* he died abroad, apparently in Spain (see *C.R.S.*, I, 19, 42).

WILLIAM DALBY or DAWBER, M.A. Oxon before 1556, Chancellor and Prebendary (1st Stall) of Bristol 1558; Rector of Littleton, Gloucestershire, 1556; of Lower Heyford, Oxon, 1557; and of Tingewick, Bucks, 1559, was deprived of all his preferments, except the rectory of Lower Heyford, in 1559. His name occurs in Sander's list. He entered Winchester College in 1535 at the age of eleven from Milcombe, Oxfordshire, and

was at New College, Oxford, as Scholar and Fellow from 1542 to 1558. He was ordained sub-deacon at Oxford, being then M.A. in May 1556 (Frere, p. 258). According to Sander he was in prison in 1561 (*C.R.S.* I, 19, 42). He appears to have retained the rectory of Lower Heyford till he died in 1587, and must therefore have conformed to some extent.

ROBERT DALTON, D.D., Prebendary (7th Stall) of Durham 1511, and Incumbent of Billingham 1544, and Vicar of Norton 1556, both in the Durham diocese, having been deprived of all three preferments, was succeeded in all in 1560. He is probably the Benedictine who took his B.D. at Oxford on 9th of May 1538. In S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, he is described as "unlearned, wealthy and stiff," and we are told he was sentenced "to remain with the Lord Dakers of the North."

RICHARD DOMINICK, Prebendary of Salisbury (Warminster) 1558, and Rector of Stratford Toney, Wilts., 1554, was deprived of both these preferments soon after Queen Elizabeth's accession. His name occurs in Sander's list. In S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, he is described as "an unlearned priest but very stubborn." He is probably to be identified with the Richard Dominick who compounded for Long Critchell Rectory, Dorset, on the 19th of June, 1559, and vacated it before the 23rd of February, 1560/1, and also with the Richard Dominick who entered Winchester College in 1527 from Chilmark, Wilts, who was afterwards Fellow of New College and M.A. and Rector of Witchingham and Sahum Toney, both in Norfolk (res. 1557). See *N. & Q.* 9th S. XI, 350. He with Harding refused to assent to Jewel's election to the see of Salisbury and was imprisoned (Harding's *Detection*, p. 232).

GEOFFREY DOWNES, D.D. Cantab. 1526, Chancellor of York 1537, and Prebendary of Gloucester (Morton), was deprived of these preferments and succeeded in

1561. He appears to have died soon after. He was Fellow of Jesus, Cambridge, 1515, and ordained 1516. Cooper, I, 210. Wood's *Fasti* I, 190.

RICHARD DRURY, Prebendary of York (North Newbald [date unknown] and Bamby 1558), was deprived in 1559. He appears to have died in 1561. (Compare Rymer's *Foedera* XV, 563.) He may be the Dr. Drury mentioned (Dasent, *Acts of Privy Council*, VII, 402) as in the Tower for religion.

JOHN DURSTON, M.A. Oxon, Prebendary of Chichester (Bursalis) 1554, Fellow of Winchester 1553 and of Eton 1555, was ejected from Chichester in 1560, from Eton the 11th of September 1561, and probably had already resigned his Winchester Fellowship. He had been Fellow of Oriel 1534.

JOHN ERLE, formerly a monk at Winchester, and one of the original Prebendaries, compounded for the first-fruits of the Rectory of Compton, Hants, 15 Jan., 1550/1. He was deprived of both of these preferments in 1559, and on the 2nd Nov. of that year was a prisoner in the Marshalsea with Peter Langridge and in bad health. He was afterwards enlarged on his own bail but restricted to Hampshire and restrained from coming to the Cathedral or Winchester College. (S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45. Birt's *Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, p. 169). One of this name was in prison in the Gatehouse Nov. 1595 (C.R.S. II, 287).

ROGER EDGEWORTH, D.D. Oxon 1526, Chancellor of Wells 1554, and Prebendary of Bristol 1542, died in 1559, but if we can take Rymer's *Foedera* XV, 563, as conclusive, was deprived of his Bristol prebend before his death. D.N.B. XVI, 385.

RICHARD FAWCETT, D.D. Cantab. 1554, Prebendary of Canterbury (12th Stall) 1554, and Lincoln (St. Martin's) 1558, and Parson of Lyminge, Kent, 1559, was probably deprived of all these preferments in 1559 or 1560,

though he was not succeeded at Lincoln till 1564. His name occurs in Sander's list. He had been Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, in 1540. One of this name was Vicar of Orton, Cumberland, in 1554. Cooper, I, 209. Strype, *Parker*, I, 103. *Memo.* III, i, 476, 478; ii, 120.

FOWLER or FAULER, Prebendary of Salisbury, is mentioned by Sander as deprived, but is otherwise unknown.

EDWARD GODSALVE, B.D. Cantab. 1554, ordained sub-deacon in London Dec. 1553, Prebendary of Chichester (Ferring), and Rector of Fulbourn St. Vigors, Cambridgeshire, 1554, was deprived of his Rectory in 1559/60 (Rymer's *Foedera*, XV, 563), but in 1561 obtained the living of Stoke Dawborn in the Winchester diocese. In 1563 he was succeeded after deprivation in his prebend. He fled abroad and became Professor of Divinity in St. Michael's Monastery, Antwerp. He was alive in 1568, but the date and place of his death are unknown. He was at one time a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. D.N.B. XXII, 49. Gillow ii, 506.

WILLIAM GOOD, M.A. Oxon 1552, ordained acolyte at Oxford Dec. 1554, Prebendary of Wells (Combe VIII) 25th Nov. 1556, Rector of Middle Chinnock, Somerset, 24th Sept. 1556, resigned these benefices and went to Tournay where in 1562 he entered the Society of Jesus. He was professed at Rome 1577, and died at Naples the 5th of July 1586. Sometime Fellow C.C.C. Oxon. D.N.B. XXII, 13. Gillow II, 1522.

RICHARD HALL, M.A. Cantab. 1559, Prebendary of Worcester (7th Stall) 1557, Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, 1556, resigned his preferments soon after Elizabeth's accession, and went abroad. He gave evidence against the Queen in Rome on the 9th of February, 1570 (Laderchius III, 206, where he is described as a Priest of York diocese). He took his degree of D.D. in Rome. His name occurs in Sander's list. He was living at Louvain in 1572 and at the English College, Douay, in 1576. He

became Canon of St. Gery's, Cambrai, and Canon and Official of St. Omer. He died at St. Omer the 26th of February 1603/4. Gillow III, 92. Cooper II, 386.

RICHARD HALSE, M.A. Oxon 1527, Prebendary of Exeter, and Vicar of Broad Clyst 1536, and Rector of Thurstlestone, 1547, both in Devonshire, having been deprived was succeeded in all his preferments in 1560. In S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, he is called "an unlearned priest," and we read he was ordered "to remain in the Counties of Devon or Cornwall, the City of Exeter and within three miles of either of his late benefices always excepted."

HARCOURT. Sander mentions a *Harcourt* Prebendary of Norwich who has not been identified.

THOMAS HARDING, M.A. Oxon 1542, D.D. 1554, Treasurer of Salisbury 1555, Prebendary of Winchester, and Rector of Bishopstone, Wiltshire, was deprived in 1559. As his name occurs in S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, he was evidently not then known to have gone abroad, but must have done so before 1562. He died at Louvain in 1572, and was buried on the 16th of September in St. Gertrude's Church. *D.N.B.* XXIV, 339. Gillow III, 124. *C.R.S.* I, 18, 41. He was ordained acolyte and sub-deacon at Oxford May 1554, and priest in London June 1554, being then Sub-warden of New College (Frere, p. 261).

JOHN HEMING, Prebendary of Wells (probably Combe IV or VI), occurs in Sander's list, and in Dodd's is called John Henning. He is probably to be identified with John Hemming, M.A. 1555, Fellow of Oriel 1551 from Worcestershire, who was summoned to return into residence in 1561 (Boase, p. 228), and with John Henning who was admitted, already a Priest, into the Professed House of the Society of Jesus at Rome the 24th of November, 1562 (Foley VII, 1434), except that the latter describes himself as "Provinciae Wintoniae." Fr. Pollen informs us that he was born about 1542 and that he is

also called John Cox. He would thus be identifiable with John Devon *alias* Cox sent to the Marshalsea 15th April, 1561, "for saying of Mass and conjuryng" (*C.R.S.* I, 53).

THOMAS HESKYNES, D.D. Cantab, 1557, Chancellor of Sarum 1558, and Vicar of Brixworth, Northants, was deprived in August 1559. He fled abroad and entered the Dominican order in Flanders, and became Confessor to the English Dominican Nuns from King's Langley, Herts, who had established themselves at Bergen-on-Zoom. The date and place of his death are unknown. He was sometimes Fellow of Clare. See *D.N.B.* XXVI, 297. Gillow III, 292. Dr. Sander calls him Hopkins in *C.R.S.* I, 19, 42.

ELIZEUS OF ELLIS HRYWOOD, B.C.L. Oxon 1552, Prebendary of Lichfield (Eccleshall) 1554, was deprived and succeeded in 1564. He was probably abroad when Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne. He entered the Society of Jesus at Dillengen in Bavaria December 1566, and afterwards removed to Antwerp. He died at Louvain in October 1578, or as Foley says the 9th of January, 1598. He was great-grandson of Elizabeth Rastall, sister to Sir Thomas More. *N. & Q.*, 9th S., XII, 383. See *D.N.B.* XXVI, 329. Gillow III, 295.

ROBERT HILL, S.T.B., Prebendary of Winchester, and, according to Sander, of Canterbury, and Rector of Old Romney and Sandgate 1557, was deprived of the first preferment in 1558, and succeeded at Old Romney in 1560. He is certainly the Robert Hill "late Commissary at Calais," who is described in S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz. XI, 45, as "very perverse in religion." Very likely M.A. Oxon 1544/5. Supp. B.D. 1549. He was in the Fleet prison in 1567. Cf. *C.R.S.*, I, 48.

GILES HILLING, B.C.L. Oxon 1543, Prebendary of Wells (St. Decuman's) 1554, Rector of Skilgate, Somerset, 1542, and Vicar of Winsford, Somerset, 1543, was deprived of these

preferments in 1560 (Strype *Ann.* III, i, 39, and Gee p. 259). He was very likely at the same time deprived of the Rectory of Ilchester, Somerset, 1543, and the Rectory of East Mersey, Essex, 1555.

LAWRENCE HUGHES, Prebendary of Sarum (Bishopstone) 1554, was succeeded 1560, probably on resignation.

GEORGE HUNTER, B.D., Prebendary of Lincoln (Leighton Ecclesia) 1558, was deprived soon after Elizabeth's accession and succeeded in 1560.

ROBERT HUTCHINS, or HUTCHINSON, or HICHENS, Prebendary of Wells (Henstridge), was deprived and succeeded in 1560. His name occurs in Sander's list. One Mgr. Hutchenson, Dean of the Chapel Royal, is mentioned by Il Schifanoia as deprived 31st Dec. 1558. *Cal. S.P. Ven.* 1558-80 at p. 3.

THOMAS HYDE, M.A. Oxon 1549, 4th Prebendary of Winchester 1556, and Lincoln (Norton Episcopi) 1555, and Informator of Winchester College 1552, was succeeded in his two Winchester preferments in 1560, and in his prebend at Lincoln in 1561. In *S.P. Dom. Add.* Eliz. XI, 45, he is said to be in the custody of the Lord Treasurer, but soon escaped to Louvain. He died the 9th of May, 1597, at Douay, and was buried in the Lady Chapel of St. James' Church there. See *D.N.B.* XXVIII, 401. Gillow III, 526. *C.R.S.* I, 18, 21, 42, 44.

G. INDOLEN, Prebendary of Chichester (Fittleworth), was succeeded after deprivation in 1561. Possibly to be identified with John Iguldon, Fellow of Queen's, Cambridge, ordained priest June 1557.

ROBERT ISHAM, M.A., resigned his Prebend (the 6th) at Peterborough before the 30th of September, 1559, and his Canonry at Windsor before June 1560.

RALPH JACKSON, B.D., Prebendary of Canterbury, Rector of St. Clement Danes, London, and Master of the Savoy, was deprived of his Rectory in 1559 (Newcourt I, 592) and most probably of his prebend (see Strype, *Parker* I,

103) and Mastership. He however signed in 1559. Compare Strype, *Memo.* II, ii, 297; III, i, 478.

ROBERT JOHNSON, LL.B. Cantab. 1531, incorporated at Oxon 1551, Prebendary of Southwell, and Hereford (Patston Major) 1551, and Rector of Bolton Percy, Yorks, was possibly deprived of these preferments in 1559 before his death the same year. He had been Prebendary of Rochester, Worcester (1st Stall) and York, and Rector of Clum, Shropshire. Le Neve is, it seems, in error in stating (as he does in speaking of his York and Hereford prebends) that he died in 1557 or 1558. (His account varies). He is probably confusing him with another Robert Johnson, LL.B., a layman and married man who died the 20th of November, 1558. (See Cooper I, 185, 551). For our Robert Johnson see *D.N.B.* XXX, 26. Gillow III, 638. Cooper I, 203. He was probably Fellow of All Souls ordained exorcist at Oxford Sept. 1556.

(To be continued.)

JOHN B. WAINEWRIGHT.

Obituary

THOMAS RADCLIFFE

THOMAS RADCLIFFE, as far as is known, the *doyen* of Ampleforth, died in October and was buried here where he was at school in 1838. To the end his memory of those years, even when it failed him in matters less remote, remained perfectly clear. He spoke, as of yesterday, of the "strike" in the School in 1838, caused apparently by a reduction in holidays and quelled by the militant appearance of Fr. Margison reinforced by his dog. In narrating the event he most carefully dissociated himself from the leaders whose stay at Ampleforth after the event was somewhat curtailed. His memory of things told him by his grandfather, himself an old man, took one back to years not far distant from another rebellion in which his family played so well known a part. Thomas Radcliffe was a man respected by all with whom he came in contact. The staunchest of Catholics, it is literally true that he carried the principles of his religion into the minutest circumstances of his daily life. For ten years the priest who has served the Brandsby mission has been entertained by him, while since 1906 the chapel itself has been in his house. His claims upon our prayers are many.

JAMES GIBSON DEES

We also ask the prayers of our readers for James Gibson Dees, J.P. aged 67, who died on August 11th, fortified by the rites of the Church. He was for many years land agent to Lord Lonsdale.

JOHN LAKE

News has reached us of the death of another Old Laurentian. John Lake was in the School from 1841—1846. He died on the 22nd of last January. Though years had elapsed since he was at Ampleforth—his home was in Australia—his affection for his School,

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as we judge from his own letters and those of his wife, never grew cold. A staunch and devout Catholic, he took an active part in the promotion of Catholic interests in Australia, and the Requiem Mass sung for the repose of his soul in the Cathedral, Ballarat, was attended by very large numbers. "He always entertained," his sorrowing wife wrote to Fr. Prior, "the greatest love and the deepest gratitude for Ampleforth which had such a powerful influence for good on his life." May he rest in peace.

Notices of Books

Further Notes on St. Paul. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. *Quarterly Series. Bites and Oates.* 3/6 net.

This book is the completion of a former work by the same author published in 1898 under the title *Notes on St. Paul—Corinthians, Galatians and Romans*. The new volume deals with the "Epistles of the Captivity"—Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon. Fr. Rickaby deserves warm praise for his efforts to respond to a very real need, often felt by busy priests, of some convenient and up-to-date Catholic commentary on the epistles of St. Paul. To the preacher seeking elucidation of the (often extremely obscure) Sunday epistles, this book may be confidently recommended, and it will also be found helpful to the Scriptural student desiring a more intimate acquaintance with the Pauline writings. Fr. Rickaby's method is eminently sane and practical. The text is not printed in the book, but each section of the epistle under consideration is paraphrased, and each paraphrase is followed by a commentary in which the author's purpose is to attain as nearly as possible to the exact words and meaning of the Apostle. This of course necessitates that the ultimate basis of study shall be the Greek text, as settled by a judicious employment of textual criticism. The Vulgate, the Revised Version and the English Catholic translations are copiously used, though none is followed exclusively. Fr. Rickaby shows that he is well acquainted with the great non-Catholic English commentators, and, in the spirit of a true scholar, he is not ashamed to receive assistance from their works, notably from those of Dr. Lightfoot. The result is that though the claims of the book are modest and it contains little that is original or new to students of St. Paul, Fr. Rickaby has presented to us a very brief and convenient commentary, which is thoroughly Catholic in tone, and is at the same time abreast with the best non-Catholic expositions. Some of the notes indeed might be expanded with profit. Thus, the somewhat strange phrase *in vobis circumcisio* (Eph. I. 3, etc.) is dismissed by Fr. Rickaby in too summary a fashion, and more should have been said about the important *circumcisio* *in vobis* (Eph. II. 3). On the other hand, Fr. Rickaby's notes on textual difficulties are good and sensible, and he has a rather attractive suggestion, which appears to be new, for the

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obviously corrupt text of Col. II, 18 (Vulg., *quae non vidit symbolans*), where he conjectures that the original reading was not, as Lightfoot (*Comment. ad loc.*) suggests, *deip*, or *olig*, *scaphobereis*, but rather *serpua scaphobereis*, "reading empty air." "being a visionary." We hope that Fr. Rickaby will in the future extend the scope of his useful labours beyond the writings of St. Paul, so as to include the Epistle to the Hebrews and the other epistles of the New Testament.

Enchiridion Symbolorum, Definitionum, etc. Denzinger. Ed. 11^a. Herder. 6/- cloth, net.

The name of Denzinger has for many years been a household word in the world of Theology, standing for a reliable collection of all important decisions, infallible and otherwise, of the Church. There was always one drawback to the volume, and that a serious one to the student—the lack of a good index. There was of course, the Index Systematicus, but it was an irritating institution when one was in a hurry. The work was first brought out in 1854, and it was not till 1908 that the long desired Index Alphabeticus was provided. That was in the tenth edition, for which we have to thank Father Bannwart, S.J. The present edition, also his work, contains the new decrees etc. of the interval since 1908, and additional decrees of former times. We are indebted to the publisher for giving us a book well printed and bound, a great advance on the bad type and poor paper of the editions up to and including the ninth.

One thing we regret. Rather than be a slave to chronological order, which entails a "Clavis Concordantiarum" of the reference numbers of various editions, we should have preferred all additions to be made at the end of the volume, following on the reference numbers already in existence; an arrangement carried out in the eleventh edition, but between the tenth and the former editions there is a great difference in the numbering that will make it necessary to use the "Clavis," whenever reference is made.

Rudimenta Linguae Hebraeae. Voisen-Kaulen. Herder. 2/6, cloth.

This is a grammar that has stood the test of fifty years and now appears in the ninth edition. We recommend it to those English students who feel no objection to using a book in the Latin tongue, although they have at hand good works on the same matter in the vernacular. The Hebrew type is somewhat clearer than that which we find as a rule in this country. Many have been the Hebrew grammars without exercises for translation into the Hebrew; this grammar does not fail in this respect.

The Catholic Confessional—What it really is. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S.T.L. R. & T. Washbourn. 6d.

In these days of scientific exactitude loose writing on any subject is not tolerated. Especially in the world of controversy it is necessary to be scrupulously correct in statement, and sweeping generalizations are most dangerous. In this controversial pamphlet, which comes to us from Canada, we cannot profess to find satisfaction. There are conclusions which it would be difficult to establish from the texts of Scripture quoted (e.g. p. 6); at times there is a want of clearness and precision; for example, on p. 14, among six essential elements required for forgiveness of sin in confession, are enumerated on the part of the priest: Ordination, jurisdiction, and power of absolution. What does "power of absolution" mean as opposed to the other two elements? Again we think the author would find it hard to defend satisfactorily many of his general statements, the one on p. 31 for example.

This pamphlet was seen by a Catholic layman who, to use Fr. McKeon's phraseology, is certainly not one of "Satan's allies on earth," nor given to acting as one of "Satan's spluttering and snarling phonographs," but is a loyal adherent to "the white-robed Legate of the Skies." His remark sums up the effect of the work, "I feel as if I want to question every statement in the book."

Elevations to the Sacred Heart. Translated from the French of Abbé Félix Anizan, by A. Priest. R. & T. Washbourn. 3/6.

Before a translation of a book into English is justified, three conditions ought to be fulfilled—the subject must be one which interests the British public; it must be treated in a way that will appeal to them; the translation must be into English and not into Gallicised English. When we first saw this work on the Sacred Heart, its very title gave rise to serious misgivings. Of course the subject is one which will appeal to every Catholic, and one would welcome anything that would stir up devotion in this cold, sceptical age, but we must say at the outset that this volume treats of the subject in a way that will do anything but appeal to the English reader. The language is such as to make us feel certain that the translator, "A Priest," is either of the same nationality as the writer of the book, or else, and this is scarcely credible, an Englishman who is painfully ignorant of his own language.

With regard to the first fault we have to find with this work—we can with ease picture the reverend Abbé in the pulpit, filled with holy zeal, drawing vivid pictures of the sad condition of his country,

thundering against the Freemasons with the flowery, Hayman-like exaggerated eloquence of the French orator. Now, it is comparatively rare that a sermon makes good reading, but when we have the effusions of French vehemence served up in English print, with a plentiful sprinkling of asterisks and an inexhaustible supply of paragraphs—ten on a page is the average number—the result is deplorable.

When we turn to consider the work of translation, all that is necessary is to quote a few samples of the kind of words that are found on practically every page:—ratiocination, impulsion, orientation of souls, mansuetude, tournure, decuple, centuple, etc. The stupid note at the foot of p. 170 would give the impression that the book is supposed to be applicable to the state of England in the same way as to France. In the face of this, the passage on p. 259 about murderous laws, Satanic remissions of Masonic lodges, etc., ought to have had some qualification attached.

On the subject of this work and covering almost the same ground we have the inspiring volume written in excellent English by Fr. Dalgairns. We do not pretend to judge the utility of Abbé Anizan's work in his own country—but there was no call for its translation into English—we will go further, it is a translation that will prove mischievous in a Protestant country, for if it falls into non-Catholic hands, it must bring ridicule on the Church.

St. Paul and his Missions. By the Abbé Constant Foward. New and cheaper edition, Longmans, 1911. In paper, 6d. net; in cloth, 1/- net.

Popular editions of commentaries and works on Sacred Scripture written by non-Catholics are abundant, some few orthodox, most of them distinctly heterodox, all suspect because they lack the imprimatur of the Catholic Church, to whose care the Sacred Writings have been committed. It must be sadly admitted that Catholic works in the English tongue on Scriptural subjects are few, and popular editions of them are still fewer. In this matter we are doubtless still suffering from the effects of centuries of persecution when a popular Catholic literature was impossible. Gradually the want is being supplied, in some sections very much faster than in that bearing on Sacred Scripture. Perhaps this is because their claims are more urgent, perhaps because the organisers of our popular press have scarcely realised the personal profit which the "Plain Man" may derive from a deeper knowledge of Holy Writ, and the need that there is for him to be able to check and to correct

the Scriptural arguments of opponents of the Church. No doubt the cheap edition of Abbé Fouard's *The Christ the Son of God* has placed that valuable and charming work in the hands of many who could not afford the two-volume edition. We welcome now the cheap issue of *St. Paul and his Missions*. It is a work which gives a trustworthy picture of the period covered by Acts XIII to XXVIII. One is taught to admire the magnetic personality of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, to understand the difficulties and problems with which he was faced, and to appreciate his writings. All through the book one feels that the subject is treated by a scholar of the first rank who is master of his subject.

The translation is on the whole very good, a few unfortunate Americanisms and instances of bombastic phraseology are minor blemishes upon a work of great value. We would express a hope that Messrs. Longmans may see their way to publish Abbé Fouard's remaining works in this popular edition.

Illustrated Bible History of the Old and New Testaments for the use of Catholic Schools. By J. Schuster, D.D. 12th Edition. B. Herder. Price 1/3.

Little need be said to recommend this book. The fact of a twelfth edition being called for is a proof of its wide popularity in Catholic Schools, and is a higher commendation than any laudatory remarks. Experience in using it for teaching suggests two criticisms. The first is upon the style. The book is a series of abstracts of the Bible narratives without any comments upon them. Hence it is pre-eminently safe, but it can hardly be called stimulating. It leaves too much to the teacher, and one would wish that some help were given towards the explanation of some of the great critical problems which one is bound to face even in teaching children nowadays, if they are to be safeguarded from the rationalising tendencies of our age. The second criticism is upon the "110 illustrations." Surely, now that cheap reproduction of good works of art is so easy, we might expect better illustrations. Some of the pictures in this book are grotesque—for instance that of Jonas emerging from the whale; others are misleading; it would be difficult to find any that inspire devotion or approach to probability. And one must remember that children are incapable of making due allowance for the license of art. How often has some small boy come and said quite seriously, "Please, sir, was it really like that?" And one is forced to say, "I hope not."

Lives of the Friar Saints. Longmans. Price 1/6.

1. *St. Antony of Padua*, by C. M. Antony. 2. *St. Vincent Ferrer*, by Fr. Stanislaus Hogan, O.P. 3. *St. John Capistran*, by Fr. Vincent Fitzgerald, O.F.M. 4. *St. Pius V*, by C. M. Antony.

The first two volumes of "The Friar Saints Series"—St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure—were mentioned in our last issue, the next four volumes have now been issued. To determine a criterion by which to estimate the relative value of these volumes is somewhat difficult; perhaps the best is suggested by the following words occurring in the life of St. John Capistran on p. 28: "Personal influence can only affect those with whom it comes in close contact." In reading the lives of the Saints we aspire to be brought under their personal influence, to learn their characters, and to have our ideals and aspirations ennobled by coming in close contact with the friends of God. Bearing this in mind these volumes appear to us to be of very unequal merit.

The Life of St. Pius V is much the best of the four. The reader will feel throughout the charm and influence of this great Pope. The introduction of seven pages by Mgr. Benson is valuable, as it deals clearly with the questions of his work as Inquisitor, and his Excommunication of Queen Elizabeth.

In the life of St. Antony by the same writer the critical faculty is used with discretion and good judgment. The book should serve to foster the devotion to the Saint, which is already so widespread in England.

The volume on St. John Capistran we place third in order of merit. Though interesting, one does not gain from it the same knowledge of the Saint's character, or feel his personal influence in the same way as in the two former lives.

St. Vincent Ferrer's Life is the least satisfactory; for it is little more than a catalogue of the places where he preached, and a reiteration of accounts of the enthusiasm with which he was received. His prodigious labours for the Church are set forth, but in knowledge of the man himself, and of his growth in sanctity, we feel that we have learned but little. Only at the end of the book are we told that he wrote a Treatise on the Spiritual Life. A few well chosen extracts from it might have taught us more of this great Saint than many pages upon his journeys.

"Red Cloud." By Sir William Francis Butler. Burns & Oates
Price 3/6.

The "Red Cloud" is a delightful "Book for Boys." It is full of thrilling adventure, Indian life, and information about the animals of the Great Prairie. But the reason we would choose this book amongst many of its kind is because all through there runs that spirit of generous buoyancy which we have learnt to admire so much in the author's own life. Moreover the book is pervaded with a keen love of Nature and a horror of all that is sordid, a freshness and—just often enough for a "Boy's" book—a spirit that is deeply religious.

The Maid of Orleans. By R. H. Benson. Longmans. Illustrated Edition, 3s. net. Acting Edition, 6d. net.

This is a simple and pleasing presentation of five scenes from the life of the Blessed Joan. It should be easy to act them quite effectively.

The Catholic Diary. Washbourne. Linen, 1/- net. Leather, 2/- net. (4th year of issue.)

The Gospel in Africa and the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, 1822—1911. By Bishop Le Roy. Washbourne. Price 2d.

Saint Anthony's Pocket Book and Diary, 1912. Burns & Oates. Price 6d. net, cloth. 1/6 net, leather.

The Little Children's Prayer Book. By Mother M. Loyola. Burns & Oates. Paper, 6d. Cloth, 1s. Leather, 2s.

This is an excellent little book. The prayers are simple and thoroughly sensible.

"The Fisherman's List." Price 1/6. Milwards & Sons, Ltd. Redditch.

College Diary and Notes

Sept. 21st. Opening of Term. Our best wishes to the following who left at the end of last Term:—C. W. Clarke, V. G. Narey, W. W. Beasley, P. E. Vulysteke, J. A. Miller, A. A. Darby, J. J. Robertson, B. J. Hardman, H. and F. McCabe, R. A. Marshall, F. I. Pozzi, A. C. Clapham, A. Dent Young, C. E. Mackay, R. L. Haynes, W. F. Dobson and B. F. Cadie. The following joined the School to day:—F. E. A. McDonnell, J. P. Douglas, T. V. Welsh, L. and C. Unsworth, R. G. Cuddon, S. W. Rochford, G. S. and C. F. McPherson, L. G. Lythgoe, V. G. Cravos, G. L. Beech, A. J. and L. C. Pollock, A. F. and J. W. Bisgood, H. E. Walmesley Greenwood.

Sept. 22nd. Voting for Captain took place this evening. G. R. Richardson was elected, and made the following appointments:—

Secretary	D. P. McDonald
Librarians of the Upper Library	{	F. W. Long
				{	B. J. Boocock
Librarians of the Middle Library	{	W. G. Chamberlain
				{	P. A. Kilian
Librarians of the Lower Library	{	L. F. Haynes
				{	G. H. Emery
Captains of the Games	{	A. F. Melville Wright
				{	O. S. Barton
Games' Committee	{	G. R. Richardson, A. F. Kelly, N. J. Chamberlain

Captains of the Hockey Sets:—

- 1st Set—G. R. Richardson, N. J. Chamberlain
2nd Set—V. G. Knowles, C. R. Simpson
3rd Set—R. J. Power, C. E. Leese
4th Set—J. J. Mcrogh Bernard, Hon. C. Barnewall
5th Set—Hon. M. S. Scott, L. B. Lancaster.

Captains of the Football Sets:—

- 1st Set—G. R. Richardson, N. J. Chamberlain
2nd Set—L. C. Lucy, V. G. Knowles
3rd Set—L. E. Fishwick, H. J. Murren
4th Set—G. F. Blackledge, A. C. McDonald

Sept. 24th. Meeting of the School in the New Theatre. The time was occupied chiefly with the making of arrangements for teaching the School the Rugby game.

Sept. 25th. The Hockey Season commenced to-day. It is proposed to practise Rugby on short afternoons.

Sept. 26th. Mr. H. H. Berners (1st Battalion Irish Guards) gave us an instructive and interesting lecture illustrated by blackboard drawings *de rebus militaribus*. The lecture was intended primarily for the O.T.C. Contingent and the mere civilian had difficulty in fully appreciating all that was said. The lecturer after some introductory remarks about discipline, spoke of Protection in its military not its economic sense. He next led a company in an attack, which made the enemy's plight quite piteous. After some instruction on "Fire-Control" we took shelter from the enemy's fusillade on "dead ground." The lecture seemed exhaustive, was bright, and Mr. Berners had no difficulty in holding the attention of his audience.

Oct. 9th. Sincere sympathy with A. P. Kelly, head of the School, on his father's death.

Oct. 11th. The two days' Autumn Retreat begins.

Oct. 14th. The Retreat, the discourses of which were given by Fr. Lawrence Buggins, O.S.B., ended this morning. Of its spiritual value it is not "up" to us to speak, but we may express our gratitude to Fr. Lawrence for making the last two days not a bore but interesting. To-day we kept the Headmaster's Feast, one of the few—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—full holidays that occur.

Mr. P. A. Narey, who left the School a few years ago, came to coach us in Rugby. After some instructions in the morning—a kind of "Rugger-tubbing"—a game was arranged for the afternoon between the first two fifteens. The Headmaster kicked off. A tentative sort of performance then took place.

Oct. 15th. The first of a series of competitions the Golf Club Secretary has arranged for the Term took place to-day. It was won by J. A. C. Temple. His score for the nine holes was (49 less 9) 40.

Oct. 17th. Mr. H. B. Wright, an old Scottish International forward, and Mr. C. H. Wright came over from Harrogate to coach the School in Rugby. We are glad to know that Mr. C. H. Wright will be able to stay with us for some weeks and have leisure to teach us the game properly.

Oct. 18th. Mr. Kenneth Duncan, an old Sedburgh boy and a prominent Yorkshire three-quarter, motored here with his brother to take part in a Rugby Trial Game. A first fifteen was chosen in which Mr. Duncan played inside three-quarter. A most instructive game followed. The School three-quarters, kept well together by Mr. Duncan, played in what was declared to be for novices a most promising style. An inter-school match has been arranged for November 1st with our old "Soccer" rivals, Pocklington, who have had one season's experience of Rugby.

Oct. 19th. The Captain of the School introduced in the name of the Government a Rugby Football Bill, necessitated by the change from Association. The Bill was treated as a non-contentious measure and quickly disposed of.

Oct. 31st. The Rev. Sir D. O. Hunter Blair, O.S.B., gave us a lecture on Bishop Hay. Like the other Lectures we have heard from Fr. Hunter Blair, this one was made light and interesting.

Nov. 1st. All Saints. Fr. Abbot sang Pontifical High Mass. The choir has been rather weakened by the loss of some of its prominent members whose voices have ceased to be treble or even alto, and Fr. Dominic has not yet had enough time to train adequate successors. "Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?" we queried, thinking of the fine rendering of the Holy Week music last Easter. The songsters are now mute in the inglorious nave.

After dinner the first Ampleforth Rugby match took place. Our opponents were Pocklington School. The following were the Ampleforth side:—G. F. Farrell, back; L. T. Williams, W. A. Martin, C. F. Sharp and R. L. Harrison, three-quarter backs; A. P. A. Kelly and J. J. Kelly, half-backs; N. J. Chamberlain, G. R. Richardson (captain), O. S. Barton, J. F. Telfener, C. B. Collison, E. J. Martin, D. P. McDonald and A. E. Melville Wright, forwards.

The ground was in excellent condition and a capital game resulted. From a line-out following the kick-off the Ampleforth forwards broke away quickly and dribbled up to the Pocklington goal-line. Here a scrum came to place. Our forwards got possession at once, pushed the Pocklington eight over their own line, and falling on the ball in a body scored a corporate try. Wright kicked a good goal. This success within three minutes of the start put great spirit into the home side. The forwards controlled the scrummages, pushed the Pocklington pack off the ball and in the loose played with irresistible dash. From one of a number of fine rushes in quick succession, Wright kicked over the Pocklington line, raced the full back and touched down behind the goal posts for a second try. The same player kicked the goal. After the kick from the centre play settled down for some time about midfield. Our third try was the result of some good work by the half-backs and Sharp and Harrison, the latter racing along the touch line to score far out. Wright failed with the goal kick. We continued to have most of the game, but just before half time one of the Pocklington "threes" picked up the ball in his own twenty-five, ran through a host of Ampleforth players, and though finely brought down by Farrell, he was backed up by his right wing who scored far out. The place-kick was unsuccessful. At half-time the scores were, Ampleforth two goals, one try (thirteen points); Pocklington one try (three points). On resuming Pocklington went off with a great rush and play ruled near our twenty-five. The Pocklington eight were now getting the ball both in the tight and from touch. Their backs were difficult to stop, and but for fine tackling chiefly by Farrell, Williams, and A. P. Kelly, whose defensive play throughout was superb, they must have scored on more than one occasion. Eventually our forwards got the ball and wheeling the "scrum" dribbled up to the Pocklington twenty-five. Here Chamberlain picked up, and by a fine piece of opportunism made an opening for Harrison, who taking the pass at top speed went over the line and scored near the posts. A very easy place-kick was missed. Almost immediately from the drop-out some good combination between Williams, W. A. Martin and Sharp ended in the last-named scoring our fifth try. This was unconverted. Then Pocklington's turn came. A bout of

passing among the backs resulted in a try from which a goal was kicked. This was almost immediately followed by another which brought their score up to eleven points. They pressed now almost to the end of the game and Farrell and Williams were again prominent in defensive work. In the last minute our backs got going again and W. A. Martin scored our sixth and final try after the best piece of passing in the match. Wright kicked the goal. Final score:—Ampleforth three goals, three tries (twenty-four points); Pocklington one goal, two tries (eleven points).

In the evening many of the Upper Library attended the Solemn Dirge for All Souls.

Nov. 3rd. A furious gale has been blowing for twenty-four hours. The sight of the slates leaving the Old Monastery was great.

Nov. 7th. The Month Day "Speeches" were held in the New Theatre after tea. There was no music, which was a pity, but the Recitations were well known and the enunciation clear and generally easy. We liked best V. G. Knowles, who had a difficult piece, and E. J. Williams, who put fire and pathos into a piece that required fire and pathos. The following was the programme:—

RECITATION	... "An Episode of Baluchava"	Brown
	E. J. MARSH	
RECITATION	... "A Strange Wild Song"	Lewis Carroll
	L. W. SPILLER	
RECITATION	... "Sacrifice"	Lander
	V. G. KNOWLES	
RECITATION	... "Death of a Favourite Cat"	Grey
	C. W. FFIELD	
RECITATION	... "The Inchequo Rock"	Southey
	T. V. WELSH	
RECITATION	... "Ballad of the White Horse"	G. K. Chesterton
	F. G. LINTNER	
RECITATION	... "The Loss of the Birkenhead"	Sir Henry Yale
	W. J. KOSKOPF	
RECITATION	... "Charity"	E. P. Lucas
	J. J. GERAUD	
RECITATION	... From the "Ancient Mariner"	Coleridge
	I. G. McDONALD	
RECITATION	... "The Relief of Lucknow"	Lowell
	E. J. WILLIAMS	

Nov. 8th. The Rev. Fr. Robert Eaton of Birmingham Oratory gave us his well-known lecture on the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. The slides were most beautiful. Of the lecture itself it is quite beyond us to speak, but both those who had seen the Play and those who had not were equally enchanted. As a lecturer on any subject he had chosen to make his own, Fr. Eaton must have been extraordinarily interesting to listen to. The supreme power and delicate pathos with which he unfolded to us this evening the history of the Sacred Passion was enthralling. We are immeasurably the richer from his visit.

Nov. 12th. A. F. Melville Wright won the Golf Competition played this morning. His score was 39.

Nov. 13th. Feast of All Benedictine Saints, and a whole holiday. Fr. Abbot sang Pontifical High Mass. After Mass there were whole day expeditions. The Golf Club went to Kirby to play a match on the Kirby Links, which are considerably longer than and superior to the School course. D. P. McDonald returned the best card. A large party went to a meet of the Sinnington Fox Hounds at Tom Smith's Crossing. Hounds found in a small cover near Pry Rig and ran back towards Ampleforth, but the scent was poor and there was not much sport.

Nov. 14th. Two Inter-Library Rugby Games were played to-day. The Middle Library opposed the Upper Library Second Fifteen. The former led to within half-a-minute of time, when they failed to endure a "scrum" on their own line, and were beaten after a very close match by three goals and two tries (twenty-one points) to one goal and five tries (twenty points). The Lower Library played the Second Fifteen of the Middle Library, and after a most exciting game won by two tries to one.

Nov. 16th. Mr. Oxley Grabham, the well-known Yorkshire Naturalist, gave the School a most interesting lecture on the "Mammals of Yorkshire." The charm of the lecture was considerably heightened by the fact that the slides were from photographs by the lecturer himself, and the episodes and incidents related in connection with them were part of Mr. Oxley Grabham's personal experience.

Nov. 19th. The Golf Club held another competition this morning. This was won by A. P. Kelly with a net score of 40 (49-9).

Nov. 22nd. Feast of St. Cecilia. Choir whole holiday. The Ode, *Cantantibus Organis*, was sung during Mass. V. G. Knowles, who took the solo part, did well. After breakfast the Choir went to Rievaulx for the day. In the evening there were celebrations in the Refectory. The following was the programme:—

SONG	" Cantantibus Organis "	...	V. G. KNOWLES
SONG	" A Duet "	...	I. G. McDONALD
SONG	" Hunting "	...	C. E. LEESE
VIOLIN	" The Shepherd's Dance "	...	S. M. LANCASTER
			<i>German</i>		E. J. MARSH
SONG	" Aiken Drum "	...	H. H. McMAHON
					L. B. LANCASTER
					(HON. C. BARNEWELL
SONG	" The Little Brown Jug "	...	V. G. KNOWLES
VIOLIN	" Humoresque "	...	T. V. WELSH
			<i>Polish</i>		V. G. KNOWLES
SONG	" Killarney "	...	C. E. LEESE
SONG	" Old John Peel "	...	O. J. COLLISON
					(I. G. McDONALD

Fr. Theodore Turner, who happened to be staying at the monastery, delighted his hearers with two of his inimitable songs inimitably sung.

Nov. 25th. Two "Soccer" fixtures had been arranged last year before it was definitely decided to take up Rugby this term. The game with Bootham School was played to-day. The two Elevens had had a few practice games but the results were not convincing. The First Elevens played at Ampleforth. Bootham were weaker than they had been for some years, but gave us a hard game and were leading by a goal until in the last minute Richardson rather luckily turned a fast centre from Burge into the net and made the score two all. At half-time Bootham, who had much the better of the game, led by two goals to nothing. In the second half Ampleforth pressed almost continuously but the forwards were feeble in front of goal. Our first goal came from a good shot by

J. J. Kelly shortly after the re-start. The following was the Ampleforth side:—*Goal*, E. J. Martin. *Backs*, A. F. Melville Wright and O. S. Barton. *Half-Backs*, C. B. Collison, N. J. Chamberlain and E. J. Marsh. *Forwards*, B. J. Burge, C. F. Sharp, G. R. Richardson, A. P. Kelly and J. J. Kelly.

The Second Eleves played on the Bootham School ground. Here we had a run-away victory, the final score being seven goals to three. The names of the Second Eleven were:—*Goal*, J. C. Beech. *Backs*, D. St. John Fawcett and L. T. Williams. *Half-Backs*, F. J. Doherty, J. A. C. Temple, I. G. McDonald. *Forwards*, G. F. M. Hall, R. J. Robertson, W. A. Martin, D. P. McDonald, H. J. Marron.

Nov. 26th. H. J. Emery won the Golf Competition with a score of 40 (49-9).

Nov. 30th. Fr. Maurus gave us a most delightful lecture on "English Schools of Painting." The slides, as has been the case with all in this series, were very beautiful.

Dec. 5th. The first cross-country run of the term was held to-day. The ground was very heavy and the members of all four divisions arrived home pretty well fagged.

Dec. 7th. To-day the last "Soccer" Match was played. Our opponents were St. John's College. We won by four goals to two, but the play was not at all up to the usual standard, and even the players gave us the impression of being rather bored by the game. Under the circumstances perhaps this is only to be expected. Athletic interest is at present monopolised by Rugby.

Dec. 8th. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Congratulations to C. M. Power, J. W. Bisgood, H. E. Greenwood, and T. V. Welsh, who made their First Communion to-day. Fr. Prior sang the High Mass.

Whole-day expeditions had been arranged for to-day. The Sixth Form went to Malton, the Upper Library to Castle Howard, the Middle Library to Rievaulx, and the Lower School to Byland. The Upper Library were to have trained back from Slingsby, but a breakdown on the North Eastern line caused them to walk home, and they made a belated return.

After supper there were "Speeches" in the Theatre. Fr. Abbot presided. L. T. Williams, in recognition of the Bright centenary, gave John Bright's Speech on the "United States." It was a good effort. The other Speeches were scarcely up to the level of those in November, but R. J. Robertson and W. E. Leach were good. The music was serious and well done. The following was the programme:—

PIANO	"Boléro"	Frivol
				H. J. EMERY				
RECITATION	"Penthesilea"	Binyon
				J. B. CALDWELL				
RECITATION	"Treasures of the Deep"	Hemans
				C. RECHFOED				
PIANO	"Transcription"	Meyer
				W. J. ROCHFORD				
RECITATION	"The Jester Condemned"	Homer Smith
				I. G. LYTHERO				
RECITATION	"The Old Temptation"	Ruskin
				W. G. CHAMBERLAIN				
RECITATION	"Ode"	O'Shaughnessy
				W. LEACH				
VIOLIN	"Sonata" Op. 30, No. 2	Bethoven
				E. J. MARSH				
RECITATION	"Charles Edward at Versailles"	Aytoun
				R. J. ROBERTSON				
RECITATION	"The United States"	John Bright
				L. T. WILLIAMS				
RECITATION	"Poets at Tea"	Barry Pain
Maccabey	J. G. ALLANSON				
Tennyson	L. F. HAYNES				
Cowper	A. C. McDONALD				
Browning	J. J. MORROGH BERNARD				
Berns	G. H. MACPHERSON				
Walt Whitman	G. C. SIMPSON				
Rosetti	J. W. BISGOOD				
Wordsworth	VISCOUNT ENCOMBE				

PIANO	"Lied Ohne Worte"	Mendelssohn
				D. P. McDONALD				

Dec. 11th. The Golf Competition held this morning was won by E. Morrogh Bernard. His score was 38 (49-11).

Dec. 12th. Cross-Country Run. After tea we had a lecture by the Very Rev. Fr. Cummins, O.S.B., on "Russia and the Orthodox Church." The speaker's fluency and humour made a subject whose title sounded rather dull, interesting and fresh.

Dec. 13th. Inter-School "Rugger" Match, Ampleforth v. Ripon School. The following was the Ampleforth side:—G. F. Farrell, back; L. T. Williams, W. A. Martin, C. F. Sharp, and R. L. Harrison, three-quarter backs; A. P. Kelly and J. J. Kelly, half-backs; D. P. McDonald, J. F. Telfener, O. S. Barton, E. J. Martin, N. J. Chamberlain, C. B. Collison, G. R. Richardson and A. F. Melville Wright, forwards. The game took place on our ground and in rather a strong wind, but despite adverse conditions a great game resulted. Ampleforth lost the toss and from the kick off Ripon carried the game into the home twenty-five, and pressed us on to the goal line. The Ampleforth pack, however, controlled the scrummages, and judicious if not long kicks into touch by the backs relieved the pressure. Our forwards gradually worked their way down and A. P. Kelly picking up smartly scored the first try, after a quarter of an hour's play. Wright missed the goal-kick which was a difficult one. From the drop-out Ampleforth pressed, and after a series of scrummages in the Ripon twenty-five, two or three of the forwards dribbled the ball over and scored a second try. The goal kick again failed. Half-time arrived with the score unchanged, Ampleforth six points; Ripon nil. On resuming Ripon made some determined rushes, the footwork of their forwards being quick and clever. The game fluctuated but was chiefly in the Ripon half. From a heel-out by our forwards Kelly got his three-quarters going and Martin scored an easy try from which Wright kicked a goal. Just before time Wright with a great kick from near the touch line added a penalty goal to our score, and we won by one goal, one penalty goal, and two tries (fourteen points) to nothing.

The game was mainly between the Ampleforth forwards and the Ripon backs. The defensive play of the latter was extremely good, and our three-quarters were so well marked that they were never given the room to develop an attack, and could not make it. Our forwards in the loose kept well together, and their rushes were

telling and repeatedly gained a great deal of ground. But in the tight they seemed clumsy in comparison with the opposing eight, and though they got possession of the ball, their heeling was not nearly clean enough nor quick enough to give their half-backs a good chance. A. P. Kelly at stand-off half was in good form and generally made the most of his opportunities.

A Middle School Fifteen was selected to go to York to play St. Peter's School 2nd Fifteen. In our XV there were about seven or eight players who probably would find a place in the Ampleforth Second XV. A quite ludicrous exhibition followed. St. Peter's were heavier and faster and better in every department of the game. Their forwards penned us down in our own twenty-five and crossed our line every three or four minutes. Only twice during the game did we leave our twenty-five with the ball in play, and on both occasions we came back as quickly as we could preceded by a St. Peter's three-quarter with the ball. The final score was:—St. Peter's Second XV, fourteen goals and twelve tries (a hundred and six points); Ampleforth, nothing.

Dec. 15th. The Examination for the Ampleforth Society Scholarship, and the Term Examinations commenced to-day.

Dec. 16th. The Sinnington Fox Hounds, who had met at Wass, killed below the Bounds' Wall. Mr. Sherbrooke, the Master, presented the head to the Captain of the School.

Dec. 19th. The Rugby Fifteen played a strong scratch side composed mainly of masters. The game was fast and until the last quarter of an hour, when the superior condition of the School side began to tell, quite even. At half-time the School led by nine points to eight. Harrison, Melville Wright, and Williams scored the School tries, the last after a brilliant run and perfectly timed pass by W. A. Martin. In the second half L. T. Williams scored again from a judicious cross-kick by A. P. Kelly. Shortly afterwards the latter settled matters by dropping a goal, thus bringing the School score up to sixteen points.

Dec. 20th. The Examinations ceased at noon. After tea the Lower School gave us a representation of *The Maid of Orleans*, by Mgr. Benson. A criticism appears elsewhere in these pages.

After supper Fr. Abbot read out the Order of the School. The following are the Head boys in each Form:—

Upper Sixth	A. P. KIRBY
Sixth	F. W. LONG
Fifth	H. J. MARRON
Fourth	C. R. SIMPSON
Higher Third	G. C. HAYES
Lower Third	N. J. FISHWICK
Second	T. V. WELSH
First	THE HON. M. S. SCOTT

The Head Master announced the names of the winners of the English Essay Prizes. They were:—

Upper Library	R. J. POWER (Cicero's Statesmanship)
Middle Library	G. C. LUSTNER (Julius Caesar)
Lower Library	W. J. HESLOP (A Naval Battle)

The prizes awarded for the best work done in the Certificate Examinations last July were won respectively by N. J. CHAMBERLAIN and H. J. MARRON.

Later in the evening a Concert was held in the Refectory, and so Term ended. The following was the programme:—

SONG	"The Curlew"	...	Monk Gwile
			REV. G. BLACKMORE		
SONG	"Blow, blow thou Winter Wind"	...	Dr. Arns
			V. G. KNOWLES		
PIANO SOLO	"Presto from Sonata Op. 10, No. 2"	...	Beethoven
			B. J. BURKE		
SONG	"The Midshipmite"	...	Stephen Adams
			REV. A. B. HAYES		
SONG	"Killarney"	...	Balf
			C. E. LEASE		
VIOLIN TRIO	Minuet and Trio	...	Paganini
			E. J. MARRON, R. J. POWER, V. G. KNOWLES		
VOCAL TRIO	"Aiken Drum"	...	Anon.
			H. H. McMANUS, HON. C. BARNWELL, L. B. LANCASTER		
PART-SONG	"Old Daddy Longlegs"	...	Macirene
			THE CHOIR		

Leaves from An Unofficial Diary

Sept. 21st.

Rosalind. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee, but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

The vacation ended to-day.

Sept. 27th. Drilled in B. Company, for the first time under the new resident Sergeant-Instructor. His name is Grogan; his regiment the Irish Guards. Has not the voice of Sergeant Wright, but somehow diffuses the conviction that the sword is mightier than the pen.

Oct. 15th. Am in the front row of the scrummage. After yesterday's game feel like Jaques "compact of jars."

Nov. 3rd. Was passing the Sixth Form Study this evening when a member of the O.T.C. having apparently mistaken me for a dis-comfited foe, charged into me. By way of liquidating a social debt thus contracted he invited me. "Come into our class," he said. "Will the Sergeant object?" I replied; "for I am a civilian." "On the contrary he will be pleased, you will swell the number of the audience." Now in spite of being a civilian, I am condemned to one hour's drill a week, during which time Sergeant Grogan—if there is anything in the transmigration of souls theory—is Tarrquinus Superbus. A little diplomacy—or what the masters call tact—might procure me an easier time. He was standing by a blackboard, a mighty figure clad in khaki, and was reading aloud with a rich Celtic accent from notes in a little book, non-cons. of many grades listening to the winged words. He was explaining the amount of military knowledge required for some examination. Cannot recapture details. Occasionally he fired questions at the class, who were for the most part responsive targets. At half-past eight the school bell rang. The class rose and saluted the O.C. who was presiding, myself a bad last.

Nov. 18th. Absence of occupation, which some poet has said is not rest, brought me to watch the Lower School Rugby game. Felt like Aeneas in Hades watching heroes that were about to be.

Nov. 22nd. St. Cecilia's, the one day in the year in which the Choir rule supreme. Had forgotten the day, but vision of white-robed choir boys at an unusual hour reminded me. The Ode was sung with spirit and successfully. Knowles sang the treble solo and will no doubt hereafter be ranked with those before Agamemnon. Noticed that for the second or third time the Ode was sung to a strange air. Had I not been fortified by reading Spenser on the triumph of nature over mutability, should have been perturbed. The Choir Symposium took place in the late evening. Was not admitted, but found a harbour of refuge in the pantry, whence a wholly insufficient view of the Refectory was obtained. Choir for some time reminded me of my *Odyssey* preparation (already overdue), for they were dealing with the desire for food and drink. Very soon they became tuneful. Leese sang "Killarney." His voice was so true and sweet that as the last notes died away I murmured with Titania, "I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again; My ear is much enamoured of thy note." Wish not accorded to. Knowles appeared with a violin, then coyly, I thought, proposed health of Choir Master. Fr. Dominic spoke. Too far away to hear. At times much enthusiasm. At times a murmur of something distinct from applause. Conjecture Fr. Dominic talking of more Choir practices. Approached closer and found excellent cover behind a pyramid of plates. Fr. Dominic paying compliments to past members of the Choir who had seized the opportunity of a lifetime—an unearned holiday. My "cover" suddenly removed by servants. Retreated to Homer and my room.

Dec. 8th. Returning from Malton where the Sixth had spent the day. Train held up at Slingsby. Dick Turpin appeared in person of station master. Had my ticket ready but it was not that. Coal truck had caused two parallel lines to meet ahead of us. Walked home. After supper went in to "Speeches." The hilarity of Second Form poets contagious. Haynes gave me a new impression of Tennyson. Marsh played difficult piece on violin without mistakes. Am I mistaken in thinking that simpler and more melodious solos would be received with greater enthusiasm?

Dec. 20th. Saw the Lower School rendering of the *Maid of Orleans*. Picture of French ecclesiastics a danger to the *entente*. Found the appeal to tears unwelcome on the eve of break-up.

N. J. C.

Officers' Training Corps

THE Annual Official Inspection took place on July 11th and was conducted by Major G. Barry Drew, West Yorkshire Regiment. The Report was received from the War Office at the end of August and with it the O.C. received a Certificate of Efficiency for the Corps. The Report, which is regarded as satisfactory, concluded with the words, "This contingent has made a good beginning." Of the contingent twenty-nine went into camp at Tidworth Pennings at the beginning of August. We hope there will be a larger muster next year, though for a beginning this is satisfactory.

At the opening of the present term the Corps numbered fifty-six, which with the addition of fourteen recruits makes a total of seventy. The term's work has consisted chiefly of ground work, *i.e.* Rifle Exercise, Squad Drill and Company movements in close order. Great improvement was noticeable in discipline, steadiness in the ranks and in carrying out the various movements, due no doubt in large measure to our new resident Sergeant-Instructor James Grogan, of the Irish Guards.

The Corps has suffered a loss in the departure of its first Supervising Officer, Major G. Barry Drew, who may be correctly styled the godfather of the Ampleforth Contingent. He has certainly patiently watched over the infancy of the Contingent, and to his interest and able guidance much of its present prosperity is undoubtedly due. The Contingent has already suitably congratulated Major Barry Drew on his wedding recently, and is glad to take this opportunity of thanking him for his great help, and offering him our best wishes for the future. The name of his successor has not yet, as journalists say, transpired.

The Public Schools' Camp, 1911

THERE are two Camps for the Public Schools' Contingents which form the Junior Division of the Officers' Training Corps, one at Aldershot and one at Tidworth Penning. Ampleforth was in Camp this year at Tidworth, Lt-Colonel A. S. Oxley, 1st King's Royal Rifles, being in command. We were in the First Battalion with Giggleswick, Repton, Sedburgh, Uppingham and other schools.

We marched into Camp about seven o'clock on the evening of July 31st, and at once drew our rations, bedding, etc. It was dark by the time we finished. We slept about five in a tent superior to the shelter we had at the Royal Review at Windsor last June, for the floor was boarded and the tent generally better rigged out. The heat was tropical. We rose at half-past five; coffee was served at ten minutes to six, and at twenty minutes past we fell in with Downside and Beaumont for morning prayers, which were said by Fr. Dominic Young, O.S.B., of Downside. After prayers we did an hour's drill. Breakfast was at a quarter to eight. At half-past nine there was morning parade which lasted till half-past twelve, and then dinner. On most afternoons we had instructional parade, which consisted of range-finding, description of targets, etc. This lasted from three to four. We were then free till bedtime. During this time some schools played Rugby football or cricket, but most cadets wandered aimlessly about the Camp. Between seven and eight we used to meet in a large marquee for a sing-song. Those who could sing sang, and those who had not voices joined in the chorus. On the night of August 4th we had our first experience of night operations. Our battalion formed part of the attacking force. The march in the dark in absolute silence and over broken country, each of us uncertain as to what would happen and when, was an experience in our lives that we are glad not to have missed. At the supreme moment of our attack, the cloud-compelling Zeus conspired with the moon to play us false. Marching in darkness we had located the enemy's position by the flashes of their rifle fire. When at close range our Company received the order to charge. Just at

that moment the clouds parted and the full moon came out. The enemy were lying in the shadow of a hedge. We were theoretically annihilated. But the attacking force on the whole was successful. We returned to Camp about midnight.

During the last few mornings instead of the usual parade we used to attack or defend given positions. For this purpose the Camp was divided into two parties. On Tuesday, August 8th, we had operations on a larger scale than any hitherto attempted. Nos. 1, 3 and 4 battalions attacked No. 2 battalion and a battalion of the 60th Rifles on Sidbury Hill. No 1 battalion was at close quarters with the enemy when the order to cease fire was given, and we marched back to Camp in detachments.

On August 9th the Camp broke up. We had had a most strenuous and extremely instructive time.

BERNARD J. BURGE.

Lower School Play

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

By ROBERT HUGH BENSON

This play was produced by the Lower School on Wednesday, Dec. 20th, 1911. We have heard it said that the function of criticism is appreciation, and so pleasantly were we entertained on Wednesday evening that it requires an effort involving considerable strength of mind to withstand that definition. Yet we feel that, from a logical point of view, it must be withstood. For a slight amount of introspection convinced us that it was the acting far more than the play itself which gave us our enjoyment. There is a famous saying of Goethe's that if anyone is hardy enough to find fault with such a writer as Euripides, he should do it upon his knees. We hope that we have not forgotten the spirit of this advice when we say that "The Maid of Orleans" was not written in Mgr. Benson's happiest and most dramatic vein. The Historical plays of Shakespeare have long ago shown us how difficult it is to make a good play out of

historical material, and the present play did not succeed where Shakespeare failed. Throughout the scenes, we felt the absence of any one definite dramatic motive. We looked in vain for the rapturous hope of the martyr, the triumphant courage of the saint; we looked in vain (and if the play was meant to be a religious play, surely this was a grave omission) for any vindication of the Justice of Providence, or any express resignation to the Divine Will. The only side of Joan's character that was developed in the course of the play was her weakness and irresolution, and this, from the point of view of religious drama, should not have been the prevailing theme.

But indeed, we are in grave doubts as to whether the play was meant to be a religious drama at all. Had a definite dramatic line been taken we should have had no doubts. But what we saw was a vague admixture of religion, melodrama, and pantomime. The result was not convincing. The appeal to emotion was not "prepared" by a sufficiently definite atmosphere, and the three elements above mentioned were sometimes presented in rapid succession in the same scene. If we may say so, the author seemed to forget that when an audience is, through the fault of the dramatist, hesitating between religious emotion and comic relief, the line of least resistance is to give way to the comic element. This is not the fault of the audience, which does not care to have its deeper emotions interrupted by quite unnecessary comic "business," and when such an interruption is once made, the tendency is to treat the whole thing as a joke. Apart from this vagueness of construction, there was another dramatic mistake, which however was under the circumstances not entirely the fault of the author. For apparently realising that he could not command the resources of the professional stage, he preferred to treat his story in a succession of side-scenes. The result was that the undeniable dramatic opportunities of the story were in the main lost. Far more attention was paid to the sketching in of small individual characters than to the framing of a well-knit, vigorous, dramatic plot—a dramatic blunder which Aristotle was at some pains to correct many centuries ago.

There is a great difference between "The Maid of Orleans" and Mgr. Benson's "Nativity Play," which we had the pleasure of witnessing last year. The merit and beauty of the latter lay chiefly

in the fact that Mgr. Benson told us the story simply and directly, in one harmonious spirit throughout. With great discretion, and, be it added, generosity, he allowed the gospel story to make its appeal through the medium of simple verse. In our opinion it was entirely the right way to treat such a subject. The play did not stand on the merit of the author's verse. It stood almost entirely upon the poetical and emotional beauty of the subject, brought into relief by the direct treatment of the author. But a subject such as the story of Joan of Arc cannot, as a drama, stand upon the merit of its own intrinsic beauty. The story has dramatic possibilities and a pathos of its own, but it is not so sacred to the human mind that any treatment of it will do. To make its true appeal the story must be dramatised in a vivid, powerful, well-constructed manner, with a little splendour of verse. The grander and more ideal side of the character of the central figure should, we think, be brought into at least as much prominence as her weakness, and above all one strong dramatic line should be taken throughout. Otherwise, as we see in Shakespeare's Henry VI for example, the play becomes a mere presentment of historical facts, not a drama. So far as a mere spectator may judge, and presumably he is the person for whom the play is written, the verse and setting of "The Maid of Orleans" were unworthy of the theme.

The acting was admirable throughout. D. T. Long as Joan had a difficult part to play, and played it consistently well, especially in the last two scenes. R. J. Power dominated the stage as the Bishop of Beauvais, and brought out the cynicism and malevolence of that worthy prelate quite excellently. The feature of the performance, however, was the acting of the minor characters. L. B. Lancaster, G. C. Simpson, T. V. Welsh, and C. Field were thoroughly good. They got everything possible out of the small parts with which they were entrusted, and threw themselves with real artistic appreciation into the characteristics of their respective rôles. We may now hope that all who have minor parts to play will realise that the success of the play depends quite as much upon them doing their own work perfectly as upon the excellence of the protagonist. Experts tell us that in a Greek bas-relief no figure can be left out without spoiling the whole picture.

So the test of an actor is his ability to get the fullest meaning out of any character, no matter how small, which he has to play. It is often very difficult to be artistic in a small part. From this standpoint the character sketches given us by Welsh and Filded were extremely interesting.

The crowd was very spirited and added a great deal to the effect. In the last scene however they were too comic and too barbarous. Any normal crowd would be more sympathetic, and their insistence on the comic element made rather a burlesque of Joan's last moments. But still all praise to them for their vigorous acting.

In the items sung by the choir there was a notable improvement in tone among the trebles, but a certain carelessness with regard to time, and a want of energy and "attack" robs their singing of distinction. The solo sung by Loese was admirably rendered.

Appended is the caste :—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Prologue	C. F. LEASE
Joan	D. T. LONG
Hauvienne	G. C. SIMPSON
Mesange	HON. C. BARNWELL
Ribette	H. G. GREENWOOD
Father of Joan	A. W. RANKIN
Archbishop of Rheims	T. V. WELSH
Bishop of Beauvais	R. J. POWER
Ladvenu	N. J. FISHWICK
First Sacristan	M. F. GERRARD
Second Sacristan	J. MORRISON BERNARD
Ballif of Rouen	H. H. McMAHON
A Secretary	T. A. LONG
A Dominican	C. E. FRYER
A Frenchman	V. G. KNOTTER
A Captain of Soldiers	J. W. BINGOOD
Sentries	L. B. LANCATER A. C. McDONALD

Soldiers, Citizens, etc.

Senior Literary and Debating Society

THE First Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, October 1st. The chair was taken by Fr. Prior. In Private Business the customary election of officials took place. Mr. Richardson was elected Secretary, and Messrs. Kelly, Chamberlain and Livesey were selected to form the Committee. Mr. Telfener and the members of the Fourth form were formally admitted to the Society.

In Public Business, Mr. Richardson read a paper on "Sir Walter Raleigh." He was obliged to pass over his subject's early years owing to the scanty material at the disposal of a biographer. Raleigh is first heard of in the year 1579 when we find him established at court, and a great favourite of the Queen. Despite the engrossment of court life, he took a keen interest in agriculture, and, as every one knows, introduced the potato into Ireland. In 1592, being suspected of intrigue, he was relegated to the Tower. This recess afforded him leisure to indulge a latent passion for letters and science. Ultimately he procured his release by offering his services in a projected seizure of gold mines in the Eldorado. Failure, however, dogged his efforts, and he returned again to England in 1618, only to suffer execution for the charges which had led to his former imprisonment.

The Chairman in speaking of the literary aspect of Raleigh's life referred to the popular and erroneous notion that the Renaissance and the Reformation had a necessary connection. Messrs. Simpson, Hall, Chamberlain, D. McDonald, and Long also spoke.

The Second Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, October 8th. Fr. L. Buggins was present as a visitor. In Public Business, Mr. Wright moved "That in view of the recent national strike, the power of Trades Unions ought to be curtailed." After deprecating a system whose activities had but recently necessitated military coercion, he proceeded to review the economic fallacies which lie

at the root of Trades Unionism. Because the capitalist is rich and the employes poor, it cannot be logically inferred that they bargain on unequal terms, for the capitalist does not compete with his labourers, but with his fellow capitalists. Unionism is a deplorable retrogression to the medieval Guild system, which is totally inadequate to meet the exigencies of modern times.

Mr. Livesey exonerated the Unionists from all blame in the appalling disorders, which Mr. Wright had painted in such vivid colours. The real cause of the disturbances was not the Unionist, but the "hooligan," to whom the strike had afforded scope for indulging his riotous propensities, under the cloak of another's grievance.

Mr. Chamberlain traced the history of Trades Unions. He considered that the only possible curtailment of their power was the repeal of Mr. Lloyd George's "Picketing Act," bundled through Parliament in 1910.

Mr. Sharp regretted the infectiousness of a strike, which reveals a lamentable tendency in the workman to disorder.

Fr. Buggins said that the payment of members heralded an influx of more Labour members into Parliament. Such persons would be rendered more competent by their previous experiences in the management of the Unions.

Messrs. Temple, E. Martin, Richardson, Hall and I. McDonald also spoke. The motion was carried by 18 votes to 15.

The Third Meeting was held on Sunday, October 15th. In Public Business Mr. J. Kelly read a paper on "Mexico." The early portion of the paper was occupied with a history of Mexico from the beginnings down to the Spanish conquest. After a criticism of the rule of Spanish viceroys, he dealt with the country's vicissitudes since the Declaration of Independence in 1822. Since that date the country has been slowly developing, but unrest—a characteristic of every embryonic nation—still holds the field.

Messrs. A. Kelly, Richardson, D. McDonald, Chamberlain, Simpson and Boocock also spoke.

The Fourth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, October 22nd. In Public Business Mr. Morrogh Bernard moved "That our

sympathies are with Charles I in his struggle with Oliver Cromwell." The speaker pointed out that the Stuarts were all obsessed by the thought that they were trustees under God of the gifts they had received. Charles I had the misfortune to inherit a kingdom weakened by the disruptive forces everywhere at work. It devolved on him accordingly, to levy taxes, with which to quell the foe within and without, and so sustain his tottering country.

Mr. E. Williams read Mr. Hall's speech, in opposition to the motion, owing to the latter's indisposition. Mr. Hall hailed Cromwell as the saviour of his country, by his courage and determination in grasping the opportunity of loosing England from the Stuart yoke. Charles must be reckoned among the number of those unfortunates, who are impervious to all reasoning, which is at variance with their own preconceived notions. He was in essence a tyrant, but lacked the gift of astuteness, without which no tyrant can remain secure in his possessions. His unpopularity inevitably led to his execution.

Mr. Chamberlain vindicated Charles as a politician. He had to deal with a froward Parliament, which, owing to its blindness to the precarious conditions of the country's external affairs, frustrated every effort of the King by refusing to grant the necessary supplies. It became imperative for Charles, therefore, to levy taxes on his own account, and thus achieve ends which he deemed beneficial to the country.

Mr. Kelly considered Charles a misanthrope and therefore incapable of discerning the true interests of his kingdom.

There also spoke Messrs. L. Williams, Richardson, Temple, Simpson, E. Martin, Power, D. McDonald, Livesey and Long. The motion was carried by 17 votes to 14.

The Fifth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, October 29th. Br. Idophonous, and Messrs. Wright, Ward and Perry were present as visitors. In Public Business Mr. Telfener read a paper, entitled "The Election of Popes and the Making of Cardinals," to an expectant House. Messrs. Chamberlain, Hall, A. Kelly, E. Williams, Simpson and Morrogh Bernard joined in the discussion of the paper.

The Sixth Meeting of the Term took place on Sunday, November

5th. Mr. Herbert Ward was present. In Public Business Mr. E. Martin moved that this House deems "That some form of compulsory military service is desirable." He said that hon. members must not close their eyes to the fact that enlistments, despite the indefatigable efforts of recruiting officers, were steadily diminishing in numbers. The Englishman of to-day, like the gods of Lucretius, was a paragon of apathy in regard to his country's welfare. It would seem inevitable, therefore, to have resort to legislation, and awaken him to the dangers menacing his security on every side.

Mr. J. Clarke, in opposing the motion before the House, dilated on the economic upheaval, which must necessarily result from such a drastic measure as that proposed by the last speaker.

Mr. Kelly resented any proposal which would increase the burden of the tax-payer, and taxes were a *sine qua non* of conscription.

Mr. L. Williams expressed his perturbation at the thought of an invasion. Hon. members should be prepared to secure immunity without regard to cost or convenience.

Mr. Chamberlain thought the condition of England called for greater attention to home affairs, and the suppression of the bellicose propensities of our countrymen.

Messrs. Livesey, Power, Hall and Simpson took part in the debate. The motion was carried by 18 votes to 14.

The Seventh Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, November 12th. In Private Business Mr. Livesey's motion relative to the announcement of debates received the assent of the House. In Public Business Mr. Chamberlain read an interesting and instructive paper on "Edmund Spenser."

Messrs. Morrogh, Bernard, E. Williams, Clarke, A. Kelly, Richardson and Emery interrogated the Reader. Fr. Prior complimented Mr. Chamberlain on his carefully prepared paper.

The Eighth Meeting was held on Sunday, November 19th. In Public Business Mr. Smith moved "That Manhood Suffrage is desirable." The speaker first sought to dispel from the minds of hon. members any misgivings they might entertain regarding this proposal. He deprecated the idea that it was a stepping-stone to

Socialism. Mr. Asquith's bill would merely extend the franchise to a younger generation, and thus bring them at an early age to a sense of responsibility.

Mr. Lacy opposed the motion. He asked his hearers not to entertain a measure, which would constitute mob-rule, regardless of the appalling consequences it must entail. He cited the democracy of Athens in proof of his contention that once the franchise is extended indiscriminately, the government of the country becomes too unwieldy.

Mr. Chamberlain saw in this bill fresh traces of a democratic movement extending over the whole of Europe. History shows forth clearly that every assault on the Church has emanated either from an absolute monarchy, or from an absolute democracy. It would, therefore, seem preferable to steer a "Via Media" course, and deny complete control to the masses.

Mr. Richardson thought this measure would be a tardy recognition of the rights of the poor.

Mr. A. Kelly said that in his opinion the present government was moving too quickly. Such a vast extension of the vote was manifestly premature.

Mr. Knowles had no objections to this motion, but must first of all be reassured that the poorer classes were capable of using the vote reasonably, before recording his *Nacet*.

The Ninth Meeting was held on Sunday, November 26th. In Public Business Mr. Burge read a paper entitled "The conquest of Italy by the Goths." A great deal of discussion ensued. There spoke Messrs. Boocock, D. McDonald, Clarke, Long, I. McDonald, Robertson, E. Williams, L. Williams, Richardson, Morrogh Bernard, A. Kelly, Wright, Power, Simpson, E. Martin and Hall.

The Tenth Meeting was held on Sunday, December 3rd. Fr. Abbot, Fr. Bruno, Messrs. Lindsay and Perry were present as visitors. In Public Business Mr. Marron moved "That Government of the people by the people has proved a failure." He trusted that hon. members would not raise an obvious objection to the motion—that Athens and Rome are types of successful democracies. It is a

plausible but fallacious argument, which must not be countenanced, for it blinded one to the fact that the exigencies of particular times require different modes of constituting authority. The tendency of a democracy is to legislate excessively and prematurely. Seldom does the democrat realize the far-reaching effects of every bill. He, therefore, urged the House to give a decisive assent to the motion.

Mr. Temple thought it would be temerarious for the House to express any such opinion, since the former speaker had suggested no remedy for the evils he discerned in present government. He would be the last person in the world to maintain that the existing regime was flawless, but, in the lack of an obviously more satisfactory scheme, he preferred an attitude of political quietism. Present discontents would in due course spontaneously produce a solution of their difficulties. This longed-for solution would not be accelerated by making drastic changes in the legislative body. Hon. members must remember that *superanda omnis fortuna ferenda est*, and not by chopping and changing.

Mr. L. McDonald preferred Mr. Temple's way of thinking. He emphasized the point that democracy interested the humblest voter in his country's welfare.

Mr. Power failed to discover any ground for dissatisfaction with the present Constitution. Every class is properly represented.

Mr. Chamberlain lamented the note of instability which characterized democratic government.

Fr. Abbot pointed out that democracy had widened the system of officialism, and had thus increased the number of those who take a practical interest in national concerns. He thought previous speakers had not paid sufficient attention to the fact that legislation, besides imposing restraints, tended also to remove existing ones.

Mr. Morrigh Bernard cited Byron to support his anti-democratic convictions.

Messrs. Livesey, A. Kelly, Simpson, Long, E. Martin, Burge and Hall contributed to the discussion.

The feeling of the House was frankly opposed to Mr. Marzon's motion, which was lost—13 votes to 21.

The Eleventh Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday,

December 10th. Br. Hildephonsus and Mr. Perry were our visitors. In Private Business Mr. A. Kelly commented on Mr. Livesey's absence from a meeting of the Committee. Mr. Livesey at once proceeded to defend his absence. The Chairman prohibited any further discussion.

In Public Business Mr. Long read a paper on "Charles Lamb." There spoke Messrs. Livesey, Morrigh Bernard, Simpson, Richardson, Wright, Hall and Boocock.

The Twelfth Meeting was held on Sunday, December 17th. Brs. Alexius and Hildephonsus, with Mr. Perry were present as visitors. In Public Business Mr. Sharp moved "That this House approves of the policy of the present Government." The speaker proceeded to review in detail each important measure introduced by Mr. Asquith's Government, and then delivered a vehement defence of the principles underlying these measures. Socialism would of course be discerned in every movement directed towards reform by querulous and narrow-minded individuals, but the House must turn a deaf ear to such unfounded imputations. He had nothing but praise for the Government's able administration of Foreign affairs.

Mr. Marsh thought the Government too impetuous in passing bills, and cited the Land Tax as an instance. More than £200,000 had been expended in procuring £2000 for the Exchequer. Home Rule was no feather in the Liberal cap, but rather a confession of their subservience to Mr. Redmond's dictatorship. Every true patriot must resent such pernicious interference. In the light of recent revelations the less said about the Government's foreign policy the better. Mr. Asquith and his party were the embodiment of misrule and oppression. Each bill they had brought in was a gross assault on the liberty of the individual. The House must therefore express its disapproval of Mr. Sharp's motion.

Mr. Simpson feared that the last speaker was in error. He had a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Marsh's statistics had been "cooked." It was really too preposterous to ask hon. members to give credence to them.

Mr. Chamberlain declared that up to the year 1906 the name "Liberal" had been synonymous for "Economy." Since that date

however, the Government has appointed some 4000 officials, and of these 2000 have fallen into snug berths without carrying off the laurels of competition. The House of Lords had been assailed at the instigation of Mr. Redmond who had fish of his own to fry. Money had been squandered wholesale on Utopian schemes of education.

Mr. Clarke, in the course of a violent attack on Radicalism, lingered on the note of rashness which was so predominant in this Government.

Mr. A. Kelly had no fault whatever to find with Mr. Lloyd George's measures. He discovered in them the genius of a great statesman.

Mr. L. Williams found an opportune moment to bring Tariff Reform beneath the survey of the House. Hon. Members must surely realize that this section of the Tory programme would do away with the distress and unemployment of the people under Radical administration.

Mr. Hall would have nothing to do with Old Age Pensions. The poor were being discouraged from thifty habits.

Mr. Power vindicated the Free Trade policy of the Government, Messrs. Robertson, Wright and D. McDonald also spoke.

The House refused to entertain the motion, which was cast out by 7 votes to 22.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman ended the meeting and the terminal session.

Junior Debating Society

The 185th meeting of the Society and the first meeting of the term was held on October 1st. Br. Raymond and Mr. Herbert Ward were present as visitors. After the Lower III Form had been elected members of the Society, officials were elected for the term, viz.: Mr. D. Long as Secretary, and Messrs. Hayes, Rankin, and N. Fishwick as the Committee.

The House then turned its attention to Public Business, Mr. Rankin moving "That this House condemn the agitation to stop the Johnson and Wells fight." The honourable mover prefaced his remarks with some humorous references to the Nonconformist conscience in general and that of Mr. Meyer's in particular. He then proceeded to lament the soft spirit of these degenerate days, and closed with a vigorous defence of boxing from the artistic point of view.

Mr. Lintner opposed. An elementary knowledge of logic, he informed the Society, enabled one to distinguish between a boxing match and a prize fight. Developing this point, he emphatically classed the contest under discussion in the second category. Mr. Lintner continued with a full explanation of the evils, known to the Press as colour difficulties, which would be the inevitable result of the proposed fight.

Mr. Cravos deplored the action of Mr. Meyer and his supporters in stopping the skilled exhibition of what he knew to be a most useful art.

Mr. Beech opposed the motion as giving encouragement to a debasing spectacle. His sentiments were contradicted by Mr. Ainscough, who considered the proposed fight would give the populace a useful lesson in fair play.

Messrs. Hayes, Killea, S. Lancaster, and Chamberlain also supported the motion, which was carried by 27 votes to 6.

The 186th meeting of the Society was held on October 8th. Mr. Leach in moving "That Germany is at the present day a menace to the British Empire," commenced his speech with an interesting summary of the rise and fall of other great empires in former days. Then, turning to details, he dwelt on the rivalry between the trade of Great Britain and Germany, and concluded with some eloquent praise of the proficiency of the latter's army.

Mr. Hayes' opposition had a twofold basis. In the first place he put before the House facts and figures to prove the overwhelming superiority of the British navy. And secondly, he suggested that a keen observer of modern European politics must be struck by the unpopularity of the German Empire.

Mr. C. Lancaster drew the attention of the House to the crying need of modern Germany—colonial expansion; and also cast doubt on the loyalty of Ireland. The latter remark drew forth an indignant contradiction from Mr. Lynch, who gave particulars of the good work done by Irishmen under the British flag.

Mr. Rankin made some interesting remarks on the difficulties which would overtake Germany's trade if she embarked upon an aggressive war with England.

A brisk although somewhat one-sided discussion was continued by Messrs. C. Rochford, Barton, Gerrard, Le Fèvre, Dobson and Milburn. The motion was rejected by 28 votes to 9.

The 187th meeting of the Society was held on Sunday, October 15th. Fr. Dunstan and Mr. Herbert Ward were present as visitors. In Public Business Mr. D. Long moved "That Capital Punishment should be abolished." The hon. member stated that no one had a right to inflict such extreme punishment and that murders were just as common in countries where Capital Punishment was in use as in countries where less drastic measures were resorted to as a check to crime. He also maintained that a criminal's hatred of a long term of imprisonment would be quite as successful as Capital Punishment in deterring crime.

Mr. Ainscough opposed; Capital Punishment alone would check the violence of thousands of our citizens, and long imprisoned criminals would be released only to slaughter their fellow beings. He pointed out that if Capital Punishment were to go, the consequence would be policeman and taxes—*how nimis!* Capital Punishment would rather be more frequently employed than it is; Strike leaders he thought should be definitely silenced by no less a penalty.

Mr. Rankin took a spiritual view of the case and would allow a criminal many years of repentance in prison in place of the few weeks that would precede his execution.

Mr. Hayes showed Jewish tendencies, an eye for an eye and life for life he thought was only fair.

There also spoke Messrs. S. Lancaster, Chamberlain, Leach, Killea, C. Lancaster, and L. Rochford.

The House did not divide.

The 188th meeting took place on October 22nd. Fr. Benedict and Mr. Herbert Ward were visitors. In Public Business Mr. W. Rochford moved "That the French Revolutionists were justified." The hon. member declared that prior to the Revolution the nobles and clergy were rolling in wealth and privilege, being at the same time protected by an army and navy which was financed by the poor who were starving and who were made to pay taxes from which the rich were exempt.

Mr. L. Rochford opposed. He was of opinion that the much pitied lower classes of France were by no means so dissatisfied as Mr. W. Rochford maintained. The French Revolution was the result rather of self seeking agitation. A number of discontented members of society persuaded the poor that they were suffering from injustice; their sole aim was disturbance, as is shown from the fact that they sent their own leaders to the scaffold when once the monarchy had been abolished! Moreover France had lost in power since the Revolution had taken place. Had not the Germans captured their Capital?

Mr. Lintner agreed with the hon. mover. He gave some astonishing details concerning the quality of food consumed by the poor of France previous to the Revolution. He agreed with Mirabeau that the people's wish should prevail against that of the King, and this fact justified the Revolution.

The Hon. R. Barnswell justified the excesses of the Revolution by a happy simile: When lock-gates are broken down no one can control the pent-up river.

Fr. Benedict also spoke, and Messrs. Ainscough, Lynch, Gerrard, N. Fishwick, S. Lancaster, McPherson, McGavin, Morrogh Bernard, N. Smith, Le Fèvre and D. Long.

The motion was carried: 21 votes to 18.

The 189th meeting was held on Sunday, October 29th. Br. Illyd was present as a visitor. In Public Business Mr. G. Chamberlain moved "That the Pen has done more for England than the Sword." Mr. Chamberlain commenced by making some philosophical reflections upon the essential qualities of the sword and the pen. He then explained that if we consider the causes of things,

man is the strongest force on earth. And this strength is due not to muscle but to mind. He turned his attention to the will power of mankind: it is the will of its subjects that must be gained if a country is to rest successful. The mind of man can influence his will, the sword cannot; the sword can wound, it cannot win.

The Hon. R. Barneswall opposed. His theme was: Theory can only suggest; questions are settled by having recourse to action. A successful leader is he who knows when to take risks. Pages may be written whilst time is being lost. The pen is handmaid to the sword; but only handmaid, not the prime mover.

Mr. S. Lancaster thought that all the scribes in England would not be able to keep the Germans from our shores if we let our armaments go to rust.

Mr. L. Rochford pointed out that the question was particularly difficult because it presumed that the influence of the pen and the sword could be separated, which was not so in fact.

Mr. Le Fèvre referred to Greek History for arguments that the pen without the sword has power to conquer.

Mr. Beech gave instance of a poetic leader who by means of verse so stirred the feelings of his men that their attack was irresistible.

Br. Illyd and Messrs. Heffernan, Hayes, Killea, L. Fishwick and C. Lancaster also spoke. The motion was lost: 14 votes to 26.

The 190th meeting was held on Sunday, November 5th. In Public Business Mr. O. Collison moved "That the American Colonies were justified in rebelling from England." The speaker pointed out the indiscretion of the Mother Country in imposing intolerable taxes on her colonies. The Americans would have submitted to these impositions if only they could have had representation in the English Government by way of recompense.

Mr. Lynch opposed. He stated that the New World had been the spoilt child of England; it was true that taxes had been imposed, but not such heavy ones as those on the other colonies. England had wished to live in harmony with America and that mutual help should be given and, as was natural, that the Mother Country should retain supreme authority.

Mr. Lintner urged the cause of liberty; it was unreasonable to expect a large country to submit to leading strings.

Mr. Hayes thought England was relieved from many troubles by the breaking loose of such an unwieldy pet as America would have proved.

Mr. H. Martin said that the consequent progress of America clearly showed the reasonableness of the revolt.

Messrs. Lythgoe, Leach, Heffernan, Dobson, Gerrard and McMahon also spoke. The motion was lost: 24 votes to 26.

The 191st meeting was held on Sunday, November 12th. Mr. Mackay moved "That in the opinion of this House Ireland ought to have Home Rule."

Mr. N. Fishwick opposed. There also spoke Mr. Hayes, T. Long, D. Long, Chamberlain and Lynch.

The meeting was adjourned.

The 192nd meeting took place on Sunday, November 19th. Br. Francis and Messrs. Herbert Ward, Charles Wright and Charles Farmer were visitors. In Public Business Mr. L. Rochford moved the adjournment and the Hon. R. Barneswall seconded. Messrs. Heffernan, Ainscough, C. Lancaster, Farmer, Rankin and Barton also spoke. Mr. Mackay then made his reply, and upon voting the House was equally divided.

The 193rd meeting was held on Sunday, November 26th. Mr. Herbert Ward was present as a visitor. Mr. B. Martin moved "That England should adopt Conscription." He maintained that in War the Germans could conquer us owing entirely to our want of numbers.

Mr. Le Fèvre opposed. He thought that enforced military service would make mere machines of many intelligent citizens. A small army of true fighting men was better than a host of people following an uncongenial vocation.

Mr. Lynch repeated the objection to further taxation which would be necessary if a larger army were maintained.

Mr. Lintner thought that the sparsity of numbers in our military force was compensated by its ferocity.

Mr. Hayes suggested that a wise government should choose out from its subjects those who displayed bellicose tendencies and impose upon them military service. Messrs. D. Long, Beech, Rankin, and Cravos also spoke. The motion was lost: 14—20.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the meeting and the session to a close.

Paragraphs

THE Aquatic Sports were held at the end of last term after our Summer issue had gone to press. The chief event was the Hundred Yards Open Race for the Cup. This means three lengths of the Open Swimming Bath. This race produced a fine struggle. A. P. Kelly went off at a great pace and secured a good lead, but he was unable to stay and gave up after two lengths. Vulysteke then led, but C. E. Mackay gradually wore him down, and in the end won with some yards to spare. Mackay's time was one minute, thirty-eight and one-fifth seconds, and is a School record. There was a very large entry for the Diving Competition. Blackledge, Collison, Vulysteke and C. R. Simpson seemed the best. The Medal was ultimately awarded to Blackledge. The race for the Lower School (under 14) was won rather easily by C. F. Cravos. R. L. Haynes won the "Learners' Race (one length).

After the races the Competition for the Swimming "Colours" took place. The conditions are twelve lengths (400 yards) in ten minutes. "Colours" were gained by A. C. Clapham, D. P. McDonald, W. A. Martin and J. A. C. Temple. Temple's time, eight minutes and nine seconds, is the fastest that has been done in this Competition.

Team A (A. C. Clapham, captain) met Team D (R. J. Blackledge, captain) in the final for the Water Polo Cup. After a very keen

game during which neither side could score, "extra time" was played. The defence on both sides still prevailed, however, and the end was a draw, neither side having scored a point.

* * *

The Final in the School Lawn Tennis Tournament was played at the end of last term. The winners were P. E. Vulysteke and N. J. Chamberlain.

* * *

The results of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examinations for 1911 were issued at the beginning of September. In the Higher Certificate Ampleforth came out third in the list published in the *Tablet* of Catholic Schools taking the Examination. Or rather we tied with Stonyhurst for third place. Congratulations to the successful candidates, who were:—V. G. Narey (who obtained a Distinction in English History and also passed in European History), A. C. Clapham, F. W. Long, B. J. Livesey, G. R. Richardson and N. J. Chamberlain (Distinction in History). J. A. Miller and A. P. Kelly obtained certificates excusing them Responses and the Previous Examination at Cambridge. Felicitations also to the following who passed the Lower Certificate:—A. Dent Young, L. T. Williams, J. A. C. Temple, R. J. Blackledge, B. F. Cadic, J. C. Caldwell, J. J. Kelly, H. H. Marron, F. I. Pozzi, C. R. Simpson, and E. J. Williams.

* * *

The Golf Club has had this term a record membership and the increase in its funds has made possible substantial improvements in the course. The eighth Green has been changed to the lawn beside the Upper Library Tennis Courts, and the ninth is now the "Gasworks" Green—an unpoetical name but topographically suitable. The "Seedfield" Green which is said to have reminded a recent visitor of the Alps, is being completely reset and will be ready for use next term. The teeing grounds are also being raised, or perhaps we should say being "teed up." The torrential rains of the last three weeks have rather played havoc with the surface of the course, and the Holes have, like the "nine men's morris," been filled up

with mud; indeed during the last fortnight one would almost have required the services of a pilot to get through the links on the low-lying fields, while one of them, completely submerged, reminded us of the hiatus in the Darwinian scheme of evolution. Enthusiasm for Golf has been considerably stimulated by the frequent Competitions that have taken place, and the handicapper has reason to congratulate himself on the fact that no two competitions were won by the same player. A. F. Melville Wright is perhaps the most scientific Golfer at present, and D. P. McDonald and H. J. Emery are also good. The best round this term for the nine holes was accomplished by Wright with a score of thirty-eight.

* * *

The Lectures provided by the Headmaster last term have been exceptionally numerous and exceptionally good. They were remarkably well attended. Perhaps this was due to the lecturers rather than their subjects, which taken by themselves do not all sound of absolutely compelling interest. Fr. Cummins and Fr. Hunter Blair are old friends, and they would, we think, get a large audience from the School on any subject. Fr. Robert Eaton's lecture on the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau must, of course, from the nature of the case, stand out by itself. *Quid verba audiam, cum facta videam?* The fact that he was listened to with rapt attention for over two hours by an audience that nearly filled the body of the Theatre and that was composed of individuals whose ages ranged from seven to nearly seventy makes comment superfluous. Mr. H. H. Berners of the Irish Guards gave a lecture at the beginning of term which, primarily intended for the O.T.C., interested a far larger body of hearers. Fr. Maurus continued his Art Lectures which have always been popular, and finally Mr. Osley Grabham, a naturalist of European reputation, gave us a great treat by his lecture on the Mammals of Yorkshire.

* * *

The Social Work Fund last year was devoted to providing funds for the higher education of one of Mr. Potter's boys at St. Hugh's, Baham. This year the School have decided merely to present Mr. Potter with a cheque to help him to carry on his great work. May

we again urge upon the School that monetary aid is not everything? Personal service entails more sacrifice and is more surely doubly blessed. There are a number of Laureatians living in and near London whose assistance, even in the vacations only, would be welcomed, and for those further away there is the annual holiday for boys of St. Hugh's at some sea-side place. Very material assistance was given by some Old Boys one or two years ago, and they really enjoyed the work. This we add *pour encourager les autres*. It was to stimulate interest in the life of the poor that Ampleforth undertook this work. It would be a pity if the movement ended with a subscription, valuable as such aid is.

* * *

'Ring out the Old, ring in the New.' After many years of Association Football, the School has taken up Rugby. The change often advocated as desirable really became a necessity on account of the impossibility of getting a sufficient number of good Association matches. The Schools within playing distance of us, with one exception, all play Rugby. When Pocklington School took it up last year it was the last straw. Under Rugby rules we are able to have fixtures with at least three quite good School teams and also with the Yorkshire Wanderers, Harrogate Old Boys, and the East Riding Club and others. But altogether apart from matches our experience so far has been that as a School game Rugby is immeasurably superior to "Soccer." It gives greater scope for the exercise of the two cardinal sorts of skill, *juuuvriuf* and *yuuuvriuf*. More can scarcely be said of it.

* * *

We must congratulate the First Fifteen on the rapidity with which they have made themselves familiar with the possibilities of the game and on their success. The storm of cheering that greeted the forwards when they gained the first try in the first Rugby inter-school match played by Ampleforth will not soon be forgotten by them. They are, as forwards in Rugby must be, the backbone of the side—the terminology is not of course physiological. Their power in the scrum-mage had much to do with the victories over Ripon and Pocklington Schools, and in their quick rushes in the loose they have the engine

of attack that has made the Scottish football teams formidable to any side. But their "hooking" is at present unreliable, and their heeling-out slovenly and slow. They also must be on the look out for instructions from their leader. On more than one occasion we have noticed some heeling, and at the same time others attempting to hold the scrumage and wheel. This is disastrous. We were fortunate in having in the School two especially good half-backs. J. J. Kelly works the scrumage well and is quick in getting the ball. He should throw it out to his stand-off half much harder than he does, as it is important to save time at this stage. A. P. Kelly as stand-off half has the making of a great player. His defensive play is really superb. If he cures himself of his one serious fault of holding on to the ball too long, he will be a great force in the attack of the Fifteen. Williams and W. A. Martin make a powerful three-quarter wing, and their play is in a class by itself. Sharp, right centre, runs straight and takes his passes well, but he does not combine well with Harrison who is right wing three-quarter. The latter has pace and can swerve, but he overdoes the reverse pass and should make for the line more. Farrell at back is safe and a sure, occasionally a brilliant, tackle. His kicking though not long is sound and generally finds touch. The team as a whole are strong in attack and weak in defence. The elementary principle of tackling low is not yet learnt. Early in February there is a match with St. Peter's School, which next to Sedburgh and Giggleswick is the strongest School Fifteen in the county. The result of this match will enable us to place ourselves.

* * *

One of the *Journal Staff* has industriously compiled statistics of the Association Matches played by Ampleforth. They are:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
					For	Against
FIRST ELEVEN ...	229	150	49	30	954	359
SECOND ELEVEN ...	47	36	5	6	193	75

* * *

[J] Cardinal Bourne so recently honoured by the Pope is not a stranger to the School. A tradition still lingers that on his last stay

here he did the most sensible thing possible and wrested a holiday from the authorities. We offer him in the name of the School our sincerest congratulations on his elevation to the cardinalate.

* * *

The Old Boys' Annual Dinner was held on December 12th, at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, W. Fr. Abbot presided and there was a fairly numerous attendance. We find it difficult to write about a dinner at which we were not present, but all were loud in their praises of the evening and the excellent arrangements made for it by Mr. Bernard Rochford. We feel disposed to address him in the (translated) words of Dionysus to Heracles, "If ever I need advice about a *dinner*, I'll come to you!" But as Cicero wrote of the famous dinner he fearfully gave to Caesar, "Though the food was good, 'twas Attic salt that flavoured best the food." The speeches were examples of metadepic oratory at a high level. Mr. J. P. Smith, J.P., proposed the "School" and Fr. Abbot replied. "Ampleforth in London" was felicitously given by Mr. A. T. Penney. Mr. B. Rochford replied. Fr. S. St. John, S.J., replied to the "Visitors" toast in an extremely happy vein. Finally the "Chairman" was given by Mr. A. de Normanville, a contemporary of Fr. Abbot's at School. Fr. Abbot replied, and the gathering officially broke up.

* * *

We are glad to hear that the Old Boys' Cricket Club, whose headquarters is in London, is growing steadily and is now on a sound basis both from the players' point of view and that of the Treasurer. Twenty matches were played by the Club last season. Of these six were won, ten lost, three drawn and there was one tie. These results we understand are regarded as satisfactory, and if they do not look brilliant in cold print, still the reflection is permissible that statistics, like Puck, mislead. The Club's fixture card contains the names of rather strong cricket teams, and after all "the play's the thing"; the games were enjoyable. Mr. R. C. Smith (3672) heads the batting averages and has also the best bowling figures. He took thirty-six wickets at an average cost of thirteen runs. The Club has now a plethora of playing members, but the hon. secretary, Mr. J. R.

Allan Hanson, is always glad to hear of "Old Boys" who desire to join the Club. His address is, 27 Alfred Place West, South Kensington, S.W.

* * *

The Ampleforth Old Boys' Annual Ball will be held on January 9th at the Warncliffe Rooms, Hotel Great Central, London. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. Bernard Rochford, 21 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.

* * *

Fr. Abbot was in the chair at the Reunion Dinner which took place in the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, on October 30th. After the loyal toasts, "Alma Mater" was given by the Rev. Fr. Philip Willson, O.S.B. Fr. Abbot replied. The Rev. Father Parry, S.J., replied for the "Visitors," whose toast was given by Mr. Gouldie Fishwick. The Very Rev. Dean Billington proposed the "Chairman" in a speech that it would be a *meiosis* to call the event of the evening.

* * *

The Old Boys who as the "Craticulae" play a number of Cricket Matches on Tour during the first fortnight of August, had this year again quite a successful time. The organisation incidental to a tour of this sort was again in the hands of Mr. G. H. Chamberlain, in whom the Platonic *εὐφροσύνη* and *θρησκεία* must have been particularly active for a considerable time before the tour began. For he devised well and carried out with spirit. Considerations of space forbid our giving the results of the matches in detail. Of the ten played, five were won, four lost and one drawn, a gratifying result as the teams that were played were strong. The "Craticulae"—how appropriate the name during the heat wave last August!—were a powerful batting side, Mr. B. R. Collison and Mr. B. R. Bradley playing occasionally quite a brilliant innings. Extremely good fielding throughout the tour made rather weak bowling almost formidable. Three members of last season's School Eleven, A. P. Kelly, N. J. Chamberlain, and G. R. Richardson, took part in the tour and the team was throughout composed entirely of present or past members

of the School. Old Boys' teams are so often eclectic that occasional self-sufficiency of this sort is refreshing.

Appended is a summary of the results of the tour:—

- CRATICULAE V. GARDSTON. *Lost.* Gardston 78 and 115.
Craticulae 105 and 48.
- V. SUTTON. *Won.* Sutton 103.
Craticulae 179 (4 wks.). N. J. Chamberlain
not out 74.
- V. ORMSKIRK (20 XI). *Won.* Ormskirk 193 (5 wks. Declared).
Craticulae 197 (7 wks.). B. R.
Bradley 62.
- V. OXTON (20 XI). *Drawn.* Craticulae 242 (9 wks.). B. R.
Collison 62.
Oxtion 142 (4 wks.).
- V. LIVERPOOL (2nd Eleven). *Lost.* Craticulae 247 (declared).
Liverpool 272 (7 wks.).
- V. WHITTINGHAM. *Won.* Whittingham 112.
Craticulae 143 (4 wks.).
- V. BARROW-IN-FURNESS. *Lost.* Craticulae 65.
Barrow-in-Furness 214.
- V. MR. ST. JOHN DAVEY'S ELEVEN. *Won.* Mr. Davey's XI 112.
Craticulae 130.
- V. OLD XAVERIANS. *Won.* Old Xaverians 155.
Craticulae 226. B. R. Collison 71.
- V. POULTON-LE-FYLDE. *Lost.* Poulton-le-Fylde 221.
Craticulae 77.

* * *

The Craticulae Ball took place on November 24th. There were over a hundred present. The arrangements were perfection.

* * *

V. G. NAREY came in 1903 and left last July. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1908 and 1909 and the Higher Certificate in 1910 and 1911, gaining a Distinction in History. He won the Ampleforth Society Scholarship in 1910. In December 1911 he was awarded an open Scholarship for History at Trinity College, Oxford, where he is now in residence. He was a good actor, his chief successes being in the parts of *Sir Andrew Agnew* and in

Twelfth Night and the Rev. Robert Spalding in *The Private Secretary*. He was a member of the Football Eleven of 1910.

A. C. CLAPHAM came in 1905 and left at the end of last term. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1908 and 1909 and the Higher Certificate in 1910 and 1911. He was Captain of the School during the Easter and Summer Terms of 1911. He was Captain of the Football Eleven of 1910-11 and of the Cricket Eleven of 1911.

J. A. MILLER came in 1905 and left last term. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1910, and was excused Responses in the Higher Certificate in 1911. He played in the Football Eleven of 1910-11.

R. J. BLACKLEDGE came in 1904 and left last July. He passed the Lower Certificate in 1911, and was a member of the Football Eleven last year.

R. A. MARSHALL joined the School in 1905. He passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1910. He played half-back in the Football Eleven of 1910-11, and was a member of the Cricket Eleven last Summer.

J. J. ROBERTSON came in 1904. He played in the Football Elevens of 1909-10 and 1910-11, and in the Cricket Eleven of 1911. He was Captain of the School in the Autumn Term 1910.

OLD LAURENTIANS

THE REV. C. B. PIKE, O.P., was ordained priest at Hawkesyard Priory on Oct. 28th.

MR. M. A. MACDERMOTT, third son of James MacDermott, Esq., Ramore, Co. Galway, was married on Sept. 16th at the Catholic Church, Caversham, to Beatrice, daughter of the late Rev. Bethel Earle, of Southwell. The Very Rev. Canon Crow, O.S.B., performed the ceremony assisted by the Rev. W. Buscot.

MR. F. L. HAYES, son of James Hayes, Esq., of St. Paul's Avenue, Willesden Green, was married on Sept. 21st at the Church of Our Lady and St. Thomas of Canterbury, to Mary, daughter of the late Nicholas Hayes, Esq., and of Mrs. Hayes, of Chorley. The Very Rev. Canon Hayes, O.S.B., assisted by the Rev. A. B. Hayes, O.S.B., and the Rev. V. L. Hayes, O.S.B., brothers of the bride, officiated.

MR. V. G. NARREY, Trinity College, Oxford, made his maiden Speech in the Union on the motion "That this House welcomes the Prime Minister's proposals for an extension of the franchise." The *Oxford Magazine* referred to his "well-chosen language and good ideas."

MR. T. D. POWER, Trinity College, Dublin, passed his Second Year Examination last October.

MR. C. E. ROCHFORD, Wadham College, Oxford, is Captain of his College "Soccer" Eleven.

MR. B. ROCHFORD passed his Final Examination for the Bar last month.

MR. W. N. BOOCOCK has obtained a commission as 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

Mr. B. F. CADIC was gazetted on December 6th as 2nd Lieutenant Kent Royal Garrison Artillery.

Mr. E. P. HENDERSTON is Second Lieutenant in The Royal

Field Artillery.

Mr. E. J. KROON is a member of the Moscow Rugby Fifteen.

Mr. T. V. O'CONNOR DUNNAR, Trinity College, Dublin, is reading for the Law School. He is also a prominent member of the

Athletic Club.

Mr. J. H. TREARNO is in Dublin studying for the Irish Bar.

Mr. A. F. TSKIRNO is a Lieutenant in the Norfolk Regiment.

It is a pity we have indexed no portrait of Fr Anselm Cock-shoot. There is a photograph of him lying dead—an excellent death-mask, but no better a likeness than such things usually are—and nothing else that we know of, not even a cheap positive on glass, nor a tin-type, nor a figure in a group. It is improbable that the best of artists would be able to build up the real Fr. Anselm from this death-picture. It is very truly a mask, concealing, as it does, all that was most individual and characteristic in his appearance. We, who can say we knew him, though but in his last days, have tried in vain, with its help, to restore him to our fading memory in the form and habit as he lived. The heavy features are these clear and unmistakable, but made statuesque and therefore unreal; there never was anything of pose or of the grand style about Fr. Cockshoot. The imagination or the brush could easily receive in the face the fresh, pink complexion of healthy old age; there would be no difficulty over the clear eyes or the stubble of still white hair; but it is beyond our power by an effort of memory to recall accurately the wrinkles smoothed away by death—the heaviness and mobility, which gave it character, nor its habitual expression—eager, friendly and unassertive, as we seem to remember it. Then, again, the photograph, showing a profile enveloped in a hood, hides the shape of the skull. This was of a type rarely seen in this country. Abbot Bury used to say that Fr. Anselm must have been of Hungarian (Magyar) descent. Once, so ran his story, he passed through Austria on his journey back from Italy, and there witnessed a review of some Hungarian troops. He was at once struck by the frequent occurrence among them of heads identical in shape of skull and mould of features with Fr. Anselm's. Moreover, he learned that the well-known Hungarian surname Kocsuth is pronounced by the natives Cockshut, or Cockshoot, a most remarkable confirmation of his theory.

Apparently "Cockshute" was the spelling in use by Fr. Anselm when a small boy at College. The name is so printed in an Examination Prospectus of the year 1817. He was then 12 years old and, as we learn, in the second class in Arithmetic, the third class both in Geography and Geometry (prepared to demonstrate thirty-six propositions in *Wolffius*) and the fourth class in History. He had not yet begun Latin and we are not informed if he was one of those who in Botany had paid "particular attention to the *British grasses*." (He afterwards claimed expert knowledge about turnips and potatoes.) His place, by "order of studies," was number 35 in the roll-call of 43 scholars.

This prospectus enables us to add one more name, O'Brien, to the List of Alumni. Fairclough (Fr. Charles), whom some of us remember, and who lived to reach his 92nd year, was then the head of the school. Cooper (Fr. Maurus) was second, Nihell (our friend the Diarist) was third, Kelly (his chum) was fourth, and Allanson senior (Robert) fifth. Six boys presented themselves for examination in Hebrew. Nihell distinguished himself by a solo "explanation" of some books of Don Quixote. The Course of Studies was enterprising and attractive. Its particular feature was a "System of Universal Grammar," recently introduced and "now completed and brought into operation." The prospectus proudly describes it as "habituating the youthful mind to close attention, cool abstraction and accurate reasoning—and therefore forms the natural link between the elementary study of Language and the higher walks of Philosophy." We think we recognise Bishop Baines' handiwork here, both in the grandiose conception of a System of Universal Grammar and the rhetorical phrasing of the advertisement. "Cool abstraction" is good.

Fr. Ambrose Prest is number 11 in the list. He was four years Fr. Anselm's senior and took the habit in the year following. He was one of the Hebrew scholars; a member of the second class (the middle boy with four above him and four below him) in Latin and Greek; relatively in the same position in French, but advanced to the first class in History, Geography and Arithmetic. He and a boy named Shuttleworth were exempt from examination in Geometry

and its branches, either because he had finished his education in the mysteries of *Wolffius*, Keilh, etc., or because he had never begun it. We lean to the former supposition since all the school, except themselves and the nine smallest boys, had to answer to one or another of the higher mathematical subjects. To judge from their after careers, neither Fr. Ambrose nor Fr. Anselm took drawing or music lessons under the "Gentleman of eminent professional talents resident in the College." They were not, we believe, musical, and we have seen an architectural design, drawn by one or the other of them (a prospective extension of the house at Coedangred), which betrays the untaught and unpractised hand. We rather suspect Fr. Anselm of studying grace of movement and manner under the other Gentleman of eminent professional talents *not* resident in the College. We know he had, somehow and at some period of his life (by personal experiment or otherwise), acquired faith in dancing as an aid to culture. He reintroduced it at Ampleforth as soon as he became Prior.

No mention is made of classes in English. Six foreign languages were taught and our own neglected. Doubtless the English tuition reckoned necessary was provided for in the System of Universal Grammar. Out of that hash they could pick up and assimilate enough knowledge of their native language to read and write with decent fluency—Fr. Ambrose picked up a deal more and was the master of an effective literary style; Fr. Anselm might have written equally well, if he had had a sense of humour. Neither at Oxford or Cambridge nor at any of the public Schools was there a school of English Literature, on a par with those of Latin and Greek. It was the proud boast of our forefathers at Ampleforth that they led the way in the proper study of their native tongue.

* * *

Very quietly and with customary absence of ostentation the jubilee has passed by of an event that was momentous enough at Ampleforth fifty years ago. The New College as it was then and long afterwards termed, was formally opened on All Monks day, 1861, with much pomp and circumstance and some justifiable pride. Five bishops graced the occasion by their presence and

consecrated the side altars in the church; Bishop Morris delivered a stately oration on the theme that "Alma Mater never dies"; the boys had a whole week's holiday—in the middle of the term! and the new stage, which has only just been superseded, was inaugurated by an original Operetta. One permanent souvenir of the festival remains in the Ode to Alma Mater, written by the choir-master of the day, which has survived to become our College Anthem.

The new buildings were a bold undertaking, and indicated large views and hopes for that date, on the part of the College authorities. Designed on very big lines, and carried out from limited resources, they showed a spirit of enthusiasm and enterprise that came to an end too soon. Nothing has since been undertaken about the place on quite such a scale; and even after half a century has gone by with its enlarged ideas and its development of material, the New College would be bad to beat for the spaciousness and grandeur of its corridors and halls. The architecture may show signs of inevitable economy, the construction looks a bit thin, and there is a lack of buttresses that was later to prove a source of weakness and expense; but in style and artistic taste as well as in fitness for their destination the huge study-place and lofty dormitories, the luxurious lavatory, the spacious passages and playrooms will bear comparison not merely with those that they replaced, but with new buildings in other schools of very much later date.

Not in size only or material convenience was the New College a new departure, but in revised methods of discipline and in the opportunities it afforded for a more full and cultured school-life. In this connection might be singled out as specially worthy of record the novel provision of Libraries, or reading-rooms, in addition to, or rather in substitution for the crowded playrooms of earlier times. Modern generations would find it hard to realise the conditions of school-life in pre-library days, when earnest but somewhat unscientific lessons were balanced by even more hearty and unscientific games, with the alternative in bad weather of rough romping round the playground fire in which big and little alike joined. They were indeed "young barbarians all at play." All this was

long ago changed for the better, and at Ampleforth sooner than in other schools. In the new buildings a large Playroom was still a prominent feature, with its traditional "ring" of wooden benches round the central "flue"; but the two Libraries were a startling innovation. These by affording to all the upper classes opportunity for quiet reading or intelligent conversation gradually imparted a more civilized and cultured tone to the school, that perhaps did not always escape the peril of priggishness, but was quite an exceptional feature at that date. Besides encouraging more studious tastes the Libraries provided a retreat for gentler spirits from the noisy romping or rough horse-play that often prevailed in the playroom—a merciful shelter to which some look back with grateful appreciation. In the privacy and comparative comfort of the Libraries there was an approach to club-life too; and in their rudimentary attempts at self-government the beginnings may be seen of later constitutions granted to schoolboys by autocratic prefects—an experiment watched at first with much anxiety but afterwards fully recognised. Under such humanising influences boys sloughed off sooner the rough or destructive habits of their age; and if some developed a little prematurely there were generally acquired more thoughtful moods and a more serious outlook than would once have been thought possible. Certainly it was to the civilising influences of these new libraries, and of some of the masters of the day, that the studious ways and literary tastes can be traced that at one time marked off Amplefordians from their contemporaries; and if, as one understands, Ampleforth was a pioneer in these paths, which other Schools were gradually to follow, then the opening of the New College may be described literally and gravely, as epoch-making!

* * *

With the death of Mr. Wegg-Prosser at a very ripe old age there passed away in August last a venerable figure that has been familiar to the successive generations that have gone through Belmont since its foundation in 1859. To no other benefactor do the English Benedictines owe so deep a debt of gratitude. His generous grant of land and of the beautiful church that he had built on his estate are occasion to the first foundation which the Congregation had

made for two hundred years, a foundation than which nothing has more deeply influenced the character of the whole Congregation. He was noteworthy as the only man of his day in England who had built a cathedral from his own means, for he saw his domestic chapel grow into the monastic cathedral of the Newport Diocese; and even lived to take part in the golden jubilee of its consecration. As an old Balliol man, Francis Richard Wegg-Prosser came under the influence of the early Tractarians, giving his submission to the Church while representing his county in Parliament; and the sacrifice of his political career was only one of many made cheerfully for his faith. His zeal was unbounded, and was sometimes shown in strange ways, as when he provided a primitive steam launch on the Wye to bring people from Hereford to his new chapel, the slow progress of the boat when the river was in flood being the subject of scoffs and jeers from rude boys! In later years the church became more than ever his home, so constant and prolonged was his attendance there; he never seemed to lose his enthusiasm and vitality, and gave to the end an example of devotedness and a sense of duty that every catholic layman might emulate. Twelve months before he died, when over eighty years of age and crippled by infirmities, he travelled down to Leeds from Belmont in order to take part in the first Catholic Congress; and some of us will not easily forget the pathetic figure of the aged man, as he climbed painfully the steep steps of the City Hall, weak and tottering but refusing as ever the aid of a friendly arm. With mind still clear and unbroken spirit he took part in the discussions more than once, speaking on Evolution and kindred themes with a lucidity and point that younger men might envy. He rests now in peace beside the church he loved and built, and his memory will not fail so long as Belmont stands.

* * *

Our readers will not need to be informed of the death of Sergeant-Major Garnett. The fact was recorded in most of the papers and some of them published a portrait of our old friend. This honour was conferred on him, not for his own merits, though they were duly recognised, but because of the sad accident which put an end to his career. As one of the evening papers phrased it (in

large capitals) he had "survived Russian bullets to be killed by a Motor-car." He was knocked down whilst crossing a street at Scarborough and died on the spot. He was then eighty-one years of age. His service in the Crimea was a brief but distinguished one. For "conspicuous gallantry" in a fight before Sebastopol, the French authorities awarded him the medal of the Legion of Honour. Besides the Crimean medal, he possessed among English decorations, the long service medal, the distinguished service medal, and the meritorious service medal. He was with us for so many years as our Drill-instructor that he came to be known amongst us as "our sergeant." On his part, he had the honour of the College so much at heart, and was so identified with its interests, that he everywhere constituted himself our champion, boasting loudly of our successes and unable to bring himself to believe that we had been fairly beaten at cricket, football, or anything else, on the occasions when we suffered defeat. For this reason his decisions as umpire in the annual cricket match at Hovingham—where he lived—were sometimes as unexpected by us as by our adversaries. We, of course, had no reason or right to be dissatisfied with them; it those of the other side made a complaint, Sergeant Garnett was always ready to give them satisfaction (one at a time) in any way they liked.

There is an excellent pen-portrait of our drill-sergeant in one of the numbers of the *Diary*—the predecessor of the *Journal*—from a humorous point of view. He himself did not recognise the likeness. But we never do see ourselves as others see us.

* * *

We find in the *Annales O.S.B.* for 1910 that the Hungarian Congregation has historically justified its claim to rank third in the list of the fourteen congregations; it used to be thirteenth. We are told that it has been proved that the Hungarian Congregation was constituted in 1500, when the Abbey of St. Martin was made an Arch-Abbey. Our own Congregation, constituted in 1334 by Benedict XII, although the two provinces of Canterbury and York had been founded immediately after the Council of the Lateran in 1215, ranks second. The Cassinese Congregation alone

takes precedence, and this not by reason of antiquity, for it was formed in 1419, but because of the honour due to Monte Cassino.

The following statistics taken from the latest editions of the *Album Benedictinum* and *Annales O.S.B.* will prove of interest. Although the number of monasteries is only half as many again now as it was thirty years ago, the total number of members of the Order has more than doubled. The most striking increase is in the number of lay-brothers, who have increased to three times their number in the thirty years. During the last five years 987 members have joined throughout the world, as against 470 who have died, an increase of 517.

Black-Monks of St. Benedict in the whole world :—

	Monasteries	Priests	Clerics	Laybrothers	Novices	Total
1880	107	1870	210	570	115	2765
1910	153	3444	704	1686	651	6485

Anglo-Benedictine Congregation :—

	Monasteries	Priests	Clerics	Laybrothers	Novices	Total
1880	5	149	48	19	12	228
1910	5	239	53	14	14	320

Ampleforth :—

	Priests	Clerics	Laybrothers	Novices	Total
1880	54	19	7	5	85
1910	75	18	3	2	98

♦ ♦ ♦

Fr. Athanasius Fishwick is to be heartily congratulated upon his whole-hearted and unselfish devotion to the mission and church of St. Joseph's, Cockernouth. With the help of some generous friends, he has recently added a new sanctuary to his church, greatly increasing thereby its usefulness and beauty. The solemn dedication took place on Sunday, November 26th. Pontifical High Mass was sung by Fr. Abbot, who was assisted by Fathers Gregory Murphy, Wulstan Barnett, Stephen Dawes, Philip Wilson and Edward Parker. Fr. Fishwick and his brother, Mr. John Fishwick, were masters of ceremonies. Fr. Paulinus Wilson, Cathedral Prior of Worcester, was also present. Fr. Egbert Turner's Mass of St. Cecilia was sung by a good choir from Workington. The sermons both morning and



Jerry College
Oxford
Emil Pearson

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evening were preached by the Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool.

* * *

We learn from the *Sphere* that Mr. G. W. Milburn has been busy with a statue of King Edward VII for a niche on the south side of York Minster. The illustration shows Mr. Milburn at work with mallet and chisel. The King looks a little uncomfortable in his priestly robes of alb and stole and cope. But, no doubt, as Head of the Church, he might have worn them during his lifetime if he had wished, and has as much right to them now as his Grace, the late Archbishop, whose tomb may be seen in the transept.

* * *

Mr. Perry, who has farmed for so many years the "monastic" farm, evidently continues to hold his own among the most accomplished and scientific agriculturists in England. The mysteries of swedes, turnips, mangolds, roots long and roots round and red, are not easy discourse for the uninitiated, but once again we are glad to make our annual record of the fact that Mr. Perry has grown some of the finest specimens in the country. This year at the London Dairy Show, Birmingham, Leeds, and York, certainly the best shows, he has carried off ten first prizes, five seconds and one third; while at Leeds his roots in the aggregate were adjudged the finest and thereby secured an additional award. His success at the London Dairy Show, where he received two firsts a second and a third, must have been especially gratifying both to himself and his son, who by the way is chiefly responsible for this year's products.

* * *

From our Oxford Correspondent:—

The term has not been without interest or event. Many colleges take advantage of the "long" to carry out structural repairs or push on with new buildings to accommodate the ever increasing number of freshmen. This year these were in record number; but that is by the way. The object of this paragraph is to comment on the pure "cussedness" of Oxford in certain respects. Oxford and conservatism are in many respects synonyms; tradition there rules omnipotent. At present "reform" is much in the air, but nothing ever comes

or is meant to come of it. Yet in one thing tradition holds no sway. Our architects of by-gone days have made Oxford one of the most beautiful cities in Europe; their modern representatives seem adverse to or incapable of copying, with the result that "the city of spires" is now studded with eyesores. Even "the High" is not sacred. Oriel may have profited by Cecil Rhodes, but Oxford has not—architecturally. The new front to that College is out of place in "the High"; it should be the stable companion of the Museum buildings. The statues in its niches are still more incongruous. Cecil Rhodes in a lounge suit, standing between two barley-sugar columns—a very travesty of those of St. Mary's porch opposite—with his arm outstretched and finger pointing down, the whole thing would be humorous if it were not so grotesque.

Internally, however, Oxford will not break with tradition. For nearly three years Congregation and Convocation have been dabbled with the Chancellor's proposals for reform; the Faculties and the Finance Statutes are the sum total of their positive legislation. This term the proposal to allow Science and Mathematical candidates an alternative to Greek in "Smalls" has again been rejected, and that by no uncertain majority. Most of the reasons for and against the change are too hackneyed to repeat; but scarcely one of the real arguments was used in the debate. Granted there was no need for any since every one had predetermined which way he would vote; but why were trivial and catch arguments used which apparently led members to diametrically opposite conclusions? Thus, one maintained it would be to the best interests of Greek itself to allow it to be optional; another considered such a course would be the death blow to that language in this country. The advocate urged it would open the doors to a large number of secondary schools which give an admirable training in Mathematics and Science but at present send Oxford no candidates. The opponent doubted the expediency of putting new wine into old bottles and preferred to keep Oxford for a "class." The defendant argued that the modicum of Greek required was valueless and a mere waste of time, the plaintiff claimed that it was a guarantee of a "liberal" education; and so on. The real argument for the change is that the Public Schools and ultimately the nation require it; the reason against it that Oxford has a duty both

to herself and to higher education throughout the country, and that at present that duty is to stand by the classical tradition. What the upshot will be is difficult to determine. A Royal Commission has, like Damocles' sword, been hung over the head of Convocation; that assembly is wise in disregarding the threat. It seems probable however that "Responsions" will be developed into a genuine school-leaving certificate, which will close the period of liberal education at school and set the specialists of all sorts, scientific and literary, free to carry their respective studies further at school or to proceed to the Universities.

Of public lectures there have been many and various. Professor Image has been discoursing on "some Aspects of the Arts and Crafts Movement," tracing its development from the original impulse of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood to the present day, and considering its influence on stained glass and architecture. This latter subject, "the Queen of all the Arts" as the Slade Professor styled it, in its special relations to Oxford has also been treated by Mr. Leatherby. Later in the term we had a visit from Dr. Nansen, who claimed for his countrymen the honour of being the first discoverers of America. That may be so or not; if it is, as "Punch" remarked, Columbus is relieved of an awful responsibility; but the narratives which have come down to us are strangely compounded of fact and fable. Finally the Professor of Poetry gave his only lecture of the term on "Poetry and Learning." In it he differentiated between poetical scholars and scholarly poets, and showed by examples of past and present writers the relation and interaction of poetry and learning.

This term the Catholic undergraduates, who now number just one hundred, have made the acquaintance of their new Chaplain, Fr. Lang. The conferences have again been given by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.

At our own Hall we have to congratulate Fr. Sylvester Mooney on his "second" in Mathematical Moderations and to welcome Br Stephen Marwood who is reading for Honour Moderations.

* * *

Bishop O'Neill, a well known figure and one revered and loved by those who most intimately knew him, has gone from us,—not to the Mauritius, but to those shores whose latitude lies beyond

our measurement. In June he went indeed a second time to the Mauritius, where he had been Bishop for many years, to stay with his successor; but in August he died. He was a remarkable man with his tall thin figure; clever, with his broad forehead and his prominent nose dominating his face. Upright and gentle in his movement, he was clear and gentle in his spirit. He smiled patiently, but somewhat wearily at the world. Something of a (shall we say?) listless manner, hardly allowed one to see the vigour and persistence of the character beneath. Most unobtrusive in his life, yet slowly he came forward—filling eventually the post of President General of the English Benedictines and then the Bishopric of Port Louis. He was a thoughtful philosopher, keenly alive to literature and art (especially music), very capable of mind; yet so simple and retiring that you had to seek his opinions—you would not hear them uttered aloud and broadcast to the public. We have lost one who had a peculiar and uncommon charm in his quiet ways, one who in his gentleness was strong, and who, if we may judge, was sanctified in his life by recollection of spirit and by patience in bearing with ill-health and other trials not a few. R.I.P.

* * *

To Father Abbot, Fathers J. A. Worden, F. B. Hutchinson, J. C. Almond, A. M. Powell; H. Curtis, Esq., and P. Williams, Esq., we offer sincere thanks for gifts of various useful books to the Abbey library.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St. Augustine*, the *Austral Light*, the *Bonmont Review*, the *Bulletin de S. Martin*, the *Buda*, the *Cottonian*, the *Doveside Review*, the *Edmundian*, the *Georgian*, the *Irish Rotary*, the *Oceania*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Ushaw Magazine*.

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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PART III

Cardinal Newman

MR. WILFRID WARD'S *Life of Cardinal Newman*, which has been so eagerly expected, has been received with welcome and appreciation by all sections of the Press of this country.* It is a performance which is not only the most important of the writer's many excellent literary works, but which undoubtedly takes rank with the great biographies of modern times. With unwearied pains he has collected materials from every possible quarter, and it is his good fortune to have found, in Newman's own letters and diaries, a biographical treasure which makes it almost possible to call these two volumes an autobiography. But Mr. Ward's own work gives the story an additional value; for he not only furnishes that connecting narrative and that judicious comment which make it clear and attractive to the reader, but in many cases, at specially momentous crises of the life, and on occasions when half-forgotten controversies have to be revived and questions of divinity or discipline are involved, his exposition and explanation

* *The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*. By Wilfrid Ward: In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

show a wide information and a sober judgment which tend very materially to conciliate confidence. I need not add, for the present generation of Catholic readers, that Mr. Ward commands a style that is at once easy, clear and strong.

The book, whilst it gives an adequate account of the whole of Newman's career—his Oxford days, his conversion, his public life after that date, and his literary achievements—derives its chief interest, as all will recognize, from the fact of its being the first full revelation of his inner life as a Catholic. Many biographies, sketches and collections of letters relating to him are already before the public, to say nothing of the *Apologia*. But hitherto, as regards his Catholic life, we have had nothing that can compare in personal interest with the letters and diaries here made known to the world. The *Apologia* is personal, no doubt, and unsurpassed as a literary effort. But it is the utterance of a man who simply clears up a public and a polemical situation, and who resolutely abstains from lifting the veil from the sanctuary of his soul. It has been compared to the *Confessions* of St. Augustine; but it is not so much confession as self-defence.

There is not a little in the nature of confession in the letters and autobiographical fragments published in these volumes—and like all confessions of great men who are also interior and saintly, they give a wrong impression if they are accepted in their bare and literal sense. I shall have something to say on that subject later. But what the story of Newman's life plainly shows, and what becomes still more evident in these pages, is that he was a unique instance of an artistic temperament concerning itself with spiritual and intellectual matters. I say unique, not only because it is very rare to find the artistic genius devoting itself to divinity, philosophy and Church history, but because Newman's gift of artistic vision and artistic reproduction (in language) was supreme. The artistic

temperament denotes an unusual and almost instinctive appreciation of beauty; not the beauty of propositions, however true or deep, but of nature, of existence and of fact; the beauty and impressiveness of God, the angels, good men, great men, struggle, triumph, failure; the beauty of spiritual and mental nature, and also of colour, form and sensible conditions. It is generally accompanied, in some degree, with the gift of reproducing or expressing what it appreciates in some artistic medium; that is, in a medium that does not reproduce the real or objective thing, but affords a transcription of the subjective impressions of the artist. Newman was not a painter or a musician—though there is some evidence that with cultivation he might have excelled in music; but he was an artist in letters. All that was beautiful in the form and colouring of moral sublimity, justice, grace, human character and human effort, as he appreciated it with a sensitiveness such as few men have possessed, so he could reproduce it in words and sentences that were alive, admirably fit, and glowing with subdued colour. It is a temperament that has its dangers. There is no reason why a man so gifted should not have a vivid perception of pure intellectual truth, or appreciate the coldest abstractions of the schools. Nay, in a certain sense the gift of imagination is essential to a great reasoner. Analogies grounded on the concrete are among the most powerful means that philosophy can make use of to illuminate the abstract, whether in conception or in argument. But the artistic temperament has this drawback, that it tempts its possessor to go further than cold reason warrants; to add touches, and shades, and nuances to the exposition of doctrine, which, without the writer's consciousness, produce exaggeration in one direction or another, and tend to bias the minds of readers by mere power of style. It also exposes a thinker to the risk of realising too vividly the personal elements in doctrinal discussion or historical analysis. The personalities of saints, popes,

heretics, and fathers of the Church are often very picturesque, and far more attractive to a literary artist than points of dogma or of polemics. He is drawn, therefore, to describe their motives, their circumstances and their temperaments, and whilst he excuses or explains the men, he looks, at times, like losing grasp of objective doctrine. Moreover he sees things so solidly and so much in the concrete, that he has a difficulty in separating feeling from proof. He is drawn to think that a view which is strongly realised by himself—which is held in connection with touching associations, powerful feelings and personal likes and dislikes, and is reinforced by a complicated web of impressions very difficult to disentangle, is by these very conditions more likely to be true. And there is always, for the artist, together with the gift of exquisite production, the endowment of a very tender skin. He feels with greater or less intensity, in proportion to his own quickness and refinement. Hence he is easily elated and easily cast down, easily hurt or distressed, and on the other hand often pleased and gratified on very slight occasion.

To Catholics, the most enthralling feature of these volumes is the picture they give of Cardinal Newman's pain and resentment at his treatment by his fellow-Catholics. We certainly were not prepared to find that, at certain periods of his life, he was so strongly tempted to sulk—if I may be forgiven the expression—to give up all idea of public work, and to believe that he never again could put any confidence in ecclesiastical superiors. We had been so accustomed—I speak for the generation of Catholics which was young in 1850—to look upon him as a hero, a sage and a saint, that this biography has certainly found us unprepared to believe that he could ever have had trouble in his own interior with such unworthy feelings as disappointed vanity, the ambition of success, or petty personal dislike. Let me hasten at once to say, that in spite of his own confessions, no one, it seems to me, will

think him less of a sage and a saint. There is nothing finer in all the lives of the Saints than the expression we here find, not only of his joy and peace in the Catholic faith, but of his perfectly and intimately Catholic apprehension of the deepest ascetical principle, on humility, human applause, earthly success, true charity, sincere obedience, and conformity to the most holy Will of God. He feels the depressing temptations indicated above—but, except that he cannot help recognizing what he considers facts, he humbly and resolutely, and with absolute reliance on Divine Grace, strives to guard his heart from them and stands firm in refusing to allow them to influence his will, or his behaviour. His own temperament and the circumstances of his position and history as a Catholic entitle us to say that his trial was exceptionally severe and his spiritual battle nothing less than heroic.

Think, for a moment, who and what he was. In 1838, just before he made up his mind to be received into the Catholic Church, he was the foremost man in Oxford. He had opened out, to mature dons and eager undergraduates alike, a new religious horizon—almost a new world. He had searched and pierced and shaken Anglicanism in that Anglican stronghold till men were uneasy and angry and convinced that something serious must be done. By his learning, his acuteness of intellect, his gift of speech, but most of all by the magic of a most wonderful personal attraction, he had taken hold of the younger men with a power that has probably never had a parallel in the University. His philosophy of Faith, his defence of the Apostolic succession, and of the Catholic principles which he found in Anglicanism, and his formulation of the theory of the *via media* had thoroughly aroused and alarmed the Heads and the older men. There were other names in the movement—Pusey, Keble, Wilberforce—but they were cyphers to Newman, in whom the rising generation

enthusiastically believed. Men like Dean Stanley, Anthony Froude, W. E. Gladstone, Principal Shafrin, Lord Coleridge and Dean Church, who were young in those days, sat under him at St. Mary's and have left their recorded testimony of that fascination which, in W. G. Ward's phrase, might well have been styled a "creed." By the acknowledgment of all, opponents as well as adherents, the University underwent a "moral quickening" such as had never been witnessed since the Reformation. During 1839 and the three or four following years this commanding position drew upon him the assaults of the Anglican Bishops and other authorities, one after another. He gradually gave up Oxford, retiring to Littlemore, and learning to face, what he at first opposed so vehemently, the claims of the Catholic Church. But his place in English history was already secure, and whatever became of him afterwards, he would always be the Newman of 1838.

He was reconciled to the Church by Father Dominic on October 9th, 1845. He never afterwards, it would seem, had any difficulties or mental trouble in regard to Faith. But he was just the man to suffer acutely from the far-reaching changes which his conversion involved. His work seemed to have come to an end—nay, his very life seemed to cease. The natural and spiritual joy and alacrity with which he had for so many years, in the plenitude of his gifts, fought for truth and religion, hardly knowing himself whither each step would land him, seemed to die out of him when he found he had to take up a catechism, and to accept a scheme of doctrine which it would be presumptuous and dangerous to improve upon, even perhaps to expound. It was like the stopping of a great machine in the height of its activity. It is certain that he felt this kind of mental check—felt it too much, and with a certain exaggeration. Then he had naturally to break off old friendships and to take up with new and unknown

people. Later on, in looking back, he referred to his feelings at that time:—

(When we renounced for Thee)
 "Our restless hopes and fears
 The tender memories of the past
 The hopes of coming years."

He was of a most affectionate disposition and clung to his friends with a child-like affection. When some left him just before his reception he said, "When they went, it was like losing my own bowels." Those who accompanied him in his reception into the Church, and adhered to him afterwards, were the objects, as we know from the concluding lines of the *Apologia*, of his tenderest love. Even for those who refused to follow him and utterly disapproved of his joining the Catholic Church he retained the kindest feelings to the last, and was always ready to welcome them, to visit them, and to correspond. Among these were Pusey, Keble, Rogers (Lord Blandford), and Dean Church. He seldom alludes to any of these without the prefix "dear"—"dear Pusey," etc. This emotional temperament, which in lesser men might have been called sentimental, made his leaving Oxford a great grief. We learn how he "tore himself away" from Littlemore, and "could not help kissing my bed, and mantelpiece, and other parts of the house." What he said of Reding, in *Loss and Gain* no doubt is true of himself—"What thoughts came upon him! for the last time! . . . he threw his arms round the willows so dear to him, and kissed them; he tore off some of their black leaves and put them in his bosom."

This great man, at the age of forty-five, with such a history, such a place, and such a character, had, in a sense, to begin life again. That is to say, if he was to be in the future, as he had been in the past, a priest, a preacher and a leader in religion, he must now make fresh studies, submit to new superiors (having hitherto indeed had practically no

superiors at all), and do the bidding of Bishops, of Roman Congregations, of a Pope, none of whom really knew much about him except that he was a first-rate force for good or for evil, and had held the very strongest views against Catholicism. It was quite natural that, at first, the authorities of the Catholic Church should be inclined to keep him at arm's length. Every one was very kind and sympathetic; this he felt, and expresses over and over again. Bishop Wiseman, who was the first representative of Catholicism that he came into close communication with after his conversion, and Bishop Ullathorne, who stood by him as a firm friend under all circumstances, the superiors and staff of Oscott, Prior Park, and Ushaw, the Jesuits, the foreign Bishops and priests whom he met in his journeys to Rome, the Propaganda, and Pope Pius IX himself—as to all these we have his repeated testimony that they received him with a frank sympathy and a most considerate cordiality. But they certainly did not trust him. How were they to divine, at first, whither his principles might lead him? Was he safe from all danger of the heretical temper?—of pride, self-sufficiency, and the ambition to lead? No doubt he was, for the moment, absolutely sincere in his profession of Faith and obedience. But would so great a man persevere in docility and submission under the circumstances that were sure to arise in the course of his career yet to run? Newman felt the existence of this cloud of suspicion all his life. He was aware of it at Rome where, with five or six companions, he was leading the humble life of a seminarist and of an ascetic, in the years before his ordination. His sermons in London in the Lent of 1848 were a failure, as far as audiences went. The enterprise to which he gave his name, the "Lives of Italian Saints," excited so much hostility in the minds of some Catholics that it had to be stopped, and Newman said, even of Bishop Ullathorne, that people had condemned him "without knowing him." The well-known story of his

connection with the foundation of the Irish University convinced him that the Irish Bishops distrusted him, that Cardinal Wiseman was lukewarm, and that the Holy See itself virtually refused to back him. Much the same kind of trouble happened in the negotiations regarding the opening of a house of the Oratory at Oxford, and in the events which led to his undertaking and then dropping the project of a new translation of the Bible. Then, finally, there was his connection with the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign Review*, and with Acton, Simpson and Dollinger. Some of the Catholic authorities at that time were much dissatisfied with some of his writings and articles, and as his views and intentions were good and loyal, he came to be more and more deeply convinced that it was his fate to be distrusted. "I am simply discouraged and regarded suspiciously by the governing powers as doing an actual harm." He was "on the shelf," "in decay," "strange," "untrustworthy." "I have no friend at Rome," he confided to his diary in 1860, "I have laboured in England to be misrepresented, back-bitten, scorned . . . I seem to have had many failures, and what I did well was not understood."

This seems bitter, but he was undoubtedly sincere in feeling that it was not "said in any bitterness." It was a part of his "Confessions." On the other hand, we have now before us what he really wished his disposition to be in the sight of God. No one can read the last pages of Vol. I of this Life—chapter xix, entitled "Sad Days"—without realising how holy a man he was, how truly humble, and how he had learnt to appreciate the Cross of Christ. It is not necessary, here, to decide whether he was always treated justly and wisely. As I have said, it was impossible that so powerful a man and so subtle an intelligence should have been at once accepted as a Catholic leader and teacher. It was not only his past career that made Catholics somewhat afraid of him, but that very shyness and reticence which were a part of his character. It was said of him that

when his mouth was shut it seemed as if it would never open, and when it was open as if it would never shut. One can picture to one's self how, when he came, as a freshly received convert, to talk to Wiseman, to the Prefect of Propaganda, to the Roman Cardinals, to Pius IX himself, he would say everything that was polite, and charming, and dutiful, and yet give his hearer the most convinced impression that his mind and heart were simply under lock and key. His friends knew he was a very different man—but how were the Bishops to know it and the good, old-fashioned, but perhaps narrow-minded Catholics who came across him? There is a letter in this volume written to him by Bishop Ullathorne, suggesting to him in the gentlest terms and with all the reverence due to his standing, that he might possibly be affected by a subtle form of intellectual pride. It was a courageous and fatherly thing to do, but one can imagine that very few men would have done it. We are not told how Newman accepted the admonition; probably, with all humility, and without the slightest resentment, for such was his custom, especially with Bishop Ullathorne. But it is characteristic of him that, in mentioning the matter to Cardinal Wiseman, he said that the Bishop "did not know him." One may ask whose fault was that? His chief complaint, in the chapter above referred to, and throughout is that he was "not understood." There is no doubt that this was, to a great extent, true, and that it arose from his own character. As time went on, his fellow-Catholics in the British Isles, who had never at any time after his conversion really failed to appreciate him and to believe in him, came to know him better. The suspicions of his orthodoxy which without doubt had been entertained in high and influential quarters—not by any means in malice or without some justification—were dissipated by all that gradually came to light about a character that had infinite depths and opulence to reward the man who investigated it. From the time of the

Apologia, when he re-conquered the admiration of the whole country, he entered on a period of greater serenity and less bitter trial. Yet who can be sorry that he had such a trial? To a reader of the intimate confessions of these volumes, it is as clear as any purpose of the hidden Providence of God can be, that this very trial, severe, reduplicated and long-continued as it was, was sent to him to confer upon a great nature that purgation, that purity and that holiness without which all the gifts of nature and genius are useless to life everlasting. A man, however great he is, owes this supernatural discipline to the grace of God. But it would seem that a great nature, when it does not resist, responds to the touch of God's grace more thoroughly and absolutely than men of lesser endowment. The whole of Newman's life is a record of faith, Catholic instinct, tender piety, obedience, submission to God's will, and kindness to others. The spiritual kingdom of God is ever before his eyes; he is never so beautiful in his thoughts as when he is praying to the Sacred Heart, meditating on the Passion, or imploring the intercession of Our Lady or his own St. Philip. He never, in any point or detail, disobeyed his Bishop, or the Holy See, or murmured or resisted. And there was nothing that he ever said or wrote which he did not submit, or was not ready to submit, to the authority and correction of the Church. His career would have failed in the ultimate perfection of holiness and "wisdom" (in his own sense of that word) unless he had gone through the fiery furnace of suffering. Neither would it have merited that success which crowned it even during his own life, but which will be far more striking and brilliant as time goes on. For as the years pass, the lesser details of his history—which nevertheless can never lose their interest—will be toned down and lose their sharp edges, the disturbing controversies will have ceased to excite any feeling, the great and good names with whom there was friction will stand out in the calm

atmosphere of comprehension, and Newman's greatness will grow in the minds of men. For his greatness rests on his having seen some of the most vital truths that can affect human destiny, and expressed them in a language that is perfect and absolute. When a man who has this gift of vision and this perfection of expression is also a soul that is united with his God and a character so winning that men are drawn to love him, his name is secure, and it will pass into the company of the world's greatest.⁹

✠ J. C. H.

* It should be stated that this paper was finished before the writer had seen Mr. Wilfrid Ward's article in the current (April) *Dublin Review*, entitled "Cardinal Newman's sensitiveness."

Holiday Rambles III

A WEEK IN RUSSIA—II

No one who walks about Moscow with sympathetic eyes can doubt the devout faith of the people; and though to critics, who ignore or forget the underlying beliefs, its manifestations may appear singular or superstitious, to a Catholic visitor they are significant and pathetic. Open shrines or oratories stand sentinels in every street and square, two or more guard every gate; and they are seldom left without little groups of people paying their devotions, bowing or kissing the ground, and crossing themselves rapidly; all with an utter absence of self-consciousness or parade. The wealth lavished on some of the favourite *Ikons* can hardly be credited—diamond coronets, necklaces of pearls, and jewelled ornaments, obviously free gifts from wealthy suppliants in gratitude for favours received. There is nothing like it in the world; the shrines of Loreto, Milan, Einsiedeln, Rome are beggared in comparison; and here the costly offerings are displayed before the eyes of all, not hidden away in locked-up treasuries. The most venerated *Ikon* in Moscow is a *Theotokos* that was brought from Mount Athos and is now enshrined at the chief gate of the Tartar city; like the Sacred Bambino at Ara Coeli in Rome it has its attendants and carriages, and is taken out to sick-beds, weddings and public functions. So highly regarded is the image over the Redeemer gate of the Kremlin that no one, even emperor or heretic, is supposed to pass beneath it without uncovering or saluting. Napoleon in 1812 (like a few other cads since his time) rode contemptuously beneath the arch without any salutation, and slept that night

within the fortress walls;—next morning the burning of Moscow began, and the downfall of his own empire!

One evening I pushed my way among the crowd of worshippers in a small shrine, where round the picture of Madonna a blaze of tapers shone in which a jewelled diadem glistened. From a gallery overhead fell weird, plaintive chants, the angel voices of boys mingled with men's deep bass; a priest stood in the midst vested in a rich cope, holding in one hand an ikon, or a relic, in the other a painted cross. As each one knelt in turn, he kissed the sacred object, and the priest blessed him with the cross. In and out of the oratory flowed a ceaseless stream of people, most of whom remained some five or ten minutes, kneeling and repeatedly kissing the ground, murmuring their prayers, rapidly crossing themselves with three fingers from right to left; whilst some bought votive candles and set them up before the sacred images. It seemed to be a kind of evening devotions—a "Benediction" with the figure of the Incarnate Lord as the centre of worship instead of the Blessed Sacrament; there could be no mistaking the atmosphere of devotion, or the spirit of faith displayed by the humble worshippers.

To the present writer the religious side of the Russian people was naturally interesting, though a week's residence among them could only confirm or correct opinions drawn from other sources. Free-thought and scepticism are supposed to prevail largely among the upper classes, the result of a literature drawn mainly from French sources, combined with growing distrust of a moribund State-Church. The clergy, with exceptions, are said to be ignorant, and the common people superstitious; but on these points we must discount extensively the witness of British visitors, who usually regard as superstition anything beyond the vague opinions and meagre practices that make up their own religion. The supposed infidelity of the upper classes is probably much exaggerated. It was never the peasants

who enriched these shrines or built these beautiful churches, though here as elsewhere the poor may be more conspicuous in their devotion. Neither are the frequent monasteries and convents recruited entirely or mainly from the poor. The widow of a murdered Grand Duke, herself a convert from Lutheranism and a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, recently entered a convent after her husband's terrible death.

It may be well to recall here that the so-called "Orthodox" Church which finds in Russia its most numerous and devoted adherents, finally fell away from communion with the Holy See as early as the eleventh century; and after some occasional short-lived reunions, the Schism has continued unhealed since the fall of Constantinople in 1453.* Yet the Orthodox Church in its Greek and Slavonic branches is schismatical rather than heretical. Apart from Papal prerogatives the points in dispute are mainly matters of discipline and practice. Of the frequent quarrels between the Orientals and the West the earlier ones generally arose from profound theological differences affecting the very essentials of Christianity; the miserable prolonged Schism that Photius began and Cerularius completed is based more on ancient jealousies and national rivalry than on serious disputes as to the Faith. With the exception given above nothing could be more abstruse and less important than the points of divinity, nothing more trivial than those of discipline, that now separate the Orthodox from the Catholic; unfortunately nothing could be more

* The last Emperor at Constantinople, Constantine XII, died in full communion with the Holy See, and the last Mass said in S. Sophia on May 29th was Catholic. "New Rome fell in a blaze of glory that makes one forget all the ugly pages of her long history. . . . The siege lasted from April 6th to May 29th; 238,000 Turks fought against less than five thousand Romans. . . . Fighting valiantly with his back to the wall Constantine fell in the result of the assault, as the last heir of the Roman name should fall, fighting for Christ and Rome and adorning the Imperial purple with the glory of his heroic blood" (FORTESCUE).

bitter and unreasoning than the hatred of Rome that prevails generally among Orientals. Doubtless the Western nations in times past have been far from blameless in their dealings with the Greeks; the Latin conquest of Constantinople in the early thirteenth century has never been forgiven; but it is upon the Greeks and not the Latins that the effects of the Schism have been disastrous. Boastfully independent of Rome the Orientals became the slaves in turn of Christian tyrants or Turkish sultans. Before Constantinople fell the schismatics openly declared that they would sooner serve the Sultan than the Pope; and they got their choice. State shackles cramp the freedom and check the development of all the schismatical churches. Patriarchs that would never communicate with Rome have submitted to appointment and deposition at the whim of the infidel Turk; in Russia the Muscovite patriarchate was abolished by Peter the Great, its powers being now exercised by a Holy Synod over which the Czar's lay-Procurator presides.

I came across in Moscow a curious evidence of Russian hatred of Rome and the Catholic Church. Conversing one morning with an intelligent and travelled tradesman who spoke French, German and Italian, I had expressed regret at the division between the Churches, without attempting to apportion the blame. But he would not join me even in lamenting the separation; and although personally courteous and obliging, spoke most bitterly of the Holy See, and would not hear of Reunion on any terms!

From the date of the Schism the Orthodox Church seems to have been frozen and never to have developed since. It lacks entirely those more recent manifestations of doctrine and devotion that bulk so largely in Western usages, though it retains the essentials with intense conviction. The Incarnation, symbolised in the *Theotokos* and the Crucifixion, remains ever the central dogma of the Church, whilst its fervent and popular love for the Mother of God comes down straight from the Council of Ephesus and the long



struggle against Nestorianism. The Holy Child with His Virgin Mother is the favourite *Ikon*, for how better suggest the mystery of the Incarnation than by displaying the Divine Saviour on an earthly Mother's knee! But if there has been growth of devotion to Christ and His Mother, there has been none to the Holy Eucharist. The essential faith survives, vital and effective. Mass is duly celebrated with pomp and reverence, and the faithful are invited, unless we should say are permitted, to assist. But it is celebrated seldom, and always within the shut Sanctuary, behind the wall of the *Ikonostasis*; there are no daily Masses, and no private Masses; the holy Sacrifice is offered on Sundays and feasts alone, the people hearing little, and seeing less of the liturgy. Confession is elementary and infrequent; seated in front of the great Screen the priest, twice or thrice a year, receives a summary acknowledgment of misdeeds, and imparts absolution. Holy Communion is not administered more frequently. The Blessed Sacrament is reserved for communion of the sick, not for worship either public or private; and no external reverence is paid to it. No lamp burns before the inconspicuous place of its reservation, though tapers and lamps are lighted before the pictures of saints; such external signs of its worship as genuflections are entirely unknown. Outward marks of respect are however mainly matters of convention, and reverence may be shown by screening the Sacred Host from profane gaze as well as by exposing it for public adoration. The former is a perfectly sound and ancient usage, and more in accord with oriental ideas of dignity. However unfamiliar then to western eyes the Orthodox Church may appear in its discipline and practice we must still regard it as a stage of Catholicism early and incompletely developed. It is the Church of St. John Damascene if not of St. John Chrysostom; and if petrified it bears all the more striking witness to the beliefs of early centuries, perpetuating with all the fidelity of stone monument the primitive faith and usages of the Catholic Church,

Russia hates Rome so bitterly that she will not receive at its hands even astronomical truth, with the result that she lags very literally behind the time—her unreformed Kalendar being a fortnight later than the sun! To the hurrying tourist this comes home very forcibly. Leaving England early in June and travelling incessantly for a fortnight, we yet found ourselves in Moscow on June 2nd, the same date on which we had left home! The Church Kalendar, as depending on a movable Easter, can get much further out; for instance, the octave of Corpus Christi was over before I started, but when I went to say Mass at the Polish church in Moscow, a fortnight afterwards, I found they had not yet finished with the octave of the Ascension! These however are the least of the inconveniences that Russia suffers from its unbending conservatism and jealousy of the Holy See.

Orthodox discipline is full of inconsistencies and of compromises, that have antiquity but not logic to commend them. Take as an example the veneration of *Ikons* that is so prominent a feature in Slavonic life. The modern *Ikon* is an image of Christ, the Madonna, or the Saints, usually covered with metal garments, but with painted face and limbs. The robes may be wrought in metal and in deep relief, but any part of the person that appears must be painted in the flat. An unreal and rather grotesque effect is produced, which only custom renders tolerable, the reason being that the Orthodox Church sanctions painting but not sculpture. A statue is idolatrous, a picture is legitimate; garments may be sculptured but never persons! This traditional compromise derives undoubtedly from Mahomedan pressure and the Iconoclastic controversies of the eighth century; the Greek maintaining with the rest of the Church the lawfulness of sacred images, but yielding so far to Jewish scruples or Mussulman fibes as to forbid all religious statuary. Mahomedans and Jews, with more consistency and with the peril of idolatry ever present, forbid any representation of the human form, either in painting or sculpture. It may be pleaded, however, in palliation of the Greek position, that

the old pagan idolaters never seem to have worshipped a painting; their idols being always stocks or stones and never pictures. Is the Orthodox position yielding a little to modern artistic influence? In some later Russian churches a beginning of religious sculpture may be observed, and the admission of human figures in deep relief, though hitherto for decorative rather than devotional purposes.

The law of clerical celibacy shows a similar compromise, illogical perhaps but primitive. Priests are forbidden to marry; yet they have a married clergy. Once ordained priest or deacon a man may never marry, but they freely ordain already married men; so the youthful seminarist returns to his native village before taking major orders, finds a suitable mate and marries her, and then goes back to be ordained priest. As the bishops must be celibate they have to be chosen from the ranks of the Black clergy or monks. Again, in case of necessity such as often occurs in foreign countries, Orthodox churchmen may accept the ministrations of a protestant clergyman, but if such minister were to join their communion they would re-ordain and even re-baptize him! Anglican orders are good enough for the dying, but not good enough for the living. Once more, the Greeks use ordinary leavened bread for Holy Communion where we use it unleavened; it is a trifling point of difference, yet their commonest term of contempt for us Latins is "Azymites."

Russian religion seldom receives from the British traveller the sympathetic or intelligent consideration without which there can be no comprehension. He is too apt to dub as superstition every display of piety to which he is not himself accustomed; and making no allowance for racial characteristics or for forms of faith far older than his own, he supposes that wherever piety is external it can never be internal as well. The Russians are simple people and not ashamed to show emotion; they are intensely religious folk, with their faith prominent in both public and private life; but there is no reason to doubt their sincerity even though

they find the same difficulty in keeping the Commandments as their neighbours. It is not necessarily hypocrisy for a man to say his prayers, or go to church on Sundays, even though he has not observed all the Commandments during the week; nor because a man has broken one or two of them already need he break another one on Sunday. He is more likely to keep them all next week if he has gone to church, confessed his shortcomings and prayed for divine assistance!

Nothing more quickly upsets the British tourist and leads him to blaspheme than the exhibition and veneration of religious relics, which is so common an incident in Holy Russia. Probably the traveller has himself been gazing with reverent curiosity at the desk and pen of the murdered Alexander, at the carriages and frocks of Catherine II, at the top-boots of Peter the Great, and he finds these objects helping him to revive the memory, and realize the individuality, of his heroes. But it would be gross superstition to allow anything similar in regard to saintly personages! And the British Protestant, who knows his Bible so much better than anyone else, conveniently forgets the Scriptural warrant for such practices. It is quite wrong to venerate the relics of holy men, the garments they wore on earth, or their bones that shall rise again from the tomb; yet the hem of Christ's robe healed the infirm woman who touched it, the bones of Eliseus raised a dead man to life, and the kerchiefs of Paul or the very shadow of Peter brought relief to the sick and the maimed!

One had often to listen to cheap sneers at the wealth of Russian churches contrasted with the poverty of the peasants and the backwardness of the country. "What a waste it all is," people sigh, as they gaze on the treasures of shrine and church, "why isn't it sold and given to the poor?" and they are pained when reminded that the same remark was made on a similar occasion by one of the Apostles—the one that became an apostate! Besides, the poor never get any share of this kind of wealth when it has been "liquidated" by royal or radical reformers. English shrines were once

as wealthy as those in Russia, and monasteries have been despoiled in many lands, but at their suppression the poor received nothing, and learning very little; all the wealth going to kings' mistresses or gamblers. These criticisms are seldom passed on the riches that are hoarded in palaces and museums, or wasted in profligacy and ostentation. Priceless gems in hundreds may adorn dozens of Imperial diadems that are never worn, door-knobs and horses' harness may be studded with jewels and heavy with gold—such magnificence is only admirable! No one complains when strings of pearls or diamonds are lavished on the *coryphées* of the Imperial ballet; but it is intolerable that they should be given to God's altar, or the adornment of national shrines! We may find, moreover, an economical justification of Muscovite usages, for these treasures in churches and palaces really form an important reserve of national wealth, that is readily available in times of emergency, and meanwhile is displayed in public to gladden the eyes of the poorest. This seems better than hiding gold bullion in cellars as the Prussians do the millions of their war-chest at Potsdam. Here in Russia the public wealth serves as an open symbol of imperial splendour; it displays the faith and satisfies the piety of the nation, whose humblest subjects can enjoy such satisfaction as can be gained from gazing at jewels and gold.

Other points of contrast between the Russians and ourselves strike an impartial traveller, and they are not always favourable to our national self-esteem. One morning in Moscow we visited among others the great church of the Saviour, which is a fine specimen of modern architecture, and was the chief monument raised in memory of the country's deliverance just a hundred years ago from the French. Being the eve of Waterloo day our thoughts turned naturally to Great Britain's struggle with the same foe, and to the different ways in which the two nations celebrated their respective victories. When helped by fire and frost the Russians, in 1812, drove off the invading hordes of Bonaparte, they destroyed an army of half a million men,

and captured six hundred cannon. Ranged round an open place in the Kremlin these cannon form a trophy of victory that is without a parallel in the world. But Russian patriotism was not satisfied with a military monument, however unique, of their country's deliverance; so they erected another, not to their Emperor as Prussians might do, nor to the nation's glory as they would in France, nor even to Generals January and February who were the real victors in the campaign, but to Christ the Saviour. From free offerings of every province, of every rank and class in their wide empire, a glorious temple was built, enriched with whatever is precious in nature and art, where in stately pomp and with solemn forms a service of prayer and praise rises daily to the worship of God. "Not to us, O Lord, but to Thy Name give glory"; so Russia professes its gratitude, and confesses the everlasting truth—"Unless the Lord guard the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

About the same time Great Britain emerged from prolonged and uncertain conflict with the same enemy, the national sense of relief being proportioned to the immanence and gravity of the peril that had been escaped. But in what public monument did our peoples' gratitude find expression? Where is the shrine, or cathedral, or religious institution that commemorates the Great War, and our final victory? If in England philanthropy or learning be more valued than worship, where is the hospital or orphanage, the school or university that proclaims our national thankfulness? There are monuments—of a kind! The memory of Waterloo is perpetuated by various public-houses, and by a bridge and railway station; and at Hyde Park corner, over against Apsley House, stands the heroic figure of a Greek warrior, clad in sword and shield, erected to the memory of Wellington by the women of England!

The Russian monument seems more appropriate and more Christian!

J. I. C.

The Rise and Decline of the Empire of the Arabs

I—IN PRINCIPIO

WHILE the Empires of Khosrau and Heraclius had been locked in the embrace of death, while each of those mighty organizations had been engaged in mutually strangling one another, a wondrous change had been working in that land of wastes and wolds which lay to the South of civilization. And to those who come fresh from the consideration of the rising and falling of states and nations, which flourish, decline or remain stationary from the logical outcome of events, the change which had suddenly spread over Arabia will seem the more remarkable. In the history of the Northern states, if there was one fact which appeared more obvious than another, it was that the solitary efforts of the individual and the hero were barren of all lasting result.

It would almost seem as if the wisdom of Augustus, the prescience of Diocletian, the aspirations of Julian could not preserve from ruin; nor the brutality of Commodus, the madness of Heliogabalus, the tyranny of Phocas accelerate the doom of their Empire. If anything could convert a man to fatalism I should imagine it would be the study of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. The incompetent are preserved from ruin and the men of genius are afflicted by misfortune, as if the fates themselves were stirring to bring about the catastrophe on a certain and appointed day. When we turn to the story of Mohammed we see a single man, a single speck in the firmament of humanity, moulding, shaping, changing, allotting and apportioning from day to day by each word, each spoken thought, the destinies of a considerable section of mankind

for untold ages yet to come, and this a man awayed by passions, ignorant among the ignorant, whose most powerful enemies could not count their troops in hundreds, whose most devoted followers were lukewarm, and whose highest ambitions were bound up in the municipal politics of a petty town. Indeed the early life of Mohammed and the concurrent history of Arabia seem trivial and uninteresting; there is no hint of the great event to come, no premature or warning tremors to suggest the awful cataclysm.

Before the great harvests of history there is generally some period of sowing and gestation, some hint of the coming growth. The rise of Christianity, the advent of the barbarians in the West, the Renaissance, the French Revolution, and the modern dominance of the mechanical arts, could perhaps have been foreseen by one in possession of the basic facts, but the success of Mohammed and his faith seems as unlooked for to us in the twentieth century, with all the preceding events regulated in their true perspective, as they must have appeared to a merchant of Bosra in the year of the flight from Mecca. To him the idea that a shrewd caravan master of his acquaintance with whom he had perhaps but lately driven some hard bargains, and who, so the desert gossips reported, had had some trouble at Mecca, a town of trouble,—that such a caravan master should be actually embarking on the conquest of the Indies and Africa would have appeared in idea too unspeakably wild to find place in the brain of any sane man. That such was indeed the case, makes the event no less extraordinary and one before which the achievements of Alexander, the conquests of Cortez, or the rise of Buonaparte appear the most expected and commonplace occurrences.

At the time of the birth of Mohammed, Arabia, as it has ever been, was partly subject, partly waste, and partly independent, entirely divided and, if I may be permitted a personal opinion, extremely uninteresting. To the North

we have, with a capital at Amman, the treacherous unstable State of the Ghassanids, who had rendered such doubtful services to Belisarius, who had helped Heraklius so feebly, and who gave a kind of fitful allegiance to the Government of Constantinople,—true Arabs of the desert ever ready to revolt, always ready to compromise, never ready to keep their engagements, always at the mercy of the feeblest of organized governments, yet never entirely submissive.

This state of the Ghassanids embraced the Hauran and a goodly portion of the lands East of Jordan, Christian in name, even as are some of the desert tribes of Moslems to-day,—a patter of prayers and minor curse words, but of speculation, fanaticism, prejudice, or sincere belief perhaps not a trace.

What their actual condition was it would be hard to say with exactness; my knowledge of the present state of border Arabs, and my observation of the ruins of the period, suggest to me that they had some loose understanding with the merchants of the trading cities of Amman, Bosra and the Hauran plain, that in times of peace they escorted caravans, in times of war blackmailed them, and in times of chaos plundered. We can imagine the fervent oaths and enthusiastic welcome accorded to the officers of the Romans who came to ask for levies, and we can also imagine the small dimensions of the contingents actually sent to serve the Empire. A weak tribal combination and no more, in 590, at any rate, they were not only weak but divided among themselves.

Until the birth of Mohammed the Kingdom of Hira held a similar position in regard to Persia that the Ghassanids did to Byzantium save that, as the land of Irak was rich and had for countless ages been the seat of agricultural industry, the principality was a more definite and organized state, of which the ruling family though Arabian was settled, cultured, and stable.

Far to the South in Yemen we find an Arab state which after a number of vicissitudes had been conquered by the Abyssinians, delivered by the Persians and, shortly after Mohammed's birth, had relapsed once more to a condition of practical independence, while still owing a kind of vague allegiance to Persia.

The central waste of the Peninsular was then as now a seething cauldron of quarrelling tribal nomads; now and again one clan would assert its supremacy, master the others, and under a great leader would sally forth to plunder and raid in Syria and Mesopotamia. When the leader died such tribe rapidly lost its prestige and another would take its place,—so on from century to century; quarrellings, migrations, compacts, alliances and wars form the dreary routine of desert Politics.

I have seen too much of this kind of barren history in the actual process of formation to weary the reader or myself by a recital of the centuries of snarling and squabbling which preceded the birth of Mohammed. When the horse-men are on the skyline, and the beards wag in the tent of council, when the stock has been plundered but yesterday, and the payment of the blood fine is being fixed for tomorrow, this kind of thing is dull enough; when the very names of the parties in these trivial affairs are almost forgotten, it would be more than tedious to lug them out of their merited obscurity.

The Bedawi in history is like a squirrel in his revolving cage; sometimes he sits still, sometimes the wheel turns round, sometimes it whirls in a mad blurred circle, but the prisoner and his prison remain stationary. The world was jolted out of her course by the genius of Mohammed; the shrill chant of the desert resounds in the Malay states; Moslems drive hansom cabs in Cape Town; Chinamen pay homage to the Sultan of the Ottomans and Commander of the Faithful; but, in Nejd, Ibn Saud quarrels with Ibn Reshid, Ibn Reshid boasts of his chivalry and scores a shabby victory

off M'burak, while M'burak cheats the English, diddles the Turks, and the Turks hammer at the men of Yemen as vainly as did the Abyssinians in the sixth century.

Truly the great world swings free of the baking peninsula. Mohammed thought to unite it in peace and brotherhood. The strain was great, the struggle violent; half the world was swamped in the effort; history, order, sequence, time and place were disjointed, while new worlds, new thoughts, evolved amid centuries of chaos. In one vast circle sweeping from Zanzibar to Manchuria, thence Southward to the Caucasus, to Austria and Morocco and linking through the Soudan back to Zanzibar, all is changed, all touched, all varied, all twisted from its ordered place save one exception—and that one is Arabia itself; the centre fount and cause alone remains as in the days of ignorance. If there be a purgatory for false Prophets, surely Mohammed lies chained Prometheus-like on some parched eminence in Nejd whence he can view a land unchanging and unchanged.

In the mercantile centre of this desert land stood the town of Mecca, whither for ages a succession of tribes had drifted and from tents and warrings had taken to houses and trade. In this city there stood a black rock, and, if the rebellious and fickle Arabs of the Peninsular could be said to hold anything in esteem, it was that lump of stone. Around that fetish had been woven the legends and traditions of ages, and from the inchoate mass had arisen a kind of religion. Jewish lore, pagan superstitions, curious fancies, the flotsam and jetsam of Semitic minds, irregular, disordered and unrestrained, gathered around the Ka'aba and formed a creed to all appearances as unmeaning and shapeless as its material symbol. But still the Ka'aba held the hard hearts of the Arabs. Annually at a certain season pilgrims would flock from all parts to kiss it and spend their gold in the bazars of the city; the unending and meaningless wars came to a close; and for four months the Arabs were satisfied to contend among themselves with weapons of which they

were the greatest masters—with poetry, with commercial acumen, with repartee and with virulent and garrulous abuse. The fact that Mecca was once a great trade centre, that it derived its importance from a mysterious shrine, that its strength lay in the surrounding Nomad tribes, suggests a peculiar and striking resemblance to the cities of Palmyra and Hatra; but Mecca being far away in the heart of Arabia naturally lacked the glory and strength of those townships—commerce had strayed far afield from its precincts long before she could carry with her the luxury, the art, the complexity of the Mediterranean sea-board.

It was into this strange babbling world of heat and wrath and drought that a child was born to Abdallah the slave of God and youngest son of Abdal-Muttalib, the chiefest of chieftains of Mecca. Before the weakling babe sprawled in the midwife's arms, before the shrill cries of the helpers announced that another man had come to Mecca, Abdallah had been laid to rest in distant Medina, and it was an orphan which received the name of Mohammed.

The child according to the custom of his city was put out to nurse among the nomads, where the keen air of the desert might fill his lungs, the wholesome breast of the foster-mother nourish his limbs, and the noble dialect of the wildlings form his first lisps. So it happened that the frail infant on whose life so much depended was carried away by a Bedawiyah wife, to be slung in a poke from camp to camp, to roll uncovered in the broiling sun, to play and crawl amidst the heels of mares and stallions, to drink its fill of the milk of the flocks, to thrive or perish as chance might direct.

It was decreed that the boy should thrive, and it was amidst the camps of the Bedawin that Mohammed spent the first years of his infancy. Of that childhood we know little, but in the camps the days of the little ones are always the same, chasing one another over the tent ropes, snatching off each others' turbans, flinging stones at the birds, mount-

ing the old and gentle mares with great solemnity, sleeping away the heats under the shade of the old men's cloaks, peering from the swaying howdahs on the days of march, playing unharmed among the savage curs that make the stranger dread the entry into camp, and, as the sun sets, each fleeing from the darkness to the scolding mothers who call from the tents for their charges.

A strange power seemed to have marked Mohammed from his playmates. He strayed away at unaccountable times, and once something befell him which so filled the Bedawiyah nurse with fear that she carried him back to his city and would have rid herself of him, had not Amina by prayers and cajolery persuaded the woman to take him back to the desert. What this curious happening was it is impossible to conjecture. The traditions are too wild and the modern doctors of medicine too fallible to enable one to make any statement; so the reader may be left to imagine any event between two angels rending out the vitals of the child to a fit of epilepsy which would tend to cause alarm to a desert foster mother.

The days and months rolled on and Mohammed was finally handed over to his family, a stout boy in his sixth or seventh year.

When Amina received her son from the hands of the faithful nurse, she decided to carry him away to Medina, that he might see the tomb of his father and visit the kinsfolk of his father's mother who dwelt there. At Medina the little boy sported with the children, ran along the flat roofs of the towering houses, plunged and swam in the cool fountains of the court yards until the widow's visit came to an end and she set out to return to Mecca.

Mohammed never knew his father, and his mother was not destined to bear him company for long; the hard journey, the burning sun of the desert struck down the soft Meccan woman, inured only to the coolness of the towns; and Mohammed was handed over to the old chieftain of Mecca, his grandfather, Abdul-Muttalib.

It is now that we get a glimpse of a sight familiar to all who know and love the East. We see the patriarch, his brows settled in the heavy frown common to all those who look upon the brightness, but his mouth and eyes are gentle—we see him sitting on his rug in the court yard of the Ka'aba, to him and from him ever come men, begging for justice, discussing the prices of merchandise, the rights and wrongs of the blood feud. Near him stand his sons; now the voices sink into murmurs while the old chief speaks in measured and judicial tones and pauses; a complainant rises, orates, and appeals; his opponent trips him in the argument, the old man adjusts the balance. Then from out of the crowd runs the little Mohammed and squats beside the Shaykh. Some interfere and would drive away the lad, but the kindly judge will not have it; "let my little son alone," he says, and fondles the child with all that caressing love which age bestows on infancy. So for a space Mohammed passes the time tripping after Abdul-Muttalib.

But soon the Patriarch is called to his account, and as the funeral procession lurches and staggers to the graveyard, Mohammed runs after him for the last time weeping as if his little heart would break.

The desolate child attached himself to his uncle Abu Talib, and again heaven vouchsafed a kind protector to the orphan. But Abu Talib was poor and had to earn his bread, and could not pass his days giving as his father had done before him, and presently set out to Syria on a trading expedition, and somewhere along with the bales of merchandise he carried the adopted child. Mohammed was taken up to the borders of the great world, where men lived in cities larger than Mecca, where rumours and talk were no longer only of tribal fights but of great wars and devastations, of the taxes of the new Emperor Maurice, of the gloomy news from Italy, of the bribery of officials and the greatness of the Persians. Mohammed must have been impressed by the wealth and variety of the towns he saw, even as is the modern Bedawi impressed by the faded glories of Constantinople of to day;

it was not for the little Arab boy to detect the falling Empire in the shrinking towns, the lawless soldiery, the incoherent government, the unpaid levies, the declining trade. The most disorganized of bureaucracies appears like a clockwork, Prussian despotism after a life amid tribal and patriarchal surroundings, where the whole machinery of order and social life is regulated by unwritten and instinctive laws, and politics and government, though existing in substance, are invisible and intangible.

When Mohammed first went to Bostra he must have followed the great Roman Road, which stretches like a ruler laid across the desert. Those miles upon miles of level paved causeway must have struck the enquiring mind even then with some of the awe with which they impress one to-day, and when the great dark walls of the city rose up before him and he watched them loom taller and taller, as the slowly moving caravan approached them, he must have been overcome with wonder. Hour by hour the city grows greater and greater as one rides in from the South-west, and when finally the caravan of Abu Talib unloaded, Mohammed must have had leisure to ponder over the marvels of the new world unveiled to him. The great reservoir, the mighty theatre, the stately baths, the solid walls, the causeways, the great gates and gloomy archways, and, beyond, the countless cities of the Hauran plain, many of which Abu Talib might have told the lad were greater than Bostra; all these things must have amazed the thoughtful bright-eyed boy. Then again, who were those dark-robed men to whom all paid such deference? What were those great and more modern buildings constructed from more ancient fragments? What was that sweet music? Why did those men kneel before crosses and pictures in those dark cloistered churches where the dim lights penetrated dully through clouds of sweet-smelling incense? "Those men are priests and monks who can read out of books, O my son." "Read? what is read? What is book?" Then did perhaps the little boy

creep away and talk in his own tongue with one of those holy men, and gather that strange half knowledge which has set three continents atilt,—who knows?

After the business of the expedition to Bostra had been completed Mohammed was sent back to Mecca and vanished into obscurity. Sometimes he tended the flocks without the city, at others accompanied his kinsmen as arrow bearer to the wars, for the insignificant brawls and skirmishes of the tribes around Mecca are dignified with such a name.

The youth must have shown some promise of intelligence and perspicacity, for presently his Uncle Abu Talib chose him as a leader of caravans, and it fell out that Mohammed's first mission was to pilot to Syria merchandise of a rich widow named Khadija.

This was Mohammed's first trial in leadership and his first grasp of power—seemingly all went prosperously; the goods of the fair and buxom matron of the Koraysh were disposed of to the Syrian merchants at a profit, and the young caravan master returned to his mistress with substantial gains in their stead.

Khadija was sitting on the house top waiting for the news, when her young servant galloped up with the glad tidings of success. Twice had Khadija yielded herself to the embraces of a husband, twice had she been widowed, the beauty and intelligence of her domestic captured her susceptible heart for a third time. Mohammed was a youth of a noble but impoverished family, Khadija one of the wealthiest women in Mecca, far beyond his approach—for him to have proposed would have been impossible, but for the amorous widow to expose the state of her affections was easy, for so strong a hold had love got hold of her it was beyond her power to conceal it.

"When the mouse," runs the Syrian saw, "fell from the ceiling, the cat cried, God help us!" When Khadija proposed marriage to Mohammed he saw himself lifted from all the struggles and strifes which had hitherto harassed

a mind naturally tending to poetry, contemplation and introspection.

Mohammed was relieved of all worldly troubles on the day he married Khadija—and never again does he seem to have engaged in worldly business or strife. Once when the petty troubles of his city threatened to embrace him in their toils he appeared for a moment as a peace-maker; otherwise he seems to have lived aloof, alone and to himself and his family—but a strange thought was working in his mind, for his mind was one which ever sought to link together the chain of cause. In the silence of the desert night, in the bright heat of noontide desert day, as all men do, he also had known and felt himself alone yet not in solitude—for the desert is of God, and in the desert no man may deny Him; in the bazars the voices of men, the buildings of men's hands kill the knowledge innate; in the forest and garden the voice of nature, the busy handmaiden, distracts; but in the desert all nature and man are not, yet the desert is not dead, yet it is not empty—Mohammed the wandering child learned this; Mohammed the boy shepherd was confirmed of this; Mohammed the caravan master knew this.

Yet there came the distractions, the idolatry of the Ka'aba and the voices of men, the sweet-smelling incense of Bostra and chants of the monks, the smiling scorn of the Jews and their pride in their books. God is one, cries the voice of the desert; God is stone, comes from the Ka'aba; God is three, God is man, mutters the monk; God is mine alone, sneers the Jew. Are not these thoughts if sufficiently pondered upon enough to wrench the bosom of the most impassive and immovable? Yet Mohammed was neither; strong in passionate and wild affection, quick to tears and sudden in anger, a man with a mighty heart in which waged a fierce war of conviction, doubt and confusion.

The voice of the desert he knew to be true—the voice of the Ka'aba he had heard from his childhood—the voice of the scriptures was vague, distant and incoherent. Yet all

moved him strongly, and even as have men in the past, and even as will they in the future, Mohammed groaned in the sore stress for light.

What happened? Muir as a Christian has nobly dared to say that which would set half the wise-acres of Heathenese giggling;—we see the unfrocked priest turn from his tulips raised from dung to smile—that smile of hell; the professors titter round the dinner table; the doctors of physic rub their glasses and shrug their shoulders; still gallant Muir has spoken. Is it not the truth? Did not the Lord of wrong—even as he had failed with the Just Man, even as he fled baffled from the mountain of Temptation—succeed in the grotto on Mount Hira?

Who shall judge Mohammed as he comes reeling down from the mountain to pour out his tale of oppression and doubt to Khadija—who shall judge that faithful wife as she soothes and comforts his misery of soul? Racked in that awful anguish Mohammed wandered hither and thither seeking rest and obtaining none; now he would dash himself among the rocks, now endeavour to stop his ears against the conflicting voices which rend his spirit; his body and mind grows weaker under the mental torment; he yields to the temptation as a man yielding to vertigo hurls himself into space, gasping the words formed on his lip; in rhyming measured cadence the words break out—it is sense he speaks not the babblings of a soothsayer!—it is truth he speaks not a lie as he had feared—it is inspiration that has got hold of him—and the lines burst forth in a torrent: "Recite in the NAME of the LORD who created—the LORD who created man"—and Mohammed has accepted the responsibility, the first sura of the Koran has commenced.

When the first words of the Koran had been uttered Mohammed had crossed the Rubicon; the alternatives of suicide or withdrawal had been discarded, and Mohammed accepted himself as a prophet and now as a prophet he spoke. When a man past the age of forty accepts a conviction it



is unlikely that he will turn back; fluctuation of opinion is usual between the twentieth and thirty-fifth year, decision and immobility are the signs of youth and middle-age.

And Mohammed for an Arab was well on in life when he quelled his spiritual perturbation. His first vehement preachings touched but a few, Khadija the faithful, as might be expected, was ready to accept anything her hero wished; she must have been too overjoyed to see the clouds dispelled from his brow to question the worthiness of his cause. Ali, a son of Abu Talib, whom Mohammed had adopted to relieve the poverty of his early protector, also gave ear. Zeid, a slave whom he had freed and treated with gentleness, was open to conviction. But elsewhere the people were incurious and apathetic; for Arabs are prone to be enmeshed and enthralled in the politics, the quarrels and the bargains of the hour.

But there was one man who seems to have watched the movements of Mohammed with the keenest interest, and he was one of the rarest among Arabian men, a true friend,—to him Mohammed was a friend, a leader, and a prophet, to be assisted at cost even of life, to be followed even to inevitable doom, and to be believed in the face of all disproof;—this faithful and devoted soul was Abu Bekr', the simplest and most lovable man Arabia has ever put forth.

In the hour of Islam's darkest stress Abu Bekr' was stalwart and unmoved; in the day of triumph he was gentle and unassuming; in the moment of confusion unperplexed.

The worth of Abu Bekr' brought a few others, among whom Othman alone stands out pre-eminent; for the rest, only slaves and obscure persons gave ear to the words of the preacher. After a weary struggle of four years, only forty persons could be said to have been affected by the fervent appeals and fiery threats of the son of Abdallah. But gradually he began to win his way, and one of the forces which assisted him more than any other is still the

grand sustaining and vital principle of his religion to-day; and that is that once a man accepted his creed the conversion was immutable, unchangeable and unassailable; the weak might prevaricate and lie, but they remained Moslems; the turbulent might rebel and fret, but they were of Islam.

The years passed on and the little congregation grew into a small compact community, each man persistently supporting the statements of the master, cursing the dumb idols around the Ka'aba, and exhorting his fellows to abjure the worship of all save one God.

Presently the great men of the Koraysh, too, perceived that there was something stirring in Mecca, a new faction among the factions, and the faction was striking at the one thing of importance in the city, the sacred shrine and its accessories.

The haughty chieftains cared perhaps neither for the gods nor the Ka'aba in themselves, but custom is sacred to the Arabs because it is a custom, and none know better than tribal leaders that the faction-leader of to-day may be the tyrant of to-morrow.

Consequently the new faith was attacked, not at the head, for he was bound by ties of blood, but at the tail, for they were slaves and outcasts. Seemingly the Koraysh were successful; the weaker converts fled to the Christian Kingdom of Abyssinia, and Mohammed and a few faithful souls remained alone, exposed to scorn but protected by the law of blood feud, which I dare boldly affirm has among the Arabs prevented more murders than could have all the jails and prisons in Christendom. Mohammed remained depressed and defeated; he preached but none listened; many admitted the possibility of his mission, but custom was in possession and could not be overthrown; then there arose in the mind of Mohammed a thought which proves him to have been an Arab of the Arabs;—after all the Suras protesting the unity and oneness of God, after all



"HE PREACHED; BUT NONE LISTENED."

the asseverations and thunderings on this solitary point, Mohammed dreamed of compromise. He came into the courtyard of the Ka'aba and admitted that the minor deities perhaps were saints, perhaps might intercede . . . doubtless he could have bitten his tongue off as these words fell from his lips, even when the Koraysh accepted his teaching as one man,—but still for a moment he wavered, and in that wavering we may trace much.

To the English compromise is dear, but to the Arab it is a necessity, and for the same reason. It is the whim of the English to be ruled by the harmonious discords of opposing factions; it is the misfortune of the Arabs to live in a state of constant family, tribal, personal, and individual enmity and feud; and, consequently, that among Arabs to live is to compromise, is as certain as that among the English to compromise is to rule.

Mohammed's hesitation was not of long duration. Ere a day had elapsed he confessed that he had betrayed his belief and that the devil had mastered his tongue, and with a noble courage cursed the idolatry of the Ka'aba with redoubled vigour. When the men of the Koraysh saw that there would be no peace and no compromise with the leader of the new faction, they determined to crush it by all the means in their power; but indeed their powers were limited enough, for among the Moslems there were men of the Koraysh, and all the complex cross-currents of family honour and prejudice ran in favour of Mohammed. Abu Talib, ever revered in Mecca, extended his protection to his nephew—not that he believed in him, but because he was his uncle. The Koraysh complained, but Abu Talib was as strong in the new prophet's defence, as Abu Bekr' the believer. The Koraysh muttered in anger but were helpless; one of their leaders, Abu Jahl, endeavoured to curb Mohammed by publicly upbraiding him. Mohammed's foster-brother and uncle, Hamza, hitherto a staunch agnostic as regards Mohammed, took the matter as a personal affront and proclaimed his faith out of pique.

Then Omar, the most violent of the oppressors and fiercest of warriors in Mecca, succumbed not to the oratory of the Koran, but to the influence of his sister. In ungovernable passion he struck her for reciting the new law; then, overwhelmed with shame and mortification at his unknighly deed, he made amends by accepting Islam.

At these victories the ruling clan became more alarmed than before, yet the bonds of blood held them from violence, and it was at length by means of a peaceful "boycott" that they endeavoured to crush the spread of the new creed. All who stood fast by Mohammed, whether on grounds of belief or friendship or blood, were to be banned and cut off from the rest of the city—neither might such marry or traffic or speak with the remainder. For three years did Abu Talib and the relations and friends and converts of Mohammed remain cut off from the rest of mankind by a cruel but peaceful blockade. The nobility of Abu Talib, who never accepted the mission of his nephew as a prophet, is singularly striking and a wonderful example of the steadfast and unselfish devotion of the Arab to heroic custom. The unwritten law of the Arabs is that, right or wrong, a man shall stand by his kinsfolk; for three years Abu Talib and his relatives bore with unflinching fortitude, hunger, thirst, imprisonment and solitude for the sake of Mohammed's liberty of speech, although many of them never pretended to admit the truth of his orations.

For three long years Mohammed, now fifty years of age, pined in the stricken and isolated quarter of the city, his family and nearest and dearest brought to the verge of ruin yet unconvinced, the true believers but a tiny congregation of poor converts. It is impossible to believe that the man was not in earnest,—mad if you will—but a scheming, crafty, vainglorious impostor, never.

That at such a moment he could have foreseen success through any agency save that of a miracle would appear to make him a prophet indeed. And that, in spite of all ill success, a man in the winter of his days should maliciously

fabricate falsehood upon falsehood would seem more improbable than that such a man should deem every word he uttered not only true but entirely external and inspired. For one must bear in mind that the stormy period had passed; that his three guiding voices—to wit, the Desert, the Ka'aba, and the Christian and Judaic beliefs—had settled themselves (to him at least) in a sudden logical, harmonious and luminous sequence, and that apparently he never was contradicted by a competent person. If the Koraysh accused him of trumping up Jewish tales and legends they were certainly no better versed in them than he, while the Christians whom he met probably knew no more of their creed than the fact that they had been baptized—if as much, for many were sincere believers in his mission.

After three years had passed men learned that the deed and covenant which the Koraysh had set down in writing, forbidding communion with the party of Mohammed, had been devoured by ants, and on the ground of an Act of God the Ban was removed, and Abu Talib and his people were free to go forth. But misfortune still dogged the steps of Mohammed. The aged Khadija, the solace and comfort of his misery, was taken from him, and hardly had his affectionate nature recovered from the agony of loss than Abu Talib, the generous protector of his infancy and the sole support of his middle life, was gathered in by the Sunderer of Societies and the Garnerer of Graveyards.

Alone, forlorn, stricken in years, Mohammed remained behind preaching, entreating, threatening and commanding in turns; gradually the body of the Moslems increased, but only slowly and by painful degrees; and at times the wretched man seems driven almost to despair. At a venture he made an attempt on the neighbouring town of Tayf only to be driven out with stones and abuse, and (crowning ignominy!) to be saved from further violence by two unbelieving pagans of Mecca. But his genius ever upheld

him, and his faith in his mission bore him through the sorest trials. Men scorned him but nature obeyed him; he roared to the winds and his exaltation pictured in his mind companies of the Jan and spirits of the air bowing down in wrapt attention. Khadija being gone, Mohammed took to himself two wives: the one a widow Sawda, the other Ayesha, a little child who was not other than ceremonially married for some years to come.

Dawn sprang up unexpectedly on the benighted Moslems. With that pertinacity which was the surest guarantee of his earnestness, Mohammed would haunt the great pilgrim fairs annually held at Mecca, and it chanced that while thus engaged in preaching to the idle and incurious multitude he fell in with a small party of Medina merchants and traders. Now Mecca and all the lands Eastward and Southward of the city were steeped in Paganism, and Fetish worship. But at Medina and to the North the light of Judaism and Christianity shone fitfully above the horizon; men knew of the one true God; some had heard dully of a Redeemer who had come or was yet to come. Many Jews lived in the North. The Arabs had noted how these people hugged themselves in the day of woe, saying, "No matter, one cometh presently." Chance Christians spoke also of some Man long dead yet living, who would come again. The Ghassonid Arabs were this Man's followers, even as was the great Emperor Caesar their master.

And now in Mecca people heard one with a voice of gold speaking of this one God, saying that he himself was indeed the Man foretold. The idolaters it is true thought little of him. Still to the men of Medina Mohammed seemed more probable, more in the order of things, more expected,—further the Medina folk were ever at variance, fighting most bloodily and expensively among themselves; a prophet if a true one would bring peace, unison, and wealth. Now the Arab has ever an eye on a diplomatic victory, on some wonderful compromise, some really

binding treaty, which cannot be overset, for at least a week, by any but dishonourable methods. Consequently the speech and entreaties of Mohammed set the merchants of Medina thinking. I can see them sitting round a thorn fire talking the matter over. Mohammed having gone back to the city over which the stars are twinkling, it must have been exactly like those interminable discussions that are taking place even at this hour in half a hundred black tents 'twixt Diarbekir and Aden:—

"These Meccans are but fools, yet they are wealthy; to be sure this Ka'aba of theirs is their God and their fortune, but *he* has a following; Abu Bekr' and Omar and his family and their families, even these Meccans fear him, for all their scoffing—fear them too. Now if he had been of Medina all would have been with him; in our strifes he would have judged justly, his words are truly spoken. Said he not 'The servants of the Merciful are they that walk through the world in gentleness; when the ignorant speak unto them they answer Peace!' If such a one had said such a thing, assuredly I had not slain thy brother in the market place, and touching those same goats surely this man would apportion the ownership—"

"But the christians say the prophet hath come—nay, of a surety, Jews will not have it so—and even the christians hold he will come again; this man told us to-day these things in our language and, O Shaykhs, is not this man an Arab and doth he not say that he hath been sent to guide us? The christians have books and a prophet; the Jews also have books and a prophet; is not this man sent with a book in our own tongue? Truly if he hath been sent and the men of Mecca reject him—we of Medina . . ." and may we not imagine the talk sliding round to the chances of the traffic and caravans, and the profit to Medina, if but a wise man had a voice in its councils; and so, through the night, a low murmur of discourse and argument broken only as the boys throw more thorns on the fire, and

the Shaykhs peer into the darkness to see if no strangers overhear their secret councils. No warrant of history for this; but must it not have been so—not one night but many nights in the camp of the Medina merchants before they finally approached Mohammed to tell him that perhaps Medina was not of the same way of thinking as Tayf?

The Medina merchants departed for their own city, a year passed and they returned to Mecca; the seed had taken root; Medina was profoundly affected; Mohammed deputed a disciple Musab to assist in the conversion of the town. Again a year passed on; the appointed day the new converts return, not twelve but now seventy, to announce that peacefully and without strife Medina had submitted and that there was in Arabia a city of which the bulk of the inhabitants were Moslems. This rapid though gentle acquisition had not come as a shock to Mohammed—it had occupied close upon three years—but during that period he had by degrees been gaining confidence in his ultimate success and, I fear me, becoming gradually less spiritual and more egotistical. His guidance which had hitherto led him to stern admonition and agonized entreaty now became careless and self-confident; where he had implored he now spoke with indifferent scorn, saying, I have my religion, you your religion; where he had seen visions of terror he now beheld magnificent delusions; instead of commanding him to convert mankind, Gabriel now led him on heavenly journeys; instead of imagining crowds of lesser spirits listening to his fervid preaching in the wilderness, he beheld the prophets of all ages bowing before him acknowledging his pre-eminence and his excellence.

Mohammed was imbibing the first draughts of the new wine of worldly victory, and he felt the first effects of its exhilarating quality. Henceforward the son of Abdallah may be said to have made use of his worldly genius of statesmanship and leadership—not for an ill purpose, indeed, but still success found him wanting; hitherto he had relied on

the truth of his mission—once in the Ka'aba he had fallen but conscience had retrieved the crime—now temptation came in a subtler form and he saw it not and consequently did not resist. The temptation of the Ka'aba had been strong and open—"do but fall down and adore me" he had repelled—but when in the hour of success his intelligence and wisdom of this world had bidden Mohammed go to Medina where lay power, leadership, strength and personal accomplishment of his mission, he seems to have stopped his ears to the still small voice which must have cried: "Stay at Mecca, scorned and abused, to die a shameful death; leave the future in the hands of Omar and Abu Bekr'."

To expect anything else would have been to expect the impossible, for Mohammed was but a mortal man of mortal clay, and it would have been beyond the nature of man to have chosen failure and death, leaving success unhandled and untried.

Gradually the Moslems of Mecca migrated to Medina the harbour of refuge; with some heroism Mohammed and the faithful Abu Bekr' waited till the last of the flock had gone; then just as the wrath of the exasperated Koraysh began to burst all bounds, just as their curved scymitars were sharpened, and their hearts were hardened to the slaughter, Mohammed and his "sole companion" fled into the darkness.

II—THE FLIGHT AND AFTER

MOHAMMED and Abu Bekr' reached Medina in safety, and the first appearance of the Prophet on the outskirts of the city was a signal for a wonderful display of affection and loyalty. The refugees and the native converts vied with one another in proclaiming their joy at the escape of their

hero and his comrade; a house (the first that he approached) was put at his disposal; his poorer retainers were entertained at the common bounty; his words were eagerly sought and passed from mouth to mouth; his religion was provided with a special temple for its promulgation; his wishes were gratified at every turn; to more than half the inhabitants his word was law. The remainder, the Jews and the Sceptics, were mildly disaffected it is true; but Jews, never very formidable as a political body, proved no exception to the rule in Medina, while the Sceptics being but Sceptics, could not be expected to be violent.

Mohammed had reached not only a haven but what was practically a kingdom. Now success came upon him in old age, and though I have never seen it pointed out, I have noticed that the sudden attainment of relief or honour or glory late in life, after a season of prolonged storm and stress in middle age, tends to make a man strangely wilful, inflexible and magisterially positive, the very pole of that philosophic acceptance of a turn of good fortune which we behold in Charles the Second, or that steady management of early success so wonderful in the two Napoleons.

In the hour of triumph Mohammed became a changed man, still kindly, it is true, to those about him, still a wise diplomatist, still a faithful friend; but to enemies, dissentients and sceptics a rigorous and implacable tyrant.

The certainty of his mission passed imperceptibly from a supposed and occasional inspiration to something approaching a permanent obsession or a chronic monomania. If force was to his hand, the voice of God bade him use it; if lust inflamed him, it was to be gratified; his enemies fell into his hands, the voice of heaven bid him slay them; men opposed him, he cursed them by Divine mandate; in fact he had ceased to distinguish between conscience and desire—both became inextricably mixed—and discrimination died in his breast. Here I suggest we may not judge this man; on the only occasion on which we knew for certain

that he fell willingly, he retracted with courage and truth. It is obvious that he had about him nothing of the nature of a charlatan, and it is still more plain that he was of a violent and passionate nature; his visions and inspirations followed with precision his desires and personal feelings; and as he grew old any doubts he entertained as to their external origin grew less and less. His personal bias became more and more overwhelming. From imagining himself the occasional mouthpiece of his Maker he drifted to the conclusion that he was a living embodiment of Law and that he could do no wrong.

That a man of flesh and blood, labouring under such delusions, did no worse and committed no more fearful crimes than Mohammed should be the wonder of the world, particularly a world that has produced a David, a Charlemagne and a Cromwell, all three master spirits who at least acknowledged that they were capable of wrong.

At first all went well at Medina; a treaty was drawn up leaguering together Refugees, Converts, Jews and Sceptics into one people. The only serious opponent to the harmony of the city, an obscure mystic named Abu Anir, was driven out, and Mohammed remained sole master of the situation. He had now leisure to set in order the religion he had instituted.

In the building of his religion Mohammed maintained an unwavering simplicity which has remained almost unaltered to this present time:—a purification, five daily prayers, a few lectures, a weekly congregation with brief sermon, and an annual fast, were and are the outward and visible signs of al Islam. This simple ritual, though generally condemned by Protestant Christians as having little effect on the conduct of mind or body and being but vain and empty forms, had I think a considerable and undeniable value. It has a tendency to make all believers even as brothers, and obliges them to observe unconsciously certain Christian precepts which, alas, many Christians have

lost sight of. The true lesson which the Moslem formula inculcates is the equality of man before God; rich and poor, felon and saint, stand, kneel and bow on the level floor of the Mosque, without precedence or place, in silence and unity.

The Verger, the Beadle, and Mrs. Grundy, with their pews, their plates, their free seats, their hatreds, their jealousies, their scorn, their stripes and their conventions have been ever debarred from entering the Musjid of the prophet. Moslems cast away their characters and stage parts at the fountain without the gates, and for an hour in the day stand up as men and men alone, each facing his Maker as best he can and no man judging his brother.

Though unpreached, it is Christian charity that exists in essence among the Moslems; while among Christians it is preached continually by every sect and in every church, yet is far from being observed since its meaning is not even comprehended.

In so much that is sadly awry in the creed of the prophet it is well for us Christians to take note of some of the practical benefits it has conferred upon the world.

The Moslems were not long content to rest still in Medina. The refugees were only biding their time; and soon little marauding parties began to steal out to waylay the caravans of the Koraysh. It is hard for us Europeans, accustomed to long periods of peace punctuated by savage and bloody wars, to realize with any degree of ease the Arab's mental attitude towards armed hostility.

However, if we can recall the emotions excited in our breast by a political article in a newspaper; our own feelings regarding our favourite sport, whether it be golf or big game; and lastly (for such as have undergone the experience) the sense of excitement attendant upon financial speculation—if we conjure up all these varying and pleasurable disturbances of our mind, and compound them into the gratification of a single passion, we may

appreciate in some degree the motive forces which impel the Arab to attack the caravans of his *un-friends*. Above all we must bear clearly in mind that a lust for killing, a sordid desire of profit, a savage joy in giving pain, have no place in the emotion; and lastly that there is no sense or appreciation of wrong-doing—for plunder and war among the Arabs is as proper and legitimate, and is as much the part of the duty of man, as is the defence or attack of criminals the legitimate duty and employment of such as are barristers among us. I think it not amiss to lay some stress on this point, as it relieves Mohammed and his followers from much of the odium which Europeans seek to lay upon them by calling them plunderers, freebooters, pirates, and robbers, and suggesting that those words in our tongue convey a truthful idea of the character of the early Moslems. The words are true in a sense, but absolute lies in the meaning which they convey to our minds. How untrue I have endeavoured to show.

As I have said, the little marauding parties began to steal out to waylay the caravans of the Koraysh. The first was a failure, as indeed are nine out of ten plundering expeditions a failure among the Arabs: three hundred of the Koraysh are escorting a caravan; thirty Refugees under Hamza appear in threatening array; both parties begin to shout and brandish, to "lillu" and challenge; an action is imminent if indeed the Moslems have the daring hardihood to charge home, but on this occasion their courage is not to be put to the test; up comes a chief of the tribe in whose territory the fight is to take place; he explains that he is friend of Medina and Mecca; by unwritten law the spot is one illegitimate for battle; both parties ride away in peace, much as do polo teams when the umpire whistles at the end of a goalless "chucker."

A little later a second Ghazu^{*} sallies forth. This time they get within striking distance; a flight of arrows is

^{*} Marauding party.

discharged from an impossible range; either the Koraysh were on the alert or too numerous, or the day was too warm or cold; Obeida the leader of the Moslems returned to Medina with unfilled saddle-bags. And so on for some months;—on occasion the prophet himself condescended to accompany the warriors, on others he confided their leadership to deputies; also, true to his desert training, he began to contract alliances with the neighbouring Bedawi tribes, now and again securing a respectable political haul, but for the first year nothing serious took place. At last, however, the storm broke. It was in the sacred month of Rajab, when by the ancient desert custom, now abrogated, all hostility should cease, that Abdallah and six Moslems found themselves by the prophet's order concealed in the valley of Nakhla awaiting the caravans of the Koraysh. A party of four of the enemy approached with a convoy. The marauders deliberated among themselves as to whether they should break the sacred peace—they had no warrant from their master to do so, but the prey was at hand and easily obtainable; the temptation was strong; one of the Moslems decided the matter by letting fly an arrow; it struck home and Amr ibn Hadlerami of the Koraysh lay dead; two of the remaining Meccans surrendered, a third vaulting on his horse escaped. To us this seems a trivial affair, but it was a matter of the greatest moment. After a year's war a single man had actually met with a violent death; blood had been shed under discreditable circumstances; all Mecca would ring with this; vengeance would be exacted. Abdallah must have felt that he had outrun his commission, as he hastily gathered the captured camels and hurried back to Medina.

Mohammed was not well pleased with Abdallah's breach of custom. It was now a real war in which he was engaged. Sooner or later he knew that the Meccans would exact more than a mere blood fine for the death of Amr, and as yet his following save for a few devoted souls were not prepared to meet death for his cause; rage and anger were on the side

of the Meccans, the weighing of chances and the spirit of compromise rife among the Moslems at Medina.

But the moment was not one to go back. Mohammed had set his hand to the plough and now, whether he wished it or no, he was unable to retreat; accordingly he decided to attack the next Meccan caravan of importance which should put in an appearance on its homeward journey. The event was not long delayed and messengers soon came in reporting the approach of Abu Sofian with a valuable convoy from Syria; the Moslems and their leader set out on the instant to entrap the quarry, but the secrecy of their motions had not been withheld from either Abu Sofian or the citizens of Mecca; the former changed his direction and escaped, while the latter sallied forth armed and equipped to give battle, and obtain revenge.

It was on the famous field of Badr that Mohammed and three hundred odd Moslems found themselves toward evening in the proximity of the Meccan Army, the latter of the incredible strength of seven hundred fighting men; Mohammed, prompted by desert instinct, seized the nearest wells and undismayed made battle a certainty.

At a crisis Mohammed had no fears. In moments of calm deliberation he could think and plan; but when all was on the hazard he recked little what he did; the full force of his conviction surged through his mind, ardent prayers fell from his lips, determination entered like iron into his soul. The night before Badr Mohammed fired a new lamp in the Arabian mind, he filled his men with enthusiasm for a cause; while the Koraysh argued and quarrelled, the Moslems slept in peace. Morning dawned and with it came war. The leaders challenged and gave battle to each other in duels; Mohammed prayed and watched like one wrapt in ecstasy—"Victory, O Lord—Victory!—Paradise for the believer who died—glory for the believer who lived—death and hell fire for the idolaters!" The Koraysh fought as Arabs fight, bravely, and chivalrously, but with no hunger

for victory; the Moslems were enthralled and struggled with wild desperation for one particular end, the conquest of the unbelievers;—such a force the Koraysh could not withstand, they lost heart, the Moslems charged in mad fury; Mohammed now blind to all material things saw Gabriel and his Angels wheeling around him; he clawed gravel in his hands and hurled it towards the foe; the Moslems charged with redoubled vigour, the Koraysh broke and fled. The battle of Bedr had been won.

Forty-nine of the Koraysh lay dead upon the ground and fourteen Moslems had gone to paradise. Is it credible that this absurd little skirmish was one of the decisive battles of history? Yet it was more important to the world than any that had taken place since Antony sailed away from Actium.

When the shouting and dust of strife had subsided, it was found that forty-nine prisoners were in the hands of the conquerors. Three of these were slain the moment the battle was ended, two by command and one in anger. The commission of Mohammed now was to strike. The chivalry and unwritten laws of his people no longer bound him; two days later another prisoner was condemned; astounded at the cruelty of his sentence the man begged for some reason for its infliction. "Because of thine enmity to God and his prophet," came the unhesitating answer. "My child,—who will tend her?" gasped the miserable wretch. "Hell fire!" was the harsh reply. It was no longer the war of the desert—it was the war of ideas,—the merry unthinking paganism against the hard unyielding truth;—paganism always crumbles before the Koran, for the Koran was written to that end.

The remainder of the prisoners were spared and ransomed eventually, but the fierce fire conviction remained imprinted in the hearts of the Moslems. If man or woman mocked God or his prophet that man or woman died; there was no mercy for the scoffer or the unbeliever who endeavoured to

check the propagation of the new faith. The Jews, who at first perhaps imagined that Mohammed was that unthinkable thing, a proselyte, perceiving that he had no consideration for their nation but only for their God, hated him, and having at first temporized, now reviled him. Punishment came swiftly and surely. They were besieged, conquered and forcibly exiled. Mohammed in his infatuation saw the Jews in the light of persons who rejected revelation willingly; the Jews deemed him another tribulation to Israel.

After Mohammed returned from Bedr' in triumph, there was something akin to a reign of terror in Medina. Mohammed knew full well the fickle nature of the Arabs and he had plumbed the depths of the scornful hatred of the Jews. Each scoffer met his fate by the swift and silent hand of the assassin. The converts of the prophet applauded these dark deeds, the unbelievers trembled and held their peace, the Jews muttered in suppressed indignation.

At last a section of the Israelites broke out in open rebellion. Punishment came quickly. They were besieged in their quarter, conquered, forcibly exiled, and their wealth distributed among the faithful.

A year rolled on its course, during which time the raids and counter raids continued as before, Medina and Mecca carried on their desultory warfare, and the desert tribes backed now one side and now another. The victory of Bedr had not convinced the canny Bedawin that the prophet of God was yet assured of ultimate success, and they temporized with him in a manner exasperating enough to have driven a less sanguine man to madness. Meanwhile the anger and rage of the defeated Meccans had increased. Mohammed the traitor to the Ka'aba had routed them and disgraced them; their women mocked them with the shrill taunts such as only Arab women have at their command. The warriors plucked their beards in anger. They undertook raids against Medina and were sometimes successful, but no paltry

snatching of camels and merchandise could compensate for the open shame which they had suffered at Bedr. After a long series of discussions and negotiations, they decided upon an assault on Medina, and an expedition of revenge and retaliation was undertaken.

The Meccans collected an array some three thousand in number, composed of footmen, horsemen, and camelmen. This force, which for Arabia is fairly imposing, marched unopposed to the outskirts of Medina, and camped in the cultivated fields of the citizens. A sudden qualm overcame the prophet; he appeared doubtful and nervous; the men of Medina grew irritable and critical; the Moslems seemed to lack confidence. Spies reported the forces of the enemy to be overwhelming. The wisest proposed holding the city, Mohammed concurred; but the bolder young lances scoffed at the idea. In the confusion of debate Mohammed yielded to their importunities and he decided to sally forth and give battle to the idolaters.

This was a perilous moment for al Islam. How it survived passes my comprehension. The disaffected Jews offered to act as allies of the prophet, but knowing that treachery breeds treachery he ordered them off the field; then those who were friends of the Jews refused to fight without them and turned off and went home leaving Mohammed with only seven hundred followers to contend with a force four times as great. According to custom the battle commenced with individual combats.

The Meccan women urged on their champions, but without avail. The heroes of Islam were not to be withstood. Ali and Hamza laid the standard bearers of the enemy in the dust in quick succession. Dismay spread through the ranks of the idolaters—their numbers gave them no confidence, had not they been defeated but a year before at Bedr' by a similar handful?—for a moment they wavered; Mohammed cried aloud with joy. The faithful seeing another victory in their grasp rushed upon

the Meccans roaring their sacred battle cries; truly death was a sweet gate to paradise, when the enemies turned their backs, and their spoils were within the clutch of eager hands. But the prophet and his men had reckoned without taking into account one who hovered on the flanks of the fleeing Meccans. It was Khalid the Son of Walid, a man of courage, craft and guile, a true soldier of the desert. He cared little perhaps for Meccan gods and less for Meccan shame, but he had engaged to lead a band of the wildlings of the waste on the side of the Ka'aba. Khalid ibn Walid was one who had the instinct of battle and had also a gift which for a soldier is a gift from heaven—a capacity to lead. Had another man bidden the Bedawin allies of the Meccans charge the successful Moslems, the command might have met with mocking answers; "The Meccans fly, why should we sweat for these shameless townsmen?" would have been on the lips of the horsemen watching the issue of the fight. But when Khalid spoke, his words became the wishes of his followers. Like an arrow from a bow, a clump of scurrying horsemen drove madly out of the desert, right into the rear of the charging Moslems, overturning saint and hypocrite; waverers and martyrs were cast into the wildest confusion. The Bedawin charged with Khalid at their head and the battle of Ohod was lost;—the pursuit was checked, the plunder was dropped and the Moslems in dismay forgot the prophet and his paradise. The valiant Hamza was pinned to the earth with a lance; heroes and disciples were slain with grievous slaughter; the Meccans took heart and returned once more to the field whence they had fled. Mohammed wild with anguish implored the Moslems to stand firm. "I am the apostle of God," he thundered; but when Arabs are on the run, truly the flaming sword of Gabriel will not turn them back. A well-aimed stone struck the prophet in the mouth; a smashing blow from a mace stunned him and felled him to the earth. "Mohammed is slain," went up the cry on all hands. The

Moslems fled with redoubled rapidity; a few faithful friends dragged his senseless body from the field; and the conquering Meccans stopped the pursuit to resume their quarrels and arguments. That the defeat of Ohod was only partial because Mohammed was supposed to have been killed is but another example of the peculiar nature of the Arabs; owing to the complexity of their alliances and the formal nature of their warfare, a single victory is often enough to demolish the greatest of tribal armies; the immediate object once gained, each subordinate leader begins to think of his own interests, of the probable arrogance of his principals, of the changes the event will bring about in the politics of the desert, of the personal requirements of his own people in the face of the new situation. Such plunder as is to be gathered on the spot is collected; the heat of battle dies down; and before many hours have elapsed councils and quarrels and estrangements are rife on every hand; the grieved are moving homeward; the lukewarm are getting ready to depart; while the leaders are saying to themselves, "Well truly we have won a great victory, there will at least be peace from now until next year." In view of this curious and indefinite nature of Arabian hostilities the final success of Mohammed is the more wonderful; for he achieved, at least for a time, unity among a people with whom to be united was contrary to every instinct and impulse in their nature.

That it is difficult to keep Arabs together in the hour of victory is comprehensible, but that it should be possible to keep them united in the hour of disaster is hardly credible, and yet Mohammed did not fail to accomplish this feat at a time when the women of Medina were wailing and shrieking, the Jews were mocking and jeering, the waverers were discussing the propriety of giving him up to the Meccans, and he himself was weary in mind and body with the wounds he had received and the defeat he had undergone.

All these depressing circumstances were not sufficient to disillusionise him for one moment. The suras of the Koran which are attributed to this period excel nearly all others in majesty and sublime confidence. He lays stress on the fact that he is but human, that he will die, that he might have been killed; but he affirms with greater certainty than ever that victory is at hand and that the truth is undying. So great a sway had Mohammed obtained over himself and his actual followers, that although he was an Arab and they were Arabs, hardly twenty-four hours had elapsed after the defeat of Ohod, before he sallied forth at the head of his men to pursue the conquerors. This movement had no material result, save that it demonstrated to the world that even Arabs could at risk of personal sacrifice be rendered loyal and united to a leader or a cause—a wonderful thing, which perhaps had never been seen before. But the spell of the Koran is strong in what will bind the ficklest of mankind, and would likely enough prove sufficiently strong to hold other nations.

After the disaster of Ohod, another year of raids, assassinations and skirmishes passed without producing any great event save the exile of some of the remaining Jews of Medina.

On the first anniversary of his reverse Mohammed marched out for Bedr', there to meet by appointment the Meccans. That the ultimate success of Mohammed was now a matter of less uncertainty than before, is evidenced by the result of this expedition, Mohammed in spite of failure and disaster was able to marshal a force of fifteen hundred* true believers, prepared to fight for his cause; while Abu Sofian of Mecca, although the victor of the previous year, could not collect an army at all and failed to keep the tryst he had so vaingloriously made in his hour of triumph.

* A greater number than had ever followed him before.

This event gives us a vivid exhibition of the strength and unity of Islam under unfavourable conditions, and should be noted as the first indication of its worldly durability and force as a creed. For eight days the Moslems stood vauntingly on the undisputed field of Bedr*, its unchallenged masters. Then they returned once more to Medina, having acquired without loss or expense a victory of a moral kind which was worth a hundred battles. Ohod was forgotten and the shame was transferred once more from the shoulders of the Moslems to the men of Mecca. The news must have passed from tent to tent in the desert, from village to village on the coast, that the masters of the Ka'aba were fearful and that the followers of the apostle of God were bold. It would be of a part with the unbelieving Arabs to deduce that this courage was due to conviction and that that conviction was one of truth.

After this great moral success Mohammed was in a position to prosecute a policy wherein his genius enabled him to excel.

It took the form of a steady and unceasing canvass and impressment of the surrounding Nomadic tribes; those who were not allies or believers he alternately harassed and cajoled, those who were friendly he consolidated into believers, those who rejected his overtures he plundered and scattered. The brawls which arose occasionally amid his councils he stifled by reprimanding the noisy chieftains in the name of Heaven and cursing those who fought in the cause of God for private ends; the quarrels of his more obscure followers he silenced by distracting their attention in arduous campaigns and lengthy marches. As the months passed on the power of Mohammed grew in the land. His expeditions were seen on the Syrian border; the fame of his belief was spread through the desert; and the noise of his exploits reached even to Yemen. Mohammed was not supreme in Arabia but his power was steadily gaining ground, and the Koraysh observing this grew more and

more afraid. The Jews who had taken refuge in Mecca fanned their fears with revengeful pleasure. The season of war came round, and with it first mutterings of war. The Meccans felt that if matters continued at their present rate all would soon be lost and that it was imperative that something should be done to check the rising side of Islam. Abu Sofian, the chieftain of Mecca, decided to make one grand attempt to decide the matter for ever. He appealed to the Koraysh on the score of the danger of the Ka'aba, the ancient feud, the increasing power of their implacable foe, and with such success that no less than four thousand men decided to accompany him to attack Medina. The Bedawin who had fled from Mohammed were enlisted by similar means. The southern tribes, hitherto neutral, he persuaded to join his force, probably on the score of certain victory and promise of plunder which would otherwise be beyond their reach. By these methods Abu Sofian collected an army* of no less than ten thousand horsemen, footmen, and camel riders. The loquacity, the going to and fro, the arguments, the councils, the betrayals, the gossipings, the persuadings, bargainings, by which the final congregation of this array was accomplished naturally prevented any attempt at secrecy of the object and destination of the Meccan expedition. Mohammed must have had ample notice of their intention and movements, and the men of Medina, the refugees, and the Prophet were probably awed by the magnitude of the force marching against them. Never probably for ages had so large a fighting power been united in Arabia for purposes of intertribal war. Mohammed however was equal to the occasion. He must have felt that if this period could be but tided over, his final success was assured. His method of extricating himself from the difficulty was peculiar. A

* The word is misleading but I can think of no other; "gang" is too small, "horde" too terrible, "mass" too unattractive, "procession" too ridiculous, "rabble" too contemptuous.

Christian from North Mesopotamia suggested to his mind the idea of entrenching the city behind a ditch and a bank—simple as this expedient is, it had never as yet occurred to the city dwellers of Arabia to avail themselves of such a form of defence⁹—Mohammed, however, had no objection to departing from the customs of his fathers, and Abu Sofian and his followers were pained and disappointed to discover that instead of standing out in the open to indulge in the amusement of battle, the Moslems were arranged in disciplined order to repel any attack on the city. The Bedawin cried out in anger that the trench was an unworthy trick, and Abu Sofian had the greatest difficulty in making his army keep the field. Once indeed a knot of horsemen condescended to scamper over the works and back again; the archers were induced to discharge their arrows at the ignoble defenders; but the whole affair lacked spirit and "éclat." To have come so far to such a dismal and tedious entertainment as a siege was contrary to all preconceived ideas. The only stratagem left to the Meccans was to tamper with remaining unbelievers in the ranks of the besieged. The Coreitza, a tribe of Jews, still remained in a castle within three miles of Medina; Abu Sofian discovered that they were ready to accept him as a deliverer. But if there were friends of Abu Sofian in Medina Mohammed knew it, and perhaps Abu Sofian did not know how many friends of Mohammed slept in his encampments.

Mohammed succeeded. He caused the Jews of the Coreitza to suspect the Meccans and sowed distrust in the heart of Abu Sofian with regard to the Coreitza. This result was achieved by a veritable masterpiece of diplomacy, such as must rank high even in Arabian annals; for Mohammed had secured the co-operation of the very men whom Abu Sofian was using to negotiate with the treacherous Jews.

⁹ This in itself is a strange instance of the Arabian character. Their warsong and battle poetry would be a credit to the highest civilization, for humanity nobility, sentiment and expression,—their weapons a disgrace to bushmen.

The rains began to fall, the tents of the besiegers grew moist and dismal, the cooking fires were extinguished, the great ditch and mound seemed to appear more exasperating and the Moslems more pestilently vigilant. The leaders of the invading army, never sufficiently united to remain together except on condition that each one was commander-in-chief for a day in turn, now began to quarrel and insult one another. Abu Sofian accepted a hasso as the least evil that could now overtake him, and not twenty days after his arrival leaped on his camel and gave orders for a general dispersion.

The Bedawin drew off into the desert; the Koraysh turned their faces towards Mecca. Mohammed had no thought of pursuit,¹⁰ but he decided that never again should his cause be endangered by treachery at home. The Coreitza must be made to pay the full penalty of their wickedness. By the decree of God Medina and Islam had been saved, but had their treachery been successful Mohammed and his creed would have been obliterated. It is this thought which must have filled his passionate heart with sublime rage,—the feeling of personal injury, mingled with a sense of the blasphemous nature of their betrayal,—the realization that all the strivings he had undertaken, all the pains he had endured, all the sacrifices he had made, would have been rendered futile,—the feeling that the cause of God would have been defeated, that the world should be once more plunged in ignorance, are thoughts sufficiently terrible to arouse a fire of indignation in the coldest breast—and Mohammed was not a man of a cold nature, he had seen how disaffection spread in the ranks of his supporters through the machinations of the Coreitza, how nearly they had imperilled the success of his mission the fierce passages upbraiding the stiff-necked people

¹⁰ "When the Bedawi flies from you, beware!" is an old desert maxim.

surged up in his mind. Even as they had endeavoured * to compass the death of Isa, even as they had scorned the breath of God in earlier days, so now they scorned God's apostle, and had endeavoured to betray him into the hands of the idolaters. Without waiting to rest after the fatigues of the defence of the fosse, Mohammed called on the Moslems to follow him in quest of vengeance.

The Coreitza were surrounded in their castle, and closely besieged; they surrendered without asking or hoping for mercy. The women and children were sold into captivity; the men perhaps nine hundred in number given a brief but perhaps just trial. Sad, a chief of Medina, sorely wounded in battle, was chosen as judge. Nearly at the point of death he was carried to the spot where the Jewish prisoners were assembled. The people of Medina urged mercy; the Jews knelt bound in rows, silent, submissive, yet unafraid. Sad paused; and then with almost his latest breath condemned the unhappy wretches to death. Mohammed, who at times could be kindly and gentle, was now merciless and inexorable. A single man was spared in that he was innocent of the crime; the remainder were beheaded company by company until not one remained. If there had been waverers before in Medina they had no place there now; by bravery, by oratory, by argument and now by bloodshed, Mohammed had at last accomplished unity.

* Mohammed thought the crucifixion was a divinely achieved delusion of the Jews.

MARK SYKES.

(To be continued)

"The Bereavement"

THIS autumn from my home I travelled far
Adown the bronzed vineyards of the Rhine
To Baden, where a family I found
With whom for many a peaceful month I dwelled,
Cheered with all friendliness, and kindly thought
To make a stranger deem himself at home.
There hung upon the wall two photographs:
A man the one, his wife and child the other.
My host one evening saw me look at them
With wonder who they were, so thus began:
"An English family, my greatest friends,
You see—the man full eighteen years ago
At Heidelberg I met, where in a school
English he taught, then poor and all unknown.
By industry and talent wealth and fame
He earned, meantime he married to the wife,
Whose likeness there you see. A boy was born,
To both great joy, soon changed to grief: the babe
Upon the threshold of his childhood died.
As if to recompense their loss a girl
Was born soon after; 'twas the child you see,
Standing beside her mother. So he spoke;
And then continuing told the piteous tale
That, with what words I may, I here relate.
The only child, she was, you may be sure,
The embodied Hope and Joy and Worth of Life
To both her parents. All the universe
Turned about her. The very sun would climb
The eastern sky at dawn with hastier step,
To shine on her. In spring-time, for the child

To cull her nosegays, blossoms would burst forth
 About the meadows earlier than their wont.
 A double rapture in the lark's glad song
 The parents seemed to hear, when she was by.
 Nor deem such fancies fond, Love weighs the world
 In other scales than cold impartial thought;
 And, truth to tell, she was a lovely child:
 Nor fairer was her form than was the soul
 That tabernacled there—a hidden sun,
 To beam forth light and warmth on all around,
 For many a year Mary—so call the child—
 Grew like a lily in a garden close.
 When she was eight years old, her parents first
 Brought her to Baden, where each summer-time
 They visited my host. Six following years
 She came, each summer seemed a fairer flower,
 And closer twined about her mother's heart.
 Mother and daughter so were linked, that one
 Without the other scarce seemed self-complete
 Or wholly happy. Almost every day
 The pair would ramble in the neighbouring woods,
 The father and my host at work the while.
 Sometimes they climbed the Merour, by the way
 Stopping to rest upon one rustic seat
 Beside the path. The view is wondrous fair.
 Far, far below, down in the valley, lies
 The town of Baden, gathered 'neath the tower
 Of her old church. The scene is framed with pines
 That cluster thick beneath in darkest shade
 Pierced only by stray sunbeams here and there.
 Nor does the noisy clamour of the town
 Up here annoy the silence of the woods,
 Subdued by distance to a slumbrous murmur,
 As 'twere the hum of bees o'er beds of flowers.
 Here, as they gazed, their very souls passed forth
 Into the scene, inoned with that they saw.

The whisper of the wind among the pines
 Charmed to forgetfulness of all beside,
 Until the mellow chiming of the hour,
 Borne from the church below, dissolved the spell.
 Another day would see them hand in hand
 Upon the Felsen. Thence a wider view
 Was theirs—below their feet the trees outspread;
 Beyond the mountains, rising range on range,
 Clad with a robe of beech and pine, to meet
 The far horizon with their loftiest heights.
 But on the other side the plain lay spread
 Till lost in misty distance, where the spire
 Of Strasburg's minster scarce was visible;
 And here and there a gleaming reach of Rhine
 Flashed out amidst the level green. Below
 The sandstone rock fell sheer down to the wood,
 Bare-breasted, save where to some jutting ledge
 A fir-tree clung. The girl perchance recalled
 How yester-morn, early awaked, she saw
 These same stern crags glow with the sun's first rays
 And blush above the woodland like a rose.
 But ofttest and with most delight they walked
 —Mother and child—up to a village near.
 Their path ran underneath the forest edge,
 A shady walk e'en on the hottest days.
 A rivulet flowed down beside the way,
 Sometimes indeed with trickle all but mute,
 But after rain the cool, refreshing sound
 Of water gushing down from pool to pool
 Rose from the stream, and filled the leaves above.
 Beyond, a pasture of lush meadow-grass,
 Besprent with flowers, clomb up the mountain-side;
 A glade, as many in these forests are,
 Sunny and silent, like an emerald set
 Amidst the darker woods that close it round.
 So came they nigh the village that they sought:

Ebersteinbourg the name. High up it lay,
 Between two wooded mountains, grouped around
 A little Gothic church of white and brown.
 About the village all is orchard-land,
 A wonder sight of blossoms every spring.
 Later the heavy-laden branches hang
 Low o'er the green-sward, or across the way
 Down which a cumbrous wain, by oxen drawn,
 Oft creaks. Beneath the trees at every turn
 The traveller finds a cross or little shrine,
 To lift his thoughts a moment from the earth,
 Fair though it be, to Him who made it so,
 In gratitude and adoration raised.
 Just where the woodland and the orchards meet
 Beside the road, beneath some walnut-trees
 There stands an ancient crucifix. 'Tis carved
 Rudely enow and the expression quaint,
 Yet oft the happy pair would seek it out,
 And standing opposite, would look and breathe
 A simple prayer. Perchance the elder sought
 Of Him who, having made the world so good,
 All beautiful abode of innocence,
 Redeemed it, fallen under curse, by pains
 And death thus bitter, that in happiness
 She might remember that He bore the cross,
 And for His sake feel with her fellows called
 To taste His mystic chalice. But the girl
 Would thank Our Saviour for His love so great,
 Would ask all blessings for her parents dear
 And pray that she might daily love Him more,
 Daily approach Him nearer, and at last
 Dwell with Him in far fairer land than this.
 Such simple prayers with thankful praises blent
 Would they repeat within the little church,
 Kneeling before the altar where the God
 Who shaped the beauty all around them lay,

His only outward state the little lamp
 That glimmered in the silence. On the wall
 Hangs a rude picture of a Scottish saint,*
 A royal youth who as a shepherd lived,
 So runs the story, and is now invoked
 By all the shepherds of these foreign parts,
 By his own countrymen forgotten quite.
 Here is he painted praying 'midst his flock
 That gaze upon him in mute reverence,
 While light Divine streams down upon his face.
 This homely picture to the girl was dear.
 Nor was it less delight to kneel in prayer
 Where, on the altar decked about with flowers,
 An image stands of Saint Elizabeth,
 Her bosom filled with roses changed from loaves,
 To teach the worshippers that little acts
 Of loving-kindness, done in Christ's dear Name,
 Are roses strewn about the ways of life.
 Ended their prayer, mother and child returned,
 Or by the brook and glade, or higher up
 Among the beeches, or, if time enow,
 By longer paths through pasture or through woods.
 Thus sped the summers by until the last
 Had ended. On a sunny autumn day
 For the last time they walked beside the stream,
 Came to the cross, prayed in the village church.
 Therein, as on the way, they lingered long.
 Perchance some dim suspicion touched their hearts,
 That ne'er again should they behold these scenes
 So dear. As they returned, the setting sun
 Purpled the hills, seen dimly through the stems
 Of pillared beeches, rising rank on rank,
 Far up the slope, gold-roofed from golden floor,
 Next day the three left Baden and their friend
 With promise to return the following year,

*St. Wendelin.

And went once more back to their English home.

Next summer came, and in the forest-glades
Of Baden blossomed once again the flowers:
The beeches wore new garb of tenderest green:
The birds sang out their souls in joyous trill
Among the foliage: burden to their songs,
The hum of bees about the clover blooms,
Where brightest lay the sunbeams on the grass.
But not again the mother and the girl
Walked by the brook or up the mountain-side.
The farmer saw them not beside the cross,
Among his orchards, as in former years.
The girl far hence beside the banks of Thames,
Under the shadow of a grey church-tower,
Beneath an alder, in her grave was laid.
The mother all too desolate for tears
Sat in a stony silence, grief benumbed,
Save for a passing breath half sigh, half prayer.
Before her, life lay black as starless night:
Within her heart the hollow of the tomb.
At last some thoughts of comfort came to her,
That Mary now, or soon at least, were blest
Among the Angels, happy with her Lord,
And by a heavenly Mother dearly loved,
Who early thus had called her to Herself.
There would she speed the time with powerful prayer
Of innocence, till they should meet above,
Ne'er to be parted for eternity.

Three years passed by. Once more to Baden came
The father and the mother, though but loath,
Pressed by the invitations of my host.
But in the house the wife all day would keep,
Nor would she ever go amongst the woods.
"I cannot go," she said, "for I should see

The glade we loved, the bench we rested on,
With the fair view on which so oft we looked:
Should hear the tinkling music of the stream,
More dreadful to my ear than shrieks of pain,
Should pass the cross—O urge it not," she cried.
"The forest, once so fair, were now a rack;
And every rock or tree a torturer,
To wrench my anguished soul with cruel pangs
Of memory. I will not, cannot go."

Hard by the entrance of the town there stands
A little chapel nigh a crucifix;
A peaceful shrine, and little visited,
Save when some passer-by comes in to pray.
To Mary is the chapel dedicate,
Mother of Grace, but grace obtained through grief.
As shews an image on the altar set,
The sole adornment of that simple shrine:
'Tis Mary o'er the Saviour's body bowed,
Sum, emblem, comfort of all human woe.
Full oft at early morn or eventide
The market-women on their homeward way,
Or peasants back returning from the town,
Who entered for an AVE, as they passed,
Would see a lady kneeling there in prayer—
Her eyes were fixed upon the Pieta;
Tears on her cheek, but in her heart was peace.

Never again to Baden will she come;
But to my host's three children year by year
At Christmas-time she sends such little gifts
As children love, or toys, or childish books,
Chosen with how much pain we well may guess—
Mindful perchance of Saint Elizabeth,
And that her Mary now with her hath joy.

E. J. W.

F 2

Mr. John Shakespeare and Son

Two small pamphlets on the Bacon-Shakespeare question, exhibited in a shop window at Oxford, commend themselves to the public by having the name of a Jesuit Father on the title-page—the Rev. George O'Neill, M.A. They proved to be, as one expected, well written and well informed, judicial rather than controversial in manner, and, as I think, logical and sane, even where not altogether convincing. Father O'Neill does not openly set out to prove the Baconian authorship of the plays and poems. But as, in the first pamphlet, published in 1909, the writer aims to convince his readers that Bacon *could* have written what we call Shakespeare, and, in the second, a Lecture delivered before the Royal Dublin Society in 1911, he entertains his hearers with a forbidding enumeration of the difficulties that beset the old Shakespeare tradition, we may take it that, whether he himself is prepared to commit himself to the Bacon hypothesis or not, he is very anxious to recommend it to others. His attitude, be it admitted, is rather that of a judge stating a case than of a barrister advocating a cause. But to bring forward evidence, first, that Bacon could write the plays and may therefore have done so, and secondly that Shakespeare couldn't and didn't, at the same time neither presenting nor accepting anyone else as a possible competitor, is practically to demand a verdict in Lord Bacon's favour.

Already, in a former article, I have made confession of my regretful conviction that the ancient Shakespeare tradition, though still so stoutly defended by Dr. Sidney Lee and others, is rapidly losing favour and, is indeed so far discredited that to handle it rudely can no longer

be reckoned an unpardonable offence. With increase of age it has grown less venerable, less respectable and less satisfying; long and patient research has brought to light certain new and disturbing facts which have necessitated a thorough reconsideration of the value and significance of the old ones. Individual sceptics there always have been and must be; no truth is so evident that it can escape denial, nor is any faith so convincing as to be secure from heresy. The old Stratford tradition has been challenged at intervals all along through the centuries since Shakespeare's death, but now the unbelievers are become a strong, numerous and resolute faction, with men of distinction and able scholars at the head of it. Some years back, Dr. Sidney Lee wrote a life of Shakespeare, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, from the point of view that there was no such thing as a problem concerning the authorship of the plays; for doing so he was universally commended and declared to be deserving of the nation's gratitude. Recently, the editors of the Cambridge edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* have found themselves compelled to devote a separate article to its discussion. The Stratford shrine is not yet deserted; but many of those who ten years ago bowed before it and said with Ben Jonson, "I love the man and do honour to his memory on this side idolatry as much as any," now turn away their faces; others less timid bend their knees elsewhere. Nevertheless, though I have been for a long while disenchanted with the personality of Wm. Shakespeare of the New Place, Stratford, and for a few years have been first suspicious and then altogether sceptical of his identity with the writer of "Shakespeare," I feel it difficult to read even so temperate and reasoned a statement of the case against him as Fr. O'Neill's without the disposition to quarrel with it. Some reverence towards the old idol lingers with me still, and there is heat enough in the smouldering ashes of the one-time bigoted and partisan spirit for even a breath of exaggeration or a gesture of

intolerance to set it aglow. Affection is not extinguished by the knowledge that it has been wasted on a wrong and unworthy object. But, indeed, so many harsh things are being written to-day about the Stratford idol, by his so-called friends as well as his foes, that it has become almost a duty to challenge any harsh word or unamiable assertion that may damage the remainder of his reputation. Being, therefore, in the mood to quarrel, let me begin with an attack upon myself.

On page 120 of the last volume of the *Journal*, I wrote the words: "Side by side in the register of marriage (by licence) of Wm. Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, on the 28th of November, 1582, there is the entry of the marriage of another Wm. Shakespeare with one, Anne Wateley, on the 27th of November, 1582, both from the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon." This is a very inaccurate statement. Clearly I have mis-read or mis-interpreted or mis-remembered a too brief statement of the well-known facts. Neither entry is in a register of marriage at all. The true story is this. A few years ago there was found in Bishop Whitgift's Register of *Licences*, preserved in the Diocesan Registry, Worcester, an entry on the 27th of November, 1582: "Item eodem die similis emanavit licencia inter Wm. Shaxpere et Annam Wateley de Temple Grafton." But, as long ago as 1836, a bond, dated 28th of November, 1582, had been discovered in the same Registry, telling that "the right Reverend Father in God Lord John (Whitgift) bishop of Worcester and his officers" licenced "William Shaxpere one th' one partie and Anne Hathway of Stratford in the Dioces of Worcester maiden" to be married together "with once asking of the bannes of matrimony." We are told, therefore, as the reader will perceive, of the grant of two licences on succeeding days of the same month of the same year, in one of which the parties to the marriage contract are Wm. Shaxpere and Anne Wateley of Temple Grafton, and in the other, Wm. Shaxpere and Anne Hathway; but

we are not told of any marriage or marriages which resulted from the grant of these licences. The registers of all the likely and most of the unlikely churches of the neighbourhood have been searched in vain for either one or the other marriage entry. Notice—it is important—that the records of the licences are not "side by side" in any register or document. If they had been, we should have only two theories to consider: either (1) there were two separate couples, two William Shakespeares contracted severally to Anne Wateley and Anne Hathaway; or (2) two distinct contracts in which a certain William Shakespeare got leave to marry in a hurry first one young lady (Anne Wateley) on November 27th, and then, the day following, November 28th, got leave to marry another young lady (Anne Hathaway) equally in a hurry—a condition of affairs which suggests, not that Wm. S. was a young man who could change his mind in record time, but that the arrangement with Miss Wateley of Temple Grafton was a runaway affair, and would have come off, but that Anne Hathaway's friends caught up the absconding party on the post, and forced him unwillingly to do the lady justice. (This is the most commonly accepted conjecture, and is supported by the disparity of age between the parties, Wm. Shakespeare being eighteen and Anne Hathaway twenty-six.) But, as it is, with licence and bond separate and dissimilar documents, the way is opened to other conjectures. By custom, if not in strict law, it was required for each licence that a bond should be executed which would save the grantors (the bishop and his officers) from any trouble and expense should lawsuits and feuds afterwards arise from it. In the case of Wm. Shakespeare and Anne Wateley we have record that a licence was granted and no evidence of the execution of the bond; in the case of Wm. Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, we have the bond signed and delivered, but no record of a licence in the Register. May not, therefore, the licence of November 27th

and the bond of November 28th refer to the same transaction, the one being the proper and customary complement of the other? Many legal and other authorities incline to this view, in spite of the fact that the bond, to be of force, should precede the licence and not come after it. They account for the differences in dates and names by the usual ingenious suppositions. Mistakes of figures, they say, count for nothing; such things are as plentiful as blackberries; to transpose the two parts of one transaction or write down a wrong date is as easy as lying; besides we do find instances of bonds executed after the licence has been granted and the parties are happily or unhappily married—just as we find the doors of cages carefully fastened after the birds are flown. Then, where one irregularity (of date) is detected we may almost count on finding a second irregularity (Wheateley for Hathaway), and the man who has made two such blunders must be admitted to be capable of perpetrating the third blunder (writing Temple Grafton instead of Stratford-on-Avon). Or, they say, a badly-written "Hathway" might chance to look to a hasty transcriber like "Wheateley"; each word has "hat" in it towards the beginning and "ey" at the end; so also, "Temple Grafton" and "Stratford-on-Avon" both finish up with "on." Or, again, the careless scribe may have been thinking of a young person called Wheateley when he ought to have been thinking only of Miss Hathaway and his pen followed automatically the current of his mind; in the same way he may have set down "Temple Grafton" through hearing mention of the church where that or any other marriage might, could, would or should take place. Or—this is seriously proposed and defended as a probable explanation—Anne Wheateley of Temple Grafton may have been an alias or pet name of Anne Hathaway of Stratford-on-Avon, and Shakespeare, wanting to take a bond of fate and make assurance of his marriage doubly sure, took out a licence under both names—if, indeed, he did not actually marry his wife separately

under each appellation. Accepting this last supposition as a possible solution of the mystery, and supposing (with many of the soundest commentators) that previous to the licences there had been a pre-contract—which, though valid, needed yet to be afterwards more fully legalized by a public ceremony—we should have to believe that William Shakespeare, aged 18, and Anne Wheateley-Hathaway of Temple-Stratford-cum-Grafton-on-Avon were tied together by a triple knot and thrice blessed: once without licence and twice with "bushop" Whitgift's sanction. One who has a taste for the modern style of Shakespearean higher criticism should be able to find, sprinkled throughout the plays, cryptic allusions to this triple affair in plenty, enough to convince any man who particularly wants to believe in it; e.g. "the *thrice*-crowned queen"; "they *thrice* presented him a kingly crown"; "*thrice* blessed" and *thrice* the converse; "*three* times the brindled cat hath mewed"; Master Slender's description of his fencing bout, "*three* veneya for a dish of stewed prunes"; and all the other threes and thrice and triplets to be found in the concordance.

Perhaps Dr. Sidney Lee's refusal to accept as probable the double error of Anne Wheateley of Temple Grafton for Anne Hathaway of Stratford-on-Avon will encourage our readers to reject these last conjectures in the lump; and the expression of his conviction that the licence registered on November 27th was granted to one William Shakespeare who married Anne Wheateley, whilst the licence protected by the bond of November 28th was granted to another William Shakespeare who married Anne Hathaway, will help them to make up their minds in the way mine has already been made up. And hence the conjecture presented in my former article, founded on the supposition of two Williams and two weddings, may be left undisturbed.

Allusion has been made to a possible pre-contract between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. Such a pre-contract would have been a valid marriage in law,

not needing to be re-made or mended, but merely confirmed and publicly substantiated, by the licence and subsequent church ceremony; and it would, as I think, have been more generally adopted as the best, most probable and, certainly, most generous explanation of the child born six months after the issue of the licence, if it had not lent itself to the suspicion that the Shakespeares must have been Catholics. Nothing, indeed, that deserves to be called proof, has been adduced in its favour. But it has the merit of fitting in admirably with the established facts. John Shakespeare and his household held a foremost place among the Stratford families in public estimation. Before his bankruptcy, he had filled in succession each of the notable municipal offices, ending his public career as High Bailiff and Head Alderman of Stratford—the former the equivalent of Mayor. Even after his headlong fall into poverty we find him entrusted by the Corporation with public business of importance. Moreover, when, in the next century, the English literary world began to be curious about Shakespeare's history, and Aubrey, D'Avenant, Betterton and others busied themselves in collecting what fragments of traditions lay on the surface about the country-side, among such dregs of ill-natured gossip as they got together—"the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones"—we do not find anything that casts reflection on the marriage,—no innuendo, no faintest hint that all was not as respectable and proper as it should have been. Had there been a scandal, some trace of it would surely have been unearthed; such things are long-lived, and even when dead their remains are almost indestructible, especially if embedded (as Shakespeare's would have been) in the pious memory of a Puritan generation. Hence there is room for the inference of a legal pre-contract—if it can be shown that such informal marriages were in vogue at the time. Two such pre-contracts—not differing greatly from our Scotch marriages—are cited by J. W. Gray as having been

brought before the Consistory Court at Worcester (in 1584-5 and in 1585-6), in each of which a definitive sentence was pronounced in favour of its legality. In another similar London case, before the Court of Audience, after sentence had been given that the parties were lawful husband and wife, the husband, John Kidder, petitioned (November 25th, 1598) for a licence to repeat the ceremony in a church. The pre-contract was, therefore, not unknown at the date of Shakespeare's licence in November 1582. Whether such marriages were a common practice we do not know. Those brought before the Courts are not many. But it is evident from the cases reported that even the lower classes were aware of their legality, and there will have been other unreported cases which were not thought to need justification; concerning which there was no reasonable doubt, or no possibility of denial, and, therefore, no likelihood of testamentary trouble.

Shakespeare (the writer of the plays) was well aware of the nature and legal value of the pre-contract, better than are (or were) the legal luminaries of our modern days. The marriage of Bertram and Helena in *Alf's Well that Ends Well* (Act II, Sc. 3) is a description of such a contract. We find Claudio in *Measure for Measure* (Act I, Sc. 2) saying: "Upon a true contract . . . she is fast my wife, save that we do the denunciation lack of outward order." It is true that in these instances the dramatist is describing events supposed to have been enacted in a foreign country and in older times. But Shakespeare's law is that of the English courts of his own day. He knew no other. Repeating, therefore, that in all that has been said there is no *proof* of a pre-contract in the Shakespeare-Hathaway case, I venture to claim that the conjecture is as likely to be the true explanation of the known facts of the marriage as the more generally accepted conjecture—also a mere guess at the truth—that there had been misconduct, and that Shakespeare was called upon by the Hathaway family to make

amends for it by marriage. Hence Fr. O'Neill, in my opinion, is hasty in asserting that he "married *unwillingly*, at the age of eighteen, a girl seven years his senior." Let us think as charitably of the parties as we can.

If, indeed, it were proved that the Shakespeares, father and son, were Catholics, then the pre-contract not only may be postulated as a theory, but should be asserted as a sure, though unrecorded, fact. It was then as much against the law to which every Catholic gives his primal obedience that he should not be married in a Protestant church by Protestant clergymen, as it is now. With Catholics the usual course is for the true marriage to be pre-contracted according to their own rite and then that the marriage shall be legalized by a form or ceremony recognized by the State. Mr. Gray tells of a licence issued, in Shakespeare's time, from the Diocesan Registry at Worcester (1571), to members of two well-known Catholic families, Francis Throckmorton and Anne Sutton (alias Dudley). No one will doubt that in this case there had been a pre-contract blessed by a Catholic priest. Unfortunately, though we may have a logical right to assume, in the case of a known Catholic, that there had been a pre-contract according to the Catholic custom before the legal performance, we may not logically assume that the likelihood of a pre-contract is presumptive evidence that the parties were Catholics. Yet Fr. Sebastian Bowden was justified in adducing the circumstances of Shakespeare's marriage as favouring his theory that Shakespeare was a Catholic. They fit in with it as though they belong to it, or as though they were fashioned by it—as a medal fits into its mould.

So, also, does the discovery of John Shakespeare's name (William's father) in a list of recusants preserved at Warwick Castle (found also in a list returned by Sir Thomas Lucy to the Privy Council towards the end of the year 1592), and the same John Shakespeare's concurrent bankruptcy or, more

correctly, reduction to a state of complete penury. The Stratford Records picture him to us as a prosperous tradesman until the year 1577. He became High Bailiff in 1568; was Head Alderman in 1571; bought two houses with gardens and orchards in 1575, and all is well with him for two more years (1577). Then began a rapid decline. We are told of an exemption in his case from the payment of a tax towards "the furniture of three pikemen, ij billmen and one archer"; we find mention that he is £5 in debt; that he is excused the alderman's weekly alms for the poor; that he began to be absent from the Council meetings (1578). Then he failed to pay the general levy for the purchase of arms; mortgaged a small estate for £40; conveyed his interest in two houses at Snitterfield to Robert Webbe; was absent from all the Council meetings (1579). In 1586, it is stated that he has no goods upon which distraint can be made and his place as alderman and member of the Council is filled up by another; apparently he is forced to live for the rest of his life on the earnings of his children. What brought about this sudden change from wealth to beggary? Did anything happen in 1577 which would affect his fortunes? Yes; in that year John Whitgift was installed as Bishop of Worcester, and of him we know that he was the strictest administrator of the law in his day, and that, according to Strype, he was "busied about the examination of such as were papists." Consecrated at Worcester in 1577, the very year when John's career of prosperity met with its first check, he remained there until the year 1583, what time poor Shakespeare had nothing left he could call his own. The fine for non-attendance at the church services was £20 a month, the equivalent of about £160 at the present day. We cannot doubt that so great an extortion would quickly strip the rich burgess of all his possessions and leave him destitute. Does not this conjecture also fit in with the known facts as closely as a medal fits into its mould?

The Rev. T. Carter has claimed that these same facts

prove that Shakespeare was a Puritan; the Puritans suffered for their conformity under the same penal laws as the Catholics. This might have been admitted but that, as Dr. Sidney Lee points out, "the circumstance that he was the first bailiff to encourage actors to visit Stratford is . . . conclusive proof that his religion was not that of the contemporary Puritan, whose hostility to all forms of dramatic representations was one of his most persistent characteristics." It has also been objected that in the return of the Warwickshire recusants Shakespeare's place is found among the nine of whom it is remarked: "Wee suspect these nyne personns next ensuinge absent themselves for feare of processes" (of debt). John Shakespeare, as we have seen, was grievously in debt at that time (1592), and liable to arrest for it; doubtless he pleaded this disability as an excuse for his recusancy. But what was it thrust him, when at the height of his fortunes, headlong into a state of insolvency and held him tied down there?

It has, perhaps, crossed the reader's mind, as it did mine, that Mr. John Shakespeare—he is dignified with the gentle prefix in the recusant list, whilst most of his compeers are plain Rychard, Tho. and Hy.—may not have been the illiterate rustic Fr. O'Neill assumes him to have been. Our ideas of the Stratford burgess are prejudiced from familiarity with the caricatures of him in Shakespeare's plays. It would be unwise, however, for us to take Mr. Justice Shallow and Master Slender, or write-me-down-an-ass Dogberry, as current types of the country personage and village official; the dramatist has exercised the satirist's privilege of humorous exaggeration. Anyway, Mr. John Shakespeare was elected by his fellows to offices which called for intelligence and business capacity. Moreover these offices are of the kind which usually demand a knowledge of figures, some skill in keeping books, and, perhaps, an elementary acquaintance with rural law and custom. After serving as constable in 1558, he was

appointed "afferor, or assessor of penalties not set down by statute." When acting as Chamberlain, in 1562, he was responsible for the accounts, and the heading of those of 1556 runs thus: "The Account of William Tylor and William Smythe, chamburlens, made by John Shakspeyr,"—a suggestion, to say the least, that the account had been drawn up by him and written with his own hand. In 1568, he presided over the Council meeting and the Court of Record. After his bankruptcy, the Corporation, in 1592, employed him to assist in valuing the goods of "Henry Feelde lat of Stratford-uppon-Avon," and in 1601, the Records tell us, he "assisted in preparing the case for Counsel in an action brought against the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon respecting the Toll-corn." It was apparently his usual practice to sign his name with a cross. This certainly indicates a want of skill in penmanship. But it is no evidence that he could not read, nor, indeed, that he was unable to write his name. Even in these days of compulsory attendance at school and cheap writing materials, there are men, as our experience teaches us, who read newspapers and books with profit and pleasure, yet profess themselves unable to write. They were, perhaps, awkward with their pen and pencil at school; upon leaving they ceased to make use of them; then, completely out of practice, conscious of their clumsiness and shy to display it before others, they choose to profess ignorance of the art and refuse to put pen to paper. So a man with a defective ear for music or defective training will excuse himself from attempting a song, and declare (what is not exactly true) that he has no voice and cannot tell "God save the King" from "Pop goes the Weasel." We are, I believe, warranted in asserting that a dissociation of the arts of reading and writing was very frequent in those old days when cheap stationery was unknown and it was as easy to send a message by word of mouth as to write it down in a letter and have it carried to its destination by

hand. No loss of self-respect followed upon making one's mark instead of laboriously scrawling a signature; it was then a common practice—the prevailing fashion. When witnessed, the cross was as good in law and as secure from forgery as the clearest of signatures. I am confident that many who made use of it were in no sense illiterate. Also, speaking by the book, I am confident that we do the rural folk of olden times an injustice when we disparage their intelligence, and think of them as dull-witted, bovine and untaught, because they did not have our boasted advantages—the multitudinous school-books, free libraries, halfpenny newspapers, and sixpenny classics that, we think, make life worth living. Fr. O'Neill ventures the statement that "of the nineteen aldermen of Stratford, thirteen, including William's father, could neither read nor write. It is well to bear these untaught civic dignitaries in mind when anyone tells us wonderful things about the range and depth of the studies pursued at Stratford School." Without telling any wonderful tales about the range and depth of the studies pursued at Stratford School, it is permissible to question the validity of the evidence which is supposed to prove thirteen out of the nineteen aldermen unable to read or write. He then goes on to say: "Whatever were the merits of the grammar school, as regards William's having received even an hour's instruction there, there is a total and notable lack of evidence." The "total" lack of evidence I admit freely; the "notable" one I deny. The lack of evidence could only become notable by being exceptional in the individual case. There is the same total lack of evidence about all and each of the other Stratford boys. The truth is, we know practically nothing about the attendance at the school at all. William is as likely to have gone there as anybody else, more likely than most because of his father's position. He continues: "Books at home would have been quite out of the question in the house of the illiterate and bankrupt

parents"—clearly a mistake; John Shakespeare was not bankrupt till after 1579 when William was fifteen and could have had several years of schooling; whether John was illiterate or not we do not really know. Fr. O'Neill then says: "The first English Grammar was not published till Shakespeare was long past boyhood" (an admission that in this he was as well off, or as badly off, at Stratford as he would have been elsewhere, then: "He must have grown up unacquainted with any language (if we exclude the possibility of some Latin at the school) other, than the rustic provincial English spoken around Stratford itself." In every sentence of this detailed depreciation of William son of John's bringing up, there is a tone of exaggeration—a strained pitch of voice which, to my ear, rings untrue. The English spoken by the aldermen of a provincial town like Stratford was, in all probability, more closely akin to that of the Court, both in pronunciation and in the use of word and phrase, than is the speech of a present day north-country town-councillor to that of an Oxford don. It is telling no wonderful tale of Stratford School to say that it was not of the fabled horn-book and birch-rod variety, but an average specimen of the Elizabethan secondary school. When William was of school age (in 1570) the master was Walter Roche, an ex-fellow of Corpus Christi College Oxford, and his successor Simon Hunt, as the Bishop of Worcester's licence testifies, was a Bachelor of Arts, Thomas Hunt, another Stratford schoolmaster of Shakespeare's day, was promoted to a curacy at Luddington. Such men should have known something of their business and have been able to teach reasonably well—were even likely to give their pupils some instruction in reading and writing and speaking their native tongue as well as "some Latin." At any rate, whether William went to school or not, he somehow learned to read his own language with understanding and to speak it with distinction—else he

never would have met with success, or even made a livelihood, as an actor. If we accept Fr. O'Neill's dictum that "he must have grown up unacquainted with any language other than the rustic provincial English spoken around Stratford itself," this rustic provincial stuff served him well before critical London audiences and the royal Court at Windsor. But I do not see what good can come of wonderful tales either of his schooling or his non-schooling. I hold no brief for this William, son of Alderman John Shakespeare. He was certainly literate enough to con his lines and spout them effectively before cultured audiences. He was even able to set his name to a deed—if we may accept the legal evidence of his signatures. But, as I wrote in the former article, these scant examples of his penmanship are such clumsy, painful efforts, so clearly, as I think, the work of an unpractised hand, that I am inclined to class him among those who could read with ease but could hardly write at all—not well enough, certainly, to be thought the facile, rapid, prolific composer of the Shakespeare poems and plays.

There is very much more I should like to say, but it is time to draw to a close. I hope I have not written unkindly of Fr. O'Neill's little pamphlet. My disposition, at the present time, is to quarrel with everything anybody writes about Shakespeare facts and theories. In my former article I wrote: "We have the book we call Shakespeare. What else matters?" I cannot say that now. Everything matters. Meddle once with the Bacon hypothesis (or any other) and sobriety of judgment and wise indifference are lost virtues. An imperfect intonation or an overstrained emphasis in a book or pamphlet treating of the problem jars the nerves and makes one inclined to mutter a something soothing to oneself, or to shout a contradiction for everybody to hear and take note of. I have not yet, I think, reached the state when the comfortable content of the public with the ancestral tradition is felt as a personal

grievance. But I do feel that, because of my loss of respect towards our national idol, William of the New Place, Stratford, son of John Shakespeare, alderman, I am become little better than one of the wicked—the puzzle-hunting, cryptogramaniacal disciples of Lord Bacon.

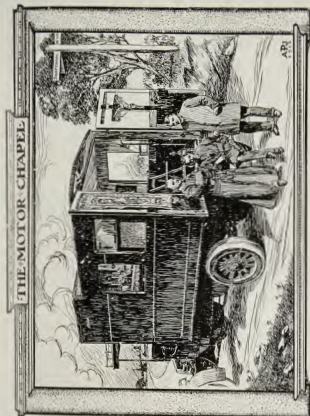
J. C. A.

The Motor Mission in East Anglia

LAST summer considerable interest was aroused by the Motor Mission which the Catholic Missionary Society undertook in the Eastern Counties. Like all new ventures it evoked much criticism, on the whole favourable, but partly adverse. Now that six months have elapsed it may be of interest to undertake an estimate of the enterprise.

The idea occurred to Dr. Vaughan that something similar to the Train-Chapel of America could be attempted in England. In America, where the distances are so great, a train is equipped as a chapel, and taken into the remote parts of the country, where there is no resident priest nor permanent church. The English equivalent of the Train-Chapel is a Motor-Chapel, seeing the distances are considerably less. It is a complete little chapel placed bodily on a motor-chassis. The interior is painted white, and is adorned with a beautiful altar. The reredos of the altar is made up of pictures of Our Lady, St. Gregory, and St. Augustine. It is thoroughly compact, and every part is utilized. Beneath the altar table are drawers for vestments; the predella can be raised, and there is room for two camp-beds; each part of the floor can be taken up, and beneath is a considerable space for literature. As the doors of the Chapel are unfolded there are exhibited to one's view an exquisite tapestry of Our Lady and a handsome cross from Ober-Ammergau. There are four prie-dieus inside, which can be used equally well as kneelers or chairs. Twelve people can be accommodated inside; and the speed of the car ranges from fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

The method of procedure in the actual campaign was as



follows. A number of small townships of a few thousand inhabitants were chosen, where there was no permanent Catholic church nor resident priest. The most commodious hall in each place was hired for a week; and large posters with the head-line: "Know Popery," were placed in all parts of the towns proclaiming the coming of the Motor-Chapel, with the name of the lecturer and the subjects to be treated of. All were invited to place questions on points of Catholic doctrine or practice in a question-box at the end of the hall, to be answered the night following their insertion.

The advent of the Motor-Chapel at once aroused public interest, and captured the attention of the town. The Chapel was usually housed in the yard of the hotel where the Missionaries were accommodated.

The Kensitites and Protestant Alliance tried to divert attention, and to hamper the proceedings. They only served as a cheap advertisement; the only audiences they attracted were composed of noisy youths; and their methods were in such glaring contrast to those of the Missionaries as to evoke universal comment.

Audiences varying from one hundred to six hundred gathered each night to listen to the answers given to the questions, and to the lecture given by some prominent preacher. On the platform were gathered a number of priests and laymen, each of whom took a turn in answering questions.

The people came at first out of curiosity; then their interest was aroused, and as the days went by they grew enthusiastic.

As the priests and lay visitors went round from house to house they were received with almost unfailing kindness; flowers were sent by non-Catholics to adorn the altar, and many regrets were expressed when the day of departure came.

Each morning a picturesque scene presented itself in the

courtyard of the hotel. At break of day a number of Masses were celebrated in the Chapel. Around the Chapel kneeling on the ground were gathered a little body of worshippers. Some were there, who had not seen a priest or heard Mass for long years, and whose emotion was visible as once more they heard the tiny Sanctus bell sound as the Holy Sacrifice proceeded, bringing back memories of their early days.

But it is little use to stir up a few days' fervour, and to awaken doubts and misgivings in the minds of many, if the whole thing is to be but a nine days' wonder. Church extension is an absolute necessity, if permanent good is to be done.

This necessity was recognized from the beginning by the Bishops of the dioceses, the Catholic Missionaries and the neighbouring priests. Accordingly an effort was made by all concerned; and the readers of the monthly *Missionary Gazette* are aware of the generosity that has been shown to meet this need.

What are the net results? Permanent priests and chapels have been provided in Swaffham, Royston and March; Wymondham and East Dereham are provided with temporary chapels and visiting priests; Haverhill alone awaits the coming of a priest, where financial support has already been guaranteed. Thus the sanctuary lamp has been relit in five new places; and the numberless necessities, which the opening of a new chapel entails, have been more or less provided. A struggle lies before them all; but an encouraging start has been made.

To test these results a visit was paid by the present writer to Swaffham a few weeks ago, and proved a delightful experience. One is at once struck by the respect and reverence shown to a priest by the passers by. The children have caught hold of some of the Catholic hymns; and the familiar strains of "Faith of our Fathers" sometimes meet the ear as one goes about the town. Nearly

two hundred people gathered for the Sunday evening service. It is no idle curiosity that brings them now. They have been coming Sunday after Sunday for six months. They sing the hymns with the ring of heartfelt devotion; they listen to the sermon with close attention; and their reverence at Benediction is very remarkable. They are now having another week's mission, and no doubt many will be gathered into the Church.

This is not an isolated example. At Royston a beautiful little chapel has been opened to accommodate some sixty or seventy people; but the accommodation is already much too small, and many have to be reluctantly turned away, who are desirous of admittance.

Thus the Motor Missions have exceeded the most sanguine of expectations. They have served to shake up drowsy townships from the lethargy of absolute indifference to Catholicism, and to rivet their attention on its compelling claims. They have given a send-off to new outposts of the Faith, which all would have despaired of as forlorn hopes.

This experience of the past is the best encouragement for the future. Vast untrodden ways still lie before the Motor-Chapel; and it is confidently anticipated that each summer will see new incursions into the small townships and villages, where still no Catholic church exists.

It is premature to forecast the programme of the coming summer, but already the ground is being reconnoitered, and an extensive and successful tour is anticipated.

Church-extension, a necessary adjunct to these missions, has been carried out so successfully in America and Canada that there seems to be no reason that it should not be carried out in England on a proportionate scale to the extent of the ground to be covered, and the resources at our disposal. But, as this topic will be discussed in length in the coming Norwich Congress, by the leaders of the movement in America and Canada, it is too soon to say more about it now.

This experiment has shown us all that it is high time we came out into the open, and told our non-Catholic countrymen who we are and what we believe. Counsels less bold are only counsels of pessimism and despair. There are numberless difficulties, but these are only there to be overcome; there are objections, but these are swallowed up in the net results. If we wait till all the pessimists have had their say, and all the objections brushed aside, we will never begin.

In the meantime other inadequate forms of Christianity are loosing hold on their adherents, and people are drifting further and further away from us. To preach non-Catholic missions in the Protestant parts of Germany would be a mockery and a sham, because there is no foundation of Christianity; but whilst the sacred names of God and Christ are still a power in the land we have a golden opportunity to win non-Catholics to the faith. It is either now or never; and a huge obligation is devolved upon us all not only to keep the faith and profess it, but also to spread it amongst those "outside the gate."

JOSEPH H. HOWARD.

Obituary

BR. JOHN HALL, O.S.B. R.I.P.

On the 10th of April, in Easter week, the oldest member of St. Lawrence's, Br. John Hall, peacefully surrendered his soul into the hands of his Maker. For several years he had been waiting for death, neither longing for it nor fearing it, wishful to go on living as long as God should will it, but conscious of its near approach and ready to meet it cheerfully when the summons came to him. During the past five or six years he had suffered at times intense pain, but in the intervals between the paroxysms, he was so much his old quiet unobtrusive self that one was tempted to think him on the way to complete recovery. This he never believed possible, nor, perhaps, did he wish for it. It would be an exaggeration to say he rejoiced in his sufferings—there were moments when the pain seemed to him more than he could bear—but he never prayed nor hoped to be relieved of them. Indeed, he grew to the conviction that God was lengthening his life mercifully to shorten his Purgatory, and that it would be no use to him to go on living if he were freed from pain.

He was eighty-four years of age when he died. He was born, therefore, in the year 1828, and took the habit of a lay-brother in the year 1855. But he was only professed as an Oblate, making his vows from year to year. During this long life in Religion he had been that best and most useful member of a monastic home, the monk who has no ambition except to do as he is bid. He took up a duty and laid it down again with equal serenity at a word from his superior, and was just as happy and contented doing menial work as when he was managing the farm or had charge of the stables. What he undertook he did with conscientious care and with wise intelligence. He loved Ampleforth and had no interests outside its walls. At no time did he seem to have need or desire for a holiday

or change. Once, when he was young, his mother, a servant in the Royal household, sent for him—it was in 1851 during the Great London Exhibition—and he stayed for a week with her in Buckingham Palace. The wonder of the sights he saw on that great occasion never faded from his memory. Only one amusement had an attraction for him, and that was an occasional hour on the hillside with a gun after the rabbits which, if left in peace, would have become a pest. This was the one brief, occasional distraction of his later years. For the rest, his life was just an admirable observance of the monastic routine,—hours of earnest prayer mingled with hours of useful work, sweetened and sustained and sanctified by a wonderful devotion to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. R.I.P.

Notices of Books

Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. By Fr. Meschler, S.J. Translated by a Benedictine. Herder. Cloth, 5/- net.

We have become exacting to-day in what we require from the author of a Saint's life. He must leave behind in the reader's mind a portrait of the Saint as a whole and avoid the risk, especially in such a Saint as Aloysius, of our remembering only his excessive practices. He must show us the sweetness of asceticism as it really exists; make us value the principles of the higher life, of which the Saint is a tangible illustration; show us the growth from that littleness which we recognize in ourselves; and how difficulties have been overcome. He must make us love the Saint. The life of Aloysius, a worthy subject, is, we think, here worthily treated by the author, and he has been fortunate in his translator, the anonymous nun of the Princethorpe Community, the translator of Fr. Meschler's *Life of Christ*. The publishers, too, have got up the book with their usual good taste. The volume contains two portraits. The work was first published in Germany for the ter-centenary of the Saint's death in 1891, and the translation has been made from the tenth edition. The life is founded on the old Italian lives and the later process of canonization, and its value is enhanced by the use of Jorzi's collection of St. Aloysius' letters, published in 1889. The author's aim was not, he tells us, to write a scientific work but to provide for young readers a practical and edifying book. He has succeeded, we think, in giving the chief qualifications of both. The historical setting, the customs of Italian and Court life bring us into the Saint's immediate surroundings, and the Saint's own words, not infrequently inserted, into closer touch with himself. What is best in the old traditional lives of the Saints, is retained without their faults. It is true that there are certain narrations of Aloysius' practices which if taken by themselves some readers may not appreciate, or certainly not wish to imitate, but if a biography is intended to give a true portrait it should contain them, and we think they are given in a judicious manner. We see the intimate connection between facility in prayer and self-possession of the senses obtained by corporal austerities. The patron of youth, he attracts now as then by his piety, his purity, his industry in study and his zeal for souls, shown

from childhood by his apostolate of spiritual conversation with any whom he met. As very few others he had within his power everything the world may offer. Like St. Benedict, "insepelit et desepelit mundum"; he preferred the poverty, obedience and silence of the Jesuit novice. We cordially recommend the book.

The Education of Catholic Girls. By Janet Erskine Stuart. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1911. Price 3/6 net.

This is a well written and very thoughtful book, with a short preface of the Cardinal Archbishop, by one who has had a long and intimate experience in dealing with the girls in some of our large convent schools. In it we find the solid principles which Catholic tradition has handed down to us, principles which, though unchanging adapt themselves to the varying vicissitudes of different generations and assimilate what is best, discarding what is evil, deepening what is shallow, in the educational movements of the day. The subjects treated of are: religion, character, elements of Catholic philosophy, realities of life, lessons and play, different branches of study, manners and the higher education of women. Each is well treated. Principles are dwelt upon rather than details. The work is full of happy ideas. We may instance the following (p. 42):—

"Vigilance over children is no insult to their honour, it is rather the right of their royalty, for they are of the blood royal of Christianity, and deserve the guard of honour which for the sake of their royalty does not lose sight of them."

The large-minded, whole, and Catholic view is taken—a contrast to the one-sided and narrow educational outlook often made manifest to-day in the official interference of the State—that view which lays great stress on the training of will and character; on the value of effort, individual work and even the saving discipline of drudgery on the part of children; on the necessity of sincerity, on the part of the teacher; of the "vitality" or keenness of conviction which replaces the dogmatic and dictatorial tone of the unreal teacher; of the knowledge of the character of individual girls; and of the force of example, which besides having ideals lives up to them. The authoress does not despise public examinations. They help to give the fitness of "Scholarship." But she emphasizes, perhaps not too strongly, the attendant evils. For instance: "The light of Scriptural Knowledge is to make it a 'subject' for examination, running it in a parallel track with Algebra and Geometry . . . It must be a very robust devotion to the word of God that is not chilled by such treatment and can keep an Early Christian glow in its readings of the Gospels and Epistles whether they have proved a failure or a

success in the Examination." Whilst acknowledging that Catholic candidates acquit themselves well in this subject, "It is," she says, "questionable whether the risk of drying up the affection of children for what becomes to them a text-book is worth this measure of success." By this, as by every page in the book, the reader will be led to weigh the responsibility of the teacher, and to investigate still more the ways and means which will best train the character, as well as the intellect, of Catholic girls.

Spiritual Perfection through Charity. By Reginald Buckler, O.P. Burns & Oates. 5/-.

We consider this an admirable book. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say more when it is a question of a book from Fr. Buckler's pen; but this, if we conceive his meaning aright, is the book which he wishes to be regarded as the centre and sum of his teaching. He has made it his task to interpret the spiritual doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas for our generation, and this work deals with the very essence and core of that teaching. Fr. Buckler does not aim at fine writing, he does not seek showy graces of style; but, in a language of singular purity and precision, and with illustrations at once simple and apt, he unfolds his great theme. What that theme is, is clear from the title. It is an exposition of the fundamental theological doctrine that the perfection of our life is the love of God. That may seem rather trite and obvious, but there is no doubt that we need over and over again to recall our purpose and aim, to run the chart and set our course anew. We sometimes become so confused amid the clash of rival systems. There are a dozen virtues at once claiming our exclusive attention. Different aspects of the spiritual life are represented to us together as fundamental and all inclusive. And in this medley and welter of opinions, opinions doubtless which are not contradictory but supplementary of one another, it is for many of us a distinct relief to have given to us a principle of unity, a principle which has the highest authority, but apart from that bears on its face its own convincing evidence. This is what Fr. Buckler gives us, and he bases his teaching on the authority of the great masters of the spiritual life, but particularly on the teaching of St. Thomas. There is a great abundance of excellent quotation. It is a feature of the book which pleased us particularly. It is a great advantage to have the *ipsissima verba* of St. Thomas and St. Augustine there at our hand. And Fr. Buckler has chosen his quotations well. Indeed they have all the air of old favourites, passages that he has so mediated and pondered as to make them in a special sense his own. Take the passage of St. Thomas which sets the theme of his book: "Charity means not

only the love of God but also a relation of friendship to Him; and this friendship adds to love a mutual loving and interchange of love. Now this fellowship of man with God, which is a sort of familiar converse with Him, is begun here in this life by grace, but shall in the life to come be by glory perfected. Since therefore charity has for its object the end of human life, that is eternal happiness, therefore it exercises over all the acts of that life a supreme authority."

Could we have a better statement of the subject of the book? So Fr. Buckler proceeds to justify this pre-eminence of charity, and then to take us, under the guidance of this conception, through the various activities and aspects of a spiritual life.

It may be objected that we do wrong to seek precision and accuracy on such a subject, that it is better to indulge a gentle liberty of spirit, to sail now on one tack now on another, confident of course that our main direction is right. But this objection does not tell against the book before us. It does not aim in any sense at rigidity and uniformity. It but strives to put clear before us the way that we travel and to give us the best guide for that way. For the rest let there be infinite variety. What Fr. Buckler does is to show us that love must be not the end of our life alone but also its ruling principle, governing every part of our activity, giving every act its value. Here is a true positive morality. It was once a commonplace to speak of the beauty of the Christian life. And Tertullian spoke of the "anima naturaliter Christiana." Our nature was conceived as a fair flower unfolding its beauty and perfection under the genial influence of the Christian spirit. But now enemies say the Christian system is ugly and narrow, formal and rigid and cramped, that it stunts our nature, and warps our life. And perhaps it is partly true. Perhaps we have listened too much to those who say "do not" and not enough to those who say "do." Perhaps we have hated iniquity, but not enough loved justice. Well, for this Fr. Buckler's book supplies a corrective. And not even the most antinomian can find fault with the system whose first principle is, in the words of Crashaw, "Love, thou art absolute, sole lord."

Sermon Notes. By the Rev. Fr. P. Hickey, O.S.B. R. & T. Washbourne. Price 2/6.

We have great pleasure in bringing before the notice of our readers an excellent volume of *Sermon Notes* by Fr. Paulinus Hickey, who has done the work at the request of the Bishop of Northampton. To quote the words of the Bishop, who has written a preface to the work, "the object aimed at was to put into the hands of a priest a programme of Sunday discourses which should

present in a systematic form the whole contents of Catholic belief and practice, and should harmonize as far as is possible with the spirit of the liturgical seasons. A glance at the table of Contents will show that this has been achieved."

The volume contains a three years' course, the first year treating of "God," the second of the "Church," and the third of "Ourselves"—the whole taking in practically all that is dealt with in the Catechism. It is in our opinion an improvement upon what is known as the "Liverpool Scheme," having more order and method in its arrangement. As will be understood, the "Notes" are meant to suggest ideas which will enable a priest Sunday after Sunday to give a consecutive course of instructions, and in the three years to teach his flock all the main truths of their religion, their duties to God, their neighbour and themselves. Should he wish for further development of the points, Fr. Hickey has given, at the foot of each page, references to sermons or writings of Bishop Hedley, Howe's Catechist, the Paulist Sermons, and his own *Short Sermons*. It is altogether well conceived and worked out, and should prove of great use to those in care of souls; as the Bishop says in the preface, "I am confident that the clergy will find here practical assistance of great value in fulfilling the obligation laid upon them." After such a recommendation we need say no more except to wish the volume every success.

The Unbeliever. A Romance of Lourdes. By a Non-Catholic. Washbourne. 3/6.

From the author's note prefixed to this book we learn that the story has been written with the sole aim of giving an honest account of the impression Lourdes and its miracles can make even on an unbeliever. The note is signed A.K. The picture of Lourdes and of life there during the French National Pilgrimage is very vivid and for the most part quite accurate. We doubt whether the somewhat morbid curiosity to see and eagerness to get near to the sick which the author describes is not an exaggeration, at least it was never observed by the present writer. On p. 142 there is considerable confusion with regard to three distinct places, namely the mill where Bernadette was born which has since been pulled down—the room in the ancient dungeon situated in the Rue des Petits-Fossés where she was living at the time of the apparitions—and the house which was afterwards given to her father by the Bishop of Tarbes, in which Bernadette never lived herself. This house is now called La Maison Paternelle de Bernadette, a name which often gives rise to the confusion into which the author seems to have fallen. There are other minor inaccuracies, but we can heartily recommend the book.

The story is well told and is very stirring; probably it will bring the true spirit of Lourdes before many who would never become acquainted with it were it not embodied in the form of a novel.

The Catholic Faith. Price 1/-. Washbourne.

This little book is a translation of the *Catechismo Maggiore* in positive form, made with the Holy Father's permission. The work has been well done. The language is clear and simple, which must be accounted a great virtue in a book whose modest price will commend it to persons of every class, and ability.

However in one or two places, we felt the translation might have been adapted more to England, especially as the writer tells us that he hopes his book will prove of use, even to enquirers who are not of the true fold. On p. 61, for example, we are told that Catholics are bound to fast on Fridays and Saturdays throughout the year. This might have been altered in the English translation. Again we would sooner not find him telling Catholics, on p. 110, to reject with horror, and even burn any Bible which is a present of a Protestant friend. We think we have a right to quarrel with such advice being given to English Catholics owing to the scandal and offence which our countrymen would take at such action. We must not forget that the Revised Version is indispensable to English Scholars, at least until the Biblical Commission has produced something in its place. Besides, the English translation of the Authorized Version is dear to many students of Scripture for the beauty of its language.

But apart from these small blemishes, which we hope will be corrected at some future time, we think the work is an excellent one, and we wish it every success. Every Catholic would do well to have some such manual in his possession, and the one before us which is based on the official Catechism of Rome, and has the special approbation of the Holy See, will be warmly welcomed wherever it is read.

The Mustard Tree. By Fr. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. Washbourne. 3/-.

Fr. Vassall's substantial book is as the sub-title tells us an "argument for the Divinity of Christ." It comes to us with a preface by Monsignor Benson and an epilogue by Mr. Hilaire Belluc. This is a good setting, though Fr. Vassall's wares do not need any accidental ornament to commend them. Indeed we must confess, if we can say it without offence of any sort, that there seemed to us the slightest incongruity in the choice. For these two writers belong distinctly to the militant school. Vigorous and doughty champions of modern Catholicism, we can see them daily in the fray smashing

the windows of the infidels. Fr. Vassall's apologetic, on the other hand, is of a more staid and sober type, earnest, insistent and persuasive, but with less of the spirit of the knight-errant out to break a spear with any opponent. And yet, to be more serious, it is a good choice that selected the author of *Christ in the Church*. That brilliant book is one of the best things that have been given to English Catholics for many a long day. In a sense Fr. Vassall's work in this volume completes and amplifies its teaching.

His argument is well summed up in the words of St. Augustine that appear on the title page: "'Look at me carefully,' says the Church to you." The book develops this in general and in detail. There is a useful chapter on Faith and its evidences, a chapter of very great importance in these days of doubt. And then follow arguments based on various aspects of the Church's life. The Papacy, the sacraments, the devotional life of the Church all bear their testimony. It is a powerful and persuasive thesis. The Vatican Council laid especial stress on the argument from miracles and prophecy. Fr. Vassall argues from prophecy. He shows with great force how the words of our Lord have been fulfilled in the history of His Church. He uses the argument from miracle. For his whole contention is that the Church and its life is a standing miracle, that demands and must have but one explanation. This is not of course miracle and prophecy in the sense of the Vatican Council, and yet, to be candid with ourselves, we must confess that, if it be an argument inferior in demonstrative force, it is certainly more persuasive to the modern mind. Consider the chapter in which the belief of Catholics in the Real Presence is adduced as a proof of the Divinity of Christ. The title startles us as bold and paradoxical, yet we find that it is the sort of paradox that comforts. On this theme Fr. Vassall is able to raise a very real and very persuasive argument. And so of the other chapters. And the whole is reinforced by copious and apt quotation from the Fathers of the Church, that shows a wide and careful reading. Sometimes perhaps the effect is to overburden the argument, and yet we should not like to lose the passages or to have them in mere reference notes. In fine, Fr. Vassall's work is no light and airy essay, but a solid contribution to Catholic apologetic, and as such it demands and will repay a careful and thoughtful study.

Do Re Mi Fa. By David Bearn, S.J. Washbourne. Price 3/6.

A new story by Fr. Bearn is of course an event for all young Catholics, and they will, we think, welcome this book. It does not treat of Red Indians and scalps. Perhaps the more vigorous youngster will condemn it as somewhat bloodless and wanting in incident. But on the other hand it gives a winning picture of an

interesting family life, which if it takes hold of the young heart will do a considerable amount of good. Fr. Bearne has in fact the courage to be what an enemy would call "goody-goody." For our part we are inclined to hold that there is a time in the life of the boy, when such writing not only satisfies him, but also has a considerable power in the shaping of mind and character. The "Claude Lightfoot" of boyhood reads poorly for the man. But then he was not for him, and did his work when he gave the youth some noble thoughts and good aspirations. Fr. Bearne's story suggested to our mind a comparison with the *Vicar of Watfield*, but it is hardly a disparagement of his work if we say that it was to the advantage of the classic.

Looking on Jesus the Lamb of God. By Madame Cecilia. Washbourne. Cloth, 5/- net. Leather, 7/6 net.

"This volume," says the writer in the preface, "has for object to provide a book of spiritual readings or a series of meditations for the holy season of Lent." It consists of a series of discourses or readings based on the Gospel records of our Lord's Public Ministry and Passion, expanded and illustrated with material drawn from topography and Jewish customs. As the work is purely devotional, it would be out of place to criticize certain interpretations and conclusions contained in its pages; but, within the limits which the writer has imposed upon herself, the book well deserves warm commendation, for it cannot fail to stimulate a spirit of true devotion, to draw souls nearer to our Divine Saviour, and to arouse an appreciation (sadly needed in the Catholic laity) of the vast spiritual treasures which are contained in the Holy Gospels. Each discourse is followed by a short summary, drawn up according to the Ignatian method, which enables the work to be used as a book of meditations. The writer proposes, if the present work is well received, to make it the first of a series. We hope she will carry out her purpose.

The Holy Communion. By Father J. B. Dalgaurni. Two vols. Burns & Oates, 7/- net.

Fr. Allen Ross of the Oratory has provided a new edition of Fr. Dalgaurni's book on Holy Communion. Considered from the point of view of the publishers this new edition is quite successful; in place of the poor print of former editions, we have a type that is easy and pleasant to read, and the work is bound in two neat and handy volumes.

With regard to Fr. Dalgaurni's book itself it is hardly necessary to say much, for it is well known. We cannot but recognize that it is the work of one who speaks from his heart and who is gifted with compelling eloquence. The philosophical portion will perhaps have

only a small circle of readers, but when we come to the second and third parts there are passages that must appeal to all, passages such as those describing the thirst of the soul for God, the effects of Communion, the dangers of worldliness, the life of the frequent communicant, that arouse the reader and linger in the memory.

The recent changes in the teaching regarding the dispositions necessary for frequent and daily Communion are fully explained in Fr. Ross's preface, and whenever emendations are necessary in the text to bring it up to date, reference to these pages is made in footnotes.

De Imitatione Christi—Concordance compiled with full contextual quotations. By Rayner Storr. Henry Frowde, 10/6 net.

Mr. Rayner Storr is certainly to be congratulated on the completion of a work that has evidently been a labour of love, the outcome of his admiration for what Auguste Comte called: "cet incomparable poème sur la nature humaine."

The possession of this volume must act as an incentive to a deeper study of the "Imitation." It is of course a concordance to the Latin text, and Mr. Storr has taken as the basis of his labours the edition of Dr. Karl Hirsche, well-known for his researches in connection with the "Imitation." In Dr. Hirsche's edition the chapters are divided into verses, and Mr. Storr uses these verses in giving the references. The fact, however, that one does not possess Dr. Hirsche's text will not be a serious drawback in using this Concordance, as the table on p. xii gives the number of verses in each chapter, and with the use of this table it is very easy to locate the required passage.

The Holy Mass popularly Explained. By the Very Rev. Eugene Faudet, D.D., O.S.B. Translated from the French by the Rev. Vincent Gilbertson, O.S.B. Washbourne. Cloth, 1/6 net. Paper, 1/- net.

An excellent little handbook, which may be recommended not only to the laity but also to the clergy, for, besides being a popular exposition of the Mass, it contains much historical matter which is usually accessible only to students of Liturgy.

Doctrine: Explanations: The Commandments, Part II. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. Washbourne, 3d.

Like the other books of this series, this is a useful little work for catechists; simple, clear and thorough.

The Catholic Ward's Who and Year Book, 1912. Edited by Sir F. C. Barnard. London: Burns & Oates, 3/6 net.

We felicitate the compilers and publishers of this work on the

increase of bulk which characterizes this year's edition. A new feature is the insertion of some twenty photographs for the most part relevant and interesting.

Sacred Dramas. By Augusta Drane. Sands & Co.

The book consists of three short presentments of sacred subjects in dramatic form. The plays hardly lend themselves to adult production, and their dramatic and literary value is not great. They were, as the Preface informs us, not intended for publication, but written for presentation at children's entertainments. For this purpose they should be found suitable.

"*Its Pater!*" By Mother Mary Loyola. Burns & Oates. Price 1d.

Contains in the first part a number of beautiful aspirations to the Holy Will of God. The second part is a colloquy between a Soul that has just reached heaven and its Divine Master. Looking back over life the Soul sees how wisely and lovingly all things were disposed for its good.

"*Abba, Father!*" By Mother Mary Loyola. Burns & Oates. Price 1d.

Contains a number of original and beautiful prayers in the form chiefly of aspirations, asking for depth of virtue and advancement in sanctification; and guidance, zeal, charity and humility in dealing with other souls.

The Catholic Crusade against Intemperance. Burns & Oates. 1d.

Contains Bishop Hedley's pastoral on Intemperance; "A Priest and his People," by Fr. P. J. Kirwan; "The Evils of Alcohol," and a word from the Cardinal Archbishop; "The League of the Cross," by Cardinal Manning.

Our Saviour's Messenger. Art & Book Co. Price 6d.

A quarterly Review of the Brigettine Order.

Spoiling the Divine Feast—Last Communions after the First. By F. M. de Zulusta, S.J. Washbourne. 1d.

Should be read and acted upon by every one concerned with the bringing up of children.

Communion Verses for Little Children. By a Sister of Notre Dame. Washbourne. 1d.

Catechism for First Communion. Revised Edition. B. Herder. Price 1d.

College Diary and Notes

Jan. 19th. The Easter Term began yesterday. To-day G. R. Richardson was re-elected Captain of the School, and appointed the following officials:—

Secretary	D. P. McDonald
Games' Committee	{	G. R. Richardson, A. P. Kelly N. J. Chamberlain
Editors of the Diary	{	N. J. Chamberlain D. P. McDonald
Librarians of the Upper Library	{	B. E. Burge B. E. Bourcock
Librarians of the Middle Library	{	G. A. M. Hayes A. F. Rankin
Librarians of the Lower Library	{	L. G. Haynes J. J. Moragh Bernard
Secretary of the Literary and Debating Society	G. R. Richardson
Secretary of the Junior Debating Society	N. F. Fishwick
Secretary of the Lower School Debating Society	J. V. Welch
Captain of the Rugby Fifteen	G. R. Richardson

Captains of the Rugby Sets:—

- 1st Set—G. R. Richardson, N. J. Chamberlain
2nd Set—V. G. Knowles, E. J. Marsh
3rd Set—N. F. Fishwick, F. S. Croves
4th Set—J. B. Bligood, J. W. Douglas

Captains of the Hockey Sets:—

- 1st Set—G. R. Richardson, A. P. Kelly
2nd Set—C. R. Simpson, J. L. Lacy
3rd Set—H. F. Hickey, D. T. Long
4th Set—L. G. Fishwick, A. J. McDonald
5th Set—J. B. Bligood, J. W. Douglas

Jan. 21st. The usual meeting of the School was held in the Theatre. The Captain thanked the School for his re-election and announced the names of the officials he had appointed. He also appealed for continued generosity in regard to the Norman Potter Fund.

Jan. 29th. The skating field which has for weeks remained flooded and expectant was at last frozen over and "bore" to-day. A half-day was given for skating.

Feb. 4th. A heavy fall of snow interfered with the skating but gave us a course for sledding and tobogganing. A corps of the most public spirited equipped with improvised snow-ploughs worked at clearing the ice.

Feb. 7th. A general thaw has now set in and the Rugby XV made its first appearance this term in a practice game in preparation for the match next week against St. Peter's School.

Feb. 10th. Dom Anselm Wilson, O.S.B., preached at High Mass this morning on "Character." In the evening he gave the Literary and Debating Society and quite a large number of visitors a most interesting address on "Poetry."

Feb. 13th. The Rugby Match with St. Peter's School came off this afternoon and provided a great game. St. Peter's lost the toss, and kicked off with rather a bright sun in their eyes. For the first quarter of an hour the game went almost altogether in favour of St. Peter's, who got the ball practically every time in the scrummages, and actually every time from touch. Their practice was to heel out to their backs, and this they did so cleverly and quickly that their "threes" were frequently in possession in the Ampleforth twenty-five, and it seemed as though a considerable score would be run up against us. That nothing was scored at this stage was due to effective spoiling by A. P. Kelly, Martin, and Simpson, and to the watchfulness and coolness of Farrell at full-back, but principally to mistaken tactics on the part of the centre three-quarters of the attacking side. For instead of letting the ball out quickly to their wings they either tried to get through themselves (when they met half-way our forwards streaming across the field to check the attack), or kicked the ball into touch, and thus assisted the defence to keep the game tight. The siege was raised by the Ampleforth forwards eventually getting the ball from a line-out close to their own line, and going away with a really splendid forward rush which was not checked till the St. Peter's twenty-five was reached. Here Ampleforth "encamped" for the rest of the first half, but in turn displayed a want of

finish in attack which neutralized all their efforts to score. The second half was largely a repetition of the first. Play ruled almost entirely in our opponents' half, and though their threes threatened danger more frequently, they found Farrell impassable. The Ampleforth eight were now almost invariably getting possession in the scrummages, and their loose rushes time after time gained thirty or forty yards of ground. Ten minutes before no-side, the ball went into touch about a couple of yards from the St. Peter's goal line. St. Peter's got possession from the line-out, but were shoved off the ball and over their own line, and Collison, who had played a brilliant forward game throughout, touched down for a try near the corner-flag. Wright just failed with a difficult place-kick. The rest of the game was fought out at a terrific pace, the passing movements of the St. Peter's backs causing us more trouble and anxiety than at any time of the match. But the defence prevailed, and when the whistle went, we were left the winners by one try (three points) to nothing. The following was the Ampleforth side:—*Back*, G. F. Farrell; *Three-quarter Backs*, L. T. Williams, W. A. Martin, C. R. Simpson and K. H. Harrison; *Half-Backs*, A. P. Kelly and J. O. Kelly; *Forwards*, G. R. Richardson (Captain), N. J. Chamberlain, E. J. Martin, C. F. Craves, O. S. Barton, C. B. Collison, D. P. McDonald and A. F. Melville Wright.

In the evening Mr. Bentley Beetham gave a most interesting Natural History Lecture. His subject was "The Home Life of Birds." The slides were from photographs taken by the lecturer from unusual and often perilous positions. The whole thing was very well done and quite entertaining. After the lecture the lantern threw on the screen a slide showing the try in the St. Peter's match. The Photographic Society has surpassed itself.

Feb. 19th. The Shrovetide holiday. The usual "whole-day" expeditions. The Sixth Form went to Malton; the Fifth to Hovingham and Slingsby; the Fourth to Coxwold and Newbury, where a prolonged visit was paid to Sir George Wombwell's interesting and beautiful house; the Middle Library went to Castle Howard; and the Lower School spent the afternoon at Byland Abbey.

In the evening Herr Oberhoffer gave a "musical" lecture, profusely illustrated with a selection of pieces on the piano.

Feb. 22nd. Major H. C. Warre, D.S.O., Staff Officer, Northern Command, gave a "military" lecture to the O.T.C. contingent, which the whole School attended and enjoyed.

Feb. 26th. This evening we spent the Latin preparation hour in the Theatre, where the Fifth Form and the "Preparatory" Latin Class gave dramatic representations in Latin. The choir sang Latin songs and the whole School joined in the National Anthem, "Vivat Rex Optimus," sung of course to the national air but in Latin. An account of the proceedings appears elsewhere in these pages.

March 6th. Major Barrington, Depot, West Yorkshire Regiment, introduced himself to the O.T.C. as their new Supervising Officer, and made an unofficial inspection of the contingent.

March 7th. The Month Half day. After tea "Speeches" took place in the "Theatre." D. T. Long, who led off with F. H. Doyle's "The Red Thread of Honour," set a standard which was scarcely reached by any of the others. The musical pieces were well known and well done.

After Supper, Dom Maurus Powell continued his Art Lectures. His subject was "The Flemish, German, and Dutch Schools of Painting." The slides were exquisite.

March 8th. The Hockey season has commenced, but the Eleven have been unlucky in being unable to play the inter-school matches with St. Peter's and Pocklington. The disorganization of the railway service on account of the strike is the cause.

March 12th. Strict practice for the Sports, which are to be held as usual on Easter Monday, commenced to-day. The Captains of the Sports' Sets are as under:—

1st Set—G. R. Richardson, A. P. Kelly

2nd Set—E. W. Williams, G. F. Mackay

3rd Set—J. L. Lacy, M. J. Ainscough

4th Set—L. T. Walton, S. F. Cravos

March 17th. Laetare Sunday. But rain made it impossible to begin the Rackets' season to-day.

March 20th. Mr. R. E. Oakes, Secretary of the Yorkshire County Rugby Union, brought a strong team representing the "Yorkshire Wanderers" to play the School. Three members of the School Fifteen were unable to play owing to bad colds, and Mr. C. H. Wright, to whom more than to anyone else we owe what proficiency we have in the game, played as one of the forwards. The School side was as follows:—*Backs*, G. F. Farrell; *Three-quarter Backs*, L. T. Williams, W. A. Martin, I. G. McDonald and R. H. Harrison; *Half-Backs*, A. P. Kelly and J. O. Kelly; *Forwards*, Mr. C. H. Wright, G. R. Richardson, J. D. Telfener, C. B. Collison, E. J. Martin, C. S. Cravos, O. S. Barton and D. St. John Fawcett. The Yorkshire Wanderers included Mr. A. King, the Yorkshire County half-back, who was chosen to play in the North v. South match, and five other county players. Mr. J. A. King came with the team but was unable to play owing to the injury he received in the England v. Scotland match at Edinburgh, last Saturday. The School were hopelessly out-weighted, but as the Yorkshire Wanderers made nothing like full use of their weight, this did not at first tell much against them. But the School eight could not get possession in the scrummages, and with A. King playing brilliantly at half-back, opening after opening was made for the Wanderers' backs. Up to half time the School, though almost always on the defensive, made a good fight of it, and though the Wanderers crossed our line four times, Williams gained a try for the School, and the half time score, fourteen points to five, was not too bad. Shortly after the resumption of play Williams was again prominent with a fine run down the left wing, which led to one of the School forwards, who had followed up well, scoring a second try. This was unconverted. The School now tired quickly and completely. Much chasing of heavy men, who were also rapid, on a muddy ground, had worn them out, and the Wanderers scored as they liked—less than they liked. The result was:—Yorkshire Wanderers, thirty-nine points; Ampleforth, eight points. It was our first defeat, and the School Fifteen were quite outclassed, but it was an enjoyable and sporting and thoroughly educational game.

March 21st. Feast of St. Benedict. In the absence of Fr. Abbot who has left Ampleforth for his long journey to Western Canada

Fr. Prior sang High Mass and Vespers. After tea Mr. W. H. Welsh gave a lantern lecture on India. The lecturer's account of his life and experiences in the Indian Civil Service gave a personal interest to a subject which would otherwise have meant history and geography.

March 27th. The O.T.C. contingent held a field day. The strike placed Gilling Station as an objective at the disposal of the Officer Commanding, and a most instructive afternoon was passed in attacking and defending the Junction.

March 28th. The Hockey Eleven were able to play one of their matches to-day, as though there are still practically no trains, the Malton Hockey Club is within driving distance. The following played for the School:—Goal, J. C. Beech; Backs, B. J. Boocock, E. J. Marsh; Half Backs, J. F. Doherty, G. R. Richardson, O. S. Barton; Forwards, L. T. Williams, R. E. Burge, A. P. Kelly, N. J. Chamberlain and D. P. McDonald.

The first portion of the game was very fast and even. Afterwards the pace proved rather too fast for Malton and Chamberlain scored from a good pass by Kelly. Malton equalized shortly afterwards. In the second half the School had most of the play but the Malton defence was difficult to beat. Before the end Kelly scored twice from penalty corners, and the School won by three goals to one.

March 30th. Easter Examinations commence.

March 31st. Palm Sunday. Fr. Prior blessed and distributed the Palms and sang High Mass.

April 3rd. After Tea the Order of the Head was read out by the Head Master. The following are the head boys in each Form:—

<i>Upper Sixth</i>	A. P. KELLY
<i>Sixth</i>	G. R. RICHARDSON
<i>Fifth</i>	J. O. KELLY
<i>Fourth</i>	C. R. SUTTON
<i>Higher Third</i>	G. C. LINTNER
<i>Lower Third</i>	L. G. LYTCHOUR
<i>Second</i>	L. E. UNSTWORTH
<i>First</i>	V. G. CRAVOR

After supper the Easter Retreat commenced. The discourses are to be given by Fr. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R.

April 7th. Easter Sunday. The Retreat ended this morning. Fr. Vassall-Phillips preached at High Mass. After Mass the "Old Boys" who had come up for Holy Week got up a team to play the School Rugby Fifteen. As they could only find seven forwards the School also played a man short. In the first half the game was fairly even though of a scrambling and scrappy nature, and there was no score at half time. In the second half the School pressed almost continually and tries were scored by A. P. Kelly, O. S. Barton and R. H. Harrison. Williams converted the last try. Just before the end V. G. Naray picked up in the School twenty-five and dashed over the line. The try was unconverted and the School won by one goal and two tries (eleven points) to one try (three points).

In the afternoon the Old Boys put a strong team on the field against the School Hockey Eleven. The result of a good and fast game was a victory for the School by three goals to one.

April 8th. Easter Monday. The Athletic Sports took place in a huge gale of wind, and so the results of most of the events seem quite hopeless. In all the "track" races the runners were reduced to almost a walk when facing the gale. The long jumpers benefited of course, but those who were competing in the Weight Putting could scarcely stand, as is required at one stage, on one leg and lost their balance before they could throw. The only close racing was in the Third Set Half Mile which Morrugh Bernard won just on the tape, and in the Cross Country Race, in the last field of which half a dozen competitors were quite together. Appended are the results:—

Ampleforth College. Athletic Sports. April 8th, 1912.

Conducted under the Rules and Regulations of the A.A.A.

All Races run on a Grass course.

First Set (Age over 16).

Event.	1st.	2nd.	Time, Height, etc.
100 Yards	W. A. Martin	G. R. Richardson	13 sec.
440 Yards	R. H. Harrison	G. R. Richardson	6½ sec.
Half Mile	J. R. Temple	—	2 min. 30 sec.
Mile	J. R. Temple	N. J. Chamberlain	5 min. 57 sec.
Hurdles	W. A. Martin	G. R. Richardson	22½ sec.
High Jump	G. F. Farrell	G. R. Richardson	4 ft. 9½ ins.

Event	1st.	2nd.	Time, Height, etc.
Long Jump	P. F. Doherty	W. A. Martin	18 ft. 4 in.
Weight (16 lbs.)	G. R. Richardson	J. H. Hoffman	25 ft.
Cricket Ball	R. J. Orendain	D. St. J. Fawcett	97 yds. 1 ft. 3 in.

Second Set (Age 14½ to 16).

100 Yards	G. L. Beech	L. H. Rochford	12 sec.
440 Yards	G. L. Beech	L. H. Rochford	67½ sec.
Half-Mile	B. R. Hawkeswell	L. H. Rochford	2 min. 32 sec.
Mile	B. R. Hawkeswell	H. J. Emery	6 min. 32 sec.
Hurdles	G. F. Mackay	C. S. Craven	25 sec.
High Jump	J. B. Caldwell	O. J. Collison	4 ft. 4½ ins.
Long Jump	C. S. Craven	G. L. Beech	17 ft. 6½ ins.
Weight (14 lbs.)	E. K. Orendain	J. B. Caldwell	24 ft. 3 ins.
Cricket Ball	C. S. Craven	O. J. Collison	79 yds. 1 ft. 11 ins.

Third Set (Age 13 to 14½).

100 Yards	J. M. Gerrard	E. F. Blackledge	13 sec.
440 Yards	E. F. Blackledge	J. J. Morrough Bernard	71 sec.
Half-Mile	J. J. Morrough Bernard	L. G. Lythgoe	3 min. 21 sec.
Hurdles	A. T. Long	J. J. Morrough Bernard	24½ sec.
High Jump	J. J. Morrough Bernard	L. G. Lythgoe	3 ft. 10 ins.
Long Jump	J. M. Gerrard	J. G. MacPherson	14 ft. 6 ins.
Weight (12 lbs.)	J. G. MacPherson	—	18 ft. 4 in.
Cricket Ball	A. T. Long	H. J. MacMalon	70 yds.

Fourth Set (Age 11½ to 13).

100 Yards	F. S. Craven	A. J. Pollock	21½ sec.
440 Yards	F. S. Craven	C. M. Power	77½ sec.
Half-Mile	F. S. Craven	C. M. Power	3 min. 10½ sec.
Hurdles	C. M. Power	G. C. Simpson	25 sec.
High Jump	G. C. Simpson	S. F. Morice	3 ft. 8½ ins.
Long Jump	T. V. Welsh	F. S. Craven	14 ft.
Weight (10 lbs.)	J. C. Craven	S. F. Rochford	19 ft. 6 ins.
Cricket Ball	G. H. Newsham	R. G. Emery	56 yds.

Fifth Set (Age under 11½).

100 Yards	J. A. Duffly	V. J. Craven	13½ sec.
Hurdles	C. E. Unsworth	—	—
High Jump	C. E. Unsworth	J. A. Duffly	3 ft. 4½ ins.
Long Jump	C. E. Unsworth	H. W. Greenwood	11 ft.
Weight (10 lbs.)	V. J. Craven	C. E. Unsworth	14 ft. 3 ins.
Cricket Ball	C. E. Unsworth	V. J. Craven	43 yds. 1 ft. 8 ins.

Extra Events.

<i>Cross Country Race</i> (1½ miles)	(1st. N. J. Chamberlain 10 min. 12 sec. 2nd. L. F. Unsworth
<i>Three-legged Race</i> (100 yds.)	—A. T. Long, J. J. Morrough Bernard —
<i>Sack Race</i> (100 yds.)	—J. J. Morrough Bernard —
<i>Consolation Race</i> (100 yds.)	—L. F. Unsworth —



A Latin Entertainment

To any student of the effect of emotion on the human countenance, the evening of February 29th offered ample opportunity for observation. At the time usually devoted to Latin preparation in the Study, the School assembled in the Theatre, mystified but expectant, became suspicious on receiving copies of *Carmina* and programmes that required translation, prepared to be despondent when the Head Master announced that the speaking and singing would be entirely in Latin, and rapidly passed to a high pitch of enthusiasm as the entertainment proceeded.

The occasion of these varied emotions was an exhibition of one of the devices by which variety without irrelevance may be introduced into class-work when the "direct method" of teaching classics is used. The changes wrought by time and altered conditions in a number of institutions familiar to past generations at Ampleforth provided material for a trial scene acted by a Form in the Upper School. The performance was only just not impromptu, for practice had, designedly, we understand, been restricted to one partial rehearsal. Consequently one or two boys showed signs of nervousness. But the acting on the whole was pleasingly free and unpremeditated, and the delivery spirited and natural. L. T. Williams' specimen of Cicero's vituperation was especially well done, but spontaneous animation was sustained throughout the whole scene. After the trial scene a solo, "*De Læticia Sirena*," more familiar in another tongue, was well sung by C. E. Leese. Other interludes during the evening were provided by the choir who, though they failed perhaps to do justice to the fervour of

"*Mihi Est Proprium*," otherwise sang with great spirit. A class of small boys who are doing their first year of Latin acted the story of Pyramus and Thisbe. The simplicity of the dialogue and soliloquies, cast wholly in Simple Sentences and severely limited in vocabulary, suited the physique of the actors and added to the charm of the performance. A. F. Bisgood, as Pyramus, was irresistible. H. W. Greenwood (Thisbe) was suitably shy, and all the actors, not excepting the Wall and the Statues, spoke sensibly, moved freely, and showed an intelligent appreciation of the whole proceeding. A quaint effect was gained by a kind of chorus which seized upon every statement in which a performer referred to himself, and repeated it first to the speaker and then to the audience. This sometimes appeared merely tactless. "Ego te amo," said Pyramus. "Thisbe amat" agreed the chorus, and then, to the audience. "Pyramus Thisbe amat." No wonder Thisbe was shy. Sometimes it showed a callousness that was quite horrid. "Ego me occido," said Pyramus, and fell excellently. But the chorus was unmoved. "Tu te occidis. Pyramus se occidit." The evening ended with Professor Sonnenschein's version of the National Anthem, which struck one as far superior to the original.

That the whole performance was entertaining was put beyond doubt by the animation of the audience. It was also instructive. We are only too familiar with the parrot-like accents which boys adopt when they speak Latin. But on this night, in spite of the publicity, beginners as well as older boys not merely adopted temporarily the sentiments which they expressed, but also showed that they felt themselves to be expressing them. They were provided with materials for conversation that were familiar and easy to understand, and there was no trace of the divorce between thought and speech that breaks the heart of the Latin master of lower Formas.

We add the programme:—

FABULÆ BY CARMINA

"Gaudemus"

CARMEN
FABULA

Scena I. Horatius ostendit diem in Verrem Minorem dictum esse, quod, moribus majorem sublati, cives privis institutis assuefecerit.

CARMEN
FABULA

"Flevit Lepus"

Scena II. Marcus Cicero præsens locutus testis in Verrem Minorem adhibetur
CARMEN "De Loreleia Sirena"

FABULA Pyramus et Thisbe
Scena I. Domus Pyrami et Thisbe

CARMEN "Mihī Est Proprium"

FABULA Pyramus et Thisbe
Scena II. Sepulchrum Nini

CARMEN "Vivat Rex Optimus"

Viv, cives, oramus atque obsecramus: ut non solus auditoris et plauditis non etiam, cantantibus nobis, canticis.

Out-of-School Lectures

DOM ANSELM WILSON

Dom Anselm Wilson's lecture on "Poetry" to the Upper School was a great treat and aroused not merely interest—that goes without saying—but enthusiasm, which at first sight seems surprising. For though Poetry is so much of youth, schoolboys are not pre-eminently responsive to its appeal. The reason of this is perhaps, as the lecturer seemed to hint, that as poetry is an interpretation of life, those with little, or at any rate a short experience of life, are scarcely in a position without effective guidance to appreciate its interpretation. That guidance the lecturer supplied in making the point of his observations the "truth" of poetry. This he illustrated very well in a happy selection of pieces from the English poets, which were listened to with great attention. In these days of examinations and athletic competition it is easy, as Dom Anselm warned us, to grow up insensible to poetry—"the music of thought" as the Head Master happily phrased it—and we are much indebted to the lecturer not only for one splendid hour but for the awakening of an interest which if developed should prove, more than Thucydides' History, a possession for ever.

DOM MAURUS POWELL

Dom Maurus gave us the first of some promised lectures on the Dutch, Flemish and German Schools of Painting. The slides were excellent, and Dom Maurus threw out most valuable hints as to

what points of beauty to look for in these schools. He illustrated at length the use made of detail and the exquisite care in design and execution brought to bear upon the most homely subjects by races whose genius was *genre* painting. We look forward to the continuation of this course as most entertaining, and we thank the lecturer both for what we have had and anticipatory of what is to come.

MAJOR WARRE, D.S.O.

This lecture, which was intended primarily for the O.T.C., was listened to with great advantage by the whole School. Major Warre had been to the greatest trouble in its preparation, as was evident not only from the whole lecture, but from the pains he had taken to define effectively and correctly the difficult mental condition summed up in the word "*morale*"—the subject of the lecture. He had consulted not only his distinguished father, the Provost of Eton, but many other sources of information. The result was a most satisfactory piece of psychology. The effectiveness and necessity of this soldierly virtue was brought home to everybody present by the practical experience of its results which it has been Major Warre's good fortune to see. The interest of the lecture, too, was absorbing, as it took one out of the realm of unreality associated with the barrack room and parade ground to "the real thing"—to modern battlefields in Northern India and to the Boer War. The suspicion that much that was related quite impersonally was really autobiographical, proved well grounded, and the gallant officer was able to point his moral with more effect as everybody felt that its inculcation was not divorced from practice. Major Warre is certainly among the most popular lecturers we have had.

HERR OBERHOFFER

Mr. R. W. Oberhoffer's lecture to the School on "Form in Music" was welcome in every way. To hear Mr. Oberhoffer play is in itself a lesson, and his thoughts on Musical Form were valuable and clear. To the young musician the idea of Interpretation is the first awakening of his musical powers; when once he has grasped the idea that the notes before him have to be interpreted, that is, played

with varying expression and feeling according to his own emotions, he has ceased to be a mere strummer of consecutive notes, and has become a conscious or unconscious artist. Mr. Oberhoffer's aim was to explain the technical construction of a piece of pianoforte music as an aid to its correct interpretation. He showed how in every melody there are two phrases which answer one another alternately, and which are generally marked off from one another by cadences. In illustration of this primary fact Mr. Oberhoffer played some "sentences" from Schumann's Album for the Young. He then went on to explain how the same principle of responsive phrases is developed in melodies written in two-part form; sentence number one is followed by sentence number two, at the end of which is some repetition of number one. Such pieces are lengthened by means of an introduction, links, and coda. Mr. Oberhoffer gave as illustrations "Le Soir," cantilène, "Impromptu," "Danse des Gnomes," "Nocturne," by Skitte; "Norwegian March," "Gratitude," and "Sérénade," by Grieg. Trio form was then explained as a development of two-part form by the addition of a melody in another key. This second melody forms the second part of the piece, and the third part consists of a repetition of the first part with the addition of a coda. The illustrations here given were Chopin's "Impromptu in A flat," Rubinstein's "Le Réve," Skitte's "La Nuit" and "Through the Desert," Grieg's "Scherzo" and "March of the Dwarfs." Mr. Oberhoffer then touched on Rondo form, illustrating his remarks by Schumann's "Arabesque" and Carl von Weber's "Rondo in E flat." Many of us have grateful recollections of Mr. Oberhoffer's tuition, and we accord our sincere thanks for the lecture.

MR. BENTLEY BEETHAM

Quite early in the term the School enjoyed perhaps the most entertaining lecture on Natural History that they have heard in recent years. We say this without any disparagement of other lecturers, for Mr. Beetham is a professional lecturer whose knowledge, experience and sympathy with his subject, coupled with slides which were the nearest approach to perfection we have yet seen, gave him an exceptional advantage. Nearly every slide represented hours, some even days, of patient waiting and concealment or

for it has taught thousands of boys to be good and useful citizens in a way that appeals to their interests. It must have incalculable effects upon the generations that follow.

Paragraphs

"The weather has been so good to us this term that it seems ungrateful to grumble about the north-westerly gale that blew with terrific force on Easter Monday and wrought havoc with the Sports' result. For the first week or so of term we had bright frosty weather and excellent skating. After the thaw the grounds quickly dried for Rugby and Hockey, and though frequent showers at the end of March made the running track soft and holding, and somewhat interfered with Sports' practice, yet the weather was on the whole bright and tolerably warm. But on Sports' Day a gale blew at the rate of seventy miles an hour and the runners in the lap races became, in Vergilian phrase the sport of rapid winds. The officials conducting the Sports and the spectators had also a bad and battered time of it, and must have endured the day rather than enjoyed it. Yet at intervals from the partial shelter of the Cricket Pavilion or under the inadequate protection of the banks and slopes on the Western boundary of the cricket field it was possible to feel the passing of winter."

"And the bowl of more than wintry storms
The halcyon hears the voice of genial hours
Already on the wing."

Such were the conditions, and from the points of view of results and enjoyment, the Sports were undoubtedly a failure. Unfortunately they were not a success even aesthetically. Only one race yielded an exciting finish—the Half Mile in the Third Set. In this event Monagh Bernard led Lythgoe into the straight by about three yards, but the latter spurred and was just leading two yards from the finish when a lucky stumble by Monagh Bernard sent him flying headlong into the tape and gave him the victory. In the First Set

disguise in aesthetic and pretentious postures which no one but the lowest of bird life would endure. The domestic secrets of the most timorous and artful birds are the possession of this naturalist cave-dweller. If the feathered world were capable of resentment they would surely persecute out of existence this enemy, who is at the same time their friend, who lingers at the keyholes and peeps through the cracks of their secluded habitations and then gossips effectively upon their love affairs, their quarrels and their domestic economy to small boys throughout the country. It would be impossible to enter into details of this lecture on "The House Life of Birds," for it was as varied as the experience of the lecturer himself.

MR. H. WELSH

Mr. Welsh's lecture on India afforded us a very pleasant evening. Mr. Welsh is an old civil servant with twenty-five years' experience in the administration of various parts of India. Many interesting things we learnt of the history and manners of the manifold inhabitants of this great empire, but quite the most striking features of the illustrations of their architectural genius. Their buildings, not perhaps equal in beauty of line to our own medieval churches, surpass in massiveness, elaboration of detail and intricacy anything in ancient or modern Europe. We have to thank the lecturer very heartily.

MR. OSWALD WILLIAMS

Among many other public-spirited interests Mr. Williams is secretary to the Boy Scout Association of Monmouthshire, and he chose the subject of the "Boy Scout" movement for the lecture to us on the eve of Easter "break up." He showed what had been done for the boys of the lower middle classes and even the street urchins by the splendid organisation brought into being by the genius of a single man for which the only thanks he gets from some quarters is the pronouncement that his movement is a self-advertising cank. Mr. Williams proved conclusively the wonderful change the training makes in the moral, wits and physique of these youngsters. Evidently the "Boy Scout" movement is a piece of genuine social work, which has done more for the nation than all the vapourings of the devotees of eugenics and other social science.

J. R. Temple ran well and is probably capable of doing the Mile and the Half Mile in quite good time. The gale assisted the long-jumpers, and records in the event were broken in three of the Sets.

* * *

We have to thank very sincerely the donors of the silver cups for different events in the Sports. Colonel Anderson again presented a Cup for the Champion winner in the First Set. This went after a very close competition to W. A. MARTIN. A. T. LONG became the first holder of the Cup presented by Mr. C. Sharp for the Hurdles. Another Cup presented anonymously by an "Old Boy" for the Champion Athlete of the Lower School was won by F. S. CRAVOS. Mr. C. H. Farmer's Cup for the Quarter Mile was not awarded this year as some of the conditions were unfulfilled.

* * *

The Hockey season this year has been very short. Indeed if we are ever to have much Hockey it seems that we shall have to begin a little earlier. Owing to the absence of trains on account of the Strike all our Hockey matches save one were scratched. We defeated Malton, a rather weak side, but not very gloriously. The Eleven has come on a good deal in the practice games, and the backs and forwards are moderately good, but the half-backs though they tackle well have only rudimentary ideas of how to open up the game for the forwards. J. C. Beech is good in goal and has made some smart and plucky saves.

* * *

The *Photographic Society* which seemed to be in some danger of losing its identity owing to a prolonged period of quietism, has once more condescended to the active life. From the beginning of term many of its members were *en evidence* bearing cameras, and Micawber-like waiting for something to turn up, and in the last few weeks of term there was evidence that they had been rewarded. The empty photographic frame in the cloister, so long like a sightless beggar appealing for funds, has of late been "crowded"—as the American *gourmand* said of himself. We notice that snap-shots predominate, and though the young photographer should probably limit his early efforts to the tripod, undoubtedly the snap-shots are interesting and

on the whole fairly successful. At the beginning of next term when "smale fowles maken melodye" there will be ample opportunity for some Natural History photographs, which a few years ago used to be quite well done here.

* * *

There is little to chronicle concerning the Choir. No doubt the constant epidemic of colds which prevailed during the last term made it difficult to keep up an effective standard of singing, but we are glad to say that during Holy Week the singing was not below the level of past years—some have even said that it was higher. However that may be, the music during Holy Week was full of devotion. The *Tenebrae* Responses, written about sixteen years ago by Dom Clement Standish, were as moving as ever. They have for us the association of long tradition, and though settings might be found which would better please some musical critics, yet the general public would not willingly lose them. We agree with Boswell's opinion, "much of the effect of music, I am satisfied, is owing to the association of ideas." This seems to be the only way of accounting for the taste of so many congregations in the matter of Church music, especially hymns. The mention of hymns reminds us that we have received the words of a new hymn-book edited by Dom Gregory Ould of Fort Augustus. The book has the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Edinburgh and also of the Abbot President of the English Benedictines. This collection of hymns liturgical and non-liturgical is quite the best we have seen. We eagerly await the publication of the music; in the hands of so able an editor a high standard of music is secured.

On the Feast of the Annunciation the Choir sang the beautiful mediaeval plainsong hymn *Angelus ad Virginem*. Evidently it was a favourite with our forefathers, for Chaucer in "The Miller's Tale" speaks of a clerk who

... made a nightes melodye
So sweetly, that al the chambre song,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song.

A well-known Christmas carol has been founded upon the melody, but the hymn itself was not heard for three centuries, until a few

years ago it was edited in modern notation with accompaniment, by Dom Gregory Ould in Novello's series *Cantiones Sacrae*.

* * *

We neglected to record in our last number a notable renovation. The stone flags in the School cloister have given place to a clean-looking and serviceable floor of "terrazzo," an Italian flooring which was first introduced here when the Monastery was built. This good work and the removal of the old gymnasium at the end of the cloister have transformed its appearance and made it one of the features of the School. Perhaps also it has done another service and will result in a gymnasium worthy of the other School buildings.

* * *

The coal strike, thanks no doubt to the foresight of a watchful Procurator, had no disastrous results for us, though we imagined that the heating apparatus of the School was less efficient towards the end of term than is its wont. The state of the country came home to us, however, through the train service which, always poor, was brought to an irreducible minimum without actually ceasing to exist. Those coming to the School were given a choice between a very early matutinal or a late evening train, and the outgoing service, if anything, was even less frequent. Between early dawn and the late evening only one train passed! Once Aubrey de Vere when viewing the valley from our terrace espied that rare thing a train and broke into a tirade against the aesthetic sins of those who ran trains through such beautiful spots. The coal strike came near to realizing a state of affairs in this secluded vale dear to poets, but perhaps it is well that railway projectors are not aesthetes. Would that the North Eastern directors were less so!

* * *

With the match against the Yorkshire Wanderers on March 20th the first Rugby Football season at Ampleforth came to an end. In the *Daily Graphic* of March 27th appeared a kindly appreciation of the team by Mr. E. H. D. Sewell the well-known writer on Sport. The Fifteen are to be congratulated on making rapid progress in a most difficult game in a short time, and on winning their inter-school matches. The struggle with St. Peter's was almost Homeric in its

greatness, and the forwards, whose play against the Yorkshire Wanderers won for them the praise of perhaps the greatest English forward in the Rugby Union, Mr. J. A. King, who watched the game from the touch-line, have in all their matches covered themselves with glory. The backs are good individually rather than collectively, and show the necessity for more drill and coaching if the team is to hold its own with such "Rugger" schools as Giggleswick and Sedburgh which we hope it will be possible to play next year. Farrell at full back has been a tower of strength to the side and has scarcely made a single mistake in any of the matches. To Mr. C. H. Wright who taught us the game and whose residence amongst us is a most happy memory, we offer our best thanks. To his patience and knowledge and skilful coaching is due whatever of excellence the team possesses. But the success of a School Fifteen or of a School Eleven, though on the whole it indicates the success or failure of the game in the School generally, is by no means the full expression of such success. The popularity of Rugby throughout the School, and the new life and sportsmanlike vigour it has put into the "Set" games is the real justification of its introduction at Ampleforth, and has caused us to look upon our Association days as so much time spent dwelling in the Cave.

* * *

The Exhibition Day has been fixed for June 12th, which will also be the Commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the East Wing of the School buildings. The *Dramatic Society* will produce the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. Sir Gilbert Murray's translation will be used both for the speaking parts and for the Chorus, and the music will be that written specially for the performance of the *Frogs* at Oxford by Sir Hubert Parry. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. H. P. Allen, who has kindly placed his skill and experience at our disposal. Mr. Eddy has charge of the singing.

* * *

Just as we go to press the newspapers announce the disaster to the Titanic with its appalling loss of life. It was particularly sad for us to see the name of Mr. VICTOR GIGLIO, who left the School at the end of 1906, among the names of the first-class passengers

who were lost. At the time of the writing of this note no details are to hand, but those who knew Giglio at School will not require any assurance that he met death bravely and even willingly rather than, perhaps, take the place of some one else in the lifeboats. "I did not expect to see his name in the list of survivors," one of his old class has written to the Head Master, "Giglio was unlikely to be saved when any were lost." To his mother and brothers we offer our sincerest sympathy, and beg the prayers of our readers for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!



Senior Literary and Debating Society

THE First Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, January 28th. Mr. C. H. Wright visited the Society. In Private Business Mr. Richardson was re-elected Secretary, and Messrs. A. Kelly, Livesey and Chamberlain were selected to form the Committee.

In Public Business, Mr. I. McDonald moved "That England is about to lose control of India." At the outset of his speech he insisted on the impossibility of ever shaping Indian life in the mould of European civilization. Our persistent policy has been the unification of incompatibles, for we have attempted to make India into a united country, regardless of the caste system and the variety of religious beliefs, which doom all such efforts to failure. Education is among the chief causes of present unrest, for the people are slowly awakening to the possibility of securing their independence, and the minds of all classes are in revolt against British rule. If we realize this antipathy towards England, the dangers which beset our authority are at once apparent. Whilst the population has been steadily increasing, our army has not developed proportionately. The Indian Mutiny made it clear that the climate was an insurmountable obstacle to lengthy military service in that country, and so we are faced with the impossibility of maintaining an efficient force to safeguard our interests. The Coronation Durbar can only have made matters worse, for it would necessarily make more acute the people's sense of its subjugation to this country. The absence of unity among the Indian peoples, which until a few years ago had made our authority secure, could no longer leave us free from apprehensions. The appurtenances of the civilization we have imposed upon the country, such as telegraphs, railways, newspapers, and above all the knowledge of a common language, are slowly but surely undermining our position. On every side there is a growing tendency to question authority.

Mr. Collison in opposing the motion would not allow that the military force in India was inadequate or inefficient. Since the Indian Mutiny, our own troops have always outnumbered the native

soldiers, who merely serve to fill up the interstices of our army. Far from cherishing revolutionary designs, the Indians are just beginning to perceive the benefits that have accrued under British rule. A few seditious malcontents are mainly responsible for the prevalent idea that India is dissatisfied with its masters; no sober mind can take cognizance of these alarmist notions, when faced by the rapid progress of the country during the last decade.

Mr. Burge emphasized the impossibility of a revolution in a country where the caste system defied any attempt to form a united India.

Mr. Knowles traced the present unrest in India to various superstitions which obsessed the minds of the common people. At the time of the Mutiny an Indian prophet had predicted that his countrymen would be liberated from the British yoke before fifty years had expired; hence many conscientious Indians thought the fulfilment of this utterance depended on their efforts. Such periodic disquietude is a common note of superstitious nations and soon passes away.

Mr. Hall suggested that the recent change of capital would call for a larger force in India, and thus we shall be better prepared for emergencies.

Mr. L. Williams cited Lord Roberts to show the insufficiencies of the Indian army.

The debate was continued by Messrs. C. H. Wright, E. Martin, Simpson and Power. The motion was lost by 22 votes to 7.

The Second Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, February 4th. Dom. Ildephonus and Mr. Cadie were present as visitors. In Private Business Messrs. E. and L. Williams were elected to serve on the Committee in place of Messrs. A. Kelly and Livesey whose resignations had been tendered and accepted. In Public Business Mr. L. Williams read a paper entitled "The Futility of modern warfare and national armament." There spoke Messrs. Cadie, Chamberlain and Richardson.

The Third Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, February 18th. Dom Ildephonus was present as a visitor. In Private Business Mr. Livesey brought forward a proposal by which every

motion should receive the sanction of the Committee before being introduced to the House in Public Business. After an amendment of Mr. Chamberlain had been discussed, it was unanimously agreed to alter a clause in the Society's rules so as to incorporate Mr. Livesey's proposal.

In Public Business Mr. Knowles moved "That this House would welcome the Disestablishment of the State Church." The speaker regretted the spirit of worldliness which characterized the clergy of the Established and their conspicuous indifference in regard to the cure of souls. Such evils in a religious organization were multiparous, and disestablishment would be effective in weeding out unsuitable candidates for Anglican orders. It is notorious that many have entered the ranks of the clergy through no impulse of zeal for souls, but actuated solely by the prospect of a comfortable income and a palatial vicarage. Some measure was needed which would make the clergy dependent on, and hence more interested in, their parishioners. The needs of the State required that the payment of large incomes to ministers should cease as early as possible.

Mr. Power in opposing the motion made clear that the maintenance of the Established Church was an official recognition of religion. This is obviously a strong barrier against the growing tendency towards materialism and indifference.

Mr. Livesey could not think calmly of large sums being devoted annually to support Protestant prelates. It was despairing to think that a government, which was a motley agglomeration of a multitude of creeds, was plenipotentiary to alter the Church's laws and appoint its hierarchy. It was a public mockery of religion.

Mr. Chamberlain said that the wave of atheism which had swept over the continent had been checked in its advance on this country by the Established Church.

Messrs. Richardson and Williams also spoke. The motion found acceptance with the House by 15 votes to 10.

The Fourth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, February 25th. Mr. W. Clapham was present as a visitor. In Public Business Mr. Simpson read a paper on "Robert Louis Stevenson."

The Fifth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, March 3rd. Dom Bruno and Mr. Forster were present as visitors.

In Public Business Mr. Hickey moved "That in the opinion of this House the social problems of to-day call for immediate legislation." He reminded the House that the mutual antagonism between Capital and Labour was the prime cause of the troubles under which all England was groaning. The lower classes had lately grown acutely conscious of the injustice meted out to them by capitalists and were now determined to remedy their evil condition by taking the law into their own hands. The danger of allowing this struggle between master and man to remain unsettled is only too apparent. Our energies are being exhausted in assuaging the angry foe in our midst, and this distracts our attention from our defences. Our crippled condition offers excellent opportunities to Germany of bringing into action her long-cherished designs against this country. It rests entirely on the government to terminate this protracted dispute in the field of labour by stern and effectual legislation. If a government, when confronted by such difficulties as these, seeks to temporize and evade a settlement of the points at issue; if it essays a solution of such difficulties by recourse to military coercion, or takes account of party interest in the dispute, it fails to serve the purpose for which it was elected by the nation.

Mr. Chamberlain disliked the prevailing tendency to settle all disputes by recourse to legislation. The present situation in England presented moral rather than economic difficulties, for which legislation had been proved an unsuitable remedy. The infusion of a more Christian spirit into both masters and men could alone alleviate the wretched condition of this country's labour. Legislation could never infuse the spirit which existed in mediæval times between employers and workmen without reference to legislation.

Mr. Temple insisted on the impracticability of Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions. They presuppose the return of man to his state before the Fall.

Mr. Kelly concurred with Mr. Temple's views and thought Parliament had shirked its responsibilities far too long.

Messrs. Knowles, L. Williams and Forster continued the debate. The House arrived at no conclusion concerning the motion which received 12 votes for and against.

The Sixth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, March 10th.

In Public Business Mr. Williams read a paper on "The Insurance Act." In the ensuing discussion there spoke Messrs. Chamberlain, I. McDonald, Lacy, Livesey, Richardson and A. Kelly.

The Seventh Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, March 17th. In Public Business Mr. A. Kelly moved "That Home Rule should be given to Ireland." Mr. McDonald opposed. The meeting was adjourned after Messrs. Hickey, Emery, L. Williams, Livesey, Chamberlain, Lacy and Burge had spoken.

The Eighth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, March 24th. Dom Ethelred was present as a visitor.

Mr. Burge continued the adjourned debate on Home Rule. There spoke Messrs. Power, Barton, Caldwell, Chamberlain, Clarke, Kelly, E. Martin, Marron, Farrell, Emery, Harrison, Hickey, Temple, Robertson and Hall.

The opinion of members was evenly divided—15 voted for and against the motion.

The Ninth Meeting of the Term was held on Sunday, March 31st, when Mr. Boocock read an excellent paper on "Robert Browning." Dom Bernard and Mr. N. Hardy (Christ Church, Oxford) were present as visitors.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman ended the meeting and the session.

Junior Debating Society

The 195th meeting of the Society and the first of the term was held on Sunday, February 4th. In Public Business Mr. L. Fishwick moved "That England devotes too much time to Sport." The hon. mover said that games were childish follies. It was, for example, foolish to spend the energy many people did, in kicking a football backwards and forwards over a grass field. The many thousand spectators who spent their Saturday afternoons at the football match degraded the human race by their enthusiasm.

Mr. C. Lowther opposed. He thought History showed that sport had fitted England for her wars. Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton. England is the most athletic nation in the world, and side by side with this she is the most successful. Should we not say rather, that other nations do not devote sufficient time and interest to sport?

Mr. C. Lancaster took the part of medical adviser to the Society: strains, bruises and breakages were the result of too much enthusiasm for games.

Mr. Lintner displayed an unusually high opinion of the British citizen's tendency towards good: if sporting instincts were discouraged, Englishmen would devote their time and money to more valuable pursuits.

There also spoke, and for the most part against the motion, Messrs. Lythgoe, Chamberlain, W. Rochford, A. Long, Lynch and Killea. The motion was lost—11 votes to 22.

The 196th meeting took place on Sunday, February 25th. In Public Business Mr. Lintner moved "That Ancient Civilization is better than Modern." He showed how money or its equivalent was with the ancients a means to comfort and happiness; with us it has become an end in itself, and the pursuit of wealth destroys all the objects of civilization. Life has become a matter of business, bustle and overwrought nerves. We destroy our scenery; we deafen ourselves with machinery; we weary the eye with ugly ware-

houses, and we are producing nothing lasting. The ancients of slower times appreciated life more thoroughly; they had time to enjoy; they gave themselves time for reflection; they were patient to perform works that would last; they devoted their energies to what was exquisite rather than to what was exciting.

Mr. Martin opposed. He took the Greeks for his representatives of ancient civilization. Philosophy was all very well, but too much of it deadened the springs of life and sapped away healthful simplicity. He, the speaker, would rather ride an aeroplane or, by wireless telegraphy, converse with a friend in mid-ocean, than spend hours in discussing whether Epimenides being a Cretan was a liar.

There also spoke Messrs. Le Fèvre, McPherson, T. Long, Mackay, Heffernan, D. Long, Ainscough, and the Hon. R. Barnewall.

The 197th meeting was held on Sunday, March 3rd. In Public Business Mr. C. Cravos moved "That Electricity is better than gas and steam." The hon. mover showed how electricity can supply all the functions of gas and steam and that with more speed and greater effect. He considered in particular its uses in lighting, heating and locomotion.

Mr. N. Smith the opposer, asked the House to consider facts. England, a country of wise and thrifty business men, *de facto* used steam for her navy, her shipping trade, her travelling and commerce; and she had developed her motoring discoveries by the use of steam. He might also add that gas balloons had initiated aerial flight; and acetylene gas produced lighting effects quite as brilliant as those of electricity.

Mr. S. Lancaster was mainly concerned with the avoidance of trouble: it was easier to switch on the electric light than to find one's matches in the dark.

Mr. C. Lancaster with a touch of Scholasticism made a distinction. Electricity was better for a country like Switzerland which revelled in mountain torrents, but not to be used in lands that were barren of water power.

There also spoke Messrs. Beech, Lythgoe, D. Long, L. Fishwick, Lynch, Killea and Ainscough. The voting resulted in a tie.

The 198th meeting was held on Sunday, March 10th. In Public Business Mr. McGavin moved "That Woman Suffrage would be welcomed by this House." The hon. mover pleaded hard for the rights of the weaker sex. Women had been ill used and their rights ignored. They were as powerful as men intellectually if not physically. They performed their home duties for the most part with great precision and success, and this was an earnest of their success in greater and more public efforts. The House of Parliament is little more than a large nursery—a controlling motherly lady would make the best "Speaker" in a mixed House.

Mr. Beech the opposer, found it hard to suppress his indignation and contempt for suffragettes. Childish action was the outcome of childishness. It would be foolish to enfranchise window breakers.

Mr. W. Rochford was ready to concede limited voting powers to women if only they would encourage his sympathy by calmer methods than they had used of late.

Mr. Mackay foresaw danger ahead. If votes were granted to women, then women would soon have seats in Parliament. The mother might eclipse the father in the gift of reasoned speech, but the father did not as a rule make a good housewife, and one or other must necessarily stay at home.

There also spoke the Hon. R. Barnewall, and Messrs. L. Fishwick, Hayes, Lowther, N. Smith, R. Orendain, Le Fèvre and D. Long. The motion was lost—14 votes to 22.

The 199th meeting was held on Sunday, March 17th. In Public Business Mr. Lythgoe moved "That the miners were justified in striking." There was a real need, he said, for a minimum wage. Men who spend their days beneath the ground grovelling in darkness and breathing foul air, wearing away their lives in excessive hard labour, must have a secure wage and that a high one, to make their lives bearable. Many of the regular miners were content with their pay and their desire for a minimum wage for all was an unselfish one; they wanted the boy-workers and the men of odd jobs to be secure of a living wage also.

Mr. J. Barton opposed. Miners, he said, were paid already at a very high rate. If the wage was occasionally low, it was as a rule excessively high. Few people are so financially secure as the

miners wished to be. Idleness deep down in the mines was more baneful to character and health than most difficult labour. Yet if payment was certain, many miners would follow the course of least resistance and care little about the output. Overseers could not be always on the spot, and it was better that as few people as possible should spend their time beneath the earth.

Mr. Beech thought that miners were justified in striking for a very high wage because they risk their lives in the mines. Whether they should have a minimum wage was a different question.

Mr. Heffernan upheld the Irish miners as examples of virtue. They are contented with 7/6 a day. One never hears of an Irish coal strike.

There also spoke Messrs. Hayes, Chamberlain, Mackay, C. Lancaster, Leach, and the Hon. R. Barnewall. The motion was lost—15 votes to 28.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the meeting and the session to a close.

Notes

THE sinking of the *Titanic* with the majority of the passengers and crew—one Ampleforth boy, Victor Giglio, is reported among the lost, may be met in peace!—is one of those terrible calamities which serve as a rebuke to our self-complacency and conceit. We have boasted that so great a vessel is practically unsinkable; it went down during its first voyage. But a little while before, we had read words to the effect that nowadays a voyage across the Atlantic was nearly as safe as crossing the Strand at midday, that it was a vastly less exciting than a cup-tie, and a good deal more pleasant and comfortable, in decent weather, than a journey by the limited mail. Man, it was said, may now be said to have mastered the winds and the waters; there is nothing left for him to conquer but the air. Even that victory is within sight, a certainty of the near future. Certainly, when, upon the Liverpool landing-stage, we walked the long length of the *Empress of Britain*, by which steamer Fr. Abbot Smith and Fr. Vincent Wilson took passage the other day for Canada, the beautiful ship, with its knife-edged prow, its clean strong body and its easy, buoyant seat upon the water, suggested to us the twin idea, always associated in our minds, of perfection and security—the instrument or machine perfectly adapted, in each and every part, to its task and the secure and inevitable fulfilment of it. We overlooked, for the moment, the one inradicable, always-present element of danger—the human being—man, who, with all his science and skill, and his inherited and acquired experience, has never rid himself of his unhappy capacity for making the one unforeseen, irrevocable, and fatal mistake.

As the noble ship loosed itself from the pier, swung gently round and swiftly glided down the golden path of the setting sun, we had no thought of serious danger or of any likelihood of trouble and anxiety, save the unromantic one of sea-sickness. We hope and believe that our brethren met with none. We think also that Fr. Abbot

and his companion had no foreboding more threatening than of a bad time when the sea was cross and ill-humoured. "Parson's bad," was the unsympathetic remark of a small boy, when he noticed signs of coming distress on the face of another worthy abbot who had rashly submitted himself to the process of being rocked in the cradle of the deep. "Parson is bad," was the delighted exclamation of the boy, when, a little later, evidence was visibly forthcoming that his conjecture was correct. We are afraid Fr. Abbot met with the rough treatment he and we feared much more than the greater dangers of the deep. To-day we wish him well and safely back again with much greater feeling and earnestness than when we parted from him. The loss of the *Titanic* has taught us and every one a lesson. We noted very few tearful faces in the crowd that flourished farewell with hat and handkerchief as the great ship made its swift but unhurried departure for the great ocean. Doubtless others besides ourselves felt that the golden haze of romance and adventure which glorified the voyages of olden days had been dissipated by the glare of the search light, and that now, with almost uninterrupted communication by wireless telegraphy, not a wisp or atom of mystery was left. It is with humble minds and with more anxious thoughts we pray that God may be with our adventurers and bring them safely back to us.

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We have nothing to communicate to our readers about the proposed Canada Mission. The only fact available at present is that we have been asked to send the nucleus of a Benedictine colony to Edmonton in Alberta, mainly for the establishment of an English College in connection with the University. It is a long way from North Yorkshire, beyond the Great Lakes and nearly at the furthest edge of our British Empire, within sight of the Rocky Mountains. But we are not to imagine ourselves invited to invade the territory defended by the grizzly bear and the rattlesnake. There is a large population already on the spot. One who had lived there for a while informed us that he believed it to be the richest tract of country under the sun—deep fertile soil, rich ores of all sorts within easy reach, gold-bearing quartz in the hills, and diamonds to be picked up by those who know where to look for them. But though it is

spade-work we shall be called upon to do, we shall not expect our prospectors to come back to us laden with geological specimens. We shall be best pleased if we hear that the climate is good to live in, and that it is not a sort of monastic cold-storage company we shall be expected to float.

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Arrangements have already been made for a special number of the Journal to be issued in connection with the Jubilee celebrations this summer. It will be devoted wholly to scholastic matters. But of this and other matters connected with the festivities our readers will, doubtless, learn from official sources.

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We have just had news of Br. John Hall's death. For some years he had been awaiting the end of his sufferings with never-failing cheerfulness and patience. He was a model of obedience, trustful and unemotional. When his health and strength began to fail him and his superiors found it necessary to relieve him of his charge of the stables and the horses to which he had for many years given devoted care, some difficulty was naturally felt in speaking to him about it. It was thought that the good lay-brother would feel intensely the removal from his charge. Timidly he was advised of its necessity. Then Br. John revealed a secret that no one had ever guessed. The work he had seemed to take so great a delight in had from the first been distasteful and a burthen to him. He said simply he was glad, very glad to be relieved of it. He had been waiting and hoping for release all the while. What with the railway station and the guests he was mixed up too much with the world. A quiet bit of work in the garden was what he liked best and would be best for his soul. He had only taken up the duties in obedience to the will of his superior. To be asked to lay them down again was a real joy to him.

His thoughts and his intimate conversation were invariably concerned in some way with his duty to God and the life to come. His remarks, however, on these as on all subjects were spiced with bits of quaint Yorkshire humour. We remember him once expressing his wonder at the thought of the happiness of the next life and

the fact that he might dare hope to have a share in it. What was he that God should be mindful of him? Then, making fun of his own unworthiness, he remarked that he didn't know what he would do in Heaven when he got there. He was good for nought. He couldn't sing. And if there were no horses in Heaven he wondered what God would find for him to do.

Another winter's day—the frost was the most severe for many years, forty odd degrees at Malton and below zero at the College—he was driving back from Gilling with one of the community and the talk wavered between Purgatory and the fierce cold. "It is bitter cold," said his companion. "Aye, but it will be worse than this in Purgatory." "Would you like to be there now, John?" He answered: "I would jump in straight if I had the chance. I tell you what, sir; I'd walk stark-naked to Yearsley Moor and back (about twelve miles) if I could get into Purgatory at the end of it—aye, and no spirits allowed on the way."

Br. John was just old enough to have seen Prior Towers engaged in his open-air controversy with the Oswaldkirk parson in the early thirties of last century. Fr. Towers addressed the mob from a wheelbarrow. The one thing that stuck in the boy's memory was the inspiring cry of encouragement from the Prior's adherents each time his adversary slackened. "Nip him"; "Nip him now, sir"; "Nip the parson well"—as though they were watching a dog-fight or drawing a badger.

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A correspondent has kindly sent us another specimen of Bishop Baines' skill in the composition of advertisements. We have met with it before, but do not doubt that it will interest our readers. It is not the Bishop's best work. At a later period he was a perfect master of the majestic, smooth-flowing, well-balanced sentence so well calculated to take the ears of the groundlings. But it is effective and characteristic enough. The passage is quoted by Mr. Feinaigle in the advertisement of the third edition of his *New Art of Memory* published in 1813. "The system of Mr. Feinaigle has been sanctioned by some of the most eminent names in society, and is well

characterized by the Rev. Peter Baines, a Professor in the College of Ampleforth in Yorkshire. 'I think (says Mr. Baines) Mr. Feinaigle's system excellent, and in most cases incapable of improvement. Many things, which before, could scarcely at all and not without the greatest difficulty be acquired, he has rendered by his discoveries perfectly easy and accessible to the lowest capacities; and, in every branch of study, whether easy or difficult, he has considerably abridged the time of learning them while at the same time, the labours of the student are rendered more pleasant, and his acquirements both more perfect and lasting. The system is not only adapted to the higher studies, but is applicable to the very first elements of learning, and is of no less use to the child than to the scholar. Sufficient of it has been experienced here to convince all the profession, that it is infinitely superior to any former mode of instruction and that its advantages are very great indeed.'

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We are glad to see Fr. Benedict McLaughlin busy continuing his excellent popular instruction on the relations between the Church and Socialism. As usual his letters are lucid, full of apt illustrations and always to the point. We have been particularly pleased with the correspondence printed in the *Mentor Express*. It should do good. For ourselves, we can say that we have never seen the injustice meted out to Catholic Schools in Wales so admirably exposed. The tricky arguments of its defenders are made to look both childish and insincere.

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Good luck to Fr. Paulinus Hickey's latest volume! We have already taken notice of it in the Reviews of Books. A glance through it has assured us of its usefulness and we are convinced it will have a ready sale. We recommend it eagerly to our friends.

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A Benedictine pilgrimage to Lourdes has been planned by the four Liverpool missions—St. Augustine's, St. Anne's, St. Mary's and St. Peter's. It will start on its way immediately before the August Bank Holiday. Fr. David Hurley has made arrangements for the comfort of the pilgrims.

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From our Oxford Correspondent:—

The weather is always a fair subject to start upon. The Hilary term this year, which began with floods that drove the Eight on to the upper river, and closed amidst ceaseless downpours, saw the undergraduate in a state of mind not unlike that of the British farmer. But even the rain did us a good turn. The week's frost with which February opened found us surrounded by water. All Oxford turned out on the ice. The cream of 'Varsity ice experts found the club enclosure on the Iffley Road ideal; Christ Church meadows and the low-lying fields opposite Mesopotamia had their regular patrons; while the town element, true to immemorial custom, made good use of the excellent ice that covered many acres of Port Meadow.

In athletics, the Soccer XI were unfortunate to lose their match in the last five minutes. The Hockey side, despite changes due to sickness at the eleventh hour, and the rebuff given to their ambitions in the refusal of the Elites' committee to grant a full blue, gained an unexpected victory over Cambridge. But, best of all, we went down in full confidence that Bourne and his crew would beat records and Cambridge—hopes that subsequent events have amply justified.

Passing on to the more serious things of life, on February 8th Ruskin College started a new development in its vigorous career. The President of the Board of Trade, supported by many famous Oxford men, laid the foundation stone of the new buildings. Mr. Buxton's words, and still more the eloquent speech of Mr. Ben Tillet, will long be remembered by those privileged to hear them.

Another red-letter night, and one of which Catholics may be proud, was that when Mr. Belloc entertained a crowded house at the Oxford Union. Nowhere else is Mr. Belloc more eagerly listened to than at the Club which numbers him among its former Presidents.

Talking about Catholics reminds one that Fr. Lang, who became Chaplain last October, is now, after considerable delay, comfortably installed in Mgr. Kennard's House in St. Aldgate's. He must have been gratified by the well attended meetings there of the Newman Society. At the last meeting Mgr. Moyes interested all

students of Mediæval History in a careful explanation and defence of Clerical pluralism and absenteeism in the Middle Ages.

Our own Hall has continued its quiet unostentatious existence. Two of its inmates have been through the ordeal of Honour Moderations—the most exacting and trying of all examinations held at Oxford. Congratulations then to Revv. J. B. McElligott and S. E. Taunton on their Third Class in Honours.

We also had the pleasure of a visit from our late master, Fr. Hunter Blair, whom we were glad to find looking exceedingly well.

During the term death has taken from our midst two familiar figures—Mr. Burton, senior Fellow of Pembroke College, one of the last of the old-fashioned classical scholars, and Mr. Nicholson, who for so long filled the arduous position of Bodley's librarian.

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We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St Augustine*, the *Austral Light*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Bulletin de S. Martin*, the *Bardo*, the *Cottonian*, the *Downside Review*, the *Edmundian*, the *Georgian*, the *Irish Rosary*, the *Oscotian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Rivista Storica Benedettina*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Ushaw Magazine*.