

THE VENERABLE MAGAZINE

❀
 CONDUCTED
 BY THE
 PAST AND PRESENT
 STUDENTS
 ❀



❀
 OF THE
 VENERABLE
 ENGLISH COLLEGE
 ROME
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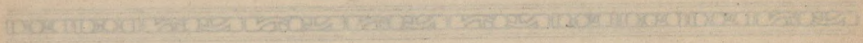
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✠ JOSEPH PALICA, Arch. Philipp.
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Lodando il pensiero degli antichi alunni
del Ven. Collegio Inglese in Roma
i quali hanno formato fra loro un' Associazion
per provvedere ai bisogni materiali
dell' Istituto accui devon l'educazione sacerdotale,
Noi benediciamo con effusione di cuore
quanti hanno preso parte a così lodevole Associazion
e preghiamo il Signore ad essere con tutte
bargo nelle sue grazie e nelle sue misericordie.

Dal Vaticano 23 Febbraio 1918

Benedictus PP. XV



We gladly bestow the Apostolic Benediction
on the Past and Present Students of the Venerable English College
Rome, praying that thy new magazine may unite many hearts
to 'Alma Mater' and to the See of Peter for which the Martyrs of the
"Venerabile" died.

Iny P.P. XI

"THE VENERABLE"

I have been asked to write a few words to introduce the Magazine of the Venerable English College. I gladly do so because from every point of view I consider the project most excellent and cordially wish it every success. In these days of magazines and periodicals almost every association of men, almost every school of thought, has its publication devoted to its interests.

More than forty years ago now I was called upon as Superior of Downside School to initiate a movement for a college magazine, which I am happy to think has been a success and which is still in existence. In 1880, I wrote of this scheme somewhat as follows: Schools, regiments, societies for athletic or kindred associations, artistic and literary societies etc. all have found profit and pleasure from a record kept in the form of a journal or periodical magazine. To none should such a publication be more interesting than to colleges and to those who are or who have been connected with them. In the life of almost every alumnus of a college there will come in after years, from time to time, some memory of the old days and of the old place from whence he went forth into the world to do his work in the role appointed to him by Providence. Now and again, the thoughts will go back to the time, before the action of life commenced, and to nearly everyone the scene of the old college and of those who inhabited it will return with a feeling of affection and at least of surmise as to those who in the old

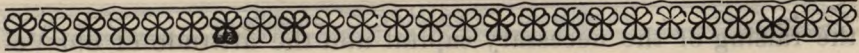
days were his companions. Some even will perhaps recall a critical situation in their youthful career—a time, a word of a superior, an example of an equal—a time, an influence, an act which marked the turning-point of their lives. It is to all these that a magazine such as the Venerable should make its appeal.

It will, as I understand, include articles contributed by past or present students on topics directly or indirectly touching the welfare and the work of the College; with such a long and honourable past, as the Venerable English College is proud to possess, there should be no difficulty in finding ample material for a really interesting and useful record of work attempted and work done for God and His Church. In relation to the College, its history and its inhabitants there is a field which will take many generations of students to cultivate. The martyrs—the chief glory of the English College, the really great men who have studied here and then gone forth to their labours; the history of the buildings in the past, and the record, year by year, of what has been done; memoirs of the Bishops, who have made their studies within the venerable walls and have been called to rule the Church in England; the feasts held and entertainments and visits each year; the records of great achievements in the Schools, etc. Here are some of the things, which should find a notice in the pages of this Magazine to which I most cordially wish God-speed and every success.

AIDAN Card. GASQUET.

*Palazzo di S. Calisto,
Corpus Christi Day, 1922.*





EDITORIAL

The launching of a ship, a pleasant spectacle to behold, is a task fraught with anxiety, and not without dread of ill omens, and searching of oracles. The launching of this magazine may likewise seem to some an adventure or at least one whose novelty urges due care and forethought in its undertaking, so that the ways and means may be forthcoming and united financial and other help secured. The novelty, however, of the enterprise is atoned for by its necessity, which has become still more apparent of late years. The need of a college magazine had in fact been discussed by successive generations of Venerable men, who, although they admitted its desirability, deemed it best that the project had better wait for a more favourable moment. Thus procrastination and the conservatism of the times delayed its realisation to this rather late hour. Had not the celebrations of the centenary of the reopening of the college been marred by the war and its aftermath of unrest, they would have afforded a fitting occasion for this first plunge into college journalism. The matter still continued to lie in abeyance. The idea, however, was, at the instance of the Bishop of Salford, again mooted during the winter session of the College Debating Society 1921-22, and, though discussed in a purely academic fashion, it aroused such ardent support that it was afterwards considered from a business point of view in a public meeting and unanimously adopted. The Rector was approached for his approval. Though slightly diffident at first, he promised to give the matter mature deliberation, and soon became its leading supporter. Two difficulties still loomed on the horizon :

the raising of the necessary capital and the attitude of old Venerable men towards the new venture.

Both were destined to be soon scattered to the winds thanks to the generous support of the members of the Roman Association, who were informed of the project by Canon O'Toole, and at their subsequent meeting at Palazzola by Monsignor Hinsley. The enthusiasm with which the proposal was received, and the ready response which it obtained, soon dispelled all doubts. Other Venerable men and friends of the Venerable gave it a like welcome and made its accomplishment possible by their timely aid and encouragement. Since, therefore, the oracles were favourable, the success of the venture was assured. Nor was a good omen long in forthcoming. The Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, having heard from the Rector of the proposed magazine showed his warm approval of it by sending an autographed photograph with his blessing on the new journal. We desire to offer in return, for such a distinguished honour, our most grateful thanks and filial homage to His Holiness *quem Deus diu sospitemque servet.*

Now, therefore, that our barque is, we hope, safely launched, it may not be out of place to give warning concerning the Scylla and Charybdis of all such literary enterprises, namely the supply of articles and the prompt payment of subscriptions. Of the first indeed there is no reason thus far to fear a dearth. As regards subscriptions we feel sure we can rely on the thoughtfulness and goodwill of our readers, in a matter which concerns not only the success but the very existence of the magazine. There only remains for us the pleasant duty of expressing our deep sense of gratitude to all those who have so generously cooperated in the financing and production of our journal, to whom we tender the old Venerable greeting *Ad Multos Annos.*



Benedict XV, Pius XI and “The Venerable”

On the forefront of our first number appear the autographs of the last two Popes. The grace of the Apostolic Blessing is doubly bestowed upon us. The chivalry of our Martyrs, *Pro Petri Fide et Patria*, signed and sealed in their blood, is by each Pope proclaimed as the model and principle of our action. Devotion to the Holy See is the very life of our College. We breathe the very atmosphere of the Centre of Christendom, and, from our origin, beyond the duty of loyalty, we have learned to respond to the fatherly care and interest of the Supreme Pontiff by a deep personal attachment.

On many occasions Benedict XV showed his love and care for the College. There was more than the official touch when he spoke to us, something better than cold business when he treated of our affairs; we saw the Father in his whole attitude. He seemed to delight to move among the students, and to talk to them of his own student's days at the University. He recalled how he had worn almost the same uniform as the English College, when he was at the Capranica, and had been a companion of many of the Old Students at the Gregorian. He told our new men (1918-1919) of his own difficulties at the outset of his career at the Schools: they must not be discouraged when they found it hard to follow the lectures and to carry on their work in Latin. The 44 men of the present day—that was exactly the number of students at the beginning of “peace”—must remember the glories of the 44 martyrs of the Venerabile. The men of today would have their martyrdom to endure, and perhaps their persecutor (indicating the Rector at his side) to face.

In his first audience with Benedict XV, the Rector found that His Holiness had all the details about the College in his mind, and was able to speak of the history of the past and the difficulties of the present and the prospects of the future. Surely the elements of greatness were in this Pope; all who knew him intimately speak of his marvellous memory and of his capacity for work and for taking pains. Those who were habitually about him and assisted at his death-bed bear witness that he had also the qualities of a saint.

Benedict XV early in 1918 settled to issue an Apostolic Letter to the Rector to commemorate the centenary of the re-founding of the College under Monsignor Gradwell. It was on December 18th that Wiseman and his companions arrived from the North of England at the College in Rome to make a new start in the old place after years of French misuse and of dis-use (1798-1818). Pope Benedict XV showed his appreciation of the event, and his concern for almost the oldest of the national Colleges in Rome, by his Letter which appeared in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*. This letter of commendation and appeal was spread abroad by the generosity of the Association in an appendix to the discourse delivered by Monsignor Prior in the College Chapel on the day of our centenary celebration, December 18th. 1918. From their Lordships of England there was an instant answer to this Apostolic Letter, and the College owes to them a debt of gratitude for their increased interest and support.

The Association of Old Students will welcome the autograph blessing which Benedict XV granted them in February 1918. The Rector had explained to His Holiness all the Association had done for their *Alma Mater*, dwelling particularly on their contributions towards the restoration of the College buildings, and on the Scholarships founded by them for English Students at the Venerable. The Pope, with eager care, wrote the lengthy message of praise and blessing under his photograph. This ought to be a family treasure for generations!

To the students of the Venerable Benedict XV was a loving and beloved Father. By the world he was much misunderstood in life; only after his death has he begun to be rec-

koned at his true value: history will find out his full worth. Meanwhile we can dwell with the reverence of sons on his life and on his work and on the triumph already won.

Benedict XV's priestly life, as Giacomo Della Chiesa, was spent in work for souls. His Pontificate was a struggle for peace, and an unflagging effort for God's glory by the spread of His Kingdom. Almost his first words as Pope were these: *hoc unum velle et unice contendere ut Ecclesiae Christi per tot adversa gradienti, utile praebeamus ministerium*. To this purpose he was faithful unto death; those around him as he lay dying heard him murmur: "Se il Signore mi vuole ancora a lavorare per la sua Chiesa, son sempre pronto."

A British Officer, who was passing through Rome from a Turkish prison, begged from the Rector a recommendation for an audience with Benedict XV: "I want to see your Pope, or some one who can give him a message from me and my fellow officers. We had a hard time among the Turks, after our capture at Kut. But the Pope came to our rescue, and we began to be treated more decently. We owe to him our first good dinner on Christmas day 1917, after months of hard living and starvation. I want to thank him personally, if I can." This is one case out of ten thousand, to show how Benedict XV spent and worked for the victims of the Great World Tragedy. The tale of his good deeds has been told in part, but we shall never know on this earth the full extent of his boundless care for his children of all nations and of all parties during the direful years 1914-1918 and after.

Before his death, all, or nearly all the nations, great and small, new and old, gathered around the Pope of Peace, and stood around his bier at the last, in the persons of their official representatives, to acknowledge that Benedict XV was the outstanding figure of the war period, and that he had maintained at its lofty level the moral power of the Papacy in the greatest crisis of human history.

In Benedict XV the world lost a Peace-Worker and Universal Benefactor. We of the Venerable still feel a pang and a void, at mention of his name, for he was to us a friend and a father.

The Empires and Kingdoms and Republics of these times have more than ever reason to tremble for themselves when their leaders are stricken down. Their promise is in natural strength at best.

The Church mourns indeed, and enshrines her heroes and her great workers. But Peter never dies. In the words of Leo the Great: *manet enim dispositio veritatis et beatus Petrus, in accepta fortitudine petrae perseverans susceptae Ecclesiae gubernacula non reliquit.* The election of Pius XI is the latest instance, after hundreds of like proofs, of divine power of continuity.

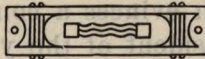
Our students, who had watched in the Piazza of St. Peter's for each *sfumata*, hailed the new Pontiff with a loyal shout of joy as loud as any College could put forth. To us, among the first, the Pope, through H. E. Cardinal Gasquet, our Protector, sent his blessing and his message of affection. In the audience which the Association of Old Students obtained at the close of their memorable meeting in Rome and at Palazzola in May last, we saw how much at heart Pius XI has the well-being of England and of the Venerable. The answer to the Association's Address to the Holy Father on that occasion has since come to the President of this year, the Rector. The Address was most welcome to His Holiness, writes the Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, because it renews our promises of undying attachment to the See of St. Peter, and because it sets forth our determination to prove still further our practical love for our *Alma Mater* in Rome. Here in this City, under the watchful fatherly care of the Supreme Pontiff, close by the Tombs of the Apostles, young men preparing for the Priesthood will be fitted by training in true faith and in true charity to draw their countrymen, by cords ever stronger and more enduring, around the Chair of St Peter. The members of the Association have good reason to show their thankfulness to God for the benefits He has bestowed upon them in their College course at the Venerable, and worthily to honour those glorious Martyrs, their forefathers, who, in defence of the faith and of the prerogatives of the Holy See, offered themselves in their native land as a mighty holocaust, so that others might share the same privi-

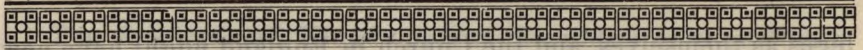
leges as themselves, and the Church in England might have new workers to spread the faith.

From Pius XI we shall surely receive the same tokens of interest as from his predecessor, the large-hearted Benedict XV. From every son of our old College, Pius XI, as all his Predecessors, will surely command a loyalty which can brook no paltering with the shifting currents of party politics or of egoistic schemes. Pius XI is to us, as were his predecessors, the Vicar of Christ and the Father of all the Faithful.

Moreover, the magic personality of Pius XI—as for instance when he stood on the loggia outside St. Peter's on the day of his proclamation, perfectly master of himself and of his position, a sportsman in spirit, like himself, the young priest who bore the brunt of the night and of the storm on Monte Rosa,—or as when, fired with zeal in the Vatican Cortile, the Belvedere, he spok of Rome as the City of the Blessed Sacrament (*onde Cristo è Romano*),—and all the story of his life, first at Milan as a scholar and a priest, rescuing souls in the Cenacle, or saving lives before the barricades, or labouring calmly at his books and manuscripts in the Ambrosiana, next as a Papal Delegate at Warsaw fearless before the on-coming Bolshevists, heartening the terrorstricken people to resist them unto victory—all this and much else, all his *fides intrepida*, has filled us with that love for Pius XI which theologians would call not only appreciative but intense.

A. H.





The First Meeting of the Roman Association at Rome

May 11th to 15th 1922

Note the dates, for this is history as she is written. I need hardly remark it was beautiful weather, and the camerata was punctual as ever, though one or two were late and had to be taken up on the way. This proves only that the marked individualism of the English College Students is not dead as yet.

The motor-bus set forth from the Cortile of the Venerabile on Thursday, May the eleventh, at exactly twenty minutes to four of a sunny afternoon, impelled by a cheer from the students greater than the collective noises of the Via di Monserrato for four hundred years. This is a risky assertion, made subject to correction, but certain it is that the bus went faster for the first ten minutes than it did at any time subsequent.

For so distinguished a gathering, it was a tight fit, and even the Dean of the Sacred Rota seemed a bit crowded. I only say seemed, because in many years acquaintance I have never seen him really crowded, or rushed on any of those things which so easily befall lesser men. Conversation was of that well-distributed liveliness which evinces a concentrated happiness and ease. We had our President of the year, Monsignor Hinsley, the Rector, and our Secretary, Doctor O'Hanlon. Then, taking ourselves in order of arrival at the Colledge, we were: Monsignor Prior, and (all lesser titles taken as read), O'Connor, Habell, O'Farrell, Collingwood, Hally, Kane, Kenny, Hall, Cotton, Kearney, Hickey, O'Leary, Coupe, Campion, Cogan, Foley, Sunn, Baron, Clay, Morgan, Barre, Porter. The last is not least but



PAST AND PRESENT - 1922

I do not know his date of arrival. The Vice-Rector, Monsignor Redmond had gone before to prepare the place for us; so that arrived at Palazzola we were twenty-six all told, equal to an average meeting of the Association in England. Hyland, Tatum, Wade and Ward had accepted the Rector's invitation but had to cancel for various reasons.

The pace of the conveyance permitted a more or less detailed examination of the monuments whether ancient or modern, but as she felt the first rise of the Alban Hills she nearly stopped. We could from far away discern the Porzio Pine, San Silvestro, Monte Compatri and Rocca Priora, to say nothing of Tusculum. A certain bovine recklessness of pace bore us through the outskirts of Frascati too fast for any infection from its well-known frivolity, but going up the long ascent through the woods of Rocca di Papa the engine was in such distress that we walked a mile or so, nothing loth.

At some time before six we saw the smiling face of the Vice-Rector, who took our luggage by a secret way, leaving us free to sample the main approaches, which are wild and impressive enough in all conscience (1). So wild indeed, that an expensive watchfulness may be necessary to maintain them. The terrace garden is beautiful with a mixed-up glamour of austerity, antiquity and solidity, just conscious of decay as possible, not probable. Great secular cypresses and bay trees at the far end, ilex and bay at the end near the house were black overhead, and under the blackness their trunks burned scarlet with the level rays of evening. To them enter various old Boys,

(1) It would be really cheaper to engineer and metal a road from the main, the strada provinciale from Rocca di Papa to Ariccia, round to the entrance (Sforza Cesarini), as this would be less sensitive to earthquakes, floods or new religions. J. O'C.

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For this road the Rector already has the full plans, a gift from Arnaldi, the late owner of Palazzola. These contemplate a restoration of a part of the old carriage road which ran from Rome through Marino, Nemi, Velletri to Naples past our Villa. Gasparroni, the brigand known to us by romance, actually won his pelf and fame along this now abandoned highway.

Ed.

peripatetic. Seen through the refectory windows over belated afternoon tea cups, the stage was enough to make a modern scene-painter's fortune if he could have reproduced it.

And so to bed. At least to see where the bed might be. Nearly all had a beautiful view of something or other from their windows, so ample is the accomodation (Note the spelling). As for me, I could almost discern the famous strawberry vine in the Friar's garden at Albano. So near and yet so far!

After an excellent supper under the slightly garrulous epigraphs about bygone banquets, some were found of soul so dead as to play cards under the still more garrulous epigraphs of the Friars. So deeprooted is the passion for games of chance. The more serious-minded drowned their preoccupations in anecdote, or evolved collective wisdoms, or sat on the garden wall and discussed with growing futility the lights of Rome, beautiful enough to evoke perfect unity of feeling, but we can't all be poets and partly because so few attempt it. Down the Alban gorge, which runs from the shoulder of Cavo to the lake, raged a summer storm of wind which drove white horses across the waters and made overcoats a luxury.

The students deserve much credit for the excellent swimming-bath they have made in the garden, but so strong was that south-east wind that only one of our company made use of it. The same is said to have asseverated that Palazzola was as good as a jolly "*Slosh*" in Bavaria. He was going to Oberammergau, and he made that noise in the "Tank," but he must have meant Schloss. The place is built like a fortress, and should outlive our time. The Sforza-Cesarini buildings, over—hanging, are well worth restoring to proper use, but money is needed. You can save a lot of money if you have a lot.

Friday was a day of rest and quiet enjoyment. Only one of the party walked over Tusculum to Monte Porzio, returning for supper. In the afternoon, some went to Nemi (an hour's walk only), and reported that the wine had not deteriorated. So two of us went on Saturday round by Albano, and found 'twas even so. We also had strawberries from the very alluvial beds east of the lake. We needed all these aids for we were elderly, and a scirocco or the next worst thing breathed bane-

fully upon us from start to finish, so that Sunday was a day of rest, perforce, and some of us were only just fit to take an intelligent part in the meeting of the Association, adjourned from London in Low Week.

Here it was announced that two extra scholarships were available this year, given by the Right Reverend Monsignor Stanley, Bishop of Emmaus, one of the greatest benefactors of the Venerable, whose name will be in everlasting benediction in the College itself, in homes of successful students and in the Episcopal Curias of England. No less than ten Burses will ultimately be provided by the Stanley Foundation (1). The Meeting was of opinion that the two scholarships for this year could be assigned, with the consent of Monsignor Stanley, to the most successful candidates at the Association's competitive examination this summer.

The Rector announced that the Students wished to publish a College Magazine. The advantages were considered and one was agreed to be the keeping old and new Romans in touch with one another, a long-felt want. Initial expenses would be covered by L.50. The Association subscribed L.34 on the spot.

It was then agreed to suggest another meeting for the year 1925 and quinquennial meetings thenceforward to be held at Palazzola. How to make Palazzola useful during nine months of the year was admitted to be a problem worthy of serious and long consideration. A preparatory course of Latin and Italian was thought to be at least ideally desirable, as many of us felt that our first year of the University had been a *Salle des pas perdus*. But the utilising of Palazzola in this way, besides needing Papal and Episcopal approbation and much co-operation, would mean a new establishment, and therefore would require some incubation with pondering of ways and means.

There was mulled wine in the common-room at nights, for it was none too sultry after dark, and, were there a Visitor's

(1) Since the above was written, we learn that the successful candidates this year for the Burses on the Stanley Fund are Mr John Kelly, of Ushaw, and Mr W. Sewell, of Womersley. The Rector tells us we shall have 65 students for the year 1922-1923! Ed.

Book, we could write in it that the diet was generous and varied and the landlord civil and obliging.

*Now Catholic men, who live upon wine
Are deep-in-the-water, and frank and fine.
Wherever I travel I find it so.
Benedicamus Domino.*

*
* *

On Monday May 15th. we were motored in several cars along the Appian Way and some other ways to Rome for the special Audience granted by the Holy Father. It was hotter and dustier as we neared the City, though snow was on one of the lofty Apennines far away behind Tivoli and north of it.

Pius XI gave us twenty minutes audience in the Throne-room, standing and walking about among us. He looks younger than his years, and is very sturdy and *svelto*. He spoke of his heartfelt joy in what the Association had done for the material interests of the Venerabile and prayed that our hearts' desire for the advancement of the Church in England might be given us. He blessed all our religious objects according to each one's individual intentions, and he declared his blessing (to be given in full form presently) to be for our people, our friends and our relatives, according to each one's desire and intention. I noticed that when he began: *Sit nomen Domini benedictum*, he signed with his thumb the large cross on his breast as we were told to do at the *Converte nos* beginning Compline. I mention this because most I have met seem never to have heard such a thing. Rubricians, note.

The Papal audience did not make us or the weather any cooler, and during the convivial business which ensued in the College Refectory the windows had to be opened wide, admitting the unsleeping *Via de' Cappellari* to a share in the musical honours accorded to the toasts of the Pope, the Association, and the promoters of the excursion. His Eminence the Cardinal Protector, Aidan Gasquet O. S. B. and Monsignor Stanley, Bishop of Emmaus, Monsignor Prior, Dean of the Sacred Rota,

Dom Philip Langdon were the guests over and above the Association. All were photographed afterwards—a reproduction of the group of Old and New being herewith given *ad futuram rei memoriam*—, and a concert in the Grand Corridor rounded off a very full if not a perfect day. It was almost the time for fire-works when we adjourned, feeling that the Rector had achieved with great success what on the face of it looked nearly impossible. He had called from a thousand miles away a number of old students equal to the record strength of the Venerable up to his assumption of office, and had entertained them with ample hospitality for four days and brought the College and the Roman Association into a wholly new and intimate relationship which it is to be hoped may be permanent. It would hardly be fair to omit mention of the Vice-Rector's part in the success of the big undertaking, for he was continually on the watch keeping things in time and tune, so that there was not so much as a creak from the machine.

June 1922.

J. O'C.

PALAZZOLA

Midst Cavo's jagged sides, embattled high
 Above the Lake, in sylvan shades that ward
 From weary wights the tyrant sun too nigh,
 Our Convent-Castle keeps its peaceful guard,
 On giant rocks which glories grim could tell
 Of battles bravely won and cause forlorn,
 Where erst frowned Alba Longa's Citadel
 What time Immortal Rome was yet unborn.
 Hurl'd from his pride on yonder peak above (1)
 Is Jove, the thunder-god of lust and strife,
 His Feasts cast out by the holocaust of Love
 In Mary's Shrine of Snows; where dwells our Life, (2)
 Who calls: "Come rest apart, beside the Rood;
 Here find true peace, your Sole Beatitude".

HISPAL.

(1) The temple of Jupiter Latiaris stood on the summit of Monte Cave. The processions of the *Feriae Latinae* were formed finally where Palazzola now is, to pass on to the sacrifices on the top of the mountain.

(2) The dedication of our Church at Palazzola is to Our Lady of the Snows. Over the Cloister-door, close beside the Church, is a rough inscription: "Beata Solitudo, O Sola Beatitudo".

“PER SPECULUM IN AENIGMATE”

“Through a glass (or mirror) in a dark manner,” do we apprehend the divinely revealed mystery. Without revelation we should not know of its existence and even with revelation the inwardness of it is beyond us. The purpose of this revelation and the obligation we lie under of accepting it, do not concern us here. What concerns us is that the truth revealed is of such a nature that the human mind cannot fathom the reason why it is or how it may come about that subject and predicate in the revealed proposition must be joined together. Nor can we from any truth falling within our natural ken deduce the doctrine taught by God.

If a mystery then excludes positive human understanding and all approach at demonstration, it may be asked “How is it to be thought at all? How can it be expressed in human language which embodies human thought? Failure to conceive it must mean impotence to express it.” The summarising of a few headings towards the solution of this difficulty is the object of this paper.

In the first place by apprehension I mean “the mind’s expression of the object it perceives.” This definition leaves entirely out of count the influence or absence of influence of a moral or religious truth upon the life of the person who apprehends it. There is certainly a great difference between a catholic theologian and an agnostic both studying a treatise on the Trinity. They both start with the proposition that in one God there are three persons. They both wish to solve an equation—to find the value of x . But with the one x stands

for a reality—a fact; with the other it is a supposition. In scholastic language the latter merely apprehends a statement; but the former makes a judgment “It is,” and although his motive is authority, he has conviction. So while the catholic theologian projects and visualizes the fact, lets it influence his moral and practical life and looks upon it as a truth to be expounded and a cause to be defended, the agnostic lives in a purely notional atmosphere; the interest aroused in him never goes beyond that of intellectual curiosity and he is like a boy dealing with imaginary millions of pounds with pen, ink, and paper. As the boy does not handle the money, so the agnostic fails to grasp the value of the mysterious truth. This is sufficient to show that I am not treating the question from the point of view of Cardinal Newman in his Grammar of Assent, but from the standpoint of Dante where, speaking of God, he says:

“The primal and ineffable worth
 Made whatsoever circleth through mind and space with
 So great order that whoso looketh on it
 May not be without some taste of Him.”

I am treating of the basis of all valid human apprehension, with particular reference to supernatural truth, and the basis is divine exemplarism. The underlying principles of the doctrine of exemplarism as developed from the teaching of Plato and Aristotle by St. Thomas are these: Our concepts are the outcome of the mind's contact with the outer visible world through the medium of the senses. Our mind and our senses and the outer world are part of nature and nature is God's work. Nature is the art of God and His handiwork is framed and fashioned in imitation, faint though it be, of His own limitless being. The value of our concepts then depends both subjectively and objectively upon divine exemplarism. The principles are clear if we bear in mind that an active cause always tends to give something of its own—something of itself or like itself. This is particularly true of the First Cause with regard to external effects. He acts through mind and free choice. With the infinite keenness of an all-penetrating intellect He probes His boundless perfections to their utmost and, turning them over

within Himself, as it were, He beholds the grades and phases innumerable in which His being may be copied. These grades and phases lying eternally before the divine gaze are the models or exemplars of the divine art. Creatures are beings in so far as they correspond with these models. For God is the sum total of subsistent being, focussing all perfections into one pure act and therefore nothing, however distantly removed from His excellence, is possible, unless it primarily originate in Him.

Through the act of creation the energy of the divine will gives a real and distinct existence to what had hitherto been ideal.

St. Thomas (1p. 18q. a4) tells us that what is seen by God within Himself is one with His act of intelligence and that act is His very life, so that all created things as exemplarised in Him are the divine life. But the copies themselves, not being caught up into the unity of God, can give us only a dim reflection of the hidden perfection of His life. Much in the same way as we admire the beauties of nature, do we admire the statue or painting of the human form—but what is the dumb image compared with the original, breathing with real life, adorned with true beauty and moving with a grace that can never be imparted to canvas or stone? What then must be the living Archetype of all that is true and good and beautiful!

The divine impress and lineaments are therefore throughout the whole of creation, and finite beings possess their value and excellence so far as they approximate to the ineffable worth of God.

From this flow some very important conclusions with regard to human knowledge. It is precisely from the same source as they take their being that creatures draw their intelligibility. The types in God are intelligible, so likewise are the copies.

Man's intellect brings him into closer resemblance with his Creator than anything else around him. He is made to the image of God. He alone of all material creation is able to say with God, though in an inferior sense, "I am." Sense and material activity have barriers that they cannot surmount, but man's mind can transcend matter. The intensity of its power is, however, limited, so that the Infinite Being is super-intelligible. From the first feature comes the possibility of apprehending a supernatural truth; from the second the natural impossibility of understanding it.

First then with regard to the intensive power of the human intellect! What is the particular object for which it is fitted? Being limited our mind cannot encompass the infinite. Further, we are not conscious of any knowledge other than acquired and that through the medium of the senses. So the source from which man receives his first impression is of the sensible and the material order. The object and the thinking subject belong to the same order of composite nature. But just as in God the material and the sensible are presented to the divine intelligence without their created physical conditions and yet are perfectly comprehended, so too, in the measure that the human intellect is able to separate the material nature from the same conditions, does it penetrate what is intelligible therein. The object thus returns nearer to the intelligibility of the prototype. Hence instead of distance in perfection between matter and spirit being an obstacle to the comprehension of matter, the reverse is the case. The less potential (i. e. the more perfect) the spirit is, the more intensive its grasp and penetration. So in the degree that the cognitive faculty is immaterial and akin to God's intellect, will it penetrate the nature of things, and in the measure that it is defective, will it be limited in range or at least draw down to its own level the object that is more excellent than itself.

Not only, for instance, can no sense faculty be aware of the purely spiritual, but precisely because organic and therefore nearer in mode of being to its own object, it fails to give anything beyond the "hic et nunc" outward manifestations of the individual body. But since these impressions are caused by activities arising from the nature of the object, they contain the element necessary for the intellect to reach the material being and its kind in the abstract. If then the intellect depends upon these sense presentations for its object, it naturally follows that the intellect will be limited in what we may call its specific form or cast of concept. It is fitted to reach, not any being "in se", but material being and that in the abstract. Thus our mind is in a groove, but since it is in that groove by nature, its primary concepts, its first principles, its spontaneous reasonings are valid and infallible, otherwise God would

have failed in His work. Our mind therefore consciously reflects nature, which bears the impress of the divine mind and is enriched with traces of the divine perfections. The reflection is true because the light of intelligibility comes ultimately from the eternal exemplars—and the intellect in its measure draws the light of active intelligence from the same source.

From what has been said it is abundantly evident that there is room for objective truth or being, which does not fall within the natural scope of our intellect to penetrate. We have no means for instance of directly peering into the inner nature of God. If then God communicates some truth concerning Himself over and above what we can ever possibly find out, and which baffles reason even after revelation, can we receive it without falsifying it? Certainly we may.

The kind of knowledge I have insisted on so far is intuitional; it is peculiar or proper to the object, since it arises from the object presenting itself in its own light to the eye of the intelligence. But this intuitional knowledge is the basis of analogical. The object of analogical knowledge does not present itself in its own light, but in the borrowed light of the objective intuition. And this analogical knowledge is valid provided there is a foundation in the order of reality.

My meaning will be made clear from the following illustration. A man blind from his birth knows nothing of the intrinsic nature of his image in a mirror. A picture duplicate of himself is meaningless to him in the proper sense of the terms. But place his statue before him, and the duplicate of himself, by appealing to his sense of touch (applied to himself and the statue), will be recognised as a resemblance. He may now be told that just as in the stone there is a copy of himself, so in a manner not directly perceivable by him there is a copy of himself in the mirror. He knows that the latter is a different kind of image from the former, because on placing his hand on the mirror he finds that it presents a plane surface, and were he to make his sense of touch the criterion of the existence or non-existence of his reflection, he would naturally deny its existence. However the authority, of another (whom he trusts and who perhaps acts as his guide through busy

streets) supplies the place of sight and on this motive, without understanding its true inward meaning, he accepts the proposition that his image is in the mirror. Still the words are not empty sounds to him; he understands them in the borrowed light of a parallel truth, which he knows from experience—namely that his likeness is in the stone. The question may be asked, is this analogy valid? Where is the connection in the order of reality between these two diverse copies of the blind man? The difference is evident; what note do they possess in common?

First we must note that an image of an individual is a kind of double. The word to re-present means to present again or a second time. Hence the individual is present again (vicariously) in his image. The blind man would understand as much from his statue. But he is soon corrected of the natural inclination to apply the same idea univocally to the second likeness. Yet provided he accepts the word of his friend, he must retain the idea of what is radically common to any image—namely, second presence. Figure, shape or outline are given in both cases—but in one they are given in terms of resistance to touch—in the other in terms of colour, which is co-extensive and co-terminous with the figure. Re-presentation in a sensible manner is common—the mode differs. Hence the analogy rests validly on ontological data.

While the superiority of intuitional knowledge or insight is evident, at the same time when the blind man asserts that his image is in the mirror, his judgment is equally in conformity with the objective truth as that of his informant. Suppose that he obtained the use of his sight, he would not have to correct his judgment, but he would see the intrinsic truth of what he had accepted on authority when the manner of his understanding was relatively imperfect. And this fact that insight does not bring with it any reform of judgment, but merely involves a change of motive, is particularly to be noted. The change of motive makes the knowledge more perfect, but does not make the judgment more correct or more in conformity with the object. For judgment is the mental act by which our mind refers itself to the “esse” of the object and not to its own mode of conception or the motive of its judgment.

Until faith gives way to vision, we are with respect to mysteries in a position analogous to that of the blind man. The motive of our acceptance is the authority of God revealing. The truth revealed is beyond the intuitional power of the intellect, not because of an accidental defect, but because of its natural limitation. But the gift of Faith, which is supernatural like the object and the motive, does not change the natural mode of understanding. The mould therefore into which the mystery is cast is human; and the language in which it is expressed is human. No new language was given with revelation. No new order of concepts is miraculously infused into the minds of those who believe. True, there are complex concepts such as consubstantial—transubstantiation—which originate from a revealed proposition, but, break these concepts or any other of the same kind up into the component parts, and these will be found to originate in nature. God therefore speaks to us in our own language; and accomodates his revelation to our way of thinking, but the judgment involving those human words and concepts is not our making. Thus are combined the natural and supernatural element. God's spoken word like the Substantial Word comes to us in human form. Nor does the natural element destroy the supernatural, because, as we saw, our natural knowledge is subjectively and objectively founded upon the divine exemplars, which are one with the being and life of God, from whom emanates all truth, whether or not it be, relatively to us, natural or supernatural. Since human thought then is fashioned in accordance with nature, it must have a certain fitness to bear mysteries; and so when mental terms are applied to the supernatural order they may maintain proportionately the same relation to one another as they do in the natural. The glimmer of light given by the analogy may be dull; and the expression given to God's work faint; but as long as there are light and expression there are knowledge and truth.

The obscurity in which a mystery is shrouded never clears away during this life. Hence there is no essential difference between the faith of the learned and that of the unlearned. Yet it is manifest that the keener our insight into the contents

and limitations of human thought, the more definite will be our intellectual appreciation of the divine truth—not of course in the sense that our mental penetration will be co-extensive with the objective truth itself, but always within the bounds of analogy. The validity of this analogy has already been shown. The mind therefore that has traced out the line that leads to the sources of being, thought and activity; that has a grasp of the fundamental concepts of nature—personality—causality—human knowledge etc., will be the best fitted to give a scientific equivalent of any mystery, and consequently to show that it does not involve an evident contradiction.

This becomes clear when we consider that a mystery, precisely because a mystery, must at least seem to strain human thought. The concepts or terms in which the mystery is couched are the very source from which intellectual difficulties are drawn. Therefore a fine, clear knowledge of what human concepts will bear without meeting with evident destruction must be the mental equipment of the scientific exponent and defender of the faith. We see this verified in the history of dogma in the Church. There was the state of simple faith in which the substance of the mystery was accepted, as for instance in the belief that the Son of God is God. But when men began to analyse the dogma, there was obvious danger that following the notion of human sonship too closely they might make God the Father the cause of God the Son, and thus destroy the divinity of the Son. Thus some of the early attempts at a scientific equivalent of the mystery did not square with the revealed doctrine. The would-be exponent was not therefore a heretic. By no means—provided of course he accepted the dogma and was ready to submit his analysis to the judgment of the Church—the divinely constituted interpreter of the revealed word. Until, then, the concept of the divine Sonship was purified of the defect of dependence in the order of causality and until a clear notion of subsisting relation was evolved, every analysis was imperfect or incorrect.

To pursue this point any further would lead us beyond the scope of this paper; so I will conclude with an application

of the principles laid down. It will show how analogies borrowed from nature may assist in arriving at a more explicit and scholarly knowledge of a mystery. The following points are taken from the summa 1p. 93q.

In all creatures there is a likeness of God. In irrational creatures the likeness is after the manner of a trace, for just as cinders are the effect of fire, so these creatures recall God merely as the effect does its cause. In the rational creature the likeness is that of an image, because the intellectual nature of God is therein represented. There is a quasi-specific likeness. So man is said to be made to the image of God through participating in intellectual nature.

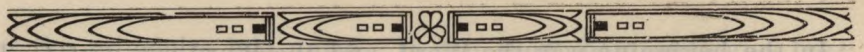
We know from faith that it belongs to the divine nature to subsist in three Persons. The Trinity of Persons is intimately bound up with the Divine Nature. Since man is the image of this nature it is fitting that in Him there should also be an image of the Trinity, and that in the intellectual order. Further we know from revelation that the distinctness of the Persons is by reason of their relations and origin, in as much as the Word proceeds from the Father, and Love or the Holy Spirit from the Father and the Son. The image of these processions is found in the human soul, when, reflecting upon itself, it forms within itself a likeness of itself. This replica of itself corresponds with the divine Word, who is the image of the substance of the Father. Further the soul in loving itself breathes forth an affection, and thus the soul is again within itself as the object loved. This represents the procession of the Holy Ghost. But that this analogy may be of use we must recognise the defects—namely that in us there is the interdependence of cause and effect and the powers of the soul together with its self-expression and its love towards itself have an accidental being and are not one with the substance of the soul. In God there is no coming about of the Trinity. It is by absolute necessity, but why it is, we do not know. More than this, the Persons are one with the divine substance though interdistinguished by opposing relations.

From what has been said on divine exemplarism we see the meaning of the opening word of the Gospel of St. John

“ In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God; through Him all things were made, and without Him was made nothing that was made.” Precisely because the Word is the image of the substance of the Father, to Him in a peculiar way are attributed the exemplar ideas upon which created being is founded. To the Father is attributed creation as to the principle of power, to the Son the wisdom of the plan—the design of fitting part to part and the harmony of the whole. Hence again (though there was no antecedent repugnance in either the Father or Holy Ghost assuming human nature), since the end was the repairing of the ruined order, there was a peculiar fitness in the Word becoming man to re-model the art of the Father. Further, the giving back to man his lost dignity of the adoptive sonship of God, is fittingly brought about by Him who is the Son of God by nature.

In brief the key to the whole question is this: There is an infinite absolute subsisting reality or being and a mind that embraces it all. There is a finite visible universe made in imitation of that being and minds with a finite insight in the same plane. The whole of this creation is a faint counterpart of the uncreated. The relation then of these limited minds with regard to truth over and above their natural plane is determined by the nature of the finite insight. Given therefore by revelation an object beyond that insight, these minds may reach it because of their power of abstraction, but their positive apprehension will be in their own terms; these terms have a fitness because they ultimately depend upon the divine exemplars, i. e. upon God Himself. Therefore face to face vision hereafter realises the judgment made here “ Per Speculum in Aenigmate ”, but there could be nothing to realise, unless there was a conception of the mystery at least through analogy—based upon nature. For take away the reflection of heaven upon the earth before God speaks, and His words to us are dark and meaningless. If analogy has no value, then the line of enquiry snaps on the horizon of this world and we know not what we are, whence we are or whither we go. Thus there is a blank—the blank of Agnosticism, and faith cannot build upon that

F. E. O'HANLON D. D.



“A TRAMP TO SUBIACO IN '88”

(From the *Roman Diary* of the present Bishop of Clifton.

The original has a number of illustrations.)

Sept. 26. Wed. Routed up at 4 whilst Orion was rising over the opposite hills. Ate a fairish breakfast and presently mounting into the conveyance provided was driven in about 4 hours to Genazzano. Didn't enjoy the ride at all and was sick on arrival. Looked into shrine, and then walking up town past the ancient Gothic house and through the picturesque old tumble-down Colonna palace, turned to right and descended alongside the town to view certain remains, said to be of Roman baths. There is no brick work about them and they resemble in shape a Church terminated by an apse at either end. The three beautiful arches of one side of the nave remain. Thence we journeyed up to the shrine again and next dined; after which came a rather comfortless squat on the ridge or spur that is connected by a bridge with the Colonna palace, and from which we had a good view of the bleak and bare hills opposite, that are crowned by Capranica and Rocca di Cave. At 3.30 the company split up: one part returning to Porzio; the other consisting of Dr. Giles, M., K., W., and self, set out on a walking tour, and taking the high road at the back of the town, arrived after some tramping at San Vito. The scenery on our right was magnificent: such sweeps of vale, such bold and far-stretching ranges of mountain. I noticed particularly Pagliano, and behind it Anagni, and behind it again Ferentino receding into the dim background, each perched on some commanding summit. At San Vito after

fixing our quarters we went up by the main street to visit the Church of the boy-martyr, whose statue a villager uncovered for us. We turned out to face a pelting shower, unexpected rather, and were obliged to take refuge in the doorway of a private house, then escaping home we donned our slippers and took our ease in our inn.

Sept. 27. Th. Served Dr. Giles's Mass in a little church nigh our lodgings, made a good breakfast concluded with fresh figs, and set off for the Mentorella. After descending the chain on which S. Vito stands, passing on our way a vacant shepherd whose shrill pipe made the solitudes resound again, we crossed the bed of the torrent beneath, and commenced our ascent of the bleak and stony mountain range opposite, that which stretches from Tivoli to the south-east and finally slopes into the plain nigh Genazzano. After toiling up the steep and ever-winding path for a long time, we arrived at a fountain where we sat down, and I made a light repast of a moiety of cold chicken. Another fountain lies higher up the steep. Emerging finally upon a more open and less stony tract, we were aware that we were « nicely in for » a storm, which was driving on rapidly from the heights just nigh opposite, and which presently smote us. Lightning was very close, and I experienced considerable "funk." Crouching down alongside some bushes we remained there sheltering ourselves from the rain and hail as well as we could, until our umbrellas proving useless against the pelting wet, we walked onward up stony and slippery paths, guiding our steps by the footprints left by a couple of mules, which we had seen previously mounting the hillside above us. At one point, although the rain was torrential, we waited by the side of the empty bed of a rivulet, to watch the course of the gathering stream, which presently came hissing and foaming by and then slipped over a waterfall beyond. What a long ascent that was to Guadagnolo from the meadows beneath, and what a wildly majestic ridge of bold and broken crag that Mentorella is when one is close under it! Entering Guadagnolo as a second storm swept over it and the solitary peaks beyond, we plunged into a dark cavernous recess, where wine and new-baked brown bread were gotten, and where our company were speedily surrounded by a circle composed of rough

brigandish folk and of one or two of the notables of the village, which numbers about 400 souls. Such a collection of dismal, dreary, semiruinous habitations I never saw. As we quitted this barbaric spot to gain the Convent of Mentorella which stands lower down on the farther side of the range, down came the rain again. Didn't mind it much, however, and when we came of a sudden in view of the convent, sat down behind a wall of the cemetery of Guadagnolo and did this: Received with great cordiality by the Superior of the Resurrectionists, Fr. Lanciotti; changed stockings and shirt, dined, and went down to the kitchen to dry my cassock skirts. Looked into Church next, and saw the piece of old carven woodwork in the Choir, commemorating the dedication by S. Silvester of the first Church said to have been built here by Constantine. In the Choir is also preserved the heart of Innocent XIII (Conti). Assisted at Benediction and supped with the Community in their small but comfortable refectory. Sleeping quarters were rigged up for me in a kind of attic, at the back of the choir, and from my little window, I could look up to the belfry of St. Eustace's chapel built upon the rock just above. I was distressed by fleas for a great part of the night, and found the pallet provided for me uncommonly hard.

Sept. 28. Fr. Went up after breakfast to visit the little chapel of St. Eustace, overlooking the church. It was on the crag whereon stands this chapel that the wondrous stag appeared to the Saint, who stood below on the spot where is now the church. Leading up to the Chapel is a Scala Santa mounted by pilgrims on their knees. The day was kept as St. Eustace's feast at the Mentorella, and Mass had been said in the little chapel that morning. The morning itself was clear and bright, and the panorama from that lofty elevation magnificent and imposing. Far away to the left I saw Mandela and Saracinesca perching on its mountain-cone; below were Ciciliano, Carreto, Pisciano and far away to the right beyond S. Vito, whence we had come, the eye ranges over a broad sweeping tract, intersected by mountain ridges as far as Segni. The town of Subiaco was discernible too in the valley of the Anio, fronting us in the distance, and above towers the gigantic chain of hills culminating

in Monte Calvo. We took a peep at the cave just below, wherein St. Benedict lodged for a while; and didn't get started on our journey till a quarter to ten, after we had partaken of a second meal of eggs and cheese, during which the Procurator, a burly wight with a beard, descanted gaily on his London experiences. The descent from the Mentorella is very steep and is accomplished by sharply turning and zig-zag stony paths in about an hour. The day was very warm and perspiration poured out copious and free. After gaining the plain, our route, along which we met several companies of countryfolk tramping to the Mentorella to keep the feast of St. Michael, led us to the pretty village of Gerano, and here we refreshed. Starting thence again about 2 o'clock we took the often winding and wearisome path over ridge after ridge, and at length marched into Subiaco by Pius VI's gate, after crossing the old bridge over the Anio. As there was not time to reach the Abbey so as to be received there that night, we put up at the Pernice, and had a cheery little supper upstairs; the most delightful feature of which was a couple of cups of tea apiece.

Sept. 29. Sat. Up early and posted off at once to the Abbey, following the course of the Anio, and passing the so called ruins of Nero's villa. If these be not the remains of the villa, whose site Nibby fixed lower down, they are probably those of some imperial baths. The little circular chapel nigh the bridge marks the spot where St. Benedict saved S. Placidus from drowning in the lake then existing. I served Dr. Giles's Mass in the Abbey Church and partook of a slender collation: then in the course of the morning visited the chapels of the Fathers of the Benedictine Order, the underground chapels, including that of the Angels, painted by some unknown hand of Giotto's school, and went with Dom Leone, a jovial monk, to see library. Here are kept "incunabula," amongst which is the Lactantius of Conrad Sweinheim and Arnold Pannartz, printed by them here in 1465, the first book printed out of Germany. Dined with the monks off plentiful and sufficiently toothsome fare. The Abbey consists of three quadrangles: the first and largest is of 1581: the second is the oldest, being of the 10th. century and in the pointed style: the third, once the novitiate and where

our quarters were, is of the early part of the 13th. century and resembles the cloisters of St. John Lateran and of St. Paul. The Church is atrociously modern, all but the great doorway and the campanile which was built by Abbot Humbert in the 4th. year of Leo IX (1052). In the cloister of the second quadrangle is a curious carving in marble, symbolical of some event in St. Benedict's life, representing a stag and unicorn fronting one another on their hind legs, and a lily-plant between them: it bears an inscription of a later date recording the building of the church and its dedication by Benedict VII in 981. Another tablet nigh the chief doorway of the church tells us of the building of the bell-tower, and registers the possessions held by the monastery in the year 1052. After dinner the whole company of us, joined by a garrulous Monsignore, went up the mountain side through the Sacred Grove to visit the "Sacro Speco" and upper monastery built up against the face of the rock upon lofty and massive arches of an early date. I was vastly pleased with the chapels and their ancient paintings, which may be said to form three divisions or strata; the topmost, belonging to the 15th. century, the middle dating from the fourteenth, and the lowest from the 13th. century. On one of the walls of the chapel of St. Lawrence is the inscription "Conxolus pinxit." Amongst the paintings of the middle stratum is one representing St. Thomas of Canterbury. The lower part of the walls is everywhere defaced with the names of visitors of bygone times. A door in the lowest chapel affords an entrance to the little fenced plot called the "roseto," the spot where St. Benedict rolled amid the brambles that were subsequently changed into rosebushes by St. Francis when visiting the place. One of the monks explained that the Saint merely engrafted roses upon the thorns, but our venerable Rector preferred to take the old legend as it was, and pinned his faith to the miracle.

Sept. 30. Sund. Served Dr. Giles's Mass and communicated in St. Benedict's Chapel at the "Sacro Speco" cave, wherein St. Benedict lived and was fed by St. Romanus, and where is now a marble statue of the holy founder of the Benedictine Order. The Mass was that for the Dead ordered by the Pope to be celebrated on

this day. Breakfasted off coffee and 2 plates of dry bread (an improvement on the preceding day, when one plate had to be divided amongst us) lounged a bit on the terrace beyond the house, and returning homewards scratched a view of the part of St. Scholastica's which overlooks the Anio and fronts the rugged and woody heights of Mount Carpineto. This is, I think, the most picturesque view that is to be had of the exterior of the lower monastery, and reveals best its antiquity. The ten windows just under the roof belong to the rooms composing the novitiate. It was in the second room at the hither end that I fell asleep lulled by the roar of the stream that dashed over the rocks far beneath. We visited Subiaco after dinner with Dr. Giles, and mounted through the narrow mediaeval streets to the Abbot's Palace which from its rocky eminence overlooks the town. The greater part of it, including the Cardinal's suite of apartments, was built by Pius VI, and contains a "Deposition" by Gherardo delle Notti in the throne-room. On the walls of the other Cardinalitial rooms are painted the towns or villages once held by the Lord Abbot. The Borgia tower built by "Rhodericus", what time Xystus IV filled the papal chair, is exceedingly massive, the walls being some seven or eight feet thick, and on the vaulting of the lower chambers are everywhere conspicuous the Colonna arms. As we entered the parish church in the course of our ramble, a vast but bare building, also due to the munificence of Pius VI, we met the handsome and venerable Cardinal Bianchi, the present Commendatory Abbot of Subiaco.

Oct. 1. Mond. Bade adieu to Dom Leone and the dear old Abbey, and crossing the upper bridge over the Anio, tramped along a good winding carriage road amid the most delightful scenery, varied between stretches of hill and dale, mountain-wild, and pretty hamlets crowning the craggy steeps, or nestling amid groves of chestnut and olive, past Roiate, towards Bellegra (the old Civitella), a village that stands upon a long ridge of bare rock, and is visible for miles around. I had noticed it from the guests' room at Subiaco. When we were within an easy distance of it, we turned down a leftward descent, and after not long entered Olevano, whose ruined castle surmounting the

town, together with the long knife-like ridge sloping down to its right, and the pretty oak-shaws decking the picturesque rocks in its neighbourhood, deservedly make this spot the favourite haunt of artists. We made a hearty meal in a little homely osteria, and quaffed some excellent dry cidery wine, and then footing it down into the plain made once more for Genazzano as we turned our backs on the majestic Monte Scalambra (Serone 1402 m.). We jogged up into the town just after nightfall, and crowned our supper with a jorum of rumpunch.

Oct. 2. Tu. Up betimes and heard one mass in Our Lady's Shrine with the image uncovered, and next served Dr. Giles's there. In the course of the morning the Doctor and I strolled up to the Colonna Palace and there visited Mother Catherine, of the English Nursing Sisters, who was recovering from an acute fever. She and another nun were inhabiting some rooms tenanted by a loquacious American lady, who led us into the portico at the back of the building, where are frescoes representing the ancient fiefs of the Colonna family. One room was well stocked with dilapidated portraits of Colonna Cardinals; but the frescoes of the chapel have not suffered much. Bowled along after dinner to Valmontone in the diligence, and thence by rail to Velletri, where finding them "full up" at the "Campana," we traversed the whole length of the town, passing on our way the tall isolated bell-tower, and put up at the "Gallo" nigh the Porta Romana.

Oct. 3. Wed. Served Dr. Giles's Mass in the church attached to the hospital of the Fatebene Fratelli and after breakfast toiled up the long path that gradually ascends the slopes of the outer Latin range, until turning a corner of the hillside we lost sight of Velletri, and came upon the level fields across which runs the path to Nemi. This we followed and reached the village about eleven. There we found awaiting us our confrères from Porzio, with whom we dined merrily and about six in the evening were back at our Villegiatura once again. So ended the pleasantest tramp I ever had, and I think, ever shall have.

ENGLAND VIA OBER-AMMERGAU

“He was very ignorant of the world. His long words and long sentences had captivated a..... editor and he was touring... for what editors call ‘local colour’... a thing that tourists gather with great rapidity and greater inaccuracy.”

(The magazine I read in the train).

At last! The day that had lit three years with a gleam of hope had dawned—a hot, dusty and golden day of an Italian July. We two exiles of the *Venerabile* sat in the longed-for seat of the train England bound. Out to the Sabines and beyond them into the evening, the steady rush of air on our faces as we leant out of the corridor window to escape the suffocating heat of the compartment where an English lady dabbed her features with *Eau de Cologne* and her father of the retired Indian type grumbled gently to himself. Sunset met us under the battlements of Orvieto, red as in days of old, in the setting sun. Indescribable exhilaration of that purple evening! It was the best day of my holiday.

I stayed in the corridor till nearly midnight drinking in the first cool air I had breathed for months.

Next morning with daylight came disillusion—night travelling is a jading experience. Verona through the morning mists looked miserable—a city of poor. But our spirits were restored by a wash and a brush up, and breakfast in the Restaurant Car amid the Alps.

At 2. p. m. we reached Brenner where the Italian Customs officer boarded the train in clothes that would have smacked

of golf in an Englishman, and looked into every other compartment and said *Biancheria? Grazie*. On the other side of the Pass the Austrian official came in, examined our bags and punched yet another hole into the remnants of our tickets.

At 5. p. m. we reached Innsbruck, found a porter who spoke Italian and had our bags taken to the Hotel of the Golden Sun. With studied calm we administered a tip of 5 Lire or 5,000 Kronen and received his salaam.

The Hotel of the Golden Sun, was worthy of the name. Clean, quiet and secluded and obviously run for the benefit of the visitors. After a 17,000 Kronen dinner, and a piano recital in rag-time in the lounge, we retired and slept long and deeply in oceanic German beds planned apparently to accomodate whole families. Next morning we rose at the seasonable hour of seven. The morning was spent in strolling round the clean and orderly streets and peeping into the splendid churches of the grand old city—the capital of the Tyrol. The morning sky was deepest blue and the great mountains streaked with snow stand sentinel round the rich valley. Armies of black pines storm the grey peaks and icy fastnesses seeking to probe their ancient secrets, and as though repelled but still fighting stand in files in every gnarled crevice. The silent strength of the mountains seems to have crept into the souls of the people. Their eyes are lit with a glorious calm. One saw with a new joy that they were a people with a purpose. In every way they are a great contrast to the Italians. They had the brisk step of one going somewhere; the Italians have the picturesque loiter of one coming back. On one side of the Alps the memories of a glorious past—on the other youth and aspiration. There a golden evening—here morning and the cold breath of mountain air. Impressions these of a passing tourist, fresh from the sciroccos of Rome, who looks at the outside, and fails to explore the spiritual depths which have made one race more loveable than the other.

We left Innsbruck at noon and taxied to Ober-ammergau with three of our transatlantic cousins. It was an enchanted ride through the romantic mountains of the Tyrol. Past foaming torrents and far above wooded lakes calm and blue. And most

charming and unbelievable of all perched on isolated rocks, half way up the mountains, fairy castles, with turret and bastion, and pointed tower, and tiny little paths climbing up to the frowning walls and portcullised gate.

Like the shadowy palaces of Camelot in King Arthur's day, feudal towers which Merlin's hand "had tipt with lessening peak! and pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven."

One almost expected to catch among the trees the flutter of a pennon or the glint of armour as some knight errant sallied forth from his castle home—some Galahad or Launcelot of old.

A turn in the road reveals the railway and the white gates of a level crossing—and the spell is broken.

At the German frontier we stopped at a little flower-covered cottage and a man came out in uniform, hatless and with the rimless pince-nez worn apparently by all Germans who desire to appear official and *distingué*! He engaged the driver in a heated argument, of which I understood one word *Lancia*, forgot to examine our luggage and let us pass under the wings of the black eagle—Germany! the Black Forest Country. The thought was thrilling—to me—in front of me my companion read his magazine unperturbed—behind me came the nasal drawl of God's own people.

We reached Ober-ammergau about 5. p. m. and the driver stopped at Anton Lang's house the rendez-vous of all lost visitors to Ober-ammergau. There a boy with long golden curls hanging over his shoulders mounted the footboard and directed us to our house. A fierce argument ensued before the door, about the fare. We Englishmen soon dropped out of the running and the burly driver addressed the Yanks in voluminous German and they replied in English. After a few minutes our landlady who spoke a "leedle" English came out and arbitrated and we were shown up to our room. It was a very small room but spotlessly clean and we had a balcony which afforded a good view of the mountains and the church tower rising from among the trees.

Dinner was at 6.45; the guests who sat together at one long table were all English except four. One was a lady from British Central Africa on her first visit to Europe for many

years; she spoke German fluently and became the victim of a party of English old maids of the feline type who had learnt German at school many, many years before and were now practising on her. We were fortunate in meeting over the hospitable board two young fellows from London one of whom had a working knowledge of German and proved later of great assistance to us.

At 7.45. a gun was fired and the whole village followed by the visitors sallied forth and marched through the streets behind the village band. After that we four Englishmen roamed the pretty little town that had been invaded by English and American tourists. Everywhere one sees the placards of Thos. Cook and Sons and their great rivals, the American Express Co. Most, if not all, the shops speak English and in many of them notices appear in the windows. We roamed about aimlessly buying beautiful cigars at 5 marks each.

The person with whom I walked about was a Church of Englander—a teetotaller and he asked me a number of naive questions about religion. He was very surprised when I told him that we do not consider the organ as a sacred instrument used at Mass—he was an organist himself and had always thought we revered the organ. He said he might become an R. C. himself some day and I gathered from various remarks that a young Cockney H. B. S. had made big dents on his heart.

There is much to interest one in the streets of Ober-ammergau: the quaint national costumes of the Tyrol, the men with long hair, the prehistoric dress of the women, modest and tasteful and a pleasing contrast to the lack of dress of our wealthy fellow countrywomen.

Above all, how sweet to breathe the air of a mountain village after the atmosphere of Roman streets, drugged with the perfumes of 2,000 years of civilization.

Next morning we rose at 6. a. m. and forced our way into the crowded church where Holy Mass was being sung to the accompaniment of the Passion Play Orchestra. We succeeded in reaching a side altar and hearing Mass. Just in front of us knelt two students of the Belgian College, Rome.

During a hurried breakfast our landlord, no other than St. Matthew himself, came in and gave us tickets. He explained to us that only 2nd. Class tickets were allotted to our room.

The play started promptly at 8. o'clock in drizzling rain. The theatre which seats 4,500 spectators is devoid of ornament and is built on semi-circular girders like a small railway station.

The front of the stage is open to the air and only the central part is covered—between this central part and the front are two passages representing streets in Jerusalem. At each corner is a portico raised on steps representing on the left Pilate's Palace, and on the right the house of the High Priest. On the stage are one or two trees apparently of natural growth and all during the play the sparrows fly up and down and hop across the boards.

The play lasts all day from 8. a. m. to 11.30. a. m. and from 2. p. m. till 6. p. m. It is divided into three parts, each of which is sub-divided into acts and scenes.

The first part, which is by far the longest, takes up all the morning and starts from the entry into Jerusalem to the betrayal of Our Lord in Gethsemane.

The second part is from the betrayal to the condemnation by Pilate and the third is from the condemnation to the Ascension.

Before the first act is a Prelude and after the last act is a Finale by the Chorus and Choir. The Chorus led by a venerable Choregus who carries a brass staff surmounted by a ball and a cross and wears a crown, file out from each side of the stage. They are 45 in number: 13 Soprano, 13 Alto; 9 Tenor, 10 Bass.

In the Prologue and before each act of the Play, in the central part of the stage, Tableaux Vivants are arranged and the Choir sing pieces descriptive of them. These Tableaux are one of the most wonderful characteristics of the Passion Play and are marvellously effective. They are scenes from the Old Testament foreshadowing the events of the New Testament to be portrayed in the coming act. In the Prelude are two tableaux: the first representing the Expulsion from Paradise and the other, the Adoration of the Cross.

All through the Play the adherence to the Gospel narrative is very strict—the words of the Gospel being always used when

possible, especially by Our Lord. The Entry into Jerusalem is a very bright scene and the little village children run about the stage with their palm branches in the most natural manner possible.

It is useless to describe each scene through—the Play is so carefully arranged that to repeat it would be to repeat the story of the Passion. Everything goes off without a hitch—Prologue-Tableaux-Acts, all are perfect. High Art critics in English Papers have said that the acting of these village amateurs is certainly of a very high standard.

The acoustics of the theatre are very good. The voices of the actors are all strong though rather coarse, and Anton Lang's voice was a little too guttural and loud for the gentle voice of Our Lord.

Thus we follow Our Lord from the Agony in the Garden, to the court of the High Priest, to Herod and to Pilate. We see Calvary and the piercing of His side with a spear. The descent from the Cross—the Entombment—the Resurrection—the Revelation to Mary Magdalen—the gentle *Maria*!—and the enraptured *Rabboni*! The Play ends with the Ascension in Tableaux, and the Chorus sings a triumphal Finale:

*Praise Him, Conqueror of Death,
Once condemned on Golgotha!
Praise Thee, amidst sinners Holy,
Who for us on Calvary died!
Let our harps of concord sound,
That the soul with joy may tremble;
To the Victor crowns now bring.
Praise to Thee Who on the altar
Gavest Thy blessed life for us!
Thou hast purchased our salvation
After Death—Eternal Life.*

Alleluia.

(From the official text of the Play).

and the Passion Play becomes a grateful memory.

The evening was spent wandering round the village streets and visiting the show room of a wood carver-Johann Lang—the director of the Play. Here we saw a fine set of wood carvings

representing scenes in the life of Our Lord. It comprises hundreds of figures and was begun about 1750 by the same family and is still far from complete.

We bought postcards from Our Lady and watched for leading characters of the Play in the street. Judas passed us in a sports coat and an antique "trilby" and we contemplated St. Peter smoking an evening pipe amongst a group of admirers. In short we did everything that a tourist is supposed to do.

Next morning a little girl about ten years old arrived at our house with a hand-truck and took our bags to the station. For 5/- we reserved seats 1st. Class and travelled *de luxe* to Munich. At Munich we found financial panic owing to the sudden fall of the mark. We exchanged our English notes for thousands of marks and bought our railway tickets to London. The journey across Europe cost us little over two pounds each—we swelled with national pride.

We "did" Munich in about three hours. There was a large statue in one street to an old friend of ours by name Schelling. Surely a name to conjure with. After lunch at the best Hotel we entrained for Durzburg where we met the Vienna-Ostende express. It was crowded and as we had been unable to book seats from the Munich office we settled down with British stoicism to a night in the corridor. Our stoicism, however, proved unnecessary, for at Frankfort which we reached at midnight, there was a general exodus and we got seats. My companion mysteriously disappeared into the night and returned—a veritable Bacchus laden with beer and biscuits. There in the heart of an enemy country among men speaking a language entirely unknown to us, we pledged the young morning in Munich's best. One could imagine that the baby day only a few minutes old opened its innocent eyes and said, "Well Father was right—the English *are* mad"!

At Cologne at 4 o'clock in the morning we gave up the attempt to appear asleep. On the deserted platform were English Tommies and a boy selling *Eau de Cologne*. As we left the station we saw the towers of the Cathedral grim through the drizzling rain. When the other occupants of the compartment woke up and swilled their mouths of the taste of last night,

we found we were all English but one, who was an American going home after nine years of relief work in Turkey. The train crawled through a long and very uninteresting "town" called Belgium, and we smelt the salt air of the English Channel at Ostende. We met our first glimpse of England in the harbour—the half sunken remains of the old "Invincible."

On the top deck our American friend talked at length on Ford, the return of Commerce to Christianity, Prohibition and himself. He seemed to have read all the false books ever written on social questions, thought Ford a tin god and would not touch a stimulant with the proverbial barge pole. He waxed so eloquent that two of us stole away to the engine room and watched little brass things bob up and down on a very choppy sea of hot metal.

When we returned to the deck the sun was setting over Dover, and the cliffs of Calais were turning from pink to red. England was dawning on us so we went downstairs again for a wash and brush up before setting our foot on her sacred soil. At Dover we passed the most searching customs of the whole journey, drunk English tea and ate English bread and butter and English cakes and were magnificently ignored by an English waitress.

At London our party broke up—my companion from Rome and the two London men we had met at Ober ammergau. We went our several ways; he to a hotel; they to home; I to an avuncular flat.

Next morning I sped north through English fields and the enchanting sights of English towns and villages and trees. Early in the afternoon I breathed my native smoke in that throbbing heart of British trade—the Bride of the Ship Canal. The sights and sounds of home burst upon me—the misty tower of the Town Hall, the Wilderness of Piccadilly the dumping ground for ugly monuments, the familiar roar of Market Street—the music of the dialect more beautiful than the King's English—in a word Home!

J. G.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

The Twenty-Sixth International Eucharistic Congress was held at Rome from the 24th. to the 26th. of May 1922.

There was an especial fitness in the date and place. In the date for it was Our Lady's month and therefore the Congress met under her patronage. It was, moreover, the Feast of the Ascension, memorial of Christ's victory and presage of the glorious triumph of His Church, predicted for His second coming in power and majesty at the close of time; a feast, too, which in the liturgical cycle of the year heralds the trinal festival of God's permanent presence in the midst of His Church,—to wit, the Feast of the Most Blessed Trinity, the sole object of laudative worship and of the Eucharistic Sacrifice; the Feast of Pentecost in which the Church honours the Divine Indwelling Spirit, who according to the dispensation of Her Divine Spouse, infallibly rules and guides her even unto the consummation of the world; thirdly, the Feast of Corpus Christi, the Feast of the abiding bodily Presence of God Incarnate on our Altars. Thus, liturgically speaking, the date has a wealth of significance. Historically, the opening day was the centenary of the victory of Lepanto, to which the Holy Father made an opportune allusion in his speech at the reception of the pilgrims in the Cortile del Belvedere, saying: "To-day is the Feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians, the day which records the aid given by Mary to her people, the day which chronicles the marvellous defeat of the Mussulman through Mary's intercession, the day when the Vicar of Christ was led back almost by the hand of Mary to

his own city of Rome whence he had been driven by violence. And to-day again Mary will be in your midst."

This, the twenty-sixth Congress, was the beginning of a new series, the old one having been interrupted by the world war, and it was but fitting that the new series should begin at the Capital of Christendom, the City of Christ's Vicar, "in this land," as His Holiness so beautifully put it, "in this land sanctified by the blood of Martyrs, in this Rome through which Christ is Roman, Rome which, for that very reason, is the country of all Christian souls wherever they may be." Truly no other City in the world can claim higher or even equal place in devotion to the Blessed Eucharist. In this the Eternal City comes first; in Father Faber's phrase it is "the City of the Holy Eucharist" by pre-eminence. The rude altars hidden in the mazes of the Catacombs, the domestic basilicas secreted in the mansions of wealthy Christians, the many hundreds of magnificent temples, shrines and sanctuaries, show Rome ever the same in her worship of her Master in the Holy Eucharist, as far as the essential sacrificial rites are concerned, but ever also deepening and intensifying the cultus with each succeeding generation. As a striking proof of this we can cite at least ten Eucharistic confraternities erected in Rome within the last hundred years. The first confraternity was founded in Rome as far back as 1538 by the Ven. Father Thomas Stella, O. P. in the Church of "S. Maria sopra Minerva," and was honoured by the title of Archconfraternity by Pope Paul III. According to the dispositions of the Holy See, confirmed in the new Code of Canon Law (can. 711, § 2), this confraternity must be erected in all parishes throughout the world. Besides the perpetual adoration which is observed in many religious houses in the Eternal City, there is also an annual cycle of the Quarantore devotions held in the chief churches and basilicas of the city. Old Venerable men will remember the college church being decorated "en fête" for their celebration; the church filled with a crowd of silent worshippers before the Eucharistic throne surrounded by the light of innumerable candles which flickered amid the darkness on the mosaic floor and the marble pillars of the aisles. An interesting feature of these services are the night watches

carried out by the members of the Archconfraternity of Nocturnal Adoration founded in Rome in 1810, who keep perpetual vigil during the night hours, although many are ordinary workmen or business men who must perforce hurry to their work without the prospect of even a few hours slumber. Many other Eucharistic guilds and societies carry on their silent work of adoration and reparation to the Hidden Majesty which resides in Rome's countless tabernacles, amid the shrines of Saints and Martyrs who lived and died for their Eucharistic Lord. Perhaps the most interesting of these shrines is that of the boy-martyr, Saint Tarcisus in the Church of "San Silvestro in Capite." His body was originally buried in the Catacombs of San Callisto near the tomb of Saint Zephyrinus, Pope, where can still be seen the marble inscription of Pope Saint Damasus to the memory of the child-martyr.

Mention of the Catacombs calls to mind the innumerable Eucharistic paintings and monuments dating from the dawn of Christianity. They are symbolical, for it was ordained by the stringent laws of the "Disciplina Arcani" that the mysteries of our Faith should be veiled against the blasphemy and desecration of the pagan unbeliever. But for the initiated they were fraught with sublime truths. Their beautiful symbolism vividly represents the profound realisation which the early Christian possessed of the central dogmas of the faith.

The badge of the Congress pilgrims is fittingly adorned with these early Christian symbols. The "Ιχθυσ" or fish which in the Greek gives the initials of Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour, signifies Our Lord. On its back it carries a basket filled with bread marked with small crosses so that it might represent as clearly as possible that Christ and the Eucharist are one and the same. The dove with the olive branch, also of frequent occurrence in the Catacombs, is the harbinger of peace with God, with the Church and with men. It recalls, moreover, the Rex Pacificus, who reigns in the minds and hearts of His faithful filling them with that peace which the world cannot give. Peace is what the world seeks today; peace from foreign wars and from strife at home; peace from the inroads of Bolshevism and Communism which would eradicate the

most elementary rights of private property and civic freedom; peace from fratricidal class warfare, subversive of all law and order; peace in the family and home; peace in the minds and hearts of men. But the world has clamoured and striven in vain. War councils and peace councils have ignored "the way, the truth and the life:" and chaos still reigns, peace is a mirage. The Catholic Church recognises the yoke of Christ as the condition of liberty, and His Cross as "the tree of life whose fruits and leaves are for the healing of the nations." She has called her children from the ends of the earth to join in solemn homage and supplication to the Eucharistic Majesty for the blessings of true peace. To Rome they come, these pilgrims from afar, to the centre of Christendom, to the Vicar of Christ and successor of St. Peter in that city which beyond all others merits the title of the City of the Eucharist.

The pilgrims were received on their arrival on the 24th. May by the Holy Father himself on that small remnant of territory which he can still call his own, albeit at the same time his prison. It was an historical and picturesque gathering which met in the Cortile del Belvedere on a beautiful afternoon in May. The Pope's arrival was greeted with prolonged applause, while the *Schola Cantorum* sang the Eucharistic hymn specially composed for the occasion. The Holy Father was enthroned on a raised dais draped with hangings of red velvet and cloth of gold and flanked with tapestries representing the "Last Supper." He was surrounded by the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates and other dignitaries of the Papal Court and with them the Nobility, the different Ambassadors and Diplomatic Representatives and his own Noble and Household Guards whose different uniforms added to the colour of the scene.

Cardinal Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, Protector of the Eucharistic Congresses, who will be remembered in England as the Papal Legate to the Eucharistic Congress held in London, read the address. The Pope replied in a clear and resonant voice with that deep earnestness of manner which is so characteristic of him. He fully agreed with what Cardinal Vannutelli had said on the importance of this Congress. The

terrible catastrophe of the world war had brought a deluge of blood and suffering on grief stricken humanity. But in all that begins, in all that begins again, there is a special solemnity, a greater grandeur and promise. And with this Eucharistic Congress, the first of a new series, must begin and by the grace of God, by the infinite goodness and mercy of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, will begin that full pacification which is the first and indispensable condition of all social reconstruction. That is to say that there must begin a real and true regeneration which consists in the return of society to Jesus Christ, and the return of Jesus Christ in human society; the regeneration which holds in itself the truest, soundest, substance of all reconstruction and reconstitution. Peace, the peace that all are seeking because it has not yet returned to spread its white wings over troubled humanity, the peace that the world cannot give because it can offer nothing more than goods unworthy of the human heart and insufficient for its happiness, this peace Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament alone can give. You have asked Him and He comes to you; breaking the silence of the tabernacle. He is seen once more amongst men and peace smiles on the world; not the image but the living reality of peace, which the world cannot give but neither can it take away. You are the true peace, you who have come from all parts of the world, you who have come from all the countries harried only yesterday by a terrible war, forgetting the past, remembering only the bonds of unity joining you in the faith and charity of Jesus Christ.

His Holiness then paid a warm tribute to the International Union of Catholic Women. He welcomed the pilgrims one and all with a touching tenderness which mere words can but faintly express. Welcome, he said, welcome in your Father's house, the house of peace, the peace we all desire, of which all feel in greater or less degree the need; all in the complete light of faith, in the impulse which seeks salvation where alone it can be found, all in the one same recognition that human society should turn to God, that God should come back to human society. We are in the holy Month of May, the Month of Our Blessed Lady.

The work of your Congress takes place in the month dedicated to her in the glory of all the beauty, all the sweetness, all the purity of which She is the symbol. . . . His Holiness then spoke of the edification which the devotion of the pilgrims must give to the present day pagans and the honour which must accrue to the Sacred Heart from the spectacle of their faith and loyalty. . . . May the Heart of Jesus be greatly glorified as it was by the glorious confession, the tortures and death of the Roman Martyrs whose tombs you have come to venerate.

There was great applause as soon as the Holy Father had given his blessing, and frequent cheering interrupted the course of his address especially when he quoted from Dante.

After the reception was over the pilgrims betook themselves to the Church of San Gioacchino ai Prati where the *Veni Creator* was sung and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given.

The following morning, Ascension Day, large crowds waited at the doors of Saint Peter's from an early hour in order to assist at the Papal Mass at nine o'clock. The crowd was very quiet and orderly and there was room for everyone in the basilica, since contrary to the usual custom there were no tribunes, save one for the Diplomatic Corps and another for Religious.

The whole ceremony was most impressive, as indeed a Papal Mass in Saint Peter's always is, but this one was in a certain sense unique. Here was the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, offering the Eucharistic Sacrifice over the tomb of Saint Peter the First Pope and the Rock on which Christ Our Lord founded His Universal Church. Here were the representatives of all lands and nations under the sun, all joining with the Chief Pastor in that one Supreme Act of homage and supplication to God for the peace of the world. The singing which was all in Gregorian plain-song was beautifully rendered throughout by the massed choirs of the different national colleges. Then as the Consecration was about to take place, a great silence fell on the vast throng as all knelt in adoration before the Divine Presence in the Host raised aloft in the hands of the Holy Father as he turned to the four points of the compass that the eyes of all might behold It and adore.

Amid the stillness, the clear notes of silver trumpets rang out loud and clear from the highest gallery of the immense and misty dome. So distant did the music seem that it would be difficult to trace its source unless one had been previously informed. It died away slowly in soft cadences only to rise again at the Elevation of the Chalice. There was a rapturous ecstasy about it all which would lift the soul out of all time and space. One might have thought that it was this scene that Francis Thompson describes when he says :

“ I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity. ”

The Mass over, the procession of Cardinals, Bishops, Prelates and other Ecclesiastics in their different robes, formed up and wended its way out, escorted by the Swiss Guards. Last of all came the Holy Father seated in the “ *sedia gestatoria* ” and as he passed the immense throng sang hymns, waived handkerchiefs and then shouted in all tongues “ *Evviva il Papa,* ” Long live the Pope, with a madness born of their irrepressible enthusiasm.

As the great doors were reached, the Pope bade the procession halt and with a few words of address to the pilgrims he imparted the Apostolic Blessing, and passed out through the Cappella della Pietà.

Outside in the piazza large crowds were waiting as it was rumoured that His Holiness would give the “ *Urbi et Orbi* ” Blessing from the Bernini Loggia, but they were doomed to disappointment, and after some time slowly melted away.

One had to start at an early hour in the afternoon to arrive at the Catacombs of San Callisto in time for the conference there at four o'clock. What made matters all the more difficult especially to strangers was the dearth of conveyances thanks to the Socialists and Communists who had for some pretext or other declared a general strike. It is passing strange how Catholic Congresses and Assemblies in the Eternal City and elsewhere invariably clash with a general strike. The streets

were all the while in a most unkempt condition, unswept and filthy, while owing to the lack of cabs and trams pilgrims could not find their way to their respective hotels and the different functions without great difficulty.

Nothing daunted, thousands of pilgrims trudged afoot in all the heat, the three dusty miles along the Appian Way, although doubtless refreshed at least spiritually by its sacred memories of Apostles and Martyrs. The "Quo Vadis" Chapel beyond the Gate of Saint Sebastian was besieged by the curious no less than the devout. Few seemed to know that the real footprints of Our Lord are kept a little further on in the Church of St. Sebastian. It was certainly a happy throng and a cosmopolitan one singing hymns in their different languages. Groups of men bearing banners of Guilds and Societies were stationed at different points. The congestion of traffic near the entrance to the Catacombs was beyond description and such a motley assortment of conveyances (exempt presumably from the strike) would be difficult to find.

Under such circumstances, the conference was somewhat delayed, for it did not begin until 5.15, though scheduled for 4.0. The Speakers were H. E. the Card. Vicar, Mgr. Heylen and Professor Marucchi, the renowned Archaeologist who spoke at great length. Many of the pilgrims visited the Catacombs betimes while the great procession slowly formed under the patient supervision of Mgr. Respighi, the Papal Master of Ceremonies, assisted by Mgr. Dante. The Procession was led by the Cross carried by a subdeacon between acolytes carrying candles. Then came several bands, guilds, confraternities, children of Mary in veils and other lay societies carrying their respective banners; the standards of the different nations taking part in the Congress; religious orders in their distinctive habits; clerics in surplices from the different colleges; subdeacons and deacons in dalmatics and priests wearing chasubles; Bishops and Cardinals, then the Cardinal Vicar carrying the Sacred Host set in a beautiful monstrance under a richly emblazoned canopy. The immense throng followed in its wake.

The Procession began at six o'clock following the Via delle Sette Chiese to St. Paul's. It was a memorable sight so touch-

ing in its devotion, this great throng of Christians from nearly every land carrying lighted torches as they walked before their Eucharistic Lord, as did the Early Christians on this same holy ground centuries before. The Procession was so long that it allowed several hymns to be sung simultaneously.

A band of Eastern deacons of various rites united in singing a beautiful though plaintive Greek hymn which they repeated from time to time. Several Archimandrites attracted much attention by their gay coloured copes and quaint head-dress, with their long hair and beards; and formed an object of wonderment to the simple contadini who ran up to kiss their rings and receive their blessings.

Wayside shrines, houses, trees and even the telegraph posts were decked with flowers and Chinese lanterns which made the scene a veritable fairyland. Benediction from rustic altars was given at two points on the route, all around kneeling devoutly the while. The scene grew in beauty as the brilliance of thousands of torches increased in the gathering dusk. It was about a quarter past eight o'clock when the Procession reached St. Paul's and formed up three or four files deep in front of the great basilica. Soldiers and Scouts stood to attention and saluted as the Blessed Sacrament passed. Abbot Schuster O.S.B. Ordinary of St. Paul's, arrayed in cope and mitre, waited with his monks at the main entrance of the basilica to receive the pilgrims. Inside was a blaze of light and colour which was reflected on the vast sea of marble floor and the forest of pillars in the aisles. The brilliance was the more pronounced as the whole scheme of illuminations was due to innumerable candles placed at every point of vantage and hung in arches of chandeliers which made the mosaics of the great arch of Galla Placidia and those of the apse glitter as never before, save, indeed, in the disastrous fire of 1823.

The torchlight procession filed into the great basilica to the exultant strains of the *Te Deum*. Surely this was no earthly pilgrimage but a heavenly host which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb in the Heavenly Sion who cried *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth*. The

Tantum Ergo was sung and Benediction given from the High Altar which enshrines the body of the Apostle of the Gentiles. There was a special significance in the words when that great multitude from all nations sang *Laudate Dominum Omnes Gentes; Laudate Eum Omnes Populi*. Truly Christ was glorified in His universal Church at the Tomb of the great Apostle. Nor can words depict the excelling beauty of the scene, the nearest approach to an Apocalyptic vision which one can ever hope to have on this earth. It was a tired but happy throng of pilgrims which found its way home on foot on that memorable night in May.

Next day, Friday the 26th. was the Feast of St. Philip Neri, the beloved Apostle of Rome. The feast was observed with more than usual splendour from its being the third centenary of his canonization, although celebrations of that event had already taken place in March. From an early hour Holy Mass was offered up continuously at all the altars of the Chiesa Nuova. Cardinal Pompili sang the Pontifical High Mass at 10 o'clock, and at the evening Benediction the interior and the facade outside were beautifully illuminated.

A General Conference of the Congress met at four o'clock in the afternoon in the Basilica of the Twelve Apostles. At least five Cardinals, many Bishops and other illustrious personages were present. The representatives of the different nations delivered their addresses each in his mother tongue. They will doubtless be published in the official report of the Congress when it appears.

A reception was held at the English College for the English pilgrims, many of whom managed to attend the Conference also. Mgr. Hinsley maintained the ancient reputation of the College for hospitality in right royal fashion, and the homely atmosphere of the Venerabile with its absence of cold formality was most welcome to the weary pilgrims. Among the many present were: H. E. Cardinal Gasquet, Archbishop Keating, Bishop Burton, Bishop Cowgill, Bishop Keily, Bishop Shine, Mgr. Prior, and many Prelates including the Archbishop-elect of Glasgow; Count de Salis; old Venerabile Men and many other illustrious guests clerical and lay, among the pilgrims and the British Colony in Rome. H. E. Cardinal Gasquet gave Be-

nediction afterwards in the College Church, and at its conclusion the pilgrims sang "Faith of our Fathers" in that glorious home of our English Martyrs.

A Night-Vigil of adoration was held in Saint Peter's from 10 p. m. to 2 a. m. at which the Holy Father was present attended by Cardinals Merry del Val and Bourne. The Basilica was guarded and patrolled by the Noble and Swiss Guards carrying rifles as usual on night duty, for no Italian troops are allowed to enter the Basilica when the Pope is present. His Holiness said Mass at midnight and distributed Holy Communion, assisted by eight Bishops, to several thousands. The scene will not easily be forgotten by the men (for men only were admitted) who were privileged to take part in it. The immense gloom of the great Basilica, which even the blaze of innumerable candles could not wholly dispel, magnified the proportions of the vast interior which echoed to the many voices of the pilgrims praying and singing alternately, while the great dome loomed overhead an infinity of space.

Outside the cross and dome were illuminated, as it were a beacon light of faith in the surrounding darkness: "To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet in the way of peace."

Saturday 27th. was Our Lady's Day for the pilgrims, and the different Marian Societies vied in doing her honour. The Christian Mothers had a General Communion at Sant'Agostino; likewise the Children of Mary at Sant'Agnese on the Via Nomentana. At St. Mary Major's H. E. Cardinal V. Vannutelli sang Pontifical High Mass which was attended by thousands of pilgrims who venerated the shrines of the Presepio and of St. Matthew the Apostle and the many relics of the saints preserved in the Liberian Basilica.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a second conference was held at the Basilica of the Twelve Apostles. Among the speakers was Mgr. Grosch, the English representative, whose admirable address one would like to quote, but dearth of space forbids.

There was a conference of Christian Women at 6 o'clock in the Basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere at which Bishop Serafini preached. Many of these conferences deserve more than

a passing reference, as for example those held in the Dominican Church of the Minerva, the Jesuit Churches, of S. Ignazio and the Gesù, and the Franciscan Church of Ara Cæli on the Capitol, but the exigences of space compel us to refrain from a longer narrative. Count de Salis held a reception for English pilgrims at 5 o'clock in the Palazzo Borghese.

Sunday the 28th. found the Colosseum thronged and overflowing with children of all ages and sizes assembled for the General Communion which was distributed by Mgr. Bartolomasi, the Italian Army Bishop, assisted by a number of priests who carried the Sacred Host to every part of the immense amphitheatre. It is said that over fifteen thousand received Communion at the Colosseum alone that morning: in addition General Communions were held also at San Clemente hard by for lay students, at Sant' Ignazio for male members of the Sodalties and Catholic Associations and in a number of the larger churches of the city.

The childrens' service at the Colosseum was perhaps the most impressive, and the naivete and charming simplicity of their devotion touched all hearts. Finally their enthusiasm found full vent in cheering—*Evviva Gesù Cristo*—while mothers held their little ones on high to see their loving Lord. Boy Scouts and Carabinieri in dress uniform formed an escort, but the whole ceremony passed without the slightest disturbance.

In the afternoon all Rome went to St. John Lateran for the great procession. From two o'clock onwards crowds thronged the great piazza and all its approaches. The different lay organizations and guilds arranged themselves in order, while the clerical part assembled inside the Basilica and the adjoining Seminary. Looking at this confused multitude in the piazza one could not help wondering how it were possible to achieve any semblance of order; but there was a master mind at work behind it all who had worked out his plans to the last detail—Mgr. Respighi—who deserves every congratulation for its success.

The procession began to move about four o'clock. The processional cross came first followed by several bands—then the laymen seven or eight deep: workmen, business men, university students, members of Parliament among them, in fact

men of every walk of life; all seemed proud to do their share in honouring Our Divine Lord. The different guilds, associations and Catholic organizations of every kind followed, carrying their banners, which made a magnificent display for they were very numerous. Then came several thousand Levites, walking six deep, clerical students from the various national colleges, vested in surplices and carrying torches; Religious Orders in their distinctive habits, a magnificent company of priests in chasubles, the clergy and chapters of the greater basilicas led by their insignia, the conical shaped canopies like large umbrellas. Then came a great array of Prelates, over three hundred bishops and then the Cardinals.

Cardinal Granito di Belmonte carried the Blessed Sacrament from the Lateran to Sant'Alfonso, Cardinal Vannutelli thence to St. Mary Major's, Cardinal Merry del Val to the Colosseum, and Cardinal Bourne to St. John Lateran. The Blessed Sacrament was borne under a magnificent canopy, with an escort of Carabinieri in full uniform with red and white plumes. Catholic Boy Scouts kept the line wide and free from the surging crowd. Hymns were sung by the different sections to the accompaniment of massed bands. An idea of the length of the procession may be gained from the fact that when the first part had gained St. Mary Major's the Blessed Sacrament had not yet left the Lateran. It took over an hour to pass a given point. Benediction was given at a temporary altar erected at Sant'Alfonso. At St. Mary Major's five little girls representing the five continents strewed flowers before the Sacred Host. The procession circled round the Basilica into the piazza at the further end, while bishops, prelates and guards lined the steps around the altar outside, where Benediction was again given during which the guards presented arms while the immense throng knelt. It was a spectacle full of devotion and worthy of Catholic Rome.

Down the long stretch of the Via Cavour to the Via dei Serpenti, the houses of which were bedecked with tapestries, flowers and lanterns, the procession went until at last it gained the Colosseum where Benediction was given under that glorious monument of Christian Freedom—the Arch of Constantine.

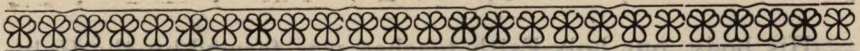
Meanwhile sunset gave place to twilight and to dark enhancing the brilliance of the thousands of torches and the illuminated houses and churches.

The Lateran was reached shortly after nine o'clock where yet denser crowds awaited the arrival of the Blessed Sacrament singing hymns the while. The American Students, tired perhaps of singing Latin and Italian hymns began to sing their native American ones. The idea was taken up successively by the English, Scots, Germans, French, Spaniards and other nations. The enthusiasm of the crowd, the brilliance of the scene in front of the great Basilica, *Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*, whose façade was illuminated by flare lights and by the aid of powerful searchlights playing from the direction of Santa Croce, whose cross was likewise illuminated, the beautiful tapestries adorning the façade, the forest of banners and the lights of innumerable torches amid the surging crowds singing and cheering with intense fervour, formed a picture which though it can never be forgotten, cannot easily be described in words. The final Benediction was given from the Loggia by the Cardinal Vicar.

St. Peter's was again illuminated for the occasion; not only the cross and dome this time, but the lines of the great façade with its windows, arches and statues and the encircling arms of the Bernini Colonnade. Over the central door shone forth an illuminated chalice and host set in a throne of light. The Papal Arms and tapestries of the Last Supper, the Resurrection, the Ascension and Descent of the Holy Ghost were all worked out in an intricate maze of light. The whole presented a scene of untold splendour which enthralled the weary pilgrims keeping them from their beds to long after midnight.

Monday morning, May 29th. saw the closing function at St. Peter's where the *Te Deum* was sung by the thousands of pilgrims who thronged the Basilica. The Holy Father gave Benediction from the Papal Altar and afterwards gave the Apostolic Benediction to the pilgrims before their departure.

Thus ended the twenty sixth International Eucharistic Congress which well deserved the eulogy expressed in the Pope's Letter to the Cardinal Vicar—"An event of world-wide grandeur and significance, such as to remain one of the most glorious pages in the story of Christian Rome.,"



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

*Surely he hath borne our infirmities
and carried our sorrows.*

(Is. 53, IV).

The life of Our Lord in its every aspect is one which baffles the unaided human mind. Who is there who could readily admit that that poor infant in the stable at Bethlehem, so like a common mortal externally, is really God? Who could grasp that that young child in the Temple, captivating and surprising the doctors of the Old Law by the wisdom of his queries and answers, was in very deed, the Word Incarnate? Who, in these days of scant respect for any authority, would agree that that youth, living at Nazareth in subjection to Mary and Joseph, was the One, Whose almighty Fiat had caused the whole universe "to be"? And when, in the fulness of His Manhood, he had begun His public ministry, even though He taught as one having authority and not as the Scribes and Pharisees, what human mind could understand that He was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity? "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven." When, however, the great tragedy of the Cross was to be enacted, and when that self same Person was subjected to every torture thought of by man, and when he verily became "an outcast and refuse in the midst of the people," to one he became a stumbling-block, and to another a folly. Before dealing with the Passion, let us recapitulate briefly the glories of Christ's body and soul.

His body, our holy Faith teaches, was formed by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mary. Consequently we must banish from it all imperfections of the origin of ordinary mortals, and must endow it fully with every adornment that the perfect man would require. There is no question then of any other imperfections than those "naturales et indetrectabiles passiones" of which St. John Damascene makes mention. His soul was not only full of grace, but in Him and in Him alone was found an absolute and perfect plenitude of grace. His knowledge, too, was such as no ordinary mortal, either past, present or future, can even hope to possess. In the first place, possessing as He did, each and every one of our human faculties, He had that acquired knowledge which is common to us all. St. Luke informs us, with regard to this, that "he advanced in wisdom," and His very Personality alone guarantees that there are no imperfections here. Over and above this, He possessed infused knowledge, of which we have no experience in the ordinary course of events here below. This attribute must be given to Our Lord, for the simple reason that His soul was immediately *in statu termini*, which demands that knowledge which becomes such a state. Herein there are none of the limitations appertaining to our own enlightenment, depending as it does on the material world, and governed to such an extent by time. In virtue of the knowledge, Christ Our Lord could turn from one matter to another which might concern Him, exactly as the angels in heaven do. But far surpassing even this infused knowledge, there was yet another in the soul of Christ—that following the Beatific Vision which he necessarily possessed, and indeed in the highest degree conceivable in the present order of things.

Such then is a brief outline of the human nature of Our Lord. That being so, let us now consider all these prerogatives in conjunction with the Passion. The history of those sufferings, with their various degrees and depths has never failed to appeal to mankind. But how are we to reconcile the perpetual joy of the soul of Christ, with His life of pain and agony? How can it be that one and the same soul should harbour at one and the same time experiences so contradictory and, as it

were, irreconcilable? Surely in this question—as with any other connected with Our Lord—we need the guidance of our own theologians, and should endeavour to know as much as it is wise to know.

The gravity of the question, and the zeal with which Holy Church guards every detail connected with Her Divine Founder, may be judged from the fact that one opinion at least has merited censure. There were those who opined that Christ's sufferings were limited to His body—His soul, as it were, not partaking in the anguish of His body. But when we follow closely the preparation for the Passion, and hear Christ assert "My soul is sorrowful unto death," and again when He prayed "Father if it be possible let this chalice pass from me," or later on, just prior to the consummation of that awful tragedy, when He emitted that cry of anguish "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," cannot we readily understand from the most explicit statements of Holy Scripture, that His whole nature was convulsed with pain? How reasonably then, did Pope Innocent XII condemn all those who held as their thesis: *Inferior Christi Pars in cruce non communicavit superiori suas involuntarias perturbationes* (D. 1339).

Others again, following the leadership of M. Cano, have elaborated a different explanation. Admitting the force of the above remarks from the Gospels, they readily concede that Christ's soul was subjected to grief. To obviate all difficulty, however, they advance that the joy, following upon the Beatific Vision, was, as it were, temporarily suspended. The vision was still present, but since joy and sorrow are incompatible, and since the sufferings of Christ were penetrating to a degree, all delight, consequent on the vision, was, for the time, withheld. This view, nevertheless, runs counter, not to explicit passages of Scripture, but certainly to the explanation thereof given by a host of excellent exegetists. For when St. Gregory of Nissa e. g., expounds those words of the Canticle of Canticles 3. 11: "Go forth ye daughters of Sion, and see king Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the joy of his heart," he interprets along with others, the diadem of Solomon to be the crown

of thorns which Christ gloried to bear in his soul, although it cost so much pain to his body. Commenting on this same passage, St. Thomas adds that that day was one of delight to the soul of Our Lord, since by His sorrow He procured the salvation of mankind, and its liberation from the power of the devil. Furthermore, this opinion does not seem in harmony with the parable of the lost sheep (LUKE 15), "which when he had found he lay on his shoulder rejoicing." For was not that sheep a figure of the human race, which Christ rejoiced to save when "His own self bore our sins in his body on the tree"? (1 PETER 2, 24). Hence St. Cyril, commenting on those words of Our Lord (JOHN. 15, II). "These things I have spoken to you that my joy may be in you," adds that Christ spoke of His spiritual joy which He enjoyed to the full "*etiam in cruciatibus et opprobriis quae dilicias sibi esse putabat ut voluntatem Patris impleret et salutem hominum operaretur;... Talem ergo nos Salvator charitatem ostendit, ut summo cum gaudio cruci affigi non erubuerit, ut peccatoribus offerret.*" Consequently, from passages such as these, we are able to deduce that Christ still possessed not only the Beatific Vision, but likewise its consequent joy even during the Passion. Suarez, the great interpreter of the mind of the Church, does not hesitate to call the opinion, referred to above, *falsa et temeraria*, and opposed to the doctrine of practically all theologians, who hold the contrary as certain.

Others again have recourse to a miracle in order to reconcile joy and sorrow in the same soul. Certainly, they say, these two attributes are contrary one to the other: but by the exercise of divine power they may be sustained simultaneously. In support of this theory, an analogy is invoked from the material world. Are there not great intellects in the realm of Philosophy who maintain that it is not repugnant for two bodies to occupy one and the same space? Cannot two material beings, A and B, identical in every respect, penetrate one another to such a degree that the space of one suffices for both? In the ordinary course of events, this is not verified, but, granted supernatural intervention, can the position easily be rendered untenable? A *pari* therefore, what difficulty can there be in invoking the divine omnipotence to bring about the reconciliation of the Bea-

tific Vision and the horrors of the Passion in the soul of Christ? To this we reply, that, whatever be the case in the material world, it certainly cannot be thus when dealing with vital operations. In the first place, vital operations are more intimate, and necessarily affect their subject with a counter activity from the subject, or by a certain emanation from it. By them too, the object is more directly influenced, and a contradiction is involved: for if I assent to any proposition, I necessarily withhold my assent from anything distinct from it: otherwise I am asserting that it is and is not at the same time. For these reasons then, even though we admit the postulate in its philosophical sense, yet we cannot subscribe to a parallel instance in the soul of Christ.

Now we come to the final theory, which would reconcile the two attributes of joy and sorrow each without equal in its own degree, without the invocation of any miracle. In order to facilitate the problem, we must keep before us the possibility of a glorified soul informing a body "like unto ours in all except sin." The fact of such a soul informing such a body would not necessarily alter the *modus vivendi* of the body. For is not sanctifying grace the root and beginning of glory? And does not such grace inhere in the very essence of the soul? We would expect then, that, once the soul has been so modified, some great change would take place, in the body. But experience here runs counter to our expectations. Do we not know that the soul of Our Blessed Lady—full of grace—informed her body; yet, notwithstanding this, she is the Mother of Sorrows? Grace then is no impediment to the soul's power of informing: and that being so, cannot we advance one step further, and admit that a soul in possession of the Beatific Vision, can perform the functions of one in grace? Probably we should expect that such a soul would communicate something of its glory to the body. Even here, we can concede something readily: for does not the charm of Our Lord's personality so captivate us from its description as set down in Holy Writ, that no one can read of it and mentally digest it without an admission that we have seen "His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father"? This is much removed, how-

ever, from any essential modification of His body. We must bear in mind too, that, although the state of the soul is sometimes permitted to react on the body, yet it is by no means an infallible rule: nay more, it is one as frequently heralded by the breach as by the observance. Hence we are more attracted by the soul of Teresa, barren of all spirituality to all intents and purposes during her time of trial, than we are by the toute-ensemble of the Revivalist, who for a brief period is, as it were, in complete ecstasy. Turning our attention now to Christ again, since His very nature demands the Beatific Vision in His soul, and the *raison d'être* of His sojourn on earth was that He might redeem us by His Passion, we see no cause why such a soul should inform such a body. On the contrary, the very essence of things demands all that He is.

Dealing first of all, with the lower faculties of Our Lord, we cannot see why they should not undergo that brutal torture, and yet not interfere with the Beatific Vision: for they do not contradict one another.

All these sufferings centred around that which we style the *appetitus sensitivus*: which, as such, could not and did not enjoy the Beatific Vision. In these parts, He was subject and liable to pain exactly as we are, but with this difference, that He could never be driven to sin. Every objection therefore raised (against us) on this score, can be overruled by pointing out the great difference between the object of the Beatific Vision and that of pain. Hitherto the spheres of both are poles apart, and do not clash in any way.

Reverting now to the higher faculties of Our Lord's soul, the difficulty becomes more acute. When he cried out "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me"? do we not admit that He was convulsed spiritually? We will not say "ut ratio," that is when every circumstance had been taken into consideration, but certainly "ut natura," i. e., under the aspect of what was becoming, and tending towards the equilibrium of ease. Therefore His soul, enjoying throughout the Beatific Vision was subjected to that awful anguish at one and the same time. The reconciliation of these, will demand that we no longer travel along the road of our own experience: for wherever in the wide

world are we to find the counterpart of this? Eliminate all our own imperfections and we shall advance towards the goal. As we are at present constituted, do not all our impressions come from without, and are we not really the passive recipients of all our emotions? These limitations therefore remove all possibility of our entertaining simultaneously these opposing experiences with which we are now dealing. Passing, however, to another sphere, in which the faculty is not passively informed, where too the intellect is all actuality interrupted by change of action—under those circumstances would there be any limitation? Take the angels, for example: are we not taught that they know themselves immediately and without any “species”? But does this prevent them from knowing others outside themselves? Certainly not: for do we not commonly believe that these angels are entrusted with other interests of God, and are not these messengers directly interested in the work assigned to them? While so employed, they are perfectly happy because they continually behold the face of God, and yet, without any mitigation of that joy, diligently perform their task for God. Here, then, we find an intellect, actuated by two operations—the Beatific Vision and its especial charge. Of the blessed in heaven too, do we not confess that the secondary object of their vision comprises all that they have a reasonable interest in knowing? Consequently, the prayers addressed to our Blessed Lady by her countless pious clients are heard and answered by her, and do not diminish in any degree the Beatific Vision in her regard. Here, then, as elsewhere we are able to find illustrations of intellects exercising two distinct operations at one and the same time: albeit not here below, but in the “patria” towards which, we, with God’s help, are tending. Proceeding therefore along this line of argument, we can deduce that the intensity of these spiritual operations does not offer any difficulty to their simultaneous existence. *Pari passu*, therefore, cannot we argue to a similar state of things, even though one embraces joy, and the other necessitates sorrow?

Against this, it may be argued that still the difficulty is not solved: for in virtue of that self-same Beatific Vision, did not Christ perceive His Passion, and did not He further know

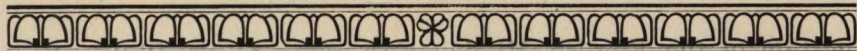
that He must endure it? Now what is this but the definite sorrow in a most rigid form? Every detail of the antecedents of Calvary and of its actual consummation was patent to Him, and all His life He was a man of sorrows. This, we repeat again, He saw in virtue of the Beatific Vision, which consequently cannot be reconciled with pleasure immeasurable. The words of St. Ambrose seem to support this view, for does not he admit: "*Pro me doluit, qui pro se nihil habuit quod doleret, et, sequestrata dilectione Divinitatis aeternae, taedio meae infirmitatis afficitur?*" We must recollect however, that incompatibility can arise only when the object is identical, and likewise its every aspect. If all these do not agree, then that diversity is ample to justify our position. Granted that the object—namely the Passion—was clearly seen in the Beatific Vision, yet therein Christ saw it, not with the dreadful consequences to Himself; but over and above all that as being in accordance with the divine decrees, as procuring the salvation of mankind, and as being at one with His Father's will, which He prayed should be done in all things. Under this aspect then, that very sorrow became a matter of joy: and that bitter torture became the matter of pure delight: just as, adds St. Thomas, "*potest alicui displicere quod peccavit, et placere quod hoc ei displicet, ita quod ipsa tristitia sit materia gaudii.*"

May He, then, Who during His life bore so much for us, at the hour of our death, so transform our life that with Mary, Our Mother, and all the heavenly court, we may sing His eternal praises in that heavenly home, gained by our fidelity toward Him in this earthly dwelling where we count all glory to suffer for Him.

*Iuxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.*

S. B.





SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM

**The Martyrdom of the Blessed Ralph Sherwin, Secular Priest.
Protomartyr of the Venerabile.**

Blessed Ralph was born at Radesley near Langford in Derbyshire. Educated as a Protestant he went to Exeter College, Oxford in 1568, where according to Wood, "in 1574 proceeding in arts, he was made senior of the act, celebrated July 26, the same year, being then accounted an acute philosopher and an excellent Grecian and Hebrician" (1).

The new religion, however, did not satisfy the intellect of the young philosopher and in 1576 he became a Catholic at the same time leaving Oxford for Douay where, after some years study in Divinity, he was ordained priest on the 23rd. March 1577 together with nine others, among whom was the future martyr, Laurence Johnson. On the second of August following he was sent with another priest, Mr. Edward Rishton, who was afterwards condemned with him, to the English College founded at Rome by Pope Gregory XIII in the ancient hospice of the English nation. He studied at the College for several years in preparation for the work which lay before him in England and was much loved by all for his ready wit and cheerfulness, yet was he gentle and pious withal. He set out on the homeward journey in the company of Father Campion S. J. and four other priests from the College: Luke Kirby, Edmund Rishton, Thomas Bruce and John Pascal. "They doubtless originated the

(1) Athen Oxon.

custom of the English Missionaries going to St. Philip Neri, ere they set out for the scene of their passion, that the full zeal and love pent up in that burning breast might find a vent and flow over, from him who was kept at home, upon those who were to face the foe. Therefore, says Cardinal Newman, one by one, each in turn, those youthful soldiers came to the old man, and one by one they persevered and gained the crown and the palm—all but one, who had not gone and would not go for the salutary blessing” (1).

At Milan they were received by Saint Charles Borromeo whose hospitality they enjoyed for eight days. The saintly Cardinal made Sherwin preach before him, and Campion discourse every day after dinner. Two of the frescoes in the College Church represent St. Philip giving his blessing and bidding farewell to the brave little band of future martyrs and their reception by St. Charles who listens earnestly to the sermon of Blessed Ralph. The great Archbishop evidently took a deep interest in the students for he wrote to the Rector shortly after their visit; “I saw and willingly received those English who departed home the other day, as their goodness deserved and the cause for which they had undertaken the voyage. If, in future, Your Reverence shall send any others to me, be assured that I will take care to receive them with all charity and that it will be most pleasing to me to perform the duties of hospitality so proper for a Bishop towards the Catholics of that nation. Milan, the last of June, 1580” (2). The pilgrims journeyed from Milan to Rheims where they made a short stay. Father Sherwin had arranged to accompany Bishop Goldwell to England as chaplain but the aged Bishop fell sick at Rheims and he had to go on to England without him. “After his arrival, he occupied himself in all functions belonging to the priesthood, with great zeal and charity; and soon after was taken in Mr. Roscarroke’s chamber,

(1) From Simpson’s Edmund Campion. Quoted by Cardinal Gasquet in his history of the College. Simpson suggests that the one who failed was Pascal.

(2) Another letter which he wrote to the same effect on March 15th. of the year following is still preserved in the College Archives.

in London, and committed to the Marshalsea, where he lay night and day in a great pair of shackles, for the space of a month" (1). The Knight Marshal having asked the Keeper of the Marshalsea "whether there were any papists in his prison that durst or would maintain their cause by disputation," Mr. Sherwin and two other priests Mr. Hart and Mr. Bosgrave volunteered for the fray, but the day before the promised disputation should have taken place Mr. Sherwin was removed to the Tower where he was several times examined and racked.

An old Douay Mss. relates "that his brother, Mr. John Sherwine, still living, being asked by a priest concerning his brother, told him, that coming to his brother in the Tower of London, his said brother told him that he had been twice racked and the latter time he lay five days and nights without food or speaking to anybody. All which time, he lay, as he thought, in a sleep before our Saviour on the cross. After which time, he came to himself, not finding any distemper in his joints by the extremity of the torture. It was offered him by the bishops of Canterbury and London, that if he would but go to Paul's church, he should have the second bishopric in England," but neither threats could daunt nor honours tempt the intrepid confessor of Christ.

He was again cited together with his fellow prisoners among whom was Blessed Edmund Campion before the Lieutenant of the Tower on Midsummer day, 1581. Indicted on the recently confected statute commanding attendance at the new service of common prayer, he was found guilty on that charge but was afterwards condemned with Father Campion for some pretended conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth despite their vehement protestation and convincing proofs of their innocence of any treachery against the Queen or the realm.

The joy and resignation with which he received his death sentence may be judged from his own words written to some

(1) The account of the sufferings of Blessed Ralph is taken chiefly from Card. Allen's "Briefe History etc.," edited by Father Pollen S. I., Douay Diaries, and Bishop Challoner's "Missionary Priests."

friends after his condemnation: "Your liberality I have received and disposed thereof to my great contentation; when hereafter, at the pleasure of God, we shall meet in heaven, I trust you shall be repaid, cum faenore. Delay of our death doth somewhat dull me; it was not without cause that our Master himself said, *Quod facis fac cito*. Truth it is, I hoped ere this, casting off this body of death, to have kissed the precious glorified wounds of my sweet Saviour, sitting in the throne of his Father's own glory. Which desire, as I trust, descending from above, hath so quieted my mind, that, since the judicial sentence proceeded against us, neither the sharpness of the death hath much terrified me, nor the shortness of life much troubled me. Our Lord perfect us unto that end whereunto we were created, that, leaving this world, we may live in him, and of him, world without end. It is thought, that upon Monday or Tuesday next, we shall be passible; God grant us humility, that we, following his footsteps, may obtain the victory." His genial humour and love of pleasure never left him. On leaving the Lieutenant's hall he was accosted by a minister called Clarke, whose zeal, however, for proselytism was not equal to the clever wit of the prisoner and he retired worsted and rather ruffled in temper desclaming in a muttering tone on the obstinacy of the papists. The condemned man seemed in quite a different frame of mind for he chatted and joked cheerfully with his fellow prisoners saying to Father Campion, "Ah, Father Campion, I shall shortly be above yonder fellow," as he pointed to the sun. Like the Apostles they "went from the presence of the council rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of JESUS." In a letter to his uncle written the day before he suffered, he thanks him for his many kindnesses towards him and again declares his innocence saying: "Innocency is my only comfort against all the forged villainy which is fathered on my fellow priests and me. Well, when by the high Judge, God himself, this false vizard of treason shall be removed from true catholic men's faces, then shall appear who they be who carry a well meaning and who an evil murdering mind: In the mean season, God forgive all injustice and if it be His blessed will to convert our persecutors that they may become professors of his truth."

On Saint Andrew's day he was informed that he was to die next day. He received the news with joy and prepared himself for the great event by continual prayer and meditation. Next morning, the 1st. December 1581, the three martyrs met at Coleharbor prison and mutually embraced each other before setting out on their last journey. They were dragged from the Tower to Tyburn, Father Campion being alone on one hurdle and Father Ralph Sherwin with Father Alexander Brian on the other. The rabble followed close in their wake as they were dragged through the gutters and filth of the streets, following the usual route by Cheapside and Holborn. On the way the procession passed the house of William Allen, linendraper whose wife Helen, Ralph Sherwin's cousin, was sore dismayed at the sight of her kinsman. The martyrs, however, according to the testimony of a priest named Christopher Issam, "constantly wore a smile on their faces and as they drew near Tyburn actually laughed." The crowd awaiting at the place of execution was an unusually large one in spite of the wind and rain. Many Catholic priests and gentlemen were present and one daring priest managed to approach quite near the gallows close to Sir Francis Knowles, Lord Howard, Sir Henry Lee and the other officers. Father Campion was the first to suffer. He died bravely protesting his innocence to the last, and affirming that he died a perfect Catholic. After the butchery of the blessed martyr was finished, the hangman with his hands and arms dripping blood, seized hold of his next victim, saying to him, "Come, Sherwin, take thou also thy wages;" but the holy man, nothing dismayed, embraced him with a cheerful countenance and reverently kissed the blood on his hands. Then he climbed up into the cart, where he stood some minutes in prayer and contemplation with his eyes shut and his hands lifted up to heaven. He asked if the people looked for any speech from him; whereat many of the people and some of the more honourable sort cried out "Yes." He began with a manly courage and loud voice, first to render thanks to each of the Three Persons of the Eternal Trinity for the mercies and blessings bestowed upon him; he was going on to give an account of his faith, when Sir Francis Knowles interrupted him and bade him confess his treason.

His only reply was: "I am innocent of any such crime." Being pressed still further to acknowledge his guilt, he said, "I have no occasion to tell a lie, it is a case where my soul is at stake; and although in this short time of mortal life I am to undergo the infamy and punishment of a traitor, I make no doubt of my future happiness through JESUS CHRIST, in whose death, passion and blood I only trust."

He then prayed to Our Lord confessing his own imperfections and the the sinful wretchedness of his nature, but continued to protest his innocence of all traitorous practices. Sir Francis Knowles again accused him but he answered him saying: "Tush, tush, you and I shall answer this before another Judge, where my innocence shall be known, and you will see that I am guiltless of this." Whereupon Sir Francis said, "We know that you are no contriver or doer of this treason for you are no man of arms; but you are a traitor by consequence." To which Mr. Sherwin boldly answered, "If to be a Catholic only, if to be a perfect Catholic be to be a traitor, then I am a traitor."

As the authorities forbade him further speech he only added: "I forgive all who, either by general presumption or particular error, have procured my death." He began to pray anew but was asked his opinion about the Bull, to which he made no answer. He was asked to pray for the Queen; he replied he did so. "For which queen?" asked Lord Charles Howard; to whom he replied smiling, "Yea for Elizabeth, Queen, I now at this instant pray my Lord God to make her his servant in this life, and after this life co-heir with JESUS CHRIST." To this some objected that he wanted to make her a papist; he answered "God forbid otherwise." Then recollecting himself in prayer he put his head into the halter repeating many times the prayer: "JESU, JESU, JESU, be to me a Jesus." The multitude cried out to him saying "Good, Mr. Sherwin, the Lord receive your soul." So died the heroic protomartyr of the *Venerabile*, the first of that glorious company who so readily gave their lives *Pro Petri Fide et Patria*.

Mr. Briant met his death with a like courage, saying but little except to make a brief profession of faith and affirm his

innocence from any offence against the Queen, but that butcher of priests little heeded the dying words of her victims.

We who have lived to see the dawn of brighter hopes for our beloved country will realise the better the debt we owe to these holy Martyrs and feel constrained, despite the lapse of centuries, to join with *Alma Mater* in her solemn thanksgiving to God for the first martyr whom she bore. May she long continue to carry on the work which she so gloriously began.

*Rejoice, be glad, triumph, sing himmes of joy!
 Campion, Sherwine, Brian, live in bliss;
 They sue, they seek the ease of our annoy,
 They pray, they speak and all effectuall is;
 Not like to men on earth as heretofore,
 But like to saints in heaven, and that is more (1).*

(1) From contemporary verses written probably by the Venerable Henry Walpole.

✿ PALAZZOLA ✿

An old time garden with its massive wall,
 All moss and lichen clothed, and tapering high
 Above it graceful cypresses and tall
 Stand silent sentinels against the sky.
 Here through its box lined paths and winding ways,
 To watch the gold fish gambol in the pool,
 Round where the fountain clear inconstant plays
 Splattering and splashing crystal waters cool,
 And under bowers of laurel avenues
 High arched with pleasant shade, I love to roam;
 From hence behold the ever varying views
 Of broad and purple plains that stretch to Rome.
 Methinks 'twas such a garden Adam trod
 When in the evening peace he walked with God.

HISPAL.



OUR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

A prominent member of England's Hierarchy, himself an old Venerable Student, brought home to us the value of the Society, and the need of enthusiasm in its work, when he said that the debt a student owes to it in after life can never be fully realised. The priest will be called upon to take his part in the business of public bodies, or at least in the proceedings of his own parish organisations, and the College ought to be the proper training ground where he can fit himself for his after career. The decades of years through which the Society has safely ploughed its way have bequeathed to us, the present members, a set of rules for our good guidance in achieving the ends of the Society. The talents and zeal of each generation provide the rest. Mention also should be made of the interest taken in the Society by the College Superiors, who, attending on invitation as visitors, have given us their heartiest support.

During the last year (1921-22), though over a score of subjects were submitted for debate, five only were actually debated. The Roman session (November to July) opened with the debate on the wisdom of producing a College Magazine. Of the eighteen speeches delivered only five were opposed to the motion. The voting was carried by an overwhelming majority of 46 to 6. No idle banter of a few, then, this long-felt desire of the Students!

Another interesting debate was on the question of a Catholic University for England. The opposition took their stand on Newman's admission that the idea was impossible. They

insisted also on Manning's failure, and on Cardinal Vaughan's policy of permitting Catholics to frequent the old Universities. Still the proposing side carried the voting by a small majority of two votes.

But the literary section of the Society merits greater attention in this report, for it extended its activity during this year far beyond the limits of any year since the Society began. This branch provides for the reading of papers on any topic of interest by the members themselves, or for receiving impromptu addresses (familiarily called "chats") from distinguished visitors to the College. Two papers were read, and all members are agreed that these, as well as the nine "chats" received, offered to them a spontaneous call for far greater concentration on the speaker than is supposed to exist between the diligent student and his exalted lecturer at the University.

The first paper read was on "Francis Thompson." The lecturer briefly sketched the Poet's life, his delicate and sensitive childhood, his youth at Ushaw devoted to literary studies, the series of failures which ultimately drove him to despondency and to opium. Then rescue from starvation, health restored, and the crown of fame and success to out-balance the misery of earlier days. The second part of the paper was devoted to the Poet's love of sport, especially of cricket, and his love of children. Several passages were quoted to illustrate his richness of metaphor, and the aptness with which he introduces the liturgy of the Church into his poetry. A description of his greatest work "The Hound of Heaven" concluded the delivery of an excellent paper.

The second paper was on "The Procedure of the House of Commons." The *Lex et Consuetudo Parlamenti*, the meeting place, publicity and reports of proceedings and various other points regarding the Mother of Parliaments were dealt with by the lecturer, who also explained the parties and their rules. Then the dignity and powers of the Speaker were described, the Offices and Committees existing in the House. A treatise on the Cabinet and its relation to Parliament was added, followed by an account of the methods by which work is carried out, and especially of "Order in Debate."

The first of the "chats" was given by an old student, Father Hogan of Birmingham, who spoke on the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild with special reference to his own district. He traced the Guild from Our Lord's command to His disciples to go out into the highways and byeways of the world and to "compel them to come in." He scouted the idea that the work of the Guild did away with house-to-house visiting and that it was a movement that vulgarised, in the worse sense of that word, sacred teaching. Stress was laid on the layman's special fitness for the Guild's work and it was shown how the Clergy might secure the proper training of the speakers for their task. A vivid description followed of the working of the Guild meeting. Father Hogan may count on the students as fellow-workers; their determination to do all in their power now and hereafter for the conversion of England, through support of the Evidence movement, was the immediate fruit of his lecture.

The Society had next the privilege of listening to the instructive words of Monsignor Brown, Vicar General of Southwark, who spoke on "Educational Questions of the Day." Monsignor Mann, Rector of the Beda College, gave us some of his ripe historical knowledge in a chat on "The English Pope, Adrian IV." A few weeks later Mr. Shane Leslie visited the Venerable, and spoke on his experiences in Russia and America. This lecture was soon followed by Monsignor Nolan's jovial "chat" on 'Varsity Life in a Varsity Town'. The late Head of St. Edmund's House, Cambridge, was well able to speak on such a subject out of the abundance of his experience.

Father Hogan's lecture on the Evidence movement was endorsed and enlarged by the Rector in another talk on the subject. He hoped his words would be understood as a direct challenge to discussion among the members, a challenge which was eagerly taken up. He described himself as an optimist in regard to England's conversion to the Faith. Whilst he did not overlook the evils of leakage and of anti-Christian propaganda, he rejoiced to think that Cardinal Newman's "Second Spring" was ripening for a harvest such as the great preacher at the famous Oscott Synod would hardly have conceived. Since the outbreak of the war and after, materialism and evolutionism

and the many once fashionable German-made 'Isms had suffered a sort of bankruptcy, leaving room for a demand for reality and for the reconstruction of Society on Christian truth. He trusted that the movements towards reunion and the organisations among non-Catholics—such as the “Fellowship of the Servants of Christ” formed at the Anglo Catholic Congress, and “The Free Catholics” among Non-Conformists—were in the direction of Rome. The opportunity was here for all Catholics to play their part in the Christian reconstruction of their Country. He quoted the stirring words used by Cardinal Bourne when approving of the founding of the C. E. G. Briefly the history of the Guild and its mode of working were described. The Guild of Ransom received its due meed of praise as the pioneer of the Evidence movement; its fruitful activity was still continued in undiminished vigour, under its veteran “Master,” Father Fletcher. The Rector pleaded for co-operation! Most encouraging were the results of the Evidence movement: it was removing prejudice and misconceptions; it even did something to check leakage; its prospects were vast. Why not pray and work in support of the movement? Why not organise study circles in the College, at least for the time of the Villeggiatura? Several questions were put and ideas considered which clearly showed that the Society was enthusiastic on the subject.

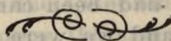
Father Philip Hughes of Louvain University next addressed the Society on the origin of Papal Diplomacy in modern times.

Father Cortie thrilled us with his brilliant “chat” on Modern Researches on the System of the Stars.

And just as an old student opened the Literary Society's year, so did another close it in the person of Father J. O'Connor with an instructive chat on the science and art of speaking.

That the Society has achieved its end during the past session is unquestionable. Great praise is due to all the speakers who by their grit, energy and initiative have contributed to make the year as successful as it has proved to be.

E. J. KELLY. (Sec.)



COLLEGE DIARY

January 1st. The fourth Christmastide concert was held, at which some of the Beda students were present and contributed items. A new feature of the concerts this year was the excellent Choral Society organized by Mr. J. Hampson.

6th. The refectory was gay with "befane" at dinnertime. There was another very good concert in the evening. Further Beda students were present and a few other guests, among whom were the confessors and Dr. Ashby, Director of the British School of Archaeology.

7th. At 6.30 p. m. Archbishop Caron, late of Genoa, gave Solemn Benediction at S. Andrea della Valle. We supplied the assistenza and the choir.

15th. In thanksgiving for the ratification of the Irish Peace Treaty Mgr. Stanley, Bishop of Emmaus, sang High Mass in our church, and Cardinal Gasquet gave Benediction afterwards. The students rendered the singing under the able direction of Dom L. H. Cottineau O. S. B. Count de Salis and his Staff, His Beatitude Paul Peter XIII Terzian, Patriarch of Cilicia, and a large number of priests and British residents in Rome were present. Sir R. Graham, British Ambassador to the Quirinal, came by invitation to Benediction.

17th. At the Convent of Marie Réparatrice in the Via Lucchesi H. E. the Cardinal Protector assisted by the students gave Benediction as part of the Novena of Reparation to the Blessed Sacrament.

18th. We celebrated the Irish Peace by a concert during which all present rose and drank the undying friendship of England and Ireland and sang the chorus: "God Save Ireland."

On Thursday, January 19th., the *Osservatore Romano* announced that the Holy Father was ill in bed with influenza and bronchial catarrh and that all audiences had been cancelled. None of us anticipated serious developments and we were not a little startled to hear after dinner the day following that the Pope now had pneumonia and

had received the Viaticum. When we arrived at the University for the afternoon schools we were asked to go at once to the Gesù and pray for the Holy Father; he had already, it was reported, though falsely, entered on his agony. In the course of the morning of Saturday we heard that there was a ray of hope, for he had slept a little about 9 o'clock; but in the evening all hope had gone: the Holy Father's breathing was becoming more laboured and he was sinking slowly. He was cheerful and resigned: "We offer Our life to God," he said to his physician, "for the peace of the world." He died at 6. a.m. on Sunday morning, Jan. 22nd. The Italian Government proclaimed a *dies luctus*.

21st. Feast of St. Agnes. We had a unique ceremony at the College when Mgr. Prior received the two lambs from whose wool palliums are made. Normally after being blessed at Sant'Agnese fuori le Mura the lambs are taken to the Vatican where the Holy Father receives them. The Dean of the Rota must be present. Owing to the Pope's illness this function could not take place this year: but the Cardinal Secretary of State ordered Mgr. Prior to receive them, thus keeping up the tradition that they were to pass through the hands of the Dean of the Rota. The lambs were taken from the College to the strictly enclosed Benedictine Nuns at Sta. Cecilia, who tend them until they are shorn for palliums.

The University was closed *luctus causa* during the three days following the Pope's death. On Monday morning we had a solemn Requiem at the College. At 9.30 a.m. the ceremony of transferring the body to St. Peter's began. By his own express desire, the Holy Father had not been embalmed but merely inoculated; which gave rise to a false rumour that the entombment was to take place the same night. The body lay on a sloping bier in the Blessed Sacrament Chapel; the feet did not protrude through the grating. The Pope was clad in red vestments; on his head was a gold mitre, and over his shoulders the fanon and pallium. By the bier stood four *guardie nobili* in uniform *di gran gala*. Four Swiss Guards and four Palatine Guards stood in other parts of the Chapel. By order of the Cardinal Vicar, all the bells in Rome were tolled on Monday and Tuesday, from the *Ave* to the first hour of night.

On Thursday morning there was a Solemn Requiem at Sant' Ignazio. About twenty Venerabile Students were in Coro along with parties from the other large Colleges. Monsignor Leite de Vasconcellos, Archbishop of Philippopolis was the Celebrant.

The entombment took place the same day at 3 p.m. in presence of the Cardinals, the Diplomatic Body, the Aristocrazia, and a few for-

fortunate ticket holders. A small number of the more enterprising of our students were present. The temporary tomb is near that of Pius X in the Crypt; on it is inscribed: *Corpus Benedicti Papae XV.*

29th. We decided in a public meeting to institute a students' Chronicle, to keep alive traditions. A Chronicler will be elected annually. Mr. A. Clayton was chosen by ballot for the coming year.

February 2nd. Sede Vacante the Cardinal Camerlengo received the candles which the Parish priests and Rectors of Religious Houses and of Colleges present to the Pope on this day. According to the usual custom the Senior Student, Mr. R. Meagher, accompanied the Rector to the Vatican.

In the afternoon the Cardinals entered into Conclave. The voting began next morning, Friday. Following the new system introduced by Pius X, the votes were taken twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon: the papers were burnt after the two ballots were completed. We were in the Piazza for the sfumate on every occasion. More than once it was doubtful whether the smoke was white or black, but its duration was a sure indication of the result of the ballots. When there was no election, it lasted eight to ten minutes: on the actual morning of the election, it lasted scarcely a minute. On Sunday, the third day of voting, when an election was anticipated, an unparalleled crowd thronged the Piazza and the adjoining streets.

On Monday morning, February 6th, an election was in the air. There were no schools after 10. a.m. We waited patiently in the rain for the sfumata. A considerable crowd had collected when the small sfumata appeared a little after 11.30. At once all ran to wait under the *Loggia Berniniana* whence the announcement was to be made. Just after 12.15 the folding windows that give on to the loggia were thrown back, and the tapestry displaying the arms of Pius IX was suspended from the balustrade. Ten minutes later, preceded by Mgr. Dante as Cross-bearer, Cardinal Bisleti, Senior Cardinal Deacon, came forth on to the loggia. To the hushed excited crowd he read out in a clear voice: "*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus Papam. Eminentissimum et Reverendissimum Dominum Dominum Cardinalem Achillem*"... One did not hear the surname from the Cardinal: the crowd shouted it and broke forth into enthusiastic Evvivas! When they became silent, the Cardinal continued: "*qui nomen sibi imposuit Pius Decimus Primus.*" Another roar of *Evviva il Papa Ratti! Evviva Pio Undecimo!* went up and the crowd began to surge towards the Basilica. The doors, however, had all been closed, and the M. Cs. who accompanied the Cardinal signalled to us to remain outside. Almost immediately a detachment of the Palatine Guard with the Papal flag and a few Swiss and Noble

Guards in uniform di gran gala appeared among the Aristocrazia on the colonnade next to the Vatican. At 12.40, attended by the Cardinals, the Holy Father came out on to the loggia: enthusiastic cheering from the Piazza greeted his arrival. The Italian troops presented arms. The Pope gave his blessing many times, and when finally silence was secured from the vast crowd, intoned the solemn *Urbi et Orbi*: the people chanted the responses. The solemn blessing ended, the cheering broke out more loudly than ever. The Pope remained a few moments waving his hand in benediction. His self-possession was remarkable. His lofty dignity came as natural to him as if he had held it for years!

At dinner we drank the health of Pius XI, singing *Ad multos annos* and *O Roma felix*. There were no schools on Monday afternoon, nor on Tuesday. We had a free evening on Monday, and solemn Benediction and *Te Deum*.

On Tuesday morning, a few students were present in the *Sala Ducale*, when the Pope walked through with the Cardinals to the Sistine Chapel for the third Adoration: three of the Senior Students were present at the Adoration.

On Wednesday morning, 8th. Rome lay under a pall of snow, and we had a holiday in consequence. It was said that the Lombard Pope had brought the northern snows with him.

9th. From 11. a.m. till mid-day all the bells of the City were rung, by order of the Cardinal Vicar: and every Church had solemn Benediction and *Te Deum* to-day.

In the afternoon the majority of us attended a very interesting lecture on Spiritualism given by Mr. Raupert in the parochial hall at San Silvestro.

12th. The Coronation of the Pope. The function was announced to begin at 8.30, but was considerably late. Owing to the cold weather, the obeisance of the Vatican Chapter in the portico of St. Peter's was cancelled. The procession was not long. The Cardinals and prelates who took part wore white copes and mitres, the Holy Father white cope and gold mitre. The crowd, which seemed to be exceptionally large, gave the Pope an ovation. He was pale, but his marvellous self-control never for a moment deserted him. The procession passed first to the chapel of St. Gregory, where Terce was sung, and the Holy Father vested for Mass. When it resumed its way, the flax was lit, and carried before the Pope. Thrice, as its flame died out, a Caeremoniarus cried: "*Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.*"

The actual Coronation was a very brief ceremony. The Mass over, the procession passed down the Nave, but halted when the Pope had arrived in front of the Confession. There the Sedia was rested on a

large platform. Cardinals Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, Billot, Senior Cardinal Deacon, in the absence of Cardinal Bisleti who was ill, and Gasquet who had been deacon at the Papal Mass, ascended the platform. Cardinal Vannutelli read the preparatory prayer, after which Cardinal Billot removed the precious mitre which the Pope was hitherto wearing and put on the Tiara amid the acclamations of the people. The Holy Father then rose and in voice strong and clear intoned the solemn blessing. The procession passed out, the applause of the crowd accompanying the Pontiff until he disappeared into the chapel of the Pietà.

Outside, the Piazza was thronged: 150,000 people were said to be present, for the Pope had promised to come once more on to the central loggia to give his blessing. After but a brief delay the tapestry was hung out and the flabelli were planted at the angles of the balustrade. Then the Cardinals came and grouped themselves on the loggia and round about the folding windows. Soon the Holy Father appeared wearing his Tiara. The bugler of the Bersaglieri sounded the royal salute and the Italian troops in the Piazza presented arms. The band of the Palatine Guard on the Colonnade struck up: *Il Trionfo della Vittoria*. The Pope gave a simple benediction to the crowd about five times and then withdrew. The enthusiasm was unparalleled.

14th. We had a dinner in honour of the new Pope. Cardinal Logue was the principal guest. Other guests were Cardinals Bourne and Gasquet, Count de Salis, Messrs. Dormer and Thynne, Monsignor Stanley, Bishop of Emmaus, Monsignor Mackintosh, Scots' Rector and Archbishop-elect of Glasgow, Monsignor Mann, Monsignor Jackman, Monsignor Ward (Card. Logue's Secretary), Dom. P. Langdon O. S. B., Father Mackey, O. P. The first toast was Pope Pius XI, proposed by Cardinal Gasquet. The Cardinal said that the new Pope was a personal friend of his. At their last meeting at San Calisto, he had foretold to him his election. He was a world-famous scholar. Oxford University had sent their congratulations on his election, and the Palaeographical Society, of which the new Pope was a member, had asked him to continue his connection with them that they might have the unique distinction of having a Pope on their rolls. The Holy Father would appeal to Britishers because he was in every sense of the word a sportsman, in evidence whereof the Cardinal told us how by his personal strength and courage Monsignor Ratti once rescued a guide from a crevasse in the Alps. We sang: *Ad multos annos* and *O Roma felix*. Cardinal Bourne next rose and proposed the health of our principal guest, His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. The toast was received with sustained applause.

His Eminence of Westminster said that this was not the first time that Cardinal Logue had dined under the roof of the English College. He had been here with Cardinal Vaughan in 1893; and Cardinal Logue and he (Cardinal Bourne) had dined here together on several other occasions. He praised him as one who had striven long and hard for peace—a consummation which none had desired more ardently than the English Hierarchy. Cardinal Logue was a great Catholic leader, and he wished him, in spite of the great age to which he had attained, many more years of fruitful activity in the Church. The toast being drunk, Cardinal Logue rose amid applause to respond. He thanked the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster for his cordial good wishes. He hoped that we were at the beginning of that peace and good will between the sister islands which he had always longed and striven for. For our part, the chief aim of our lives must be the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He enlivened his speech with several humorous anecdotes in the true Irish vein. The Rector next proposed the health of Monsignor Mackintosh, the Archbishop-elect of Glasgow. He said that the English and Scots' Colleges and Rectors had always been good friends, and while we were glad of the deserved honour that had been conferred on Monsignor Mackintosh for his sake and for Scotland's, we were sorry to lose so true a friend. On the Rectors' first arrival in Rome, he had been welcomed with a friendly grip by Monsignor Mackintosh, and the friendship thus begun had never faltered. The Archbishop-elect replying to the toast thanked us all for our good wishes and corroborated all that Monsignor Hinsley had said about their close friendship. Only once was it in danger of being broken, when Monsignor Hinsley scolded him severely for his rashness in swimming the Alban Lake, and he challenged Monsignor Hinsley and one or more of his students to a swimming match from end to end of the lake. After dinner we adjourned with the distinguished guests to the Rector's and adjoining rooms. The autograph collectors were busy. Cardinal Logue stood for his photograph, but unfortunately it was a failure.

27th. We went on gite in small parties to Civita Castellana, Palestrina, Genazzano, Tivoli, Frascati, Albano, Monte Rotondo and Mentana. One pious party went round the seven Churches.

March 7th. Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. We visited Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and venerated the relic of St. Thomas.

8th. The Rector brought a copy of our new coat of arms into the play-room after supper and explained its significance. The sea and the shells denote travel and pilgrims; the crossed keys the supremacy of the Pope, for which the Martyrs died: hence the red ground. The

crossed palms recall the Martyrs. The sword is for St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the arrow for St. Edmund, King and Martyr, to whom the hospice across the Tiber was dedicated. The gold ground signifies the heavenly kingdom. The Papal colours are displayed in the gold and silver grounds. The motto is: *Pro Petri Fide et Patria*.

11th. In the afternoon there was a function at the Chiesa Nuova when the body of St. Philip was transferred to the new casket of crystal designed by Baron Kanzler. Mr. A. Clayton and Mr. R. Earley, as Bearers of the Urn in the procession the next day, and the singers whom the Venerabile furnished to Baron Kanzler's Schola Cantorum were present. Mr. Clayton and Mr. McNarney were acolytes at the ceremony.

12th. Feast of St. Gregory the Great, Apostle of England. At 10 a. m. there was High Mass at S. Gregorio for the conversion of England, the Celebrant being the Right Reverend Abbot Stotzingen, Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order. The Venerabile furnished the assistenti; the Benedictine Choir from Sant'Anselmo rendered the singing.

The majority of the students went to St. Peter's where at 10.30 a. m. Cardinal Merry del Val, Archpriest of the Basilica, pontificated on the Papal Altar in honour of the five Saints: Ignatius, Francis Xavier, Teresa of Jesus, Philip Neri and Isidore, who were canonised March 12th. 1622. The German College sang None and the Proper of the Mass. The Gregorian University had a recinto reserved in the south Transept. After the Mass, the blessing with the Relics was given.

At dinner, at which Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg was present, there was Coffee and Rosolio.

In the afternoon the body of St. Philip was carried in solemn procession round the district in which he laboured for so many years. We assembled at the Chiesa Nuova at 3 p. m., the laity in the Piazza, the Clergy in the Church: almost every Catholic society and confraternity in Rome was represented, and all the Religious Orders and Colleges. The procession moved down the Via della Chiesa Nuova, thence past the Pasquino and the Palazzo Massimo and round by Sant'Andrea to the Ponte Sisto, whence it wound its way by the Mascherone to the Piazza Farnese, proceeded through St. Philip's own San Girolamo and past the Venerabile into the Via Giulia by the Via Ricci, and so by San Giovanni de' Fiorentini back to the Chiesa Nuova. The streets were strewn with bay and bedecked with evergreens, and from almost every window hung cloths and tapestries. Noteworthy were the decorations of the Palazzo Massimo and the Pa-

lazzo Sacchetti. Over our door, along with the picture of St. Philip, we had an inscription recalling his affection for our early students:

A PADRE FILIPPO
 IL COLLEGIO INGLESE
 RICORDANDO IL SUO SALUTO AGLI ALUNNI
 "SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM"

The urn was carried by parties of students vested in dalmatics: we furnished two bearers. Numerous prelates and Cardinal Ranuzzi de' Bianchi went before and the Aristocrazia Nera behind. Four bishops in cope and mitre walked on either side: the guard of honour was composed of valets of the noble houses carrying torches. Various Scholae Cantorum, one led by Baron Kanzler himself, sang hymns en route, chiefly *Iste Confessor* and the charming *O Filippo, amabil Santo!* At San Tommaso dei Catinari, Santa Trinità dei Pellegrini and San Giovanni dei Fiorentini the respective parroci and at the Palazzo Massimo Cardinal Marini delivered fervorini. The Body was incensed at the various churches. The enthusiasm of the people for their beloved Apostle reached its height at the Chiesa Nuova where a vast throng were singing *Noi vogliam Dio*, and cheering St. Philip. The urn was met just inside the church by six cardinals and several prelates, vested and bearing torches. *Te Deum* was sung, a fervorino delivered and the great ceremony ended. As many as could obtain one carried away a flower from the urn as a memento. It was already dark and the whole district was a blaze of illuminations; grandest of them all were those of the Chiesa Nuova, where the whole front of the Church was picked out in lights.

13th. "Scholae vacant," in honour of the Saints, the tercentenary of whose canonisation occurred yesterday.

16th. A statue of Our Lady of Compassion was received from a benefactor. At 5 p. m. Doctor Ashby, Director of the British School of Archaeology, gave us an interesting lantern lecture, in the British-American Archaeological School. The lecturer treated of the general plan of ancient Rome and of the chief objects of interest in the Forum and on the Palatine. With his usual kindness, Doctor Ashby consented to guide any students who wished round the Forum and Palatine on Sunday afternoons.

17th. St. Patrick's day. Father Lyons C. S. P. preached the sermon at St. Isidore's in the morning: the students were given the usual opportunity of attending. At 8 p. m. there was an excellent concert, at the close of which all rose and sang: "God save Ireland" and "God save the King."

The Rector obtained from the S. C. Penitenzieria:

1. A hundred days indulgence each time we raise our birettas in passing the Madonna on the stairs and say *Ave Maria*.

2. Three hundred days each time we say the *Salve* in passing.

3. A plenary once a month on the usual conditions for those who have maintained the aforesaid practices for a month.

4. An indulgence of five hundred days each time we sing the *Salve* after night prayers before the Madonna in the Cloisters at Palazzola.

5. A plenary monthly for those who have practised this devotion for a month.

6. That the High Altar at Palazzola be *Altare Privilegiatum Quotidianum*.

19th. The first series of celebrations at the Chiesa Nuova in honour of St. Philip was terminated. At 10.30 a. m. Cardinal Ragonesi pontificated. Monsignor Hinsley was Senior Deacon at the Throne, and the Assistenza was supplied by the Venerabile. We all sang None and the select choir of the students, vested in amice, alb, girdle and chasuble (though not one was tonsured), sang the proper of the Mass. We were all in Coro and to as many as possible the Oratorians supplied dalmatics or tunics.

23rd. His Eminence, the Cardinal Protector, received the Missionary Oaths of the New Men in the College Church.

24th. We decided in a public meeting to found a public society to practise speaking and debating on C. E. G. lines. Officers were to be elected at Palazzola, and the Society would meet only during Villeggiatura.

31st. Traduntur Theses ad Lauream. After a very successful term of Office, Mr. R. Meagher ceased to be Senior Student; Mr. E. Ellis succeeded.

April 1st. Siftientes Saturday. At the Ordination held in St. John Lateran's by the Cardinal Vicar, Messrs. J. Donnelly (Shrewsbury), D. Ryan (Clifton), J. Lee (Plymouth), were raised to the Diaconate, and Mr. E. Ellis (Nottingham) to the Subdiaconate; Messrs. A. Bentley, J. Hampson, J. Cartmell (Liverpool) received the first two Minor Orders; and Messrs. G. Winham (Southwark), W. Grady (Brentwood), J. Masterson (Salford), J. B. Farmer (Nottingham), J. Barrett-Davis (Cardiff) and B. Griffin (Birmingham) were tonsured. The previous retreat was made at Sant'Alfonso under the direction of the Very Rev. Father Schwarz C. SS. R.

4th. Monsignor Prior was nominated a Consultor of the Holy Office.

9th. Messrs. M. McNarney and F. Cashman were elected to the Sports Committee in lieu of Messrs. J. Masterson and M. Sullivan. Mr. R. Delany was re-elected.

7.15 p. m. The Easter Retreat began under the direction of Dom J. Chapman O. S. B. The Rev. Father devoted the first day to a brief exposition of the fundamentals of the Spiritual Life. He passed on the second to the practical side of the subject, laying special stress on the necessity of confidence in God and prayer.

12th. The retreat closed with Mass and *Te Deum*. Dom Chapman gave us the Apostolic blessing. We went out early on this and the two succeeding evenings that we might hear *Tenebrae* in the principal churches. The Gesù, where the German College sang *Tenebrae*, drew many, perhaps most, of us on account of the devotional and orderly character of the function and of the whole atmosphere, and the absence of promenading tourists, of opera-glasses and camp-stools.

Maunday Thursday. Mass at 6.30 a. m., the Rector celebrating. There were no public devotions, but private visits to the Sepulchre. Many students went to St. Peter's for the washing of the Altars with wine and oil, and the blessing with the Relics in the evening.

14th. Good Friday. 7.30 a. m. Monsignor Prior performed the function. At 3 p. m. we had Stations of the Cross. We all visited the Scala Santa during the day. It was most edifying to see the constant stream of devout people ascending the Stairs.

15th. Holy Saturday. At 6 a. m. Monsignor Prior blessed the new fire and worthily ushered in the Paschal Season by the *Alleluias* at High Mass. Most of the students went to St. John Lateran's in the morning. At 4.45 p. m. a few attended a Greek Pontifical at San Nicola da Tolentino.

We went out to Palazzola on Easter Monday. The weather which had been warm and fine during the latter part of Holy Week broke on Easter Sunday night and remained unsettled during our stay at Palazzola; but it did not spoil our holiday. There were two or three games of football in the Sforza. Thursday was comparatively fine, and we had a very enjoyable gita to Frascati: several of the new men visited Tusculum and kissed the Cross. We had two whist-drives during the week. We celebrated St. George's day at Palazzola on Low Sunday. H. E. the Cardinal Protector, Monsignor Stanley, Bishop of Emmaus, Father P. P. Mackey O. P., Dom J. Chapman O. S. B. were at dinner. There was the usual concert in the evening. We returned to Rome on Monday, 24th.

27th. Thursday. The students had the traditional High Mass at the Catacombs for the conversion of England. Mr. R. Meagher was the Celebrant.

30th. At 8. a. m. we took part in the fiocchi procession in the Parish of Santa Caterina della Rota. A Bishop carried the Blessed Sacrament, and this year six students wearing amice, alb, girdle and tunicle carried the baldacchino. There were three houses to visit. Prayers for the sick were recited outside each house. In addition to the *Adoro Te devote*, *Ave Maris Stella* etc. we sang a few English hymns such as *Sweet Sacrament Divine* and *Soul of My Saviour*. Cloths were pendant from the windows of the houses, and flowers were showered down in front of the Blessed Sacrament. Great devotion was shown by the many people who lined the route.

A glass door has been placed at the foot of the stairs. On it are painted the arms of the present Pope, of H. E. the Cardinal Protector, of Pope Gregory XIII, founder of the College, and of the College itself; above them is the following inscription:

BEATIS CHRISTI MARTYRIBVS
 QVADRAGINTA QVATVOR
 HVJVS COLLEGII OLIM ALVMNIS
 QVI IN ANGLIA
 PRO AVITA FIDE ET ROMANA
 SANGVINEM FVDERVNT
 POSTERI MEMORES
 P. C.
 ANNO MCMXXI

The expenses of the erection were defrayed by the Catholic Association English Pilgrims, October 1921.

May. There was Benediction followed by a hymn to Our Lady every evening. On the first three days Benediction was offered up in honour of the English Martyrs, and the prayer for the conversion of England was added. A light was kept burning before the Martyrs' picture in the College Church until after the feast.

3rd. A brief memorial of the English Martyrs written by Doctor Barre was read out as a supplement to the British Martyrology.

4th. Feast of the English Martyrs. The Rector sang High Mass at 9. a. m. and Doctor Barre gave solemn Benediction at 4 p. m. There were a few guests at dinner, among them Bishop Brodie of Christ Church, New Zealand, Bishop J. S. Vaughan, and Father Cortie S. J. Bishop Vaughan and Father Cortie entertained us with good stories in the garden after dinner.

7th. Sunday. We went in the morning to the Vatican Gardens, and were conducted over the Astronomical museum in Pope Leo XIII's

Casino, and over the adjoining observatory by Father Cortie S. J. The Vatican Observatory is in future to be the centre for the observation of variable stars; Father Hagen S. J. the Vatican Astronomer, is a past master of this branch of the science.

11th. At 3.30 p. m. the Bus left the College cortile with the Rector and the twenty four members of the Association of old students en route for Palazzola, the students of today left behind cheering lustily. Some wag had chalked on the back of the vehicle: "*Va bene! Nos nisi damnose bibimus moriemur inulti!*" Off for a gita! Hurrah!"

15th. Monday. The members of the Association arrived back from Palazzola about 11.30, and immediately there was a hurry and scurry to procure cassocks and ferraiuole for them for their audience: they were to be at the Bronze door at 12.30. In some instances the bulk of the contained was larger than the cassock containing, with the result that the tragedies of Peggotty's buttons were enacted anew.

At 2.15 p. m. there was a dinner in honour of the Association. The Cardinal Protector, Monsignor Stanley, Bishop of Emmaus, and Dom P. Langdon O. S. B. were present. His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet opened the roll of toasts with: "Pope Pius XI." The Rector next rose and in a brief speech gave the toast of the Association. He said that this was the culmination of our centenary celebrations. Gathered around the hospitable board of *Alma Mater* there were as many Old Students from England as had been the record number at any time in Wiseman's century, and more than treble the number of actual students. Had Wiseman in 1818 foreseen this developement, his gratitude to the Association, who had largely contributed to it, would have been unbounded.

Then Monsignor Prior in a long and eloquent speech proposed the Venerabile. He said that he remembered all present beginning at the bottom of the House. He spoke of the splendid gita they had had to Palazzola and how they had crowned "the King" there on the very spot where the same ceremony was performed years ago. No one could say that Palazzola came to us through the exertions of any definite persons: "The finger of God was there." So convinced was H. E. the Cardinal Protector that a certain Saint had been mainly instrumental in obtaining the Villa that he had since offered fifty Masses in honour of that Saint. Monsignor Prior went on to speak of our Benefactors, particularly of our greatest Benefactor, Monsignor Stanley (a thunder of cheers). Finally the Speaker described in glowing terms "the Roman Spirit,"—how the old Venerabile with its rules and traditions and the glory of its Martyrs, the University, the Curia, the Atmosphere of Rome, hallowed by the memories and the relics of so many Saints,

all contributed to the formation of the Student's character, unconscious though he often was of the influence they were exerting on him. We responded to the toast with a lusty *ad mullos annos*.

Doctor Kenny, who organised the Association's expedition to Rome next gave us the Rector and Vice-Rector. He said that to the Old Students the English College meant Rome and Monte Porzio: they could never forget that. But they had now seen and appreciated Palazzola. The arrangements for their stay had been excellent. The speaker remarked on the minute precision of that busy bee, the Vice-Rector. He was sure that many would take the opportunity of repeating the visit. When those present returned to England and told the rest what they had missed, they would be green with envy. The toast being drunk, the Vice-Rector responded in the Rector's name and his own. He referred to their respective sizes and difference of stride: none the less they pulled together. It was like the big and the little stones in the woods between Porzio and Palazzola: it was imprudent and dangerous to be heedless of the one or the other. It was easy for him to follow the Rector who broke his way through every obstacle. The Vice-Rector concluded with an eloquent appreciation of the spiritual profit a student derived from his residence in Rome. Father O'Connor then proposed Doctor Kenny and Father Ward, to whose exertions the organisation and the accomplishment of the expedition were due. Father Ward in reply depreciated his own share in the organisation, and paid tribute to the work of Doctor Kenny. After dinner we adjourned to the Rector's Corridor, where the festivities were concluded by a concert at which Past and Present contributed to the entertainment.

21st. Monsignor Mackintosh was consecrated at the Tor de' Specchi by Cardinal De Lai, Bishop Graham, Auxiliary of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and Bishop Martin of Argyle and the Isles being co-consecrators. The Rector, Vice-Rector, Monsignor Prior, Doctor Barre and a few of the students were present.

22nd. The Bishop of Clifton, the Bishop of Plymouth, and Canon Lee arrived at the College.

23rd. The Bishop of Plymouth gave solemn Benediction at the Chiesa Nuova as part of the Novena in preparation for the feast of St. Philip. The students assisted and a select choir, under the direction of Mr. J. Hampson, sang the Benediction music.

24th. Eucharistic Congress began. A full account is given of it in one of our articles.

26th. At 4.30 p. m. the Rector held a reception at the College for the English Pilgrims. The Reception was followed by solemn Benediction, given in the College Church by Cardinal Gasquet. After

the Benediction pilgrims and students united in " Faith of Our Fathers. "

31st. The English Pilgrims departed from Rome and the Archbishop of Liverpool, who had led the pilgrimage, and Monsignor Keating came to stay at the College.

At 8 p. m. the Rector, assisted by the students, gave solemn Benediction at the Parish Church of Santa Caterina to close the month of May.

June 1st. The Archbishop, Bishops, Monsignor Keating and Canon Lee went out to Palazzola for two or three days. Cardinal Bourne, after an adventurous and regrettable journey from Sant'Alfonso, spent the day with them there on the 2nd.

4th. Whitsunday. The Pope sang Mass in St. Peter's, as part of Propaganda Tercentenary celebrations. His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet was Deacon. After the Gospel, seated on his throne and wearing a gold mitre, the Holy Father preached a long sermon. Unfortunately, though his strong voice carried far down the Basilica, it was impossible to distinguish the words. He imparted the Apostolic Blessing after the sermon. The singing at the Mass was rendered by the Scuola Superiore di Musica Sacra, reinforced by the Benedictines from Sant'Anselmo, and the Christian Brothers' Boys: the latter were but a weak reinforcement, their childish treble rather spoiling than enriching the rest. During the last gospel, the choir sang some beautiful 8th or 9th century acclamations.

The Bishop of Plymouth gave solemn Benediction in the College Church in the afternoon.

At 7.30 p. m. ten of our students assisted by invitation at the solemn Benediction at Sant'Andrea della Valle given by H. E. Cardinal Van Rossum, Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, to close the Tercentenary celebrations.

7th. The Bishops of Clifton and Plymouth and Canon Lee left for Assisi.

8th. At 5 p. m. in the Cortile di San Damaso the Propaganda students read brief addresses to the Pope in thirty-four languages. To enliven the proceedings the Gendarmes' Band played selections. While the addresses in Japanese, Annamite, Malabar, and Syriac were read, curiously weird songs were sung in those languages. About twenty of our students were present. Great amusement was caused among the many English-speaking people when the address in " Scotch " was read: for it turned out to be nothing more or less than the wonderful dialect of English spoken beyond the Tweed.

9th. Monsignor Keatinge, Episcopus Castrensis, one of the most devoted of our Old Alumni, arrived at the College for his visit *ad limina*.

10th. Mr D. Ryan (Clifton) was ordained Priest in St. John's by the Cardinal Vicar, and Mr A. Mattocks (Malta) received the tonsure. The previous retreat was made at SS. John and Paul. The new priest gave Benediction in the evening.

11th. Mr Ryan sang his first Mass. At dinner we drank the health of the newly ordained priest, to whom we once more tender our warm congratulations. In the afternoon Mr Ryan gave solemn Benediction.

The Archbishop of Liverpool and Monsignor Keating left for England in the evening.

15th. *Corpus Domini.* Monsignor Keatinge, Episcopus Castrensis, gave solemn Benediction in the afternoon.

18th. We went to the Convent of Tor di Quinto in the Via Flaminia, where we took part in the Corpus Christi procession. H. E. Cardinal Gasquet carried the Blessed Sacrament. Unfortunately the procession had to be curtailed as much as possible owing to rain.

21st. Feast of St. Aloysius. Over thirty of us went to Low Mass and Holy Communion at Sant' Ignazio at 6.30 a. m.: H. E. Cardinal Billot was the Celebrant. The Army Bishop returned from a short visit to Palazzola, charmed, like all who have visited this *posto incantevole*.

25th. The Army Bishop had a few guests to dinner and provided ices, since it was his name-day (St. William). The guests were: Monsignor Palica, the Vice Gerent of Rome and Archbishop of Philippi, Monsignor Stanley, Bishop of Emmaus, Father Lyons C. S. P., and Dom A. Butler O. S. B.

28th. Bishop Keatinge had an Audience, and presented Messrs. R. Meagher and B. Grimley, the laureandi in Theology, to the Pope, who gave them a *Benedizione specialissima* for their examination. The Holy Father sent a large medal commemorating his coronation and a special blessing to the College through the Bishop.

30th. We assisted at solemn Benediction given by the Rector at Santa Caterina della Rota to close the month of June.

July 1st. Bishop Keatinge left for the Rhine.

14th. We went out to Palazzola for Villeggiatura. Those (and they were many) who still had examinations to undergo, returned to Rome as their turn arrived. On the 27th. we had the first of the series of "Tempesta" gite which take the place of the old Tusculum days. Our faithful *Domenico*, skilled in *risotto* and *spaghetti*, invariably supplied us with an excellent dinner on these occasions, cooked to perfection over a gipsy-fire.

About eighty five per cent of our students succeeded in their examinations. The following are the most noteworthy results:

D. D. Messrs. R. Meagher (Liverpool) and B. Grimley (Nottingham).
 Ph. D. Messrs. A. Clayton (Liverpool), J. Goddear and H. R. Kelly
 (Shrewsbury), M. McNarney and E. Plowman (Hexham and Newcastle),
 and L. Warner (Nottingham).

B. D. Mr A. Mattocks (Malta) *summa cum laude*.

Moral Theology (First Year) Mr. B. Griffin (Birmingham) *summa cum laude*. To all of them we offer our hearty congratulations.

August 6th. Mr. E. Ellis (Nottingham), was ordained Deacon by the Cardinal Vicar at Sant'Antonio in Via Merulana.

Mgr. Palica, Vice-Gerent of Rome, spent the weekend with us at Palazzola.

10th. We had the Rector's Nettuno Gite, which is acknowledged by all to be the best of our Gite.

13th. Cardinal Merry del Val paid us a visit. He swam in the tank before dinner, and afterwards in response to a toast and "He's a jolly good fellow," told us how delighted he was to visit the English College which was the quintessence of English colleges: it was the next best thing to a visit to England and to his old *Alma Mater*, Ushaw. The Cardinal kindly allowed his photograph to be taken in the Sforza where he watched cricket and tennis after tea.

14th. A fire broke out in our woods in the direction of Acqua Acetosa in the evening. Preparations were made for evacuating the Villa if things became too hot. A party of students were out in the orchard all night but could not do much till daylight came. They had Mass at 3.30 a. m. on the Assumption, and returning managed with the aid of a few Italians to extinguish the conflagration. The fire broke out again that same afternoon, but this time a large body of the Circolo Cattolico of Rocca di Papa came to our assistance and took over the task of extinguishing it. A few students took night watch by turns, but although there were slight outbreaks on the 16th, the fire gave us no further serious trouble.

15th. In spite of the previous anxious night the Rector sang High Mass in the Duomo at Rocca di Papa. The Students furnished the assistants and the choir, Dom Cottineau, O. S. B. conducting.

27th. A few students took part in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Genzano, which closed the Interdiocesan (Velletri-Albano-Frascati) Eucharistic Congress. Cardinal Belmonte carried the Blessed Sacrament.

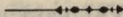
September. We had gite to Mondragone on the 6th., to Velletri on the 13th., and two free gite on the 19th. and 25th. Palestrina and Genazzano were successfully accomplished. One party visited the German College at San Pastore and had a most hospitable reception.

Nine of the Theologians were enabled by the interest on the Delaney Fund to go to Oberammergau. They witnessed the Play on the 20th., stayed a few hours at Munich on the 21st., and spent three days at Venice on their return journey.

17th. Sunday within the Octave of the Seven Dolours. The Rector sang Hig Mass at Rocca di Papa, the students assisting him. Dom Cottineau O. S. B. conducted the choir.

24th. The Rector baptised the Custode's infant son, Alfredo Luigi, in Palazzola church.

27th. Twelve Scots Students from Marino visited us and had tea and a game of football.



The Delaney Fund for long Gite for Senior Students.

Through the influence of the Association, a legacy was left by the Rev. Francis Delaney of Walsall to be devoted by the Association for the benefit of the College. Most generously the interest on this legacy has been assigned to the purpose of providing long gite for the Senior Students. Already Florence, Ravenna, Venice, Naples, Bologna, Fiume, Viterbo, Assisi, Perugia have been visited by different parties. The immediate results of these expeditions are to temper the stern routine of Roman existence and to diffuse a spirit of contentment with home conditions. To have the opportunity of making pilgrimages to the great shrines of Italy and of knowing something of the centres of historical and artistic interest in this country should form part of the education of every one who comes to us for a seven years course! The gift of the Association is, therefore, a real boon to the College. A marble tablet to the memory of our great Benefactor has been placed near the Church door, close to the entrance to the main Corridor on the ground floor.

D. O. M.

ORATE PRO ANIMA

REV. DOM. FRANCISCI DELANEY

VEN. COLL. ANGLORVM DE VRBE

BENEFACTORIS INSIGNIS

OB. XV. KAL. SEPT. MCMXVIII

APVD WALSALL

SPORTS NOTES

We offer our grateful thanks to the "Old Boys" who have sent us games' equipment and especially to Fr. H. Morrissey.

Except for a defeat in the match with the Scots' College on Dec. 26th., the past football season could hardly have been improved upon. Only on odd occasions was difficulty found in raising the required twenty two. Against the Scots, we were unfortunate in losing the services of Mr. Masterson in the first few minutes of the game.

Our two fixtures with Fortitudo, the Champions of Southern Italy, in January were well contested and we gained three of the four possible points. In the first game the eleven played well to a man, and, although two goals down at half-time, drew level by fast and determined play. In the second match we defeated them by two goals to one. Although they had four reserves, we also had two, and the scirocco was by no means a disadvantage to them.

This year we started a fixture with the French College and our second eleven played them in Pamphili on *Giovedì Grasso*. The French scored in the first minute of the game, but the Venerabile had little difficulty in obtaining a good lead and were victorious by five goals to two. The French were plucky; their Swiss International Centre Forward was especially good and, favoured with better support, would have given us a good deal of trouble.

The outstanding House matches were two fixtures between the Second Year Philosophers and the "Rest of the House." Results were even, each side gaining a two clear goals victory. The games were the best we have had this season.

The Eleven has for the most part been as follows: Mr. Egan (Notts.), Mr. E. J. Kelly (Menevia) and Mr. Milan (Menevia), Mr. Earley (Salford), Mr. McNulty (Salford) and Mr. McNarney (Hexham), Mr. Cashman (Menevia), Mr. Sullivan (Northants), Mr. Walsh (Cardiff), Mr. Delany (Hexham) and Mr. Bentley (Liverpool). Mr. Masterson was injured in the first match and Mr. Delany moved into the forward line, making

way for Mr. Earley at Half-back. Mr. Atkins also played well as reserve in the forward line.

Cricket has been very popular at Palazzola. With the help of a matting wicket we had two splendid matches. The first was North v. South which ended in a win for South by one run. South batting first found runs difficult to get, but when Mr. Winham and Mr. Grady came together they put on 83 runs before being separated. Mr. Winham made 61, Mr. Grady 29. Both also distinguished themselves with the ball. For the North Messrs. Delany, Higgins and Briscoe were prominent, but it was the Rector who gained the laurels of the day; he hit three fours in one over, and proved that he can still get wickets and keep a good length. The second match was United Services v. Civilians. The honours were even on the first innings, the Civilians being only 5 runs behind. The Services however collapsed in the second innings when they appeared to have the match in hand. Messrs. Delany and Briscoe were responsible for the collapse by their first-rate bowling.

Tennis has been a great attraction this summer. Although the hard court will not be ready until next year, a hastily prepared grass one has proved a good substitute. We hope to have a tournament next season when the new players have become more proficient. Messrs. Winham and Olney are the managers of the Club.

OBITUARY.

May 1st. Filippo Pica-Alfieri, Cameriere.
 July 13th. Agosto Giorgetti—a faithful servant of the College
 for thirty two years.

R. I. P.

PALAZZOLA.

Here from this terraced parapet behold
 The broad Campagna's limitless expanse,
 Under a sky of azure and of gold
 Whose wondrous mystic depths our eyes entrance,
 Flows wave on wave in streaming purple folds
 That deepen into dim and distant blue,
 Whence rise Cimino and the wooded wolds
 Etrurian round Veii's vales, where too
 Bracciano lake lies cradled in the hills;
 Nearer, the walled girth of mighty Rome
 The centre of the lovely landscape fills
 With temples, towers and dominating Dome;
 And far beyond and southwards dreams the sea,
 A bright immense though veiled Eternity!

HISPAL.

OUR BOOK SHELF

Storia di Cristo: GIOVANNI PAPINI, Florence: Vallecchi.

This is a book to be made known in England, and elsewhere; but not to be betrayed into any other language. This third edition is the 70th. thousand.

Papini confesses the impieties of his former works, in which he had insulted Christ as few others had done before him. After seven years of restlessness and desolation, without and within, he found the roads all leading to the Faith (alla fine sboccavano tutte ai piedi della Montagna dell'Evangelo), and he wrote the Story of Christ as some atonement for his faults. His theme is Peace; "the world today seeks Peace more than Liberty, and there is no sure peace save under the yoke of Christ." He is a Florentine, and glories that his Florence, alone among the nations, chose Christ as her own King. There above the main entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio, which opens between the David of Buonarroti and the Hercules of Bandinelli, a marble slab has been set up to record the unanimous decree of the people, a decree never revoked:

*Jesus Christus Rex Florentini
Populi P. Decreto Electus.*

Papini proudly proclaims himself a liegeman and soldier of this rightful King of Florence and of the World. We must quote the description of the conditions, that we may see the needs of the world of our day. The passage will give a sample of Papini's inimitable style, untranslatable! It is from the wonderful *Preghiera a Cristo*, which forms the conclusion: "Abbiamo bisogno di te, di te solo, e di nessun altro... Tutti hanno bisogno di te, anche quelli che non lo sanno, e quelli che non lo sanno assai più che quelli che sanno... Essi ti chiamano senza sapere che ti chiamano e il loro grido è inespri- mibile più doloroso del nostro... Noi vogliamo soltanto te, la tua persona, colla sua povera camicia d'operaio povero; vogliamo quegli occhi che passano la parete del petto e la carne del cuore, e guariscono quando feriscono collo

sdegno, e fanno sanguinare quando guardano con tenerezza. E vogliamo udire la tua voce che sbigottisce i demoni da quanto è dolce e incanta i bambini da quanto è forte... Sei venuto, la prima volta, per salvare; nascesti per salvare; parlasti per salvare: la tua arte, la tua opera, la tua missione, la tua vita è di salvare. E noi abbiamo, oggi, in questi giorni grigi e maligni, in questi anni che sono un condensamento, un accrescimento incomportabile di orrore e dolore, abbiamo bisogno, senza ritardi, d'esser salvati!... Se tu fossi un Dio geloso e acrimonioso... allora non daresti ascolto alla nostra preghiera. Perché tutto quello che gli uomini potevan farti di male, anche dopo la tua morte, e più dopo la morte che in vita, gli uomini l'hanno fatto... Milioni di Giuda ti hanno baciato dopo averti venduto, e non per trenta denari soli, e neppure una sola volta... Ma tu hai perdonato tutto e sempre. Tu sai, tu che sei stato in mezzo di noi, qual'è il fondo della nostra natura sciagurata... Tutte le generazioni sono eguali a quella che ti crocifisse e, sotto qualunque forma tu venga, ti rifiutano... Una sola religione pratica il mondo, quella che riconosce la somma trinità di Wotan, Mammona e Priapo; la Forza che ha per simbolo la Spada e per tempio la Caserma; la Ricchezza che ha per simbolo l'Oro e per tempio la Borsa; la Carne che ha per simbolo il Phallus e per tempio il Bordello. Questa è la religione regnante su tutta la terra, praticata con ardore coi fatti, se non sempre con le parole, da tutti i viventi. L'antica famiglia si frantuma: il matrimonio è distrutto dall'adulterio e dalla bigamia; la figliolanza a molti par maledizione e la scansano con le varie frodi e gli aborti volontari; la fornicazione sopravanza gli amori legittimi; la sodomia ha i suoi panegiristi e i suoi lupanari; le meretrici, pubbliche e occulte, regnano sopra un popolo immenso di slombati e sifilitici... Non c'è più Monarchie e neanche Repubbliche. Ogni ordine non è che fregio e simulacro. La Plutocrazia e la Demagogia, sorelle nello spirito e nei fini, si contendono la dominazione delle orde sediziose, malamente servite dalla Mediocrità salariata. E intanto sopra l'una e l'altra delle caste in campo, la Coprocrazia, realtà effettiva e incontestata, ha sottomesso l'Alto al Basso, la Qualità alla Quantità, lo Spirito al Fango.

“Tu sai queste cose, Cristo Gesù, e vedi ch'è giunta un'altra volta la pienezza dei tempi e che questo mondo febbroso e imbestiato non merita che d'esser punito da un Diluvio di Fuoco o salvato dalla tua intercessione. Soltanto la tua Chiesa, la Chiesa da te fondata sulla Pietra di Pietro, la sola che meriti il nome di Chiesa, la Chiesa unica e universale che parla da Roma colle parole infallibili del tuo Vicario, ancora emerge, rafforzata dagli assalti, ingrandita dagli scismi, ringiovanita dai secoli, sul mare furioso e limaccioso del mondo... Il Regno di Satana è giunto ormai alla piena maturazione e la salvezza che tutti cercano brancolando, non può esser che nel tuo Regno... Ma noi, gli Ultimi, ti aspettiamo, ti aspetteremo ogni giorno, a dispetto della nostra indegnità e d'ogni impossibile. E tutto l'amore che potremo torchiare dai nostri cuori devastati sarà per te, Crocifisso, che fosti tormentato per amor nostro e ora ci tormenti con tutta la potenza del tuo implacabile amore.”

The faith of Papini and his love for Our Lord make the reader long for some of the like strength and fire. It is impossible to give any sketch of the

substance of the work, of its wide survey and surprising applications of literature and history and science, of its wealth of imagery and art and language, of its grasp of great problems. Strictly accurate theology may here and there be found wanting; but technical deficiencies have been corrected in the newest edition, and the sense and spirit are intensely Catholic. We recommend the book in the original. Little or no notice, as far as we can tell, has been taken of it in English reviews and papers. It is difficult reading; but it is profitable to heart and mind. A more remarkable production, and one which has caused more sensation and is likely to have more influence for good in Italy, has not seen the light for many a long year. We hope this belated notice will help to make it better known in England and more widely appreciated.

Dante Literature: *La Vergine e Dante.* — P. GIOVANNI SEMERIA. Torino, Società Editrice Internazionale.

The celebration of the sixth centenary of Dante's death caused unparalleled enthusiasm, and led to much spilling of ink. Certain new editions and much quickened interest and the restoration of the Church of St. Francis at Ravenna, where rest the mortal remains of this immortal, are the net results.

Il Sommo Poeta has been turned inside out and twisted all about, looked at straight and upside down. He has been made to uphold what he never even dreamed: he is an Imperialist or Monarchist and a Republican, a Fascista and a Popolare, a "morning star of the Reformers and of the Liberali." He remains obstinately Catholic! Father Semeria shows Dante beginning his pilgrimage as Our Lady's special care, and ending his purification in a hymn of praise and of confidence at her feet. *Donna è gentil nel cielo* (Inf. II, 94-96): she appears in the "Inferno" only by the guidance and protection of Virgil, who was sent by Beatrice at the command of Mary; but she is never mentioned where mercy is not, and where Justice alone can reign. In the "Inferno" she is la Grande Assente; in the "Purgatorio" she is la Dolce Onnipresente. Il Buonconte di Montefeltro, after his life of wrong, dies with the name of Mary on his lips; while the Great Enemy complains of being robbed, *per una lagrimetta che 'l mi toglie*, of the immortal part and left with only the corse (Purg. V, 93-104): *Ave Maria; in hora mortis, Maria!* The souls of the great men of fame in Purgatory hail their Queen and Mother above: *Salve Regina*; and Michael and Peter and all the Saints join them in her Litany: *Maria ora per noi* (Purg. VII, 82, etc.). On the walls of Purgatory and on its floor, unearthly art gives life and motion to her virtues, -her humility, her purity, her charity, her meekness, her ready zeal to help, her poverty (X 34, XIII 28, XV 85, XVIII 100, XX 16). In Paradise, Mary is above all angels and saints, crowned and enthroned amid their triumphant songs: *Regina Caeli!* "*Ave Maria* is the utterance of all her people; *Salve Regina* a prayer of the Liturgy and of the Monastery; *Regina Caeli* is the Vision Supreme. *Salve Regina* a plaint bedewed with tears in the valley; *Regina Caeli* an antiphon bathed in the glory from on high: an elegy of exile the one, a

paean of triumph the other; a fitting hymn in Purgatory that, and this meet to be intoned in unison with Heaven.”

Then the final rhapsody of St. Bernard:

*Vergine Madre, figlia del tuo Figlio,
umile ed alta più che creatura,
termine fisso d'eterno consiglio.*

*Ancora ti prego, Regina, che puoi
ciò che tu vuoi...*

Father Semeria's little pamphlet makes glow anew Dante's devotion to the *Rosa Mistica*:

*Il nome del bel fior, ch'io sempre invoco
e mane e sera... (PAR. XXIII, 88-89).*

How much of the art of a Giotto and of a Fra Angelico and of many another Master the verses of Dante have anticipated or inspired?

The **Albo Dantesco** is full of illustrations, which prove the Poet's influence on Artists of all aftertimes. (*Albo Dantesco, Virtuti et Honori: 1321-1921* - Ferrari, Roma. A splendid ricordo, finely produced). See also *Il VI° Centenario Dantesco: Bollettino del Comitato Cattolico per l'omaggio a Dante Alighieri*: Ravenna. In this is given an account of the celebrations at Ravenna, which were marred only by the violence of the fascisti (1).

One of the very best editions called forth by this centenary is that of Bemporad & Figlio, Editori, Firenze: *Le Opere di Dante. Testo Critico della Società Dantesca Italiana*. It is well illustrated; and has an excellent index dei nomi e delle cose. We know no better text for ordinary use. It is well printed and edited.

(1) *The Venerabile* was represented at Ravenna on September 18th. 1921 by the Rector and Messrs. Ellis, Donnelly, Ryan. The Rector spoke at the international meeting in the Church of St. Francis, in place of the great Dante scholar of Manchester, Doctor Gardner, who was prevented at the last moment from being present as the delegate of the Dante Society of that University.

The three Senior Students above named were enabled to take part in these celebrations, and afterwards to visit Florence, Venice and Fiume, through the generosity of the Association, who have devoted the proceeds of the Delaney Fund to the object of providing long gite for the Seniors during the Summer and at Easter. Overflowing gratitude of the Present to the Past! The Rector spoke in Italian, by request of the Secretary of the Committee. His short speech was reported in the Ricordo. He spoke of the greatness and the fame of Dante, gave some sketch of Dante studies in England, and offered an explanation of the world-wide enthusiasm for a poet so far removed from our age and from our surroundings. He dwelt on Dante's sublimity in thought and treatment, born of Catholic theology, a sublimity which Shakespeare never attained and Milton could not realize. He concluded: "Il mondo sente il bisogno di un profeta. Attraverso la selva oscura di secoli di contrasti e di lotte, noi cerchiamo una guida sicura che ci conduca pel cammino ascoso nel chiaro mondo a rivedere le stelle. Dante è la guida, il profeta. Evviva la bella e ridente Italia! Evviva l'Inghilterra, e l'Inghilterra cattolica! Preghiamo e speriamo."

Other Dante literature of recent date in our book-case are the following
 1. **Dante** by Vittorio Turri, Florence, G. Barbèra. 2. **Emporium**, a special number, full of illustrations, wholly taken up with the sixth centenary of Dante. 3. Doctor Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, writes on the lives of the Popes mentioned by the Poet. It is a vindication, but not of Dante. 4. **The Conquista**, a periodical for the documentation of current Italian politics from the Catholic point of view, treats of the teaching of Dante on the Sacraments, and on the Holy Eucharist. Here again the Altissimo is nothing if not Catholic.

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The XXVI Congresso Eucaristico Internazionale, Roma MCMXXII, 24-29 Maggio: Numero Unico. Alfieri & Lacroix, Roma. This is a wonderful treasure of art illustrating the Congress and reproducing some of the master pictures of the world that portray the Great Sacrament Divine. The letter-press is worthy of the illustrations, and almost of the Congress. We notice first and foremost the *Credo* of Domenico Giuliotti, a writer of the same stamp as Papini, and like him a convert from nothingness to faith. He is an intimate friend of the former, and a fellow worker in the true fold. The like power of expression and the like burning faith animates the one and the other. "Il mio spirito," writes Giuliotti, "non ha bisogno di libertà, ma d'autorità. Libero, si disperde e abbuia; sottomesso a Dio, si concentra e splende. *Credo ut intelligam*. Dalla suprema vetta della fede tutto è chiaro. Nella dottrina cattolica, dominatrice d'ogni scienza, sfolgora la rifrazione di quella Luce che, prima della luce, era. In essa è la verità che non muta, che non s'accresce nè scema, che se la rifiuti muori. La Verità inaccessibile s'incarnò, si manifestò, abitò fra noi, disse: *Ego sum Via Veritas et Vita*. Fu risposto: *Crucifige!* Ma Gerusalemme cadde; e da Roma, rinata in Cristo, la Croce ricadde il mondo... Tutta la nobiltà dell'uomo consiste, da venti secoli, nell'acquistare la libertà col farsi schiavo di Cristo... And speaking of Holy Communion: Il finito contiene l'infinito! La vostra incomprendibile onnipotenza mi invade l'anima con un uragano d'amore. Abbarbagliato, inondato, arso dal vostro amore... non so nulla del mondo... Quando ricado in me stesso ricordo d'aver portato in me Dio. Allora tutto l'Inferno può traboccare sulla terra. Perché nè sofismi, nè tentazioni, nè terrori, nè prodigi diabolici, nè lunghi inesauribili tormenti, potranno farmi dire che Dio-Eucaristia non c'è!"

We recommend this number to all who love Rome as the City of the Blessed Sacrament, and who are enthusiastic upholders of the Eucharistic Congress movement.

The official Report of the unexampled Congress at Rome is just about to be published. We are privileged to give an early notice of it.

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Acta Apostolicae Sedis 31 Augusti 1922. The Apostolic Letter of Pius XI to the Bishops of Italy for the promotion of peace among the warring factions of the peninsular is a worthy expression of his patriotism ennobled by his

duty of pastoral care for the long suffering people. It is an eloquent cry for union by a return to God and the observance of God's law, and by a return to Jesus whose Blood has made all brothers and united by the bond of love into the one body of our Head. The consequences of a continuance of the present fratricidal war and of the systematic settlement of difficulties by the sole principle of armed force are set forth in words of warning which the multitudinous parties may neglect to the utter ruin of their country.

By Apostolic Letter of July 5th. 1922, the Abbey and community of Erington are transferred definitely to the old restored abbey of St. Martin of Weingarten, whose name betokens much vintage, and, says the letter, happily also *in vinea Domini!*

Another Apostolic Letter appoints Cardinal Gasquet consecrator of the new Church of Our Lady of the Assumption in the city of St. Paul, Brasil, and declares that the consecration shall be at the same time the erection of the church into a Basilica. At the time of writing, we hear that the long journey and voyage, undertaken by the brave septuagintarian Cardinal, surely perilous at that age, has resulted in illness at Buenos Ayres. We pray that our Cardinal Protector, to whom we owe so much, may be restored to us safe and sound!

Important additions are made to the Roman Ritual, regarding the administration of Extreme Unction and the Last Blessing and the Recommendation of the departing soul. St. Joseph, patron of a happy death, is introduced in special invocations and prayers. Publishers will note!

The S. C. De Seminariis et De Studiorum Universitatibus has recently been active in replacing small and uneconomic seminaries by interdiocesan or regional seminaries, and in extending the powers for conferring degrees of the Gregorian University. The Gregorian, by decree of June 23, 1922, has now the power of creating Masters of Theology, after two years attendance, and after oral and vocal examination in the *Cursus Magisterii*.

A very important case of nullity of marriage, where the condition of proper liberty for the practice of religion and the catholic upbringing of the children had been made an essential part of the contract, is decided by the S. R. Rota. There are some men who would use their brute strength to ride roughshod over the consciences of the weaker sex, in violation of premarriage promises and oaths!

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Saint Catherine of Siena in recent literature. — *I Fioretti di Santa Caterina da Siena*. P. Innocenzo O. P. raccolse. Rome, Ferrari 1922 (price Lire 8). Dedicated to Pius XI.

Side by side with the *Fioretti* of the Poverello of Assisi, a masterpiece of Italian prose of the thirteenth century, we have now the *Fioretti* of Bernardino, the poor fuller's daughter of Siena, likewise a classic, deriving from the thirteenth century.

It is edited from a rare little work printed in 1511 at Ferrara, now published and enlarged by the International Society for the study of St. Catherine.

rine. The additions are from the Saint's own writings and those of her "Company." After reading the lives of this unique saint by Drane, Gardner, Joergensen, it is natural to long to hear herself in her strong inspired words, in her own masculine yet tender phrases. We want to breathe that atmosphere of sanctity which made the Caterinati seem unable to live apart from her presence. These Fioretti translate us to the spirit of that company of her disciples, who called her Madre or Mamma — grown men and women as they were — and we feel the like fascination and enthusiasm at the sound of her voice and sight of her deeds. *The Venerabile* commemorates its connection with the Saint in the frescoed lunette near the main entrance of the Church, wherein Sir John Hawkwood is represented on horseback as if waiting for the letter which St. Catherine is giving to Beato Raimondo for him; her influence converted the "Acuto," condottiere of Florence, who hereafter became a great supporter of the Hospice of the English in Rome. Thus is justified, if need be, our notice of the first publications of *La Società Internazionale per gli Studi Cateriniani*. Her first disciple was the Bavarian, Giovanni Simons, who receives a special word of attention at the conclusion of the volume. The doings and sayings of the Saint and what was written of her in the simple and expressive *Volgare* of the trecento form the five parts of this book; first her Miracles, which take us to the earliest surroundings of the Mantellate; next her confessor il Beato Raimondo gives us a scrupulous history of the wonderful life of his penitent; then the ser Cristofano, notary of Siena tells his *Memorie* to charm us with his *Volgare senese limpido come sorgente*; now two letters of Catherine put our souls in touch with her consuming fire of love, to burn and purify; lastly the favoured child of the Caterinati, Simone da Cortona, *enfant gatè* of the Company, admits us to the secrets of Fontebrande and prepares us to enjoy for the first time in the original in which it was written the "Little Dialogue of Perfection." These Fioretti, well edited and printed, deserve to be read by all who love St. Catherine and the land where she worked. Taught by heaven she spoke and wrote a language which gave Italy utterance. In history, the life of the Saint is as important as it is fascinating in literature, art and spiritual science. She had such and so many relations with the Popes and Cardinals and other leading personages of her time; and did she not bring back to Rome its true King, ending thus the Babylonian Captivity? Of her "beloved Father in Christ," the Pope, she speaks as *il Dolce Cristo in terra*, and addresses him as *Babbo mio*. We should like to quote, but the Editor is stern, his space is overtaken.

GIOVANNI JOERGENSEN. — *Santa Caterina da Siena*: Roma, Ferrari, Prezzo Lire 20.

Lettere di Santa Caterina da Siena, Vergine Domenicana. Vol. I, 1918, Lire 6, (con Prefazione e Note del P. M. LODOVICO FERRETTI, del medesimo Ordine) Vol. II, 1922. Siena, Tipografia S. Caterina. Lire 9.

Of the life of the Saint by Joergensen many reviewers have spoken since its appearance in 1915, in the original. The Danish convert declares himself

captivated. He wrote his work at Siena itself; and became, in spite of, or perhaps as a result of his keen critical labours, a devoted "caterinato." We may venture to contrast his presentation of the characters of Sir John Hawkwood and of William Flete, two great Englishmen in very different spheres, who are examples of the wide and varied power of the Saint over the lives of men of all ranks and classes. The condottiero's companions, very many of whom were English, could hardly have been of what Joergensen calls the characteristic disposition of the Englishman—misanthropic, taciturn and liverish. The restless Hawkwood needed the Saint's fire and rebuke to turn him into a soldier of the Cross: Flete, the recluse, required her lesson in unselfish charity to rouse him from "religious egotism," nursed over his books in the secrecy of his cave. Joergensen finds the "spleen" of Flete, ("Bachelor of Arts of the University of Cambridge"), in Englishmen of another age and another faith—in Beckford, Browning, Shelley, driven by a like temper of soul to become pilgrims, like him at Selva del Lago, amid the glories and solitude of Italian scenes.

The letter to William Flete, and the famous one to Hawkwood are found in the popular edition, noticed above, of the Saint's letters. Both begin with Catherine's usual: *Al nome di Gesù Crocifisso e di Maria dolce*; and conclude with her: *Gesù dolce, Gesù amore*, after a fervid cry to love Him and to remain in His love. Studied together, as models or specimens of Caterinian literature, these two letters show the Saint's deep knowledge of things divine, her wonderful apostolic charity, her supernatural politics, the charm of her style, and her skill in the treatment of souls in their many and varied straights. We are glad to see that Father Ferretti has not passed unnoticed the work of Doctor Gardner of Manchester in this same field. Other volumes of the Letters are to follow, and we are promised for the fifth and last a good index, — a need not too often satisfied in such publications here.

A. D. TANI. — *Le Chiese di Roma*. Guida Storico-Artistica. E. Celanza, Torino, 1922. Lire 20.

This is a handy volume of over 320 pages, with no less than 121 full page illustrations. It is bound in cloth, and well printed. Needless to say it will be a boon to those who have time to follow its guidance through the grand temples of the Eternal City. But only long use of the book on the very spots described can determine whether it be accurate in all details. We are promised by the same author another volume, "historical and artistic," on the Bells of Rome. Our own bell in the clock—tower is one of the oldest in Rome and of much interest. Some of our Readers may not have considered artistic or interesting certain bells of Rome at 5. a. m. on festal mornings!

A very promising series of monographs is announced: *Mystic Cities and Lands of Italy*, under the Editorship of G. Joergensen. Libreria Editrice Fiorentina. Two volumes have just appeared. 1) *T. Nediani, Ravenna Felix*, 1922. Lire 12. Preface by the Editor. 2) *La Verna* by the Editor; translated by D. Giuliotti, with a preface by the same. Useful for our long gite, and

afterwards. The historical sense is, so far as the series has progressed, much weaker than the mystic spirit!

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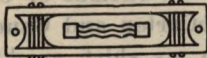
Reviews and periodicals.

1. *Gregorianum: commentarii de re theologica et philosophica.* Gregorian University.
2. *Jus Pontificium et Ephemeridis Juridica.* With commentaries on the Codex by Doctor A. Toso. At the Abbey of St. Gregory on the Celian.
3. *Revista di Studi Missionarii* (Organ of the Missionary Union of the Clergy). Milan, Via Monte Rosa, 71.
4. *Verbum Domini: commentarii menstrui de re Biblica.* An excellent publication of the Pont. Biblical Institute. Roma 1, Piazza della Pilota, 35.

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We are compelled to hold over reviews on other recent works e. g. on Father De Taille's splendid volume on the Holy Eucharist, and Father Vermeersch's new work on Moral Theology, Abbot Schuster's work on Farfar Abbey, Doctor Pastor's latest Volume on the Popes.

We should be glad to make our Book-notices a feature of *The Venerable* if Publishers would furnish us with copies of their issues, and if we could enlist the services of a number of competent reviewers in the circle of students new and old, and if our subscribers and critics encourage the idea.





DREAMS

The Rector, the Librarian and the Editor had for several nights and days simultaneous dreams, which brought to the College door great packages. One proved to be a generous gift, from a Benefactor, of the Dictionary of National Biography, another the Encyclopedia Britannica and the third the Oxford Dictionary of the English Language. These prophetic dreams have not yet materialised; but we have great expectations!

Further dreams concerned the infantile library of Palazzola. Here we have partial fulfilment. We have to thank Father J. O' Connor of Bradford for several parcels of books, including the complete works of Scott.

A piano for the Common Room and a harmonium for Palazzola, not to mention the renovation of the organ (or a new one) in the Church at Rome are yet too bold suggestions to make matter even for dreams.

A Veteran of the Venerabile writes to the Editor: "I entered my 87 year yesterday, and nearing my 62 year of Priesthood. My house is something like Monte Porzio... All are gone save myself, who hope to keep my oath to the last... I think this is the anniversary of the day when I lost a relic of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the shallows under Castel Gandolfo. McCarten and Canon Williams swam across to Palazzola; I in a boat in my shirt, smoking, when not swimming: time 2 1/4 hours. Love to all." From all the present students best wishes and ad multos annos still, to this oldest of the "Old Boys" (more anticuo of O'C. days). He suggests, in his own inimitable way, the following long desired improvement in the College: "I am giving a journalistic hint as to a thing which several old students would like, and towards which they would perhaps generously subscribe. I think, if it can be managed, the College ought to be warmed in Winter,

say December, January, February and a part of March. The chills of Winter were at the root of all the sickness and weakness. I might almost speak of personal experience of summer fevers, et tout cela...

But that awful dreary shivering winter in our rooms! If the College were even slightly warmed to take the chill from the rooms it would do much. To seek warmth in the playroom, or library, *nil valet*".

This problem remains the same to-day as in the Grand Old Veteran's time, though we know the Rector is studying ways and means to solve it. The G. O. V's appeal may help to provide some of the needed means, and thus lead to realization of his suggestion.

Pleasant Dreams to all our Benefactors; and a Merry Christmas to all our Readers.



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