





THE VENERABLE


 CONDUCTED
 BY THE
 PAST AND PRESENT
 STUDENTS





 OF THE
 VENERABLE
 ENGLISH COLLEGE
 ROME


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THE VENERABILE

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ENGLISH COLLEGE
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BY THE
PAST AND PRESENT
STUDENTS

IMPRIMATUR

✠ JOSEPH PALICA, *Arch. Philipp.*
Vicesger.

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ROMA

SCUOLA TIPOGRAFICA SALESIANA

Via Marsala, 42



*(From the painting by W. J. Wainwright, R. W. S.
presented by the Roman Association).*

WILLIAM GILES
RECTOR 1888-1913



EDITORIAL

We bid good-bye and offer our thanks to the retiring Editor and Secretary, Mr. J. Goodear and Mr. H. R. Kelly. In their respective spheres both have assisted greatly in the publication of *The Venerabile* and have done much towards laying the foundations of the magazine.

In this issue we are reverting to the original chronological compilation of the College Diary. We have studied the matter attentively—one change made us chary of another—but this day-to-day record appears to be the most natural and most practical method of recording the College life. The sectional system of Notes has its advantages, but events do not happen in water-tight compartments as it were. To our mind, a daily record presents life as it is actually lived, thus avoiding the artificial analysis of the “group system.” Certain small but interesting happenings, which do not merit a peculiar section, although forming an integral portion of the *Venerabile* life, are impossible to collect under headings. The choice lay between omitting them altogether, as has sometimes been done in the past, and changing the system. Moreover the grouping of such events as ordinations and visitors to the College added to the difficulty of writing this chronicle, while at the same time belying its title of College Diary.

From the purely utilitarian point of view the chronological method has also this great advantage—the diary

only logical course. The Apostolic spirit was to him as much a matter of common-sense as of supernatural virtue. At a time, when Evidence lecturers were not so sure of a tolerant hearing as they are to-day he organised a band of enthusiasts that dared to set up a pulpit in town halls and lecture rooms. It was all to convert England. England could never be converted without Missionary Priests. So for thirteen years these enthusiasts were Missioners. But, to succeed, priests must be men of prayer; the prayers of the thousands must be behind them to rally and sustain them, to make their work more fruitful. I think it was thoughts like these that led him to enter the House of Expiation at Chelsea under his brother Kenelm. He once tried to be a Carthusian from similar motives.

He was never over-robust in health. It was his old bronchial trouble coupled with heart-failure that overtook him in the end. At one period of his life he sought to renew his strength in Australia. It was when another brother Roger Bede, was Archbishop of Sydney. But he could not be happy long away from the work which absorbed him in England. When finally he decided to continue his apostolate by the pen, together with as much preaching as his other duties allowed, he seems to have found his true bent.

To the last he retained his keen sense of humour. He joked away even on his death-bed. Neither did he lose that love of mathematics and astronomy which had once led him to accept a professorship at St. Bede's College. The heavenly bodies always fascinated and inspired him. Though never very keen on sports and athletics, yet he was always fond of a swim. The little holidays he loved to spend at Courtfield were generally made the occasion for a dip in the Wye. The Venerable in his day could not boast the splendid facilities for a cooling plunge that it now enjoys, or perhaps his stay there would have been longer!

But his affection for the old place never waned. The

College was linked in his mind with his deep concern for Ecclesiastical Education, an object that was always close to his heart. Practically all his money, savings and income from his writings etc., is, by his express wish, to be devoted to Ecclesiastical Education. He had a special desire to help the Venerable. A prayer for the repose of his soul is all he would have wished for by way of recompense. R. I. P.

Reprinted from **HERBERT VAUGHAN.**

December 1913, by kind permission of the Editor.

I met Dr. Giles, as we used to call him, for the first time at the end of October, 1878, when I arrived at the Venerable English College, to begin my studies in Philosophy and Theology. He was then 45 years old, having been born at Bedford Place, in the parish of Cambuswell, on 29th April, 1830.

His great grandfather came of old yeoman stock from a neighbourhood of Brantingham, in Yorkshire, and founded a stockbroking business, still flourishing in London, of which Francis Giles is now the head. Through his grandmother, Giles could count among his ancestry Archbishop Chicheley, the founder of All Souls. His father, Samuel Giles, was of a numerous family of seven children, was accountant to the London Life Association, and after the birth of his son William, took over the offices of the Company, first in Cannon Street probably, and then in King William Street, in the heart of the city. He and his many brothers and sisters were deeply religious people. They were dissenters of some kind, but probably belonged to no particular congregation. Their form of external collective worship was of the simplest character. The many brothers and sisters with their respective wives and husbands used to assemble on Sundays to read the Bible and discuss what they read, the proceedings being opened by an extempore prayer from each of the members in turn. Samuel Giles's two little sons, William and Samuel (he had no other children), were often present on these occasions, but evidently found the discussions uninteresting, and possibly the extempore prayers too



MONSIGNOR WILLIAM GILES.

Reprinted from *The Edmundian*,

December 1913, by kind permission of the Editor.

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merous; they used to amuse themselves by looking at pictures under the table. However, one fruit of these discussions and prayers and reverent treatment of the Bible, was that several members of the family became convinced of the necessity of baptism, and in a business-like way set about at once to receive it. While on a visit to the father of the large family of seventeen, who lived at Margate, they baptised each other in the sea. Another step in their religious education was that they came to see the necessity of a Church, and here they parted company, going different ways in their search for it. Samuel Giles and his wife entered the true Church, as did one of his brothers some years afterwards, the father of the Rev. Chichele Giles of Newport, Salop. I am indebted to the kindness of Father Giles for my information about the family of Monsignor Giles, which he has been able to supplement by a few jottings of recollections made by Mother Loyola of the Bar Convent, York, another cousin of Mgr. Giles, who lived in his father's house for many years. She was adopted by her uncle Samuel, together with her two sisters and a brother, on the death of their parents about the year 1856, on condition that he could bring them up as Catholics.

When Samuel Giles and his wife were still searching for the true Church, and in great perplexity of mind, his brother John said to him: "Why don't you go to hear Dr. Wiseman at Moorfields?" Mother Loyola writes: "They went, and the lectures on Science and Revealed Religion brought them into the Church. Conversions were rare in those days, and the Catholics of Moorfields shewed them great interest and kindness, the priests in particular. They saw a good deal of Father Whitty, who received them, and of Dr. Gilbert and Mgr. Patterson. These often came to the house at King William Street, Father Faber too, I think, with Father Rowe and the other early Oratorians. It was there that aunt nursed Dr. Whitty through a very dangerous illness. During his convalescence, many priests came to consult him, among others Father Christie about his vocation. Mgr. Patterson used to come to prepare me for my First Communion, and I remember when I was about ten, having to be Dr. Moriarty's partner at whist."

William and Samuel Giles were received into the Church

with their parents, and not long afterwards, on Sept. 26th, 1844, entered St. Edmund's College, Old Hall. Samuel left in 1848, and, devoting himself to medical studies, took his degree of M.D. at Grey's, and held a practice at Lewisham. After his death, many years ago, his widow resided at Margate, and her house was the headquarters of Mgr. Giles on his visits to England. She died a few years ago, leaving him a little money, which enabled him to complete the fund for the English Martyrs' Burse at the College, by the handsome gift of L. 750.

William, while at Old Hall, began that series of brilliant successes at the London University Examinations, which eventually left him at the head of all competitors. He matriculated at the University in 1847, taking the seventh place in Mathematics. On Nov. 4th of the same year he received the tonsure, and in the following month left the College.

He spent the next five years in London, following the lectures at University College. They must have been years of strenuous work, to judge by the excellent results. In 1850, he took his B.A. at London University, being third in Classics, and in 1852, his M.A. being first in Classics.

Great happenings had been taking place in England, while he was pursuing his studies at University College—the re-establishment of the Hierarchy, Wiseman's Letter from outside the Flaminian Gate, the public alarm about Papal aggression, and the rest,—and Rome loomed large, in a sinister or salutary sense, in the minds of the people of England.

William proceeded to Rome in the year 1852, and entered the Pio College to make his ecclesiastical studies, and prepare for the priesthood. This College was founded towards the close of the year 1852, by Pius IX., after whom it was named, mainly for convert clergymen, who, under a milder discipline, more suited to their years and antecedents than that of the ordinary seminary, might be prepared for the reception of Holy Orders. Its first Rector was an Italian, named Giacomo Arrighi, who was appointed on Nov. 21st, 1852, and resigned in the following February, to be succeeded by Lewis English, appointed on Feb. 28th, 1853.

The first quarters of the College were in the house of the "Convertendi," Piazza Scossa Cavalli, just opposite to the old pa-

lace that once belonged to Henry VIII, in the Borgo. Two years later, it was transferred to the premises of the English College, where a few rooms of the old College were reserved for it, together with new ones that were built on a terrace that overlooked the garden. The decree of union of the two colleges was issued on March 29th, 1853, and Dr. English with the students of the "Pio" took possession of their new quarters on Nov. 21st of the same year. Dr. Cornthwaite was at that time Rector of the English College, and resigned a few years later, returning to England to take up the position of Chancellor in the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, living with the aged Bishop Hogarth at Darlington, for one or two years, before he was appointed Bishop of Beverley. Dr. English succeeded Dr. Cornthwaite as Rector of the "Venerabile" and the "Pio," and at his death in 1864 was succeeded by Dr. Neve, who resigned in 1867 and had as his successor Dr. O'Callaghan.

After two years study in the Pio College William Giles was ordained priest at Westminster by Cardinal Wiseman. He returned to the Pio, and completed his four years course of Theology at the Gregorian University, taking his degree of Doctor of Divinity. In the registers of the "Collegio Pio" there is an entry in July, 1858, opposite his name, to the effect that he went to England, but returned to Rome the same year, which would seem to indicate that he was still in the College in the year 1858. Certain it is that from the year 1852 till the day he died his permanent place of residence, and one may say his home, was in Rome. When his theological course was finished, he took up work as tutor to a son of Mr. Vansittart, the banker. At one time he gave repetitions in theology to the students of the English College, whether it was before or after he became its Vice-Rector I cannot say. He was named Vice-Rector of the Pio College in 1864, and Vice-Rector of the English College in 1865, under Dr. Neve. Dr. O'Callaghan the new Rector, renewed his appointment as Vice-Rector of the English College in 1867.

His work as Vice-Rector was to look after temporalities, supplies of all kinds, and keep accounts. He knew a good deal about the mysteries of cooking, and exercised a salutary influence in the kitchen, whence meals excellent in quality and abundant

in quantity issued under his supervision. He had care of the Sacristy too, and took charge of liturgical functions and the choir. Our diminutive choir of five or six was restricted to the Gregorian Chant, except for the single intrusion of Webbe's *Haec Dies* on Easter Sunday, and we used the Ratisbon edition. Dr. Giles's ideas about Plain Song were of the most meagre kind. He used to impress on us that the tailed notes were long, the diamond notes short, and the square ones of a medium length which is little short of liturgical heresy nowadays, when the free rhythm of the Chant has been scientifically established from the old manuscripts. He used to beat time according to the above rule at the eagle stand at the bottom of the old chapel, and all went well enough in the familiar passages, but when some unusual piece had to be rendered, the leadership often broke down. He was not very sure of the intervals himself, and was easily led astray by a voice that went wrong, so that at the awkward parts the hand, that had been executing a vigorous time-beat, was left waving aimlessly in the air until a smoother passage brought relief.

He had little to do with the maintenance of discipline by any exercise of authority. Dr. O'Callaghan, the Rector, took this charge to himself. He was a stern disciplinarian, and had no need of his subordinate to help him to preserve order and administer the necessary corrections. As the Rector was always on the spot,—I only remember him taking one short holiday—Dr. Giles was never left in charge. The Vice-Rector, however, contributed very largely to the exact observance of rule by the excellent example which he set. He was the most punctual and regular attendant at community duties in the whole house. He was almost equalled by the Rector, who was handicapped by rectorial duties that sometimes required his presence elsewhere.

The Vice-Rector was thus freed from the odium which sometimes arises from the enforcement of College rules, and the way was made easier for him to cultivate those kindly relations which always existed between himself and the students. His duties towards us were, from our point of view at least, of an agreeable nature. He clothed us, fed us well, supplied all our material needs, and was our companion in our special recreations. We saw little of him at the ordinary recreation-hours;

he was by nature silent, reserved, and retiring; but he always accompanied us on our excursions or *gite*. In Easter Week, and sometimes also at Whitsuntide, he used to take a party of the senior students away for a five or six days' trip at his own expense. Thus Subiaco, Genazzano, Olevano, and other interesting, though less well-known places were visited. He took them further afield sometimes, to Monte Cassino and to Naples.

He took a very prominent part, I remember, in our Christmas concerts. He used to practice assiduously for weeks before in his own room, always playing his own accompaniments. He produced for us pieces from the old operas, *Figaro*, *Barber of Seville*, *Norma*, *Trovatore*, etc., and other songs, sometimes singing duets with one of the students, in which he always took the tenor part, and invariably played the accompaniment himself. They were creditable performances, and he went through them with great gusto. The middle and lower registers of his voice were quite good; he was not afraid of high notes, and got them in some fashion or another. Altogether, his good natural voice showed lack of training. I am not, therefore, surprised to read this little reminiscence of his cousin, Mother Loyola, who as a girl lived in his father's house; she writes:—"His mother was anxious that he should give me singing lessons during one of his short stays in England. He consented, the course consisted of *one* lesson, to his great relief I am sure, but more to mine."

There was one simple little song, which he began to sing when he was Vice-Rector, and which he repeated every New Year's night till the last or last but one of his life. It was called "Far Away," and he sang it, as he never failed to announce to us, in memory of past students who had taken part in the Christmas concerts. It began:—

"Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago,
Laughing round the Christmas fire, etc."

It was always received with rapturous applause, not so much for the musical performance, which in the last few years was poor, but for the kindly affectionate interest shown by the dear old Rector in his students and their merry making.

He was much more successful in the art of painting than

in music. His numerous watercolours of picturesque spots in different parts of Italy, which we delighted to inspect on "Coffee and Rosolio" days many years ago, will, with a few exceptions, remain in the possession of the College. Many of them are of scenes made familiar to us in our various expeditions, and would be interesting to us, even though their merit was less than it really is. The art critics speak very favourably of them. The drawing is always accurate, the colouring very bright. It is Italian landscape on its sunniest days. He used to sketch his subject on the spot, lay the first colours, and finish the picture in his leisure hours at home. Many of them, however, remained unfinished. He spent many holidays in his younger days, roaming from one remote village to another in the Italian hills, with his knapsack on his back and his sketch book under his arm. He would take a room in a cottage, and live on the hard fare of the peasants, while on his quest of the picturesque.

It was on a trip of this kind, not long after the year 1870, when war's alarms had not altogether subsided, that he was arrested by Italian soldiers and put in prison. After a day's sketching he had retired for the night at the house of the old woman where he had just put up, and late in the evening she was frightened out of her wits by the loud knocking of soldiers who demanded that the "forestiere" should be given up to them. He was already in bed, but had to get up and submit to examination and cross-questioning. His trunk was searched, and his sketches all scattered about. He showed his English passport in self-defence "William Giles, British subject, travelling on the continent"—but it only seemed to confirm their suspicions. They did not know English but they considered they had common sense enough to know that a passport with only one line of writing on it could not be in order. "Where were his generalities" as the Italians call them,—the names of his parents, the date and place of his birth? Where the description of his person? The colour of his eyes and hair, his complexion, stature and the rest? Besides, they pointed out to him that he had given his name as "Guglielmo," and in the passport it was "William." He was marched off between two soldiers, and, having been deprived of his watch and purse, was locked up in a filthy room where the cleanest spot was a dirty table, on which he spent the night.

In the morning he knocked loudly at the door and called for his breakfast, after which he was marched off again to another place where a little pompous official prepared to interrogate him. Objecting to this, Dr. Giles asked to see the superior officer, whereupon the little man bowed, and, pointing to himself said: "I am the superior officer." Dr. Giles then insisted on sending a telegram to the English College, which apparently frightened them, for when the telegram was despatched, without waiting for superior orders, they restored his watch and purse, minus the cost of the telegram, and set him free. He went on to another village, only to be again arrested under similar conditions. This time, on regaining his liberty, to escape further annoyance, he went straight back to Rome. The incident attracted a good deal of public notice, as a letter from their Rome correspondent and a leader on it appeared in *The Times*, which was quite enough in those days to alarm the Italian Government.

While touching on Dr. Giles's attachment to the liberal and fine arts, as a classical scholar, a lover of music, and a fairly successful painter, I may quote another reminiscence of his cousin, Mother Loyola. She says: "I remember hearing from his mother that, as a little boy, Willy was fond of giving lectures to his father, mother and Uncle John, and also of reciting verses of his own composition on the same. One of these, 'The Wind' began as follows:

"What is that thing which roaring down
Threats to dislodge us from our home?
This thing is wind, its Maker He,
Who with His breath makes rough the sea."

The lectures, the subject of which was, I fancy, chemistry (?), were given with great gravity, the small lecturer standing before his table, and addressing his audience as 'Lady and Gentlemen.'

The possible promise of future celebrity, or even average ability, as a public speaker, never came to maturity. His fledgling muse took a stronger flight at Old Hall, then apparently sank to earth, never to rise again. Among his papers we find a printed copy of a poem signed "William Giles, St. Edmund's College, 23rd June, 1847," on the Council of Clermont (Prologue), of 134 lines in length, which describes the appeal of Pope Urban to

the assembled knights to free the Holy Places from the tyranny of the Moslem. I give the peroration of the Pontiff's address:

“ Weep on, thou widowed land, weep on,
 Dimmed in thy fame, thy glory fled;
 The Crescent waves on Lebanon,
 Bethsaida's founts are choked with dead.
 Revenge, revenge, such insults given!
 Revenge the cause of slighted Heaven!
 Can valour string each nervous arm,
 Wield each bright blade and lend a charm
 To passion's vengeful fray?
 Can blood boil in each bursting heart,
 Nor bid it do a warrior's part,
 To wipe the stain away?
 'Tis God's own cause for vengeance calls;
 E'en now, with prophet eye—
 I see, I see, on Salem's walls
 The cross waves high, the crescent falls;
 The conquered Moslems die.
 Arm! arm, for Sion's injured land!
 Let lance and targe and battle-brand
 Gleam in each warrior's valiant hand;
 Beneath the paynim blade to die
 Itself is glorious victory!”

When he was appointed Rector of the *Venerabile*, he threw himself into the work with great zest. It was the remainder of his life's work before him, and he had no other interests. He knew little of the Roman Curia beyond the few Propaganda officials he met with occasionally. He had few intimate friends in Rome and rarely visited anybody. He knew of the happenings in the great world outside, for he read his daily paper and various Catholic magazines regularly, besides books of travel, biography, history, etc. Catholic action and its aims in England and elsewhere were not unknown to him; but these movements did not excite in him the response of living interest. It was as though he read a chapter of long past history of the Church, where no thought or action of his, even as a unit in the mass, could have any influence on the issue. It may be argued with reason that the head of our national institution in Rome, with its long record

of 550 years behind it and its important place in the history of the Church in England, should be in touch with the field of action to which his students were going, to spend their energies and their lives; and that a broader outlook would only make his rule more efficient. Mgr. Giles did not expect to receive new lights from any quarter on the education of the clergy. He had seen good and efficient priests go out from the College walls in past times, and he saw no reason why the process should not be continued on the old lines. The round of his life and interests was a narrow one, bounded by a domestic horizon. He saw a little family gathered around him under the same roof and he was prepared to lavish on them his paternal cares. He was interested in their well-being and success, and ready to minister to their comfort and their pleasures.

He instituted the custom of inviting the newly-ordained priests to his own table on the day of their first mass, where they were treated as honoured guests, and their toast was given with musical honours. He never failed to attend at the Prize Day of the Gregorian University, whether the prospects for the success of his students were good or bad, though many Rectors of the national colleges were rarely there. In times of illness he was kindness itself to the students, and if one of them happened to be laid up in the hospital of the Blue Nuns he went to visit him two or three times a week, sitting by the bedside for half-an-hour or longer at a time, saying little, but showing his sympathy and affectionate care. He never missed a "Magliana Day" until the last year of his life when he was in the hands of a nurse. Magliana is a College property, given to it by Toby Matthews, the friend of Lord Bacon, about seven miles out of Rome on the right bank of the Tiber. The students may spend a day there once a fortnight, if they like to vote for it. Like the students, the Rector walked there until the infirmity of age prevented him, and then he drove, looking pinched and starved when he returned on the cold days.

Provision for the comfort of his flock was naturally conditioned by his own standard of comfort and by the inevitable exigencies of long-established traditions. He was no comfort-seeker himself. He was up at five o'clock every morning, and began the day with a cold tub. He never allowed a mere cold,

however severe to detain him in bed. His bedroom was a portion of an ante-room to his study, divided off by a wooden partition with just space enough for a bed on one side, a chest of drawers on the other and place to stand between. He never took a day's outing unless it were to accompany a party of students. He had his small nap every day after the midday meal, but this was not a sleep of choice with him; it was a necessity of his organism to pass through this phase of unconsciousness at that particular time of day. He would fall asleep with his guests around him, or in the presence of Cardinals and other dignitaries when he himself was the invited guest, often in an armless chair, sitting bolt upright, with his head only bowed on his breast.

Soon after he was appointed Rector, it was represented to him that the students found it very cold on the winter mornings, going to school, and he at once devised a new and ample garment of warm material, which could be worn over the cassock and under the "soprano." The students were assembled so that he might learn who needed it. One student who did not need it, thought it an excellent occasion to effect a compromise and obtain something which he did wish for. "Well, sir," he said, "I have no need of the new garment, but I find the sheets rather damp at times, and I should like a warming pan." He was immediately quashed amid the mirth of his companions, with the scornful rejoinder from the Rector, "Don't talk nonsense, Mr. B." The incident evidently was graven on the memory of Mr. B., for in a topical ballad in which he summed up the experiences of his six years' course, he gave it a prominent place, and informs us that upon his request for the warming pan:—

"The warming was accorded, but the pan denied."

One rule that had a far-reaching effect in his government of the College, was his profound respect for tradition. He would not leave its safe moorings to make the shortest excursion into untried waters. Even when it was a mere matter of form, and expediency called for a change, he was loathe to leave the old ways. I may give a trifling instance. It was brought home to him that his correction of the reader in the refectory was oftentimes not heard, owing to the clatter of plates and the sound of the reader's own voice. To arrest his attention by ringing

the ordinary bell might be interpreted by the reader as an order to cease reading altogether, and he would consequently close the book promptly and disappear from the pulpit. The Rector therefore got a second bell of a different kind, which gave a single stroke when the lever was pressed at the top, and this was to be reserved exclusively for the correction of the reader. It was duly installed on the high table about ten years ago, and has been there ever since, as much a part of the furniture of the dining table, as the table cloth on which it rests. He never used it once. The only time it fulfilled its original purpose, was an occasion on which I happened to be in the chair, through the absence of the Rector; I gave the poor forlorn little bell a tap, just to enable it to justify its presence amongst us.

His normal attitude of mind was to refuse to entertain any idea that clashed with established customs. About eighteen years ago the head student went to the Rector on the part of his companions, to request that they should be allowed to smoke after meals. He had prepared his arguments well, and thought he was able to show that the changed conditions called for some relaxation of the rule. The Rector allowed him to talk for a few minutes, and then said quietly: "Mr. N., I don't intend to make any change in that rule." His petitioner, however, went on with his arguments, the Rector meanwhile listening with closed eyes. When the student had finished the presentment of his case, he waited for a reply, ready to start off again when a cue was given him. The Rector said not a word, nor even opened his eyes. The student waited two, three, five minutes, but still no sound came, nor even a sign for his dismissal. He was convinced by that time that the attempt was hopeless, and withdrew, leaving the Rector with his eyes still closed, but wide awake. Mgr. Giles had extraordinary powers of passive resistance, which he used effectually to repel any attempt at what he considered innovation.

The old expeditions which he used to give the students at his own expense, after he became Rector, were carried out on a larger scale in the autumn from Monte Porzio. On his return journey from England in September he used to call a party of students to meet him, sometimes as far north as Milan, but generally at Siena, Arezzo or Assisi, and they visited several inte-

resting places before returning to Rome and Porzio. A second and third party would then go out under the Rector or Vice-Rector, for other tours of six or seven days, always at Mgr. Giles's expense, so that all the students got an enjoyable trip, except those who had not completed their first year at the College; for whom the charms of Monte Porzio were supposed to be still novel and interesting at the end of their third month of *villeggiatura*. One year, however, he sent every one of the students, in three different companies, to Loreto on the occasion of some prolonged festivities at the Holy House: and they were able to visit other places on their return journey.

But the expeditions he dearly loved were the walking tours in the Appenines, among the Volscian or Sabine hills, or the Hernicans away from the beaten track of the tourist. He was a great walker himself. There was scarcely an Alpine pass leading out of Italy, which he had not crossed on foot at one period or another. His pace was slow, but steady, and he had great endurance. Even after he was sixty years of age, he could walk his twenty miles for several days in succession, without suffering from over-fatigue. His sketching-tours in his younger days had made him familiar with many interesting routes. Thus, rounds were made through Frosinone, Casamari, Trisulti, Collepardo, Alatri, Guarcino, and home by Subiaco; Olevano, Genazzano, Palestrina, the nights being spent mostly in monasteries; or through the Volscians by Segni, Carpineto, Piperno, Fossa Nuova, Terracina; etc., etc. He always went back to the same little inns, where he had halted on former occasions, and where he was invariably recognized and welcomed. They loved to see again the old white-haired Monsignore, with the ruddy, healthy complexion and the benignant smile, who paid so generously for the "incommodo," and spoke Italian like a native, though he said he was a "forestiere."

The fare in these Italian villages is not very choice. But Mgr. Giles was blessed with a good appetite to the end of his days, though no one was a more rigid observer of the fasts of the Church until after his sixtieth year he was put on special diet by the Doctor for diabetes. He was not at all fastidious about the quality of his food, and his digestive powers could deal with almost anything. When out on tour he could make

a hearty meal out of *salame* strongly seasoned with garlic, cheese, and eggs from the local shop, where they had long awaited a customer. Fresh eggs, however, were a commodity that could often be procured. The freshest egg I ever had I obtained on an expedition we made to Cervetri, the old Etruscan Caere. I asked the old *padrona* if we could have new-laid eggs "eggs of the day" as Italians call them—and she answered "Sì, Signore," and immediately went out. I suppose this was a village where they did not believe each other readily, and it was considered necessary to afford immediate proof of your statements. She reappeared shortly with a struggling hen in her arms, which she placed on the table. I know not what the old woman had whispered to the bird on the way, but no sooner was it set down than it laid an egg. "Ecco Signori!" she said. The hen, with a flutter and cackle then disappeared to join its companions in the yard. It looked like a concerted plan between the *padrona* and her hen to advertise their house—"Eggs—New-laid while you wait." Returned emigrants from America are to be found in some of these villages.

It was on this same occasion that we had our cold pork-pies, which was the statutory provision for a day's outing, warmed up, as I told the Rector on our return, adding that we found it an improvement. He was shocked at my ignorance. "Warm pork-pies!" he exclaimed,—“Why nobody eats pork-pies warm.”

Naturally a silent man, he had a difficulty in initiating conversation. He was full of interesting reminiscences of his long life, but they did not come spontaneously to his mind, at least for utterance. Occasionally, however, he was induced to talk of them when at table, with the students around him, on some holiday excursion. He remembered driving round the streets of London in a brake with his relatives on the night of the Coronation of Queen Victoria, to see the illuminations. Incidents of life at St. Edmund's in the forties of last century were sometimes recalled. Just after his ordination to the Priesthood he was present in St. Peter's when Pius IX. defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. And again he was present in the same Basilica fifty years afterwards, a few weeks after his consecration as Bishop, when Pius X. celebrated the golden jubilee of the proclamation of the dogma. As he was resident in Rome

without interruption from the year 1852, till the end of his life, he knew the Rome of the Popes well, and could tell us many interesting things about the customs of the time, of the movements of Pius IX. among his subjects, and of the occasions on which he used to visit particular churches for great ceremonies. He remembered well the visit which Pius IX. paid to the English College in 1870, one of the last occasions he went out of the Vatican, to see Bishop Grant who was lying on his deathbed.

His manner of life on assuming the Rectorship remained unchanged. He retained almost all the departments of work he had held as Vice-Rector. He looked after the accounts, directed the choir; kitchen and sacristy were under his immediate supervision. The choir was left to other hands only when the Solesmes chant was coming into vogue. He had no love for the resuscitated ancient melodies; they bore a new aspect to him, in spite of their proclaimed antiquity; but he accepted them loyally even before the order came to adopt them, once the favour accorded by the Apostolic See was made known.

Some of the work ordinarily done by a sacristan he retained in his own hands till the end of his days, that is, while he had still strength to walk about freely. He made up the bundle of corporals and purificators for the wash, counted them on their return, and distributed them with his own hands for the different altars where they were to be used. He always prepared the candles to be used at low masses, and placed them in position on all the altars in the Church. Even when he was Bishop, we often saw him with a candle stick with its fresh candle in each hand, making his way to an altar. He used to watch the lit candles at the Altar of Repose on Holy Thursday, and attended to them in the frequent visits which he made to the Blessed Sacrament on that day. Indeed, it may be truly said of Mgr. Giles, that once he had made a thing his own, whether as a personal belonging or an occupation, or even a beggar on his monthly list of alms, he never liked to part with it. He might well have taken for his motto the exhortation given to a predecessor of his, the first occupant of the See of Philadelphia, in the Apocalypse:—"Tene quod habes." This did not apply to his money, which he did not regard as his own, but as a trust to be administered mainly for the benefit of others. It might

refer to his clothes, which had to do service long beyond the normal time. He preferred the old things. When he was placed under the care of a nursing-sister, she found that all his underwear had to be renewed. The hat and coat, and once black stockings that he often wore at Monte Porzio had attained a green old age. He was respectably dressed in Rome, except perhaps for the occasional use of one particular old "zimarra," whose tattered ends fluttered out as he walked down the refectory between the lines of students, looking like the remnants of an ancient battle-flag.

The great burden of his office to him was the task of correction and enforcement of rule. It was an exceeding difficulty for him to resolve to call a student aside to reprimand him, or even to reason gently and firmly with him, on his misdemeanours. The opportunity for timely admonition was not seldom let go by. His kind heart, his natural reserve, his desire to live at peace with every one, the late hour at which these new duties of correction came to him made the task exceptionally arduous. He had less difficulty in addressing the students collectively, that is, if he wrote down what he had to say and read it. But should he trust to extempore speech, the result from a rhetorical point of view was generally a failure. He was halting and uncertain, and would go out of his way to exclude a possible but most improbable misconception of his words, and would do it with such warmth that he forgot the original point that he had been urging. Old students will remember the notices he delivered every Easter Sunday night concerning the next morning's journey to Monte Porzio: what had to be done with the shoes and baggage, the asides about the stupidity of Italian Railway officials, and his lament that horse-racing should take place on that day, and his uncertainty at the end whether he had any-thing more to say or not. I am afraid that on these occasions there was some hilarity manifested in his audience, which was disconcerting to him. However, he felt that he could trust himself to the students, conscious as he was of his drawback, and though there ensued some harmless caricaturing of his imperfect addresses, there was never ridicule, much less derision.

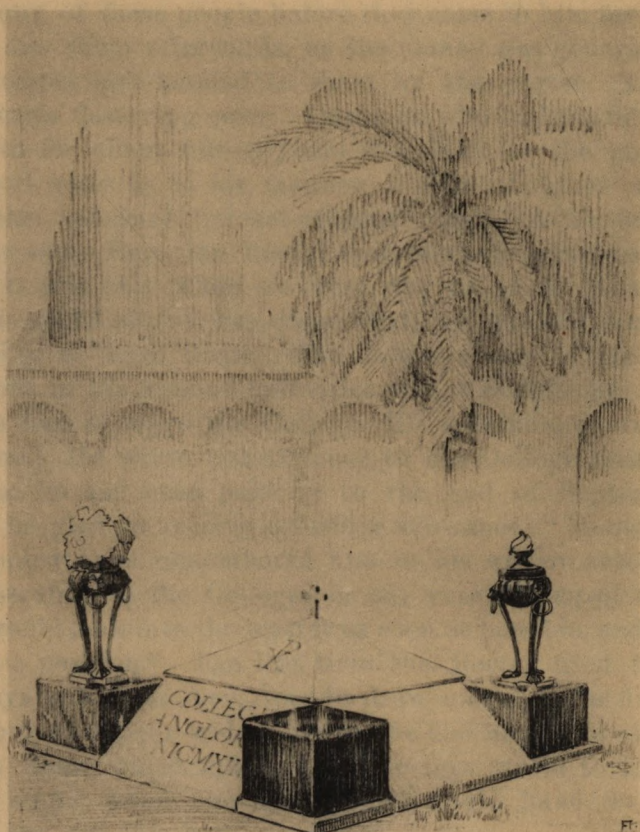
Yet nobody could write a clearer statement than he could. He oftentimes submitted to me important letters and reports,

written in the firm, clear hand he preserved to extreme old age, before he dispatched them. I very rarely had anything to suggest in the way of improvement. On the few occasions on which I ventured to suggest a correction, he accepted at once, with unconscious humility, and in his painstaking way would write out the whole sheet again. A Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda many years ago, through some mistaken idea, resolved to make a visitation of the College, and sent word to the Rector that he would visit us on a specified date. The Rector was convinced that it exceeded the powers of jurisdiction of the Cardinal; he, therefore, wrote to him saying that we should be greatly honoured by the proposed visit of his Eminence, at the same time he thought it only right to inform him that if it took the form of official visitation, he (the Rector) would be obliged first of all to obtain leave of the Cardinal Protector. The visit was never paid. He was also an excellent reader, with his deep, full-toned voice, distinct articulation, and intelligent delivery. He read the spiritual reading to us every evening, and it was a pleasure to listen to him.

There was one other class besides his students in which Mgr. Giles was deeply interested—the poor. He always carried a lot of coppers in his pocket when he went out, and distributed them, regardless of the political economist, to the numerous beggars he met on his way. He could not bear to refuse them, and the applicants were numerous. Every month he dispensed large sums of money to a number of poor, widows and others, who were on his permanent list. These received, some thirty, others forty or fifty, even as far as seventy-five francs regularly each month for a long period of years. The money was generally given to pay the rent of the house. If he was to be away from Rome, he paid the money in advance, or left instructions for it to be paid in his absence. He seemed to regard this almsgiving as a first charge upon his income, and looked upon the poor as his creditors. His Roman *clientèle* were quick to take the cue, and acted up to the part admirably. They often discovered reasons for obtaining their allowance in advance. One woman only last May had obtained the money for the rent, thirty francs, in advance and spent it on something else. When the rent became due, she came crying to the College to ask for

a second payment. She admitted she had had the money and had spent it, but she was also quite clear about her actual situation—the rent was due, and there was only “Monsignore” to pay it. “Monsignore” paid it again. The Rector did not know any of these people before they came to him for help, and rarely saw them afterwards, as the money was generally placed in envelopes and handed to them by the porter. They were not always deserving poor. One man who had his thirty francs a month for about fifteen years was down in the police-books with bad notes as to his manner of life. Another was a not altogether reformed “ticket-of-leave” man. After befriending him for some time, the Rector took him into service at the College. It was only when we were due to go to Monte Porzio that his social status was discovered; he required permission of the police to leave Rome. The darker shades of his character came out in his violent and otherwise reprehensible language and he had to leave the College. His subsidies, however, were continued. He wrote last October to the College authorities to say that he had been paid up to the end of September, and would be glad to receive a further allowance; “Monsignor Rettore” must have remembered him in his will on account of his great services to the College; in any case he hoped the authorities would look into the matter as soon as possible, and “systematize his position.” The last time the Rector used his pen, a few days before he died, was to draw a cheque for five pounds in favour of a poor widow, whom he had helped to start a Pension in Rome which failed, and who now wrote to him to say that a school which she had opened would have to be closed unless she got this help.

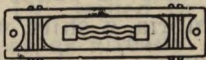
There was one undoubted source of power in the gentle rule he exercised for over 25 years; it was his own shining example of goodness, especially in his constant attendance at all Community duties. It was at once an admonition, a rebuke, an encouragement. It brought home to the minds of his students the old spiritual maxim, to be careful about little things. His faithful practice, indeed, sometimes exceeded the bounds of discretion for in his last year when he was weakened by disease, he would drag himself at the call of the bell to the Chapel or the Refectory, when he could hardly stand.



BISHOP GILES' GRAVE
SAN LORENZO

During the last year of his life he was under the continual care of a nursing sister, and rarely left his room except to take a little walk in the corridor or a short drive with a student as a companion, when the day was fine. He was too weak to say mass, and I used to say it every morning within sight of his bed, and give him Holy Communion. His days were a continual preparation for death, of which he had no fear. He could not see at all with one eye, and with the other could read only with difficulty, but he insisted upon saying his office, every day, using a magnifying glass to read the breviary. When the end come, he died as I think he would wish to have died, with the students around his bed, praying for him—the last assemblage of the Community with him in their midst. His memory will be long cherished by the *Venerabile*, which he so deeply loved, and so faithfully served. R.I.P.

J. PRIOR.



THE GOLDEN ROSE

From very early times the Popes have been wont to send presents to those princes and persons who have been faithful sons and daughters of Holy Church and who have deserved well of her. As a mark of special favour St. Gregory the Great (590 604) was in the habit of making gifts of golden keys in which were set filings of the chains with which St. Peter was bound. These chains from which the filings were taken are preserved in a bronze safe at the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, Rome, and consist of the chain which bound the Apostle at Jerusalem and that which fettered him in the Mamertine prison. In the fifth century St. Leo the Great caused the two to be united into one continuous chain and so it remains to this day. The Venerable Bede tells us that in 625 Pope Boniface V. sent to Edwin, King of Northumbria, a shirt, with one gold ornament, and one garment of Ancyra, ¹ and to Queen Ethelberga a gilt ivory comb, and a silver mirror. Then, from early chronicles, we know that as far back as the ninth century the Pope presented to the Emperor the palm used in the Papal Ceremonial. In 853 Louis and Lothair received the branches as a symbol of victory, and in 875 Pope John VIII. sent palms to the Emperor Louis according to primitive custom. It is not quite clear whether the palm usually given was the actual piece blessed and carried by the Pope himself on Palm Sunday, but, if it were, the custom

¹ A garment woven from the mohair of the goats for which Ancyra (the modern Angora) is famous.

might then possibly connect itself in some way with the later usage of conferring the Golden Rose on persons of distinction.

Formerly, on every Laetare, or Mid-Lent Sunday, the Popes blessed the Golden Rose in the Church of Santa Croce in Jerusalem. In more recent times however the blessing of the emblem has usually taken place in the Sistine Chapel.

The origin of the ceremony is lost in antiquity, but it probably dates from about the time of Leo VII. (936-939).

The celebration of Mid-Lent has in England almost entirely disappeared. Except for the exhibition of sugared cakes of rock-like composition the average Englishman might hardly know of its existence. But Holy Church makes no such mistake, for on Laetare Sunday she relaxes somewhat the rigour of Lent and strikes a note of joy. The Introit and the Gradual on this day become glad, the organ again takes its part in the service and rose-coloured vestments are worn by the priests. And may there not be some kind of connection between the colour of the vestments and the blessing of the Golden Rose? It can be shown beyond dispute that from at least the twelfth century up to 1521 purple vestments were used on Laetare Sunday, and, as no evidence is forthcoming explaining why soon after the latter date rose coloured were introduced, it seems highly probable that they were adopted to suit the special function of the blessing of the Rose.

A Bull of St. Leo IX. issued in 1049 speaks of the ceremony of the Golden Rose as already existing, for in releasing the Alsatian monastery of Holy Cross from all services and obligations, the Pope, in consideration of such release, charged the monks to furnish him every year with a Golden Rose to carry in his hand as he rode in procession from the Lateran palace to the basilica of Santa Croce in Jerusalem where on Laetare Sunday the station was held.

It is doubtful if any special blessing of the Rose took place in early times, but it appears to have been customary for His Holiness to make the Rose the subject of a discourse, and it is clear that prior to the thirteenth century it was customary to perfume the Rose with musk and balsam. An extant sermon of Innocent III. (1198-1216) throws considerable light on the matter. He therein says, that the joy and gladness practised

on Mid-Lent Sunday signified as it were a respite from the strain of the severity of the lenten abstinence, and that the change was indicated in the properties of the flower. The rose delights by its colour, refreshes by its scent, and comforts by its taste. The sight, the scent, and the palate are gladdened. The blossom is emblematic of the Flower which speaks of Itself in the Canticles as "the flower of the field and the lily of the valleys." Three elements are represented in the Rose he holds before him, gold, musk and balsam. By means of the balsam the musk cleaves to the gold.

This brief epitome of the sermon, which I have made, points very definitely to the composition of the Rose, and is a reliable piece of early evidence in connection with it.

What the actual date is when the full ceremony of the benediction of the rose was instituted is doubtful. The sermon which I have referred to shows, that in the late twelfth and early thirteenth centuries it was anointed with musk and balsam, and probably this anointing had been practised from the very inception of the ceremony. But there is nothing to show that up to this time any special blessing of the Rose took place, indeed, it is my opinion, that the blessing did not become part of the ceremony until two centuries later.

That dear old gossip, Adam of Usk, who happened to be in Rome when his friend Cardinal dei Migliorati ascended the Papal throne as Innocent the Seventh, wrote about many incidents in connection with the pontiff's election and coronation and the great ceremonies that took place in the Eternal City. Writing under date 1404 he says:— "On the Sunday in Mid-Lent, when is chanted *Lactare Jerusalem*, for relief of Lent now half gone, the Pope at Mass carries in his hand a very precious rose, of gold and silver wrought with much art, and anointed with myrrh and balsam which causes a sweet odour to pervade the place, and after mass he hands it to the most noble knight present, who, attended by his friends in his honour, afterwards on the same day, rides in state, carrying it in his hand."

It seems fairly clear from Adam's account that no blessing of the Rose, in the strict sense of the word, took place when he witnessed the ceremony.

As the blessing now in use dates from the fifteenth cent-

ury I am inclined to think it is the first and only form that has been used. It appears, more or less, to follow the words and spirit of Innocents III's sermon, and is as follows:— O God! by whose Word and power all things were created, and by whose will they are all governed; O Thou, that art the joy and gladness of all Thy faithful people; we beseech Thy Divine Majesty, that Thou vouchsafe to bless and sanctify this Rose, so lovely in its beauty and fragrance. We are to bear it this day in our hands as a symbol of spiritual joy; that thus the people that is devoted to Thy service, being set free from the captivity of Babylon, by the grace of Thy only-begotten Son, who is the glory and the joy of Israel, may show forth with a sincere heart the joys of that Jerusalem which is above and is our Mother. And whereas Thy Church seeing this symbol exults with joy, for the glory of Thy name; do Thou, O Lord, give her true and perfect happiness. Accept her devotion, forgive us our sins, increase our faith; heal us by Thy Word, protect us by Thy mercy; remove all obstacles, grant us all blessings; that thus this same, Thy Church, may offer unto Thee the fruit of good works; and walking in the odour of the fragrance of that Flower which sprang from the Rod of Jesse, and is called the flower of the field and the lily of the valley, may she deserve to enjoy an endless bliss in the bosom of heavenly glory, in the society of all the saints, together with that Divine Flower, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

Subsequent to the composition of this blessing, the Rose was anointed with sacred chrism as well as musk and balsam, clear evidence of this being given in a letter written by Pope Julius II. (1503-1513) to Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury. The letter contains this sentence, "We are sending to him (Henry VIII) the Golden Rose anointed with sacred chrism, sprinkled with fragrant musk and blessed with our own hands, after the custom of the Roman Pontiffs." The use of Chrism was however discontinued by Paul III. (1534-1550).

The form of the Rose originally appears to have been that of a single flower of wrought gold, coloured red; later, silver with gold appear to have been used; then, pure gold with petals decked with diamonds, rubies and other gems; and, in its most ela-

borate form, it became a thorny branch with many flowers and more leaves and one principal blossom at the top, all of virgin gold and encrusted with sapphires. Some of the sprays that were used in the fourteenth century weighed between 300 and 400 grammes and cost from L. 250 to L. 1000. The one presented in 1460 by Pius II. to John II. of Aragon, weighed over 600 grammes and stood two and a half feet high.

The Golden Rose, or as it has been called, The Symbol of the joys of Heaven purchased for us by the Passion of Our Lord, has not only been presented by the Popes to distinguished sovereigns and persons, but basilicas, sanctuaries, cities, and republics, have also received it as a mark of special honour. I give a few instances which I have been able to trace. In 1310 Clement V. gave the Rose to the Cathedral of Bâle; in 1564 the republic of Lucca received it from Pius IV; Pius V. presented it to the Lateran Basilica in 1567; Gregory XIII. in 1584 gave it to the Sanctuary of Loreto; the Cathedral of Capua received it in 1726 from Benedict XIII; and in 1833 the glorious unrivalled basilica of St. Mark's, Venice, was presented with it by Gregory XVI.

The personages who have been favoured with the Rose must be numerous, but, unless considerable time be given to the matter, they are somewhat difficult to trace. The following names are of interest:—Fulk of Anjou who received it in 1096 from Urban II. on the occasion of the preaching of the second crusade; Joan, Queen of Sicily, to whom it was given in 1366 by Urban V; Henry VI. of England who received it in 1444 from Eugenius IV; John II. of Aragon, who was presented with it in 1460 by Pius II; James III. of Scotland to whom it was sent together with a golden Sceptre by Innocent VIII; Henry VIII. of England who received it no less than three times, the last occasion being in 1524 from Clement VII; Maria Theresa of France, who was presented with it by Clement IX. in 1668; Mary Casimir, Queen of Poland, who received it in 1684 from Innocent XI. in recognition of her husband John Sobieski's deliverance of Vienna; Gonsalvo di Cordova; Napoleon III; and Isabella II. of Spain.


I have reserved the case of Queen Mary of England until the last, because of the interest and importance of a note which appears in the Venetian Calendar.

In 1555 Pope Julius III. sent the Golden Rose to Her Majesty and the Sword and Hat to Philip her husband, and a note made by the Venetian Ambassador on the 26th of March of that year graphically chronicles the event. He says:—"Three days ago, there arrived here Monsignor Antonio Agustini, Auditor di Rota, sent by the Pope to visit and thank their Majesties for the auspicious events of the religion, and to present them with the Rose, Sword and Hat, which His Holiness is in the habit of sending to one prince or another; and so yesterday, the day of the Annunciation and commencement of the year, according to the English style, the ceremony was performed in the private chapel of Her Majesty's Palace, there being present the most illustrious Legate, all the ambassadors, and the lords of the Court. Monsignor Agostini (*sic*) after the Mass, presented the Rose to the most serene Queen, and the Sword and Hat to the most serene King, accompanying the presents with a brief from his Holiness, which was read in public, replete with praise of their Majesties, and of his Holiness's great love and affection for them; and the most illustrious Legate, in his episcopal habit, with mitre and cope, having recited certain prayers over the presents, and given the usual benediction, the most serene Queen evinced the utmost delight at hers, for after a short prayer, she carried it with her own hand, and placed it on its altar."

With this contemporary account of the last presentation of the Golden Rose to an English Princess on English soil ⁴ I must leave the subject. An honour which has existed since before England became a nation is of no mean antiquity and of no slight interest.

E. J. WATSON, D. Litt.
F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist.S.

⁴ Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I. received the Rose at Amiens in 1625, and in 1922 the English-born Queen of Spain was awarded the honour.



THE TUSCULUM CROSS

With the passing of the old English College Villa at Monte Porzio there inevitably disappeared many of its traditions. Palazzola itself is so replete with interest of every kind, that blindly enough, we have paid little heed to the tales of our elder brethren. And now, although many of the present generation remember the purchase of Palazzola, the old associations and connexions, the old things of interest are rapidly vanishing into the thin haze of the past. "Santi's Vineyard" "the Rosary Wood", even Mrs. "Blue-Blue" have all acquired the glamour of history and lost their intimate connexion with us. Not that we do not visit Porzio—and regularly! Nor are we afraid to run the risk of being beseiged there by herds (and sometimes organised delegations) of *Porziani* demanding "un poco" for the upkeep of the Shrine. But even they with all their love of tradition and of clinging to the past have realised that we have severed our close connection with them. "Ma questi sono nuovi giovani—non sanno!" (a remark made in our defence by a stout lady of the village) was a very true statement of the change that has taken place.

But the pilgrimage to Tusculum and the kissing of the Tusculum Cross is a tradition we have determined to keep up for ever. The old form of initiation is still the same and the privilege of godfather just as eagerly sought. It is the stability of this custom that has prompted us to gather together what facts we can of the history of the Cross, that the future may realise the tradition and that someone of the past may supply information that as yet we do not possess.

We are unable to discover when the first cross was erected on Tusculum by our students. But there was probably one there before 1820, and we may take it that this was the first to be raised. This cross was solemnly blessed by Pope Gregory XVI. while on a visit to Camaldoli. An Italian poem written by a certain D. Basilio Alessi, describes in a vague poetic way, the whole scene:

Vedi avanzare,
 L'Anacoreta:
 E bianco il vestimento, ¹
 E dolce il lento muover di pupilla;
 E grave l'aria e il folto onor del mento.
 La contemplata
 Prece, ed il canto
 S'alternano uniformi, e l'alta quiete
 Giammai turbata
 Fa il viver santo:
 Cresce stipata
 La folla ansiosa:
 Quando ecco s'apre ad un convoglio innante:
 Cade prostrata,
 E disiosa
 Benedizione implora
 Del comun Padre, che si reca amante
 De' suoi primi colleghi alla dimora. ²

This cross remained until 1853 when the students decided to replace it. A contemporaneous diary, kept by the Rev. G. Johnson of the Clifton Diocese († 1906), and lent to us by His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, gives an account of the event.

17th. Sat. (Sept. 1853). Went out early in the morning with O'Brien and McCarten to pull down the old cross. We did so and terrible hard work it was. We went and worked again after dinner to clear a space for the new cross we had bought.

19th. Monday. Working again at the new cross on Tuscu-

¹ Gregory XVI. was a monk of the less rigorous Camaldolese Observance. The habit of the Camaldolese monks is white. Readers of the *Last Four Popes* will remember the remark that Gregory XVI. never changed the colour of his robes but wore the same as monk, Cardinal and Pope.

² From 1831 onwards the Pope visited the Camaldoli every year, reaching it by way of Villa Montalto (the Villa of the Propaganda College) and visiting on his return the Convent of P. Flavia Domitilla.

lum, both morning and evening.—got up some..... large stones.

20th. Tuesday. Working again on Tusculum, dined there. Came across Dr. Gentile's brother, with his young son both from Frascati. They helped us to work. The cross was taken up—the muleteer who brought the dinner, and who was helping us with a large stone, had the end of his middle finger crushed off.

21st. Wed. Six of us got up early to go to Tusculum—worked hard both morning and evening. Prince Aldobrandini came up and kindly offered to get us anything we wanted.

22nd. Thurs. Six of us again got up early and went to Tusculum. Offmanns and Gentile dined with us. The new cross was raised just before dinner the bells were rung at Rocca di Papa, Offmanns having given them the signal. At night we had a splendid bonfire on the highest part of Tusculum—it was answered by an equally good one from Offmanns at Rocca di Papa—then followed mortars and fireworks from Porzio, Rocca di Papa and Tusculum all at once; the former at Santi's expense, the second at Offmann's, and the last at ours. The College was illuminated..... I returned home bearing a large faggot of canes on fire, the rest had torches.

27th. Thursday. Went out and worked at Tusculum Cross.

4th. (Oct). Tues. Went to Tusculum to work at the *croce*. We finished the cross. I put 1853 on the largest stone, which I had dug with a crowbar, in large characters.

Thus ends the story of the erection of the second cross on Tusculum. The next great event in its history happened some forty years later. The Rector who was at Monte Porzio at the time, has kindly given us in writing a full account of what took place, which we quote in full:

“The present cross was erected in 1891. On the morning of the Assumption, one who is now a high dignitary of the Shrewsbury diocese, noticed, as he looked from his front window at Monte Porzio that the old cross no longer stood on the summit of Tusculum. He spread the alarm at once. Monsignor Prior, the Vice Rector who was in charge in Monsignor Giles' absence in England, gave permission to the future Canon to go to Tusculum to find out what had happened. In those days, Moriarty had young legs. He was there and back in double quick time. The cross had been sawn down at the base. He brought with

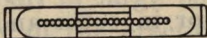
him a paper which had been fastened to the fallen cross. On this was written a message of scorn: "Farabutti, your Christ is not fit to be compared with the Christ of the Freemasons".

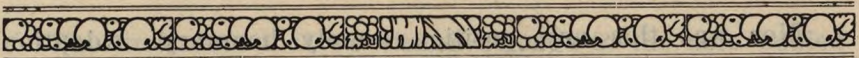
Frascati was just then about to keep the eighth centenary of its foundation from the old Tusculum which had been razed and "salted" by Pope Celestine III. in 1191. Anti-clericalism was rife. We concluded that some scamps, excited by the demonstrations which were advertised to take place not at Frascati only - the new Tusculum - but on the Citadel itself, had cut down our cross. The blood of the Venerabile men was up. A new cross should be erected on the spot where had stood so long the old standard, and that by the day appointed for the celebrations on Tusculum. Monsignor Prior took word of the outrage committed to Prince Aldobrandini, and received from him the promise of a tall chestnut from which to form a new cross in time for the occasion. We were all on the arx of Tusculum early on the morning of August 18th, and by 10 a.m. the Prince's men came with two splendid oxen patiently and powerfully drawing a big cart on which was the promised tree already prepared. The upright and the transverse arm were soon fitted together by the carpenter. Then with willing hands we helped to raise the cross into position. Soon standing on the pedestal of piled stones, from which the trophy can be seen from far and near, Monsignor Prior in cotta and stole solemnly blessed the new cross. The two dozen students who stood around him have not forgotten that moment of enthusiasm. Down below on the Campagna Rome canopied by a perfect sky, floated in a purple haze of summer light. We were resolute to stand always for that for which Rome stood and stands for ever. We sang the Passioutide *Pange Lingua*, then *O Roma Felix, Faith of Our Fathers*, and other soul stirring hymns.

Next day the Tusculum heights were thronged by pilgrims from all the villages round, for news of the outrage and of our reparation had spread like wildfire through the Castelli. The simple peasants climbed the steep rock, and all who could scaled the pedestal of stones to kiss the cross. Ever since then, the "New Man" considers himself an unchristened son of Alma Mater till he has performed the Tusculan pilgrimage and kissed the Tusculum Cross. There were stalwart men of our race in

those days who were proud to mount guard over the new cross, for fear the freemason rabble might attempt another outrage. But the day passed without other incident than an altercation between some riff-raff and the Carabineers who had been sent by the Provincial Authorities to keep order. A graphic account from the pen of Monsignor Prior appeared in the Catholic Press at the end of August 1891 ”.

In 1912 the Cross was uprooted by a strong wind, but it was rapidly re-erected. And this is the last event of interest in its history.





The Little Sisters of the Poor and the Venerable

The practice of the three Evangelical Counsels makes life austere in all Religious Orders. But add to the Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience that of Hospitality and the religious life becomes not only austere but heroic. Hospitality is, perhaps, a misleading word. The fourth vow of the Little Sisters of the Poor is no mere generality, but a most particular undertaking to live purely for the interests of the aged poor. It is not, therefore, one form of their activity, but their chief duty. It represents Charity most practical and almost perfect. But how exacting and devoid of natural consolations must such a life work be those alone can know, whose personal experience has been with peevish old age. To be in some small way identified with work such as this is consequently a great honour for the Venerable.

It is difficult to state precisely how the College came to be interested in the Little Sisters of the Poor. Though the fact of our own hospitable traditions may have supplied a bond of sympathy, the probable reason is far more prosaic: Sister J., chief beggar of the Roman House, speaks English (if an unmistakable County Cork accent permits of such description) and once she had set foot in the Via Monserrato the result was inevitable: the College adopted the Little Sisters. A fact yet more important, is that it also adopted, in some small measure, the Little Sisters' Poor.

Nor was this new position merely honorary. Adoption brought Responsibility. The poor must be visited and have the moderate support of which our scanty means are capable. The suggestion is not that either duty is burdensome or unpleasant. On the contrary, the christian duty of aiding the needy found but unsatisfactory expression in the persons of those haunting the church doors. To give occasional *lire* to the Little Sisters is surely a practice more worthy than to patronise the ubiquitous Roman beggars with countless *soldi*. But modest money gifts are neither the sole nor chief means of helping the Sisters. The last two Christmases two or three sacks full of old clothes have been sent to the old men—though even in the womens' quarters we have seen a familiar shoe or scarf.

How pleasureable and full of interest a visit to the Home of the Little Sisters can be is shown in the following description of a morning spent with them and their Poor.

In leaving the Via Cavour to climb the quaint tunnelled staircase which opens out in the Piazza S. Pietro in Vincoli, we progressed from the Modern to the Medieval. Below, noise, bustle, traffic; above, all is quite and delightfully deserted. We had no difficulty in finding La Casa delle Piccole Suore dei Poveri, for it commands one whole side of the Piazza. The Sisters were scarcely less wise in choosing this site than the poor are fortunate in possessing it, for here is, surely, the most peaceful spot in an increasingly noisy city, where old age may rest.

At the door the old porter recognised us instantly, and leading us to a simply furnished reception room, he invited us to wait a "momentino". We had, all of us, waited "momentini" before; our surprise was therefore the greater when, in less than five minutes, La bonne Mère entered accompanied by the inevitable Sister J. The latter we greeted as an old friend; then, as we turned to Good Mother "C'est votre première visite?" she enquired. We flushed, deeply angered against someone or other who might have warned us that the Institute is French. There was nothing to do but stammer a few words, containing many an "o" and "a" to which the Gallic tongue makes no claim. The Good Mother did not smile, but obviously pitying us, she invited us in Italian to look round the house.

The first room that we visited belongs to the able bodied men. All are over sixty and, rising to greet us, they presented a perfect picture of contented old age. We responded to their greetings and asked them little questions, to find that amongst their number are some really interesting characters.

One was pointed out as an erstwhile land owner who was deceived by his rich friends. Another has recently inherited a legacy which would enable him to live well elsewhere, but he considers himself, at seventy, old enough to know the meaning of happiness and refuses to leave his present home. The most remarkable of all was the old man who spoke to us in English, to the Sisters in French, while, himself an Italian, he is equally fluent in German and Spanish.

Having gracefully, if not quite successfully, eluded the many efforts made to kiss our hands, we ascended the staircase leading to the Infirmary. Here none are bedridden, but all are decrepit.

These, too, seemed to be quite happy, but they were obviously too unwell to be in high spirits. We were introduced to the nephew of the Venerable Vincent Pallotti. He is over eighty years of age, almost blind, and extremely weak, so we forebore to question him about his saintly uncle. Then a childish old fellow was singled out for our reproof, on account of the habit he has contracted of rising at night to interchange everyone else's clothes, in order to ensure his commencing the morrow with a good laugh.

In the corridor leading from the Infirmary to the Sick Wards, we noticed a large plaster statue. Not the size of the figure and certainly not its beauty won our interest. Rather it was the little piece of linen laid at the image's feet, to which this notice or prayer was attached "Saint Joseph, see our distress, thy children have no linen". No word more. No appeal; just an eloquent expression of great need, with hope yet greater implied. The beauty of this childlike trustfulness repressed the smile that its very ingenuousness tended to provoke. Our looks of wonder, however, we could not conceal. This drew from the Sisters a veritable litany of praise for their Heavenly Patron. Saint Joseph had provided for the Poor Little Family of Nazareth; what more natural (they said) than that he should also watch over the interests of their Little Family? And what more

supernatural? Indeed the whole history of their House records one long series of appeals to St. Joseph and of his unfailing response.

Some years ago, for example, an importunate tradesman was pressing the penniless sisters for payment of a heavy bill. While in St. Joseph's name they were praying God for deliverance, from America came the anonymous gift of the exact amount!

On another occasion a piece of firewood placed before this very statue had brought a hitherto unknown benefactor to offer as many trees from his Sabine forest as the the Sisters should choose to command.

These are but two of a host of examples of divine aid granted at St. Joseph's intercession. The scoffer, in strict justice, may call these timely deliverances mere coincidence. The sceptic, doubtful of the supernatural, will sneer as he listens to the sisters telling of continual answers to prayer. But let both note the matter-of-course tone of the telling and they shall discover something beyond their grasp—Living Faith! So impressed were we that, with never a blush, we praised the beauty of that gaudy figure.

Then we passed on to the Sick Ward. Here we are met with numerous examples of genuine christian patience and resignation. Many must be suffering deeply—none complain. We whispered a word of encouragement to each one, but were unwilling to make long delay lest we should excite them. Therefore, after a most sincere promise of prayers on both sides we bade them *Addio*.

The Womens' side of the house is built on the same plan as the Mens', with day room, infirmary and sick ward. We visited the old ladies and met with similar experiences. All were anxious to talk with us. We tried to make conversation but the speed of their Italian proved rather too much for us. We were not long in discovering ladies with wonderful stories to tell. The French Countess, for example, who during her long exile in Italy lost all her wealth while retaining most of her dignity. It is touching to see this proud old aristocrat trying not to hold aloof from the rest. She has been in Italy many years now, and as with great reserve she tells her story it is in

an unconsciously mixed Italo-Franco dialect that she speaks.

We walked on to meet an ex-actress who has travelled over all the world, in what her enthusiasm for the Sisters forbids her to call "better days". She is now very old, but assures us, with no false humility, that she was once a perfectly wonderful dancer, the idol of Parisian theatre-goers.

As we passed from group to group of these talkative ladies, we were surprised at being hailed in French. The old lady responsible answered our looks of enquiry by explaining that a month previous she had asked the Mother General in France to send her to Rome, there to end her days, that she might have the opportunity of gaining the Jubilee Indulgence.

It would be tedious to relate every incident of that crowded morning. We enjoyed many a hearty laugh as we made the rounds. The best of all was provided by an old lady who insisted that a First Year Philosopher was her chaplain and should hear her confession. But at last duty forced us to bid the Sisters good-bye, and to return enthusiastic for all that we had seen and heard and full of admiration for such a noble vocation.

If the condemnation of moralising is nowadays universal it is not therefore the less unreasonable. It does not then, seem necessary to apologise for indulging an almost irresistible inclination to compare this home for the poor, with the institutions of official charity in England. Treating of the latter Dickens, perhaps, showed himself to be an extremist. Yet exaggeration is but distorted truth, and conditions which provoked such invective must have been deplorable. Today matters have improved. A twentieth century Twist would cause no consternation on asking for more. That a Betty Higden of our day would not prefer cold death to the comfort of a work-house is, however, not so obvious. The Parish with its Relief has a signification quite foreign to that of the Monastery which it supplanted. In "Dissolute" England of the Middle Ages the poor had an assured welcome at each of the numerous religious houses in the land. The robbery of the Reformers in disinheriting the monks divorced Charity from Religion. And the poor were the sufferers. That largesse which was charity in the monks precisely because they were monks, would never be mistaken

for such, administered at the hands of cold, unsympathetic and even hostile, lay officials. Thus Charity, the one essential to happiness found no place in the constitution of the workhouse. Material appointments, medical attention, food, all are admirable: yet the inmates invariably give a visitor the impression of being unloved, listless, unhappy and even embittered.

The houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor on the contrary, may often lack these material advantages. At times, food itself has been scarce, but at least there is never wanting an atmosphere of love and cheerfulness. We are ignorant of the motives which inspire those working in state employ for the interests of the poor. But it is a simple secret of success that the sisters possess. Besides being the secret of their success, it is also the answer to the modern question as to the use of religion, and may be found among the Constitutions of the Institute: "The sisters must force themselves to serve the poor with the same devotion, the same tenderness with which they would serve Jesus Christ Himself—for, indeed, it is He Whom they tend in the persons of the Poor".

Mention must now be made of the ceremony at the Little Sisters' Convent on January 10th., the Feast of the Holy Family. Every household of the Sisters is dedicated primarily to Jesus, Mary and Joseph and is styled a Little Family. This is therefore one of their greatest feasts. This year, however, its importance was greatly enhanced since Ottavio, their oldest old-man, was that day celebrating his hundredth birthday.

In his honour the Venerable students went after their own High Mass, to sing another in the convent chapel. We provided the celebrant, assistants and choir, while no small number of students were to be seen in the body of the chapel amongst the old people. To the Sisters it was a source of deep satisfaction that their "Caro Vecchio" should have been so privileged, because High Mass is for them a rare event.

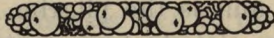
Before the ceremony commenced the centenarian was presented with a written blessing and an autographed portrait of the Holy Father. This presentation was a surprise to all the old people, and the sensation had scarcely abated when the priest intoned the "Asperges". The choir sang throughout with tremendous spirit, showing themselves worthy of a truly great

occasion when, as the Ministers filed from the Sanctuary at the conclusion of Mass, they rendered *As with Gladness Men of old.*

After this carol the old man seemed loth to leave his scarlet prie-Dieu, but eventually he made his way to the garden where he received the heartiest congratulations of the students. He chatted amiably for a few minutes, impressing this fact upon us—that he is only a “povero vecchio”. Then, with the graciousness of any Cardinal, he bestowed his blessing upon the whole assembly. Now he turned his attention to family affairs, and approaching his younger brothers and sisters, he presented each man with a cigar and each lady with a caramel!

Finally—O Wisdom of age, he retired to rest until dinner-time.

JOHN HEENAN.





THE HOLY YEAR

*O Roma nobilis
Orbis et domina
Cunctarum urbium
Excellentissima.*

(Medieval Hymn).

Not a few writers, mainly continental, one is pleased to note, proceeded to be funny about the Holy Year before ever it commenced: we, who saw its entire course, could be considerably funnier about it all now that it is over. But the two types of humour would be leagues apart. Any adequate history of the Holy Year will be a very human document, as were all those books on the War which took account of its unit, the soldier. And in this case the unit is the pilgrim.

A vast amount has already been written about the Jubilee, but it has all been exterior comment, and bar the Roman letters of our Catholic press which are of necessity piece-meal, there has been little or nothing from the point of view of the Holy City itself. Under the title of this article the Editor of the Month has enlarged upon the Roman tram-way system and a contributor to the Irish Ecclesiastical Record has painted pen pictures of the Forum and the Palatine. We propose on the other hand to keep to the point. How the Holy Year has affected the world outside we do not pretend to know, nor which of the myriad impressions of a hectic pilgrimage now remain to those who formed it. But Rome itself has been profoundly stirred by the events which followed one another so closely, and we

who were here before and who remain now that the rush is over, must bear witness to the worthwhileness of it all.

For at one time it was possible to doubt this, and the title of *Fides Intrepida*, applied by the pseudo-Malachy to our present Holy Father, struck one forcibly in the autumn of 1924. The preparations were on such a grand scale: the series of solemn functions planned to take place in St. Peters, the almost unparalleled number of beatifications and canonisations; the mushroom growth of committees to interview railway officials and hotel proprietors, to establish and to equip hospices, to organise the supply of volunteers and to dovetail programmes that conflicted: the Pope's own personal scheme of the Missionary Exhibition, to house which he surrendered the Cortile della Pigna and much of the Vatican Gardens.

In its own department the Municipality set to work with a will, out-Heroding Herod, and the City became one vast nightmare of wet mortar and yet wetter paint. New tramway routes were laid down, and many improvements in the existing ones effected. A multitude of untidy corners, though not all, one must confess, were treated to pitiless cleansings and some of them even planted with evergreens. For the last three months of the year the wretched citizens circumnavigated a maze of torn up streets, trusting blindly that order must some day come out of chaos. But the pressure was too tremendous, so that the reflagging of the Piazza of St. Peter's was far from finished when the Pope came down on Christmas Eve to open the Holy Door.

And what if the pilgrims, prophesied in armies, should prove a weary dribble throughout the year! With Wembley in our minds we pictured the appalling prospect of a spiritual deficit; for the Bull of Jubilee was nothing if not a challenge to the world that rejoiced over the obsequies of the Ages of Faith, when men and women would tramp the path to Rome in search of the great Pardon. Today the Plenary Indulgence is no longer the unique offer it used to be, and people were already asking the natural question: why all this trouble and difficulty when an "En Ego" after Communion will secure this identical privilege? Indeed where is the privilege in a year where the usual indulgencies are suspended? Most people too were left the poorer for the War and could ill afford such an expensive jour-

ney, even should they contrive to leave their work for the necessary time. Moreover the Jubilee would be extended to the whole world in 1926, and interested quarters were circulating reports of political unrest in Italy, of exorbitant prices and of an orgy of pickpocketing. Worse, the whole thing was an elaborate hoax and a criminal one, to replenish the Papal Coffers.

If the Holy Year were a failure—the thought made us hold our breath. For not only was its declaration a challenge but a computable challenge at that. It is impossible to hide empty hotels; if you could, the proprietors would cry too loud to heaven. It was not only a question of the existing buildings, but new ones were actually being rushed up to cater for the expected multitudes. And those multitudes were as yet hypothetical. The four Basilicas are large enough to look deserted when peopled by hundreds, and men talked of a million! Yet all this while, the Common Father on whose shoulders lay the entire responsibility, continued quietly with the work of preparation, and left it to the drones to do the doubting.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the Jubilee was a success, but we wonder whether it is realised how triumphant a success. Numbers are poor things, yet they have their significance: they mean most perhaps when they cannot be given, and as yet it is impossible to record the full total of those who made the Jubilee. But the most moderate estimate is one million and a quarter, which we confidently expect to see increased in the final report of the Comitato Centrale. Some information it is possible to give. There were 980 pilgrimages to Rome, of which 522 were Italian and the rest foreign. Germany sent 84 France 57, Spain 38, Belgium 33, England and Scotland 21, Switzerland 20 and so on. The figure for the Empire is Ireland 6, Malta 3, Canada 7, India 2, South Africa and Australia one each, which together with the Old Country makes a total of 41, comparing very favourably when one considers the distances to be traversed.

Perhaps the most interesting tale to be told by mere numbers is of the chronological proportion in which pilgrimages arrived: December 1924, 6; January 2, February 16, March 43, April 112, May 118, June 51, July 42, August 108, September 211, October 124, November 70 and December 64.

But enough of numbers ¹. There are other ways of knowing crowds than by counting heads, for instance trying to push one's way out of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel in St. Mary Majors. We have counted thirty trams held up on the way back from St. Paul's not once but many times, and usually perilously near the Ave. Hotels behind the beyond, such as the new Vaticano in unexplored regions of the Prati, or the Izonzo outside the Porta Salaria, seldom seem to have had a room vacant. Churches with only one door were a crime, reminding one of the scrummage at S. Anastasia during the Stations. Nor did the crush abate appreciably during the summer months, for Italians then took the place of the *forestiere*, and if they did not traverse the City in taxis, that only put greater pressure on the cheaper forms of transport. Calabresi and Beretti were like bee-hives on the point of swarming, plague spots to be avoided by every device possible, unless charity absolutely drove one into the mêlée on behalf of some helpless pilgrim. We never had any doubt that Rome was full—for most of the year uncomfortably so.

And the point of all this pushing is that it was really a great demonstration of loyalty to the Holy See. Precisely because the privileges of the Holy Year were not so unique as they had been in the past, the response to the Pope's Invitation became more personal and less self-interested. It was a generous response: it showed that the Papacy is felt as no imposition, that its authority alike in discipline and in dogma is appreciated as a blessing and not endured as a burden. Only so can an intelligent world construe the Holy Year that is passed. But we have seen this loyalty with our own eyes: we have seen the enthusiasm with which the Pope's appearance has been unfailingly greeted, passing up the nave of St. Peter's amid waves of national acclamation, *Evviva il Papa* succeeding to *Vive le Pape*, and English cheering to the deep throated German *Hoch*. At the audiences in the Vatican there have been scenes of indescribable tumult, despite its awe inspiring traditions of deport-

¹ Especially as the official figures supplied by the Central Committee do not add up to the same total. An examination of the tables given in the text will suffice to show this!

ment, and the Holy Father's suite has often found itself without the Holy Father, whom the roar of welcome about him has forced to stop and bless and bless again.

The personal share of Pius XI in this general triumph cannot be exaggerated. The pressure at which he has worked the whole year through baffles belief. He has refused none, giving his hand to each to kiss: saying Mass for every Pilgrimage, until no chapel in the Vatican was large enough, and he had perforce to celebrate every week upon the papal altar in St. Peters. He has spoken at length to all the various nationalities, in their own languages when he could, always finding some common bond in their heroes or prodigies of faith. And ever the same welcoming smile, the same generous giving of himself in time, forethought, energy and paternal affection. "Lift up thy eyes round about and see: all these are gathered together, they are come to thee".¹

But the triumph does not end with numbers. Most of all we have been struck with the piety here in Rome itself. Long before the nations had crossed the Alps in any force, the Romans themselves had taken up the Jubilee with enthusiasm. It was a wonderful sight to see the entire Via Merulana on those early Sundays in February and March, one long procession from St. Mary Majors stretching down to the Piazza of the Lateran, while a patient traffic conductor kept open the cross roads at the top of the Via Cavour. Parishes under the leadership of their priests, Franciscan Tertiaries in the habit of their Order, Confraternities and Societies forming a steadily moving mass to the sound of Rosaries, Litanies and Hymns. In the Basilicas themselves it was pandemonium, but a typically Roman and inspiring pandemonium: here the *Noi Vogliam Dio*, there the Litany of the Saints; round the Confession a parish kneeling in prayer for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, before the Blessed Sacrament Chapel the *Pan del Cielo*; in a corner some *parroco* shouting out a *ferrovino* and everywhere the endless stanzas of the familiar Lourdes Hymn.

The characteristics of the other national pilgrimages were

¹ Isaias XLIX. 18.

very diverse: the orderliness of the Germans, the superb singing of the Basques and Czecks, the national costumes from Albania and the French pride in their newly canonised Saints. ¹ Indeed it is impossible to present any idea of this kaleidoscopic worship, when the various pilgrimages had to wind about among each other like fantastic snakes and it was hard to know whether one was supposed to be singing or reciting the Rosary. Indeed the very breathlessness of our account is its best recommendation, for the year was a breathless one, and if the peace of Lourdes were lacking, there were other virtues in its place. The faith of a contemplative had given way here to the faith of an active life: the air was quick with militancy, with demonstration and defiance. Nor was this unnatural, for Rome as the centre of the government of the Church must also be the centre of the war of the Church, and where there is war there is little room for leisure. Lourdes, Compostella, Loreto, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, St. Winifred's Well, there the moral perfection of the individual is the predominant note. But in Rome it must be the progress and perfection of the visible organisation that are stressed, labour as well as charity must be its prayer. In the Holy Year men had come for pardon, but they had also come for protest; they were witnesses as well as penitents, and it is only now that the dust has all died down, that we can understand why those days were instinct with turmoil, why the healing was so hectic. This realisation of the warfare that is ever with us must have come home to multitudes who have since pondered the days they rushed in Rome. And it is a lesson that is true everywhere and always, whereas the peace and easy faith of many a placid Shrine often cannot be translated into the terms of our own environment. Perhaps we, for whom the Jubilee did not last a few days only but a whole year, had more opportunity of interpreting the message that lay beneath. But that is the strongest impression left—that though the individual purpose of the *Anno Santo* was peace and reconciliation,

¹ The Central Committee remarks that in the Italian Pilgrimages women predominated over men but that the reverse was true of the foreign pilgrimages.

its corporate end was challenge to the death: the sweetness and the inflexibility, which have ever puzzled the critics of the Church since the day of her divine foundation.

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Analysis of the general impression brings us to the unit of the Holy Year, to those genuinely unaffected Catholics who came to Rome just because it was Rome. They came, not so much in quest of wondrous sights, as to pay homage to an ideal, whose reality, however disappointing it might be, could never weaken their belief that Rome is the Queen of Cities. Should it have proved but a collection of wig-wams, we are convinced their pious loyalty would never have swerved. Even baroque Rome, with its "Palladium style" of ecclesiastical architecture, much as it offended the gothic Pugin, satisfied the fleeting inspection of less critical eyes. People accustomed to the builders' Gothic of many a Church-Schoolroom really cannot stand aghast even at the most blatant gilt of the late Renaissance. We may plagiaristically describe the opinion of many a pilgrim as "If you see it in Rome, it is so". Which in plainer English means that the glamour, or rather the religious sense of a name will cloak all the defects of the object it signifies.

And we students shone in the reflected glory of Rome. There were difficulties in the way of our guide work..... we are students first and foremost, so that all pilgrimage leaders should be deeply grateful to the Rector for his generous encouragement of the volunteer guides. Really the work was of no little practical value as a foretaste of active Mission life, with the need of a patient consideration of others' difficulties and the genuine appreciation of the worth of our Catholic laity, which those days bred.

Indeed the pilgrims were very grateful for the sacrifices and concessions involved. Possible mistaken impressions were soon dispelled, such as that we were a corps of clerical guides, suited to the religious nature of the excursions, and differing from the lay fraternity in that profession only by reason of our uniform. A more common conception had to collapse before mention of the Hebrew exam in a fortnight. This telling thrust

always produced a sympathetic chorus: "Oh Brother, then it isn't really a holiday!" *Brother* by the way solved all difficulties as to titles, *Mister* being considered too distant, and *Father* a trifle previous for a first year Philosopher. Inadvertent reference to the coolness of the Alban Hills, where the majority of the College would be playing golf on the Sforza, often aroused embarrassing condolence. But a sincere statement that we enjoyed doing our utmost to make the pilgrimage a success, usually quenched all heart burnings. And as for the Hebrew, though the days of Psalm 1. are over, we would vow the examination was easy, which was true of course, provided the work had been done.

Our position was a complicated one for others to understand: in particular it seemed to puzzle some taxi drivers. But a quiet insistence will produce marvellous obedience. We formed a buffer state between officials and pilgrims, and were general bureaux of enquiry where Italians were concerned. We were not strictly officials, and still less pilgrims: we received commands from both and made suggestions everywhere. Above all we strove to acquire the art of sympathetic listening. "Father, can we have tea now?" *Now* would be 3 o'clock, when the programme inexorably bade one depart for the Catacombs, "and promptly!" With slow waiters and the applicants being ladies, the only possible answer would be an apologetic negative. "I'm so sorry, it's my fault: I should have told you to ask for it not later than half past two". It was not that they only relinquished all idea of tea; "Oh no, Father, you can't think of everything. We'll set out and find our own car, right away". Could loyalty go further?

The side of our task which gained us the most laurels was also the easiest and the most interesting: for the guiding proper was not a difficult business when detail was little in demand and dates were at a very low quotation. The pilgrims always formed an audience strongly biassed in the guide's favour, and we grieve to say that the written authority of such well known authors as Baedeker and Chandlery has often been overridden by the word of a Venerable student. It was the complete defeat of "But I saw it in print!" On the other hand it must be plainly admitted that as a body we were the most competent to undertake

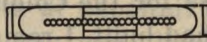
the task of showing the glories of Rome to our English pilgrims. At least, and unlike some professional guides of our acquaintance, we did not attribute the Laocoon to Michael Angelo or translate *Deiparae* as *Equal to God*.

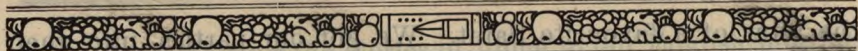
We might have had more to tell than we had of such immense ruins as the Forum or of such giants of architecture as St. Peters. But it was our unanimous experience, contrary to all the sages, that a profound knowledge was the dangerous thing. Pilgrims would bear unflinchingly with an account of the important features of any building and special references to historical characters connected with its past. But it was the relics of Saints and the monuments of Christian Rome, which captivated their attention. The story of Romulus and Remus would make them laugh. Even the school-teachers seemed unimpressed with the rostrum from which Mark Antony delivered the funeral speech, and the Capitol, the Arch of Titus and the Baths of Caracalla were received with stony silence, or at best with a request for the name of "that little church over there". But mention the Mamertine Prison or the Scala Santa, and at once there was a babble of comment. "Poor St. Peter! Did he really have to live in there?..... Will you hold these things while I go up the Stairs, Father? I've got rheumatics so I'll be a bit slow". Indeed from the pilgrimage point of view, we almost feel it was a pity to include the non-Christian monuments, which definitely turned the afternoons into sight seeing. The four Basilicas, the more historic of the smaller churches, the Catacombs, the Colosseum and the principal shrines would have left a less confused impression at the end. But it required stupendous courage to omit everything Pagan, and for our part we strove our best to link up the Classical with the Christian by means of their common sacred memories. The pyramid of Caius Sestus proved quite an attraction when pilgrims learned that it was standing there as St. Paul was led forth to martyrdom.

The most trying part of our work was the variety of our duties. We led the singing during the Jubilee Visits and marshalled the processions, stealing moments the while to continue an argument with some recalcitrant taxi driver. We collected our parties afterwards, or tried to: we told them what we knew and in the telling lost some, whom devotion had detained before

the altar of a favourite Saint. We got our parties into their right taxis and contrived that portion of the official programme which was humanly possible: and in the end we always brought them home to their meals. We explained future events before, during and after the said meals, and even helped them to do their shopping. Lest we should give offence we refrain from any account of that worst of all our duties, assisting the pilgrims to procure their objects of piety, not to mention mantillas and other feminine requisites for an Audience. It was disturbing to be asked to criticise the propriety of dresses which we knew would receive a close scrutiny from Vatican officials. To be quite frank, we generally said clumsily enough that "it would do"..... and escaped. The turmoil at the Station which marked the beginning and the close of every Pilgrimage, the getting to know one's contingent and the impossibility of explaining *soldi* in a decimal monetary system proved trials all the year; but our own sense of humour and the ready contentment of our victims never failed to pull us through. Their faith and piety are what we shall always remember of them, and we have since received so many commissions, ranging from Papal Blessings to Frascati cyclamen bulbs, that we believe we know what they think of us; that we can produce anything in the world if only we are asked nicely! And is not that enough?

THE EDITORS.





AN APPARITION

On a hot morning in summer last, as I lay betwixt sleep and wake under the shade of one of those great branching trees that adorn the fields above Palazzola, I became suddenly aware of a tall and burly ecclesiastic approaching me, evidently of cardinalitial rank, for his robes blazed with the true Tyrian purple, and on his right hand sparkled a white sapphire. Much I marvelled within me who this noble intruder might be, and what business had brought him out from Rome at such a time of day and in all his princely apparel; for as he strode along he seemed to be taking measurements of the ground, and every now and then would glance at the hedge fencing the rocky road which runs down towards the lake or scan the distant Tennis Court. I arose to do reverence to his rank; but as I neared him methought I could see through him and beyond him, even to the western rim of the lake. A feeling of awe smote me, for I could not doubt but that I was in the presence of a visitor from another world; but I plucked up all my native daring, and, taking him of course for the Colonna who once lived hard by, in the villa which he had built, I remarked, a little familiarly I own:

“It’s a long time since Your Eminence closed the Holy Door at the Lateran in 1650!”

“Macchè!” he said good humouredly, “io chiusi quella medesima porta nel mille cinquecentocinquanta, cent’anni prima!”

So I was in the very middle of the *cinquecento*, and before me stood the Dean of the Sacred College, who had therefore

belonged to that College for many a long year. As he was in quite a gay and affable mood, I determined to track him up to his origin if he would let me.

“Dunque avrà conosciuto Papa Farnese?”

“Misericordia! fui io che battezzai Alessandro Farnese il gran duca di Parma, nipote di Paolo!”

“Then you knew also our Cardinal Pole?”

“Didn't I run neck to neck with him for the Papacy, when Paul was dead? Un sant'uomo il Polo, che avrebbe potuto esser Papa, ma non volle dar il voto per sè.”

“And Cardinal Wolsey?”

“Come? quel figlio d'un macellaio che voleva lo si facesse Papa? Non è mai venuto a Roma: ma mi ha scritto quando povero Papa Clemente sta rinchiuso in S. Angelo. Non ragioniam di lui! Eppure fece buona fine.”

“E Papa Adriano?”

“Anzi fui io che lo feci Papa, dandogli il voto che gli mancava.”

A truly important Cardinal this! one that had made one Pope and had been well nigh becoming one himself! What could he be doing here? I went on with my enquiries, which he seemed in no wise to resent.

“E Papa Leone?”

“Ah! a Leone ho dovuto molto! fu lui che mi vestì della porpora.”

Now how to get at him without failing in respect and asking him in plump terms who he was. Memory came to my aid.

“Of course you remember our noble monarch, *Enrico Ottavo*, who battered Luther to bits, and was made Defender of the Faith?”

“E poi tagliò la testa ai papalini! Brutto animale!”

“Eppure, Eminenza, you must have signed the Bull, *Ex supernae*, which gave him his proud title?”

“Sottoscrissi a quella Bolla, sicuramente, ma altrettanto fecero altri. Vi si sottoscrisse il Campeggio, che poi andò a Londra in causa matrimonii; vi sottoscrisse Alexander Farnesius, ché poi preparò una Bolla di scomunica contro il vostro re voltafaccia. Tutti ne siamo pentiti.”

“Well your Eminence” I said, coming to the point, “I have

at home facsimiles of all the signatures appended to that Bull, la quale si trova ora nel Museo Britannico. Se degnasse dirmi almeno il suo nome di battesimo, io forse—”

“Sappiate, dunque, ch’io mi chiamavo Joannes Dominicus—”

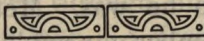
“DE CUPIS”, I almost yelled.


“Rem acu tetigisti”, he laughed, and abruptly vanished.

All was plain. He had come down to our sub-lunary sphere to inspect, and, no doubt, to bless, the property lately acquired by his family. I am convinced he will appear again and have more to say, and it will be interesting to hear from his own lips the story of how, from a violent hater of St. Ignatius and his first companions, he became their admirer and warm friend. So let us sing with a poet of his day,

“*Qui legis haec igitur, die, spes tua, maxima Roma,
Diu supersit CUPPIUS.*”

VIATOR.





ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

THE "PONTIFICIO ISTITUTO DI ARCHEOLOGIA CRISTIANA".

The study of Christian Archaeology has received considerable impetus from the Holy Father's "Motu Proprio", dated December 11th., the feast of St. Damasus. The document opens by most clearly reaffirming that the Catacombs, on account of their distinctly religious character, are the property of the Holy See. Even during the ages of persecution this right was acknowledged by the pagan Caesars, and when peace was given to the Church by Constantine, it was solemnly and publicly recognized. Recalling the institution of the Pontificia Commissione di Archeologia Sacra by Pius IX at the instance of J. B. De Rossi, the Holy Father confirms the Commission as his representative with exclusive right to the management and excavation of the Catacombs and to the first publication of all new discoveries. Besides the Commission, there also exists a Pontifical Academy of Archaeology, founded by Benedict XIV., which confines its activities to the study of monuments already excavated. In order to provide more effectually for the continuation of archaeological studies on a solid scientific basis, these two bodies are to co-operate in the formation of a new "Pontificio Istituto di Archeologia Cristiana". The Institute will devote itself to study and research and in particular to training young priests and laymen in the traditions of De Rossi for the work of teaching Archaeology and superintending excavations.

The work is to proceed on a rigorously scientific basis, and a condition for entry is a degree in Theology or profane letters. The course of three years includes both practical and theoretical studies, and to obtain the degree of "Magister" at the end of the course it is necessary to publish an original work. A suitable residence for the Institute is to be erected in the gardens of the old convent of Sant'Antonio on the Esquiline. This property has been recently acquired by the Holy See and will be used to accommodate the Oriental Institute, the Lombard College and the new Russian College, besides the Archaeological Institute; this latter will be erected at the corner of the Via Gioberti and the Via Napoleone III. The foundation stone of the new building was laid on February 6th. by Cardinal Pompili who, as Cardinal Vicar, is the President of the Pontifical Commission. The building operations are being pressed on rapidly, in order to commence work, if possible, next Autumn.

THE COLOSSEUM.

The restoration of the cross on the summit of the Campidoglio, two years ago, was a significant snub to anti-clericalism; this year a similar move is being planned in the erection of the cross in the Colosseum, which, in spite of modern criticism, will always remain, in the Roman mind, inseparably connected with the martyrs of early Christianity. On Sunday, November 29th, a foundation stone to receive the cross was laid in the centre of the Arena. The relics of the Passion inserted in the stone were sent by Mgr. Barlassina, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem.

SUBIACO.

Going a little further afield, there are some interesting restorations in progress in the Sacro Speco of St. Benedict at Subiaco. Some years ago the Benedictines decided to undertake alterations in the Grotto of St. Benedict for the purpose of restoring it to the primitive simplicity which is more in keeping with the spirit of the rest of the church. The war impeded the execution of the plans, but last Autumn it was possible to make a beginning. The actual Grotto is at present disfigured

by stucco vaulting and a *barocco* altar which were erected by Cardinal Ascanio Colonna in the latter part of the Sixteenth Century. These intrusions of a later date are to be swept away, and the whole of the grotto will be left exposed, as it was in the days when it served as a cell to St. Benedict. The statue is to remain, but, if the truth be admitted, it is actually of later date than the *barocco* altar and vaulting which have been condemned and, in spite of its undoubted merits, just as little in keeping with the style of its setting. In order to provide an altar near the Grotto, a small apse is being excavated to the right, and in it will be erected an altar in simple cosmatesque design. With regard to the exterior of the building, it is good news to learn that it is to be stripped of its coating of cheap stucco, and that the plain brown stonework will appear again to make the whole edifice harmonize with its rocky setting.

PAGAN ARCHAEOLOGY.

As in the sphere of Christian Archaeology, so here too the plans for future developments are of far greater importance than any actual discoveries. There are however some incidents worthy of mention. The small rectangular temple near S. Maria in Cosmedin, formerly known as the church of Sta. Maria Egiziaca, has been restored to its original form and now stands out in all the charm of its early simplicity. This has involved the destruction of the old Armenian hospice, which up to now has completely obscured the left hand side of the building. The area round the temple has also been cleared down to the ancient level, and the steps leading up to the portico have been conjecturally restored. This clearing has brought to light other remains which may be the podium of another temple.¹ In the interior there are remains of ninth century frescoes;² the best preserved were only brought to light on the destruction of an arch, which had been erected at a later date to divide the sanctuary from the rest of the church. No doubt this series, quite a traditional one, was originally continued all round the interior.

¹ Dr. ASHBY, *The Year's Work in Classical Studies*, 1925, p. 85.

² Dr. ASHBY, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Feb. 11th., 1926.

In the course of the demolition of the wall supporting the Aldobrandini Gardens, on the side facing the Irish College, some massive brick pilasters have come to light. It has not been possible yet to determine the exact nature of these constructions, but the style of the brickwork and the coins found point to the age of Constantine, and possibly there is some connection with his *Thermae* which occupied the other side of the *Via Nazionale*, or with the "Decem Tabernae" which were situated somewhere in this neighbourhood.

FASTI TRIUMPHALES.

On March 20th, it was reported by the Stefani Agency that Prof. Alfonso Bartoli had discovered in the Forum a badly mutilated fragment of the *Fasti Triumphales*, which were formerly affixed to the walls of the *Regia*. The fragment records the triumph, decreed to the consuls, M. Aemilius Lepidus and P. Mucius Scaevola for their victories over the Ligurians in 175 B. C., and the ovation, granted in the following year to Appius Claudius Cento for his victories in Spain. This fragment, together with another piece of the *Fasti Triumphales* and three pieces of the *Fasti Consulares*, discovered by Comm. Boni in 1904, will be presented to the Capitoline Museum, where the hitherto discovered fragments are preserved.

THE PIANO REGOLATORE.

Far more interesting than these incidental discoveries has been the appearance of the new *Piano Regolatore*, for, apart from its very important bearing on the life and condition of the modern city, it is of great interest to the student of the old. Unfortunately it has not been published and is very difficult of access, but it has been quite fully dealt with in the press and so it is possible to estimate its principal features. In an interview with the "Popolo d'Italia" Senator Cremonesi gave a detailed account of his plans for the ancient monuments of the city, and it is from this article that much of the following information has been drawn.

The main drift of the scheme is to move the centre of the

city to the North, that is to say from the Piazza Venezia and the Piazza Colonna to the Piazza Barberini and the Piazza delle Terme. The Piazza Venezia, although it is to Italians, and to Romans in particular, the focus of their national aspirations, can never be considered the centre of the business life of the modern city. Behind the Victor Emanuel Monument and the Capitol there is nothing but the archaeological zone, which it is Mussolini's dream to convert into one huge park stretching from the Capitol to the Porta San Sebastiano. In order to link up what are now isolated suburbs and create a new centre of attraction, a broad thoroughfare is to be laid out between the Piazza delle Terme and the Piazza del Popolo. Beginning where the Station now is it will pass through the Piazza delle Terme, the Piazza di San Bernardo and the Piazza Barberini, whence it will be taken by a tunnel under the Pincio and emerging at the corner of the Piazza di Spagna; from there it will be taken straight to the Piazza del Popolo whence it will be continued by the Via Flaminia. Ultimately it is hoped to reorganize the railway service of the city by constructing a new Station near the Ponte Milvio. Trains from the North will enter at this station and after crossing the city will have their terminus at the South Station, and similarly trains from the South will have their terminus at the North Station; but it is to be hoped that this scheme will not be realized before the Italian railways have been electrified. Whatever be the incidental drawbacks and inconveniences of such a scheme, it does move the centre of activity from the narrow congested streets of the old quarter. It is in effect a realization of what should have been the first idea of the Italians when they decided to make Rome a modern capital: namely to build a new city beside the old and not on top of it and all round it. The only districts left out of this scheme appear to be Monte Verde and the new townlet that is springing up round St. Paul's.

In the centre of the city the aim has been to solve the perennial traffic problem by widening some of the narrow streets and to excavate the Imperial Fora and other interesting relics of Roman antiquity, by destroying the unsightly and comparatively modern buildings which at present conceal them. The houses flanking the Victor Emanuel Monument will be pulled

down, so as to give an open view of Ara Coeli on the one side, and on the other an adequate approach to the Via Cavour and the Via Nazionale; this latter will be put in more convenient communication with the level of Trajan's Forum, which will involve the destruction of several houses and the uncovering of one of the hemicycles of the Forum. In the matter of the excavation of the Fora, a beginning has been made in the Forum of Augustus, where the church of the Annunziata and the Dominican Convent have been destroyed, and the podium of the temple of Mars Ultor brought to light. No detailed account of the discoveries has been published and entrance is barred to the inquisitive while the work is proceeding. The restoration of the picturesque "*quattro cento*" palace of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, built on to the left hand wall of the Forum, is also proceeding fairly rapidly.

On the other side of the Capitol the authorities also intend to carry out considerable alterations, clearing away the houses which occupy that slope of the hill. In order to improve the conditions in the congested area of the Ghetto, the Semi-circle of the Theatre of Marcellus will be completely uncovered and, we may hope, also the three temples of the Forum Olitorium. A new means of access to the Capitol is also to be provided by a flight of steps from the Piazza Montanara to the Tarpeian Rock.

In spite of considerable difficulties Mussolini is determined on the redemption of the Circus Maximus, and two million lire have been voted for that purpose. The site is at present occupied by gas-works, the removal of which would do much to improve what is at present a very unsalubrious and unsightly quarter.

A clearing of a similar nature is planned in the Via di Torre Argentina, which is at present a narrow bottle-neck between the Via Arenula and the Corso Vittorio Emanuele; a Piazza will be created by the destruction of the block of buildings containing the church of San Niccolò and the palace of the Cesarini. This will bring to light the remains of a round temple, in the courtyard of the Carmelite convent adjoining the church. The temple is conjectured to belong to Hercules Custos, which certainly stood near here: and the colossal bronze statue, disco-

vered near here in 1864, and now in the Sala Rotunda at the Vatican, almost certainly belonged to the temple wherever it was.

There is also the project to renew the interior of the Augusteo and to clear it of its unworthy surroundings, with a view to increasing its seating accomodation and revealing the ancient structure of the Mausoleum of Augustus. The interior improvements will be executed this summer and before the next season begins.

The new Piano Regolatore as sketched in these general features does seem to be a well thought out scheme to benefit the modern city, while at the same time it ingeniously contrives to further the cause of archaeological research and to avoid as far as possible the destruction of valuable property. On the other hand the idea of a straight cut from the Pantheon to Monte Citorio seems to be of no great importance from any point of view: the traffic problem is not acute there, and the aesthetic effect of looking down on to the roof of the Pantheon does not promise to be particularly charming. The whole idea is to be the more regretted that it involves the destruction of the early Renaissance Capranica Palace, the home of the Collegio Capranica. G. S. F.

NOVA ET VETERA.

THE HOLY DOOR

At the close of the Holy Year commemorative "bricks" were placed in the Holy Doors of St. Peter's and of St. John Lateran by the English College. It is customary for institutions and families to have these "bricks" (in reality blocks of marble) walled up in the Holy Doors of the Basilicas and to reclaim them at the time of the next Jubilee.

The inscription on those placed by the College runs as follows:

VENERABILE ANGLORUM COLLEGIUM DE URBE

FONTIS APERTI AQUAM

IN VITAM SALIENTEM

LUSTRORUM SEQUENTIUM SPEM

GRATO RECOLENS ANIMO

MCMXXV

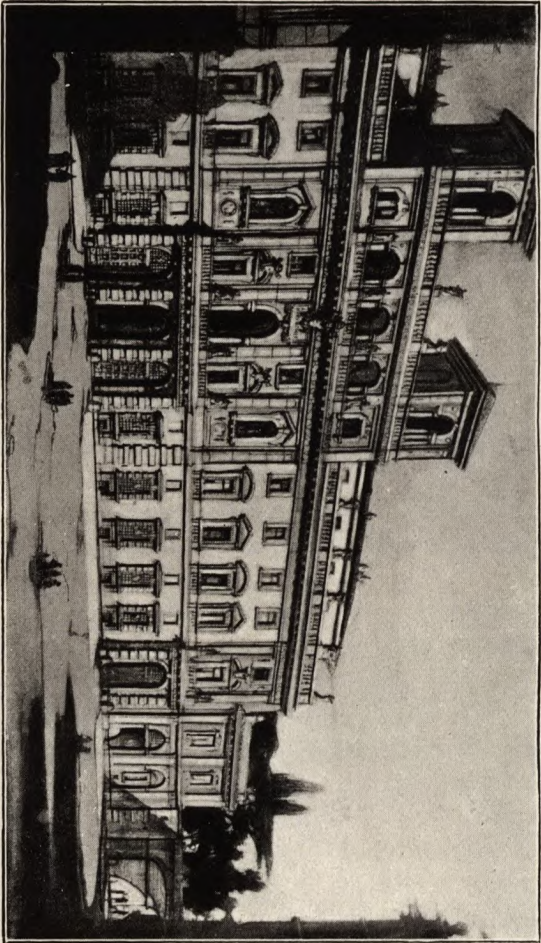
THE VENERABILE AND STONYHURST.

The Stonyhurst Magazine for February in a gracious paragraph speaks of the *Venerabile* as one of its most welcome exchanges: *altri tanti!* It also wishes us complete success in our struggle to preserve this old site for the English, and remarks that Fr. Parsons, once Rector of the English College, was the founder of St. Omers—and so of Stonyhurst itself. We are very grateful both for the Editor's praise and for his good wishes. Also we wonder how many Stonyhurst men know that Fr. Parsons is buried here in the Venerabile. But his dust is mingled with that of Cardinal Allen and many another famous man, their coffins, according to an oft-quoted tradition, having been rifled by the French for sake of their lead. When "the foundations of the present church were being dug, the bodies were exhumed and are now kept in two *loculi* in the crypt, just beneath the Dereham monument."

But this is not the only historical link between the two colleges. We find the names of the Shireburns in the Pilgrim Book, showing that they received hospitality here while on a visit to the tomb of Peter; and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until the Rectorship was taken over by Italian Seculars, the bulk of the students at the Venerabile were supplied from St. Omers.

When the Society was suppressed, the English College was chosen as Fr. Lorenzo Ricci's first prison, and he was shut up in a room over the library and there guarded by his Corsican captors. We hope to write more fully of this incident in our next issue, so will content ourselves here with Cardinal Gasquet's remark that "this treatment of the Father General, which appears to us so harsh and unnecessary, was, say the Archives of the College, *expensive* for the Establishment."

Blessed Edmund Campion certainly stayed a few days at the Venerabile and preached in the old church of Eugenius IV. When he left Rome in April 1580, it was in the company of five priests from the College, among them Blessed Ralph Sherwin, who was afterwards tried, condemned, and martyred with him at Tyburn. In Milan St. Charles Borromeo received them with



THE NEW UNIVERSITY

great joy, making Sherwin preach before him, and Campion discourse every day of their stay after dinner. The saintly Cardinal's letter, inviting all *alumni* of the Venerable on their way to the English Mission to pay him a visit is preserved in the College Archives.

There must be very many more such connections, but even these few instances suggest that, with the possible exception of St. Omers, Stonyhurst men can find no more interesting establishment on the Continent than this Venerable College of the English.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY

Through the kindness of Fr. Miccinelli S.J. we are enabled to give an illustration of the new building for the Gregorian which is to be raised in the Piazza Pilotta. In our April issue of last year we sketched the main internal features of the structure, but the architect's drawing, which we now reproduce, will certainly speak more convincingly than any words of the magnificent scale on which the new University is planned. The façade is an excellent conception in the best Roman style, contriving all the massive effect of Renaissance Palaces, while avoiding the monotony which too slavish a following of classical models has not escaped even in such wonders as the Pitti in Florence or in our lordly neighbour, the Farnese. The Gregorian-to-be has the splendid frontage of the Pitti, but it is not flat and uninteresting, which are the qualities most of us would criticise in that famous building. On the other hand, this same treatment of the façade has prevented all danger of the Farnese "stockishness". If the other features are as good, we shall have no doubts in complimenting Sig. Barluzzi on one of the best modern palaces in Rome.

Work on the site is now going forward but much has still to be done before the ground will be clear for building operations. We fear that the authorities' hopes of 1929 will not be realised and that too many of us will have to come out from England as *ex-alumni* to see the professors at work under conditions at last worthy of their learning.

OBITUARY.

Very Rev. Canon Edward Bray D.D. late Canon Theologian of the Salford Diocese was born in 1874, and after studying humanities at St. Bede's College, Manchester, entered the Venerable in 1896. He left for England in 1903 and for a time was a Professor at St. Bede's in addition to acting as Secretary to the late Bishop Casartelli. In 1908 he became a naval chaplain being attached to the Mediterranean Fleet. During the War he saw service at the Dardanelles, Salonika and the Battle of Jutland. He was created a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy by the Italian Government. After the War he was appointed Rector of St. Peter's, Newchurch-in-Rossendale, and later, Rector of SS. Mary and Philip Neri, Radcliffe, Manchester, a position which he filled until the time of his death, December 19th. 1925.

R. I. P.

The Venerable.

Following upon the resignations of Mr. J. Goodear and Mr. H.R. Kelly from the posts of Editor and Secretary, Mr. E.H. Atkinson becomes Editor: Mr. R.L. Smith Sub-Editor: Mr. D. Crowley Secretary: Mr. J. Halsall Assistant Secretary while Mr. J. Garvin remains General Assistant.

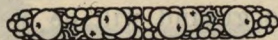
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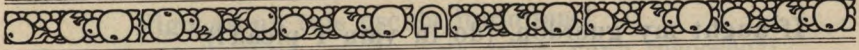
We gratefully acknowledge: *The Lisbonian, Ushaw Magazine, The Oscottian, Stonyhurst Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Douai Magazine, The Upholland College Magazine, The Downside Review, Pax.*

Mgr. J. Prior. D. D. Ph. D.

At the moment of going to press we have received the sad news of the death of Mgr. J. Prior, Dean of the Sacred Rota, one of the most illustrious sons of the Venerable. It is now obviously too late to pay adequate tribute to his memory but in our next number we hope to print a fitting memoir of such a distinguished student of the College.

R.I.P.





THE PILGRIM TO SAINT FINA.

[The following lines were written at Certaldo, in the old castle there, after a visit to S. Gimignano in the August of 1907].

Saint of the town, whose lofty towers mark
The Tuscan champaign rolling wide around,
And vineyards studded with the cypress dark,
And many a joyous hill with hamlet crowned
List to a pilgrim's orison, who now
Here at thy marble shrine fulfils his vow.

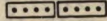
Lo! as I turn to view these living walls,
Where art for thee a masterpiece has made,
Thy tender frame upon my vision falls,
Wasted and wan, on that poor pallet laid;
While Gregory, seen by thee in blissful swoon,
Bids thee prepare, thy spouse is coming soon.

Again, as on thy bier thou liest, a band
Of white-robed youths, with incense and with lights,
Before the altar gathered round thee stand
In order due, performing death's sad rites:
And as with heaven their voices for thee plead,
Thyself for them begin'st to intercede.

Maid loved of God, to whom thy short-lived pain
Hath oped the gate to life without decay,
Whose poverty is dowered with richest gain
In realms for ever clothed with radiant day,
Seest how, waysore at my journey's end,
To kiss the threshold of thy shrine I bend?

If aught my guerdon, (do in vain I plead?)
 Be it but this, to gain thy gracious ear!
 Oft hast thou helped thy townfolk at their need
 Unsought; now at my prayer draw kindly near;
 And bring the soul's calm joyance in thy train,
 And steadfast peace, which fortune storms in vain.

Be faith's defence, of love's pure glow divine
 Mother and nurse, my beacon and my stay!
 So shall thy memory with my heart entwine,
 And that sweet maiden grace these walls portray;
 And this thy town, these towers, this narrow street,
 And Elsa's stream, that flows below thy feet.



IDEM LATINE REDDIDIT ILL.MS
 ET REV.MS. AUCTOR.

Diva potens urbis, quam circum plurima cingit
 Despiciens Tuscos ardua turris agros,
 Et vineta nigrâ distincta hinc inde cupresso,
 Editaque in laetis oppida crebra jugis,
 Accipe rite tuo quae solvo vota sacello,
 Hic ubi marmoreâ sede sepulta jaces.
 Te vivis depicta notis en! mira tabella
 Languentem tenero corpore monstrat humi;
 Gregoriusque tuis e caelo visus ocellis
 Nuntiat haud longam jam superesse moram.
 Parte aliâ ante aras feretro composta quiescis;
 Cum ture et faculis adstat utrinque chorus;
 Pro te dumque preces fundunt ex more supremas,
 Fusas exaudis ipsa vocata preces.
 Cara Deo virgo, quam post tria tristia lustra,
 Excipit optantem nescia vita mori,
 Quae tibi pauperie mutat ditissima regna,
 Arvaque purpureâ semper amicta die,
 Nonne vides ut longa viae discrimina passus

Figo prona tuis oscula liminibus?
 Si mihi quid mercedis erit, (num vana resposco?)
 Sit votis aures promeruisse tuas!
 Tu quae saepe tuis aderas concivibus ultro,
 Exorata meâ voce, benigna veni;
 Et tecum veniant tranquillae gaudia mentis,
 Casibus et nullis concutienda quies.
 Tu fidei custos, tu casti mater amoris
 Atque altrix esto, lux columenque viae!
 Dum mihi vita manet, tua corde manebit imago,
 Et qui virgineo spirat ab ore decor;
 Turrigeræque domus urbis, quas ipsa subîsti,
 Quique tuos infra labitur Elsa pedes.

✠ G. A. BISHOP OF CLIFTON.

[The story of the Holy Fina, patroness of the Tuscan town of San Gimignano, is told by the 13th. century Dominican Chronicler, Fra Giovanni di Coppo. His narration, *La Leggenda della Beata Fina* with an English translation by M. Mansfield (Chatto and Windus 1908) has been presented to the College Library by His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, to whom we express our grateful thanks.

To supplement in some measure His Lordship's verse, we may mention the legendary foundation of San Gimignano by two youths, Silvio and Munzio, who fled from Rome, as some aver, to escape the consequences of complicity in the Cataline conspiracy. Others would have it that pestilence drove them from the imperial city; yet another opinion suggests an external reason for their departure in the foundation of a fortress to dominate the rival stronghold of Volterra.

Legend has it that the city's supposed first name of *Castrum Silvae* was changed to its present one to commemorate the appearance over the city of Gimignano, the saintly Bishop of Modena, thus compelling the flight of Attila and his attacking hosts. A more prosaic but equally unreliable account credits Narses with a devotion to the holy bishop and a consequent re-naming of the city.

Tradition also credits Desiderius, last of the Lombard Kings, with the building of a palace in the town; Charlemagne, we are told, granted many privileges to this favoured township in return for hospitality accorded to him and his forces.

Of all this fanciful speculation Charlemagne's connection alone stands the test of investigation. There are two occasions upon which he could have visited San Gimignano. Silvio and Munzio probably never lived outside the

imagination of a patriotic poet anxious to give his birthplace the glory of a link with ancient Rome. Silvio was even credited with descent from the Tarquin Kings, the hall mark of proud lineage in Italy. Nor did the holy Bishop of Modena appear over the city, inasmuch as Attila never to historical certainty invaded Tuscany.

Leaving poetic fancy on one side, the Roman origin of San Gimignano is proved by remains of masonry under the medieval walls and gateway.

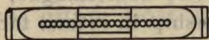
Certain knowledge of the city begins with the 11th. century, after which date its history is similar to that of other Italian townships of the period a story of strife between the leading families and the neighbouring cities.

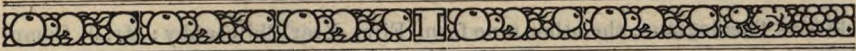
Fina de' Ciardi, of whom the chronicler writes, was born of noble descent at San Gimignano in 1238. As a child she gave herself entirely to the service of God, avoiding even the most innocent pleasures in order the better to subdue the flesh and to acquire perfect sanctity. God received her surrender of self, and granted her the grace of most heroic acceptance of the Divine Will when He visited her with a disabling sickness. Completely palsied in all her limbs, able to move only her head, she renounced all comfort in this affliction, for the long period of five years making her bed upon a bare plank, sustaining all pain with the utmost resignation. While in this condition her mother was killed in an affray between the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. Not repining, Fina peacefully awaited the hour of her death foretold by St. Gregory who appeared to her in a vision. She died on March 12th. 1253, to the great discomfiture of "el nemico dell'umana natura che in lei niuna iurisdizione aveva ne podestà". The chronicler, in his quaint style, tells us that the bells of San Gimignano were rung by angels to the confusion of the demons, who, in their rage at the entry into Heaven of the holy maiden, were filling the air with whirlwinds to the great terror of the inhabitants.

This saint of fifteen years was buried in the parish church and many prodigies were soon performed in her name. In 1481, Sixtus IV. issued a Bull permitting the public invocation and veneration of the Holy Fina as one of the saints of the Church.

The chapel erected in her honour was decorated by Ghirlandajo who adorned the walls with a series of frescoes "a perfect gem of later 15th. century art".

Paul III. confirmed all the privileges granted by Sixtus IV. Pilgrims still visit the shrine seeking favours at the hand of this child saint who has ever interceded for her birthplace and for all those who visit it to venerate her memory. Editor.]





COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES

October 23rd. Friday. After a last week of fine weather the College returned from Palazzola to Rome, joining those students who already been in the City several days with the Catholic Association Pilgrimage. Unlike past years, the Rector sprung no startling improvements upon us, but the only conceivable reason for this was the necessity of keeping the College open throughout the summer for Scouts and other visitors. To the Rector the number of possible improvements is at least *privative* infinite. Oh but there were two changes! Giuseppe met us with the ends of his beautiful *baffi* sadly shorn almost to the shape of an all-British. His extreme reticence leaves us ignorant of the cause of this outrage, whether a vow or a bet. But as the tragedy yet continues *in facto esse*, we suspect a vow. In the Refectory and about the House we have lost an admirable servant in Rauiero now promoted to the post of Porter.

24th. Saturday. The Little Englanders—for what is three months?—returned to the fold, and with or without them appeared the new men. This year there are 73 students in the House. Dr. Masterson and Dr. Griffin are climbing dizzy heights in Canon Law at the Apollinare, but Dr. Masterson lives out—in fact in the Palazzo S. Ufficio beneath the protecting wing of Mgr. Cicognani. So Dr. Griffin heads our lists under the inspiring sub-title of Higher Studies, and 45 Theologians and 27 Philosophers follow tamely in his wake.

The Refectory might have been built especially for the year 1925. The side tables just accommodate the Theologians, while the middle table keeps the Philosophers at a respectful distance, and from the end by the door *their* Senior Student presides like a patriarch over their destinies. *Apta dispositio partium*, as the Scholastics may have said.

As we seem to have become inextricably entangled in statistics, we may give the composition of the House according to Dioceses. Nottingham comes first with 10 students and Shrewsbury next with 9: Salford has 8, Liverpool 7 and Lancaster 6: Birmingham, Menevia and Southwark each claim 5, Leeds 4, Hexham and Newcastle 3. Cardiff, Northampton, Plymouth and Westminster 2: while Brentwood, Clifton and Portsmouth have each one representative. Of the new men Mr. A. Head O. S. C. and Mr. V. Whiteman O. S. C. (Westminster)

start as Theologians; the other nine form First Year Philosophy: Mr. J. Campbell B. A. (Liverpool), Mr. F. Tootell and Mr. L. Wilkinson (Lancaster), Mr. C. Talbot and Mr. R. Shearstone (Nottingham), Mr. E. Carey (Plymouth), Mr. V. Fay and Mr. P. McGee (Salford), and Mr. E. Donovan (Cardiff). It is good to see the Refectory so full, but we could wish that the Common Room were larger.

25th. Sunday. In the afternoon the foundations of the College were severely tested by the presence of over six hundred pilgrims at Benediction, given by the Bishop of Southwark. The Cathedral Organist at Lancaster, Mr. J. H. Reginald Dixon, Mus. Doc. F.R.C.O. played for the service, and his verdict on our instrument would raise Cavaliere Tamburini's prices at least 50 % were he ever to hear it. After Benediction the ladies received tea somehow in the Refectory or in the Garden; the gentlemen had more elbow-room in the First Library. Cardinal Gasquet arrived, and together with Bishops Amigo, Thorman and Dobson, held a Reception in the Salone. The traffic problem was beyond all handling, yet students heroically attempted to show parties over the building. They seldom ended with the same audience as that with which they began, for in truth the seating accommodation of the Common Room proved irresistible to many a weary sight-seer.

26th. Monday. Guests at dinner. Bishops Thorman and Dobson, and Father Arrowsmith (Hexham and Newcastle). The Wireless has been brought in from Palazzola and installed in the Common Room Corridor at the Monserrato end. The door there secures comparative tranquillity, and with the addition of chairs and electric lights the effect of an austere musical salon is achieved.

27th. Tuesday. After the departure of the pilgrims, His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark, The Right Rev. Mgr. Canon Sprankling, and Father Fennessy, the Bishop's Secretary came to spend a few days in the College. After tea Father Donnelly S. J. gave the opening meditation of the Retreat. Everyone appreciated the practical application of principles which was a feature of his Conferences, and only the Choir Master could regret the Meditation added to the daily programme in place of the usual choir practice. At last this year the garden was unencumbered of workmen, and there can be no doubt the new planning of the paths has given us more room to move about. Pozzi's early attempt at Classical Perspective has been retouched, and in the sentient kingdom four gold fish survive from the original dozen. But the Retreat also brings to mind the veteran tortoise which died in the summer of 1924. He had watched (does Psychology allow us to say wondered at?) the spiritual development of many generations, who will regret the passing of this tartar as a grievous break with Tradition.

31st. Saturday. Owing to the next day's crowded programme, the Retreat Father gave us the Papal Blessing after his last conference at night.

November 1st. Sunday. In the College Church Archbishop Palica, Vice-Gerent of Rome, held an Ordination for which there were 103 candidates, mainly from the North American College. This was the largest number in our history, and the prostration during the Litanies presented a real problem.

However the Masters of Ceremonies concocted a scheme, whose practicability they proved by corporeal demonstration the preceding evening. As a result of this measurement rehearsal everyone was duly accommodated, the entire Sanctuary, the central space between the Stalls, and all the left side of the Church being paved with albed figures. Mr. Goodear (Shrewsbury) and Mr. Grimshaw (Clifton) received the Sub-diaconate on this occasion.

3rd. Tuesday. *Lectio Brevis.* The Professors made their bows, and appeared abounding with energy. Of all the men we know, they alone seem to have learnt the secret, how to profit by a holiday. Ordinary folk are left limper than before; else how explain the evil reputation of a Monday? Theology has a new professor in Father Lennerz, who lectures on *De Deo Uno, De Praedestinatione*, and *De Novissimis*. This must be a great relief to Father Huarte!

4th. Wednesday. Premiation Day with all the penance that it entails. Out of much inaudible eloquence we followed Father Lazzarini's very restrained tribute to Father Geny, and Father Van Laak read a panegyric on St. Peter Canisius, recently canonised and declared a Doctor of the Church. With eight chances of the distinction, Mr. McNarney (for his Summa cum Laude in the 3rd. Year Theology Examination) was alone lucky among our students in securing a medal. But even this is better fortune than has favoured the Venerable for the past two years. There were coffee and *rosolio* in the Common Room after dinner, where the Rector proposed the health of the new doctors. Members of the College supplied the *assistenza* for Pontifical Functions at S. Carlo al Corso.

5th. Thursday. The Rector sang the annual Requiem Mass of the Gregorian Sodality in S. Ignazio, the whole University being present. The College supplied both the Ministers and the Servers.

6th. Friday. Dr. Herbert Vaughan arrived at the College on a short visit.

7th. Saturday. Rome was beflagged today for the arrival of de Pinedo after his triumphant flight to Tokio and back. Those, whom fortune led through the Piazza Colonna immediately after afternoon schools, were rewarded with a glimpse of the celebrated airman and with him Signor Mussolini on the balcony of the Palazzo Chigi. This was the very balcony on which the Dictator was to have been assassinated on the previous Wednesday, had the plans of the Free Masons come to anything. Both men received an enthusiastic welcome from the crowd, but we were too far away to catch more than the gist of de Pinedo's short speech.

8th. Sunday. The commencement of the celebrations in honour of the Sixteenth Centenary of the Council of Nicea. Several members of the College took part in a huge procession, which bore the Acheiropita from the Sancta Sanctorum down the Via Merulana, past the Colosseum and up the Via San Giovanni—the old Via Scelerata—back to the Lateran. The latter part of the function was lit by torch-light, a magnificent effect. Ever since the Eucharistic Congress of 1922 these processions have been growing more and more common; an indication of the new spirit in Rome. For they certainly interfere with the traffic, and on that score alone a hostile municipality might easily limit if not prohibit them altogether.

This same day Cardinal Billot was in the College on a visit to the Rector and Mr. W.B. Rumann came to dinner.

11th. Wednesday. Armistice Day. The Italian Armistice Day is of course November 4th. In honour of this and of the Fascist March on Rome the Pincio was marvellously illuminated. A giant reproduction of the Fasces spanned the Porta Flaminia, and lights outlined the entire bulk of Santa Maria del Popolo. In the Piazza itself the stanchions were ingeniously disguised as palm trees, and the whole tableau was brought out by searchlights placed along the carriage drive up the lower slopes of the hill. We were fortunate enough to witness a trial run on the part of the electricians. Long before the actual display, the clerical Curfew had rung us into the hospitable safety of the Monserrà.

Lieut. Colonel W.H. Bennett-Dampier and Mr. R. Ball-Dodson were guests at dinner. The Bishop of Southwark and Father Fennessy left for England, Mgr. Canon Sprankling having preceded them reluctantly by a few days.

12th. Thursday. The College divided up to attend two Requiems, one for Father Geny at S. Ignazio in the presence of the University; the other for Brother Thayne at S. Gioachino in the Prati. This last, celebrated by Monsignor Caccia-Dominioni, Maestro di Camera to His Holiness, was if possible the more impressive, but it received sufficiently full treatment in the English Catholic Press to need no further description here.

14th. Saturday. This evening the Acheiropita was taken to St. Peter's, practically all the houses along the route being illuminated with lanterns or candles. The procession was a commentary on our modern days, being formed of three hundred motor cars. But their reverently slow pace accorded ill with the accustomed dash of Roman traffic.

15th. Sunday. The culminating function of the Nicean celebrations took place today in S. Peters, when the Holy Father participated in a Solemn Mass, celebrated according to the Greek Rite. He gave the blessing himself with a precious cross, a unique feature for ceremonies in the Vatican Basilica. This was our New Mens' first opportunity of seeing the Pope, and it was unfortunate that so many of them arrived too late for the opening procession, when His Holiness was carried in wearing the Tiara.

Canon Crank came to dinner, and everyone had a good look at the priest, whose fame the Chorley contingent has hymned *per longum et latum*.

17th. Tuesday. The Bishop of Lancaster came from S. Calisto to interview his students, and accepted the Rector's invitation to "pot-luck" at dinner. As His Lordship had not brought his pipe,—and smoking is almost necessary for efficient digestion—the last of the pipes presented to the College by Signor De Cupis, Restorer of the Sforza Casarini Villa, was commandeered on the Bishop's behalf. We may here put on record our thanks to the donor of these pipes, which, sold at 5 lire apiece, realised a useful sum for the common funds, thus furnishing further proof that Providence is not unmindful of our finances. Not only to Signor De Cupis, but to all those, chiefly former students, who have sent contributions to the Public Purse, we extend our gratitude. Our Christmas Concerts, sports, and all forms of public amuse-

ment are financed by that frequently fickle fairy-godmother, Goodwill, but outgoing students and friends with long memories have always ensured a sufficiency of money to carry on our normal jovialities. If regularity is to have its due, we owe a special acknowledgement to His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham, who five years ago invested a sum in favour of the Public Purse, which results in a small but steady income. *Semel pro semper* is capable of more than one application.

19th. Thursday. Canon Mongan (1888-1891) and Father James Murphy, both of the Diocese of Portsmouth, were the guests at dinner. Father Martin D'Arcy S.J. and Father Nairney S.J. were installed as *Ripetitori* to the final Years in Philosophy and Theology. We do not mean by this that there was any ceremony. When it is a question of work we have always noticed a remarkable absence of pomp and circumstance. It was just that they began.

20th. Friday. The powers that be in the wireless world happened to tune in on Daventry after supper, and so we heard the news of Queen Alexandra's death straight from England and *viva voce*. Flags were half-mast throughout the city next day in public sympathy.

22nd. Sunday. His Lordship the Bishop of Lancaster held an Ordination in the College Church, conferring Major Orders on two of his own men, the Diaconate on Mr. McNarney and the Sub-diaconate on Mr. Clayton. He also gave the Tonsure to Mr. J. Kelly (Hexham and Newcastle), Mr. Sewell (Southwark), Mr. Smith (Lancaster), Mr. Nicholson (Birmingham), Mr. Dinn and Mr. Malore (Leeds), Mr. Head and Mr. Whiteman (Westminster).

The guests at dinner were Bishop Pearson O.S.B., Bishop Stanley, Dom Bruno Hicks O.S.B. and Mr. Harris. Coffee and *rosolio* afterwards in the Common Room, when the health of the ordaining prelate was drunk with musical honours. To our demands for a speech, the Bishop replied with protestations that the Rector had promised him there should be nothing of the kind—we are ignorant on what authority. His Lordship proceeded to stress the advantages of a Roman Course in treating the Petrine difficulties of England, and once again made us realise what opportunities lie to our hands if only we seize them.

23rd. Monday. Father M. Gosse (Leeds. 1883-1888) and Father Edward Costello were the Rector's guests at dinner. While Grace after supper was proceeding—to be exact during the silence that attends the first Pater Noster—a loud ring at the front door announced the arrival of Archbishop Mostyn with his Secretary, Father Cronin I.C.

24th. Tuesday. The Rector gave Benediction at S. Caterina, the Parish Church.

25th. Wednesday. Saint Catherine, Patroness of Philosophy. After dinner the usual toast was given, and then we settled down to hear the New Men deliver themselves of their first impressions, which as usual were highly complimentary to us and the reverse to Rome. This latter disposition barely ruffled the waters of our indifference: had we not thought much the same in our youth and would not ripe experience teach these fledglings wisdom as it had taught us? But their adulation was received with great applause; per-

haps a more dignified air of nonchalance would accord better with the Nestor-like pose one adopts on such occasions. In response to a general clamour the Archbishop of Cardiff set about some stories. One in particular we remember—but perhaps somewhere in the Codex, there may be embedded a censure for all poachers on Archiepiscopal preserves, a relic of the old Forest Laws when deer drank their full of the Wye. So we desist.

The whole College, after an hour's schools, assisted at Benediction in Santa Caterina della Rota, given by Monsignore Tranquillo Guarneri, first bishop of Acquapendente. The traditional concert after supper was a success in every way, particularly the *Canzone del Primo Anno*, and the Sketch which poked fun at Pilgrims and Professors alike. The magnificent syllogism, which led directly to the climax showed that at least we can apply our Philosophy. The *Canzone del Primo Anno*, composed by a Third Year Philosopher well merits a place in this chronicle. We give the chorus:

*Avete vos! Videte nos!
 Fatemini in veritate:
 Num intra muros unquam hos
 Vidistis antea viros
 Tam doctos, tam egregios,
 Tantâ virtute praeditos
 Tantâque pietate?*

The full programme of the Concert is as follows:

Piano. ..	Valse Ballet	Mr. R. SHEARSTONE.	
Recitation. ..	A Complaint	Mr. P. MCGEE.	
Song. ..	I Want to be Happy	Mr. J. CAMPBELL.	
Violin. ..	Danny Boy	Mr. E. CAREY.	
Conjuring.	Mr. F. TOOTELL.	
Piano. ..	Rustle of Spring	Mr. C. TALBOT.	
Trio...	}	
	Iolanthe		Mr. J. CAMPBELL.
		Mr. L. WILKINSON.
	Mr. C. TALBOT.	
Chorus. ..	Canzone del Primo Anno	FIRST YEAR.	

Sketch.

The Philosopher's Nightmare.

The Philosopher.	Mr. J. HEENAN.
Sisto (Cameriere)	Mr. J. MOORE.
First Pilgrim	Mr. D. HAWKINS.
Second "	Mr. J. MCCARTHY.
Third "	Mr. L. JONES.
Fourth "	Mr. W. PARK.
First Professor	Mr. W. BUTTERFIELD.
Second "	Mr. J. GARVIN.

Third Professor	Mr. J. JEFFRIES.
Fourth "	Mr. L. COYNE.
Place	Philosopher's Room.
Time	The Official Opening of Siesta.

26th. Thursday. Very grateful that this was a Thursday: early schools after a Concert are a sore affliction. The Rector sang a Requiem in the College Church for Father Geny, whose great friendship for the English College was noted in the last number of *The Venerabile*. To keep up an honourable tradition, some few students represented us at S. Ignazio, this being the Feast of S. John Berchmans.

29th. Sunday. At the Head House of the Capuchins in the Via Boncompagni, the Cardinal Vicar raised the following students to the Diaconate. Mr. Casartelli (Salford), Mr. Goodear (Shrewsbury), Mr. Grimshaw (Clifton), Mr. McNulty (Salford) and Mr. Hemphill (Menevia). Father Pears, an old Beda student dined at the College.

30th. Monday. The Scotch were absent from schools today and we hoped they enjoyed the haggis. Returning from morning schools we found the first sweet stall had been put up in the Piazza Navona, where it was already doing a thriving business. This first sign of Christmas acted as a tonic upon several veterans, who temporarily deserted the Teatro Valle route and faced that windy corner, just to see the familiar fez on the head of the toffee vendor.

So far as the weather was concerned November was a vile month, and the puddly streets made cassocks most unsuitable clothing. The rain had an especial partiality for Sundays and Thursdays; indeed we went for nearly four weeks without a game of football. Just at the end the *tramontana* came, and we had one clear morning in "Pam" with the Sabines as far as Monte Gennaro covered with snow. Soracte yet once again belied her reputation.

December 1st. Tuesday. The Right Rev. Mgr. Brown, Bishop of Pella and Auxiliary to the Bishop of Southwark arrived during Night Prayers, and after his long journey must have found the house cosily warm. As time passes, one grows more and more grateful for the hot-water pipes, which probably have a lot to do with our improving examination results. The Esquimaux have no great reputation for learning!

8th. Tuesday. The Immaculate Conception and our first holiday since the commencement of lectures, both S. John Berchman's and S. Francis Xavier coinciding with Thursday. Moreover throughout 1925 the Professors have pleaded all manner of future celebrations to justify their indulging in a complete exhibition of speed. Here we are at the Immaculate Conception, and these holidays have shrivelled the whole philosophic category, from *certae* to *probabiles*, and thence *via dubiae* to *possibiles*. There only remain two weeks in which to prevent their becoming *pure possibiles*, and as for the celebrations in honour of S. Peter Canisius promised last summer "*opportuniore tempore*", well we have stoically written them down as a bad debt.

16th. Wednesday. Bishop Brown returned to Vauxhall.

17th. Thursday. Father Trebaol O. M. I. to dinner to meet Archbishop

Mostyn under whom he worked in Menevia many years ago with great fruit in a Welsh speaking district.

19th. Saturday. At the Lateran, His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar raised Mr. Casartelli (Salford) and Mr. Hemphill (Menevia) to the Priesthood: Mr. Clayton (Lancaster) received the Diaconate. Mr. Casartelli gave Benediction in the evening, and at supper we found two fresh visitors, Father R. W. Finnesey (1909-11) and Father C. Rigby, both Professors from Upholland.

20th. Sunday. Mr. Hemphill and Mr. Casartelli celebrated their First Masses in the College Church. There was quite a bevy of visitors at mid-day, including, besides those already staying in the House, Monsignor Cicognani, Father Cotter C. S. S. R. and Father J. Welsby S. J. The new priests' health was drunk and the *ad multos annos* sung in the Refectory, after which we adjourned upstairs for coffee and *rosolio*. Mr. Hemphill gave Benediction.

21st. Monday. Quarant'Ore began and for the first time the Organ went on strike. This was apparently to assert its independence, because immediately after the Mass of Exposition it worked perfectly again. But as it was, the music sounded distinctly Lenten fare. This year the Sanctuary looked better than ever before, there being many more flowers than usual: but they were tastefully arranged, and formed no such "giardino" as excites the annual wrath of the Cardinal Vicar during Holy Week. The Archbishop of Cardiff and Father Cronin I. C. left for Wales: we had nearly written England.

22nd. Tuesday. This and the succeeding day were holidays in honour of the Council of Nicea and of S. Peter Canisius. Thus our stoicism was unnecessary and the University redeems its promise, for which many thanks. There were functions both days but our own Quarant'Ore prevented us from attending.

23rd. Wednesday. Mass of Deposition and the end of Quarant'Ore. This year there seemed to be fewer people paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, perhaps due to the fact that the good Romans were making their Jubilee Visits in the last few days of the year, but the proportion of men was most edifying. After tea the House set to work upon the Common Room; the pictures were cleaned as usual and put back mostly in the same places. Though following traditional lines, the decorations were phenomenally successful and with the proscenium for the stage draped in crimson and black—all this due to the kindness of the Rector—the hard lines of the Common Room were transformed into festive curves. Not all the students could participate this year as several had volunteered to help the last Catholic Association and Catholic Truth Society Pilgrimages of the Anno Santo, which were received in Audience by the Holy Father that evening.

24th. Thursday The Pope closed the Holy Door of S. Peter's this morning, after the veneration of the relics exposed from the usual balcony. The ceremony was disappointing from the point of view of a spectator inside the Basilica. To secure a place in the Porch one needed to boast the bluest of blood, or at least to be a diplomat accredited to the Holy See. Even the most resourceful of students is rarely able to secure admittance to that most

exclusive point of vantage. At dinner, Mr. Atkinson, Heir-Apparent to the Senior Studentship, sang the Martyrology: we refuse to regard this as an omen for his year of office. The Rector has had lights placed at the top of Alberti Durante's altar piece, which besides showing it up have also the effect of throwing a very good light upon the High Altar. The side-curtains from Quarant'Ore were only taken down in the evening: one wished they might be left up always. Just before Matins the Wireless picked up a series of carols from Whitechapel, which were extraordinarily well sung and in the circumstances, (dare we add?) affecting. But the weather report, rain, sleet and snow, raised our spirits and sent us cheerfully into Church.

25th. Friday. Christmas Day. When we arrived in the Common Room after hot wine and cake, following Midnight Mass and Lauds, we found the Christmas edition of our sprightly contemporary *Ohi o Sa?* creating its usual *furore*. It was impossible not to heave a sigh of envy at the Editor who is his own printer, binder and publisher: appearing to date can have few terrors for such a well situated being. Family guests, so to speak, at dinner: Bishop Stanley, Monsignor Cicognani, and Dr. Masterson; (reverently are they to be treated that live in the Holy Office). Some people poured methylated spirit upon their plum pudding to prolong the life of the flames, but they will not do it again. In the evening the first Concert took place, of which we append the programme.

March	March of the Tin Soldiers (Jessel) ..	Orchestra			
Carol	Good King Wenceslas	Orpheus			
Song	Ohong	Mr. F. MILLER			
Piano	{ Papillon (Grieg) Mazurka (Scriabine) Musical Box (De Severac) }	Fr. RIGBY			
			Chorus	{ Rolling Down to Rio (German) Turkish Delight (Gitts) }	Orpheus
Selection ..	Oriental Shrieks	Jazz Band			

Sketch.

The Man in the Bowler Hat. (A. A. Milne).

John	Mr. J. GOODEAR
Mary	Mr. W. BURROWS
Hero	Mr. G. HIGGINS
Heroine	Mr. J. JEFFRIES
Chief Villain	Mr. J. HOWE
Bad Man	Mr. A. CLAYTON
Man in Bowler Hat	Mr. R. L. SMITH

The demands of the Pilgrimages prevented all the students being present, and many others were evidently tired after the Services and ghost stories

of the previous night. So a very enjoyable concert passed off quietly. But after supper the snap-dragon burned to perfection, and Father Christmas, metamorphosed this year into an antique missionary, distributed a variety of presents, useless and useful, to the delectation of the recipients. Two Black Babies assisted the good work, but although they had no English their colouring was unduly patchy. The Senior Student had the last word as usual, this time a very welcome one: "Sveglia 6 a. m.:". And so fatigued to bed.

26th. Saturday. The official programme of the Catholic Association recorded the following tragedy: "Pilgrims will leave the Station at 5 a. m. after an early breakfast". But the C. T. S. pilgrims stayed on in Rome and invaded the College during the afternoon, while Wiseman's corridors were deserted for the Scotch Match. In the evening an orderly Whist Drive was organised in aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

27th. Sunday. At dinner Canon Sheen (Southwark), Canon Hourigan and Father McSweeney (Portsmouth) and Father J. Welsby S. J. A very lively concert in the evening, at which, among other visitors, there were several students from the Scotch College and from the Beda.

PROGRAMME.

Valse	Romeo and Juliette (Gounod)	Orchestra
Carol	Hark the Herald Angels Sing	Orpheus
Song	Follow the Swallows	Mr. R. L. SMITH
'Cello	Adelaide	Mr. E. WAKE
Song	"When We Were Very Young"	
	i) The Market Square	
	ii) They're Changing the Guard ..	
Trio	Get Upon the Puff-Puff	Mr. W. BURROWS
		Mr. J. HEENAN
		Mr. A. ATKINS
		Mr. J. MCCARTHY
Part Song ..	Love Was Meant to Make Us Glad ..	Orpheus

Sketch.

The Cure.

Mary	Mr. F. GRIMSHAW
John	Mr. H. R. KELLY
Mrs. Parrott	Mr. W. O'LEARY
Mr. Parrott	Mr. J. GARVIN

28th. Monday. Some students represented the House at the Final Commemoration of the Council of Nicea, held in the Hall of the Beatifications *coram Papa*. An Address was delivered by Abbot Schuster and Commemoration Songs were sung in various languages, mainly Oriental, with melodies to match. In the afternoon First Vespers of St. Thomas were sung and the Relic exposed and venerated: but the Church door into the street was not opened until the following day. The Whist Drive after tea appealed to all supporters of billiards.

29th. Tuesday. St. Thomas of Canterbury, Patron of the College. The decorations which had proved a feature of the whole week, surpassed all previous efforts in the floral grouping upon the altar which was really beautiful. but they ran perilously near the bizarre in the sword and crozier, that flanked the Sanctuary. Dinner was a long affair and many guests assembled: His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Bishops Cotter and Stanley, Monsignori Mann, Clapperton and Jackman, Dom Philip Langdon O. S. B. and Father O'Connor (Rector of S. Silvestro).

The Cardinal Protector had paid a visit to the College in the morning but was unable to stay to dinner: afterwards His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster gave Pontifical Benediction. On the Rector's invitation he concluded the ceremony with some very earnest words to us assembled in the Sacristy (Sodality Chapel), on the necessity of a spiritual foundation for the priestly life. The Concert in the evening was excellent, and the Orpheus has never done anything better in its rapidly aging existence.

PROGRAMME.

Carol	<i>God Rest You Merry Gentlemen</i> ..	Orpheus
Song	<i>The Bingo Farm</i>	Mr. R. SHEARSTONE
Cantata	<i>The Walrus and the Carpenter</i> ..	Orpheus
'Cello	<i>Valse</i> (Schubert)	Mr. L. WARNER
Song	<i>Ogo Pogo</i>	Mr. R. NICHOLSON
March	<i>The Toy Drum Major</i>	{ Mr. J. HALSALL Orchestra
Song	<i>Break of Day</i>	

Sketch.

The Pact.

Angela	Mr. J. BRISCOE
Eustace	Mr. D. HAWKINS

After supper the drawing took place for the Cross, raffled on behalf of the new Organ. There turned out to be two prizes and the County Palatine carried off both. Congratulations to Chorley and Blackburn. In the few minutes remaining, the multitude of now useless tickets suggested a new game, which combined all the merits of Carnival time with a paper chase. The bell for Night Prayers proved most timely.

30th. Wednesday. A new departure after tea was a Country Fair held in the Common Room, with Hoop La, Fortune Telling, the World's Greatest Baby, and all the time honoured features. A practical light was thrown upon the speculative question of the morality of such events, but while the experts forgot to argue the point, various charities benefited substantially, and an imposing balance sheet, which was afterwards pinned up on the Notice Board, made it seem a noble as well as a very enjoyable affair.

31st. Thursday. The Pope sang Mass in St. Peter's today to institute the new Feast of the Kingship of Christ, henceforward to be observed on the

last Sunday of October. There were fewer people present than we ever remember to have seen at such a ceremony, but the beautiful Office and His Holiness' Allocation, both printed in the *Acta*, make a magnificent finish to the Holy Year.

After tea, our Jazz Band, with great unselfishness, and greater energy, provided a cacophonous evening, which worked the audience up to the pitch of playing any game suggested, the stupider the better. Then we adjourned to Church for Benediction and the "Te Deum".

1925 has proved almost too full a year for some of us, but no one would have missed the great events and the real edification the Holy Year has brought in its train. This modern generation has recalled to mind the beginnings of the College in the Hospice, and with the warm approval of the Holy Father and of our Cardinal Protector, not to mention the active leadership of the Rector and of the Vice-Rector, has done its utmost for all English Pilgrims to Rome. In return "The Venerable" is gratefully remembered in many places at home where it was before entirely unknown. So the year has been ripe with blessings for those who live in the Eternal City, as well as for those who have travelled hither in search of the Jubilee Indulgence.

The "Cappellar" welcomed the New Year with its accustomed *verse*, but luckily for some of us not all the rooms overlook that salubrious slum. Hence many slept in peace.



January 1st. Friday. To celebrate the New Year, yet another police force appeared upon the streets today. They are called *Metropolitani* and wear helmets fashioned after the English model. But it would require Father Vermeersch to disentangle the various jurisdictions of *Carabinieri*, *Traffic Regulators*, and now *Metropolitani*, presumably to supersede Somebody. All

seem to be guardians of the public peace, but can they all arrest for instance? This is a pertinent question.

Monsignor Stanley, Fr. Emery I.C. Fr. Mills O.S.M. and Mr. Woods, Roman Correspondent of *The Tablet*, were guests at dinner. Coffee and *rosolio* afterwards and in the evening the traditional concert. Everyone enjoyed it despite the morrow's depressing prospect, and the entertainment should go down to history, if only because this was the first programme printed on the new Roneo Duplicator. This latest purchase on the Rector's part opens up an endless vista of possibilities, from a uniform Dimissorial formula to an anthology of *Chi lo sa?*

PROGRAMME.

- 1. Song " *When We Were Very Young*". Mr. W. BURROWS.
 - I. *The Mouse.*
 - II. *Tails.*
 - III. *Grown Up.*
- 2. Carol *As With Gladness Men of Old.* The ORPHEUS.
- 3. Song *Spain* Mr. J. McNULTY.
- 4. Musical Crambo. *Ye Antique Inn*
 - Mine Host* Mr. R. HATTERSLEY.
 - First Gallant* Mr. A. ATKINS.
 - Second Gallant* Mr. J. HEENAN.
- 5. Part Song *The Frog* The ORPHEUS.
- 6. Song *The Man Who Broke the Bank* .. Mr. H. WILSON.
- 7. Piano *Chopin. I. Valse* Mr. C. TALBOT.
 - II. *Nocturne.*
- 8. Song *The Tail of the Guinea Pig* .. Mr. L. WILKINSON.
- 9. Sketch *A Race Against Time.*
 - Jenner* Mr. B. WRIGHTON.
 - Man* Mr. J. CREGG.
 - Woman* Mr. J. RUDDERHAM.
 - Doctor* Mr. V. FAY.

2nd. Saturday. *Docetur!*

3rd. Sunday. Father O'Gorman O.S.A., Father Cotter C.S.S.R. and Count Van Cutsen to dinner. In Church before supper the Rector told us of the plan to expropriate the garden and the most vital parts of the House, begging our prayers that the threatened calamity may be averted. We went soberly to the Refectory, where we looked upon its familiar features with a less material affection than of yore.

4th. Monday. The Queen Mother of Italy died today at her Villa at Bordighera. R.I.P. Newspapers with the news were selling in the streets before all the Government Offices had time to get out their flags half mast. On the Wireless in the evening it was announced that educational establish-

ments "di qualunque tipo" would be closed the next day, so we went to bed in hope.

5th. Tuesday. *Desiderium peccatorum peribit!*

6th. Wednesday. The Epiphany. *Befana* was shorn of much of its glory owing to the national mourning: all trumpets were forbidden and not one was even to be seen in the Piazza Navona. This must have been the first occasion since the building of the Church that we have been allowed to celebrate our Epiphany High Mass in peace. Archbishop Palica, Monsignor Stanley, Monsignor Nicolo, Father Turner O.S.B., Mr. Isherwood, and Mr. John Wood were the Rector's guests at dinner. Coffee and *rosolio* as usual and an excellent concert in the evening, with Gilbert and Sullivan to rejoice everybody and to prove incidentally that more people can sing than this world wots of.

PROGRAMME.

Chorus ..	<i>Dear Matilda</i>	Mr. J. HALSALL.
Song	<i>Less Than the Dust</i>	Mr. J. MCCARTHY.
Part Song	<i>Long Day Closes</i>	The Chestnuts.
Interlude ..	<i>The Problem</i>	Repertory Co.
Duet	<i>The Buttercup</i>	Mr. W. BURROWS.
		Mr. R. L. SMITH.
Song	<i>Come let's be Merry</i>	Mr. L. COYNE.
Tone Poem	<i>Three Little Pigs</i>	Philharmonic Quartette.
Song	<i>Wi' a Hundred Pipers</i>	Mr. J. MACMILLAN.

TRIAL BY JURY.

(presented by the same caste as at Palazzola last August).

7th. Thursday. The annual Pontifical Benediction during the Epiphany Octave at S. Andrea della Valle. Besides the monstrous crib over the High Altar, there was a new and smaller one in the left transept with an amazing system of moving rays, which proceeded from the figure of the Holy Ghost. Father De la Taille S.J. came to dinner.

9th. Saturday. Cardinal Vannutelli gave Benediction at Sta Maria Riparatrice, the College providing the *assistenza*. This was also the day on which the Metropolitan first appeared armed with white truncheons. At first they seemed considerably self-conscious about their strange weapons, but they have since learnt to wield them with true Italian grace.

11th. Monday. This was perforce a holiday, the Queen Mother being buried in the Pantheon, so that it was impossible for lengthy *camerate* to make the Via del Seminario. We were too late to secure any view of the funeral procession, but everywhere along the route from Bordighera the religious character of the ceremonies has been fully in keeping with the Queen's exemplary life. There can be no doubt that the country is genuinely moved by her death.

12th. Tuesday. The Pantheon this morning presented a real spectacle. The entire portico was ablaze with wreaths, and others spread round the outside of the building as far as the eye could reach. Inside, the coffin is hidden behind a curtain, while the grave is prepared. But an enormous catafalque, very effective but entirely pagan, occupies the central space, and crowds are filing round examining the various wreaths from the heads of states all the world over.

13th. Wednesday. We woke to find quite a heavy fall of snow covering the ground, making the garden appear fantastic and the *Cappellar* almost attractive. We had the traditional holiday and enjoyed a delightfully healthy morning, so what did it matter if the afternoon set in with rain and a rapid thaw?

14th. Thursday. Mr. Dwyer-Edwardes and Mr. Lott dined at the College.

15th. Friday. Mr. Butterfield, of Third Year Philosophy was one of the *arguentes* at the menstua. Owing to the College putting the Ave forward a day before the University, he made a spectacular entry during the afternoon session.

16th. Saturday. A notice in the Common Room announced that the Senior Student had constrained the electricians to connect the warning bell with a switch in his own room. It transpires that this was not the result of laziness, but that he had taken the trouble to calculate how much time he had wasted since his assumption of office, by going down the corridor five minutes before time to ring the statutory warning.

21st. Thursday. Some went to see the lambs blessed at S. Agnese fuori le Mura and didn't. This time of the year is a lean season for the chronicler.

24th. Sunday. The Rector left for England to see the Archbishops and Bishops at a meeting of the Hierarchy at Westminster.

27th. Wednesday. During the celebration of Our Lady's Feast, Regina Prophetarum, at the Convent off the Piazza di Spagna, reference was made to the Piano Regolatore, which threatens to take most of their building for the mouth of a tunnel to run under the Pincio. Naturally our sympathy with these zealous nuns is a very real one. The College provided the Choir and *assistenza* for Benediction.

29th. Friday. The students from the German College on their way to the Gregorian this morning were the victims of a demonstration by some Sapienza students, who we cannot discover did anything worse than make faces at them. The cause of this performance was the trouble between Italy and Germany over the Alto Adige. During dinner the Vice Rector caused *The Times* articles on the College to be read in the Refectory. The reader found people uncommonly quiet with their knives and forks: moreover this thoughtful move secured the preservation of the paper whole and entire during the ensuing recreation.

31st. Sunday. The Vice Rector and Dr. Moss attended Monsignor Mooney's episcopal consecration at the North American College. His appointment as Apostolic Delegate to India was a great surprise which delighted everybody. Monsignor Stanley, and Dr. Masterson dined at the College. In the evening

we sent a Choir and *assistenza* to help a new *parroco* in the Via Giulia, who most laudably is playing the broomstick among his parochial cobwebs.

2nd. February. Tuesday. After High Mass, the Vice Rector and the Senior Student went to the Vatican to present the College candle to the Holy Father. As this never left the precincts of the Sacristy, we are unable to record its design. There was Benediction at Sta. Maria in Campitelli, for which the servers were taken from among our students, and the *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for Cardinal Gasquet's recovery.

3rd. Wednesday. The Vice Rector of the Irish College called upon Monsignor Redmond, and we hear that the new Irish College near the Lateran is to be ready in October. Curiosity, and no little experience of workmen, English and Italian, enticed us to visit the building operations. For the Irishmen's sake we devoutly hope that their forecast is not unduly optimistic.

4th. Thursday. Father Miccinelli S.J. Rector of the University, spoke in the College Church on the subject of S. Aloysius. He stayed to supper and afterwards came up to the Common Room, where he was the centre of an admiring group of polyglots. Today the Irishmen celebrated the Feast of Saint Agatha in their College Church—the last time before their departure to the new College.

11th. Thursday. Permission was given to attend the Cinema performances, licensed for ecclesiastics face to face with the rigours of Lent. The main attraction was Jackie Coogan in *Papa*, but his manoeuvres with *spaghetti* failed to discount the remaining 4,000 feet of "sob-stuff".

15th. Monday. The weather treated us very generously indeed, and a brilliant sun cheered us all day in Viterbo, Veii, Tivoli, Civita Castellana, Ronciglione, the Villa, Frascati and the Seven Churches. The success of this *gita* bred such general benevolence that we heard no acrid arguments afterwards, who had enjoyed himself the most.

16th. Tuesday. The Vice Rector bade us rise at 6 o'clock, wherein obedience was no sacrifice. Monsignor Stanley came to dinner: the nuns showed the result of their lengthening acquaintance with us by producing real pancakes. In the evening we enjoyed the innovation of a Theologians Concert, which justified itself by ferretting out more than one talented individual who had hitherto succeeded in keeping his prowess secret. Unfortunately this only emphasised the bereavement of the House in their approaching departure: still it is better to have laughed and lost than never to have laughed at all.

18th. Thursday. The Beda occupied Fortitudo's ground this morning in a football civil war. Monsignor Mann kicked off, Monsignor McShane was a linesman, and several veterans returned to active service. Those of our students who went up to watch the match enjoyed it immensely.

19th. Friday. Papal *maritozzi* for dinner, which made us disagree with the definition of *res consumptibiles*, "quarum usus in abusu consistere dicitur".

21st. Sunday. Dr. O'Brien (Liverpool) to dinner.

22nd. Monday. The Rector returned during supper and came up to the Common Room immediately afterwards. The President of the Literary Society promptly co-opted him as a lecturer, and the House, constituting itself

a meeting, settled down to a first hand account of all the Rector had done, suffered and eaten on our behalf during his four weeks absence. Very considerably he acquiesced, and when he had finished speaking, we kept him plied with questions until just on night prayers. We understand that this orderly and efficient procedure was really the Vice Rector's idea.

23rd. Tuesday. Monsignor Stanley stayed to dinner, doubtless as eager as ourselves to hear all the Rectorial exploits.

26th. Friday. In the College Church after *merenda* Archbishop Palica conferred the Tonsure on Mr. Macmillan (Liverpool) and Mr. Howe (Shrewsbury). The congregation consisted of those making the Day of Recollection.

27th. Saturday. At the Lateran, Cardinal Pompili raised the following students to the Priesthood: Messrs Goodear and H.R. Kelly (Shrewsbury), Clayton and McNarney (Lancaster), Grimshaw (Clifton) and McNulty (Salford). At the same time in the Choir Chapel of the Basilica, Archbishop Palica conferred the first two Minor Orders on Messrs Macmillan, J. Kelly, Howe, Sewell, Smith, Nicholson, Dinn, Malone, Head and Whiteman. Mr. Goodear gave Benediction in the evening.

28th. Sunday. The Church, Sodality and Nuns' Chapels were all requisitioned for the new priests' First Masses. The High Mass was sung by Mr. McNarney, the first student holding one of Monsignor Stanley's Burses to be ordained, and the Bishop was present in the Sanctuary. Fifteen sat down to dinner apart from the *profanum vulgus*, including Monsignor Stanley, Monsignor Cicognani, Dr. Masterson, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. William McNarney. The Rector, in proposing the health of the *ordinati*, remarked that this one year had produced more priests than there were students in the house when they came, and the *Ad multos annos* after starting on at least two notes, coalesced to continue with its accustomed swing. Coffee and *rosolio*: Mr. Clayton gave Solemn Benediction.

March 1st. Monday. The anniversary of Roman traffic's changing from the left to the right. There are still in existence, the worse for wear, occasional informative posters, "I veicoli tengano la destra". In celebration thereof, we presume, the Governor issued an ukase, and taxi-men and *carrozza* drivers startled us by appearing in black peaked caps, all neat and new. One ribald dame by St. Bridgett's was moved to mock them, calling out "portiere" as they drove confusedly by. When we add that smoking is forbidden while on duty, and that shaving is enjoined at least three times a week, it is clear that one more picturesque element has today vanished from the Roman streets. But our barber is exultant!

2nd. Tuesday. The College had the privilege of an Audience with the Pope, to whom the Rector first presented our new priests with their relatives. The Holy Father spoke to us of our opportunities and of the importance of prayer in our life and of the necessity of guarding against the possible encroachments even of study. Our collection for Peter Pence was quite handsome, and was later acknowledged in a gracious letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State.

4th. Thursday. At dinner Monsignor Kirwan (Southwark), Mr. Walter, proprietor of *The Times* and his son.

6th. *Saturday.* Theologian's Menstrua, wherein Mr. Dinn argued *clarisima voce*.

8th. *Monday.* Philosophers' Menstrua. Mr. Hawkins defended in Cosmology and read a paper on the relations between the scientific theory of Atoms and the Scholastic Theory (nay certitude) of Matter and Form. He also distinguished himself by capping a disjunctive proposition of four members by rejoining "addo quintum". Meanwhile the Priests played the rest of Theology at football up in Pam!

9th. *Tuesday.* For once members of this College felt inclined to applaud a professor's entry into School. Father Vermeersch, who had met with a serious fall towards the end of the preceding week, braved all human respect to the extent of appearing beneath enormous bandages which permitted only one eye to function. Nevertheless that one sufficed him to sweep the whole of Aula Maxima with his accustomed fascination.

12th. *Friday.* St. Gregory. The Rector gave us a holiday in honour of the Apostle of England and nearly everybody was present at the Pontifical High Mass at S. Gregorio for which both Altar Servers and Choir were furnished by the College. The weather treated us very differently from last year when we had to make our way to the Coelian in a snow blizzard: indeed the whole of February and hitherto March have been a succession of lovely days—one likes to chronicle these benefits occasionally!

We were very distressed to hear that Monsignor Prior is again gravely ill. Public prayers were immediately commenced on his behalf.

14th. *Sunday.* To dinner: Mr. Wharton and Mr. Magee.

17th. *Wednesday.* St. Patrick. Shamrock was much in evidence at the Gregorian, and in such unexpected quarters as the South Americans, Capricans and even the French College. The Concert in the evening was an hilarious affair, especially the sketch which tapped new material to great profit.

PROGRAMME.

March	<i>Valparaiso</i>	THE BAND.
Chorus	<i>Those Wonderful Kellies</i>	MR. J. MCCARTHY.
Part Song	<i>Nursery Rhymes</i>	THE ORPHEUS.
Song	<i>The Ballyhooly Blue</i>	MR. J. HEENAN.
	<i>Ribbon Army</i>	
Quartette	<i>Uncle Ned</i>	THE RELICTS.
Song	<i>The Ould Spring Cart</i>	MR. R. DELANY.

Sketch.

In a North Country Cottage.

Mrs. Parkins	MR. L. WILKINSON.
Alec—her son	MR. J. CAMPBELL.
Fr. Green	MR. J. HALSALL.
Aunt Martha	MR. F. TOOTELL.
Mr. Parkins	MR. J. MOORE.
Willie—another son	MR. A. CLAYTON.

19th. Friday. St. Joseph. Dr. Moss sang High Mass on this, his patronal Feast, and St. Joseph's altar was gothically decorated with evergreens and daffodils. The trees up in Pamfili are breaking into leaf and the footballers found it hot playing. In a word Spring!

20th. Saturday. In honour of the bicentenary of St. Aloysius' canonisation, the *Academia Moralis* of the Gregorian held a public disputation in the presence of the Holy Father, and an unfortunate Capranican brilliantly defended 110 theses, culled from unfamiliar passages in St. Thomas. Before a long circle of Cardinals and other dignitaries, backed by the priests and theologians who attend the University, he held his own with enviable ease against Fr. Hugon O.P. and three other non-Gregorian professors of no mean repute. The Pope was carried in to the Hall of Beatifications on the *Sedia Gestatoria*, and as is his wont seemed delighted to be among the students; they in their turn greeted him with enthusiasm, and made such a noise with their clapping as we could not have believed possible. But it was difficult to hear all the proceedings, and on discovering that no-one was condescending to Italian, one Cardinal's man left the hall in disgust with an emphatic "*Ma capisco niente!*" Perhaps some who stayed were less honest, not more learned.

21st. Sunday. Fr. Sesnon of California and once of Ushaw, came to dinner and afterwards initiated the Common Room into the art of Expression, not only verbal but perambulatory—round the billiard table. He also introduced us to the adjective "male-ish". We thank him very much.

25th. Thursday. To dinner Fr. George Nicholson C.S.S.R. and Fr. Pears (Shrewsbury). Bishop Keatinge (1887-93) arrived in the evening to everyone's delight.

26th. Saturday. Today saw the dawn of a new regime. The doctorate sheets were issued in the morning, and at a plenary session of the House gathered in Public Meeting, Mr. Wilson handed over the seals of office to Mr. Atkinson. *Le roi est mort: vive le roi!* R. L. S.

Personal.

After a period of anxiety last January we were relieved to hear of Cardinal Gasquet's recovery after a dangerous illness. His Eminence was soon well enough to proceed to Naples to make his convalescence in a warmer climate.

We extend our congratulations to Archbishop Mooney, late Spiritual Director of the North American College, upon his appointment as Apostolic Delegate to India. His Grace helped largely to maintain the friendly relations between the Americans and ourselves.

Our congratulations to the Hon. Cecil Dormer upon his appointment as Councillor to the Embassy at Tokio, are mingled with regret that the College, and indeed all English Catholic residents in Rome and visitors to the City, should have been deprived of such a friend. Mr. Dormer was a frequent visitor to the College and to Palazzola, and his ready participation in the life of the House rendered him one of our most welcome guests.

We offer our good wishes to Doctor Ashby during his course of lectures

in the United States. We feel confident that he will increase the feeling of reverence with which we understand the New World regards the Old. We hope that a large number of potential tourists will hear him speaking on Rome—a more intelligent interest in the city on the part of many visitors would appear to be desirable!

We notice that Fr. Sunn (1908-1915), is appealing for funds for his recently founded Mission at New Southgate. Fr. Sunn as represented by Bernard Partridge in the *Universe* appears to retain a refreshing coolness even under a load of debt. This is, however, what we might expect of one who was in no wise upset by the blundering and eventually unsuccessful efforts of two students to lead him to the Hermitage of S. Angelo, on a hot day last October. All who read Viator's breezy account of the perils of the right path to the Hermitage will perhaps appreciate the possibilities of the short cuts!

The ill-health from which Dr. J. Cartmell (1919-1925), suffered during his Roman Course did not leave him in England, and an operation was necessary to remove a long-standing internal disorder. Dr. Cartmell was the moving spirit of many Venerable enterprises. As Editor of this magazine, or as Archivist, or as President of the Debating and Literary Societies, he accomplished much in a quiet efficient manner, and we all hope that in his new sphere as Professor at Upholland he will soon be able to exercise his full powers.

In addition to Dr. Cartmell, Drs. Bentley and Hampson (1919-1925), have been appointed to the Upholland professorial staff. Dr. Winham at the Southwark Diocesan Junior Seminary at Mark Cross, and Dr. Barrett-Davis at Aberyswyth have likewise joined the *Ecclesia Docens (late dicta)*. Lecturing to other people must be a rare treat after a daily four hours of close attention to the Gregorian Professors.

We congratulate Dr. J. O'Leary of St. John's, New Ferry (1897-1901), upon the celebration on November 1st. last of the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the Priesthood. The celebrations resulted in a small Roman gathering. At the High Mass sung by the Jubilarian *coram Episcopo*, the Deacon and Sub-deacon were Dr. Kearney (1895-1902) and Dr. Hazlehurst (1898-1905). It is interesting to note that Dr. O'Leary and the assistant ministers were all ordained on November 1st., but in different years. *Ad multos annos!*



OUR BOOK SHELF

Summa Philosophiae Scholasticae. Auctore VINCENTIO REMER S.J. Editio Quinta, emendata et aucta a Paulo Geny, S.J. in six volumes, the whole set unbound costing 52 lire, but each volume may be purchased separately. **Institutiones Philosophicae.** Auctore PIO DE MANDATO S.J. Editio Quarta accurate expolita a Carolo Boyer S.J. in two volumes 35 lire.

Most of our readers will doubtless be familiar with one or other of these books, and their recent (1925) very considerable revision only affords further proof of the high esteem with which they are regarded. Fr. Boyer in re-editing De Mandato's text was considering mainly the needs of Seminaries, while Remer, when he wrote, was thinking more of the professor than of the student, which explains the accurate crispness of his style as also the difficulty of fully understanding it without the living voice of a gifted and experienced exponent. Remer's profound conciseness, fullness of doctrine and fidelity to the Princes of Peripateticism, are beyond praise; but for a Seminary, in which one has to cater for minds of average or even less than average ability, this work does not seem recommendable except as a secondary text; partly because its language is often technical and hard to dominate, partly because in its plenitude it often exceeds the time and the subtlety of most students. De Mandato is free of these faults, for though yielding nothing to Remer in fidelity to St. Thomas and to Aristotle, it is less full in doctrine, fuller in explanation, and possesses more of the human touch in its style. Remer's unique merit is its extraordinary richness in quotations from St. Thomas and the quite admirable way in which these are harmonised with the rest of the text.

We are unable to say why neither course takes in Ethics, unless it be the outcome of a fear lest there should be some crossing here and there into the realms of Theology. But the six volumes of Remer are supplemented by a seventh on Ethics, uniformly printed, originally written by Ferretti and brought up to date by Fr. Orzechowski.

A fearlessly optimistic tone characterises both these series. With no uncertain stride they follow St. Thomas and much that is boldest in Scholastic speculation, holding for instance that by Induction the mind rises from the consideration of particular experiences to the formation of principles and the laws of nature; that the ten predicaments are real and really distinct; that all "being" is either pure act or is intrinsically made up of act and potency; that act is only limited by potency; that existence and essence are really distinct; that the doctrine of matter and form is true in the sense which denies to matter of itself any act, even entitative, and admits only one substantial form in each body; that corporeal action does not consist in mere local motion; that the senses produce no species expressa; that God does not physically predetermine the will; that God's existence is convincingly proved by the five ways; that God knows with certainty free futurables; and so on. This ruthlessly brief selection will convey to the experienced eye a great deal more, both as regards spirit and context. As regards the spirit and the object of these two Courses, we think we are right in saying that, although they are not primarily concerned with scientific erudition or formation but with the philosophic, yet everywhere the authors show that they do not ignore the findings of modern Science, and that at any rate they do not hold views completely irreconcilable with the latest discoveries.

Of course Remer and De Mandato differ in their way of presenting their convictions—hence their advantage for comparisons. There is however one matter in which the difference is one not of method but of doctrine: we refer to that part of the Critical Question which deals with sensation. Here Remer, as improved by Fr. Geny, consciously parts company with the older Scholastics, who admit that the senses can *per accidens* apprehend their proper object as other than it is, if they be not properly applied or the medium be interfered with. Remer simply removes the possibility of any error whatever arising from either source by maintaining that the object apprehended by any external sense is, strictly speaking, that which is in physical contact with the extremity of the sentient nerve. (cf. *Log. Maj.* p. 130.). De Mandato defends the older doctrine. Personally we confess to a distinct partiality for the view put forward in Remer, though we are a little shaken by the irrepressible impulse everyone experiences to believe that what he sees is the green field only, and not the coloured ether in contact with the retina.

But we notice a further difference, which we are indeed led to expect from Fr. Geny's well known agreement with Dom. J. Gredt O.S.B. For in an explanatory note (cf. REMER. *Psych.* pp. 98-99) the view is put forward with obvious favour that "in *omni casu quidquid externe sentitur existit extra organum, et existit sicut sentitur; repugnat enim absolute id quod non est terminare sensationem externam.*" This view of course implies that the act of external sensation could not exist if not terminated by the object in its actually present and physical entity. To us there seems to be at least a redundancy about this, when we consider that the object would seem to have done sufficient in having conveyed its particular perfection to the sense by means of the internal species impressa. Furthermore we fail to see how it

can be made to square with St. Thomas when he says: "*Dicendum quod cognitio sensus exterioris perficitur per solam immutationem sensus a sensibili...*" (Quod. 5. art. 9. ad 2.). *De Mandato* does not explicitly touch on this point, but in admitting limited accidental error in the senses, he gives evidence of disagreeing with Remer, and of being more faithful to the letter of St. Thomas.

We think, however, that these divergencies from the older doctrine do not appear in the main text of Remer; they have been inserted by Fr. Geny in explanatory-notes, an arrangement both fairer to the memory of Remer and leaving a freer hand to the professor who wishes to explain the problem differently. Also, we think, this particular aspect of the fascinating question of sensation is the only one in which Remer does not record the true mind of St. Thomas, which is the less surprising as St. Thomas himself gives so incidental a treatment to the subject.

This is a fitting occasion to launch the strongest protest against those who, failing to appreciate the worth and purpose of text-books, consider Remer and *De Mandato* altogether too dogmatically naïve in their exposition of Scholastic Philosophy. We quite agree that anyone reading through them on his own without hearing the living voice and traditions of the Schools, would easily come to this conclusion. The fact also we admit that many, who have had the good fortune to sit under most able professors, never do get beneath the forbidding surface of their text. At the same time it is quite enough if a priest has that clear idea of philosophic terms which makes Theology anything but a maze of dull technicalities.

But what we wish to defend is the bald way, as some object, with which our text books marshal together according to a cold, logical order just those essentials which go to prove the thesis: the cool fashion in which the Minor of a syllogism is often proved in two lines "*ex experientia*"; the continual practice of taking for granted "*quid sit res, saltem quoad nomen*" before attacking the question "*an sit res.*" The modern mind is unused to all this, and when we prove a thing in our text books by a syllogism it suspects sophistry; when we quote experience it immediately wants to consider every abnormality of experience; when we begin by saying that Philosophy is knowledge of things in the light of their ultimate causes, it grows impatient and says that whole books ought to be written to prove this, that when we have mastered the history of language, the meaning of behaviour and so forth, then we may be entitled to set down those weighty conclusions and start building up our Philosophical system.

Our answer to all this would be a partial agreement, did text books but contain the whole of Philosophy. As it is, their very limited purpose is to set out in a schematic and clear way the whole lie of the land, so far as possible according to the charting of the greatest Master Minds; accurately and tersely to set forth the main premises and conclusions, and to indicate the foundations on which they are based. After all it is the professor's business to supplement this with description, with suggestion and persuasion, to dispel the idea that Philosophy consists of sections and of theses; to help the student to penetrate formulas and to mould him in that spirit of investigation

which is both calm and orderly. Perhaps we speak an ideal thing, but what matter if only it be sometimes realised! Nor do we hesitate to say that after all this formation, some will often return to such text books as De Mandato and especially Remer, and will thrill with joy at the marvellous power of a few written words to conjure up in the mind a whole lifetime of experience and of thought! But for this they must be true Philosophers!

J. M.

Jus Canonicum. Prolegomena et Historia Fontium
 (Vol. I.) **Commentarium ad Lib. I. Codicis.** HAMLETUS J. CICOGNANI. 2 Vols. (486 and 355 pp. respectively). To be obtained from the Athenaeum Pontificii Seminarii Romani ad S. Apollinaris. (Piazza S. Apollinare 49. Roma XI.). Unbound Lire 55.

The above work which covers part of the First Year's course of Canon Law at the Apollinare is one of a series at present being written by the professors of that University. Mgr. Cicognani is well known to a number of our readers as a frequent visitor to the College but few perhaps have met with him as a Professor and a writer of books.

The whole of the work is divided into three parts. In the first we have a general introduction on the notion, nature, and division of Jus, the science of Canon Law, and the sources of the same. Each source is fully defined and its position as a potential factor in forming church legislation determined. The influence of the Roman Law is insisted upon, but at the same time the author shows how the Church tempered its severity.

Among the sources of the Particular Law of the Church we find mention made of the famous Constitution of Leo XIII, *Romanos Pontifices*, which decided the controversy existing between the Bishops and the Regular Missionary Clergy in England.

Whilst sounding a note of warning against the spirit of nationalism, the cause to a great extent of Gallicanism in France, and of Josephinism in Austria, our author shows the wisdom of the Church who "made all things to all men" by allowing special laws to be framed for special peoples. The Code speaks of a Plenary not a National Council. (C. 281).

The second section of this work gives an exceptionally complete history of Canon Law from the earliest times up to the present Code showing its gradual evolution through the ages. We have before us a full account of the origin (often with historical introductions) and of the value of each collection in forming or at least influencing the law of the Church. Special stress is laid on the value of the early Greek Collections with regard to the legislation of the Eastern, and later on of the Western Church. Especially noteworthy are the chapters on the Pope and Councils, and on the historical side, the notes on the famous University of Bologna. It is interesting to note that one of the methods of promulgating the Decretals was to forward them to that and to other Universities.

The notes which have been appended by Cardinal Gasparri to the New Code to indicate the sources of Canon Law are clearly explained in this work and thus the student is enabled to find his way about the old "Corpus Juris Canonici". At the end of each period of the collections we have a history of the study of Canon Law of that period which gives a list of the authors and of their more important works furnishing us with a very useful bibliography.

The third part consists in a Commentary on the first 86 Canons of the Code. Observing the method prescribed by the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Studies, August 7th. 1917, the author compares each individual canon with the Roman Law, then with the old Law of the Decretals, concluding with an explanatory examination of each part, thoroughly illustrating his explanation with abundant and apt examples.

Special notice should be taken of the "Interpretatio et Praxis" appende to the Commentary on each Canon. These notes give the authentic interpretation of the Special Commission for Interpretation of the Code, and the practical interpretation as evidenced in the replies of the Sacred Congregations to the various doubts proposed to them. Of special interest are the "Regulae Iuris," so frequently quoted to illustrate the text.

For a clear, precise, and scientific explanation of the First Book of the Code this Commentary is undoubtedly second to none. In recommending this work to our readers we should say that it should not merely be found on the book shelf of every priest and student, but that it should be found open on his desk to be read, studied, and digested.

B. G.

L'Urbe Massima e l'Architettura di A. BRASINI: edited by Paolo Orano.

This fine series of sketches by a modern Roman architect is of special interest just now, when improvements are actually in progress or are being proposed. The book deserves a place in our library both for its own intrinsic merit and for its present significance. It gives us glimpses of what Rome might become externally at some future date. The specimen designs before us shadow forth a City which might perhaps compare, if ever embodied in stone, with imperial Rome of Augustus' days. Such seems to be the ambition of Brasini for his beloved Rome. And there is no denying that he is a genius—after the type of Bernini—who has the artistic power to recreate much of the old splendour. His love is for the *Seicento*, and his dream is "d'una Roma presente che l'Architettura riabiliti di fronte al giudizio dei Romani, degli Italiani e delle genti di ogni parte del mondo". So says the Editor, Sig. Orano, who also claims that this dream is gradually passing "from the nebulous state into bodily shape and firm lines" under the restless pencil of Brasini. The worth of this book and its present actuality are the reason why we call attention to it, even ten years after its publication.

We all long to see Rome arrayed in the beauty and grandeur which her

history and her everlasting importance cause those in distant lands to picture as her own always and for ever. But as one nears the end of a long journey, and, eager for the first sight of the Eternal City, stretches forth to satisfy his soul, there is a sense of disappointment. The approaches to Rome should be more worthy of the Centre of the world. The Supreme City itself is not a good outward sign of its inward glory. The streets are not like those of other great capitals, and are mostly unfitted to give passage to the rush of modern traffic. Very many buildings are grand triumphs of art and science, but they are too often like the Big Pieces on a chess-board, blocked by pestering pawns.

Brasini and many others have set out to change all this. There is to be a wondrous entrance to Rome, for instance, from the North. The Via Flaminia Brasini would make the *Regina Viarum*. Wide and spacious, it would run from a noble Square in front of the Flaminian Gate along the line of the present road over the Ponte Milvio to the hills which slope down to Tor di Quinto and form with the Parioli an amphitheatre of the grand curve of the Tiber. This new North Road would be placed between a double row of porticos, and on either side of the arches and columns would sweep along distinct roads for heavy traffic. Reaching the Tiber, these roads would come upon an immense Triumphal Arch, and then cross the river and separating to right and left pass over two colossal bridges. Spreading wider apart they would run round the Piazza della Latinità, Grandi Terme, Public Gardens, monuments to Michelangelo and Leonardo. A stupendous monument to Dante would crown the Clivo d'Italia and stand before the new railway station to which the roads finally arrive through a vast Piazza. The plans must be studied to realize the grandiose character of the buildings which would follow the long line of the new Queen of ways: the massive columns, the bold arches, the towers and bridges, the piles of much wrought masonry, the statuary, the fountains. The daring genius of it all leaves one breathless!

Almost as grandiose is the plan for replacing the present block of buildings which hides the Square of St. Peter's, by means of a line of porticos from Castel S. Angelo to the Piazza Rusticucci. Brasini's scheme for the "sistemazione" of the Piazza Navona, at the end near the Apollinare, is also magnificent.

And the cost of all the improvements? Brasini's plans are imperial in scope and character; imperial also many be the price of their execution. What matter? That is not our concern! Rome is worth it all. The improvements would ultimately probably pay for themselves, and with interest. One only criticism we may safely and securely pass on the schemes as set forth in the splendid book before us: Brasini's Pegasus is impetuous enough to ride down streets and through squares and palaces, heedless of the obstacles which may meet him along his path. But good heads are driving and strong hands hold the bridle.

The Besford Court Mental Welfare Hospital for Children. Eighth Annual Report.


One of the current problems of the day is that of mental deficiency. To the priest, parent, and teacher it is one that will not suffer to be overlooked. Consequently, the Eighth Annual Report of the Besford Court Catholic Mental Welfare Hospital for Children, giving as it does a Catholic solution of the question, and appearing also at this time when methods of sterilisation are being advocated in the public press, cannot but compel a widespread interest. Mgr. Newsome has presented us this year with a handsome production running to eighty two pages, well printed, with a series of valuable photographs illustrating the teaching methods of the Montessori school. The actual report concerns itself with a brief but complete analysis of the whole problem of mental deficiency, and gives an indication of the special way in which the Besford Court Hospital arrives at the solution. Our own knowledge of the Besford system, gathered from previous reports and from what we have seen of the results of this training justify our affirming its claim "to make the maximum contribution possible to any one type of Institution towards the solution of the mental deficiency problem" is no idle one. But we also are aware that "Besford" is still pioneer work, and therefore necessarily difficult. Hosts of difficulties which an experiment must of its nature suppose, have still to be faced. That the same spirit which has mastered them in the past may overcome them in the future is the earnest hope of every Catholic who realises the serious nature of this wide and menacing problem.

J. G.

THE LIBRARY.

We thank the following generous benefactors who have recently presented books to the Library: His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, Mgr. Cicognani, The Rector, Fr. Murray C.S.S.R., Fr. J. Welsby S.J., Fr. Benedict Williamson, Miss Snell, Mother Lamb, Miss Grimes, and the Hon. Cecil Dormer. We are especially grateful to Miss Grimes for her handsome gift of ten volumes of Mgr. Mann's *Lives of the Popes*.





SPORTS NOTES

FOOTBALL.

In November last we were entertained to three games by our old friends Fortitudo on their ground. We won the first and last by 2 to 1 and 6 to 1 respectively, and lost the second by the only goal scored: in this instance some of the regular players were unable to play owing to illness. These games showed that a welcome change had at last come into the team. A good one could usually be selected, the defence trusted to do their work effectively: but the forwards could not be held to do other than fail to score. It was with no small amount of confidence that we looked forward to our annual game with the Scots' College.

This match, usually reserved for the Christmas holidays, was played on Boxing Day, and the following represented the College: Messrs Egan (Notts): H.R. Kelly (Shrewsbury), Delany (Hexham): Cahalan (Shrewsbury), Gowland (Hexham), Earley (Salford): E.J. Kelly (Menevia), Wilkinson (Lancaster), McNulty (Salford), Campbell (Liverpool), Carey (Plymouth). The game was a strenuous one, eagerly fought. Both goalkeepers played admirably, and along with them, the Scots' outside left and our inside left call for particular mention. The result, a goalless draw, was a satisfactory reflex of the game though our team was capable of much better football.

In March a game was arranged with the Swiss Guards, the College winning comfortably by 4 clear goals. During the whole game not a single goal kick was taken at our end and our goalkeeper was not called upon to save. But it was not so completely a one-sided game as it would appear. The Guards lacked constructive play, and if they have a few more outside games will soon prove a formidable side. The match was played at Fortitudo as the Guards' ground at the Vatican was considered too small.

Regarding "internal" matches, the Ph. Ds versus the Rest, (instituted last April), was played in February, resulting in a win for the Rest by 3 goals to 2. Early in March the Priests played the Rest, losing by 3 goals to 1. This game made history—it was the first time that a team of Priests

could be raised in the College. We record their names for future interest: Messrs Egan, Casartelli, H.R. Kelly: Grimshaw, McNarney, Wilson: Griffin, McNulty, Masterson, Clayton. The Priests had Messrs Hemphill and Goodear as reserves.

On March 18th. the Philosophers met the Theologians in Pamphili and were beaten 6-0.

The regular games at Pamphili have continued, but less trouble than usual has been needed to arrange the games; for with a little effort our numbers are so high that even 44 players can be obtained. The only point for mention here is that the experiment of one side turning out in white shirts and the other in any colour, rather than allow each player to turn out as he might wish, has proved so beneficial that it has come to stay.

The new men, 9 in all, have considerably enlivened football in the College, for they are 9 footballers of no mean ability. Three were immediately included in the team, and they, with others of their year, should be first-rate footballers next season. By then they will have settled down to the climatic conditions here. Much is expected of them as they have to replace players who leave for the Mission this summer and who have given the College good and consistent service. Reference is made particularly to Messrs. Egan, H.R. Kelly, McNulty and McNarney. It is to be hoped that the 1926 new men will bring at least a first-rate goalkeeper to fill Mr. Egan's position.

We are grateful to Frs. Morrisey (Salford) and Ellis (Notts) for their continued offers of balls. Our stock will carry us through this season but we may have to call on their generosity next year. The members of this season's committee are Messrs. E.J. Kelly, (Menevia), R. Gowland (Hexham) and J. Garvin (Liverpool).

E. J. K.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Since last we wrote, twenty one lectures have been given under the auspices of the Society, and the closely written pages of our minute book wherein we briefly synopsis the lectures bear eloquent testimony to their value and importance. It is difficult to give any adequate and satisfactory account of them here; for, apart from their intrinsic merit, such lectures can and do prove a welcome stimulus and inspiration to our own humble efforts and help to enliven to some extent the routine of seminary life.

To begin with home products: sad to say, only six out of the twenty one lectures have been given by members of the Society. This is not as it should be; yet it is a marked improvement on past years and we have good reason for thinking that in the coming years members will forget their bashfulness and give us what they are well qualified to give.

But, certainly, a high standard has been set by members who have already

spoken. Mr. Hawkins was first in the field with an excellent paper on *Shelley*. Then followed Mr. Wrighton who wrote on *Plato*. Philosophy after supper was a hard pill for some of us and, moreover, we are staunch Aristotelians. But the lecturer knew his audience, and first cleared the air of prejudice, then showed us Plato as the pre-eminent poet and philosopher he is, in spite of his errors. Nevertheless the paper provoked a lively question time and some of us are still arguing about it. We next heard Mr. Howe on *Spiritism*, followed by Mr. Smith in a semi-philosophical paper entitled *The Meaning of Music*. In celebration of the seventh centenary of St. Francis of Assisi, Mr. Delany gave us an evening of topical interest on the *Third Order of St. Francis*. The sixth paper was that of Mr. McNarney on *The Law of Moses: A difficulty and its solution*. The learning displayed in this last was beyond praise and the pity is that Mr. McNarney leaves us, at the end of the year. We would also point out that he wrote this paper in the last few months of his preparation for the Doctorate of Theology and amid the anxiety and worry of Ordination; after this example we can hardly say we have not time to write.

The lectures invited from outside the College defy any kind of classification; they dealt with a variety of subjects—religion, social, historical, personal, missionary, critical.

As early as May we had the Rev. R. Ranaghan, Missionario Apostolico. He appeared with a small, mysterious, black box, which proved to be a self-contained cinematograph. With the aid of this he was able to give a perfect idea of *Missionary Endeavour in China*, concluding with a film of the splendid scenes that took place during the Synod of 1924. On the same subject of missionary life was Fr. Cary Elwes' S.J. lecture, given at Palazzola, on his *Missionary Experiences in British Guiana*. He had with him more than a hundred lantern slides of surpassing beauty, made for the most part by himself.

Last May we were fortunate in hearing Father Thurston S.J. treat of the difficult problems of *Extraordinary Spiritual Phenomena, Stigmata &c.* Much later in the year we had need of the very sound principles he laid before us, when Dr. O'Brien spoke to us on *Teresa Higginson*.

One other of our intellectual worries is the question of Comparative Religion. It is quickly becoming as popular in the railway carriage as Predestination, Private Judgement, the Immortality of Dogs and such like hoary veterans. Father Martindale S.J. in one short hour showed us wherein lay the difficulty and also the manner of its solution. He also gave us some good advice as to the method of dealing with our critics, both railway carriage and otherwise, stressing the three qualities required in every apologist; the common sense which gives a true perspective of things, a knowledge of Natural Theology and a deep sympathy for the difficulties of others.

On one subject lectures are always welcome, namely the position of Catholic affairs in our own country. This Session we have had five,—Fr. J. Keating S.J., Editor of the Month on *The Catholic Movement in England*, Dr. Herbert Vaughan on *The English Missionary Society* (better known as the Motor Mission) Fr. Cronin I.C. on *Welsh Church History*, Mgr. Brown,

Bishop of Polla, on *The Present Position of Education in the British Isles*, and Father F. Woodlock S.J. on *The Church and Conversions in England*. Such lectures help us to keep in touch with the catholic life at home so that when we return after our seven years course we shall not be ignorant of the state of affairs in England.

At the same time we do not forget that we live in Italy, and we gave our old friend Dr. Thomas Ashby a rousing reception when he returned to rejuvenate our enthusiasm for Roman drains and the like. He spoke on *Engineering among the Romans*, his lecture being illustrated as usual by lantern slides.

The two remaining lectures treated of the War, a subject of perennial interest. Father de la Taille speaking most eloquently in English dealt with his *War Experiences as an Army Chaplain* and fittingly celebrated the centenary of lectures given to the Society. Sir Philip Gibbs gave us a masterly analysis of the *Conditions in Europe since the War*, betraying a breadth of mind born of personal experience in almost all the countries of Europe. They were both examples, in a different way, of the power the spoken word possesses when used to advantage.

Before the Session closes we have three lectures in store, Father Sesnon on *The Power of Expression in Public Speaking*, Father Woodlock S.J. on *Preaching* and Father George Nicholson C.S.S.R. on *My Experiences*.

Here then packed into a few lines is the material for a book and from it may be gathered some idea of our accomplishments during the past twelve months. The success of the Session is due in a large measure to the generous way in which our lecturers consented to give up their time to speak to us. But more than a word of thanks is due to our President, Mr. O'Leary and especially to the Rector without whose encouragement and assistance the Society could not exist.

WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD (*Secretary*).

THE "GRANT" DEBATING SOCIETY

Report of Session 1925-26. Eight debates were held with an average attendance of twenty members. Of the subjects discussed, the most interesting was: whether the average Catholic of to-day is sufficiently sympathetic towards Anglicans; after a long and keen discussion, opinion was evenly divided. The motion, that the Clergy should be forbidden to go to cinemas, also provoked great interest and was only defeated by one vote. Other subjects were of a more academic nature, but that cannot be considered a serious drawback, since the main object of the society is to encourage practice in speaking.

The session has undoubtedly been a success but not an unqualified one: at the opening, in November, there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm and