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[Photograph by Dr Pritchard

From S. Girolamo

EDITORIAL

ONE evening, outside a little hill *paese* in central Italy, a party of us met a *contadina* of most ordinary appearance, with ample skirts, clumsy boots and wrinkled walnut face. We asked her the usual questions a gita party asks at night-fall, and so fell into conversation. "Where do you come from?" she asked. "From Palazzola, the English Villa on the Alban Lake." "Palazzola?—yes I have heard of that. It is near the Pope's Villa at Castelgandolfo isn't it?"—It was a mere passing remark, but coming from a peasant who had seen neither Rome nor the Albans, it gladdened us and seems worthy of record.

Privileged indeed we were to spend a *villeggiatura* near the Holy Father: he must have held us in mind so frequently as he glanced across the lake at our solitary grey walls. Perhaps, therefore, it is not too presumptuous to repeat here, on behalf of Venerabilini Past as well as Present, all those sentiments of love and loyalty we ourselves expressed to him in the College audience, and to assure him that Venerabilini whether in England or Rome will always remain "near" in the fullest sense to his sacred person.

BISHOP KEATINGE

AN APPRECIATION

OUR readers will have heard with great regret of the death of the Right Reverend William Keatinge, C.M.G., C.B.E., a most distinguished and devoted alumnus of the Venerable. Born in 1869, he received his early education at Downside, and came to the Venerable in 1887. Six years later he was ordained in Rome; he served as a chaplain in the South African War, and was made Senior Chaplain to the forces in France, on the outbreak of the European War. In 1917 he was appointed *Episcopus Castrensis*. He died on February 21st, 1934.

The writer first met him at Gosport in 1898. As a small boy, he used to serve Father Keatinge's Mass, and remembers well the impression then made upon him by the dignity and devotion with which he celebrated the Sacred Mysteries. In those days the future Bishop was a young man, auburn haired, athletic and ascetic looking, distinguished for the neatness and priestliness of his appearance and though age—as it does with us all—changed him physically, the priest in him remained ever the same, an inspiration to all who saw him before the altar of God. I never saw anyone say Mass with greater devotion or with greater attention to rubrics. It mattered not whether he celebrated in Camp or in Cathedral. His prayerfulness would change the atmosphere of a canvas tent and make it seem the House of God. This was a side of his character that may be overlooked. But those who knew him well, knew that his was a life founded on prayer. Perhaps it was a relic of his time at Downside that made him delight to get one of his Chaplains to recite the Divine Office with him when opportunity offered in later life.

He had a most lovable character and a happy facility in making friends whom he never forgot. It is a stirring thing to hear him spoken of with reverence and affection by men of all denominations and of all ranks of Society, who served with him or under him or were his superiors in days gone by.

He saw good in everyone and for that reason was apt, at times, to be imposed upon ; and suffered keenly, when anyone from whom he expected nothing but honour and honesty played him false. Undoubtedly his native goodness laid him open to the false friend : for it was hardly in his nature to distrust anyone.

His charity was great to the fallen and the unfortunate alike. His executors, when they went through his papers, had ample evidence of this, and what is more, his almsgiving made no distinction of class or creed. He was a father to all who sought him sorrowing.

Of honours he received his full measure, and deservedly more than most. He was made a " Companion of St Michael and St George " in 1915, an officer of the Legion of Honour, and (after the War) a Commander of the British Empire. But if anyone wanted to touch his real pride and see his eyes shine, it was only necessary to speak of Rome and especially of the Venerabile. He received his priestly training there and of that he was proud indeed. As an old Capranica student, I can vouch for the fact that our only quarrels were *Venerabile v. Almo Collegio*. He always held *we* were intriguers ! He had but one desire in his later years, that, when the time of his retirement should come, he might go back to Rome and there leave his dust at the last. He looked forward to his visits to Rome and they were his true holidays ; while his devotion to the person of the Holy Father was greater even than his love for the British Soldier, and that was great enough. He longed to die near the Vatican, a wish that was not fulfilled.

He was noted among his friends for his sense of humour, a gift which helped him all his life, and which he could turn to good account, especially in times of difficulty or danger. He could tell a good story and change an atmosphere charged with hostility, as well as any, till the melancholy of his last illness destroyed his power.

His life work was the spiritual welfare of the British Soldier. When he joined the Army, he found Catholicism unorganised and chaotic, while of spiritual life among Catholic officers or men, except in a few cases, there was none. He fought a lone hand, unaided by anyone, and was often opposed where he had the right to expect assistance. But his courage and fair dealing won him respect everywhere. He never compromised the Catholic position and knew how to refuse the kingdoms of the earth, rather than betray the flock committed to his care. In the end, the very people whom he opposed could not but recognise his sense of honour and they honoured him.

Mentioned in Despatches and promoted on the Field in South Africa, he was the Senior Catholic Chaplain in France in 1914, narrowly escaping capture during the retreat of Mons. "One of the bravest men I ever knew", a certain Major of the R.A.M.C. declared of him. "He was more afraid of dirt than of dum-dums". He was made Principal Chaplain over all denominations in Salonica in 1916. The following year he became the first Army Bishop. The Royal Army Chaplains' Department has supplied Bishops to the Church out of all proportion to its numbers. But for the first time we had an Ordinary of our own, and he was one of us. More, he was the best man among us for the post. We can never bless the memory of Benedict XV sufficiently for that.

Till that time, we were a disorganised body, each playing his own lone hand. There was no definite public policy, no one to train us, no one to lead. Each had to learn his work by experience of his own failures and when a Chaplain was moved from his station or retired from the Army, he knew that any good he did would come to an end.

In the circumstances, it is remarkable that Catholicism should have held the position of respect which it did in those days, and it was in no small measure due to the courage and perseverance of Father Keatinge and his generation of Army Chaplains.

But from then on, we began to be organised. He taught us our duties, he helped us in our difficulties, he fought our battles and he gave us an *esprit de corps*. Now he is gone.

But his work will live. He welded our different elements into one body with one consistent policy. It is now no longer individual missionaries but a Diocese that works for God, and the difference is immense. He had the knowledge and the personality to use it.

He needed the patience of Job, and no doubt Job had a stronger character, but his great trust in God and his personal piety was a shining light and it brought him success, where many another stronger man would have failed. But we who served under him know that we shall benefit by his labours to the end of our days, and generations of Chaplains that come after us will not realise the good he did; because they know not the chaos he destroyed, but only the order which he made.

As he lay on his death-bed, and I gave him my blessing, the thought came to me how strange and wonderful are the ways of God.—Here was I, now his Vicar General, giving my blessing to the priest whose Mass long ago I had served as a little boy of twelve!

MONSIGNOR MULLINS.

SAINT STEPHEN'S DAY

THE Holy Father's visit to the Lateran on Ascension Thursday, during the Holy Year, was the occasion of a revival of an old privilege, by which a student of Capranica College was allowed to preach before the Pope, in the Lateran, on this day, when the Holy Father visited his own Cathedral. We, too, of the Venerabile have similar privileges, for from 1581 until 1870, a student of the College was appointed to preach before the Pope each year, in the Sistine Chapel, on Saint Stephen's Day.

The following opening paragraph to the Address of 1610, "*habita in capella coram Summo Pontifice et Cardinalibus*" gives us the reason for these addresses, and more especially, the reason why the 26th of December should be chosen for the English effort.

"Midst all these annual celebrations at which the task is assigned to certain Orders and Colleges to preach on the various feasts of the Church, surely, Most Holy Father, it was by the inspiration of God Himself, that to us should be given Saint Stephen's Day. For we, that is the students of the Pontifical Seminary of the English, can never forget the dreadful persecution at present afflicting our own country, a persecution which causes us the greatest sorrow, and which we have done nothing to deserve."

Remembering English Catholic History, and keeping in mind the date of the first oration, 1581, we can appreciate the idea, which prompted the appointment of the 26th of December. And as we read through the many efforts of the years down to the doubtful triumph of the Risorgimento, perhaps we can see reflected the state of Catholicism in England, and under-

stand something of the reactions of those forced to look on from abroad.

A glance through the instructions issued by the Master of Ceremonies in 1584, for the guidance of the speaker, may give us some idea of the scene in the Sistine Chapel, where most of the addresses were delivered, except for a few at the Quirinal in the later years of Paul V. The chosen student (one in Major Orders) was to remain in the sacristy, vested, until after the gospel, when he should go with the Master of Ceremonies to beg the Pope's blessing. When passing the Bishop or Cardinal celebrating, he should bow profoundly. At the middle of the altar, he should genuflect on both knees, rise and then genuflect towards the Pope, then ascend and genuflect at the feet of the Pope and at once kiss his foot—the Master of Ceremonies lifting up the Pope's vestment. On his knees he says—"Jube Domine benedicere": and the Pope immediately blesses "Dominus sit in corde tuo. . . ." Then, to gain the indulgence, he should say "Haec verba indulgentias Pater Sancte. . . ." Afterwards, rising, without genuflecting, he descends *in plano*: and proceeding to the pulpit (*suggestum*), puts on the biretta: pauses a while, makes the sign of the cross *decenter*, turns to the altar and kneels saying the Ave Maria; he should then rise, take breath a little while, and so begin the address without any other reverence. He should remove his biretta at the mention of the Holy Name, at that of Mary and the Pope. Having finished, he should genuflect towards the Pope and then the altar, and remain on his knees, while the Deacon chants the *Confiteor*—which done he rises and pronounces the Indulgences. Then once more genuflecting, until the Pope has blessed all, he should descend and go to the sacristy.

There is another passage dealing with the preacher's pulpit-manner, which might be of interest, since it gives three points of advice from Cardinal Bellarmine to the students. First not too much motion of the body, *i.e.* the hands and arms; this the dignity of the audience and place demand. Then the speaker should not turn completely towards the Holy Father, but being mindful of the Cardinals in audience, he

should also turn partly towards them. Lastly, he should not speak with too "sing song" or elevated a voice (*vox canora et elevata*) so that the sound should more easily be deflected on to the ears, from the vaulted walls of the chapel, rather than inflicted. In these, the Saint said, he had noticed the English were often at fault.

The addresses seem to fall naturally into three groups. Those preached before the end of the sixteenth century; those of the first few decades of the seventeenth century; and lastly, those of the nineteenth, after the restoration of the College and before the final blows of 1870.

To attempt any survey of the treatment of subject in these addresses would be very wearisome; so many are mere repetitions of the same method, well disguised by different words: others are just sermons which would not evoke a spasm of interest in a modern audience: others are bombastic with all the wealth of seventeenth century imagery and conceits, contorted into every shape and form to obtain effect. In general, the addresses are introduced by noting the singular aptitude with which the Church has established the Feast of Saint Stephen immediately after that of Christmas—the birth of the Prince of Martyrs into this world and the birth of the Protomartyr into Heaven: the beginning of the Kingdom of Christ on earth and the reception of the first to fall in defence of that Kingdom, with the triumph of Christ's glory in Heaven. They next proceed to a description of the life of Saint Stephen—his virtues and constancy; then on to the stoning, and lastly his solicitude for his persecutors. This is the general theme, but it is in the introductory and concluding paragraphs that matters, perhaps, of interest to us occur.

In the earlier addresses, from 1581 to 1602, we have the picture of a stricken England, overwhelmed by the persecution, and there is enough here to present to us the hopes and fears of the men in Rome and the difficulties of those at home. The very first address of 1581, read by John Cornelius, pleads with the Holy Father, that he will pardon anything in it which offends. For it is an old custom presented to a new college and "if the speech of a youth and the English pronunciation

should offend sensitive ears (*aures delicatissimae*),” he asks that the Pope who has ordered the task, should pardon its defects. He sketches the life of the Protomartyr, and concludes with a fervent prayer to him that he will ask of God, for the English students, the will to contemn every kind of punishment, the filth of prisons, chains, anything which their persecutors may devise for them. “Be our help and our hope, that we who are being educated in this Pontifical Seminary of Martyrs, when we come to the struggle for religion, may obtain the crown and heal our country’s wounds with our blood if necessary”. A later hand has neatly finished off the address with the words “*Martyr peroravit ad Protomartyrem*”.

So they continue through these years, ever bringing to the forefront the idea of youth struggling against overwhelming odds, and the plea for forgiveness for their persecutors. This perhaps is the idea we should expect from the narrative of Saint Stephen’s death, but is there not also the idea in the minds of the preachers, that this is their own condition and such therefore should be their outlook? So we get the cry, “*Spec-tamus et nos Brittani*”, some of whom fury has thrust out from their homes, others of whom have lost the greater part of their estates, while others are imprisoned and tortured by hunger, by rods, the fury of wild beasts, by crosses and the rack. “Who does not see unhappy Britain, her calamities, her miseries, the desolation of her children? How many have been disembowelled by the executioner? How often has she forced those whom she bred to give up their blood? Prisons are crowded, towers and dungeons overflowing”.

In 1583, we get this lyrical outburst with its Ciceronian turn: “*O Anglia, patriam dicerem nisi dulcissimum hoc nomen simul cum re iam pridem novercali odio ac plane barbara feritate perdidisses, quid agis, quid moliris cum nefaria ac funesta decreta adversus Catholicam religionem proponis? Cum nobilissimos viros, integerrimas matronas, innocentissimos adolescentes, purissimos sacerdotes, antistites sanctissimos honoribus ac fortunis omnibus spoliis, teterrimo carcere sepelis, flagellis caedis, enecas fame et squalore, distorques equuleo, suffocas laqueo, vivos mortuosque atrocissimis poenarum generibus*

mactas ? Quousque tuus iste effrenatus et praeceps furor in bonorum caede ac sanguine bacchabitur ? ”

The address continues, accusing England of being the only country, after so many centuries, to renew war against the Faith, exhibiting a more ghastly spectacle of cruelty than that which resulted from “ the fury of the Jews, the tyranny of Diocletian, and the Vandalic oppression ”. Gregory is assured that, as long as he with his paternal care, receives these miserable exiles of the nation, there will be no shortage of those who will devote themselves to death for “ country, *i.e.* for the Catholic religion, and for the Apostolic See and its Head ”.

A later address tells of the power and strength which the words “ *Civis Romanus sum* ” once implied ; when they spelt safety, even among barbarians ; but now so miserable is the condition of England, that they are quite otherwise. It is a hard and disgraceful name, which gains death and the worst of punishments ; for Englishmen, when they call themselves by this name, perish and are betrayed : and this by the will of a few tyrants, for the reason only that they are the sons of the Roman Faith and the Holy See, a reason nevertheless they esteem most holy and glorious. They are flung out unburied : but such is their desire, even if they must live fugitives in exile, or perish at the hands of their countrymen at home.

In 1585, the speaker wishes that there were no revival of the cruelty of the Jews or the rising of sects. In France, there are the Calvinists with their savagery and their hatred of priests. In Germany, the doctrine of Luther spreads amongst the people. As for England “ For seven and twenty years, London and other towns have run red with the innocent blood of martyrs and even yet the ferocity of the tormentors is not satiated ”.

This was in 1585, when the acts of the twenty-seventh year of Elizabeth’s reign, chiefly against Seminary priests, had been put into force ; when Sherwin and the first priests from the College had already left for England and, after Sherwin, nine others had already been martyred.

So the addresses go on through the years, congratulating

England that she should have so great a patron as Saint Stephen, who is honoured yearly in Rome in the papal concourse, but daily at home by those who give their lives for the salvation of their country, a country which has fully proved the words of Our Lord Himself, "You shall be betrayed by parents, by brothers, by relatives and friends and you shall be done to death and hated on account of my name".

In the last oration of the century, the speaker commented on the fact that this honour of praising Saint Stephen was given to the English College, in order that the Saint might be imitated as well as glorified. So may he bring it to pass, that the English in their fights may use his own weapons, his keenness, learning, constancy and strength, which is necessary to overcome the impiety of the enemies of the Church, to despise their calumnies and prisons, their swords and gibbets. So the prayer:—"May the Catholic Faith, which from the beginning of the century has been expelled from English homes, now be venerated with all its ancient rights, not merely in private houses, where its practice has been concealed for so many years, but publicly and before all. May the Faith return from its exile and shame to its former dignity".

It is on this note that the orations continued during that last decade of Elizabeth's reign, when, soured and refusing to recognise that she was near to death, she daily strove to bend all and everything to her will. It is no wonder then that these orations, couched though they are in language that is frequently fiery and rhetorical, do reflect a trace of the reality at home, the poignancy of Catholic suffering and the anxiety and indignation of Englishmen abroad.

For the first few years of the new century, they are tinged with the same idea. So 1601 ". . . We English in the deeds and words of Saint Stephen may find matter for frequent meditation and imitation. . . . We who are opposed by the fury of heretics and the madness of heresy, now by threats, now blandishments, now entreaties". So into his ranks the Protomartyr will receive soldiers consecrated to his battle field, that by the example of his fortitude, there may be triumph over heresy and tyranny. But gradually, during the next few years,

there is a change of tone : there is no direct reference to England and her doings, as if a hope had risen in the hearts of English Catholics that the accession of James I would bring with it a change in their position—a hope that perhaps lay dormant during the years that followed but was never realised. In the addresses, the question is now discussed. “Of what crimes was Stephen guilty ?” He did not incite against his country, he did not subvert laws, nor by his assertions did he betray liberty ; he did not violate temples and public buildings. The refrain continues asking why the innocent should suffer, why they should be loaded with crimes of which they were not guilty : and again, through it all comes “*Ne Domine statuas illis hoc peccatum*”. But by 1609, the battlecry is heard anew, and the Patron of “Destructive England” is once more invoked that, when “the privates are called by Christ and his Vicar the Roman Pontiff, he will inspire them with some of his great outstanding magnanimity, so that by no coldness of their own or others shall they be deterred from following in his footsteps, with equal deliberation and alacrity”. We have heard the echo of 1610 in the opening paragraph : 1611 brings to the front the struggles of so many martyrs and their triumphs : John Fisher, Cardinal of Rochester, most gloriously raised the standard, and, “from one Gregorian College of Englishmen resident in Rome, not to mention others, the twenty-third martyr has been written in its catalogue”.

James I in his speech at the opening of Parliament in 1612, avowed that he had called Parliament to seal with his stamp the religion of the country, and this would be obtained by uprooting popery. He said : “I know not how it is that, despite so many laws enacted against them, the Papists increase in number. I do not press for further enactments just now ; rather let the laws already in force be so clearly construed in all their terms and clauses by Parliament, as to leave no loophole of escape”. So came the stubborn efforts of the next thirteen years of his reign to crush popery ; an opposition so fierce in its legal trickery and intrigue, that Catholicism suffered one of its worst periods, and Catholics seem to have just “set their teeth” and determined to bear it. Perhaps

this accounts for the absence of any but occasional reference to English affairs in the orations. In fact, during the years which follow, the authors seem to have descended to a kind of stereotyped address. The conceits and clichés of the English prose of the period seem to have invaded even the Latin compositions. The neat turn of phrase is sought, and striking effect seems to have been the prominent idea in the author's intentions. The stories are such that "neque India, neque Erytha, neque Britannicum mare, neque Hydrases fluvius unquam protulerit". The scene of the Martyrdom is likened to a Greek tragedy . . . with Stephen as the central figure, the Chorus supplied by the Sanhedrin and Jews, Christ the audience, Saul the Choregos.

The search for some telling phrase leads to extravagances such as these. . . . "Testimonium Lapidarum seu Oratio in Laudem Divi Stephani Protomartyris . . ." and "Corona Christo pro Spinis Gemmea sive Oratio in Laudem. . . ." Not even the martyrdom of the aged John Lockwood in 1642, although a "Roman Priest", caused any spirited protest in the Orations. It seemed as if Catholics had become quite apathetic, or should we rather say they had realised more and more fully that this was to be the Will of God in their regard; they would let the world go on as usual and beat it in the long run.

We now pass to another period altogether—that immediately following the restoration of the College, from the early twenties of last century until 1869. The addresses are disappointing. Someone was quite evidently commissioned to write a set of them to be used at different times, during the future years. The result is a series of twenty planned sermons, all impersonal and lacking the sympathetic insight which can be seen in the earlier addresses. They were used at intervals during most of these years—the selection of the one which pleased him most being left to the student chosen to deliver the oration. The impersonal nature of the addresses leaves them with nothing of topical interest, a fact which is disappointing, in view of the upheavals of the nineteenth century, and especially of events in Rome. It is only when one or two

of the speakers preferred to strike out for themselves that the appealing touch once more appears. Though that written by Wiseman for 1837 has no special interest, there is another one of 1842 which strikes an old note, when it commemorates the martyrs who "in patria nostra infelici, pro sanctissimo Missae sacrificio sive celebrando sive audiendo occubuerunt", and also it makes mention of those who "apud Cinenses ne honorem sacris imaginibus desitum violarent, vitam suam pro Christo libentissime tradiderunt".

By 1865, we are brought face to face with reality and those "who in the nineteenth century would attempt to do that which has vainly been tried in all preceding centuries. Those who resist the authority of Christ's Vicar and wage war against him as if the promises to Peter did not live on in Pius". Saint Stephen is invoked to keep the city of Rome, so necessary for the Pope and the fulfillment of his office, from the enemy: this in 1865, when the victorious armies of Piedmont and the Garibaldian Volunteers were gradually closing in on Rome, and the twin-demons of injustice and anti-papalism were anticipating an overwhelming and everlasting triumph. The year 1869 saw the last of these addresses of which we have record, and it very appropriately celebrates the gathering to Rome of the Fathers of the Vatican Council, to fight for the same Faith for which Stephen had given his life. In every nation there was a Sanhedrin of enemies . . . the questioners of Revelation, Positivism, Fichtism, and the doctrines of Schelling and Hegel, the offspring of the XVIth century, were rearing their hideous heads: and at the same time there were the Sauls, the zealots of tradition who raised their hands against the Church.

This short account of the speeches we have preserved shows the somewhat sketchy but complete picture which they offer. To add in the details of light and shade, one needs but to remember the enthusiasm of the Romans, as they swarm up the Celian past the Colosseum, San Gregorio, and SS. Giovanni e Paolo, on December 26th, to pay their homage and respect to Saint Stephen in S. Stefano Rotondo. One needs but to see Pomerancio's paintings in S. Stefano and their imitations on

the walls of the tribune of the English College Church to understand at once how appropriate it must have seemed to the Pope and to Rome that Saint Stephen should be chosen as a Patron of the newly-found college.

The old privilege has been renewed for Capranica College, and though we have not exercised our right for over sixty years, we earnestly hope that if ever the custom be revived for Saint Stephen's, the day will still be ours.

F. ROGERS.

ROMANESQUES

19. — ROMAN SACRISTANS.

EURIPEDES has few scenes more beautiful than that in which Ion, a handsome if precocious stripling, appears at the portal of the Delphic temple, sprinkling lustral water from a golden vessel and sweeping the marble threshold with a bunch of bay. No sculptured deity on the pediment above presents a nobler figure than this young pagan sacristan, robed in the rich vesture of Apollo and surrounded with a flight of birds from Parnassus ; so that even if Hermes had not let the cat out of the bag a few moments before, we should hardly be surprised when, after considerable suspense for all concerned, the play discloses that Ion is indeed the son of a god. Needless to say, the Roman sacristan of to-day does not altogether maintain the Greek ideal ; if we exclude, as indeed the proprieties would seem to urge, the sacristans of S. Tommaso degli Inglesi—the three dread Fates whom only the foolhardy neglect to placate. They alone, of all Rome's sacristans, can vie with Ion in outward graces : they alone share with him those less tangible qualities of dignified presence and unperturbed possession which are the stamp of lineage. Others may rise to that position : they were born so.

In this they stand outside their type, for the Roman sacristan of type is made, not born : wrought out and fashioned with the hammer of hard fate. In fact, no man begins to be a Roman sacristan till he has been broken on the wheel of life. Observe him as he moves across the nave, treading a measure that is all his own, neither amble nor slouch but a leisurely trudge that combines the two. His garb may vary from a rusty cassock to a rustier suit, surmounted by the inevitable *berrettino*, a cross between a fez and a smoking cap.

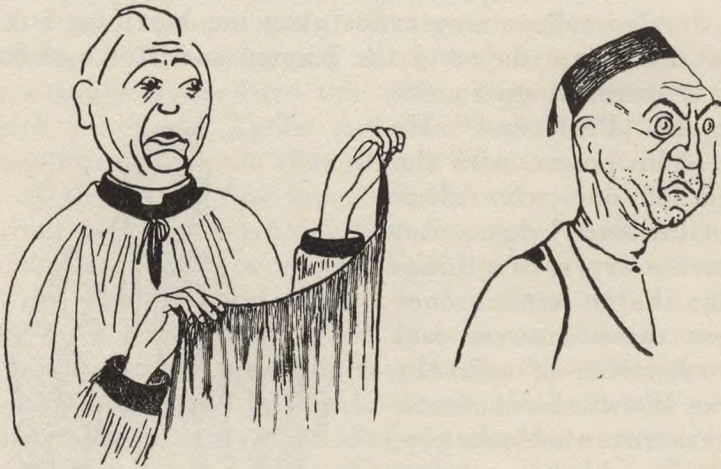
If he is not wielding a clattering candle-extinguisher he will jangle a large and shiny bunch of keys; and you will not find it easy to attract his notice, for he has the secret of complete abstraction and his lack-lustre eyes are apparently intent on old, unhappy, far-off things, before he dropped out worsted from life's battle into a Roman sacristy.

There he enjoys a comparative *otium cum dignitate* and only a *festa* with a privileged octave can transform that life into a fitful fever, only the gleam of the Sacred Purple can rattle those unhurried nerves. The Roman sacristan is not to be hustled and in his own sphere he acknowledges no higher power. The *parroco* may fret and fume, the young *reverendo* from a foreign college may expostulate incoherently, but Rome was not built in a day and the Roman sacristan's philosophy of life is summed up in the watchword "Pazienza!" He is sure of his power, with the security of one who alone holds vital knowledge. Let the *parroco* try to do things himself: he is lost at once amongst these drawers and cupboards, whereof only the sacristan knows the contents, only the sacristan holds the key. Is the reverend but impetuous *forestiere* over-anxious to say Mass at the shrine before the sacristan is ready? He will find that the chalices have been safely locked away, or his girdle has been stealthily abstracted from beneath his very nose. Try to shake, if you can, the composure of a Swiss guard; try, if you will, to hurry a Sacred Congregation; but never try to hurry a Roman sacristan.



"... a measure all his own ..."

He is, then, a despot ; but compared with his tyrannical English counterpart, he is a benevolent despot. With what kindly eye he will size you up, so that the alb he gives you may suit your height and girth. Your idea of what is suitable in these respects may differ, of course, from his : but the good intention is there. If you are not too impatient to hear it, he will tell you the history of the vestments he is laying out for you, and moving stories of the donor of the chalice, with perhaps a digression or two upon the celebrities that have used it before you. And if you feel, not unnaturally, some slight curiosity as to who used that amice and purificator



" . . . wounded pride. . . "

before you, curb such curiosity. A Roman sacristan has his proper pride and you might wound it easier than repair it. Use him well and he will give you his professional assistance without stint. True, he lacks the versatility of an Abruzzi sacristan, who will prepare for, serve and clear away after a sung Requiem, and fill in the spare moments of it by acting as full choir and organist in a Mass for four voices. But such a *tour de force* should not be expected of a Roman sacristan. He specializes ruthlessly and the limits of his liability are preserved inviolate. He knows to a nicety what may legitimately

be demanded of him. The rest is "plumber's work". He will not play the black-leg. So he is incomplete without his attendant satellites—the irresponsible *ragazzini* whom only his eye can quell, the decayed gentlewoman who collects *soldi* for chairs, the *povero disgraziato* who hangs about to run errands. For such as these there is a due subordination of office. It needs an emergency to bend the sacristan to their menial tasks. It may happen that the server is a visitor and forgets to ring the sacristy-bell when the priest goes out to Mass. At such a juncture, a broad-minded sacristan will waive his rights and condescend to such a service—a condescension which ennobles what might have been just an admonitory tinkle into an imperative clang.

Of course, if his church possesses notable works of art or *scavi*, or venerable shrines, he will always relax his rigour and turn tourists' guide. And far from regarding this as beneath his station, he will do the honours with a graciousness truly *signorile* and play the host with a portentous pose of proprietorship; usually conveying a subtle impression that the artist has done his work well, or the ancient architect built wisely, or the archæologist served valiantly the cause of science, but that *he*, the heir and custodian of it all, is the true benefactor to mankind. Note then the grand manner, as he unlocks the gates with never less than two gigantic keys, and sets in motion behind a pillar all the complicated machinery of windlasses and sliding panels, all those "gins and toils" that first must function before the object of your visit is disclosed. Should it be a sacred shrine, he will ensure your saying a prayer by loudly intoning one as he pulls the levers and turns his wheels. And afterwards, you are expected to patronize his wares at the souvenir-stall where he supplements a problematic *mancia* (and possibly still more problematic salary) by commercial enterprise in *oggetti religiosi*. In one Roman church, the sacristan was an old Irish lay-brother who drew much innocent amusement, in days gone by, from conducting parties of English Protestants round his *scavi* and pretending the while to be quite unversed in their language. But on one such occasion his patience was sorely tried and he gave himself

away. Among his clients was a shrieking American girl who persisted in breaking through his careful Italo-English monologue with long, inept monologues of her own. Breaking point was reached when they stood in the temple of Mithras. Our sacristan briefly announced the fact and was watching an inattentive old lady lay her rosary on the pagan altar. The impressive silence was broken by a piercing hoot from the American girl: "Oh, Mithras! I know *all* about him!" "No you don't", retorted the sacristan in an all-betraying brogue, "*Nobody* knows *annyything* about him!" There were no more interruptions, but the secret was out.

Too many digressions upon individual Roman sacristans might lay this article open to a like rebuke. Otherwise one might digress upon the elusive sacristan of S. Cecilia who is so difficult to find and so liable to slip through your fingers when found. One might attempt to recapture some of that



first, fine, careless rapture of Neapolitan eloquence, poured upon all comers by the brother who keeps the rooms of St Aloysius. Nobody who has arrived too early in the morning at S. Maria in Trastevere will ever forget the unnerving apparition of the gigantic sacristan there. He dwells in the bowels of the earth somewhere near the church door, and in answer to your ring will appear, a half-dressed monster of a man, scowling at your inexpectant ankles, through a thick grill set close to the pavement. No spelling could reproduce the *slancio* of command conveyed by the ritualistic old gentleman at S. Lorenzo in

"... staggered back to my waiting priest."

Damaso as he bids you forth with a word of his own devising: "Pro-ceediamuss!" Only experience can teach with what paternal pity the aged laybrother at S. Pietro in Vincoli fusses a young priest, with many a "Figlio mio!" and many a "Caro giovanotto!" Indeed, the *sacerdote novello* is the Roman sacristan's darling: to him, all doors are open, for him all the laws of Medes and Persians can be prorogued.

I was serving one of these favoured few during his first week of Masses and we reached the Confessio of S. Giovanni in Laterano only to find that there were no *carteglorie* upon the altar. I sped back to the sacristy to repair the defect. "Non ci sono carteglorie," I faltered in first-yearly tones. "No, non ce ne sono," replied the sacristan in bland agreement. "But," I persisted, "we should like some." "But," replied he, "there aren't any. There never *are carteglorie* at the Confessio of S. Giovanni,"—this with a spread of the hands and lift of the eyebrows that plainly spelled "Roma locuta, causa finita". Then I spun my pathetic tale of the poor, young *novello*, but two days ordained. How first-year Italian struggled through the throbbing pathos, I cannot now remember. But at once, with loud cries of "Sacerdote novello", the immovable sacristan began to move. He shot back bolts and bars, unlocked with ferocious energy several double locks, dived into a dusty cupboard and emerged triumphant with three massive bronze frames, under whose stupendous weight I staggered back to my waiting priest. I think that all the bronze that was left over when Bernini had finished St Peter's *baldacchino* must have been used up in making those titanic frames. And as I laboured Confession-wards under their crippling weight, I could still hear the Lateran sacristans ejaculating with fervour "Sacerdote novello! Prosit! Prosit!" I reached the altar at last. Together we hoisted the frames into position. And we found not only was it impossible to prop them up, and too dark to see them, but the actual charts within the frames were not much bigger than postage stamps and the stains of centuries had long since obliterated any words that might have jogged a young priest's memory.

THOMAS DUGGAN.

THE HOLY YEAR

Anni favor jubilaei
Poenarum laxat debitum,
Post peccatorum vomitum
Et cessandi propositum.
Currant passim omnes rei.
Pro mercede regnum Dei
Levi patet expositum.

(Thirteenth Century Hymn).

JUST as we forget the taste of a medicine long before we cease to benefit from it, so the Holy Year, a spiritual tonic, continues to bear fruit, when the fêtes and functions that ensured its success remain but dimly outlined in our memory. But for us students it is different : we could not lose our varied impressions, try how we might. We could not possibly stand aloof, for is not the peculiar origin of our College bound up with a holy year of long ago ? It was about the time of the Jubilee year 1350, that the long-felt need for some refuge for English pilgrims in Rome was supplied. Hitherto, the genial bandits of Rome had robbed and ill-treated English pilgrims as they pleased, but now, once arrived at the Hospice, they were safe and amongst friends. In these enlightened times of life insurance and Wagons-lits, safety is a foregone conclusion, but it is a fine tradition of the Venerabile that we like to make all English pilgrims feel that they are amongst friends, by welcoming them to the college where, in England's better days, they would have received board and lodging. In this way, during a Holy Year, the College recaptures some, at least, of the features of the old Hospice, and we students . . . but more of that anon !

There are two things which combine to make a successful Holy Year, pilgrimage and prayer. That the latter requirement was fulfilled and well fulfilled, we, at least, need not question. Suffice it to say that the Holy Year could not have achieved such results had prayer been lacking. The question of pilgrimage cannot be dismissed thus lightly, though one hardly feels able to do it full justice. From the opening of the Holy Door till it was finally sealed again, the crowded functions at St Peter's bore eloquent testimony to the steady flow of pilgrims from all over the world, while the number of English pilgrims can best be judged from the frequent invasions of the College and from the stock of fragmentary College history one acquired.

For us, by far the most interesting pilgrimage of the year was that of the Unemployed, at the end of September. Since it was during our summer holiday, ten of us went into Rome from the Villa, to assist the men in their sightseeing expeditions. Let one of these official guides recount his adventures with the men :

“The pilgrimage was a brilliant idea. The pilgrims were delighted with everything and overwhelmingly grateful for any small service rendered them. Our parties were made up of thirty or more, and it does not need much imagination to picture the condition of a guide at the head of such a band. On one occasion, two parties were crossing the road at the same time, with the result that when I counted my charges a few minutes later, I found I had acquired nearly a dozen new recruits. Returning home with this group, some forty strong, I was hailed by a fellow student, volubly assisted by his own troupe, ‘I say, this is your bus, I think’. After I had packed my forty patient pilgrims into the already overcrowded vehicle—‘You *are* going to the Mater Admirabilis, aren’t you?’ As a matter of fact, I was aiming at the convent of the Divin’ Salvator. I didn’t *say* anything, but just sorted out The Forty and carefully unpacked them from the bus, melting beneath the gaze of a waggish conductor and his admiring audience. When we arrived at the Convent, I found I had ‘unpacked’ several men from the Mater Admirabilis. . . .

In normal circumstances, with a walking-stick and a rucksac, I can just about manage to get on the right bus, obtain the right ticket, and struggle off at the right stop ; but after trying the experiment with two dozen well-meaning but helpless men, I take off my hat with reverent awe to the brain behind the B.E.F. There are two schools of thought in the matter of boarding and alighting from a public conveyance. The Italian school believes wholeheartedly in the survival of the fittest. Politeness, they would seem to say, is an excellent thing when you don't stand to lose by it, but otherwise—well, life's too short. The Unemployed, on the other hand, preferred to hang back, as it were, from the scrum, and get on when the bus was already bulging with humanity. Anyone who attempted to push his way before anything in a Roman collar or female attire was promptly rebuked. 'Hey, Bill! Just you cummere and wait a bit. Up you go ma!' At this point, the highly scandalized 'ma' is lifted bodily up the steps basket and all. While you were engaged in a frantic effort to multiply 35 cents by twenty seven, your cheerful charges would begin urging the delighted natives to 'pack up their troubles in their ole kit-bag'. Upon urging the men to get off at the front of the bus, a lively discussion would arise as to which *was* the back or front of a bus, the leading part being sustained by the comic 'turn' of the company. Then—'Shut up, 'Arry, Father wants to say something'. 'Father', rather hoarse, settles the question, and by that time the journey has been exceeded by two or three stops. After one such experiment, we decided not to patronise the Corporation's vehicles again.

"The audience with the Holy Father, the organizers alleged, was timed for midday, so some of us went for refreshment, while the men were completing their jubilee visits in St Peter's. We returned promptly, and made our way to the audience chamber, where instead of the throngs of patient men we expected to see, we were confronted with the amazing spectacle of a faultlessly attired M.P. running round in small circles and evidently searching for something. A sort of latter-day Casabianca, this gentleman was apparently the sole survivor

of the Pilgrimage. The men, he said, were nowhere to be found, and he was as wild as a producer whose entire audience has walked out on him. However, the men soon arrived, accompanied by one of the students who had had the brilliant idea of keeping them occupied in the Vatican Galleries instead of letting them wait for an extra hour. When the men caught sight of the harassed M.P. ('all got up in 'is Sunday best', as one of them expressed it) speculation was rife as to his exact status in the Pontifical household, till it was finally decided that he was 'the chap that sees you don't smoke'. While we were waiting, one of the men handed me a petition in an envelope. This was the first 'spot', and after the shower that succeeded it, our pockets were bulging with packages and our brains with the minute instructions which accompanied every petition regarding its destination. The Holy Father entered eventually amidst a silence that could be felt, and passing round two chambers lined with men, he gave each his hand to kiss. He spoke in Italian for more than half an hour with every eye fixed upon him, and when the speech was translated by the Rector, it was received with tremendous enthusiasm and applause. Then followed the Credo sung by the men with one of the students conducting. At this point in the description of the audience, one of the leading Catholic newspapers stated that 'the effect was astounding', and it is altogether a very moot point whether this was apropos of the men's singing or the student's conducting.

"One afternoon, having laid a wreath on the Victor Emmanuel Monument, the men were entertained at the Railwaymen's section of the O.N.D. Their visit coincided with that of a French delegation, and upon their entering the hall, the men sang the Marseillaise with great gusto. It was announced that they would be given a glass of vermouth on the way out and from that moment the success of the party was assured. Their visit to the Colosseum for the Stations of the Cross will go down in history owing to a remark made by one of the pilgrims. The story has already been misprinted in various papers, but what the man actually said, was 'It's a fine building,

but what a pity they're knocking it down'. Foreign press please copy. . . . What's that? . . . Basta? . . . Right-ho!

"No doubt all the "student-guides" could tell a similar tale, and all agree that the pilgrimage was a great success, and those of us who were fortunate enough to assist the men about the city will always remember their touching gratitude, which transformed three days of really hard work into a most pleasant duty."

About the other pilgrimages it would be difficult to speak in detail, for they were so numerous. They had this one thing in common—they all paid a visit to the College. A spot that never failed to excite their sympathy and very often their tears, was the tribune of the Chapel with its realistic frescoes. With each of these pilgrimages the numbers of the Martyrs' Association increased enormously, and even when the pilgrims were told the same joke within five minutes by the Secretary and the Treasurer, they still put down their names! Statistics are never very reliable and are only relatively convincing, so it is better to leave them unquoted, but their object will be doubly achieved by recalling the words of the Pope at the reception of the new British Minister, Sir Charles Wingfield. On that occasion the Holy Father said: "England is especially dear to us in view of the large number of English pilgrimages which came to Rome during the recent Holy Year: a number exceeded by no other nation, and under no other circumstances". In face of this evidence there could be no doubt as to the numerical success of English pilgrimages: as to their fervour, everyone who was fortunate enough to be received in audience with one of the large pilgrimages will readily vouch for that. There were surely very few periods when there was no English pilgrimage in the City, and it was an exceptional Sunday when we had no visitors at Benediction. On the whole, then, and more especially in consideration of the hard times brought on by the financial crisis, England is to be congratulated on the striking part she played in the Jubilee activities, and if the Association, promulgated so wonderfully through the Holy Year, continues to increase and multiply as it is doing at present, the reward of this fidelity

may not be long in manifesting itself in the way for which we always pray.

Nor did the Venerable 'pilgrims' fall far short of the standard set by the English visitors to Rome. Our Jubilee lasted not a few days but a whole year, and what we lacked of the ordinary pilgrim's fervour, we made up with our energy in fulfilling the Jubilee conditions; and this is by no means the easy task for us which people in England imagine it to be. Some visitors to Rome seriously thought that during a holy year our ordinary work was suspended, while we made as many Jubilee visits as possible, but actually the internal life of the College is very little changed. This is as it should be, for what is a pilgrimage without effort and some inconvenience? In earlier times, 'penance' and 'pilgrimage' were much more interchangeable than they are at the present day. When the pilgrim of to-day steps into his train, the most he has to fear is a little travel-sickness or a tiresome wait at some unimportant station: the pre-Reformation pilgrim on the other hand, took a long farewell of his nearest and dearest before setting out, for if he managed to escape the attentions of the footpads of his own country, and if the frail ferryboat bore him safely across the Channel, he was pretty sure to receive some rough usage in his passage across the Continent, especially during times of political unrest, when he might be sent on his way to the Eternal City, minus his ears, by some spiteful enemy of the reigning pontiff. On the whole, it was rather a fortunate, nay, an *unusual* pilgrim who came back to England completely unscathed. Of course, the would-be pilgrim of to-day has his own peculiar troubles, too: in earlier times, the traveller begged his way across Europe with a few pence in his purse, but nowadays the promoters of any pilgrimage demand a nice round sum of money before they will even forward the Pilgrims' Prayer-book. The squire of Chaucer's day, having suddenly made up his mind to visit the tombs of the Apostles, told his trusty churl that he would be "not at home" for a few years and just set off: to-day, after months of anxious anticipation, the pilgrim sets out for Rome, knowing quite well that if he is not back within a very limited time, his job will be given

to someone else in the meantime. However, what modern pilgrims lose in penance, they certainly make up in prayer and the extremely well organized devotion which has called forth so much enthusiastic praise from the Holy Father during the past Holy Year.

Everyone knows what the Pope thought and said about the Jubilee year, and it will be interesting to consider a little of what he *did* to help it to such a successful conclusion. Newspaper reports and personal observation told us a mere fraction of the Holy Father's activities, but even this caused everyone to wonder at his indefatigable energy and the fatherly consideration which he extended to such of his flock as came to visit him in Rome. Not a single English pilgrim came away unsatisfied with his audience, and many hours of tedious waiting were forgotten, when at length the Holy Father left the *ante-camera*, smiling through his weariness. On his many appearances, too, in the Basilica of St Peter, he surprised everyone by his cheerfulness and vigour throughout tiring ceremonies, although, indeed, on several occasions his exhaustion became apparent in the effort which it cost him to give the repeated blessings on his entry or his departure from the Basilica. It would be impossible to forget those memorable occasions when, on his way from the Basilica after a large function, he would order his throne-bearers to stop at the bottom of the main aisle and turning round, would impart a final special blessing on the wildly cheering crowds. He repeated this thoughtful act so frequently that it came to be regarded as the natural conclusion to a Canonization or Beatification. His reward will be great if he lives—as we hope he will do—to see reaped the fruits of this Holy Year, but for the present, he is quite content with the gratitude in all Catholic hearts.

It would prove too lengthy a task to give even the briefest account of all the holy men and women who were beatified or canonized in the course of the Jubilee celebrations, but at the same time, one must say something about two of the new saints whose elevation to that honour was received with such joy and enthusiasm throughout the whole world. St John Bosco is popular in England, but nothing could equal

the joy of the Italians at his Canonization. The following reference to the great event is typical: "L'Anno Santo volge così al suo termine riassumendo nella grandezza di un avvenimento tutte le ragioni più alte e più confortenti della sua celebrazione. Le Porte Sante si chiudono, ma si splancono le Porte Eternali per accogliere il Re della Gloria trionfante nella Pasqua di Risurrezione. A capo di tutto uno stuolo di nuovi santi, una radiosa Figura Lo segue. Fra la nostra infinita miseria e l'infinita grandezza di Dio, questa radiosa figura si aderge per annunziare—frutto massimo del Giubileo della Redenzione—che la distanza infinita può essere colmata, che ogni Redento può ricongiungersi al Redentore quando, sull'esempio dei santi, trionfi nel mondo la virtù del Vangelo, la virtù di 'Don Bosco'".

The wonderful multitude of pilgrims who descended on Rome while the new saint's cause was receiving final approbation was the most eloquent return that could have been made for the debt of gratitude to this saint which is acknowledged in every civilized country, and wherever his sons, heirs and successors have extended his loving influence. Similar, though more widespread enthusiasm was shown at the canonization of little Bernadette Soubirous. Taking place very appropriately on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, this event united Lourdes—the main centre of devotion to our Blessed Mother—to Rome, the capital of her Divine Son's kingdom on earth. Another union is effected, for Pius XI, "by a supremely significant act, and in the fullness of his Apostolic Authority, united indissolubly in the veneration and love of the Christian world—the White Lady of the Pyrenees and the lowly maid of Lourdes: Mary Immaculate and Bernadette Soubirous". When the pilgrims who flocked to Rome on this occasion invoke the help of their patroness once more at Lourdes, it will give them an added thrill of fervour to think they "assisted" at the canonization of this favoured saint.

The effect of the Holy Year on the City itself does not appear to have been so great as on former occasions. From accounts of the last Jubilee year one gathers that, for months

before it began, Rome was in a complete turmoil of new roads, new buildings and new tramway routes. The only change of that nature brought about by this Holy Year was the reorganization of the taxi traffic to deal with the serious congestion of the roads. The Romans themselves responded nobly to the Holy Father's appeal, both in their assistance of foreign pilgrims and in their own devotions. One example of their private devotion proved this beyond question. A miraculous crucifix was carried in procession from St Peter's to St Marcello, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that one half of the population of Rome assisted on that occasion. Those who were not carrying torches in the procession, crowded the pavements and joined in the singing. When we arrived in procession on the Nazionale, the pavements and side streets were so crowded that, after the crucifix was finally taken into S. Marcello, we had great difficulty in struggling back to the College although we were on an all-too-familiar route! The Italians love these straggling processions, and their devotion is quite amazing.

And now after all the bustle and excitement which inevitably accompany a holy year—more especially an extraordinary one—Rome has once more resumed its ordinary activities, and everything seems dull by comparison. The Pope has taken a well-earned rest at his Villa 'across the lake', and his beloved pilgrims are once more scattered over the world. For some of them, the Holy Year marked the culminating point of a life of devotion; for others it has, no doubt, provided the impetus for a better and more useful life, but for all without exception it will ever remain a vivid memory, dominated by "the little man in white" who made them so welcome to the City. To us who had the good fortune to be in Rome during the whole year, it will be more than that: it will be an everpresent fund of wonderful experiences that few are privileged to enjoy.

A. NEWTON.



The Cypresses, Palazzola

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY INFIRMARIAN'S BOOK

IT WAS at night, when darkness and stillness held the College, and it was by the side of a sick-bed that the idea for this article came to me. I tell you, dear reader, the time in order to solicit your interest, for do not terrifying and fascinating thoughts come to us when folks sleep? I tell you the place to secure a sympathetic hearing. The patient courage of the sick student had impressed me, and turned my wandering mind to thinking of courage, courage in sickness, courage in face of death, of our College Martyrs and of my own special friend among these courageous students, the Venerable George Haydock. Yes, he had, I remembered, collapsed while making the pilgrimage walk of the Seven Churches. This illness was a climax for him because shortly afterwards he had to leave Rome to seek a more congenial climate in France. However, during his four years at the Venerable, he would surely have passed many nights as was my uncomplaining patient. Some fellow-student—perhaps another martyr—must have watched even as I was, at the sick man's side. And I wondered did that "nurse" moon as I was doing? And how was the infirmary conducted in those days? Would there be a row of neat bottles on the table, as I could now dimly perceive by the gentle glow of the electric fire? Ah, electric, that word awoke me and told that much must have changed. But how? and was it for the better? Was our modern infirmary still producing the "stuff" that makes martyrs?

For the present my thoughts had ended. But a friend, into whose kindly ear I poured my night-wanderings, later placed before me two books, one a twentieth-century black

note-book bound in imitation leather; the other bound in parchment and of the seventeenth century. Both gave if not a complete and practical account of the affairs of the infirmary, at least the modes and methods one ought to employ in approaching the sick. Here then, was a criterion by which to test our progress in matters medicinal, by which to judge whether our modern infirmary is producing men worthy of their ancestors!

It is not without a tremor of delight and expectation that one folds back for the first time the parchment covers and the crackling pages of a book which probably served—however foully—as a book of reference and health for some of the Martyrs of the College. Still we shall not disguise any failing in the great work, but rather speak our mind and its reactions clearly and straightforwardly. Even on the first page our excitement receives a check. The hand-writing throughout is not good, but the first entry—whether it be dedication or name, cure or complaint, I know not—baffles all my art of deciphering. Fortunately there is more writing on this first page and it is easily legible. Our confidence and expectation is saved from an untimely death. We read, by way of dedication of the manuscript, a doxology. Here is the evident and striking piety expected of those days. But our estimate of the depth of the piety pertains rather to the conclusion, after the examination of the books is complete. Let us turn on. Yes, here begin the numbered pages and “A book of very good receipts.” This is worth noting, for later, the various health formulæ receive such sub-titles as “approved cure for consumption”, “an excellent receipt for rumours” or “His Lordship’s admirable remedy for gout”. Whether the approval was deserved or the excellence really did excel or who His Lordship was, all enquiries have failed to reveal.

But among the modest “very good” remedies there is one that caught my eye entitled “Oyntment of tobacco”. This remedy receives a special mode of description. Its method of preparation is at once told and there follows its eulogy. “Take of tobacco leaves two pound; steep them a whole night in red wyne; etc.”. What waste! What of the tobacco leaves, did they grow in the College garden? We know that there

flourished orange and lemon trees and that such trees still flourish. If so are we now lacking in enterprise? I fear the medical authorities are losing their appreciation for the virtue of tobacco. How very often one is told that tobacco is bringing one to an early grave. But our predecessors appreciated the weed even when it was reduced to the form of ointment. The infirmarian feels it his duty to vindicate the rights of this medicine to the full. He starts a new paragraph with a fresh headline.

“The virtue of the oymntment of tobacco”—“It cureth rumours, wounds, gun-shot, botches, stinging with bugs, hornets, venemous beasts, wounds made with venemous weapons, arrows, etc.”. (Did the students carry arms in those good days?) “Further the remedy is good for all stomach complaints”. In the last lines we can see how enthusiastic he has grown, for he gives not single ailments but groups of them together. Thus “it helps the chollick, etc., etc., and what not”. And the final words are: “It is the best that is for goutts of all sorts”. Yes, let us be with the martyrs and keep to tobacco.

The compiler of the precious work was evidently an infirmarian of enthusiasm and generosity. Nothing seems to be outside his ambition. The drugs are prepared from the very roots and leaves, while only the elementary components are used in the mixing of oils and ointments. An advanced case of consumption is prescribed for with a readiness equal to that with which one would iodine a scratch. The scope of this man covers all known diseases and he is prepared to tackle the unknown with vigour. Generosity is an outstanding feature, for he always talks in gallons and kilograms. The possibility of a failure to cure never seems to have been considered, while the quantities used would test the reserves of the best stocked “Boots’”. We can also trace the “Mrs Beaton” influence on his ideas, for we read that to cure some unpronounceable disease one must take eggs (number not mentioned), beat them together, add much milk and water and boil for many hours. It does not say how the medicine is to be administered. Or again, to make one half pint of broth, we are bidden “Take 8 English quarts of water a sheep’s head and the whole boyle

in the sayd 8 quarts till it cometh to 2 quarts. Then take out the head and putt in two handfulls of bran and a handfull of 'plantane'. It is boyled to half a pint. . . ." The inevitable yokes of eggs are later added and the patient is to receive half a pint five or six times a day.

Before we leave the first part of the medical book we must note the frequent occurrence of the disease ague, in all its possible variations. There is ague simply, the ague shaking, the ague shaking and approved, ague approved, the quartan ague (not approved), the ague in the legs, etc. And also let there be observed with consolation the prescription for the whitening of teeth. Can there be seen in this a little vanity on the part of the Martyrs? For my own sake, I hope so!

As I turn to the second part my mind is uneasy, because while I am full of admiration at the scope of the foregoing fifty pages of highly recommended cures—for what modern infirmarian of the Venerable would attempt to cure "a consumption" or "His Lordship's gout" or shaking ague—my mind is worried, for it misses something. What is it? Can you tell me? Perhaps the following pages will unfold the mystery. Part two immediately betrays the influence of the "Schools". It is divided into fourteen *capita*, and for example, the fifth is "Of Oyles" and the whole prescription is written in a style that makes one expect a "contradicendum". We are told how to preserve herbs, leaves and roots, to prepare juices and syrups, to use phosphorus and "pultissos". The language is apt to change into Latin, but one can feel the infirmarian being firm with himself and resisting the undue desire to be with the Schools. Ever he returns to English. Later on in the final stage of his work, he allows his versatility in languages full scope and we receive Latin, Italian and English together and alone. This third part contains a collection of various and assorted cures, probably the experience of many years and of many infirmarians. Here are to be found remedies for gout and consumption down to the methods of removing a pimple and of making ink. Finally as if the author felt he had strained the patience of his successors, he hastens to include an index, which is unfinished and completely useless. The

hand-writing here becomes definitely bad and the use of alphabetical order or any useful order at all seems to have been beyond the author's acumen.

As I allow the book to close, my feelings are very mixed. There is certainly admiration, which is not altogether free from jealousy for the industry and earnestness of my fellow-infirmarian. His courage in tackling anything from a splinter to gout makes his modern substitute blush. The evident piety and familiarity with different languages is impressing. Ah, just as the last pages are closing, my eye has caught sight of some figures. They are weights and measures—dry and wet measure and also long measure. I wonder why they needed long measure? Coffins . . . ?

Let us turn to the black leather book of modern days. Does it cater for students who have in them the making of martyrs, and can reading between the lines show that the modern "nurses" of the Venerable are of the same generous, ambitious, self-disciplined stuff that made their predecessors? In other words is the infirmary—active and passive—continuing to do its share in converting England? With pride an infirmarian of to-day notes that the hand-writing has improved, but this virtue, alas, makes the absence of piety more apparent. The only words that might be taken as a dedication are a severe denouncing of any person who might remove the precious book from the possession of the infirmarian of this house. The work is essentially practical with an Englishman's practicality. To a close observer, however, the piety is there. Turn for example to "Infirmarian's Horarium" on pages 50 and the following. It combines Benedictine regularity with the efficiency of a Jesuit. It provides for every spare moment from rising at 5.25 to lights-out at ten, and beyond. Truth to tell, later infirmarians tried by more extensive hours at the University have added caustic remarks. But does not this show grit and sticking power?

However we must consider the remedies. At the outset it must be admitted that its scope and ambition are dwarfed by the aims of the "parchment receipt book". Nothing is told of the method of preparing herbs and roots, and the generous

quantities are replaced by a "teaspoonful" of this and "ten drops of that". Gout is not so much as mentioned, while consumption is hushed away with the oft-recurring phrase "send for the doctor" or the more imperative "the doctor must be sent for at once". Here we have a difficulty to answer to save our reputation. Why this factor of a doctor in an infirmary book? The old book never so much as mentions the calling of a physician. Can it be that we have developed a streak of cowardice and lost the pluck of former Venerabilini? And what is this other new thing, a thermometer? Thus one modern infirmarian of an abominably mathematical turn of mind has tabulated centigrade and fahrenheit readings. $37.8^{\circ} = 100.2^{\circ}\text{F} = \text{bed}$, $39^{\circ} = 102.6^{\circ} = \text{doctor}$, and lastly we read $42^{\circ} = 107.6^{\circ} = \text{death}$. That last note at least seems to point out that the moderns are facing the facts and that the charge of cowardice may yet prove false. But a further glance brings us to electric fires, hot-water bottles, soothing drinks and yet again the inevitable call for the doctor. Have we here the counterpart of the infirmarian's cowardice, namely softness in the patients? I fear it is so, for the most diligent search for evidence to save our age has failed to mitigate the charge, but rather condemns it the more—"beds must be made twice or thrice a day, the room temperature must be a little over sixty and even". Our case is hopeless.

Hurriedly yet reverently I replace the parchment volume on its shelf, but now in a more obscure corner, in the hope that others may not learn of the recent decline in the affairs of medicine in the College. The discovery has, however, not been without its important effect upon me. I have resolved to engineer a return to the old order of things by destroying this modern infirmary, the monster which is changing men of this House from giants to weaklings. We will return to the generous, courageous days when "English quarts of red wyne" and "pounds of leaves of the tobacco plant" were remedies for every disease, and when the reference books did not shun to append long measure.

F. FLEMING.

CHESTNUTS

MY WORD, it gets cold these October evenings at Palazzola ! See, the sun is already glancing down to Pratica and the steeple cypress over the Capuccini stands out jet-black against the sky. You will come for a stroll ? A very ordinary one— Cinque Vie and the Gentle Mount. You *must* remember it ; so many lazy afternoons. . . . Gracious ! How these woods have changed since I was here a month ago. Then the moist warmth of a grey sirocco licked my face, thick thorny undergrowth entwined me, scorpions lurked, and certainly a snake or two for we brought one home on the end of my walking stick. But now the rains have come to wash the darkening leaves and water the ways to firmness, to sweep the summer thickness from the air, and leave a sweet keenness under the trees.

Yet besides all this there is some more subtle change. Since last month it is colder and warmer in these woods ; an atmosphere more wintry and more welcome, a season dying and behold it lives. It lives with its own new life born of some slow dying ; a mystic spirit of diminished resurrection ; a consolation from the agonizing ; call it what you like—a carpet in a ruin. I have it ! Chestnuts ! Their season has begun and they are the cheeriest, freshest, most exhilarating fellows on earth. See how they smile up at you from the path ; see what a royal way they have laid for you. Eager, they are, to attract attention ; why, only a few moments ago when you complained of their absence one threw himself at your head. Listen, you can hear them now in the woods dropping softly into rustling leaves. Oh, there is only one real chestnut kingdom in the world and it is hidden away in

a little corner of the Albans. Its population is unnumbered, its citizens wear the uniform of the Queen and the Queen is the greenness of Autumn. But the King himself is brown and sinister, there is no denying it. He rules and works on the ground and even the Queen in the end must pay him tribute, sending her green men into his domain—and then it is the King's move, until earth is brown again waiting for the burial.

But you little chestnuts are not privy to this dark dealing; if your coat is rough your heart is of the kindest. See we will take off your little prickly jacket ever so gently and—roast you! Gratitude? But you have your revenge, it is sweet especially with salt (oh you mystery), we have eaten unto ourselves the spirit of Autumn and it is not of the Queen. Still you have given to us all that the Albans mean in October. You have stolen gold and given us silver; Midas would have been glad even of that: the heaped Elysian flowers of summer have yielded to the dim, almost religious, light of the failing season, and John Milton's problem still remains unsolved, though *he* chose the silver. One thing is certain, that the mercy of Nature has been on us once more: if they cannot have the flowers, take from them the spirit of the flowers! Give them an ecstasy in that first shiver after months of heat, a thrill to Cavo's cloudy crown, a longing for those afternoons among the trees with the slant sun slipping through the branches to light the twilight woods to reddening glory. Give them the red fires to defy the coldness and the dark, to gather round in that wooden house of their own making; a magic circle to which the goblins of darkness dare not draw near but only dangle spiders from its ferny roof. Unveil the white moon to gleam cold on their fountain and glance from the wings of wheeling bats. Cover it with cloud and show them the glow-worm's fitful shining. Blast the mountain with thunders and sweep its side with blackness of rain and hail. Mumble to silence, roll away the covering of the sky, show them the twin Bears and Orion girt with golden armour march slowly down his dark battlefield. Let Time ride on and they, lost in the beauty of his trappings, forgetful of the sureness of his going.

Let them wake when it is too late to find his horse rides under the city gate and themselves still clinging to the bridle. Show them now, if you will, the cruelty of his slow increasing purpose, the folly of the lotus. . . .

The Green Queen was a Circe then, and we the unfortunate who ate the food she threw at our feet! Chestnuts whom I praised, whose heart was "of the kindest", whose "little prickly jacket" was only a joke of friendliness, false, fickle as the seasons, changeable as the turning earth. Green-mailed warriors of Enemy Time, you deceived us because you disguised yourselves as soldiers and we laughed with you at your jesting. Come! It is our last night in this cursed spot; flay them, burn them, tear out their hearts, salt the wounds, drown them in red hot wine and so forget them. . . .

I wonder what that ragged old philosopher is thinking as he sits behind his tray of gaping chestnuts on the Ponte Sisto, gazing at distant Cavo?

NOVA ET VETERA

THE MARTYRS ASSOCIATION

THE Editor kindly offers me a little space in which to say that I am very grateful indeed to all who worked so well during Holy Year, to make our Martyrs better known and loved and to hasten the day of their canonisation. The College has become a centre of prayer for the welfare of our country, and, when we kneel at mid-day to say the beautiful prayers composed by the great Venerable Cardinal (Wiseman), we have the consolation of knowing that thousands of Associates are with us, turning in spirit to Rome, and uniting their prayers with ours that God may bless England, and spread throughout our beloved land the light of holy faith.

The Martyrs Association has members all over the world. Many letters reach us telling us of favours received through the intercession of our blessed Martyrs. Much might be written of the great success of the Martyrs' Novena and the Martyrs' Sunday. The Novena was made in fifteen countries and the Martyrs must rejoice that the glory of their great sacrifice is being more and more lovingly recognised and remembered and, that thereby, greater is the honour done to Christ the King, for whom they shed their blood.

When all the bustle of Holy Year had died away and we, in our summer home, knew that the Pope had taken up residence on the other side of the Alban Lake, it was but natural that the College should go to see the Vicar of Christ in his villa and offer him our good wishes for his sojourn there. It was, at the same time, a filial and neighbourly greeting and we shall all remember the kindness of his reception of us, and especially,

the fatherly words with which he replied to our address. After our singing of the "O Roma Felix", he added a few words more, saying that Rome was indeed happy to have such fine "germogli" as the young men from the English College. Whether you translate this word as meaning saplings, buds, or seedlings, the idea is clear that the young men of the present are the hope of the future, and in blessing us, the Sovereign Pontiff blessed our future work for souls in England. Pius XI never tires of repeating that the national Colleges in Rome are very dear to his heart, since by their very nearness to the Vicar of Christ, they are able to train up priests filled with love of the Holy See and the Church of Christ.

Something of what we feel on these occasions, when we visit the Vicar of Jesus Christ, we have tried to express in the address which we presented to His Holiness on the evening before we had our audience, and we print a copy here below.

The old and venerable College of St Thomas of Canterbury glories in its traditional love and loyalty for the Holy See, and in the blood of her sons. She has stood by, like another mother of the Machabees, urging on her offspring to make the supreme sacrifice, and now she calls out to England not to forget them, and to help on the work of their Alma Mater in Rome.

Our appeals have met with a most generous response; else how could we have gone so far with the work of restoration of our summer home at Palazzola, which was on the way towards becoming unfit for habitation, I nearly said for heroes to live in, and even *that* may be true.

We have much to be thankful for, and I think we may say that the work is more than half done. It looks as though things are going to be more difficult still and that we must go on asking for help. Divine Providence will send us benefactors. Certainly the motto of the Rector in these hard times of a shrivelled English currency, must be "Mendicare non erubescio", and his correspondents know that he is living up to it. *Pazienza!* The cause is glorious and our efforts shall not slacken. *Floreat Alma Mater Romana!*

W.G.

ADDRESS TO THE HOLY FATHER

The following is a copy of the address presented to His Holiness, on the occasion of the College Audience at Castelgandolfo :—

BEATISSIMO PADRE :

Fra le grandi gioie dell'Anno Santo della Redenzione, consolantissima fu quella di vedere un numero così imponente di pellegrinaggi dalla nostra diletta patria rispondere al paterno invito della Santità Vostra, e venire a Roma per pregare alle tombe dei Santi Apostoli ed umiliare filiali omaggi al Vicario di Gesù Cristo.

Tanto fervore ed entusiasmo da parte di così numerosi pellegrini inglesi ci ha dato l'occasione di fondare una Associazione in onore dei nostri Santi martiri—Associazione di cui il nostro Venerabile Collegio è centro di preghiera per la conversione della nostra patria, purtroppo staccata, secoli or sono, dalla fonte di verità che ha sede nell'alma Roma.

Ed è merito di questa Associazione, se ora migliaia e migliaia di inglesi, sparsi nel impero britannico, guardano Roma e uniscono quotidianamente le loro alle nostre preghiere per il bene spirituale del nostro paese.

Ecco dunque, Beatissimo Padre, a coronamento dei pellegrinaggi dell'Anno Santo, ai Vostri piedi il Venerabile Collegio Inglese ch'è, si può ben dire, l'Inghilterra a Roma, sempre vicino a Voi, ed adesso, per felice disposizione della Provvidenza divina, anche durante il riposo estivo poco lontano dal Vicario di Cristo.

Ci sia lecito sperare che lo sguardo col quale la Santità Vostra al disopra del bellissimo lago di Albano, vede il nostro rifugio di Palazzola, sia oltreiche paterno benedicente, e ci conforti e ci aiuti per prepararsi nel nobile ministero affidatoci dalla bontà del Nostro Signore.

Beatissimo Padre, Figli devotissimi della Santa Sede, imploriamo umilmente la Vostra paterna apostolica benedizione per il nostro Collegio le cui fondamenta, ben si può dire, sono state battezzate col sangue dei nostri giovani sacerdoti—sangue che essi hanno versato nel fiore della loro giovinezza per la difesa della nostra santa religione e del Vicario di Cristo.

E benedicendo il nostro Collegio, benedite Padre Santo, la nostra cara Inghilterra, affinche i nostri compatrioti si sentano Romani come noi, e non meno Romani che Inglesi, e ritrovino la luce e fede di Roma, umiliandosi ai piedi del Padre Commune di tutti i credenti. . . . *ut fiat unum ovile et unus pastor.*

Padre Santo, Benediteci !

MARTYRS' RELICS

Our collection of relics of our own College Martyrs is, we are glad to say, increasing. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Abbot of Downside for his great kindness in giving us relics of Blessed John Lockwood and Blessed Anthony Turner. The relic of the former is a whole rib, and of the latter, a piece of the rope with which he was hanged. We thankfully enshrine these relics in our Martyrs Chapel, where pilgrims from England may venerate our old students now reigning gloriously with Jesus Christ, in the old house where they prayed and studied and girded themselves for the conflict. So, one by one, our Martyrs return to bless their old College, and to inspire the students who now kneel where they once knelt, in the beloved city of Rome.

Much is due to the kind interest of Dom Placid Turner, Prior of Downside, and Dom Ethelbert Horne in the obtaining of these relics, when I was privileged to enjoy the hospitality of Downside on Ascension Day.

W.G.

THE NEW CROSS ON TUSCULUM

One more cross has appeared on Tusculum. It is wooden and painted with aluminium. It stands over a hundred feet high, so that one can see it shining in the sun from far across the Campagna, but not from Rome. It has concrete foundations and a Cardinal's blessing.

Romans turn towards the Alban hills as a Moslem turns towards Mecca, and so it was fitting that, in days gone by,

they should build a white marble temple to their favourite deities Castor and Pollux, on the hill of Tusculum in full view of Rome. It was less than a century ago that the English from Monte Porzio set up the cross of rough wood "which did first rise in sad grandeur on the acropolis of Tusculum."

It was the first of perhaps four English crosses. No one from Rome could see it in its modest rusticity. Few from Rome had heard about the English cross, unless from some Venerabilino grown talkative in his pride of the great deeds of the College. Nor did authority trouble to notice the struggles between the English and the malice of man and the elements for the preservation of the Cross.

The new cross is the work of a committee of important men from Frascati, and has the approval of authorities both civil and ecclesiastical. A great crowd of people including units of Fascisti, gathered for the inauguration ceremony. The Vicar-General of Frascati said Mass in the presence of Cardinal Lega, who afterwards made a speech to which the *podestà* replied. Frascati seminarists were there to sing, and soldiers to illuminate the cross by searchlight at night. Among those invited to be present at the inauguration and lunch that was to follow was the Rector of the English College, and as he was unable to be present, six students were sent to take his place, but got no further than one of the minor members of the committee who was pleased to receive the excuses from Monsignore.

Thus rebuffed, they gathered round a tin of sardines thoughtfully provided by the College sisters, and alfrescoed away their disappointment, ending the day by photographing themselves in dignified attitudes, perched on the sawn-off stump that is all that remains of the English cross. *Rien ne rend si grand qu'une grande douleur.*

THE ARNALDI INSCRIPTIONS

The Palazzola of Arnaldi is rapidly disappearing. Someone actually enquired the other day, what was the meaning of "Chiamata notturna". Now the famous Arnaldi inscriptions are gradually becoming blotted out under new coats of paint or distemper. Only three remain, echoes of a brief though definite period in Palazzola history. Some people may be glad that this is so. They would always prefer to pass over in silence that passage in our history, when, for a short space, Palazzola descended from the glories of a Roman villa and a medieval monastery to the bathos of an inebriates' home. Others, however, always found amusement and interest in those quaint saws scattered round the walls. As they are likely to be lost and altogether forgotten, unless some record is made of them, it seems justifiable to preserve them here for what they are worth.

It is not a unique thing to find inscriptions round the walls of a house, put there for the salutary edification of the inhabitants. The famous "Aut disce, Aut discede", placed over the portals of Winchester by its founder William of Wykeham, was only the first of a series of similar warnings and exhortations which the scholar was intended to see and profit by, as he made his progress through his course; just as the good Doctor Caius had three gates incorporated into his College in Cambridge: the first the Gate of Humility for the Freshmen to pass through, then the Gate of Honour by which they entered in their Second Year, and finally the Gate of Virtue by which they departed.

In the same way Doctor Arnaldi seems to have intended his patients to go through a course of moral uplifting at the same time as they went through his "cure". The unfortunate victim of delirium tremens, from the moment he entered the door of Palazzola—all through his daily routine—till the moment when he passed, a new man, through that door again, would always have before his eyes some helpful text, some warning or adage upon which to build up the edifice of a new and better life. Curiously enough some of these inscriptions can be applied very aptly to the present occupants of Palazzola,

exaggeratedly, I grant, but with just a grain of truth: and some of them, we hastily point out to our visitors, do not concern us at all.

The first inscription which meets the eye of the visitor (this and the next have not been obliterated yet) runs round the arch of the outer doorway. It reads:

“O beata solitudo, O sola beatitudo”.

You would expect to find a Carthusian monastery within, the silence of the cloister and so forth; but if you step inside, you may very probably walk into the din and hubbub of an opera practice, and a few hours of boisterous hospitality will soon dispel any notion of either solitude or bliss. If, however, you are a new man coming to enjoy your first summer villa, you cannot enter without first noticing, with misgiving, the second and sterner message which greets you over the inner portal, not curved suavely round the arch this time, but in two bold, uncompromising, straight lines:—

“Aut disce
Aut discede!”

Your delirium tremens victim had to learn that life inside was not all beer and skittles, and your poor new man is here rudely warned against falling into the same delusion.

The next inscription which used to strike the eye of the curious visitor, expressed a truth which both the drunkard and the student fresh from exams and the heats of Rome were likely to appreciate:—

“La salute è un bene
Il cui valore si riconosce
Solo quando si è perduta”.

Naturally Arnaldi saw life from a medical standpoint. Consequently, his warnings sometimes bear an unpleasant reference to those indulgences which are not usually mentioned in polite society:—

“Intemperantia medicorum nutrix”.

Further round the cloister, one may find a more elevated message, not so directly concerned with drunken excesses, and more appropriate to one's mood during Retreat:—

“ Bene vixit
Qui bene latuit ”.

This incidentally is the epitaph on Descartes' tomb, but I doubt whether the inmates of Arnaldi's hospital found much consolation in that.

Coming to Arnaldi at his best, the Refectory, we are arrested at the very door by the stern command :—

“ Esse ut vivas
Non vivere ut edas ”.

This cryptic bunch of infinitives and irregular verbs many a time confounded a newcomer for other reasons than the stern command it conveyed ; but when at last that terrible meaning broke upon the light of our souls, who will deny he did not feel abashed, nay even guilty, checked in his hungry haste towards dinner, after a long morning of cutting weeds or climbing Cavo or bathing in the Lake when, alas, the mere appetite had gained the upperhand and he was quite frankly only just able to exist in order to eat. Then the tables were turned !

But there is more to steady your eagerness when you come inside the Refectory. There, like the writing on the wall at Balthasar's feast, stands out in bold lettering (the only other inscription now remaining) the golden precept of the festive board :—

“ Mangiare adagio
E masticare bene ”,

the sum and substance of all the experiences of the epicureans.

And whether you were feeling insulted or rebuked by this personal advice, you used to find in the old days something even more direct a little further round the walls :—

“ La natura ti diede il ventre
Perchè ti nutrisca
Non perchè tu lo distende.
Perchè tu lo domini
Non perchè esso ti domini ”

—a reflection which I am sure made the old inmates hang their heads in shame.

Finally, when the patient is cured, a parting admonition

painted over the inside of the door so that he may see it when he goes out to face life anew, warns him to keep to the right path to which his perseverance has restored him :—

“ Fides tua te salvum fecit
Vade in pace
Et amplius noli peccare ”.

AN ESSAY BY WISEMAN

This essay was written by the Cardinal on his return to Rome in 1860. He was just recovering from a protracted illness at the time. “ The sick mind ”, he explains rather apologetically, “ from the darkness of the bedroom during the Italian dog days, turns eagerly towards the green hills of Alba or of Tusculum, and longs to find itself once again joining in the calm and sweet repose of their wooded villas and shady roads ”. The extract, together with a few poems written during the same period, was published the following year, as “ A Few Flowers from the Roman Campagna ”.

“ A donkey, surmounted by an umbrella, might form an appropriate hieroglyphic, in Egyptian, for a tourist on Tusculum. The symbol would be perfectly generic, applicable in its generality to every class, requiring a further sign to indicate, whether what was concealed and comprised between the two held a sketch-book or hand-book, a fan or a cigar. Single or manifold, on a spring day, such engines of travel are seen creeping up the steep path from Frascati, entering one gate of a villa, winding through its ilex glades, and issuing from another, till at length the confined *plateau* of Tusculum is gained.

“ The old narrow pavements, the crumbling walls of yet painted chambers, the theatre, with its segment of a smaller twin brother adhering spine to spine, the gate with its seat for the elders to hold their town gossip, its milestone, and its yawning aqueduct, tapestried inside with bats, these objects of antiquarian interest, and a gaze over the view around, occupy an hour, after which the hieroglyphic turns its head downhill, probably by another path. Thus has Tusculum been done !

“ But there are others to whom this is a pilgrimage of love ;

in whose memory Tusculum remains indelibly depicted for life, with as much of affection, of cheerful glee, and of soothing influences, blended in the very hue and air of the picture, as the dearest recollections of youth can bear into the thoughtful years of work or of repose. On a spur of the Tusculum group, on a hill, rounded and moulded softly as if by art, stands the village of Monteporzio, the well-known country residence of the English College.

“Ask any one of those who has successfully passed his autumn holiday in this retreat, and he will tell you of the beauties and the predilections that live in the name of Tusculum. He will direct you, by endless paths, round-about or direct, through chestnut wood or hazel copse, through vineyards or over rocks, along the crest of that grassy mountain, where every footstep seems to shake up a world of insect life, and the entire hill seems to be purring in the sun, through the panting sides of myriads of *grilli*, or from the Latin vale, up the steep old zigzag pavements, amidst bare-washed *tufi*, or indistinguishable ruins; or he will stand with you on summit after summit, and point to object after object of historical, or artistic, or even legendary interest, for scenes of bandit tales lie close beneath.

“Certainly he will not fail to place you behind the parapet of the College garden, from one end of which you see the blue mountains that are the advance guard of the Apennines, and from the other the sea, when the sun sets in it, fervid as a golden bath. And in the middle is the trellis, beneath whose vines the ‘Tusculum Questions’ of generations have been discussed, and gleesome chat has whiled away the dozy hours of afternoon sultriness. But now, directly opposite you is the high and rugged crest of the Tusculum citadel, shapely, however, and softened by the green of tangled wild-plants.

“On its very summit, raised still higher by a mound of stones artificially formed, stands a lofty cross, which overlooks the valley and our village on its hither side. It is a monument of the English students’ love, manifested in its purest form, that of consecration, of a spot in their eyes sacred to innocent happiness, and perhaps to more lasting impressions for good. . . .

“To one, then, who longed to breathe again that cherished

atmosphere, and refresh, by renewed aspect, those salutary recollections, as well as to revive health by inhaling the first breezes of spring among the hills, Monteporzio was synonymous with all that body and mind could desire. The writer had hardly reviewed the spot since he had deposited, in the pages of a tale of the Catacombs, many thoughts, descriptions and impressions, which he could trace exclusively to what he had seen, or meditated, or felt among the scenes before or near him. Twenty years had elapsed since he had lived or moved among them, and yet these images of nature or of mind seemed, on retesting them, to have continued fresh and accurate. It was true, that Rome had furnished the more solid materials used in the construction work—Rome, like its neighbourhood, remembered rather than studied. But for the aerial tints of pictures, for any representations of nature, it was on the sweet memories of the *villeggiatura* among the Tusculan hills that the writer had to draw.

“When he wished to symbolize the gradual unveiling of Christian beauties over the Roman Empire, he could think of nothing more appropriate, or more pictorial, than the appearance of sunrise, such as he had witnessed it from the summit of the Alban mountain. If he attempted to describe sunset, his feeble imagination suggested nothing better than what he had repeatedly witnessed from the terrace of his College garden. And so of the whole month of October, its tender beauties, its varied landscapes, its occupations and its pleasures, he could draw no better picture than he had around him. . . .

“Many rightly consider Rome a place for hard study and hard thought, and spurn, as incompatible with their abstraction, the thousand graces and refining influences which, in Rome ancient and modern, round and polish severer acquirements, and the treasures of religious memories—events, forms, symbols, maxims, and household words of faith, which store and enrich the memory for future application, illustration, and self-culture.

“He who hears not the footsteps of great spirits, ever accompanying him in Rome, is deaf indeed: he who does not read, on the most defaced monument, a lesson, often wiser than that of many books, hath eyes and seeth not.”

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th. *Sunday*. "Of thee to say, Behold! has said, Adieu" and as we folded the opera dresses away in newspaper and naphthaline we were grateful that to-day is a Sunday and a day of rest to lighten the transit from holiday to work. This morning a party went to the Little Sisters for High Mass. To dinner Father Manion, Head Master of Cotton, and Fathers Keeler, Leeming and Fuerst S.J. After dinner a shivering and unhappy opera caste posed for photographs on the balcony amid the jeers of the scoffing multitude which had found disillusionment by the light of day. This afternoon we welcomed the group of Stonyhurst pilgrims to Benediction, and after tea they invaded the common room where they entertained us with the Stonyhurst and other songs.

8th. *Monday*. When we returned from the University this morning, we found that some energetic workers, with one fine sweep, had cleared the common room of all its finery, so that we were able to settle down immediately to its familiar every-day appearance. This evening is the evening set apart, on which the English College provides the *assistenza* for Benediction at S. Andrea della Valle, during the period when they celebrate in the various rites of the Church. After supper, we renewed an old acquaintance, when Father Walshe S.J. addressed the Literary Society, virtually continuing from where he left off, on his last visit to the College, in telling us about the condition of Russia.

9th. *Tuesday*. Anxious speculation was set at rest to-day by the announcement that there will be a gita on Thursday, though the people who don't consider a gita a gita, unless you arise in the dark hours of the morning, are disappointed, since all must attend the Community Mass.

11th. *Thursday*. A glorious day, cold, clear and fresh, absolutely shouting its invitation to us to take the road. Algidus and Velletri, Monte Porzio, Tivoli, Veii, Monte Lupone, Soracte, S. Oreste and Civita Castellana all cast their spell and drew a band of heavy booted clerics. The *Ripetitore*, travelling by electric train to S. Oreste, at the last station but one was locked out by the automatically closing doors, and had to ride this last stage of the journey on the steps, a target for the jeers of his companions from the various windows. We suspect that it was only the respectability of his companions, which saved him from the

further indignity of being arrested for "jumping" the train. Another member of the same party, having come by a minor injury on Soracte, made a solemn entry into S. Oreste on a donkey with the escort of the monk, whose donkey had been purloined for this object. On our return to the College this evening we found a wonderful tale circulating about a villa at Bari which has been offered to the College as a gift. Evidently someone has made merry to-day.

12th. *Friday*. But the tale retains all its consistency and force even in the cold and cynical light of the morning after. Furthermore, its authenticity is backed up by authority, and its intrinsic soundness presents no flaw to the legal mind. We have actually been offered a villa at Bari: lovely position by the sea, 100 well appointed rooms and extensive grounds. I know you will say that things like that happen only in dreams. That's what we said, too, at first—but now even the most sceptical are puzzled, and already sides are being taken in a lively dispute as to the merits of sea and country for a *villeggiatura*.

13th. *Saturday*. We got our gita just in time. The weather has at last decided to obey the almanac and, when the bell should have gone at twenty minutes to eight this morning for early schools, rain made it unwise to venture forth. How virtuously comfortable you feel as you lean back in a comfortable chair in the common room for that extra five minutes and listen to the rain beating against the windows!

14th. *Sunday*. The first of a long series of canonizations this year, when Giovanna Antida Thouret was proclaimed a saint. A discerning M.C. segregated some of our number who consider tickets a superfluous appendage for entering the procession, and placed them immediately in front of some of their grinning comrades among the congregation. A cold lunch at this time of the year is a different proposition from one in the summer.

16th. *Tuesday*. In answer to a 'phone call desiring his presence at the bank after tea, one of our number departed with the rectorial benediction: but all fanciful speculation was crushed, when it was found that he had merely omitted some formality on his last visit.

17th. *Wednesday*. Theologians' *Menstrua* at which Mr Jones read a paper. To dinner Bishop Caruana and Fathers Vincent and Raphael. After dinner, we received the disquieting news that Archbishop Hinsley is very ill with an attack of typhus.

18th. *Thursday*. To dinner Monsignor Barnes. An innovation to-night when we had a sermon immediately before supper. Monsignor Heard arrived at the College this evening to stay with us for a few days.

19th. *Friday*. *Menstrua* for Philosophers and the revival of a good old tradition "*Scholae vacante in aliis facultatibus*". So we (the Theologians) played a game of football in the afternoon, but without the interest which would have attached to it had the priests felt young enough to carry out the challenge, which one of their number rashly threw out to the rest of the Theologians.

20th. *Saturday*. To dinner Fathers O'Rourke and Byrne. This evening the College divided forces and one party went off to provide an *assistenza* for Benediction at S. Paolo alla Regola, for the conversion of England, while another went to the Lucchesi for Benediction.

21st. *Sunday*. Our Cardinal Protector came to the College to-day to wish us a happy New Year, and left an English translation of the lives of the Seven Founders of the Servite Order for each of the students. After supper a lurid Cowboy and Indian film "Il figlio della prateria".

22nd. *Monday*. The Scots match, of which you already know the sad story. It was a preparation for a season of reverses in the athletic field which, as it unfolds itself, will not fail to wring tears from the eyes of many of our readers.

23rd. *Tuesday*. Monsignor Heard left us to-day.

24th. *Wednesday*. To dinner Father Guy Sich, until lately headmaster of the Oratory school at Caversham.

25th. *Thursday*. To dinner Dom S. Rawlinson O.S.B. and Mr J. Warrington. It is amazing how one ray of light falling on a landscape will change its whole aspect. A temporary embarrassment connected with a covert request for a small loan, and the Bari benefactor has dispelled a beautiful romance; so the cynics can now waggle their fingers and say "I told you so!" "Timeo Danaos. . ."

27th. *Saturday*. Some of us went to the Piazza di Spagna this evening. On the way to Pamphilj after schools, we passed two busloads of very self-conscious looking actors in Victorian costume. We learnt afterwards that they had been performing a mob scene just outside the Pamphilj gates and the news had spread like wildfire into every quarter of Trastevere, so that they attracted an audience of young ragamuffins from all over the district, who probably proved more appreciative than any audience the film will ever enjoy.

28th. *Sunday*. The Beatification of three South American Jesuit Martyrs. The Vice-rector managed to secure us some extra good tickets for the Benediction this afternoon. After supper the Rector Magnus of the Gregorian, Father McCormick S.J., addressed the Literary Society on "Catholic Education Problems in America".

29th. *Monday*. "Through Fascism to World Power" makes heavy going at meals, and just now we are delving into the very heart of the politico-philosophical doctrines of Fascism.

30th. *Tuesday*. But it has its lighter moments, and to-day we heard something of the activities of the O.N.D. (Opera Nazionale Dopolavoro) in the running of theatres, dance halls and brass bands, which made our own O.N.D. (Operating on New Doctorate) look uncomfortable, cynical, coldly dignified or brazen according to their respective modes of meeting an embarrassing situation.

31st. *Wednesday*. Some biology results arrived to-day, but we will bury them with the month of January which is just passing away.

FEBRUARY 1st. *Thursday*. Another sad tale, which also you have already heard—the Irish College beat us at Rugby by 6 points to 3. A party missed it by reason of an excursion which they made with the Rector to Palazzola, and so disclaimed all responsibility in the matter.

2nd. *Friday*, the Purification, and accordingly coffee and *rosolio* in the common room after dinner. This evening, a surprise due to the generosity of the Rector, we had an impromptu concert. It was a revival of what were considered the best items during the concerts of the last year, and as such we derived a double enjoyment from them, the joy of reminiscence over past efforts, and the pleasure from the re-presentation of them.

3rd. *Saturday*. To dinner Monsignor Mullins, Bishop Keatinge's Vicar General. A new experiment was initiated to-day for the benefit of those people whose need for recuperating impaired forces used to drive them off to Frascati. Two such have been sent to try out the convent run by German nuns, under the tutelage of the German College, at Vicarello. It is on the site of some old Roman mineral springs, which still form part of the cure, in a sheltered valley of the hills round Lake Bracciano, and commanding a beautiful view of the lake. As the party who had escorted the two invalids there left them in the hands of the kindly, fussy reverend mother, they saw all the signs of a determination to spoil them during the next week.

4th. *Sunday*. Sunday morning provides a break—welcome or otherwise—in the tedium of life in the infirmary when the orchestra has its weekly practice in the music room next door. It is interesting to find that they can surpass those peculiar demonstrations to which they treat us on concert nights, during these private séances.

5th. *Monday*. We nearly lost one of our students due to the publicity occasioned by having his name mentioned in *The Universe* together with a *Summa cum Laude*. The Rector received a letter enquiring if the "Joseph" mentioned in *The Universe* answered to the description of a young man of the same name, who had departed for the continent and had not been heard of for some months. Our treasure was saved to us, when we compared him with the enclosed photograph—he did not come up to the required standard.

8th. *Thursday*. News from the convent at Vicarello being satisfactory, the Rector and a small party of students went up to test it to-day. They also seem to give universal approval. The convent is very comfortable, in a fine position and has its own boat on the lake, and the countryside is excellent for walking—a short stroll brings you to the heights above Vicarello whence there is a fine view across the Campagna to the Sabines, Monte Cavo and the Albans, while immediately below, there is a medieval fortress perched jauntily on the pinnacle of a needle-like rock, and immediately below that again is the village of Vicarello with its feet actually in the water of the lake.

11th. *Sunday*. To dinner Messrs Montgomery and Bradshaw-Isherwood. This evening two films, a good old-fashioned one featuring Charlie Chaplin in his best pie-flinging mood and a mystery film. Can you remember that "night before a gita" atmosphere at a film? If so you will sympathise with those harried organisers who try to make last minute arrangements, during the intervals between the reels. Everyone else is in an uproariously cheerful mood, but these you can see flitting about with furrowed brows, checking their lists of requirements. Then, as the lights fade out, they receive loud and unsympathetic invitations to sit down.

12th. *Monday*. Shrove Gita. Hikers took the road to Bracciano, Mentana, Monte Rotondo, Sutri and Farfa; sentimentalists to Nemi and Monte P., and alpinists to Monte Scalamba, while one party made a lightning *tour de luxe* into Umbria. On the train journey home this evening, our alpinists were entertained with national songs by the Polish College who had also spent the day climbing. They sang really well, but the trouble began when they invited us to sing, too. Now as our he-men go at a song in much the same style as they attack a mountain, with each one more or less following his own bent, you can imagine the result.

13th. *Tuesday*. Doctor H. Vaughan came to help us eat pancakes. People were too tired after yesterday's exertions to raise a game of football, so we lay on the grass in Pamphilj instead, and tried to make each other listen to accounts of our own doings yesterday. This evening we had the Theologians' Concert at which 7th Year made their musical adieu.

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|------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------|
| 1. Song . . . | <i>Cutts of the Cruiser "What-not"</i> | Mr Leahy |
| 2. A Seventh Year Riddle | | |
| 3. Musical Item | | Mr McNeill |
| 4. Song . . . | <i>The Last Post</i> | Mr Purdy |
| 5. Duet . . . | <i>A Butterfly Song</i> | Messrs Doyle and
Cunningham |
| 6. Sketch | | |

A LITTLE FOWL PLAY

Characters :

<i>Gilbert Warren (an author)</i>	. . .	Mr Roberts
<i>Sybil (his wife)</i>	Mr Sweeney
<i>Mary (their maid)</i>	Mr Dawson
<i>Mr Tolbooth (a neighbour)</i>	. . .	Mr G. Malone
<i>Boy (butcher's)</i>	Mr Boers

Scene : Gilbert Warren's study

14th. *Ash Wednesday*, and the first Lenten station at S. Sabina. It seems to be a sort of tradition that the first day of Lent should be a brilliantly fine one, making it a warm climb up the Aventine to S. Sabina and inclining some hardy spirits to take a swim on their return home. To-day is no exception, which makes it all the more anomalous that the

first of a long series of 'flu patients retired from the stress of the daily round. To our great joy, Archbishop Mostyn arrived at the College this evening to stay with us, accompanied by Monsignor Irvine.

15th. *Thursday*. More 'flu patients.

16th. *Friday*. A new and diverting feature of evening recreation is blindfold boxing. At first the two opponents stagger about making wild passes and missing each other in an amazingly funny manner. Then one begins to receive much more punishment than he can give, until deciding to find out "Are you peeping . . . can you see me?" he discovers that his opponent *has* been peeping for some time. The match ends in confusion.

17th. *Saturday*. Flags flying at half mast in the city set us wondering until we found out that the King of the Belgians is dead. To dinner Father A. Mills O.S.M.

18th. *Sunday*. The Sistine Choir is the name we have given it. It is a sort of free musical entertainment for all and takes place in the common room after breakfast. All differences as to *schola* or *non-schola* are ruled out, and everyone is expected to choose his own tune, his own pitch and his own time. To the highly critical, the result might seem to be musical chaos, but to us its originality gives a charm which is ever fresh: its possibilities are infinite. To dinner, Mr Sullivan, Sir Gilbert Heathcote and Mr Radcliffe.

19th. *Monday*. How is it that the common room is so empty these nights? This is not the period when concert practices are going on all over the house, nor yet is it the season when the great exodus to the balcony takes place. The reason is to seek in the sick rooms. Each invalid, as soon as the quarantine notice is taken down from his door, finds his room invaded by a crowd who cheerfully form a circle round his bed, and demand to know all about it.

20th. *Tuesday*. Father Vermeersch broke down during his lecture this morning and had to be helped from the hall. It is doubtful whether he will ever resume his lectures.

22nd. *Thursday*. There was a Requiem Mass at the Gesù this morning for the King of the Belgians. The North Americans are taking up Rugby football for the first time. They asked us to play a match with them to give them an opportunity of studying the game as it should be played, and to allow us to teach them a few of the finer points. We played them this afternoon and they beat us by 22 points to 15.

23rd. *Friday*. Madame Spagnuola pays her visits with impartial favour and has lately chosen the Vice-rector as one of her victims. He is now in the convalescent stage, and after tea we trip upstairs to study to the strains of the gramophone coming from his room. We hear that the first part of the beatification process of Pius X was completed to-day and the members of the *tribunale* met at his tomb this evening to pray. Hopes are entertained that he may be beatified within two years.

24th. *Saturday*. The appearance of our Rector at the University to-day reminds us of the question of the Easter holidays, for the Kalendarium says that we are to receive only Monday and Tuesday of Easter week. Perhaps he will have news for us. *Prosit* Mr J. Malone who received the Tonsure at the Lateran from Cardinal Marchetti Selvaggiani. This evening we heard of the death of Bishop Keatinge. R.I.P.

25th. *Sunday*. To dinner Lord Howard and Mr Bradshaw-Isherwood. The four Basilicas are scenes of ever-increasing activity these days, as the Holy Year draws to its close. St John Lateran presented an animated spectacle this afternoon. Several big pilgrimages were going round the Basilica in procession and finding great difficulty in keeping out of each other's way. Smaller groups and individuals scurried between them in the effort to reach one or other of the altars, before their approach was cut off, and the crush at the doors became so great that eventually the big central *portone* had to be thrown open. After supper, Archbishop Mostyn distributed leaflets with the words of St David's hymn, and then proceeded to teach us the tune, singing it over several times himself. After our first shyness had passed we took him up with gusto.

26th. *Monday*. The anniversary of the death of Cardinal Merry del Val. We supplied the *assistenza* for the Requiem at S. Prassede sung by Abbot Pierami, the postulator of the cause of Cardinal Merry del Val's master, Pius X.

28th. *Wednesday*. This is the last day of the first semester at the Gregorian, and consequently exams for some of the special courses which have just finished.

MARCH 1st. *Thursday*. Our Requiem for Bishop Keatinge sung by Archbishop Mostyn, after which the Rector accompanied by an *assistenza* went to sing the Mass of Exposition for Quarant'Ore at the Lucchesi. To dinner Count Van Cutsem and Doctor Halsall. This afternoon as a grand finale to the season we lost to Roma at Rugby by 24 points to 9. At supper, we drank the health of our two guests who, in company with their students, have been wearing daffodils to-day—St David's.

2nd. *Friday*. The beginning of second semester with all its changes: a *ferraiuola'd* 7th Year and a truculent set of people who, having finished with early morning schools themselves, now take the opportunity of mocking their less fortunate brethren. One consolation—last year's programme, by which we had to take our afternoon walk, while the rest of Rome *siesta'd*, has been dropped and we continue to take our walk after schools the whole year round.

3rd. *Saturday*. Mild excitement after supper when two extra good tickets for St Peter's and some valuable books were raffled, the *Ripetitore* drawing out the lots.

4th. *Sunday*. Canonisation of Maria Micaëla del SS. Sacramento. Commander Cole-Hamilton shared our cold lunch with us. It was with regret that we bade good-bye to Archbishop Mostyn and to his Vicar

General, Monsignor Irvine, who has been a familiar and welcome figure in the common room during his stay. The basilica of Constantine houses a band every Sunday afternoon, and it is very pleasant sometimes to lie in some sheltered nook on the Palatine and listen to the strains of the music as they reach us, tempered and softened by the distance, over the *Via Sacra*.

5th. *Monday*. At the public meeting to-day the retiring senior student handed over to his successor. It's a nice game that the City Corporation are playing with us. After tiring of the excavations which they had made in the *Via SS. Apostoli*, they filled in the trench leaving an uneven mound to be negotiated. We soon trod this down to a comfortable level on our daily visits to the Gregorian, and now just as we are beginning to enjoy the results of our own work, they have dug it all up again—without any apparent reason—and left another mound. The common room is much fuller at nights and the infirmary and sick rooms correspondingly empty.

6th. *Tuesday*. Theologians' *Menstrua* which only 1st Year had to attend: the rest of Theologians had a free day. Our ingenious electricians have given us a new and less obtrusive light for the picture over the Lady Altar which proves more effective than the old.

7th. *Wednesday*. Holiday for St Thomas Aquinas. Theologians kept up an old tradition by beating Philosophers at Soccer 4—3. The game was watched by a fair sized crowd who threw invective and sarcastic advice with happy impartiality to both sides and to the referee, whose grey hairs deserved more considerate treatment. We went to S. Girolamo for the secondary lenten station which was held there this evening.

8th. *Thursday*. Mr Brand came to dinner.

9th. *Friday*. Philosophers' *Menstrua* and a *non docetur in aliis facultatibus* which did not, however, prevent 1st and 2nd Year Theology having to attend a Church History exam. We sent an *assistenza* to the Tor di Specchi for the Benediction in honour of the feast of St Frances. An enthusiastic greeting was given to Canon Sprankling and Father H. Atkinson who made an unexpected appearance in the common room after supper. They are both busily engaged with pilgrimages.

10th. *Saturday*. To dinner Dom Bede Camm O.S.B., and after supper Father Atkinson entertained us in the common room.

11th. *Sunday*. The canonisation of Louise Marillac. A small party went to the Christian brothers this afternoon to assist at a confirmation given by Bishop Cremonesa. The rest of us stayed at home to entertain the Southwark pilgrims. Bishop Amigo gave Benediction and then held a reception of the pilgrims after which there were refreshments in the refectory and garden. After supper we were entertained by Micky Mouse and Harold Lloyd.

12th. *Monday*. High Mass at San Gregor' with the usual attempt at singing a polyphonic Mass *con slancio*. We had as guests at dinner and at coffee and *rosolio* in the common room Bishop Amigo, Canon

Sprinkling and Father Healy. We had begun to fear that care for his pilgrims was going to prevent Bishop Amigo from paying us this visit *in famiglia*. To supper Father Atkinson, who is looking very harassed over his pilgrimage.

13th. *Tuesday*. A high wind to-day set doors and windows banging merrily and made our cottas billow out in front of us like sails, as we walked in procession round the square of S. Lorenzo in Damaso, to-day's lenten station.

14th. *Wednesday*. To supper Father Parker of Salford.

15th. *Thursday*. This morning a party went with the Vice-rector to Palazzola, hoping to get some fresh air. As they approached the Albans they found them covered in a thick wet mist, and the last they saw before being swallowed up in it was Rome, which they had just left, bathed in sunshine. This evening the Pope held a Holy Hour in St Peter's for clerics only, at which Cardinal Laurenti preached. As the Holy Father came out afterwards, he received the most enthusiastic cheer we have heard in St Peter's.

16th. *Friday*. A triduum to St Joseph commenced to-day.

17th. *Saturday*. St Patrick's, when the Pope received in audience the big Irish national pilgrimage. The Rector and Archivist returned from their snug little retreat at Bracciano, which fact received a certain amount of attention from one of the wags at the concert this evening.

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| 1. Orchestral Quartet | <i>A Selection</i> | | Messrs Gallagher,
Wilcock, Stanley
and Molloy |
| 2. Song | <i>The Pipes of Pan</i> | | Mr Loftus |
| 3. Song | from " <i>When we were very young</i> " | | Mr J. Malone |
| 4. Interlude | | | |

NOISES OFF

Characters :

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|---------------|-------------------------|-----------|-------------|
| | <i>Reggie</i> | | Mr McCurdy |
| | <i>Janet</i> | | Mr Grasar |
| | <i>Major Forster</i> | | Mr Jackson |
| 5. Piano Solo | | | Mr Molloy |
| 6. Song | <i>My Dark Rosaleen</i> | | Mr McNamara |
| 7. Song | <i>The Return</i> | | Mr Lescher |
| 8. Sketch | | | |

SEALED SILVER

Characters :

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|--|------------------------------|-----------|-------------|
| | <i>Mr Algernon Smythe</i> | | Mr Ekbery |
| | <i>Mrs Smythe</i> | | Mr Foley |
| | <i>Jane (their maid)</i> | | Mr Pitt |
| | <i>A Constable</i> | | Mr Ashworth |
| | <i>A Detective Inspector</i> | | Mr Walsh |
| | <i>A Police Sergeant</i> | | Mr Cashman |

18th. *Sunday*. To-day was the lenten station at St Peter's, and this afternoon the Basilica was crowded, with a continual coming and going of people. Large crowds waited to kiss the toe of St Peter's statue, which was adorned with ring, tiara and the cope with its wonderful jewelled clasp. There was great difficulty too, in reaching the Confessional, which sparkled with the lights of the lamps and the flowers with which it was decorated. There is also great activity by reason of the Holy Year, with everyone hurrying to make as many visits as possible. Conspicuous among these enthusiastic crowds are the Roman parishes whose members turn up in great numbers under their parochial banners. As we forced our way out of St Peter's this afternoon, we saw a fine sight in the piazza. One pilgrimage, already formed, stretched from the Holy Door down into the piazza, those behind waiting their turn to enter the Basilica, while others just being unloaded into various parts of the piazza were beginning to form up. The whole piazza is black with people. Taxis scuttle about amongst the crowds and big *torpedoni* cleave their more cumbrous but equally excited way through them. After gazing our fill, we leave this bustle behind and take what seems a strangely silent and deserted road up to Pamphilj.

19th. *Monday*. St Joseph's. Coffee and *rosolio* in the common room after dinner. For the first time since 1870, there took place the procession of the miraculous cross from S. Marcello al Corso to St Peter's, for its three days exposition there, according to Holy Year tradition. The procession which took an hour to pass was composed entirely of *istituti maschili*, and the whole route along the Corso Vittorio Emanuele was lined with spectators.

20th. *Tuesday*. A public disputation on the Redemption, at which Mr Wroe argued, was held in the great central hall of the Gregorian. Cardinals Marchetti Selvaggiani and Bisleti and many visitors were present.

21st. *Wednesday*. It was decided at the beginning of the Holy Year that one of the duties of the President of the Literary Society would be to take advantage of the visits of prominent people to Rome, to invite them to address the Literary Society. We were so fortunate as to have Dom Bede Camm this evening, who gave us a most interesting talk on the English Martyrs.

22nd. *Thursday*. Another Holy Hour at St Peter's this evening, at which Cardinal Pacelli and Archbishop Salotti preached. We received a severe drenching on the way home.

23rd. *Friday*. The crucifix was taken back in procession from St Peter's to S. Marcello—this time by night. The Corso Vittorio Emanuele was cleared of traffic and brilliantly lit, and coloured lanterns hung from the windows of houses all along the route. The cross was borne on a carriage drawn by six gaily caparisoned horses, with four grooms in powdered wigs walking alongside. The cross stood up from among

a mass of flowers, in which were hidden the lights, from which the cross was illuminated. Following the carriage came a motley procession of clerics and lay folk, each bearing a lighted candle.

24th. *Saturday*. Although extremely pleased, we are not really surprised to see a notice at the Gregorian announcing that the whole of Easter week will be free. Another notice in the College assures us that we will spend the week at Palazzola—an entrancing prospect—

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridet

25th. *Sunday*. We surrendered ourselves this evening into the hands of Father Keeler S.J., until

28th. *Wednesday*, when we found that some of our number had cunningly taken this opportunity of contracting the 'flu. We had not the usual distraction of the Easter retreat of watching the tank emptying, so we had to be content with the much tamer one of watching the newly sown grass in the garden springing up.

29th. *Holy Thursday*. Father Telford arrived at the College to stay with us.

30th. *Good Friday*. Father Kieran arrived to-day. Heavy rain which lasted all day did not prevent some of us from taking part in the procession of the Relics of the Passion at Santa Croce.

31st. *Holy Saturday*. *Prosit* 2nd Year Theology who received the last minor orders at the Lateran from Cardinal Marchetti Selvaggiani. The weather this week, since the retreat ended, has been appallingly bad, and we all got a thorough wetting this afternoon, as we did our shopping preparatory to leaving Rome next week.

APRIL 1st. *Easter Sunday*. A hectic day. It began with High Mass at 6.00 a.m. After breakfast we hurried off to St Peter's for the Canonisation of John Bosco. The doors were closed early and caught some of us napping, so that we had to remain in the piazza. We were rewarded, however, by a good view of the papal procession from the Bronze Doors through the piazza to the main entrance of the Basilica—another occasion furnished by Pius XI of saying “. . . for the first time since 1870”. After a long spell in the piazza vainly awaiting the re-opening of the doors, we returned for a cold lunch and setting off immediately afterwards, we arrived at St Peter's just in time for the Blessing *Urbi et Orbi*, given during a heavy shower of rain. This afternoon we entertained seven hundred pilgrims who came in two parties. According to programme the second party was due to arrive after the first had left, and there was to be Benediction for both. Actually the times overlapped, so that the two parties got mixed up and there was a wonderful scene of confusion. I am sure some of the pilgrims were shown the same things twice, most probably receiving a different story each time. We dined *laute* this evening, having as our guests Monsignor Redmond and the Revv. Foley, Dinn, O'Leary, Kieran and Telford.

In the common room afterwards (where you will notice we had two ex-Vice-rectors besides the present one) there was a perfect spate of speeches, and recreation was prolonged until 10.15.

2nd. *Monday*. Off to Palazzola until a week to-day. Some of our number are staying in Rome until this afternoon, so as to be present at the closing of the Holy Door. Monsignor Heard accompanied us, to stay for a few days at Palazzola and avoid the bustle of Easter week in Rome. We have found several changes here. The Piazza Venezia rooms have all been done up and the direction of the staircase leading up to it has been changed, so that it is not now such a feat to descend it in safety. The place of the door which used to lead from the common room on to this staircase has been taken by a big cupboard, which opens into the common room. Out of doors the only changes that have taken place are round the pergola, at the top of the iron stairs leading up to the Sforza. Here flower beds and young cypresses have sprung into existence.

3rd. *Tuesday*. Having spied out the lie of the land in the immediate neighbourhood, we are now exploring further afield. A few enthusiasts spent their time on the golf course looking for golf balls in the long grass into which they had just driven them. Others found it a fine morning for walking. Rain kept us indoors this afternoon but the billiard room is very comfortable now, with a big roaring fire which does not smoke.

4th. *Wednesday*, and a gita day. It was a lovely morning when we set out, but clouds soon came driving up, finally bringing rain with them. The rain did no damage, however, as we were all under cover for the midday meal in various parts of the campagna when it started, and it had ceased by the time we were ready to take the road again after dinner. The party which went to Velletri, coming round a bend in the path, found a woman apparently asleep in the middle of it. As they were stepping delicately past, they were horrified to see a bullet wound in the head and on closer inspection they saw she was dead. Two of the party immediately ran on into Velletri but failed to stir up any great impression at the head-quarters of the *carabinieri*.

5th. *Thursday*. Who was the man who stated a preference on the gita yesterday for *vino prosciutto*? To dinner Father Keeler S.J. We have had rain all to-day.

6th. *Friday*. Fine weather allowed us to take a comfortable walk this morning so some of us enjoyed the view from Cavo. But rain this afternoon did not deter us from an outdoor excursion. And really—once you have made up your mind to a thorough wetting—it is quite jolly splashing through puddles on an exceedingly muddy path, and when you are safely home again, what more comfortable, after a complete change of clothing, than to stretch weary limbs in front of a big fire! Monsignor Heard left for Rome to-day.

7th. *Saturday*. We had no rain at all to-day! The golf enthusiasts averred that they had had a very good round. Some of our brethren,

having faced the worst of the week's weather, decided to miss the best of it, and set off on a short gita to Subiaco making a rendezvous with us at the College for Monday evening.

8th. *Sunday*. A beautiful day and the view from Faette was absolutely superb. To celebrate our last day at the Villa, there was a *pranzone* and coffee and *rosolio*. Having done its best to deter us from our stay in the country, the weather has changed round completely and is now exerting all its charms to keep us here. But in vain—for

9th. *Monday*, willy nilly we returned to Rome. We found the Revv. Gudgeon and Telford waiting to welcome us at the College. It is a strangely quiet Rome to which we have returned—it is possible once more to walk the pavements in some comfort, and the Holy Year roar and clatter of taxi and *torpedone* is reduced to the ordinary blare, to which we have grown quite accustomed. Our numbers were not completed until supper this evening, when we had the annual joy of seeing the horrid, leprous faces of those returned from Abruzzi gitas, and of listening to the tales of shivering nights spent without food or fire in some refuges and of gargantuan repasts in others, wolf-tracks and all the other tall yarns of the Abruzzi men.

10th. *Tuesday*. We faced the Piazza Pilotta much refreshed for our week's holiday. The summer programme is now in force, with afternoon schools at 4 o'clock and evening study from 6.15 until supper.

11th. *Wednesday*. To dinner Father Leo Arenzden.

12th. *Thursday*. With the object of making the most of our opportunities in Pam this year, we started cricket to-day. What is more—we are trying a new scheme to make real cricket possible in Pamphilj, and a puzzled, interested or scoffing audience of little boys and girls and nuns and clerics watch us lay a batting mat and put up a cricket net preparatory to our afternoon's sport. This evening, we renewed a very welcome acquaintance with Bishop Kelly, who spoke to the Literary Society on the state of religion in Mexico. He held us absorbed by reason of his intimate knowledge of things Mexican and his intimacy with the exiled Primate, whom he was helping in an attempt to re-enter Mexico, to meet almost certain martyrdom.

13th. *Friday*. We bade good-bye to Revv. Gudgeon and Telford.

14th. *Saturday*. This morning we found the streets crowded with Alpini who are being given a big audience with the Duce. The streets are plastered with delightful greetings such as "Gli anni e i secoli passeranno, ma il vostro eroismo rimarrà indelibile nel cuore del popolo italiano". Evidently the nature of their welcome has encouraged them to a certain amount of freedom, and they are out to enjoy themselves. Unfortunately their main festivities only seem to commence about 10 o'clock, and the current of this new and hilarious night life surges down even such retired back-waters as the Via Monserrato.

15th. *Sunday*. After the *flocchi* procession *nella parochia di S. Lorenzo* in Damaso we returned to the College to find that figure of fame and, for many, of legend, Archbishop Hinsley who has only just arrived in Rome. We have been waiting for his arrival for some time on tiptoe, and we are to enjoy the pleasure of his company, we hope, for a considerable period. His secretary, Father Engelbert, we did not meet until this evening, as he spent his first morning in Rome at S. Anselmo. To dinner Monsignori Forbes and Clapperton.

16th. *Monday*. We have made a sudden step into summer weather. We now arrive at the University bathed in perspiration; after evening schools, Pam seems to be at the top of a Gennaro, so that many make a compromise with the shady pleasaunces of the Palatine, and after the walk seek the tank to renew their energies for the evening study.

17th. *Tuesday*. Not being prepared, we were astonished at a formidable array of baggage which heralded the arrival of Sir Joseph Sheridan, Chief Justice of Kenya, and a great friend of Archbishop Hinsley. He is home on leave and is spending a few days with us on his way to England.

18th. *Wednesday*. The Solemnity of St Joseph. At coffee and *rosolio* in the common room, the Rector welcomed the Archbishop back to the College. In his reply "the old boss" gave himself up to reminiscences of the past. He did not spare the blushes of the Vice-rector, when describing the renaissance of dramatic entertainments in the College. This afternoon, he gave Pontifical Benediction.

19th. *Thursday*. There was a farewell dinner to-day for Sir Robert Clive who is going as Ambassador to Tokyo. The guests besides Sir Robert were Archbishop Hinsley, Sir J. Sheridan, Lord Howard, Father Engelbert and Major Waley.

21st. *Saturday*. A holiday for the birthday of Rome. To dinner Archbishop Palica. We sent a delegation of students to be present at the erecting of a new cross on Tusculum, and they rather amazed us on their return with the announcement that our own cross has been cut down, to ensure the absolute predominance of this new metal one. Yesterday we passed Castel S. Angelo and looked at the excavations which have been going on there for some time; everything was still in a dreadful mess, with great mounds of rubbish still waiting to be carted off. To-day when the Duce came to open the works, everything was spick and span, the buttresses and moat of the medieval fortress were completely revealed, and overnight a park had come into being. Where the trees and grass came from I don't know, but certainly they weren't there yesterday and they are there to-day. The same kind of thing happened with the new road which was also opened to-day by the Duce—a continuation of the *Via del Trionfo*. Yesterday it was a scene of bustle and confusion, with steam-rollers and rubbish carts working at full pressure, and to-day it appears a beautiful, wide road lined with trees stretching with all the serenity and assurance of a venerable avenue from the Archæological Walk to the Porta S. Paolo.

22nd. *Sunday*. We awaited the jubilant return of Giuseppe from a reception of old age pensioners by the Duce, but it was a very disgruntled old man who turned up at the College. He seems to have been expecting something in the nature of a heart to heart talk with the Capo del Governo. After tea we had Solemn First Vespers of St George. Sir Joseph Sheridan spoke to the Literary Society after supper on his experiences in the African colonies as a judge.

23rd. *Monday*. St George's Day. Archbishop Hinsley said the Community Mass and the Rector sang the High Mass. At dinner our guests were Archbishop Hinsley, Abbot von Stotzingen, Monsignor Heard, Sir J. Sheridan, Mr Montgomery, Fathers Welsby, McCormick and Leeming S.J., and Father Engelbert O.S.B. Sir J. Sheridan who has already done us the honour of making himself absolutely at home in our midst, gave further proof of this by singing at the concert which we held this evening.

1. Song . . . *The Floral Dance* Mr Cunningham
2. Solo . . . *Effectus sine Causa* or
The Crash without the Crasher . . . Mr Jackson
3. Song . . . *My Dear Provence* Sir J. Sheridan
4. Interlude

HIGH JINKS AT ASSISI

Characters :

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| <i>Wally Warthog</i> | | Mr Lescher |
| <i>Miss T. Total</i> | | Mr Pitt |
| <i>Silas B. Schnaffleheimer</i> | | Mr Ekbery |
| "Father" Joseph | | Mr Gallagher |
5. Orchestra *Jupiter Symphony 1st Mov. (Mozart)*
 6. Violin Solo *Concerto in A maj. 1st Mov. (Mozart)* Mr Ekbery
 7. Sketch

AFFINITIES

Characters :

- | | | |
|------------------------|-----------|-------------|
| <i>Edward Richboro</i> | | Mr Stanley |
| <i>Harry Sherwood</i> | | Mr Johnston |
| <i>Lola Macrae</i> | | Mr McDonald |
| <i>Dawson</i> | | Mr McNamara |

Scene : The Bachelor Flat of Richboro.

26th. *Thursday*. This morning commenced the big novena to the English Martyrs. Sir J. Sheridan departed this morning, leaving a gap in our midst which he may rightly call his own province. We had the annual High Mass at the Catacombs of S. Callisto this morning, but rain prevented our having the usual photograph. The Salesians have built a big open shed, just behind the palms where we used to have the photograph, and we heartily approved of it, as from its shelter we watched the rain beating down outside. To dinner Monsignor Duchemin and Moss. Major Waley addressed the Literary Society on the Scout Movement this evening, and our junior Cub gave the vote of thanks to the Old Wolf.

27th. *Friday*. Even rectorial patience exhausted itself to-day at dinner, and the bell for talking, half way through the meal, also announced the banishment of another book from the reader's box. At supper we fell back on an old friend of ours, Ludwig von Pastor.

28th. *Saturday*. A sanded Corso was our only intimation, on our way to early schools, that to-day is the opening of Parliament, while our later brethren, more unfortunate than we, were made aware of it by a barrier, which closed every means of approach to the University. After schools we just caught a glimpse of Royalty, as their carriages rolled smoothly past along the Corso. But it cost us half-an-hour's detour to reach home, which was rather trying in this weather.

29th. *Sunday*. Lord Howard, whose pamphlet on the prevention of war we have recently been reading in the Refectory, came this evening to address us and hold a discussion on the subject. It proved most interesting and our only regret was that there was not more time to prolong it.

30th. *Monday*. All schools were given off this morning, to enable us to attend the Requiem for Cardinal Ehrle in S. Ignazio. A strange peace settled down on the College this evening—the dreadful clacking of typewriters was stilled and the harried rushing from room to room ceased, when the O.N.D. sent in their theses, pioneers of the doctorate in the new realms of *Deus Scientiarum*. May we be permitted to take a look into the future to the day, when all four of them had their theses approved and permission granted, after defending them, to publish them, thus being entitled to what may be termed the Major D.D.

MAY 1st. *Tuesday*. *Menstrua* for Theologians at which Mr Elcock argued. We cheered the Rector off from the *cortile* this evening on his departure to England for a holiday, and the O.N.D. who are going to Bracciano for a rest. May devotions commence this evening.

2nd. *Wednesday*. *Menstrua* for Philosophers at which Mr Ekbery argued.

3rd. *Thursday*. At the invitation of Monsignor Respighi, Archbishop Hinsley went with an *assistenza* from the College to give Benediction at S. Caterina ai Funari this evening, the occasion being the celebration of the Centenary of the convent of S. Caterina.

4th. *Friday*. English Martyrs. Archbishop Hinsley sang High Mass this morning and gave Benediction this afternoon. Our guests at dinner were, besides the Archbishop, Dom P. Langden O.S.B., Revv. Coogan, Welsby S.J. and Leeming S.J. and Messrs Brett and Smith. This afternoon in Pam, the Philosophers again took a beating at cricket. They lost by 9 wickets. A film "Home James" this evening.

5th. *Saturday*. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed and the heavens opened their flood gates this afternoon during lecture, and we returned home to find the O.N.D. returned from their short holiday. Petitions to the Martyrs continue to arrive daily in such great numbers, that it has been decided to say Masses for the intentions of the senders until the 15th of this month.

6th. *Sunday*. Mr Montgomery provided a delightful evening for the Literary Society with a talk on wanderings in post-war Europe.

7th. *Monday*. Third lecture ended early this morning and we all trooped down to S. Ignazio, where the Silver Jubilee of the Biblical Institute was being celebrated with Mass and Benediction.

8th. *Tuesday*. "Cats in the *cortile*" they said but I am sure it was bats in the belfry. They complained of the dreadful night they'd had, and how useless were electric bulbs, water, air rifles and I know not what, to quell the disturbance. Give me the cats any time.

10th. *Ascension Thursday*. The Beatification of Pietro Renato Rogue. To dinner Fathers Keeler S.J., Renard S.J., and Sheridan. The darkness of the balcony, broken by several red pin-glow and the occasional radiance of the electric light, proclaims that the emigration from the common room and gramophone nights have both begun.

11th. *Friday*. It's a terrible disappointment on returning home in this weather, to rush down to the tank and find it empty, save for a few inches of dirty water sinking slowly through the outlet.

12th. *Saturday*. The Silver Jubilee of the Biblical Institute was further celebrated to-day, when the University was received in audience by the Pope. The day was a holiday and the audience was timed for 12 o'clock noon. Before setting off, we fortified ourselves with a light repast taken in the garden. A heavy shower of rain, just as we were leaving the Vatican after the audience, caused a wild rush for buses and trams in which over a thousand clerics took part. As it was obviously a case of demand outrunning supply, the *mêlée* which resulted was somewhat indecorous. This afternoon, we had to attend 1st Vespers of St Robert Bellarmine at S. Ignazio. Father Micinelli S.J. preached, and Cardinal Pacelli gave Benediction.

13th. *Sunday*. The Beatification of Giovanna Elisabetta Bichier des Ages. In honour of St Robert Bellarmine's feast, there was early Mass at S. Ignazio and at 10 o'clock Archbishop Hinsley, with an *assistenza* from the College, sang High Mass and the whole University attended *in coro*. After supper this evening, we were first startled, then delighted at the apparition of a white-cassocked, scarlet-sashed, sun pith-helmeted figure, which strode down the familiar gangway to the end of the common room. It was Archbishop Hinsley who had come to tell the Literary Society a few things about Africa and the Missions in general. He did so, and left us profoundly impressed with the duty of forgetting nationalism and cultivating a broad apostolic outlook.

14th. *Monday*. As we stood on the University steps taking our mid-lecture breath of fresh air this morning, the old scoundrel whom we meet begging on the way to Pamphilj every day, came shuffling up to us, head bared, hat in 'outstretched hand, with the snuffle which he cultivates for strangers. When we burst out laughing at him, he saw that he had been recognised by some of his old friends and his bluff was

called, so he broke into a grin himself. Then, to recover his dignity, he began belabouring the shoe-lace boy whose pitch he had thus brazenly invaded.

16th. *Wednesday*. Our late *decano*, who is becoming proud of his beard was knocked off his balance to-day when he heard a little boy say to his mother "Ecco un piccolo San Giuseppe".

17th. *Thursday*. Third Year Theology left in a heavy thunder-storm, to make their retreat for the subdiaconate at the Casa.

18th. *Friday*. To dinner Monsignor Heard and Doctor Halsall.

19th. *Saturday*. The thesis sheet made its appearance to-day. The days when this afternoon used to be a holiday, are still fresh enough in our memory to leave us rather sore at its loss.

20th. *Whit Sunday*. The German Capuchin lay-brother, Conrad of Parzham, was canonised to-day. After dinner we had coffee and *rosolio* in the common room.

21st. *Whit Monday*. The dreadful weather which we have been having has cleared and to-day was beautiful for the gita. A new departure was made, when a tiny bus left the *cortile* with its top covered with rucksacks and its inside crowded with 22 crushed but cheerful students; as some people were suffering with raw skin at the end of the day, the crush of the return journey was not quite the same thing. A similar bus took another party to Palazzola, while a few others favoured the more prosaic train journey to Bracciano and Anzio.

22nd. *Tuesday*. We rose at six this morning and had a further holiday from the University, which is just as well, because the University benches, so nicely curved to the shoulders under normal conditions, are most unsuitable to victims of sun burn.

24th. *Thursday*. An unusual feature this year of Italian celebrations of their *feste*, as for instance the anniversary of the Piave to-day, is the absence of aeroplane manœuvres. While not complaining (indeed we consider it the greatest of blessings), we yet thought it a circumstance worthy of record.

25th. *Friday*. We heard to-day of Archbishop Hinsley's retirement and his new appointment as a Canon of St Peter's, and Consultor to Propaganda. While regretting that he is unable to carry on his great work in Africa, we must confess that it has its pleasant side for us, as it means the continued presence of one who is dear to us and to whom the College is so dear. We went to the Chiesa Nuova for the 1st Vespers of St Philip Neri.

26th. *Saturday*. *Prosit* 3rd Year Theology, who received the subdiaconate from Cardinal Marchetti Selvaggiani, at the Lateran Seminary, this morning. We were at the Chiesa Nuova again for High Mass this morning, and this afternoon for 2nd Vespers sung by Archbishop Palica, and Benediction given by the Cardinal Vicar.

27th. *Trinity Sunday*. Monsignor Heard and Brothers Clancy and Walsh were our guests at dinner and at coffee and *rosolio* in the common room. A few of us were invited to the opening of the new sports ground, belonging to the Knights of Columbus, by Cardinal Pacelli. The ground is situated on the Tiber bank near the Ponte Molle, and is too far away from the College to be much good to us, so we will go on using the tennis courts at the ground behind St Peter's. This evening we had a film "Borneo Selvaggia".

28th. *Monday*. Mr Pritchard departed to-day, the first to leave for England. The subdeacons took the gita to-day, which they missed last week, and while one party was being sunburned at Bracciano, the other spent the day in the billiard room at Palazzola drying clothes, only to have them soaked again, as soon as they left for home.

30th. *Wednesday*. A crafty plan on the part of the swimming tank man to play on strained nerves, and divide the house into two bitter factions, over a vote as to whether the tank should be white-washed or not, failed miserably. The vote was received and despatched with perfect equilibrium.

31st. *Thursday*. Corpus Christi. The low Mass at 9 o'clock was in the Martyrs Chapel for the first time and its freshness made us realise, if that were needed, how stuffy the big chapel had been. To dinner Mr Montgomery and Father Robertson.

JUNE 3rd. *Sunday*. Archbishop Hinsley said the parish Mass at S. Girolamo this morning. Doctor Halsall came to dinner. We went to the Tor di Quinto, that most popular, for us, of Roman convents, for the Blessed Sacrament procession this afternoon. Archbishop Hinsley carried the Blessed Sacrament in the procession round the grounds and gave Benediction. We were greatly impressed by the number of men who walked in the procession, remembering that this parish had the name of being one of the most avowedly anti-clerical, when the sisters first came there a few years ago.

4th. *Monday*. Although a few weeks of the term yet remain, exams have virtually started, as there are a great number of free courses to be cleared out of the way. If these early results are any indication of the way in which we are to be treated in the exams that matter, then we may advance bravely to the conflict. *Summas*, these days, occasion scarcely a comment.

6th. *Wednesday*. The heat is here now in all its intensity and already as we cross the Ponte Sisto, eyes are beginning to turn wistfully to the Albans which shimmer so gracefully in the blue haze of the afternoon.

7th. *Thursday*. We forsook the big chapel this morning and had both Meditation and Mass in the cool of the Martyrs Chapel. The written exam for the licentiate was held in all the faculties this morning.

8th. *Friday*. The feast of the Sacred Heart and a holiday. When the clock near the station pointed to twenty minutes to nine, it found us

all aboard the Albano tram, setting out to celebrate that most blessed of occasions—the Vice's birthday. A brilliant sun, a beautiful sky, Palazzola in its most entrancing mood and a festal board enticing in its generosity. What more perfect could we desire? Archbishop Hinsley wandered about in his tropical garb looking supremely happy, and at the after dinner speech-making, we were reminded of, and enthusiastically acknowledged our debt to him, in having this retreat to fly to in the hills. Our other guests at Palazzola were Monsignori Heard and Moss, Mr Montgomery, Doctor Halsall and Father Engelbert.

9th. *Saturday*. To dinner Doctor O'Reilly.

10th. *Sunday*. An exception was made to-day and aeroplanes performed gleeful acrobatics over Rome, to celebrate that which they had hoped for so confidently as to commemorate it in advance with an issue of postal stamps, namely, the title "Campioni del Mondo" for football.

11th. *Monday*. We entered into the spirit of the thing with an enthusiastic *prosit* this evening, when Archbishop Hinsley rang the bell for short reading at supper.

12th. *Tuesday*. We received a very welcome guest into our midst at evening recreation, when Doctor Howe settled down to tell us some of his famous ghost stories.

13th. *Wednesday*. To dinner, Doctor Howe and Father Campbell. A great heap of bodies sprawling over a table in the common room piqued my curiosity, until, having crawled and twisted through a maze of legs, I was able to stand up in the forefront of the press, to find that it was only Test Match results.

14th. *Thursday*. After Mass we cheered off Archbishop Hinsley from the *cortile*. He is on his way to England, but will spend a short time in Switzerland, where he is to consecrate a bishop for the African missions.

15th. *Friday*. We parted from Mr T. Marsh, who left for England this morning, and during evening study we yelled our good-byes from our windows into the *cortile*, as Doctor Park drove off for his holiday in England. He is spending a short time in the Alps first, and we pity the poor Alpine porter, who has to carry the rucksack which two students lifted into the taxi.

17th. *Sunday*. *Prosit* Messrs Grady and Fleming, who received the diaconate, at the French College, from the Cardinal Vicar. Meanwhile, in our own chapel, Father Wilcock S.J., recently ordained for the Russian Church, said Mass in his own rite. Our oriental scholar served the Mass, answering, we are told, in fluent Russian. To dinner, Doctor Howe. In Pamphilj this afternoon, after the fashion of people who are endeavouring to take their mind off more serious subjects, we became immersed in a game of conkers with grass stalks. After this had begun to pall, it was suggested that the event ought to be made known to the diarist, and a speculative discussion immediately arose, as to the identity of the next diarist. Perhaps by now my readers will realise why the possibility of its being the present writer was ignored.

18th. *Monday*. Whatever hopes we had of lectures finishing early this year were dispelled to-day. They will continue until the 30th of the month.

19th. *Tuesday*. Evening recreation is something to look forward to these days. As we sit in common room chairs on the balcony, the day's work over, we feel the first signs of coolness; overhead a velvety sky sprinkled with stars and a silence broken only by the hum of talk and the strains of the gramophone. One's thoughts stray lazily from topic to topic under these conditions: anticipation of the Villa, summers that have passed and those who have spent them here with us, England, until every now and then, some unfortunate remark brings us back to the thought which is uppermost in our minds at present—and someone is rebuked for talking "shop".

20th. *Wednesday*. We were given an afternoon holiday to attend the 1st Vespers of St Aloysius.

21st. *Thursday*. Feast of St Aloysius. Cardinal Marchetti Selvaggiani said the early Mass on the high altar in S. Ignazio, while a heterogeneous mob of clerics, nuns and lay people crowded round the altar of St Aloysius. The wind blew cold round the tank to-day, and some people found the need of a *zimarra* as we sat on the balcony this evening and listened to the strains of "When it's lamp lighting time in the valley".

22nd. *Friday*. To-day we enjoyed the transferred holiday of St Aloysius (so may the Congregational decrees be circumvented) and, by a happy combination of circumstances due to Archbishop Hinsley and Doctor O'Reilly, we dined *laute* and smoked English cigarettes, during the coffee and *rosolio* in the common room. Our guests were Fathers Leeming, Keeler, Fuerst and Renard S.J. As possession was taken of our guests by different circles in the common room, there was a reversal of that order, which will soon prevail, and we subjected *them* to an examination across the table.

23rd. *Saturday*. Father Vermeersch this morning, in what is widely believed to be his last lecture at the Gregorian, made mention of the fact that this is the first time in the history of this venerable University, that there has been a lecture after the feast of St Aloysius. We welcomed the Rector back to the family circle this evening.

24th. *Sunday*. There must be something in this talk about a heat-wave. Some people were driven to the tank for the first time this year.

25th. *Monday*. Thank heavens some people will have a peaceful sleep to-night. After a period of considerable anxiety and false alarms, we got the news that England has won a Test Match.

26th. *Tuesday*. There seems to be an idea at the University that lectures in some subjects can now be dispensed with, but there seems to be some indecision as to which they are—however, the main point, and the one that most concerns us, is that the number of lectures which

we actually have, remains unchanged. A new but somewhat fatiguing toy has arrived in the common room—a calendar for three centuries.

27th. *Wednesday*. Having now clapped the *Morals* professor on three occasions, each time thinking that it was the last school, we made an end of the sorry business this morning.

29th. *Friday*. SS. Peter and Paul and therefore a *pranzone* and coffee and *rosolio* afterwards. We found that a goodly crowd of people were making a visit to St Peter's at the same time as ourselves.

30th. *Saturday*. We attended the University this morning for the presentation of a spiritual bouquet of Masses and Communion, from the different Colleges to Father Lazzarini. The occasion is the golden jubilee of his entry into the Jesuit order, and Cardinal Bisleti and Monsignor Rufini read some complimentary addresses to him from the Congregation of Studies, while the Rector Magnificus read a telegram of congratulation from the Pope. This formed the closing incident in the scholastic year.

JULY 1st. *Sunday*. On our walk to Pamphij this afternoon, we took a deep breath of fresh air, before plunging into the vortex of exams on

2nd. *Monday*, and some of the more fortunate brethren rose to the surface immediately to find themselves free men. Mr Montgomery came to supper and spent the evening recreation with us.

4th. *Wednesday*. The first results arrived to-day, but the days of "sharking" are past and a man, if he is lucky, can now escape to the solitude of his room without being mobbed.

5th. *Thursday*. Another chicken has taken wings to itself and left the nest—we said good-bye to Mr Foster.

6th. *Friday*. Mr Grace departed with our valedictions before breakfast, and Mr Redmond after supper.

7th. *Saturday*. Good-bye Mr Jones.

8th. *Sunday*. To dinner Sir Charles Wingfield and Mr Montgomery. It is so hot now, that trying to sleep at nights is sheer misery.

9th. *Monday*. And as for the sandflies—they, or their little tokens of affection, are with us night and day.

11th. *Wednesday*. If I had my way with that little angel in the *cortile*! Why does any reasonable human being want to go blowing a whistle all day long? And how can anyone be expected to study under such circumstances? But this is the last night of it—we said good-bye to Messrs Dwyer, Lynch, Rea, Flynn, Hodskinson and Weldon because they, poor folks, are staying on at the College, before leaving for England—but we, all our troubles are over, for

12th. *Thursday*, we left it all behind us and set our faces towards Palazzola.

G. NESBITT.

PERSONAL

WITH great joy and respect we offer our heartiest congratulations to HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE and his venerable colleague ARCHBISHOP MOSTYN on the occasion of their golden jubilee in the sacred priesthood. We wish them both many more years of life and we sincerely hope that the Cardinal will soon recover from the weakness to which his recent serious illnesses have reduced him.

During the past months we have had rather disturbing news of the health of ARCHBISHOP MCINTYRE and ARCHBISHOP HINSLEY, the present Rector's immediate predecessors. As we go to press, Archbishop Hinsley is reported to be progressing favourably but he is still no further on his journey than Switzerland, and as late as September prayers were still being asked for Archbishop McIntyre. It is needless to assure them both that they are not being forgotten at the College they ruled, and we hope the telegram Archbishop McIntyre received from the Romans who attended the Liverpool dinner during the holidays was some little solace to him in his sufferings.

Unfortunately their Graces are not the only Venerabile invalids: FATHER J. ROWAN (1884-1887) of the English Martyrs, Manchester, is, we regret to note, still unable to say Mass. We gladly assure this devoted *alumnus* of the College of our prayers.

Following what is becoming a very commendable little tradition, we had several old Venerabilini spending their holidays with us at Palazzola. REVS. McNALLY (1910-1916) and HIGGINS (1921-1928) suborned strong men with free cigarettes. REV. F. TOOTELL brought FATHER FRED TURNER of Lancaster with him, and then there were REV. J. SUNN (1908-1915) and REV. E. HEMPHILL (1919-1926) and our *viventissimo* REV. A. D. TOMEI of very recent memory. We were happy also to welcome for a few week-ends at the Villa our Rome friend MR MONTGOMERY, Secretary to the British Legation.

Congratulations to the REV. J. HALSALL (1924-1931) who has won his D.C.L. at the Gregorian *magna cum laude*. The grave canonist's printed thesis is listed in the Library among the new books and may be seen any day boldly rubbing shoulders with the *auctores graviores*. *Prosit* also another academic success, REV. F. SHUTT (1924-1931) who is now a B.A. of Cambridge and has gone to profess classics at St Bede's.

CANON HUNT (1902-1909) has been made a Vicar Forane and is leaving Leicester for Holy Cross, Whitwick. REV. J. FARMER (1919-1924) goes as parish priest to St Peter's, Leicester. REV. J. PORTER (1903-1910) has been appointed parish priest to St Werburgh's, Birkenhead, and REV. A. BALDWIN (1920-1927) parish priest to Our Lady's, Belper. REV. J. MILAN (1920-1927) has left Machynlleth for Llay Main and REV. B. SLEVIN (1920-1927) has been appointed to St Peter's, Blackburn.

REV. J. GOODEAR (1919-1926) is now a diocesan inspector of schools for Shrewsbury diocese, and REV. J. GARVIN has left Upholland for the Motor Mission.

Prosit our four *doctorandi* of last year who are now all *doctorati*—MR REA, MR LYNCH, MR REDMOND and MR DWYER. We say *doctorati* because though their theses at the moment are not actually in print, they have all passed, and only await the execution of this technical requirement to be officially *doctores*, the first, let us note, of the latter times. All four are back in England: Mr Lynch is at present at Bishop's House, Portsmouth, Mr Rea is at the Pro-Cathedral, Clifton, Mr Redmond is secretary to the Bishop of Hexham, and Mr Dwyer is to study modern languages at Cambridge.

To the late Seventh Year we wish every success on the mission, and tell them how really sorry we all were to see them go. The late editor, MR PRITCHARD, goes to St John's, Norwich—position, as one Catholic weekly was very careful to state, fourth curate. Never mind; he can still attempt fame in his obscurity by writing for the Magazine. MR FLYNN goes to Holy Cross, St Helen's, and MR MARSH to Holy Name, Fazakerley. Of Lancaster men, MR PEARSON is working at St Cuthbert's, Blackpool, and MR CUNNINGHAM at English Martyrs', Preston. MR HODSKINSON is at St Winefride's, Shepshed; MR FOSTER goes to the Beda and MR GRACE to the professorial staff at Upholland. MR WROE, MR WELDON and MR JONES will remain for another year at the Venerable.

NOTE.—Literally at the very last moment, in fact after we have gone to press, the good news comes from the Rector that the Sacred Congregation of Rites has granted the College permission to celebrate the feast of the College Martyrs on December 1 of this year. It is hoped that the proper Mass and Office of the feast will be granted before long; they are now being considered. December 1 is chosen because it is the day on which Ralph Sherwin, first of our student martyrs, laid down his life for the Faith.

ED.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The Committee is now as follows :—

Editor : Mr Grady	Secretary : Mr Nesbitt
Sub-editor : Mr Mullin	Under-secretary : Mr Foley
Fifth Member : Mr Swinburne	Without portfolio : Mr Pitt

EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the following: *Baeda, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Oscotian, Pax, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Trident, The Ushaw Magazine, The Wonersh Magazine.*

A NEW BURSE IN HONOUR OF OUR MARTYRS

We may surely regard it as an answer to our prayers in honour of our blessed Martyrs, that, whilst I was in England recently, a friend and admirer of the College, a gentleman of Lancashire, very generously offered to found a burse for the education of a student at the Venerable. The burse is to be known as the "Lancashire Martyrs Burse", and the first student to enjoy the benefit of it arrived at the College at the beginning of this scholastic year.

We are deeply grateful to our friend and benefactor for his goodness, and assure him of our prayers.

We hope that this noble example may inspire others. It would be a delight if we could chronicle in the next number of the VENERABLE that the heart of a Yorkshireman had been stirred to emulation by the perusal of this paragraph. But our invitation goes forth fervently to all the counties from Lands End to John o' Groat's.

W.G.

LITERARY SOCIETY

At the usual meeting Mr Wroe was elected President and Mr Neary Secretary.

The Society's session for 1933-34 counted eight lectures in all, fewer perhaps than usual, but this was due to a variety of circumstances over which we could exercise no controlling hand.

Fr O'Connor who was in Rome for the Association Meeting opened with "Paul Claudel and the Satin Slipper", and so we had first hand information about a book which (need we confess!) had puzzled us not a little.

In the first meeting after the Villa, the Vice-rector offered a delightful paper on "Gilbert and Sullivan". A note (or should I say notes?) of gaiety was added to the proceedings by the pianoforte selections played to give examples of the musical part of the combine.

Mr Vincent Marsh who is, of course, "one of us", treated us to a scholarly paper on "Gregory Martin".

Bishop Ross S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, Tokyo, gave us a very interesting account of the "Missionary Work of the Jesuits in Japan".

Major Morton M.C., and a descendant of one of our own martyrs would, of course, have had a warm welcome in any case. He was doubly welcome with his lecture on "Post-War Europe".

Fr Walsh S.J., who two years ago entertained us with a thrilling account of affairs in Russia, gave us, this year, latest developments on the same theme. We are afraid that it was very inconvenient for him to squeeze in his visit to us, but he knows how we appreciated his address.

Fr Vincent McCormick S.J., Rector Magnificus of the Gregorian, spoke on the Catholic Education Problems in America.

Dom Bede Camm O.S.B. gave the last talk of the year. He spoke, of course, on the "English Martyrs".

J.L.

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

In a community such as ours, one is continually sorry that so little spare time is available, a scarcity which the debating society feels more than any other in the house. After a hard day's work, no one feels the inclination to enter into a very serious discussion, first because there is not time to gather sufficient matter to make a serious subject useful, and secondly because tired heads demand a little light recreation. Consequently the President is obliged to propose subjects which are light and which do not require much preparation.

Nevertheless, it seems a pity that the standard has not been raised somewhat higher: for the society is considered rather as a means of talking while everyone else is quiet than esteemed as a real debating society. Members show a tendency to come to a meeting without having

a definite speech prepared, preferring, as it would seem, to rely upon a few jottings in their mental notebook to carry them on. If the members could be induced to make a whole-hearted effort in the preparation of their speeches, it seems most probable that we could produce some excellent debates.

The foregoing opinion is not intended to convey the impression that the level of debates has dropped: for the past session has shown that the house is determined to maintain the standard of previous years. Attendance at the meetings declined towards the end of the session, whereas at the beginning it had been excellent, but all the debates were fairly well attended.

A short glance at some of the subjects under discussion leads us to various conclusions:—lovers of Renaissance Rome will be sorry to hear that we prefer the modern city. The entire tradition of the Benedictine order was invoked to prove that the Loch Ness monster really exists, but even with such weighty support, it needed the President's casting vote to decide its authenticity. The whole historical problem was so carefully sifted, when the President rose to propose the restoration of the Codex Sinaiticus to Mount Sinai, that the Society decided to accede to the demands of Archbishop Porphyrios immediately.

Impromptu debates have a great attraction for those who like to sharpen their wits, and this year the topical motion "That it is more commendable that Santa Claus should sleep with his whiskers over, rather than under, the sheet" produced many scholastic distinctions, some members preferring to distinguish the weather by seasons, others inclining to distinguish the whiskers with a comb.

We offer our best wishes to Messrs Wilcock and Duggan, who have been elected President and Secretary respectively for the new session.

W. G. FORD, *Secretary*.

WISEMAN SOCIETY

We may look back on a year in which a large membership, the high standard of the papers and, still more, the lively and intelligent discussions resulting from them have given ample proof of the flourishing state of the society. With regard to the number of papers alone could improvement be desired. Papers were read by Mr T. B. Pearson on "Thomas Hardy", by Mr Rogers on "Napoleon", by the Vice-rector on "Music: the Cinderella of the Arts", and by Mr Cassidy on "Francis Thompson".

At the business meeting Mr Neary was elected to the chair and we here reiterate the vote of thanks to the retired chairman, Mr T. B. Pearson, for his many years of loyal support and service.

Lastly, mention must be made of an important step taken this year, namely the resumption of a programme of papers to be read during the Villa period. One has already been given by Mr Pitt on "Philip II

of Spain ” and two more will be read before the resumption of the Roman course. With such a good start to encourage us, it is with justified confidence that we look forward to an extraordinarily good Roman session.

J. DAWSON.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

This year, thirty-nine Venerabilini were inscribed as members of the Guild and a good number of them attended the meetings of the study club. Probably on account of the increased number of lectures at the University and the accompanying examinations during the course of the year, the number of papers was not so high as might have been desired. The quality, however, of the papers was very satisfactory and the discussions moved on a high level.

The following members contributed papers :

Mr D. J. Leahy : *The Roots of Bolshevism.*

Mr G. Sweeney : *Communism in the Paraguayan Reductions.*

Mr A. Boers : *Sociology as a Science.*

Mr L. Ashworth : *Leo XIII and Social Teaching.*

Perhaps the course of events in our study circle, during the last year, may be taken as a confirmation of Mussolini's statement at the "assemblea quinquennale", that under the conditions of modern life, nothing can be left to its own course but must be planned and worked out beforehand. It was decided therefore at the general business meeting on June 1st, that a scheme of not altogether disconnected papers should be prepared and the members asked to choose one of these.

A motion was also passed that the papers should be at the disposal of all the members who wanted to see them, a week before the meeting in which they were to be read, and that one member should be asked to acquaint himself with the subject-matter of each paper, so that an apposite discussion might be secured.

Mr Wroe, who for many years has worked keenly for the Guild, and, for the last two, has skilfully guided its affairs, must now pass to another sphere of activity. Mr Boers was chosen as his successor.

For the coming session, papers are in preparation on the following subjects : *Liberalism, Capitalism, Democracy ; Labour Organization and Labour or Social Legislation in Great Britain ; Karl Marx and the Rise of Socialism ; Socialism in England ; the Catholic Social Movement in Great Britain ; a general paper on the "Weltanschauung" of Fascism and a more special one on the Corporative State.*

Working on the lines of a definite scheme involves the great difficulty of a lack of necessary books. A subscription will be held among the members to meet the expenses for acquiring books and the Rector has kindly promised to make up the deficit.

All in all, we have reasonable hopes that, in spite of adverse circumstances, the study club will continue to do some useful work.

A. E. BOERS, *Secretary.*

ORCHESTRA

A review of the year's activities reveals one outstanding fact—we have earned the right to call ourselves an orchestra; our progress is that of an orchestra as distinct from a collection, however admirable, of individual instrumentalists.

To the lay mind the distinction may appear abstruse, not to say metaphysical, but it is real. An orchestra is something more than the sum of its component parts. It has its own entity, its own individuality and the measure of its progress is no longer the progress in musical technique of its single members. We have begun to realise this and the effects are already noticeable. We are gradually awakening to that sixth sense, which enables a person to listen to his own part without losing consciousness of what is going on round about him, to discern some order in the musical chaos which envelopes him, and (no mean feat) to distinguish accompaniment from melody and adapt himself accordingly. So too the relative significance of those mystic signs *ff* and *pp* have won for themselves recognition and their rendering is no longer regarded as the exclusive perquisite of the leading 1st violin. Similarly the days are long passed, when a mark for emphasis received its expression solely in the exaggerated gestures of the unfortunate conductor, for the conductor is now recognised as no mere figure of fun waving his arms in front of us but as an important member of the orchestra, upon the motion of whose hands, it may be worth while, if only as a matter of speculative interest, to bestow an occasional glance.

Finally, our 2nd violins have developed a fine, sturdy independence befitting those who represent the backbone of an orchestra, and woe betide the 1st violin who dares intrude upon their solos.

Our activities continue as heretofore. Each Sunday morning, the music room has rung to the sounds of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert, thereby (as we may justly suppose) gladdening the heart of many a sufferer incarcerated in the sick room next door. A new venture was launched this *villeggiatura* when, in spite of our sadly diminished number, we accompanied the choruses and some of the solos in "The Gondoliers". We may fairly claim that the experiment was justified and its result a success, but the extent of that success lies with the verdict of posterity.

Messrs Dwyer and Lynch left us at the end of the year for the mission. Our thanks will always be due to Mr Lynch, for it was owing to his personal efforts, energy and enthusiasm that the orchestra was reformed in 1931 after a lapse of four years.

Mr Ekbery retired from the directorship of the orchestra, in the course of the year, and to him also we express our thanks for the energy and ability with which he directed us during his term of office.

E. WILCOCK.

OBITUARY

JOHN COTTON, M.A. (LONDON), D.D. (1895-1899).

BORN at Longridge, Preston, 1869, ordained 1895, then sent to Rome with William (now Canon) Dennett, of Maghull, first students of the Beda. He was therefore, in loyalty and mentality, a *Venerabilino*.

He taught classics at St Edward's, Liverpool, and Dogmatic Theology at Upholland Seminary, then was released for the mission. In 1908 he was appointed to St Mary's, Fleetwood. He did much to renovate his church, built and served a chapel of ease at Knott End, far across the ferry, enlarged the schools, and built St Wulstan's in the new quarter of the town. There are now five resident priests where he went alone twenty-five years ago. Such sums as he could call his own were sunk in these multifarious activities, and he became the most popular figure in Fleetwood, or (let us not awake the green-eyed monster) one of the most popular. Indeed he was popular with everyone in every place. Merry and bright, even when he was serious, he was not taken seriously and, lacking the expressive contours of a figure-head, he escaped at least one high promotion, but this is his secret. To a Lancashire pertinacity and singleness of purpose he joined a humane absence of pose which made the non-observant rank him much lower than he really belonged. No one could more rapidly get on terms with old or young, high or low, so instinctively human were his sympathies. Lancashire would call him "jannock", and this is one of their strong expressions.

He loved Italian art and the Italian people and delighted to be among them. A complete set of Ruskin was part of his outfit even at Fleetwood. But after the first fervour he did not seem to read Ruskin much; he found the people more exciting. Indeed he seldom aired his accomplishments at all, possibly through absence of any vanity, more certainly because of his preoccupation with the human side of whatever company he kept. It took a special and even patient effort to discover if he had ever heard of Greek or Latin classics. A good man was he to visit shrines, as he so often dug up the right Cerberus and impressed him favourably. We liked to go in pairs to foreign parts, because we found that we could get office and rosary said in due time without undue strain, and his habit of hastening without hurry made it easy to say Mass at interesting altars.

We did our Jubilee pilgrimage of 1933 together. Within a month or two of his return, he developed Coronary Thrombosis. After convalescence, he began to observe precautions, but pastoral solicitude came back in waves at times, and, this summer, a strain which he ought to have avoided brought on a painful serious attack. Having received the last rites, he recovered forthwith, and when I saw him only six days before his death he was gaily anticipating a Mediterranean cruise. Sailing from Liverpool on Saturday, September 8th, he died in his sleep on Monday, and was buried at sea on Tuesday evening, despite every endeavour to get his remains home. His diocesan who esteemed him highly presided at the Dirge on Thursday, and sang his Requiem on Friday 14th. Your contributor had the privilege of speaking his panegyric to a crowded congregation, which included the civic authorities of the town, and many priests even from his old and somewhat distant diocese of Liverpool.

Refreshment, Light, and Peace, O Lord, for Thou art loving-kind.

J. O'C.

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