

THE VENERABLE

conducted
by the past and present students
of the Venerable English College
Rome

CONTENTS

1	page	Editorial
3	..	Tribute to Monsignor Smith (JOHN MACMILLAN)
5	..	November 1942
7	..	Some Letters of St. Thomas of Canterbury (Vol. IX, No. 1)
20	..	Gardening (J. TOLKIN)
28	..	Romanesques—35—The Crowning Glory" (E. GRASAR)
36	..	Contrast in Types (J. O'CONNOR)
42	..	Margery Kemp's Roman Pilgrimage (H. E. C. ROSE)
50	..	Arma Virtutum Gano (A. J. STOREY)
58	..	The Better Part (D. J. B. HAWKINS)
60	..	College Diary (R. FALLON)
79	..	Personal
82	..	College Notes
89	..	Obituary
93	..	Our Book Shelf

ENGLAND
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

THE
VENERABLE

conducted
by the past and present students
of the Venerable English College
Rome

CONTENTS

Editorial	page	1
Tribute to Monsignor Smith (JOHN MACMILLAN)	3
Roma Intangibile (B. FOLEY)	5
Some Letters of Saint Thomas of Canterbury (T. FOOKS)	7
Gardening (J. TOLKIEN)	20
Romanesques—35—“The Crowning Glory” (E. GRASAR)	28
Contrast in Types (J. O’CONNOR)	36
Margery Kempe’s Roman Pilgrimage (H. E. G. ROPE)	42
Arma Virumque Cano (A. J. STOREY)	50
The Better Part (D. J. B. HAWKINS)	58
College Diary (R. FALLON)	60
Personal	79
College Notes	82
Obituary	89
Our Book Shelf	93



101

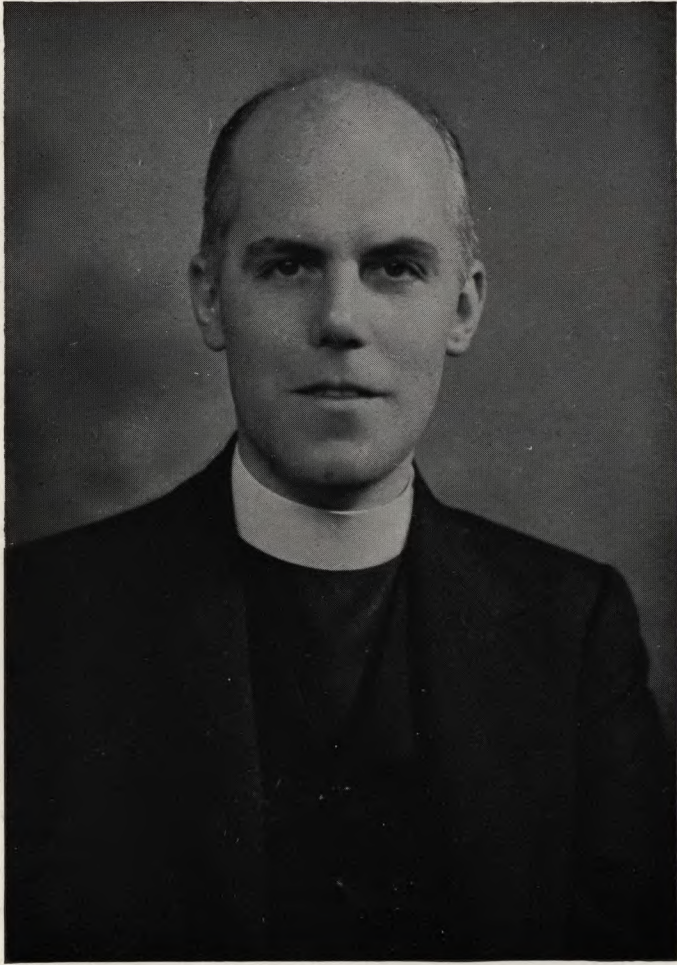
101

EDITORIAL

The VENERABLE celebrated its first birthday in the first year of Pius XI's pontificate, when the Duce's Blackshirts had just come to power; it celebrates its twenty-first in the year of Pius XII's jubilee when, we hope, Italy will soon be freed from the régime which suits her temperament so ill. It is a pity, therefore, that our coming of age should be marred by a retrenchment—we refer to the change in paper, due to the latest Government restrictions. Yet, thanks to our printer, that change is not as drastic as it might have been. We are able to maintain the usual number of pages, even though the appearance of this issue would seem to belie this statement; and the paper itself, if less substantial than before, is quite pleasing in appearance. In fact many who have complained in the past that the Magazine was too bulky will probably consider the change an improvement, and hope that the VENERABLE will continue to use a similar paper after the war. If this were our only misfortune we should have little cause for complaint.

But it would seem that, having attained our majority, we are to be driven straightway to fend for ourselves; for the Vice-Rector has left us. Others have attempted to express in these pages what a great loss his going means to us all; but to the Magazine staff it is no less than a bereavement.

Even as early as October 1928 we find the Editor writing in the College Notes : " In the retirement from office of Mr R. L. Smith, the Magazine is deprived of a hard working and very versatile Editor. The destinies of the VENERABILE have been controlled by him for (we can truthfully say) years. And even as an ex-editor he still faithfully serves, and is an example to all other ex-editors to do likewise." His was much of the difficult work of nursing the Magazine and moulding its character during its tenderest years ; so well did he fulfil his task that the Magazine as he left it is practically identical in form with the Magazine of today. But that is not all : since his appointment as Vice-Rector in 1932 the staff of the VENERABILE has found him a guide and friend ever ready to help, whether in that part of their task which was mere drudgery, or in writing the many articles, so diverse in matter, so uniform in elegance, which have appeared in these pages above his name. During the last ten years his experience and judgment have ever been at the disposal of Editors in all their difficulties. But now we shall have to solve our problems without his help, an unpleasant prospect. Our only consolation is that, as his successor in the editorial chair was able to record his continued help in the form of most welcome articles, so we shall receive in the future, we feel sure, many a contribution signed with those well-known initials R.L.S. Even now he can still remain " an example to all other ex-editors ".



The departure of Monsignor Smith from the Venerable is the departure of one who, as a student for the greater part of seven years, and as Vice-Rector for over ten years, has worked whole-heartedly for the good of the College. I dare to say that no one has ever worked more whole-heartedly. As for myself, his departure is the departure of a friend.

Together, in the October of 1922, we entered the Venerable as students, and almost at once he began to contribute to a higher standard in the social and dramatic side of the College life—a contribution made possible and more far reaching by the warm support of the Rector, Monsignor Hinsley. His fellow students, too, gladly joined and helped him, especially Monsignor Elwes. His many vital qualities, deriving from his own humane and spiritual character, from his years at Stonyhurst and Oxford, found full outlet in the congenial atmosphere of the Venerable, and I know that his life there was extremely happy, as well as productive of the greatest good for the College.

After the completion of his Philosophical studies, the rest of his course was all too frequently broken into by returns to England for operations, and his final studies had to be made in England, so that his last year was spent at Upholland College. The courage with which he faced interviews with surgeons and the successive operations filled those of us who knew him with humble admiration.

After his ordination in July 1928, there followed some three years in which he taught History most successfully at Upholland. While there, and typically, his great public spirit led him to spend time and money building up the Orchestra. Then, early in 1932, Monsignor Godfrey begged and obtained him as Vice-Rector of the Venerable—the Bishop of Lancaster and the Rector of Upholland consenting. I was teaching there at the time, and can well remember how much he was missed by all on the Staff.

From then, to my going out to Rome as Rector early in 1939, he gave to the College and Monsignor Godfrey of his very best. Rome and the Venerable became a very part of him, and he helped the students to love and profit by their unique surroundings and opportunities.

When I arrived as Rector, his attitude was one of great friendship, loyalty and correctness. With the gathering of the

war clouds, and the looming of vague dangers ahead, it was obviously going to be of the greatest advantage that we should remain together and thus see the storm through. From the College point of view the violence of the storm has now come and gone, the College has weighed anchor and made a safe and temporary anchorage in that island "set in the silver sea", so that, God willing, the next time we weigh anchor, it will be to return once more to the ancient moorings. Monsignor Smith therefore felt the time had come to leave the work he loved so much, and turn to parochial work, to which he felt he could now pass while God still gave him health and vitality. In that new work I am certain he will serve God as well and successfully as he did amongst us. Moreover I feel that he will there find even more scope for his zeal and energy.

Leave-taking should be brief, and I will only say: "farewell, rare friend, and colleague in one branch of the Lord's work—but remember, the Lord we serve is still the same!"

JOHN MACMILLAN.

SOME LETTERS BY THOMAS
ROMA INTANGIBILE

“Beatus populus qui scit jubilationem, cui clamor in plateis, cuius filia in vestitu deaurato circumdata varietate. Beatum dixerunt populum cui haec sunt.”

Can you forget the sun-stained, flower-strewn walls,
 The shadowed courtyard's sudden pools of light,
 The soft complaining of the waterfalls,
 The winecarts jingling, jesting in the night?
 And how the windows smile or scowl like eyes,
 And every doorway summons with a sign,
 And hearts are blest with life's best gift—surprise,
 Till every vein runs warmer than the vine.

'Tis April—tell me, were piazzas hung
 This passiontide in sorrow's purple hue?
 And are the Forum's first, fresh blossoms sprung
 To gild the Caesars' palaces anew?
 Gather the children there of such great eyes,
 Who used to run and beg some sacred thing,
 And do they never look up with surprise,
 Nor muse amid their flower-gathering,

Remembering those Inglesi who would spend
 The evening hour that very Roman way,
 Watching and dreaming while the colours blend,
 Sharing with them the last gold glint of day?
 Ring still the wild stornelli's glad refrains
 From lips as free of lilt and laugh as speech?
 Exult the campanile's clamorous strains,
 The sacring bell amid the traffic's screech?

Tell me—for I forget, the colours fade
 Like the madonnas the roads beside
 Ah, do the mothers lift them to their babe,
 To pray 'gainst Inghilterra's cruel pride?
 Show me the daily drama of the street,
 The artless glory of a Campo shawl,
 The lantern lighted at a Santo's feet,
 The beggar's cry, the Acetosa call.

Could I deserve the Roman's last desire :
 " Andare su ed in finestra star ",¹
 But only glimpse that world of gay attire,
 A moment ponder at a lattice bar,
 The contrasts unashamed and uncondemned
 That bring a play of pantomime to all,
 The colours shining, unconstrained to blend,
 That make each day's perpetual festival.

" Thy faith is spoken of in all the world ",
 Thy diadem of shrines adorns God's keys,
 But still a humbler crown thou hast empearled,
 The splendour of thy people's pageantries.
 They took us in when we were strange and young,
 The birthplace of Romance made memory's home,
 For that in a less lovely, alien tongue,
 Take this, a stammerer's debt of praise, dear Rome.

BRIAN FOLEY.

¹ The dying request of a certain Donna Maria Galese.

SOME LETTERS OF SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

The patron of the College is perhaps better known than most of our fellow-countrymen who have joined the ranks of the Church Triumphant. Yet with most of us it may be doubted whether our knowledge goes beyond the main outlines of his life: it is doubtful whether it often extends to the inner details of his personality or his achievement. In this lies the justification for a small addition to his already bewildering biography, in the shape of an attempt to illustrate one particular aspect of his famous struggle. It is an aspect inevitably of special interest to members of the College, namely his relations with the Roman Curia.

It comes as a surprise to many to find that any letters of Saint Thomas have come down to us; yet such is the achievement of some two hundred or more, almost all written during his exile in France, that is, during the last six years of his life. Their most visitable habitation is three of the forbidding tomes of the Rolls Series,¹ where they are to be found in company with the even more numerous letters of the Saint's correspondents. What is given here is consequently but a token of what awaits the earnest seeker after knowledge. It is given in translation (brave effort) because the Latin of the original often does not leap readily to the eye.

The historical and biographical background lies beyond the limits of this excursion, as also does any detailed comment

¹ *Materials for the History of Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury*, ed. J. C. Robertson, vols. 5, 6, 7.

on the contents of the extracts given: yet a brief notice of one point seems called for. That is the distinction drawn by Saint Thomas (as by any Catholic, particularly of that time) between the office of his highly-placed correspondents and their human failings. Not even his most bitter antagonist ever accused him of disloyalty to the Holy See. Nor could he, for the Saint's whole struggle was fundamentally for the preservation of the authority of that See in England. He says as much himself, and in so many words. When the Curia seemed to have forgotten it he is at pains to refresh their memories. In the end he sealed his loyalty with his blood.

But his devotion to the Church could not blind him to the weaknesses of certain of its rulers. Rather it increased it. His prolonged and solitary exile wore his patience very thin: he could have little time for pettiness and time-serving in others, when he himself was giving his whole life for what he judged to be their cause as much as it was his. That he had cause for complaint cannot be doubted, though it may be that in some cases he was exaggerating a little. His was the impatience of the Saints: once they have decided where God's will lies they can tolerate nothing that stands in the way, least of all defects in those who hold high office in His Church. As to this, one might mention, out of too many examples, that of a great protagonist who was found in not unsimilar circumstances, Saint Catherine of Siena. Perhaps one quotation would serve to illustrate her attitude. It is from a letter of hers to the Cardinals who had deserted Urban VI:—

“What proves to me that you are ungrateful, coarse and mercenary? The way in which you and the others persecute the Spouse, at the moment when you should be shielding her from blows. . . . What is the cause of it? Self-love which poisons the world! That is what has made you, who should be pillars, weaker than straw. Instead of flowers giving forth perfume, you corrupt the whole world. Instead of being lamps placed on high to shed the faith, you hide the light from us. Instead of being angels in human form, you have taken on the office of demons. This is not the blindness of ignorance. No: you *know* the truth; it was you who announced it to us, not we to you. Oh, what madmen you are! You give us the truth and taste a lie yourselves. Now you want to deny this truth and make us believe the opposite. . . .”¹

¹ Curtayne: *Saint Catherine of Siena*, pp. 146-7.

After eighteen months of silent exile in the Cistercian seclusion of Pontiguy Saint Thomas had decided to take action. He had been to Vezelay, city seated on a hill, and there, where Saint Bernard preached the Crusade, he had excommunicated the more notorious of Henry II's evil counsellors. That was Whitsunday, 1166. Afterwards he wrote to three of the Cardinals, Conrad, Hyacinth and Henry¹, for support :—

“ . . . I have not yet condemned the King himself, because I still hope for a change of heart in him : but I shall not hesitate if that change does not come at an early date. I advise and urge you, most strongly, my good friends, to make a firm stand. Do your best to persuade His Holiness to ratify my proceedings. If you fail, not only will the authority of the Holy See in England dwindle to nothing, but the very freedom of the Church itself will be finally destroyed : though there is little enough of it left as it is. You must realise that the King's sons are growing up : they will inevitably follow the example of their father's cruelty unless the poisonous weed is cut off at its root, and that with all the severity the Church can muster. For myself, I would rather resist to the shedding of my blood, even to death, than allow such flagrant crimes to go any longer unpunished in the Church of God. . . . I am convinced that the King's obstinacy would collapse on that instant, if an interdict were laid on his dominions the other side of the Channel.”

Although Pope Alexander confirmed the sentences his struggle with Barbarossa precluded his taking a strong line with Henry, and Henry in his turn took advantage of the position to further his cause at Rome and at the same time to cause Saint Thomas' departure from Pontiguy (in Burgundy) for Sens, in the territory of Louis VII. The Saint wrote again to Cardinal Hyacinth in the autumn of 1166 :—

“ I have placed the cause of the English Church and ourselves entirely in your hands. As a consequence of this complete surrender, we now depend entirely on you : our success will be your honour, our disappointment your shame. Our persecutors have now gone so far that they can really go no further : they must exhaust themselves willy nilly, unless Rome relieves their failing strength : their storms will fade to distant thunder, and a little rain will settle the wind of their conceit. With God's help you will soon defeat them, if only you

¹ Conrad, Archbishop of Mainz, to Becket “*animae suae dimidium*”. He had left his see as a result of Barbarossa's schism, and was now Cardinal Bishop of Sabino.

Hyacinth, Giacinto Bobone, Cardinal Deacon of S. Maria in Cosmedin and later (1191-8) Pope Celestine III.

Henry of Pisa, Cardinal of SS. Nerone ed Achilleo ; he had a large share in persuading Saint Thomas to accept the archbishopric.

can bring yourselves to look for victory here and now. Remember what one of your fellow-countrymen, Caesar, said of another, Pompey : that he would have been invincible had he been as good at winning victories as he was at fighting.

Having previously ordered that no appeals must be made to the Holy See . . . King Henry has now been reduced to such straits that he is himself compelled to appeal to the throne of Peter. To be sure, he would be well justified in going to Rome if his intention was to defend himself against injustice, instead of being to inflict it ; or if he sought to demonstrate his devotion to the Church instead of seeking its destruction. He would be well justified, if it were not that he hopes to damage the Church more by means of vain promises of friendship and obedience than he has already done by open hostility. My very good father and lord, the world will shortly know what manner of men you are. Remember :

‘Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps ;
Ne vos decipiant animi sub vulpe latentes.’¹

If his importunities and bribes ever induce you to seek your own profit to the detriment of the Church, he will be the first to publish it to the world, to your confusion and the shame of the Holy See. That is his way. He has often been known to say that one can always buy what one wants in Rome : he will preach it from the rooftops if you yield. . . .”

Saint Thomas’ is no isolated testimony to the readiness of the Roman court to do anything at a price. The same thing is to be found in many contemporary writers, particularly in the plain language of his supporter and confidant, John of Salisbury.

At the same time the Saint wrote to the English Cardinal, Boso,² suiting his argument nicely to his correspondent.

“I am sure, and it is certainly true that there is no one in the Curia better aware than yourself of Canterbury’s unfailing loyalty to the Holy See. I may pass over my earlier predecessors : the example of their orthodoxy and virtue is still the glory of our Church, and their name is already famous for the miracles with which God has rewarded their merits. I would speak more in particular of my immediate predecessor,³ your own friend and a very devoted son of the Roman Church. He was twice banished from his see and his country for his loyalty, because King Stephen took objection to his having, at the summons of Pope Eugenius, gone to the Council of Rheims

¹ Horace : *De Arte Poetica*, v. 437.

² Boso, monk of St Alban’s, nephew of Adrian IV, theologian and biographer of Alexander III. He followed his uncle to Rome, where he was created Cardinal Deacon of SS. Cosma e Damiane ; Adrian appointed him Camerlengo in 1155. As governor of the Castel S. Angelo he played a leading part in the disturbances surrounding the election of Alexander in 1159. Later he received the title of S. Pudenzia.

³ Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury 1139-61 ; the events described took place in 1148.

in defiance of the royal prohibition. All the bishops swallowed their obedience and stayed at home, excepting only the three sent by Stephen to make excuse for the absence of the rest. . .

Have you ever known any English bishop, other than an archbishop of Canterbury, who resisted the power of the King, in defence of the liberty of the Church and the canons of the fathers or for the reverence and obedience due to the Apostolic See? No, not one: neither in our own time nor, if you recall your history, in the past. But in the see of Canterbury there have been many who have risked shedding their blood at the hands of their persecutors, and not a few who have actually shed it.

Had these 'customs' (abuses would be a better name) which we are required to accept, really been in force in my predecessor's time, he would hardly have been led by obedience to defy the King's command and risk shipwreck in the way he did; nor would the Holy Father have commended him publicly at the Council for his devotion, in that (to use the Pope's own words) '*natando potius quam navigando ad concilium venerat*'.

But all this is well known, especially to you, who can remember the events of that time for yourself and know Canterbury's fidelity from your own experience, without dependence on history-books. It has always been devoted to yourself in particular and, God helping, its devotion will not cool in my time; rather it would be only right that it should increase, since from the days of Guido of Pisa we have known one another well, and it was through me that you made the acquaintance of my predecessor. I am resolved that our affection shall grow with the years and the tokens of my respect be multiplied whenever the chance offers.

By your friendship for me I beg you to notify the Pope of what I say. With my good friends your colleagues—and even more earnestly than they—do your best to persuade him that a church which is so faithful a servant of the Holy See is not to be thrown to the beasts. Pray that he may rescue me and my see *in brachio extento de manibus eorum qui quaerunt animam nostram ut auferant eam* and who hope that in my defeat they may deal a fatal blow to the liberty of the Church. King Stephen abandoned his persecution of my predecessor only when the late Pope, Eugenius, authorized the bishops to excommunicate him and lay his country under interdict, without right of appeal. It is not easy to drive the wolf from the fold unless you scare him off with the bark of your dogs and a taste of your stick."

But the Emperor's descent upon Italy with an even stronger force than before had rendered the Pope less capable than ever of adopting the strong measures advocated by Saint Thomas. King Henry, on his part, did not relax his pressure, and succeeded

¹ *Constitutions of Clarendon*, the original cause of the quarrel between Saint Thomas and the King.

in obtaining the suspension of the Saint's powers of excommunication, the absolution of his own most notorious agent, John of Oxford, and the appointment of two Cardinals as legates to try the case.

Saint Thomas wrote impatiently to the Pope (early Spring 1167) :—

“ *Exsurge, Domine, et noli tardare amplius. Illumina faciem tuam super nos, et fac nobiscum secundum misericordiam tuam*—with me and with my poor companions in exile, for the weight of our sorrow is almost too much for us : *salva nos quia perimus*. Do not put me to confusion in the eyes of men : do not let my enemies—the enemies of Christ, too, and His Church—rejoice in my discomfort : do not make my misfortune a mockery to the world, *quia nomen tuum invocamus super nos. Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed in nomine Domini Nostri Jesu Christi* ; earn yourself a name for ever, restore your fallen glory, repair your reputation, sadly damaged as it is in France by the return of that perjured, excommunicated schismatic, John of Oxford, and the false reports he has spread abroad. God knows I speak the truth : if you do not believe me, ask those Frenchmen who are most zealous of your honour and the promotion of the Church's cause.

I say, repair your reputation. Till now it flourished unstained before the world, preserved intact through every crisis, alone constant and clear when everything else was lost. Let your authority resumé its force. Recover your high policy ; it was unassailable once, of late it has strayed from its path. Let ‘Prate-apace’¹ know his reports are false, his fine words are lies. He has not earned forgiveness ; let him taste severity. He has abused your good will ; let him suffer your vengeance. So the world will know that he has found Christ's Vicar founded upon a firm rock, not easily shifted ; no pliant reed, as spiteful rumour hints, but a staunch upholder of justice and equity : no respecter of persons, but unsparing in judgment, dispensing justice equally to king and subject.

May Your Holiness prosper that so I may, too, and my unhappy companions.”

This was accompanied by a rebuke to the Cardinals as a body :—

“ To say kind things to a man in sorrow is not easy ; for a man in sorrow to speak with moderation is really difficult. So kindly make allowances for my sorrow.

Your Eminences have, by the inspiration of Divine grace, been given a high office. In virtue of that high office, I understand, it is your duty to root out injustice and to pull down presumption. It is your duty to assist those who labour in the priesthood, and to protect

¹ Garrulus, one of John of Oxford's nicknames amongst the supporters of the Archbishop.

them from shame and misfortune. It is your duty to lay a firm hand on calumny and to mete out severe punishment to oppression. On the other hand, to let the recalcitrant go undisturbed, to offer no resistance to the Church's persecutors—that is but to offer them encouragement. To allow public crimes to go unpunished is to allow the presumption that one secretly approves them.

All this leads to the conclusion that you have but one course open to you: from now on to use your every best endeavour to promote our cause in the contest between us and the King—I might say between yourselves and the King, for the welfare of the universal Church is at stake. You had, in fact, joined battle with him, and victory was on your doorstep, yet you allowed him to circumvent your authority with his sly stratagems and his false promises of peace. That, at least, is the judgment of men of experience: it is confirmed by the talk of travellers and the testimony of those acquainted with the King's inner counsels. Tyrants commonly obtain peace by preparation for battle, not by embassies and appeals: *praeparatione belli pax obtinetur*. If he seeks to destroy the Church's liberty, steel your hearts against him: it is just punishment. Empty yourselves of all prejudices, throw aside all favour and bias. I am presuming you do intend to do just judgment and be upright in the performance of your duty: I presume you so desire to see justice done, inasmuch as you have been appointed judges over God's people. Remember the words of Scripture: *diligite iustitiam qui iudicatis terram*. Loved indeed it should always be—and observed, for it is the one condition and preservative of peace. So Isaias: *Erit opus iustitiae pax*. So the Psalmist: *Iustitia et pax osculatae sunt*. They are inseparable, these two: if you want peace you must administer justice. Do you then act accordingly and dispense justice, for yours is the office of judging. When the just judge comes *reddens unicuique juxta merita sua* your observance of justice will receive its reward.

I have said enough. In brief I would remind you of the case of Arius. He began as one tiny spark in Alexandria. Justice wavered: the spark was not damped, and in the course of time practically the whole world took fire. Come to the point. Tell me, holy fathers, how does your conscience allow you to gloss over the injury done to Christ in me—I might say in you, who are supposed to be Christ's representatives on earth? Is not my cause to a large extent the same as yours? Surely it is yours. Do you pretend you do not know that the King of England has seized upon and daily continues to seize upon Church property? or that he tramples upon the Church's liberty? or that he has laid his hands indiscriminately on the Lord's anointed, the clergy, imprisoning them, maiming them, putting out their eyes, forcing them to the duel and to trial by fire and water? Do you pretend you do not know that the bishops have thrown off their obedience to their metropolitan, the clergy theirs to their bishops, and that no one takes any notice of sentence of excommunication when it is laid upon

them? Do you pretend you do not know that—which is worst of all—King Henry is deliberately trying to do away altogether with the liberty of the Church, following the example of your persecutor the Great Schismatic, who aims at cutting off the Church at its head?

If the King can do this sort of thing with impunity, what will his sons do? What will your successors have to suffer? See how things daily go from bad to worse; each day brings fresh crimes and fresh openings for crime. Good God! shall he go unpunished? This is not Christ's way, nor is it the Apostle's way, and you and I should be their imitators. Why have you abandoned God's way? In what do you trust? Much as I hope the contrary, I am afraid your way will only lead you to remorse and unhappiness. I am afraid you have missed the way of salvation and that the fear of God is not before your eyes. . . ."

and a great deal more in even stronger tones: *non ad indignationem*, he says, *sed ad cautelam*.

But the two legates, Cardinals Otto and William of Pavia² were on their way. In reply to a letter from Otto in Provence the saint wrote in greeting:—

"The news of your arrival is a source of great encouragement to all my companions in exile and fellow-sufferers with Christ. They rejoice that, so to speak, an angel has been sent from heaven to comfort the Church and restore the freedom of the clergy. The faithful throughout the Church give thanks to God.

It is true that your colleague is widely suspected of being a respecter of persons and willing to take bribes: they say he is working closely with the King and is ready to support him throughout, ready too to put us (and the Church) out of the way so as to get at our possessions. Of your reputation, on the other hand—I should say of your virtues—everyone has a very high opinion. They say the Holy Ghost goes before you, as the angel did Moses, preserving you and allowing you to put nothing before God, allowing you to set no bribe, respect of persons, or favouritism between yourself and the upholding of God's word. *Non est Deus*, says the prophet, *in conspectu eius, inquinatae sunt viae illius in omni tempore*. But as to you, the Church of France has no doubts that you will follow an upright and honest path. It is confident that you will walk in the way of justice, and has no fear that you will prostitute justice to a bribe taken from my stolen revenues. For you know well enough that such ill-gotten money *non licet mittere in corbonam, quia pretium sanguinis est*. "Non habet eventus sordida praeda bonos"³

¹ The Emperor Frederick I, Barbarossa.

² Otto, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, and William, Cardinal of S. Pietro ai Vincoli. Of these two John of Salisbury said that while William was more anxious for the good opinion of the King than the honour of God and the Church, Otto was of good repute, "but still a Roman and a Cardinal." Perhaps he is too kind to William.

³ Ovid: *Amor.* I, 10, 48.

Many, and my and the Church's enemies in particular, gloat over my discomfort : they say, with some justification, that the fact that the Cardinal of San Pietro ai Vincoli has received this commission is a setback for us and that he will soon have Saint Peter in chains again. For the moment, however, I like to believe that the friendship he has contracted with King Henry over my misfortune will eventually lead to the liberation of the Church, to the prosperity of the King and to the glory of God. . .

Your Eminence I regard as a man of God, sent by Providence to relieve the distress of the Sunamitess that is England, to heal the Syrian lord of his leprosy and to punish with due severity the Giezis who run after him. If you can get rid of the latter and recall my lord the King to his senses I am confident he will repent forthwith : he will confess his fault and make humble satisfaction : he will restore peace and liberty to the Church, and to us our honour, our security and his favour . . . You will be better convinced of what I say when you have met those Balaamite bishops (the majority are such) whose prophecies are both false and foolish, and who make no attempt to lead him to repentance. . . Everyone's eyes are upon you : please stand firm for the honour of God and the peace of the Church. Let us know what action we should take if the Church is to regain the freedom that is its due. There is nothing I would hesitate to do to regain the King's affection, so long as it is not against my conscience or my principles. . ."

His reply to a conciliatory letter of advice from William was, to say the least, blunt—so blunt that, on the advice of John of Salisbury he appears never to have sent it, nor a second attempt which was hardly less direct. This is the first :—

" I have just received your Excellency's letter. Honeyed words to begin with, poison in the middle and a little oil with which to finish up. You say your present incursion into these parts is for the purpose of deciding the questions in dispute between the King of England and myself as you shall judge right. I do not believe this is really your mission and am quite certain I will not accept it if it is ; this for a number of reasons, which I will explain to you at a suitable time and place. However, should some peace or any other benefit result to us from your efforts, thanks be to God and to you.

My best wishes to your Eminence, that your success may be our relief."

By September the Emperor had suffered the fate of Sennacherib and was in hasty retreat to the Brenner. The cities of the Lombard plain too were beginning to make a stand against imperial extortion, and Pope Alexander was free to contemplate a stronger line of action towards the King of England. The two legates came and went, taking several

months to leave things much as they had found them. But before they departed they prohibited any further excommunications, and the prohibition was confirmed by Alexander. Saint Thomas wrote in answer to a letter from Cardinal Conrad :

“ God console you in all your troubles. You have always sympathised with ours as though they were your own, more, you have spared no effort to remove from the Church and our poor little family the causes of our exile and misery. This I know at first hand.

My suspension has been the occasion of much trumpet-blowing by the King of England throughout his dominions, both in France and across the Channel. In testimony of our defeat he produces the Apostolic Letters, seeking thereby to ensure our being a burden and a blight to everyone. He boasts that the time-limit set for him to receive me back into his favour will be extended to the Greek Kalends : to eternity.

You advise me to bear it patiently for the present, and you preach a fulsome encomium of the virtue of patience. One hears a whisper at your elbow in the words of Terence : *Omnes cum valemus recta consilia aegrotis damus*.¹ When you are the invalid in question you see things in a different light. Only a fool or a madman feels no pain when he has his throat cut.

But all the same it must be so and I must force my soul to endure as long as God sees fit ; rather I shall not, but God's grace in me.

You commend the sincerity, friendliness and good intentions of my lords the Cardinals. Of certain of them I entertain no doubts, particularly as our cause is more properly God's and the Roman Church's than mine or my companions' ; God repay them the good they are doing and are yet to do for Christ's exiles. May He recall the others to a sense of duty and to godly counsels. May He teach them not to pervert justice by taking bribes, to the shame of the Holy See and their own damnation. May He teach them not to make money out of intrigue and to stop chasing after pecuniary rewards. They write themselves to say how much they sympathise with me and mine. The Philosopher replies with a smile : *Omnes compatiuntur, nemo succurrit*. A just comment, *opera enim quae ipsi faciunt testimonium perhibent de eis*.

You tell me I should work by every means possible to make peace with the tyrant, with the persecutors and tormentors of the Church. But the way of peace has been closed to me, and that by the Roman Church itself and certain of the Cardinals, on whose advice the King claims he is acting.

You write that bad fortune is working to disrupt—to the detriment of the Roman Church—the unity of the powerful cities of Italy. And what, my very good friend, is the reason for that, but that you have failed to show due gratitude to God, your liberator ? Instead you look

¹ Andr. II, i. 9. England. The two legates came and went taking

to yourselves, as though it were your mighty hand and not God's that brought about the wonderful events of last year. This I say not for your personal benefit, nor for those whose conduct is straightforward. I say it for the benefit of those others who, in their search for lucre, lay the Church bare to her persecutors. . . ."

The more distant the threat from the Emperor, now pre-occupied by affairs in Germany, the stronger grew Alexander's determination to deal more severely with King Henry. In the early part of 1169 he dispatched two successive letters of warning to the King and followed them up with the restoration of the Archbishop's power of excommunication. Saint Thomas wasted no time in using his restored powers, and announced a new list of excommunicated at Clairvaux on Palm Sunday. Writing to inform the Pope of his action he says :—

" . . . The height of ungodliness is reached when such notorious injury to Christ is glossed over on the absurd pretext of patience. *Loquar ergo semel adhuc ad dominum meum* before God and on behalf of His Church which is committed to the care of my unworthy self. . . . To be sure, had you listened in the first place to the appeal which this Church in its agony made through me, and had stifled these crimes at birth—*collidens ad petram parvulos Babylonis*—the temerity of our persecutors would never have grown to such strength. But your divine meekness, which possesses the grace of the Holy Ghost in a special degree—both of itself and through the prayers of the universal Church, has set aside my humble advice, and has judged that these vessels of wrath must be endured with generous and prolonged patience, in the hope that paternal kindness may provoke delinquent souls to repentance. Although this policy has already been the cause of considerable damage to the Church, yet it is probably inspired by the Holy Ghost who rules your counsels and directs your actions ; for in this way iniquity, which has hitherto succeeded in disguising itself under all manner of artful camouflage, will eventually discover itself to all by its persistent abuse of your patience, and the crimes of Egypt will be laid bare to the world. . . .

All the same, it was not right to replenish the stores of venom of these poisoned and poisonous souls : it was not right to offer the Achitophel and Judas of our time further stimulants to sin. . . . Not that it is your noble liberality to them that makes us sad, nor your well-meant promotion of their cause : the source of our sorrow is their infidelity to you and their open and wilful persecution of the Church. If you will listen to us just this once everything will turn out as you wish. You will discover for yourself that behind its proud threats against the weak the arrogance of Moab is greater than its courage. May it please you to approve the action I have taken. Take action yourself. Crush the boldness and malice of the wicked. Otherwise

(*quod absit*) they will continue along the way you can see they are following at present ; it will be the Church that is crushed, and to death. . .”

Another whole year of intrigue passed ; two more pairs of legates came and went. A third, consisting of the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Nevers, was authorized by Alexander to absolve the Bishops of London and Salisbury who had been excommunicated by Saint Thomas at Clairvaux.

The saint was disgusted that the sentence had been removed without any sign on their part of a change of attitude. He wrote to Cardinal Albert¹ (Summer, 1170) :—

“ I wish, my good friend, you could hear the sort of things people are saying in our part of the world and the shameful reports about the Roman Church being published abroad in the streets of Ascalon. My last letter from the Pope seemed to contain some crumb of consolation but its point is now vanished with the arrival of Letters Apostolic authorizing the absolution of Satan to the ruin of the Church. . . I do not know how it is, but the Lord always seems to lose His case before the Curia, and Christ is condemned anew to the Cross while Barabbas is acquitted. By order of the Curia our prescription is now protracted to the end of its sixth year. You persist in condemning poor innocent exiles, and for no other reason (I mean what I say) than that they are Christ’s helpless poor and refuse to violate God’s justice. But you acquit out of hand these sacrilegious murderers and robbers, all without sign of repentance ; though I declare that not Saint Peter himself, were he judging the case, would be justified in absolving them in the eyes of God, even if the whole world appealed for their release. . . But let him take the responsibility who will. Let him absolve them, sacrilegious, bloodthirsty murderers, perjurers, schismatics and all. For my part, I will never absolve a single malefactor without repentance and satisfaction.

These handsome gifts that the King’s agents present or promise to the Cardinals and officials of the Curia : are they not the proceeds of his thefts from our and the Church’s property ? What is manifest iniquity if what we are suffering is secret ? How can we defend the Church’s liberty if the Holy See continually prolongs our exile, as it has done now for six years ? God sees : God will judge. We are ready to die for His Church. Let them attack who will. Let the Cardinals arm not only the King of England but the whole world against us, if they will : living or dead, with God’s help I will never depart from my loyalty to the Church. I commit my cause into His hands for whose sake I live in exile. Let Him provide as He knows best.

¹ Alberto di Morra, Cardinal Priest of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, later Chancellor of the Roman Church and eventually Pope for two months as Gregory VIII (1187). He was a member of the commission of enquiry sent to England after Saint Thomas’ martyrdom (1171).

I do not intend to trouble the Curia any more. I leave that field to those who have prevailed in their sins, who know how to circumvent justice and set traps for innocence, and can return triumphant in the defeat of the Church. Too many good people have fallen by the wayside on the road to Rome, and all for nothing. I cannot conceive who else will ever venture to offer resistance to King Henry, seeing how often the Roman Church has revived his strength and armament with victory: the dreadful precedent will go down to posterity.

Farewell, Holy Father, and pray for us."

Saint Thomas seems to have abandoned hope of a peaceful settlement, yet reconciliation was very near. For a variety of reasons—not the least, perhaps, a direct threat from the Pope—Henry decided that peace on more or less any terms was the best policy. The two were formally and, it seemed, sincerely reconciled at Fréteval, near Chartres (August 1170). Saint Thomas wrote jubilantly to the Pope, describing the scene in detail; and in his relief he despatched a note of gratitude to William of Pavia which is generous in the extreme:—

"Seeing that, after God, it is due to the efforts of yourself and a few friends that the Church of Canterbury has reached safe anchorage, it is only right that it should acknowledge its indebtedness to you with due expression of devotion and submission. For I attribute it to you as much as to my other chief friends among the Cardinals that my Church has now been rescued, by God's assistance, from its troubles and sorrows. On its account you have crossed the seas and made the passage of the Alps; in our own country you have fought for it against the beasts; above all in the Curia itself, where we were most powerfully and most vigorously assailed, you have continually borne the burden of the day and the heats. And now at length, because your work was in God, your wisdom and courage have won their victory, the token of which is the agreement I have just reached with the King. . ."

But the new peace was short-lived. The Archbishop returned to England in November: a few hectic weeks of comings and goings, and the Murder in the Cathedral made him Saint Thomas the Martyr: December 29th, 1170. He had earned a sure and lasting peace.

Angulose Rex Anglorum,
Regem nescis Angelorum
Universa singulorum
Ponderantem merita?

THOMAS FOOKS.

GARDENING

The oldest plan of the College in the Via Monserrato shows a Baroque formal garden already long established, as we can judge from its many specimens of the topiary art. So gardening must be among the most venerable of the many activities that compose Venerabile life. Some may doubt whether the Martyrs indulged in its pleasures, but they will be arguing from inadequate premises if they rely on the absence of any reference in the Obit Book. There are still many things unrecorded by slabs on the walls of the College Chapel.

It was elsewhere—on the balcony, on the window-sills, and latterly on the roof, both by the clock-tower and over the North-West passage—that gardening fought for its place in the sun. And what a struggle! For that sun was fierce, the passion of its embrace burning up every wretched stalk that struggled to put forth leaves. There was a man once who occupied the few minutes between the end of the *Salve* and the bell for lights-out by walking the *terrazza* under the clock-tower, rosary in one hand and watering-can in the other. He was the first gardener of modern times, and in his day the real garden still boasted roses and hydrangeas, which he tended religiously.¹ But that was before they cut down the giant pine, to make room for a swimming-bath; and after the pine was gone, there was no more air in the garden and all plant life shrivelled up. So, horticulture was driven to the top storey,

¹ It was for the protection of these same roses from green fly that the gardener, possessed only of first year Italian, entered a shop and demanded "qualche cosa per ammazzare i baggarozzi".

and despite periodic failures of the water supply, despite the ravages of cigarette-end-dumpers and match-stick-planters, patient souls laboured to produce flower or fruit in window-boxes, in *pomodoro* tins, in plain pots and fancy pots, under the tiles and on top of the tiles. Every morning, before early schools, they might be seen bending over some sickly growth with the light of mother-love in their eyes; every time they came into their rooms, before they doffed hat and wings, they had to pay a visit to their loaded window-sill; every evening, as they regulated the *persiani* for the night, they would linger over the reviving greenery with lyrical abandon. And when Giobbi's cameon staggered into the *cortile*, what instructions about this most precious portion of his freight! On top of the motley cargo that went out to Palazzola to make a Roman holiday, these ugly ducklings of nature would ride, suffering but persistent, to be installed on new window-sills where there was occasionally a breath of air, but which were also some two thousand feet nearer that vampire sun.

It was at the Villa that gardening assumed more violent forms but even there many difficulties had to be overcome. The first and chief of these was our eight months' absence in the city, when weeds made good use of their freedom to recapture territory from which they had been driven with so much labour. Each new *villeggiatura* showed the previous year's work standing gigantic in decay, like the Baths of Caracalla—a magnificent reminder of what had been. Luigi strongly disapproved of the whole thing. He was revolted to the depths of his peasant soul by such waste of good ground, which might have been producing lettuce or tomatoes, fifteen or more to the square foot. So nothing could induce him to do anything while we were in Rome, and that was the chief reason why we made so little progress in obtaining a permanent stock of plants.

Stalwarts of a bygone day had built cunning walls and twisting paths where the Sforza steps debouched from the rock; they had begun to terrace the slope up to the Earwigs' Nest and to make ready for a most romantic garden. But there operations halted, with the whole area looking more like Stonehenge than anything else. And then, in the years immediately preceding the Exodus, a bigger and better effort was made with the encouragement of authority. Trees were planted, hollyhocks and asters and cosmos and zinnias covered the hitherto naked

What about
Podge's garden
under the Rock?

beds, new paths were planned, more rocks were dragged and carried up the Sforza steps.

All this was excellent preparation for the situation that met us at Stonyhurst, where we found about an acre of ground lying around the house in various stages of neglect. The paths were so overgrown that it was not easy to find them all at first; but their discovery showed a well planned garden, with every variety of flowering shrub. Beds were sunk below the level of surrounding paths, to protect them from the virulence of the prevailing east winds; sweeping banks looked southwards to catch all of the sun. And a further inducement to begin, if one were needed, was the slogan, plastered across every hoarding on our way north: "Dig for Victory!"

Thus it began, as all good things begin, at a public meeting. "A sort of gaffer, Mr. Chairman" was elected to control and further the first spasmodic attacks upon groundsel, bind-weed, rats'-tail, buttercup and the rest of that resolute tribe. Soon organised digging was in progress and the beds in front of the house took shape and substance before our eyes. Spades were bought, fitfully, by ones and twos, until an adequate supply was secured. With optimistic foresight, the first rake and the first hoe appeared, long before they could be needed. And meanwhile, the usual paraphernalia of individual enterprise adorned window-sills and unlikely corners, pots and boxes filled with lanky stems, everything from Woolworths in Clitheroe, the whole thing an orgy of Heath Robinson ingenuity. These hanging gardens of Babylon might be balanced on four tobacco tins "to secure good drainage"; they might be held together by more nails than wood. But they satisfied their owners' longing for the *pulchrum*, and with their advent another link was forged between St Mary's and the Monserra.

All the time digging proceeded in the distressed area below the house, and as the area of cultivation grew, so did ambition. Various methods were discarded as out of date; double digging and ditching were discovered—from the ribald comments of our rural neighbours. The first year saw a dictatorial system, whereby control of the whole plan of action, digging, planting and harvesting, was in the hands of one man. But Common Room tradition soon reasserted itself. The inevitable committee was formed, and the garden divided into plots, each under a different member, with a gang of his own to help him.

Non-attached, unskilled—as it was callously called—labour, remained a fluid asset and could be despatched to any district where it was most needed. This fraternity of the spade turned out day after day to tame the wildest places, and as they dug with the slow persistence that gets there, their placid conversation might be of the mysteries of grace, or the pitfalls of co-operation or the nicer shades of substantial forms; a unique gang of navvies. Of course a certain amount of rivalry is inevitable between the growers of potatoes, of beans and peas, of root crops and salad stuffs. Some people have low tastes for the kind of vegetable they want to grow. But so far the scourge of allotment holdings has not materialised: nobody has pulled up another man's crop overnight, if it looks better than his own.

Everything which remains to be said must be realised against a background of eternal digging, for it never stops. A defeated tennis court has been put to potatoes, a wild bank of nettles in the shadow of the wood is showing neat rows of cauliflower and cabbage; and further areas of rank grass and mountainous weed await the patient delvers, who move steadily on from one conquered territory to another. They are at it now, as I write. By the time we go back to Rome, they will certainly have left their mark on the soil of Lancashire.

Palazzola gardening was of the landscape variety, as much concerned with rocks and paths as with shrubs and flowers. At Stonyhurst, albeit they needed weeding—and still need weeding—we found excellent paths. But before long the tradition of moving stones vast distances for little apparent reason crept back into our life. The occasion, in this instance, was a small pool with an arch and rockery behind. Perhaps it had once been a Lourdes grotto; as we found it, it was a ruin fitted only for some remote corner of Strawberry Hill. Several efforts were made to effect repairs; columns of wobbly stones supported the sinking arch, but pulling away the tangled growth only threatened the whole structure. And eventually it was razed to the ground and rebuilt on a more massive scale. Rocks were brought from all over the garden, even from the potato patch, where the patient spademen piled them uncomplainingly in cairns. Strangely enough, they had done just the same that last Villa of '39, when potatoes were demanded of the brick-baked soil of Monte Cavo. Your Venerable man, like Saint Augustine, finds parallels in all the unlikely places. The clay of Lancashire

sees him at the same occupation as the volcanic earth of Latium. Not that there is anything strange in this ; potatoes are potatoes all the world over. But the Roman in exile finds a macabre pleasure in doing here what he did there. It makes him feel himself the same man and satisfies the underlying philosopher in him by sorting particulars into their basic unities. *Entia non sunt multiplicanda . . .* you remember. But to return to the rockery. Its new arch is most likely one of the seven wonders of the modern world, defying, as it does, all the known and unknown laws of mechanics. Why it stayed in place when the wooden form was removed is beyond the wit of man to explain. But that removal must rank as a supreme example of faith. And anyway, like the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, the thing still stands.

Flowers, the sole aim of Roman and Palazzola gardeners, were originally banned from our Stonyhurst enterprise ; the war-time demand is for more home-grown food—and yet more. But just as the war brought that famous potato-patch to the Villa, making us kin in Italy and in England, so it failed to prevent the lovers of flowers from having their small say in the garden today : in this too St Mary's should resemble the Sforza. The new rockery and its flanking bed are providing the beautiful amid the useful, with sweet-william, veronica, hollyhocks, golden rod, chrysanthemums and marigolds. But undoubtedly the greatest achievement in this line was the filling with hundreds of wallflowers of the formal beds immediately under the house, the *terra sacra* of our Stonyhurst Lui'. Whereas the original Luigi disapproved of *fiori da giardino*, his successor is of the contradictory school ; although he grows a few vegetables for his own use, his abiding love centres upon these very flower beds. Here, from early July until the frosts, there is a display of brilliant blooms that would do credit to an army of gardeners, let alone to one man who has many other calls upon his time. Yet he has no spring flowers ; the beds are bare throughout the winter until bedding-out time arrives. And so the victory of the wallflowers merits mention. For it is a victory. Our new Lui' reserved judgment, almost audibly, throughout the winter. Now he has box after box filled with neat cuttings from the suspected plants. We shall see those wallflowers again.

At first we planned with fatuous optimism for a great array

of vegetables, and coloured packets of all kinds were bought. With them we also bought experience. We have passed the stage of being deceived by brilliant pictures of what the seed will do ; we are content today to buy our seed in bulk in ordinary brown paper parcels, and the potatoes come in dull sacks labelled merely with cryptic numbers that the gardening hierarchy pretend to understand, muttering " Scotch seed is best "—as if it were a charm. Utilitarian experience is a hard school but a valuable. However the idealist may regret it. " Back to the land " is no bucolic picnic but a bitter war against slugs, snails and mice, to say nothing of frost, snow, rain and drought. They all take a high toll of what you sow, and I have not mentioned the birds or the rabbits. Even a few months make one wonder, however keen a distributist in theory, what one would think of it in practice.

So, less variety is now the order of the day. Our absence in August limits us to those vegetables which will grow more or less on their own during that month, to potatoes, cabbages, carrots, beet, peas and salad ingredients, such as lettuce and radish. Some would go even further and cut out the peas, since " with cabbage and potatoes there's more to show for your money." 'Tis a mercenary attitude and one which, for variety in our meals, has happily been kept within bounds. It is a big bed that will feed seventy people, even for one dinner, and with potatoes there is no limit to our capacity.¹ A barrow-load goes nowhere, and the longest line of peas vanishes at a single boiling. So we have to think in hundreds and thousands, in hundred-weights and tons—and all the while the delvers dig on, with tranquil resolution.

Our garden now boasts two cold frames, one of monster proportions. What could we not have done with them in Rome ! These are due to the skill of our carpenter, who produces frames, altars, cupboards and even choir-stalls out of next to nothing. The main handicap of our first season was the difficulty of raising things early enough to plant out before the term ended ; now we can sow seeds in midsummer heat when there is snow outside, and lettuce can be grown almost the whole year round. Luigi's skill at Palazzola was devoted to producing as many plants as could be squeezed into a given area of ground. Times have changed. Spurred on by the

¹ This is hyperbole. Actually there is a limit—we eat twenty tons in ten months!

massive vegetables that can be seen in any shop, our aim is not only quantity but quality. And so we are becoming familiar with horrid heaps of compost and foul artificial manures. We read more than Mr Middleton and study the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture. The result should be mammoth heads of cauliflower and cabbage; *should be*, mark you, for we have learned to be cautious.

Experientia docet: many failures of the first season have been taken to heart and avoided in this second Spring. More and more members of the house flock out to do their bit, so that we have had to add to the supply of tools. But they do not flock to any indeterminate task; it is clear that gardeners are of many types. Already enough has been said of the man who demands no more than a spade and a patch of weed to make him happy. His is an independent spirit; he will sell himself to no one task-master; dare to suggest that he might like to plant something in the ground he has just dug and he will leave you for ever. His cousin is a type still harder to please; he will exercise his muscles only on turf, cutting it into sods, curling it on the blade of his spade and stacking it in butts like air-raid shelters. But then he has finished and someone else must clear the remaining mess.

A stage higher in the order of gardeners comes the potato planter, who digs long trenches all over the bed. As soon as these are done and the seed potatoes laid in their earthy dormitories, he fills in the trenches, waits till the dark green tops have forced their way through and then starts trenching all over again. If the potatoes have to be grown on the top of tall furrows, why not plant them there originally? This is one of the mysteries, which you may safely ask of yourself but not of the fraternity; in neither case will you receive a satisfactory answer, but in the second you may possibly get hurt.

Though the potato-grower must seem patient, he is completely outdone by the man who spends hours planting such tiny cabbages and lettuces that when he has finished there is no visible change in the bed at all. Nor is that the end; for now he spends even longer hours with a watering can, giving them to drink and generally coddling them. Then, just when one can distinguish the rows from the weeds, they all take it into their heads to die of slugs or root fly. You leave him to the silent sorrow of the strong, and when—weeks later—you

pass that way again, there is a phalanx of monster cabbages. If potato trenching be a mystery, the rearing of a cabbage is sheer miracle.

There is also the engineer-gardener, whose passion is for altering things. Nothing ever leaves his hands complete, and his half-finished efforts litter the place. He is a revolutionary, not only in the sense that he pulls down more than he builds up, but also because he is always chasing the tail of new ideas. And yet, in between his inspirations, something does get done. So he has his uses too. And there is usually a plumber's mate to tidy up after him.

Then there is the type who likes to experiment with queer kinds of plants, or at any rate with plants that are not on the official schedule. They may only be vulgar spinach, planted in tortuous rows to avoid all recognised crops: they may be celery, buried beneath a tidily patted patch with their coloured packet for gravestone, and steadily refusing to be anything but very dead; they may be exotic things of purple and weird shapes, with unpronounceable Latin names, but strikingly like some of the better weeds in the Hodder woods. It does not matter, so long as no one else is trying to grow them. Monopoly is their sole value in the eyes of this individualistic gardener.

But to all comes the joy of the day when a weedy bed is cleared at last, of the day when frail sprigs of green poke their heads above the dark soil, of the day when rows are so plentiful and sturdy that they must be thinned, of the day when the crop is ready and appears upon the table. Then the gardener has his fill of all delight; nothing tastes so delicious to everyone as fresh, home-grown produce. But it tastes a thousand times better to him for the toil that has gone to its growing. Gaffer or underling, he has no regrets. Instead, as he munches the crisp lettuce, he will savour the words of Ezechiel: "In the day . . . that the desolate land shall be tilled, which before was waste in the sight of all that passed by, they shall say: This land that was untilled is become as a garden of pleasure". And boundless indeed is his content.

JOHN R. TOLKIEN.

ROMANESQUES

35.—THE CROWNING GLORY

At last I was finished. My maker, Signor Silvestrini, was a man, I was told, of European reputation; and yet I would never have thought so. He was small, well-built and wore thick glasses; and his clothes were very workaday. There was nothing awe-inspiring, nothing of the grand manner about him. He went about his work with a quiet confidence and an unobtrusive efficiency: nothing ruffled his calm. He spoke little rather than too much, though when he did speak he spoke very quickly, which rather disconcerted the man who was fresh from England. He took me for the last time into his shop, where, holding me gently by the brim, he put me into a thin paper bag. A few minutes later I was taken to the *Ven. Collegio Inglese* and here Raniero received me and conducted me to the *Sala di Riceva*. I was shown to a chair and there I waited, a little anxious to see who my wearer would be and to know whether he would be pleased with me. But it was not until after midday that I heard a voice saying: *Numero — : il suo cappello*. A student rushed eagerly into the room, his face radiant, and at once I knew I was welcome. From my short experience of Sig. Silvestrini's customers I judged my owner to be a new man, for he was fairly young and his cassock was very old—a legacy, if not a relic. Whatever faults I might have, I couldn't be more ill-fitting than that.

He took me almost reverently out of the paper bag and,

using both hands, pressed me gently on to his head. I did not feel quite at my ease and obviously he didn't either. Here and there I could feel a strain, while at other spots I was hardly touching his head at all. On the whole I felt—no, not unsafe, but wobbly, and I wondered what would happen if I had to face a wind. Numero — walked over to the long mirror. “Looks all right”, he said. All right, indeed! Any man of taste could see at once that I was an object of shining splendour. I was tilted to one side, then to the other, lowered a little over the brow and pushed suddenly and alarmingly backward. Finally he had me settled to his liking. “What do you think?” he asked his friend. “Excellent”, said the latter, evidently a man of judgment. “But”, went on my owner, “it's not too comfortable”. “What about me”, I thought, but his friend rejoined: “Oh, you can't expect it to be; it will take the shape of your head in time.” Very sensible. After all, it was the first time I had come into contact with his head; a bit exacting to expect me to adapt myself in a few seconds. A final look in the mirror. My wearer's face was less anxious now, the worried frown had gone and he was looking more or less satisfied. All the same, I was not sorry when he moved away from the mirror. That dreadful cassock. . . .



A final look in the mirror

During the first month or two I spent a good deal of time in the *armadio*, hidden from the dust and preserved from the moths by the overpowering *nafta*. On special occasions I was taken out and then I began to see life. My owner was obviously proud of me and treated me with great respect. And I must confess I was proud of myself as I entered the streets of Rome. I knew that I was of a distinguished race. Did not the students of more than three hundred years ago wear hats similar to me? Not only the English but the Germans too, and not only students, but Popes. (Oh yes, I had already studied the pictures in the Common Room corridor). I shall never forget the day when I first saw the Cardinal's hat: exactly like myself except in colour! But that was not the zenith. One day I was in the

Via S. Clemente. The Holy Father had been to the Lateran Basilica and was on his way back. As his car passed by I caught a glimpse of his hat—the familiar fur, the wide brim upturned at the sides and back, the three double strings; why the Papal hat was no different from me except that it was red. Truly I was a Roman hat in every sense of the word.

Can you blame me if I sometimes gave way to thoughts of vanity, thoughts which—I say it with shame—led me to be contemptuous of others? The hat of the Lombard College was certainly smart. The fur was there and the wide brim too, but this was flat as if it knew that it ought to bow down before us. Perhaps the Spanish hat was my nearest rival, but the felt had no covering of fur and the sagging strings left the brim looking a little downcast. I suppose I ought in fairness to mention the Berbiconi, better known as the “Villa hat”. No fur, no strings. The brim was raised either the whole way round or not at all. Obviously a hat which had no sense of proportion, though it was vaguely Roman in shape, which is more than can be said of the Greek hat—the inverted plant-pot, as I have heard it called—for, besides lacking both fur and strings, it had no brim at all!

I admit that I had to be treated more carefully than an ordinary hat; but then, I wasn't an ordinary hat. My owner grumbled that the *cultus* of my hair, far from being *simplex*, was exasperatingly *complex*. He had little difficulty with my crown; a few strokes with the clothes brush, a finishing stroke or two with the palm of the hand or perhaps with the cassock sleeve—that was easy. But my brim was quite another problem. At first this too was brushed in a circular way, a style which didn't suit me at all, and I was very glad when one day I felt the hair on my brim being brushed outwards towards the edge. Yet my toilet was still incomplete: had you looked closely you would have seen that underneath the strings my hair was clotted and unkempt, and not a little dust was collecting. I felt the brush pressed cruelly on my strings, I saw the bristles reaching down to the elusive spots but never



Lombard College

reaching quite far enough. After about two months, however, relief did come. My owner's tooth-brush, which had begun to soften, was thrown into the *cestino*. It had been there nearly twenty-four hours when my owner—who should have been trying to decide once for all whether or no *ens* really is analogous—had an inspiration. He extricated his tooth-brush from its sordid surroundings, snatched me from the *armadio* and set to work. Pushing the tooth-brush underneath the strings he began to dislodge the dust; this done, he deftly coaxed the rest of my hair into place. He was delighted with the result. He held me at arm's length so that he could see the whole of me, and his eyes shone with triumphant pride. Once more I had captured my pristine perfection.



... the Spanish hat ...

It is true that my grooming was a task requiring delicacy and patience but it was not all my fault. For instance, why blame me because the right side of my brim was continually dishevelled? Did I ask to be raised every two minutes? Not that I objected on principle to being raised—on the contrary sometimes it was a duty and an honour, when, for example, we passed the Lady Statue on the stairs or a church in which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. (You remember the sign? A board bearing a painting of a monstrance hung over the church door). I expected, naturally, to be raised when we met a Cardinal or one of our Superiors or Professors, though I never could understand why the respect for Professors seemed to deepen as June drew to a close and July came upon us. I may be mistaken, but I often had the impression that the ordinary raise of normal times developed during that period of the year into an almost obsequious sweep. Oh yes, I acknowledged my duty and did not wilt—often—



The "Villa hat"

but all the same I was sometimes badly misused. How many times was I raised at the approach of a S.C.V. car only to find, too late, that the occupant was not a Cardinal at all? Not that I complained about this; it was bound to happen sometimes. It wasn't my owner's fault and I could hardly blame the Cardinal for not being in his car.

There were times, however, when I certainly had reason to complain. One afternoon, as we were leaving Pamphili, we saw coming towards us two Eastern students wearing the brimless hats to which I have already referred. A discussion began. "I wonder how these johnnies raise their hats", said one man. "Oh", said another, "I suppose they use both hands". "Tell you what", said the first man, "we'll raise our hats to them as they pass. Then we'll see for ourselves." It was a point, come to think of it. How did they raise them? The answer was quite simple: they didn't! They greeted our men with a gesture which was neither salute nor salaam but faintly reminiscent of both. So the hat was left unmolested. Oh, to be an Eastern hat!

I had not been made very long when I almost succumbed to a rainstorm. Now it's common sense, isn't it, that if you are thoroughly wet you must take precautions, not just sit down and do nothing about it. Yet the first time I was soaked I was slapped down on to a chair and left there, unbrushed, bedraggled. As my owner might have guessed if he had remembered what happened to his own hair when he left it unbrushed after washing it, I looked like a very unkempt gollywog when I was dry again. Frankly, I looked ridiculous and was ashamed to appear in public; it was quite a long time before I was once again the perfectly groomed hat. Fortunately these wettings were rare, for the umbrella, whatever else it left exposed, did protect me. I did not like the bump, bump, bump against the front of my brim but I was prepared to bear with that. What really did annoy me was having to be half under an umbrella. There were people who would not on principle carry an umbrella—though what principle I have yet to learn: there were people who would not carry an umbrella unless the rain was actually falling. Frequently, therefore, two hats were called upon to share one umbrella, an utterly ghastly experience! Half of me would be exposed, suffering the cowardly drip, drip, drip from the "gloria" cover in addition to straightforward rain. As if that

were not punishment enough, the ribs kept scratching my brim—I bear the scars to this day.

Ma c'era un sole; and I gloried in it. The wind used to frighten me in my early days, because once there was a high wind and one of my fellow hats was blown from its owner's head. It billowed through the air rather clumsily, fell a little, then rose again and finally swooped to make a pancake landing on the hard, relentless road. There were unpitying guffaws all around me, which ceased abruptly as a lorry bore down on the luckless hat. There was a moment of agony but fortunately the driver had seen the hat in the road and stopped his lorry in time. I often thought as I crossed the Ponte Sisto that old Father Tiber looked up longingly at the English College hats. I wondered whether he and the wind had gone into partnership, for never did the wind blow more furiously than when we were close to the river.

I saw many famous places in my active years, though my viewpoint was not always the choicest. I enjoyed my trips to the University; sometimes I spent the whole mornings there. I was often put into one of the racks so thoughtfully provided by the authorities specially for our benefit. I met many interesting hats there. Generally I spent the morning in the same rack among the same group of hats and I came to know them well; they were interesting fellows and their company helped to broaden my outlook and lessen my snobbishness. For instance, I found that even a villa hat could be quite a good fellow. I was not very chatty at first, for the hats around me were from so many different national colleges; I did try Latin but you must remember that I was an English College hat. Gradually I concocted a mixture of English, Italian and French, with a numeral or two in German. One morning a German College hat spoke to me but I had to confess that I was sorry but I had no idea how many Catholics there were in England as I had never been there. Another hat, put into the next rack by a well-built man with a pale green sash, bewildered and embarrassed me by asking whether I had ever visited the Polish Corridor!

I peeped into the lecture halls occasionally. More often



... an almost obsequious sweep.

than not my place was under the desk, where I was most uncomfortable and felt like a man in a room with a very low ceiling. But there were times when I had an excellent view of the hall and everyone in it from the eminence of the fire-extinguisher. I don't think the professors approved of my conspicuous presence ; in spite of the fact that I set such a good example of silent wakefulness and attention the beginning of the lecture was often delayed by the *bidello* taking me away.

Many were my visits to Saint Peter's. When on Sunday afternoons the cry was raised "Peter's and Pam" I used to look forward with satisfaction to the prospect of one of those quiet, leisurely visits. But I did not enjoy the big ceremonies at all. For one thing, I could never see anything : I was hidden behind a statue or in some remote corner of the building. Occasionally I would spend a whole morning in a confessional and I didn't like the look of the confessor's rod one bit. More often than not I was tied to my owner's wings. The strain on my strings was agonising and my hair became ruffled as I dangled there, battered on crown and brim. I was always glad when such ceremonies ended.

My knowledge of Pamphili is almost confined to the first few yards of the drive, because I was usually laid with many of my companions on the rock by the side of the gate. On one or two days when the afternoon was over I found myself being borne away by a stranger, but after an uneasy moment or two he would realise that his head was not quite my shape, and he would bring me back again. Sometimes I was taken as far as the second gate and left to snuggle in the niches of the arch. If I penetrated as far as the field I would find that an umbrella stuck firmly in the ground had become my stand for an hour. On several occasions I was even worn—incredible, I know, but true. Oh no, not out of consideration for me but to keep my owner's head warm or to shelter his eyes from the sun ! On my return to the College I was sometimes left on the Salve bench but the Vice-Rector quickly rescued me and took me to a place of safety, either in the Refectory—just for tea, generally—or to his own room, where, laying me upon his piano, he would entertain me until I was claimed. The *vestibolo* was a cheerless place but fortunately I was never there very long : the thoughtful Vice-Rector used to peep through the door and whenever I had been forgotten he took me upstairs out of the cold.

Yes, my life has been varied and not a little hectic, but a glorious life and I have no regrets. I am getting old now and, though I have little enough to which I can look forward, yet I have many pleasant memories, memories which fill me again with joy and pride. I am not the hat I was. My crown and brim are soft and misshapen, my strings, which have been tightened so many times, are beyond repair; and I'm afraid I'm going bald. It is some years since I gave place to younger blood. No, I was not jealous, but somewhat sorrowful when the new hat came to supplant me. Poor fellow, his career was cut short when the College had to leave for England. Just before that time I was given a new lease of life on the head of a new man. And now I am back in the *armadio*; yet that is a better fate than the degradation of covering the head of some *contadino*, a fate which might easily have befallen me had it not been for a famous notice which appeared on the board many years ago. At one time, just before the exodus, I heard that I might be going to England as a souvenir, *un po' di Roma in Inghilterra*, but I am not sorry that I didn't: I believe the winters are cold over there, and besides, I am too old for travel. I'm glad I was not given to the "Props", a humiliating end for any self-respecting hat. No, I prefer for the present to stay as I am. Evidently the College is occupied at present by strangers; I have heard their heavy boots and tried to follow their conversation—all Italian, not a word of English. Strangely enough, no one has troubled me; the *armadio* door has not been opened once. And so I lie here waiting until . . . until when? Ah yes, I know what I await: the return of the English College men. What use I shall be to them I do not know but at least I shall be among my old friends again and not left to die a lingering death like an exile forgotten and unmourned.

E. GRASAR.

CONTRAST IN TYPES

POMPEO CHIERICI, C.S.S.R.

This was the name rudely shouted at him when he went to draw his salary as Archpriest of Monterone from the Roman Municipality. What he called his Basilica was a tiny church in a back street off the Via Nazionale opposite the Gesù. It was a well-worked parish. There were always worshippers in the church, and Padre Chierici was always in the confessional except when he was hearing us in the Cardinal's corridor.

After long summer days in the church, he told us, he used a special ritual for knocking off. This consisted of going up to his bed-chamber and taking off every stitch to shake out of the window. The fleas were uncounted: he could not bear to kill them. We said it was unkind to the passers-by and that the fleas would either starve on the street or struggle back into the church. This gave him pause but did not alter his methods.

Those who had neither Italian nor French went on Saturdays to Father Douglas at the Villa Caserta. I had French enough but not to spare, and diffidently I enquired if there were any snags. No, said my Mentor, if you say: I've done only six murders this time, he'll grunt disappointed-like and say: Is that all? In this use and wont lay an antique remnant of the feud between Seculars and Regulars. Father Armellini, S.J., lived on our way home, at the Gesù. He was well up in English—he had been Devil's Advocate at the beatification of the English Martyrs and had biffed Father Garnett on a negative point. His own account: "Garnett broke the seal of Confession".

No! No! No! say the Promoters. "Prove that he did not", said Armellini. (This can never be proved, thanks to Cecil and Co.) God forgive him!—but we were still officially anti-Jesuit, though we depended on the Jesuits for our scholastic training, and we admired them sincerely. One way or another, we saw the good side of more religious orders than one, and perhaps this was a providential disposition in the training of future Bishops and judges of the Rota. Pompeo Chierici stoutly refused to see anything but the good side of us and stuck up for us through thick and thin, a most useful habit in a City where careerists grow wild and watch other people's steps even more than their own.

He must have weighed twenty stones with his big bones well covered, surmounted by a massive head, with one eye stiffened in its orbit, so that he had a habit of looking far out if he wanted to see to a distance, even in the Refectory. He hailed from the same fair city as big Dom Leone, Prior of Subiaco, who, once meeting him in the street, said "Facciamo quattro passi nel Corso per far vedere a questi Romani quali sono i Bergomaschi". Both were of the sort that instinctively make for the middle of any doorway. It must have been a godsend for him to escape from Monterone every Thursday to the Alban Hills in those hot months. His walk from Frascati often left him a pitiful-hearted Titan melting at the sweet tale of the sun. An acre of red handkerchief would pretend to cope with the streaming perspiration. It used to be alleged by those who had broken the rules to save their lives at an *osteria* that he stopped them with: "Have you tried the Falcone at Frascati?" "Ma, un vino sincero; Dio, come si fa in questo calore?"

On the terrace in August moonlight he could not forever conceal his recollection of a smoke. But very charily, since this was a hanging matter. Once the Gi, promiscuously prowling, saw from the other side of the Cortile at 10.30 a small red glow in an open window. He snorted and swooped, and Henry Paul Leo found himself with twenty-four hours' notice in lieu of wages. Nothing for it but to look up Chierici at 9 next morning at Monterone. Who incontinent put on hat and cloak in a towering rage, and bearded the Rector in his den. "I am going straight to the Vatican to resign my commission if there is any question of expelling people without

consulting me." The writhings of the preposterous at grips with the impossible are fascinating at a distance, no doubt, and the old military requisite for High Command may have been a capacity for going off the deep end, but it has been found insufficient for scientific soldiering.

But the Gi could never resist a tale of woe, and he engaged a conjurer to entertain us for an afternoon session in the play-room at Monte Porzio. Conjurer had lost his booth and most of his plant in a whirlwind at Frascati, he said, and was so unfurnished that we could see all his tricks even through the patter. Especially long in coming off was the opening of an umbrella with our watches and other properties dangling from the ribs. He had, he said, bought it from a *Luogotenente di Artiglieria* whom he met in the train as he returned from entertaining the *Corte Imperiale di Russia*. I liked the "Luogotenente", as he said it so often while the assistant was tying the things on to the skeleton umbrella in the corner. But Padre Chierici, who had been praying aloud and signing himself with the cross, got up and ran, it was so plainly diabolic. Four of us held him down but he nearly dragged us across the floor! All the rest of the evening he was quite scared and was sure the devil had only just missed him.

Big and simple and massive and understanding, his best recreation was to sit on the terrace at night with his boys and tell of his adventures in Spain where wine was cheaper than water because no water was, except melted snow brought in baskets from the Sierra Morena, a day's expedition. When Dick Murphy was made a Canon he went all round Rome to tell it. He used to go to Retreatants for Orders at the Mission House at Monte Citorio and weep on their necks. "Ce sont des beaux jours; nous avons pleuré ensemble", he said.

But the massive thing about him was the perseverance with which he tended his lonely furrow at Monterone. Grand square-cut live jasper, built into the foundations of the City of Peace. He figures at the head of the al fresco tea-table with Jim Cronin, Moriarty, Bill Collingwood, me, Tubal Kane, Hinsley (S.R.E.C.), Mostyn whose shiny teapot it was, all in the time of the Barmecides. *Et alibi aliorum.*

POOR OLD JOE.

In 1889 he was poor, he was old, and in the early nineties he was poor old Joe. In years preceding he had been a standard teacher of Italian to English residents, for he spoke English with somewhat less difficulty than Scots are said to experience in jesting: Faber, Manning and such temporary residents he claimed as his pupils, and to these we added for the benefit of new boys Newman and Gladstone, but this was a kind of solar myth, not binding. He taught us well, including Italian whist which declares at every lead: *brosso*, meaning I'm going strong on this. But this last was at Monte Porzio, later on. He was strong on tipping us to master the irregular verbs and on explaining the jokes in Goldoni which we insisted on not seeing, at least as jokes.

For our first two years we were bound to him from eleven to twelve on certain days. The Gi being an angel of charity took him on, the more as his English pupils in the city dried up, absorbed by more showy tutors or better advertisers. And finally to our righteous indignation he had him out to Monte Porzio where we had to go and wrangle with him every morning from eleven to twelve in the Pio playroom. In our own playroom there used to be at times still wilder contentions, as for instance about the Camaldolese. *Che fanno?* says Joe. Then the fat was in the fire until John Simon Brown, attracted by the noise, bore down on us and said: *Io ho conoscenza della vita contemplativa*. I forget if anything was thereafter added to the discussion, for we were all so utterly flabbergasted that even Joe became tongue-tied. I only recall his dumbfounded *Si?*

He was, by our time, toothless and inclined to rely on headnotes for emphasis. He did it so naturally that we did not notice it until Hally began to reproduce him at breakfast with *Buon giorno* very high up the register. At first we thought it was poor old Joe himself but he was proving an alibi, being out in the village for a glance at the morning paper. He could not afford such a luxury as a paper of his own. When one of us presented him with a Tuscan he was set up for the day, but once, receiving a Minghetti, he became very thoughtful and kept it for a Sunday.

An assiduous reader of newspapers, he believed nearly everything in them though he was very critical of our clerical

oracle, the *Voce della Verità*, which he would peruse with grumbling punctuated with swearing. He was not an admirer of the Piedmontese, but he was sincerely attached to United Italy, even to the occupation of Rome. Hence our endless litigation. But he could stump our batsmen at their best by what we suspected had really been the case: in Papal times you had to be very wary going out after dark, for street-lighting was as careless as frugal, and the Romans had the habit of shaking their superflux out of the upper windows on to that of the lower floors which made a pretty mound before each front door. The original meaning, I suppose, of night-soil; for it was removed in the morning unless the *facchini* were too tired.

We tried to improve his English without any poky solicitude about results. As for instance giving him *Punch* with the cartoon of 'Arry Gladstone and 'Arriet Home Rule in the donkey-shay with "Who're you going to meet, Bill? 'Ave yer bought the street, Bill?" And since he often began an effort to put wisdom into youth with: *Noi abbiamo un proverbio*, we assured him that a favourite English proverb was "The more the muchlier". He was easy to convince of impossible things but impervious to realities of our narrating. As for instance, he could never be assured that England had any electric lighting, but readily admitted that Mostyn and Hinsley and O'Loughlin, our tallest, had been rejected as too small for the British Army.

I do not know if such long association with us gorgeous Britishers had deepened this inferiority complex; perhaps great and careful penury helped also, but he was so full of fears of the dreadful possibilities always round the corner that one day we told him we had made up our minds never to go to bed again since nearly everyone died there.

He had just enough dry Roman piety to keep to his religious duties and be a God-fearing person, but he had great respect for the Court Party since they were the winning side. He was always pathetically genteel and well-groomed, almost scraped thin or scraggy in the pile. His cloak in winter became him well and kept away undue scrutiny from his top hat, so tenderly smoothed and verging so near the archaic. Mr Turvydrop would have envied him his deportment when he raised that hat, advancing the wrist so as to get the flat of the forefinger against the thumb for a delicate hold of the flat brim. I pray God he had enough to eat until the end—the *Gi did* understand con-

cerning the needy and the poor—but we did nothing to soften his steps in altern scale. Speaking for myself I did a good deal to—let me adjust the phrase to tender ears—a good deal to underline and undercut those asperities which I partly guessed at. His was a rather hard lot, endured with both dignity and patience. A model of deportment in a bigger and better sense than the early Victorian sense was il Signor Giuseppe dei Divoti. *Buon giorno a Lei!*

One of the less rude encounters was when he described Victor Emmanuel as “un uomo gigantesco, cacciatore arrabiato, aveva fatto cento figli”. That’s why they call him *Padre della Patria*, says we.

JOHN O’CONNOR.

husband's app... by way of... On their return to Italy her company gave her the slip but a rescuer came forth in a broken-backed man who "Seyd hys name was Richard & he was of Erlond" (Ire. Ireland). Two... The history of the hospital... written for... it is possible to collect... twenty years of... Among the pilgrim... fifteenth century was the... had known Dame... K... now available in... learned notes by... Hope Emily Allen... herself (referred to... could not write as... repetitions and overlength... a striking picture of... sympathies are divided... suffering, amazing women... "poisoned" children... not unnaturally as we... some were... their company... the sea in a bottomless... attempts to get rid of her by... 1 It was edited in modernised form by W. Butler-Bowdon in 1936.

MARGERIE KEMPE'S ROMAN PILGRIMAGE (1416-17)

The history of the Hospital of Saint Thomas is yet to be written, for Cardinal Gasquet's opening chapters are but a preliminary, albeit a valuable, outline. Even in wartime, however, it is possible to collect some stray materials, of which this is a humble sample.

Among the pilgrim guests of the English Hospice in the fifteenth century was the East Anglian Margery Kempe, who had known Dame Juliana of Norwich. *The Book of Margery Kempe*, now available in the authentic text,¹ with full and learned notes by Professor Sandford Brown Meech and Miss Hope Emily Allen (E.E.T.S., 1940), is in effect a dictated life of herself (referred to throughout as "this creature"). Margery could not write, so her able director wrote for her. Despite repetitions and overlength, her story is full of interest and gives a striking picture of her England and her pilgrim travels. Our sympathies are divided between this valiant, forgiving, much-suffering, amazing woman and the other pilgrims when her "boistous" shriekings and sobbings, often in crowded churches, not unnaturally, as we should say, "got on their nerves". Some, we read, "would not for a hundred pound" have her in their company, others unkindly "would that she had been in the sea in a bottomless boat". The worst of it was that all attempts to get rid of her, by marooning or otherwise, foundered.

¹ It was edited in modernised form by W. Butler-Bowdon in 1936.

Every time she returned, serene, undaunted and "impossible". In her own King's Lynn and elsewhere she divided opinion. Another unwelcome habit she had of sharply rebuking oaths, without human respect, and tall swearers are touchy folk, whether tabarded or top-coated. Ready explanations were of course forthcoming. "Some said she had drunken too much wine", others called her a hypocrite or an adept in self-advertisement, calumnies patently false, born of exasperation. In truth Margery would have taxed the powers of the best spiritual director in any age. Hysteria is far too easy an explanation. On the Continent she found many champions.

About the year 1416, with her ghostly father's and her husband's approval, she went on pilgrimage to the Holy Land by way of Constance, Bologna (Boleyn de grace¹), and Venice. On their return to Italy her company gave her the slip but a rescuer came forth in a broken-backed man who "Seyd hys name was Richard & he was of Erlond" (Eire, Ireland). Two Grey Friars and a woman pilgrim joined them. The parting words of a most kind landlady are given as "Bone Christian, prey pur me", in which we may discern a far-off likeness of *prega per me*, and an example of the old Italian courtesy (which twenty years of blackshirt bluster have failed to outroot). By Lamma they were in Assisi, where they joined a band of Rome-ward pilgrims, including a Lady Margaret Florentyne and several Knights of Rhodes. The would-be marooners had blundered! In distinguished company Margery visited the great church and was shown Our Blessed Lady's "Kerche" or veil, and was there for the "great pardon of plener remission". In safety she reached the Eternal City, to the pious dismay of her former companions. Having purveyed her white clothes she found a welcome in the Via di Monserrato. "Then was this creature received into the Hospital of Saint Thomas of Canterbury in Rome and there was she houselled every Sunday with great weeping, boistous sobbing & loud crying, & was highly beloved with the Master of the Hospital & with all his brether" (p. 30). Alas! her disappointed marooners were not idle, and an English priest among them—*horresco referens*—called and talked the authorities round, so that "through his evil language

¹i.e. *Bologna la grassa*, an example of the value of the original spelling, which for my part I would always keep. Organic change (e.g. of *hem* (colloquial 'em) and *her* into *them* and *their*, I hold intolerable.

she was put out of the Hospital that she might be no longer shriven ne houselled therein" (*Ibid.*). They might at least have heard her defence before this sudden change of front. It sounds harsh and high-handed, and makes sad reading.

In her distress she sent for the faithful Irish Richard, "praying him to go over to a church again the Hospital & inform the parson¹ of the church of her manner of governance, & what sorrow she had, & how she wept for she might not be shriven ne houselled, & what compunction and contrition she had for her sins." The parish priest "was right glad & bade she should come to him in the name of Jesu & say her Confiteor, & he should housel her his own self, for he could not understand none English". Again the true old courtesy of Rome and Italy.

At this time, Margery Kempe believed, Our Blessed Lord sent Saint John the Divine to hear her confession. Yielding only a human faith to her telling, we may note that Margery had not the slightest talent for languages. A little later "at Seynt Ionys Cherch Lateranens" she heard the Mass of a very devout priest and afterwards asked him by an interpreter to pray and win others to pray "that he might have grace to understand her language and her speech in such things as she through the grace of God would say and show unto him". In thirteen days the miraculous favour, we are told, was granted and both understood each other, although he could not understand the English of any other person *even when repeating Margery's own words*. "Of his birth he was a Dutchman, & a good clerk, & a well learned man, highly beloved, well cherished, & much trusted in Rome, & had one of the greatest offices of any priest in Rome". Dutchman means, of course, German and his name "Wenslawe" suggests a Bohemian or Austrian provenance; it would be worth a search, at present impossible, to identify him. He proved a staunch friend. Indeed, most of the Romans took kindly to Margery despite her emotional outbursts, whereas "ever her own countrymen were obstinate, & specially a priest that was amongst hem" who, since "she wist well it was again the health of her soul to obey him as he would that she should a done", tried to win over Father Wenslawe. The latter put her to two very severe tests, both perfectly passed. Checkmate for "a certain priest".

Ere she left Rome our pilgrim, at the behest, she believed,

¹ Parish priest.

of Our Blessed Lord, gave away her means of support, including what Irish Richard had lent her, meeting his complaint with a promise to pay him in full at Bristol in Whitsun week; and she kept her promise.

She visited "the Postolys Chereh, Seynt Marcellys Chirche" and the one where Saint Jerome lay buried (then happily Englished as "Saint Mary the More") and the tomb of Saint Lawrence. Her faith was rewarded by a new benefactor and soon after she met again Dame Margaret Florentyn, "and neither of hem could well understand other but by signs or tokens & in few common words. And then the lady said unto her, 'Margerya in pouerte?'" presumably in Italian, while Margery's answer "Ya, grawnt pouerte, Madam" suggests what a wag in *Piers Plowman* called "French of the farthest end of Norfolk", such as the innkeeper of Walsingham would keep on hand for the benefit of outland pilgrims thither. The lady invited Margery to her house every Sunday " & set her at her own table aboven herself & laid her meat with her own hands", which moved her guest to tears. Furthermore she "used to take her a hamper with other stuff that she might make her pottage therewith, as much as would serve her for two days' meat, & filled her bottle with good wine. And sometime she gave her an viii bolendyns thereto", quite like our *Madre*. "And then another man in Rome, which was cleped Marcelle, had her to meat ii days in the week, whose wife was great with child, highly desiring to have had this creature to godmother" for the child, but she had left Rome ere it came.

Another time a poor woman called her into her house, made her "sit by her little fire, giving her wine to drink in a cup of stone", having a baby boy at her breast who sometimes left her and ran to the stranger, whereupon the latter broke into weeping, as though "she had seen our Lady & her son in time of his Passion, & had so many of holy thoughts that she might never tell the halven-deal, but ever sat and wept plenteously a long time that the poor woman, having compassion of her weeping, prayed her to cease, not knowing why she wept. Then our Lord Jesu Christ said to this creature, 'this place is holy'".

Going about the city she saw "much poverty among the people, & then she thanked God highly of the poverty that she was in, trusting therethrough to be partner with hem in merit".

Now "there was a great gentlewoman in Rome praying this creature to be godmother of her child & named it after Saint Brigypt¹, for they had knowledge of her in her lifetime, & so she did". The Saint had died there in 1373.

Margery's charity had clearly won upon rich and poor in Rome, and her praises, having reached the Casa S. Brigida, could not fail to rouse second thoughts at the nearby Hospice, whose Master and Brethren now "prayed her that she would come again to hem, for they were right sorry that they had put her away", and she gladly returned where "they made her right good cheer & and were right glad of her coming". Margery found her truant serving maid here installed and "in much wealth and prosperity, for she was keeper of her [their] wine". Our pilgrim meekly asked for her commons, which the bright young thing gave readily and sometimes a groat thereto, and told her how much she had felt her desertion and the wagging of tongues that had followed; but the damsel had no compunction therefor. After this Margery "spake with Saint Brydys maiden in Rome but she could not understand what she said till she found a man "that could understand her language", who "told Saint Brigyptys maiden what this creature said and how she asked after Saint Brigypt, her lady. Then the maiden said that her lady, Saint Brigypt, was goodly and meek to every creature and had a laughing cheer. And also the good man where this creature was at host [lodging] telled her that he knew her his own self but he was weened little that she had been so holy a woman as she was, for she was ever homely & goodly to all creatures that would speak with her."

Had he given us nothing else Margery's director at Lynn would merit our best thanks for these living glimpses of Sweden's greatest gift to Rome. "Another day she was in the chamber that Saint Brigget died in, & heard a Dutch priest preach of her therein & of her revelations & of her manner of living, & she kneeled also on the stone on which our Lord appeared to Saint Bridget and telled her what day she should die on, & this was one of Saint Bridget's days that this creature was in her chapel, which beforetime was her chamber that she died in." This visit belongs to November 1416; Margery does not keep chronological order.

¹ I am a conscientious objector to modernised spelling of old texts, especially when these are of phonetic value.

At this time befel "such tempests of wind & rains & divers impressions of airs" that those at work in the fields had to flee indoors, which our pilgrim interpreted as a warning from heaven that the Saint's feast must be better kept "than it was then". Another time Our Lord warned her not to "go to the Stations" on the morrow as she purposed but bide at home, "for he should send great tempests that day of levins and thunders, & so it was indeed", a storm such that "right old men that time dwelling in Rome said they had never seen such before, the levins were so plenteous and so bright shining within her houses that they weened verily it should a brent her houses with contents". They asked her to pray for them, "fully trusting that she was the servant of Almighty God & through her prayers they should be holpen and succoured. Our Lord told her that no harm should befall her and then withdrew the storms, "preserving the people from all mischiefs".

Whatever difficulties her blazing indiscretions may present (they were at times distressing), there can surely be no reasonable doubt of Margery's utter sincerity and true charity. The hearts of the poor in Rome are not lightly won by impostors (even if political ones win their votes), and Assisi and other places had the same favourable impressions as Rome. Whenever she seemed abandoned protectors came forward. Hysteria is too easy an explanation.

At this time an English priest who had heard of her at home came out to help her, begging her to accept his alms and hospitality and to let him call her mother. The mischief-makers who had been with her in Jerusalem now rallied for a new attack and told the newcomer that Margery went to confession to a priest who did not know her language. Father Wenslawe was invited to meet the new arrival. While Margery and the English priest conversed in English at the meal the German could not follow and was growing a little restive, whereupon Margery addressed him in English, and when those present asked him whether he had understood her he repeated in Latin what she had said to him, adding that he could understand English only "after her tongue". Another checkmate for busy malice!

Notwithstanding her occasional outcries,¹ or maybe in part on account of them, she had won such favour and love (of God's

¹ For example "The Passion of Xhrist slayeth me" (p. 98).

sending, she held) with "many persons in Rome, both of religious men & other". Of the former some came to "such persons of her countrymen as loved her and said 'this woman hath sown much good seed in Rome sithen she came hither, that is to say shown good example to the people, wherethrough they love God more than they did before'". Surely a strong testimony. In Saint Mary the More, she tells us, where she venerated the body of Saint Jerome, Our Lord appeared to her and assured her that her gift of tears was from God, and many would be saved through her intercession, who grieved so deeply for offences against God's Majesty.

About Easter Margery and her fellowship purposed to return home, whereupon dismal folk enlarged upon robbers, cut-throats and other lions in the path awaiting them. In prayer, she tells us, she received this answer: "Dread thee not, daughter, for thou and all that be in thy company shall go safe as if they were in Saint Peter's church".

Very touching was the parting from her many friends in the Beloved City, above all Father Wenslawe, of whom "she, falling on her knees, received the benefice of his blessing & so departed asunder [they] whom charity joined both in one, through the which they trusted to meet again, when our Lord would, in her [their] kindly country when they were passed the world's wretched exile. . . . And thus she and her fellowship passed forth into Englandward". Seldom has the parting of friends been so happily worded. In Catholic unageing Rome, unlike the ephemeral Fascist city, there are no enemy peoples or races; we are all alike in our Father's house.

I crave leave to add a personal memory here. On that sad May 16th, 1940, when we left Rome, just as the train had begun to move, a friend saw me and ran up to shake my hand through the open window. He was an Austrian, a member of the German (also Austro-Hungarian) College, today in a black cassock, Berthold Salzmann of Vienna. An Austrian patriot, he loathed Hitlerdom fully as much as any of us, and honoured Schussnigg. I had known him about eight months. He had a foreboding of the conscription by Hitler of the students, destined to follow on Mussolini's betrayals. Late last year I heard that he had been killed at Tobruk in one of our air raids thereagainst. Happily he had not reached the subdiaconate. He was one of the most courteous, refined and attractive souls

with whom I have been privileged to meet. A perfect Christian gentleman, he had the makings of a saint, and was taken away in his first fervour as a cleric. May God rest his dear soul and grant us to meet again "in our kindly country" where all exiles are past and forgotten.

Of Saint Catherine's church in the Via Monserrato the editors of this book tell us: "this was the church of Santa Caterina in Ruota. In Margery's time it belonged to the Canons of Saint Peter's" (p. 299). During her pilgrimage the Council of Constance was considering the miracles of Saint Bridget, canonized in 1391.

In 1433 Margery made a pilgrimage to Danzig and Wilsnak, and had her own troubles with the Prussians. Danzig was then in the effectual, but surely wrongful, possession of the Teutonic Knights, already called "the lords of Pruce", and already in their own estimation a very *Herrenvolk*; "and so had she great vexation and much letting ere she might get leave of the heerys of Pruce for to gon thence". At length a merchant of her own King's Lynn came to her rescue and prevailed upon these *Herren* to grant the needed passport, with all the red tapestry required.

It is pleasant to know that in after years her son, who had married and settled in Pruce, and been somewhat of a scapegrace in other ways besides, made several pilgrimages to Rome, of which we could wish he had left us some record.

H. E. G. ROPE.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO

SAVOY, LATE SEPTEMBER 1939.

Concealed at last by the shoulder of the Col from any possible sharpshooters on the opposite slope, we paused awhile in relief to rest before continuing up the zig-zag path which disappeared in clouds some thousand feet above us. It seemed we were never to be free from the sight and sound of martial preparations. Earlier in the week we had passed the Italian frontier post, rejoicing to enter peaceful Switzerland, only to observe a machine-gun trained upon us from the basement of the Great Saint Bernard guest-house, while piles of masonry and other preparations showed us that the road was being mined. Unarmed with visas, we were barred from staying in Switzerland; and though by the courtesy of the Commandant we were allowed to climb the Pic de Drône—being warned to tread delicately since it too was mined—we were clearly most unwelcome at the monastery-turned-barracks; indeed, the guestmaster, who remained one of the few resident monks during the crisis, showed evident relief at our departure back to Italy.

From where we were now resting the peaks and ridges of that frontier could be seen standing out sharply beyond the Val d'Aosta, glittering white between the towering headlands that guarded the opening of the valley. They shone in the sun in striking contrast with the heights around us, all shrouded in dense cloud and storm, the dull roar of which dominated even

the clamour of many torrents hurtling downwards. In miniature the country of our last week's wanderings lay spread beneath us. Rhêmes, the hamlet where we had stayed two nights before, was scarcely visible so far off down the valley, but its little steepled church, which only yesterday appeared to dominate the plain, rose like a needle from the brilliant green floor. Almost lost in the haze of distance was Villanova, whose modern slums now appeared as ugly yellow blobs from where we stood; we had left it for Rhêmes about midday, and glad we were to be rid of it. Above Aosta and on the main road to the French frontier, it was packed to capacity with troops and vehicles, and lining the fields outside rows and rows of mules were picketed in the open. Some were just arriving and being unloaded, others were setting out for the various valleys which branch off towards the frontier; bales of straw for bedding, boxes of ammunition, machine-guns, equipment, dismantled pieces of artillery and every kind of impedimenta were laid upon them, and the tall, efficient Alpinisti were making ready for the ascent, buckling up harness, linking together the trains of animals and striking their last camp before the frontier posts up in the snows.

It was, I say, about midday that we started out and the sun down there had been hotter than was pleasant, although it was September; so our progress was leisurely and quiet. The walk from the Great Saint Bernard to the Col Citrun the day before had found us very tired at sundown, but the bitter cold of that night, combined with the constant uproar of passing troops, had made sleep impossible; moreover, our hostess at the inn did not love Englishmen. At last, then, as we crossed the growling pipes that lead a harnessed torrent to the great power-house—a final eyesore in a should-be venerable city—we looked back without regret and turned up the Val de Rhêmes. At first, on either side, the slopes looked grand enough as, clothed in massive spruce, they reached up into the blue; but further up, the heights grew bare and rugged, and great squared crags and gulleys echoed with the roaring waters from the snows above. The richness of the valley itself was a delightful change from the Italian plains, so brown and parched from the summer sun; the hay was already in and although great numbers of sturdy little cattle filled the pastures the grass was thick and luxuriant, largely due to the ingenious system the peasants have of cutting channels all over their fields and dividing

the torrents thus into endless little streams. Every now and then there would be a cross-roads or junction where the flow is regulated by "points", each made up of one large block of stone which acts as a dam to the water. In consequence there is a continual, though ever-changing melody on all sides, and from the soaked soil the grasses and wild flowers grow more richly than I have ever seen elsewhere. Little wonder that the cattle here and in the Tyrol give such quantities of milk, and supply the greater part of Italy—a proud boast, since the mainstay of the country's fare would seem to be milk and cheese. Further up the valleys and near the snows, far from any habitation, the shepherds and herdsmen in the summer make their cheeses in the folds and shelters; we met two men later carrying a stout dark drum—of Groviere, I suppose—on a sort of hurdle. And indeed such cheeses need two men to lift them. Elsewhere we saw a water-wheel a foot in height built close by a fold, which was used to work a butter-churn.

The crags had already cast their shadows over the valley, though it was still early evening as we approached the village of Rhêmes. For the valley was deep here and the torrent at the bottom, beside which lay our path, had cut its way through a gorge, so that the little church on its eminence some two miles on appeared in black outline against the snows and dominated the whole place. It was a simple building, with its steeply gabled roof in purple tiles, its whitewashed walls and pinnacled tower so typical of Switzerland. We were directed to the presbytery as the only house likely to afford us shelter for the night. Our little winding path crossed the torrent and led up to the cobbled yard—it could not be named a *piazzetta*—between the graceful belfry and the presbytery. The appearance of the cottages was very rough and poor, and the priest's house was no exception; not one of them seemed proof against a shower, yet almost nine months' snow encloses them. The roofs sagged heavily in the centre, and the beams supporting the gable-ends were warped into fantastic shapes by the strain and weight of snow. The woodwork of the little windows in the presbytery, now thrown open to the summer evening air, had lost all their paint and were cracked and twisted; while on the southern side the supports of the verandah roof seemed literally to totter with their burden. In the garden the apple trees were laden with fruit (rucksack pockets full of apples were to serve us in

good stead more than once before we returned to Aosta), and tethered to one a goat stood grazing lazily, flicking her silly stub of a tail to drive away the flies.

And so we knocked at the door and were led at once down a spotless red-tiled passage into a sitting-room. A moment later a little figure in a well-worn cassock stood in the doorway; his hair was grey and curly, his face jovial but deeply lined, for he was over sixty, his eyes bright and seeming to sparkle as he surveyed us one by one. "Ho! Ho!" he greeted us—the second ejaculation being uttered in the voice of the big bear in the fairy-tale who had found his porridge eaten—and thereupon we fell to describing our plight and begging his hospitality for the night. "Are you thirsty?" he asked in French, brushing our enquiry aside; "Ho! Ho!"—and he produced glasses and a bottle from his cupboard. Thinking it a simple wine—for he filled our tumblers half full—we pledged his health and drank. Being thirsty I took a gulp which staggered me: I do not know to this day what it was we drank but it was *very* dry and *very* spirituous, and that half-tumbler on an empty stomach fairly made the world go round. But it stimulated conversation which was rapidly becoming one-sided, for although he understood Italian we could not follow his French mingled as it was—for our assistance, I suppose—with a guttural Italian. "So we were going to the Gran Paradiso? Ho! Ho!", and here he recounted with apparent glee the fate of a pioneering young curate of Valsavaranche, the adjoining valley, who had lost his life a year or so before in a crevasse when near the summit. This was disturbing news, as our equipment for mountaineering was about on a par with our experience, which would be over-rated if we termed it slight; so our hope of topping four thousand metres died away as fast as it had arisen and we decided on the Grivola, a peak of just less than that height which rises behind Aosta. And thereby hangs a tale too long and bitter even to record, for the epic of the Grivola and the ultimate frustration of our expedition in September 1939 deserves to rank with the assaults on Everest—they also failed.

What scanty news we had from Rome, our talk of Pope and Cardinals, of Mussolini and Fascist preparations for war, delighted him, for papers with their sensations and excitement seldom break the peace up there, and though a wireless stood in one corner of the room it seemed seldom to be used

except for the official news and French war bulletins. Our rooms by this time being ready, we went upstairs to dispose of our sacks, hats and sticks which were littered about the sitting-room. Spotlessly clean and well but poorly furnished, my tiny whitewashed room with its low ceiling and even lower door looked out between the outer buildings right across the valley. As is frequent in Italian country places the priest is of necessity largely self-supporting. Living with his mother and sister, Father Ho ! Ho !—we knew him by no other name—possessed an ideal small-holding which stretched away beneath my window : besides a meadow, from which a large stack had been taken, and two other small pastures about six acres in all, there was a small plot on which he grew wheat and below this a double row of vines, although these last may have belonged to a neighbouring cottage. Cows, hens and wild-looking ginger cats seemed to roam freely about the buildings right up to the church door but the graveyard and the garden proper were fenced off. Changed and refreshed we wandered over in the growing darkness to where the forest marks the boundary of the farm, and rejoiced in the peace and quiet of the evening rendered doubly pleasant by the absence of the maddening swarms of flies which filled the woods in the daytime. A call from our host cut short our walk and we returned to a supper of deep bowls of spaghetti cooked in milk, followed by bread and hunks of cheese, the first of several such novel but welcome evening meals.

On the morrow *i reverendi preti da Roma* sang the Sunday Mass in very un-plain chant from the choir loft of the church, whose cheap baroque interior, bad enough in Rome, seemed vandalism here. The Parroco preached on Paradise—in French, for the people of these valleys are all French. He spoke with easy fluency, and though the words were often lost to me the sermon held his hearers well, for it was simple and the theme was “L’Espérance”. If Rhêmes were always as it was on that day, anyone, I thought, could preach with ease on hope and Paradise : but the brief three months in the year during which the snow-line recedes above the higher cottages of the village had almost run their course and we were witnessing the last week of the summer before the cold set in once more.

Afterwards, having taken a photograph of Father Ho ! Ho ! standing beside his little church, we quaffed strengthening

draughts of new wine to speed us on our way and bade him "au revoir". Peaceful, friendly Rhêmes was soon far behind us down the valley.

For several miles we followed the riotous river bed. Here and there were level patches of green pasture stocked with cattle whose little bells filled the air with echoes. One such meadow under a great crag which rose sheer some thousand feet was absolutely level; and at once we all voiced the same idea—cricket in the Alps! A better natural pitch I have never seen: no English setting could compare with scenery like that. Abruptly our path came to an end, for in front of us stood a wall of rock, from over the top of which the river falls eternally thundering upon a boulder which breaks its fall half-way down. By a winding route we mounted through the woods and met the waters at the top just where they left the snow; and here we came upon the frontier post of the Alpinisti.

It was a large camp and the midday meal seemed to be in preparation. A convoy of mules laden with *vari comestibili*—chiefly with loaves of the Neapolitan shape—had recently arrived, and a small party complete with tents was just departing to take its place at the pass-head. Our presence clearly took them by surprise. Yet, pretending that this was our everyday route, we attempted to march on quietly through the camp; but the golden rules for dealing with the Palatine Guard failed us here and, challenged rather brusquely, we were brought before an officer. Fortunately they were Milanese and did not recognise our Italian as foreign; they thought it Roman or some southern dialect, and so we came safely through a very awkward five minutes, cheering them up with news from Rome and eulogies of Mussolini. But for all that the entry to France over the pass—it was news to us that the frontier was so near—was closed to us and we were to return. However, taking our leave on rather doubtful terms, we turned up instead of down and, travelling fast so as not to hear their shouts, but fearing more the sound of bullets, we displayed to them an eagerness to climb unknown to Alpine pioneers until we made the shoulder of the Col. There we unslung our sacks to fortify ourselves with wine and regard more peacefully the scenery we had not had leisure to enjoy.

The wine we always carried was the *asciuto commune* of the district through which we were passing. These wines,

provided they be not too dry, are, I think, the most excellent to carry on a gita ; the evening is the time for sweet wines and then the nectar of the Hernicans, of Piglio, reigns supreme. But drink it not in Piglio ; for their best wines travel and at home " mere lees is left to brag of ". However, this is no place for such discussion ; so, fortified with wine and refreshed with an apple, we took the path that led up into the mist. Marmots, which we mistook at first for foxes, then for fox-like beavers, then for rabbits with brushes, and finally in despair—for we had never seen such beasts before—for phantoms evoked by premature lightheadedness due to the height, frequently appeared among the boulders. High up on a crag a chamois and her young went bounding off, jumping gaps at sickening speed when one slip would have meant a fall of hundreds of feet. She seemed almost to be scoffing at us, for every few yards she would send her kids on ahead and turn to bark in a weird, hollow way which re-echoed mockingly on all sides. I say mockingly, for now we were lost ; not yet hopelessly so, for one is never hopelessly lost unless darkness is falling, and it was still but little after noon. Yet the sensation was unpleasant ; our path had disappeared in snow, leaving no trace of its existence and, what was worse, we had entered the cloud. Snow driven by a fierce wind and blotting out all landmarks was scudding up the mountain face and howling round a headland above, beyond our ken. We seemed to plod diagonally upwards for hours, refusing any rest for lunch until we found out where we were. To return offered no brighter prospect than to go on ; and so, stumbling and slipping in the driving snow, with all the effort that exertion at that height entails and with feverish haste so closely akin to panic which, though it is against all the rules of commonsense, can hardly be controlled when one is lost, we were at the point of exhaustion when I found myself walking up the side of a tent. " Au, chi e ? ", and for a second a head peered out from underneath and as quickly disappeared again ; it was a tousled head with a beard of at least three days growth, but in the driving snow further features were indistinguishable in the fraction of time allowed me to examine it. Nothing in the world would induce the occupants to open the flap again, so conversation was shouted through the heaving canvas : *Chierici ? Si. Da dove ? Da Roma. Cosa fanno qui ? Siamo in gita.* This last sounded a very watery excuse for our

presence near the frontier in the existing circumstances but it was accepted without demur and we were directed over the ridge towards Valsavaranche. With polite expressions of thanks we moved on hastily and the snowbound outpost disappeared behind us. Some lack of zeal in guarding the frontier against the French was perhaps excusable in weather like that, but fifth columnists, if any cared to take that route, would find it an easy entrance to Italy. Life in that tent, which seemed big enough for two and actually held four or even six, must have been unbearable even then when it was still summer; nor can the diet of these men be anything but frugal, for tinned foods and bread seemed the only supplies brought up. Once we passed some soldiers returning to camp bearing long poles on which scores and scores of frogs, captured in a nearby marsh, were strung by their necks. Marmots and chamois are preserved in the *Parco Nazionale del Gran Paradiso*, and although still outside its borders we met a number of them; however I do not suppose that they abound or add much to the soldiers' daily fare. Those of the troops with whom we spoke declared one and all their hatred for their present life; but that was a hateful day, and in finer weather, such as we experienced later on the Grivola, they might have been less hostile to their native barracks.

The marshes where they catch the frogs are repelling, lonely places which take one by surprise. Sometimes as one climbs out of a valley one sees a river entering it by a long cascade which seems to fall from up among the peaks; yet, on reaching the water-head, with the fields of the valley like multicoloured squares of a chessboard far below, one finds the mountain tops as far away as ever, and as it were a second plain, quite bare of trees and habitation, stretching on for several miles before the snow and the actual peaks begin. As we were coming down on one occasion we had to trek through two such terraces, which are often so flat that water lies in them, creating bogs and channels in which the frogs abound. A few large, ungainly, bony cattle were grazing on the dryer parts—quite different beasts from the neat short-horns of the valley; their journey down the crags at the end of summer must constitute a work of days for the herdsman. It was clear daylight as we began to cross this desert place, it was almost dark before, tired out with floundering and plunging over the soggy ground, we reached the end and gazed down into the valley of Valsavaranche.

Though the snows of the Gran Paradiso, clear for once of enshrouding cloud, were still gleaming and golden, in the failing twilight down below lights twinkled in the valley. The stream beside us had grown into a river draining the volume of water from that accursed place. Here it swirled over a cliff, plunged down into the depths with a dull roar and lost itself among the forest trees. So abruptly did the plateau end that we could literally peer over the edge and follow the river's winding course from where it reached the floor until, at a bend in the valley, it disappeared among the trees. As we looked and listened to the sound of wind and water and the croaking frogs behind us, our attention was attracted by figures moving down below among the crags. A convoy of mules was climbing up to re-visit the camp in the snows, and as we watched them we marvelled that mules could mount such paths, if paths they could be called. Led by an officer on foot, they wound slowly upwards, hidden every few yards by a rock or a tree; the mules climbed unattended and loose for fear one should slip, but after every fifth or sixth was a soldier, himself laden with his ice-axe, pack, rope and other gear, who would pull himself up steeper stretches by the tail of the mule in front. Every few minutes the convoy would halt to allow the heaving beasts to rest while the soldiers moved from one to another adjusting loads, tightening straps and harness. We waited till they passed us at the top before beginning our descent. I spent the time wondering at what hour they would make camp, for we, travelling light, had taken nearly three hours from the snow to this point across the difficult marshy ground, and they were tired men travelling uphill and making scarcely half our pace.

And so, bidding them "auguri" we set off down into the valley, glad to see the last of warlike signs for many days to come. For these violaters of the high places—whose presence had admittedly been very welcome once that day—crossed our path no more. In the starlit darkness of the Alpine night we swung contentedly along the last few miles to the little inn. There, late as it was, we received the hospitality that only Christian country folk can show.

A. J. STOREY.

Hurst and hall, stange and ho were all grist to our mill. There was no difficulty about food: Lancashire is a hospitable if damp clime. We trust greatly on ancient abbeys, sites and newly frozen ponds, and cheerful returning faces in the evening's bitter cold told a tale of a day well spent.

17th. Tuesday. You know our views. That thirty minutes extra in bed failed to remove the slightly stunning effects of yesterday's activity. A brisk walk did and gave us an appetite, a large one, for lunch (also large). Threepenny bits adorned the panes— a gentle touch, comparable only to the post-prandial spate of free cigarettes. A growing number was keen on skating. The Venerable has always enjoyed winter sports. Surely you haven't forgotten those dreadful slides on the balcony by the clock tower? Cofun... A word about the road... high land and circled by the hills... and an occasional island make it very beautiful, especially on a clear day like today. Book your tickets for next winter.

THE BETTER PART

18th. Ash Wednesday. Only those with natural tongues showed. Nearly every number of the Magazine celebrates the praises of the kind of gita which is a mere feat of brawn and muscle, and now I see that my esteemed contemporary G.P.D. has joined in the chorus—cf. VENERABLE, May 1942, p. 247. Meanwhile those with different tastes remain silent but it must not be supposed that we are ashamed of ourselves; so I venture to offer the following verses.

To those who, filled with sinful pride,
With packs upon their shoulders,
Will clamber up the mountain side
And stumble over boulders,
I gently say "Boys will be boys",
For I'm the sort of fella
Who likes the more material joys
Of Cocumella.

Let such tramp on his thirty miles
And set up as a critic,
Condemning with superior smiles
My pleasures sybaritic;
The village inn is much too low,
It's cold and damp and smelly,
I rather choose the Pensio—
ne Chiusarelli.

D. J. B. HAWKINS.

Though the snow of the Gran Paradiso, clear for once of encircling cloud, was still gleaming and golden in the falling twilight down heavy lights twinkled in the valley. The stream beside us had grown into a river draining the volume of water from that accursed place. Here it swept over a cliff, plunged down into the depths with a dull roar and lost itself among the forest trees. So abruptly did the plateau end that we could literally peer over the edge and follow the river's winding course from where it reached the floor until, at a bend in the valley, it disappeared among the rocks. As we looked and listened to the sound of water, we were reminded of the "The Fall of the Waterfall" by George Herbert as, our attention attracted by the noise, we went down a slope among the trees, a cavay of mules was climbing up to reach the camp in the snow, and as we watched them we marvelled that mules could mount such paths if paths they

COLLEGE DIARY

FEBRUARY 15th. *Sunday*. "On Getting up on Cold Mornings" is a very sensible essay wherein the author feelingly tells of the *vis inertiae*, the "warm and circling amplitude" of bed which

"sweetly recommends itself
unto our gentle senses".

We were in a like state of incumbency when we remembered who We were Roman Diarist, representing many, entitled to use the majestic plural empowered to expatiate, prattle and play with events. We remembered the day; Quinquagesima Sunday. We begin today. We climbed out. Ugh! Anyway it was holiday time, the last oasis before a Lenten Sahara. A glance through the window before meditation showed cold stars and grey frost, harbingers of a day of sun and ice. Those excellent Venerable traits, the seeking after "lo sport", whatever the cost, and the desire to climb hills at a great rate, were very prominent today. Those who possessed skates cut Pickwickian figures on the solidly frozen reservoir, and few people could resist the attraction of the fells. After severe punishment we returned to an early supper in anticipation of Miss Barbara Ward's "Sword of the Spirit" address; but she was suffering from a heavy cold, so we had to postpone the pleasure. Mr Churchill was speaking at nine p.m. and until then we studied the gita lists—that "al fresco" skating gita was a new departure—and joined the group consulting the wall map (few glanced at its illustrious companion, *Roma e Dintorni*) and having collected the College bounty, sang very loudly until Mr Churchill recalled us to the grim horizons of war. Singapore had fallen.

16th. *Monday*. Before dawn two of our new priests and their party were on the road to Claughton to celebrate Mass with Blessed Edmund Campion's chalice. The rest of us ate a large breakfast in case of accidents in these uncertain times, and strode off into the silent frozen countryside.

Hurst and hall, grange and ho were all grist to our mill. There was no difficulty about food; Lancashire is a hospitable if damp clime. We trod gently on ancient abbey sites and newly frozen ponds, and cheerful returning faces in the evening's bitter cold told a tale of a day well spent.

17th. *Tuesday*. You know our views. That thirty minutes extra in bed failed to remove the slightly stunning effects of yesterday's activity. A brisk walk did and gave us an appetite, a large one, for lunch (also large). Threepenny bits adorned the pancakes—a gentle touch, comparable only to the post-prandial spate of free cigarettes. A growing number wax keen on skating. The Venerabile has always enjoyed winter sports. Surely you haven't forgotten those dreadful slides on the balcony by the clock tower? *Coelum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt*. A word about the reservoir; it is a great stretch of water situated on high land and circled by the fells; reeds and alders, and an occasional island make it very beautiful, especially on a clear day like today. Book your tickets for next winter.

18th. *Ash Wednesday*. Only those with natural tonsures showed signs of today's ceremony, except of course our one remaining layman. Owing to the persistent absence of the College barber hair is now worn long, and former tonsorial experts begin to offer their unwelcome attentions. We are still resisting. Rev. P. Firth spent the evening with us and his visit coincided with the startling reappearance of Uncle Gi à l'anglais at supper.

19th. *Thursday*. "Beautiful habitations, auras of delight." The cries of hewers of coal on the corridors, usual prelude to today's domestic activities, were further augmented this morning by sea chanties and downright crooning, the evening concert's overture. The strangers within the gates, wiring up the oddest places, require a little more explanation; they are part of the B.B.C.'s arrangements for an overseas broadcast of a religious service from the College next Sunday. But on such a beautifully cold day there were greater attractions outside. We succumbed, taking our skates with us. After tea we shared Mother Clare's reminder of tomorrow's lectures, a box containing everything a model student needs.

It must be confessed that tonight's concert was an unusually dull affair: Perhaps the audience was bovine, as one aggrieved player afterwards described it, but to put on a sketch with an irritatingly obvious and not very humorous plot as a curtain raiser was asking too much both of the audience and the actors. The octets, though well sung, failed to revive us and "Casabianca" was misunderstood, poor thing! which was a pity because our Cyril Fletcher's odd odes are most refreshing. The cheerful comedians of "Tempus Stoogit" with their bizarre activity and fund of jokes, good and bad, tended to panic the audience. However, Mr Pledger's excellent topical song restored good relations, and the final sketch, which portrayed the domestic enmities of two inmates of a house for Decrepit Old Ladies forced to share a room, was really enlivening. A chalk line drawn down the centre of the room brought a happy if naïve conclusion to their struggle

for "lebensraum". We apologise, but the cider for tonight's concert failed to

"win the vacant and the vain
to nobler raptures".

1. SKETCH *Waiting*
 "Jenner" Mr Williams
 The Man Mr Kelly
 The Woman Mr Groarke
 The Doctor Mr Buxton
 Scene: The Doctor's Waiting-Room
2. OCTET (a) *Beating up the Channel* . . Messrs Walsh, Pledger,
 (b) *The Mulligan Musketeers* . Groarke, Buxton,
 Clark, Harris,
 Sowerby, Peters
3. RECITATION "Casabianca" Mr Hannon
 (Eliza Becassidy)
4. ITEM "Tempus Stoogit"
 by
 The Marx of Time Messrs Shelton, Peters,
 Richards
5. TOPICAL SONG Mr Pledger
6. SKETCH "Joint Owners in Spain"
 Mrs Fullerton Mr Crissell
 Mrs Mitchell Mr Connolly
 Miss Dyer Mr Harris
 Mrs Blair Mr Richards

20th. *Friday*. "Lusisti Satis." Five lectures helped to emphasize today's official *docetur*, and a practice for Sunday's broadcast used up our remaining energy. Today's Obit Book provided the only light relief.

21st. *Saturday*. A furtive review of massive transmitters in the candle-sacristy and then in to our very first audition. We were in the back row of the Choir despite our undoubted talents but the experience was enjoyable.

22nd. *Sunday*. The broadcast service began at nine-thirty a.m. Praise or criticism of this seasonable act of worship is beyond the diarist's province: certainly it made one more conscious that the Collegio Inglese had taken firm root in England, and that the Vice-Rector and the Choir-master are as energetic as ever. In the afternoon our skating clerics played a team from Stonyhurst College at ice hockey; as there were no rules we presume the laymen won. There was a radio seance after supper in the hopes of hearing a recording of our former selves but a technical hitch occurred and we retired disgruntled.

23rd. *Monday*. The Wiseman Society enjoyed an admirably discerning paper on "The Legacy of the Eighteenth Century", given by Mr Williams.

25th. *Wednesday*. We were glad to see Fr Gannon in the Common Room this evening. The feeling ought to be reciprocal for his journey was broken by a train smash.

26th. *Thursday*. Those who wished to skate were dispensed from study this morning. "How long, O Lord?" groaned our rugger and soccer enthusiasts. It was a very warm day, ideally suited to pottering around the garden, though the frost on the brussel sprouts was rather discouraging. Mr Gibb's short visit made the day even brighter,

"Amen: I thank thee" (exeunt severally).

After supper the Social Guild listened to Mr O'Connell's exposition of the historical and economic aspects of their subject, and voted a further discussion.

27th. *Friday*. Those solid souls who in Rome doted on Pastor's *Lives of the Popes* are enjoying *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England* as an aid to digestion. It threatens several more volumes. Deterred neither by this nor by the accumulated menaces of the Friday programme, the Social Guild went into secret session.

MARCH 1st. *Sunday*. With the recovery of one of their number from an attack of mumps, the new priests were the guests of honour at the Superiors' table today. To suit the occasion dinner was not a matter of mere thanks but of rejoicing, while coffee and port added a special lustre to the Common Room bonhomie afterwards. The kissing of hands and the Te Deum took place after tea.

2nd. *Monday*. Third anniversary of the Pope's election. *Evviva il Papa!* Memories of jostling, eager crowds, the sea of upturned faces and the white figure on the balcony were shattered by the bell for lectures. We murmured fluently "Ebbe'! Andiamo". We note that the *ecco mondiale* of our recent broadcast has had some slight repercussions in the Press.

3rd. *Tuesday*. This cold weather, which makes the rest of men go walks in overcoats, and—

"coughing, shiver in the pervious bield", has produced a race of Spartans, men who can forego the attractions of the Common Room and flee ice-wards after dinner. Today they did a forced march to the reservoir, skated on ice well covered with water and returned as though they had enjoyed themselves. It threatens rain.

4th. *Wednesday*. Indeed it rained in a most depressing manner all day, but Dr Butterfield's talk to the Literary Society concerning his American adventures was a splendid antidote. Judging by his vivid tales of hospitality, America would seem to be the Utopia of gita parties.

5th. *Thursday*. St Mary's Hall more truly merits the title of Sancta Maria ad Nives than the Villa church. Once again the snow is thickening on the window sill. More coal please!

6th. *Friday*. Between lectures this morning, while the coldest east wind of the year was blowing outside, the Common Room was well patronized. A flutter of excitement betrayed something unusual. One respected member had contracted measles! Most unromantic and certainly not traditional. He was sympathetically but expeditiously removed to the sanatorium. That afternoon willing hands,

“ Whose names on earth
In Fame's eternal records live for aye ”

carried away another victim, and to prevent an epidemic the College is being subjected to gargling, extra sleep and open-air treatment. It seems an ideal programme, so there must be a snag somewhere.

7th. *Saturday*. Naturally, when one realized that there were no lectures today in any case, “ ratione solemnitatis Sancti Thomae ”, nor on Sunday either, the new programme lost some of its magnificence; but the extra sleep and early morning stroll played havoc with the germs. There were no new cases, and the infirmarians' Dettol campaign relaxed.

8th. *Sunday*. Today High Mass and Vespers were omitted and we squelched around a very muddy countryside abusing Nature's loveliness. We were amused, however, once we were safely in the house and it began to rain.

9th. *Monday*. Prescription. Lull the measles germ with extra sleep, then soak it in rain water. For the latter a combination of a lecture free day and inclement weather is necessary.

11th. *Wednesday*. The state of emergency is past: in fact the only abnormality was the barber plying his merciful trade once more. A concordat has been signed. We perceive that the “ Head Gaffer ” has provided the details of the year's agricultural policy. It is modelled on Capac; each group or circle concentrates on growing one type of vegetable, which is a good scheme but soul-destroying. To be confined to growing turnips would give the least imaginative man indigestion. However now that the ground has softened, digging has begun again. There are birds singing lustily and lambs are in the fields, and well-intentioned souls say that Spring is here, tra-la! But the reservoir is still fit for skating. *Quid putas, Domine?*

12th. *Thursday*. Feast of St Gregory. After coffee and rosolio we played our first game of soccer this term. A stiff game helped us to forget the cold.

13th. *Friday*. Was consequently a very stiff day.

14th. *Saturday*. Which was forgotten in today's annual contest, the England v. Ireland soccer match. Despite doubtful lineage on both sides some doughty deeds were wrought, forsooth.

15th. *Sunday*. A conference from Fr Brodrick S.J. helped to put the devil and the dumps in their respective positions.

16th. *Monday*. An important date: Fourth Year Theologians received their ferraiuolas together with one hundred theses. "*Laudate nomen Domini*." A day favourable for new undertakings. In the garden new cold frames have been erected, new potato plots begun and a new arch erected over the fish-pond.

17th. *Tuesday*. Feast of St Patrick. Large numbers were "a-wearing o' the green" this morning, and although the day was not celebrated in the true Roman fashion the evening concert proved itself worthy of any St Patrick's night. As the local muse has it

*Non more sed corde Romano
Gaudeamus exules.*

Seventh Year's radio review of their course, a scene for each year, was grand fun. As First Year, armed only with dictionaries, they passed a cargo of contraband through the Italian Customs; round the fire they recreated a returned gita party with its songs; and brought us down to the present with an incorrigible reader in the Refectory, pronounced as the Concise Oxford will not have it.

Fr Leeming gave a really excellent conjuring performance, all the more outstanding because success depended on sleight-of-hand and not on mechanical devices. The Victorian melodrama at the end was as hilarious as the opening item and has added to our repertoire round the Common Room piano.

1. TOP YEAR: "The Arches of the Years"

Chorus: Lachrymantes, ecce, nos stamus
Quia matrem linquimus
Almam; sed quae nos alta docet
Tenemus in cordibus.
Proinde,
Exultemus ut gigantes
Cursum consummavimus
Vineam jam jam ingredientes
Vobis valedicimus.

2. SKETCH "Black Uniform"

<i>Lil Prior</i>	.	.	.	Mr O'Leary
<i>Tom Prior</i>	.	.	.	Mr Fooks
<i>Aunt Martha</i>	.	.	.	Mr Clark

(Wednesday afternoon)

3. SOLO (a) *Bantry Bay* Mr Walsh
(b) *O'Flaherty's Pig*

4. "The Metaphysics of Conjuring" Fr Leeming

5. "Virtue Shines Brighter than Gold"

or

"She was Only a Poor Little Mill-Girl"

Baggs, the Butler	Mr Sowerby
Sir Herbert Turbott, Bart.	Mr Hannon
Murgatroyd Murdoch, villain	Mr Fallon
Sybil, his daughter	Mr Holland
The Hero—Hilary, heir to the Turbott debts	Mr Storey
The Heroine, poor but honest	Mr Roche
Orchestra, both sections	The Vice-Rector
Leader	Mr Chapman

Scene : Country seat of Sir Herbert Turbott

Time : Early evening, about midnight

18th. *Wednesday*. Public Meeting. Mr Storey took the chair. The meeting was adjourned.

19th. *Thursday*. Feast of St Joseph. Well celebrated with High Mass and an excellent dinner after which another Joseph added a largesse of cigarettes. The joy of reading the new list of public offices was reserved for today.

20th. *Friday*. A further adjournment of the Public Meeting in the hopes of learning more about the mysterious gentleman who was seen "tee-ed up with a cup of coffee, Mr Chairman!"

21st. *Saturday*. Every bird in the vicinity piped a welcome to Spring this morning. Indeed its official entry was most gracious. Its warmth attracted tennis players on to the courts in the afternoon. We seem far from the gripping frosts already and it was a joy to linger watching a soccer game, or to stroll out, mildly occupied with the hedgerows.

22nd. *Sunday*. Dr Grimley this evening satisfied our curiosity about the Catholic Weekly Press.

23rd. *Monday*. From the Refectory where that great moralizer Dr Johnson presides, back to the Public Meeting. We need many more Boswells.

25th. *Wednesday*. Feast of the Annunciation. "Sounds and sweet airs." The shaky recital of a nearby mandolin is vigorously offset by the concertina man, alternated with College songs ancient and modern sung by a group in the garden. John the gardener toiled on unmoved, lucky man! We misquote in sympathy,

"Doloris remedium,
Laboris solacium,
Mea mihi cithera."

There are more violent methods : today's game of rigger was a pogrom.

29th. *Palm Sunday*. This morning's liturgy, Stations of the Cross in the afternoon, and the beginning of the retreat in the evening made us

conscious of the National Day of Prayer. Traditionalists, formerly called Palmers or Seven Church men, set out on monstrosly long walks. We were not firm enough and were glad to go into retreat afterwards under the protective care of Canon McNarney.

APRIL 1st. *Wednesday*. Returning from well-conducted tours of the spiritual battlefield, the first news from the other front was that the V.C. had been posthumously awarded to Capt. Jackman, an alumnus of our neighbours. Prosit Stonyhurst! Tenebrae in our Chapel will have to deputise for the traditional Stonyhurst Tenebrae, as the boys are leaving for their Easter holidays earlier this year. Restrictions on railway travel are the cause.

2nd. *Thursday*. After this morning's service we sat in the garden near the cypresses and meditated—near, not beneath them as at the Villa. They are only a foot high but the Vice-Rector, who recently planted them, has an eye for the dim future. Plain chant was in our thoughts, for the Choirmaster, summing up his desires in doggerel, has issued an ultimatum to us: the burden, *amor non clamor*. The words rankle but we shall do our best at Tenebrae this evening.

3rd. *Good Friday*. A fast day. We left happy invalids building themselves up in the Refectory in spite of the rationing, and spent the rest of the day in Church.

5th. *Easter Sunday*. Ink-stained "tourists" prepared us for the arrival of *Chi Ló Sa?* There was no need; it was a very bright Easter number,

"the wits of former days

To subjects worse have given admiring praise"

A circle of laughs, grins and groans continued about it throughout this day of dignified idleness, of port and coffee—a very useful preparation for "Boys will be Boys" which we saw at Stonyhurst this evening.

6th. *Monday*. It was raining but it made little difference. We were at Palazzola, and the Greg. was very far away—next door in fact. But the Bridge Party and the Chess fiends and the Usuals browsing over the reading-table were there. Others were engaged in puzzles and strategies. *Nolumus mutari*. Dr Park arrived to spend the week with us and was no doubt impressed by the lists of "al fresco" fell gitas for tomorrow.

7th. *Tuesday*. The fell country lies to the north of us, and directly or indirectly, in sunshine and rain, most of us found our way there. We had this England to ourselves apparently and we were content to find it so. By midday we had reached the heights and were far from home. Then the rain really began. Views and colours were quickly washed out and we were in the same condition before long. It is best to forget the walk back—it was a nightmare. But over a cup of tea we protested that we had enjoyed ourselves: certainly some parties returned fairly dry shod, but it was not the day for al fresco lunches. We were pleased to see Revv. Dwyer, Purdy and Marsh to supper.

8th. *Wednesday*. We smiled back at the sun but stayed near home. After supper Dr Dwyer told the Literary Society about a gita in France.

9th. *Thursday*. Featuring a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus exercising itself in the theatre and "The Good Companions" at Stonyhurst in the evening.

10th. *Friday*. To sit and smoke and talk of "shoes and ships" is one of the pleasures of a day free from lectures. Our visitors contribute much to the Common Room life on these days. We were sorry to say goodbye to Rev. T. Marsh this afternoon.

11th. *Saturday*. As far abroad as the Trough of Bowland or wandering along the Hodder's banks on a warm hazy day with the Spring stirring all about us, we enjoyed to the full the contrast of today's gita; even our most jaundiced "townees" were at peace. Spring fever led parties to castle and abbey; of course they had disappeared long ago but it didn't really matter. Instead of lunch in a deserted hen-coop on a howling fell-side (*vide Tuesday*) we dined amid scenes of idyllic rusticity and came back full of

"Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer nights by haunted stream".

12th. *Sunday*. Prosit to Rev. T. McDonagh who was ordained priest this morning at Leeds Cathedral. Messrs Purdy and Dwyer, supported by the piano, sang songs Italianolo after supper. "Con slancio?" "Si, sicuro."

14th. *Tuesday*. A quiet day. Fr Leeming, temporarily speechless, was unable to grace the rostrum. The New Budget, obviously a direct attack on the Clergy, has left several others dumb too.

16th. *Thursday*. Organised by Fr A. Jones, a big party of old English College men came to visit us. We were glad to welcome such a representative section of Venerable life: witness the din of conversation which mounted in the Refectory and flowed over into the Common Room. Past and Present played a game of soccer in the afternoon. It was hot, but the men who beat the Scots, despite lack of practice, gave us a most enjoyable and hard game, pressing very hard to reduce the margin of goals. Films of our life in Rome before the Exodus, a sing-song and dips into *Chi Lo Sa?* with interpreters brought the time for departure too quickly. We fear not the ravages of time after seeing our forbears.

19th. *Sunday*. We were the guests of the Rector and Seventh Year at the film, "The Lady Vanishes," at Stonyhurst College tonight. May rich benefices be their reward!

21st. *Tuesday*. Not a word! Below-stairs Theologians tackle a Canon Law exam. Elsewhere a few simple souls must con their Hebrew copiously lest they be found wanting Ghimel!

23rd. *Thursday*. Feast of St George. The flower sacristans, mistaking the date, rose to the occasion with vases of daffodils. Mr Rawcliffe,

now a Sergeant-Observer, Flight-Sergeant Dodson, and a number of guests from Stonyhurst were at the concert this evening. The newly formed quartet were a pleasant surprise. We hope they will be a regular item. Mr Rawcliffe showed his old technical perfection and his travels seem to have improved his interpretation. We were amused and interested by the contrast of "An American Idyll", a vivid exhibition of the tricks of American jazz music. We present to you another's criticism of "Trial by Jury".

"In all thy works be excellent", says the Wise Man, for that is the touchstone of success. Undoubtedly this was the rule of life temporarily adopted by the Jury, for their individual and collective efforts from curtain rise to curtain fall were outstanding. These eight good men and true never became a mere *massa humana*, for each of them portrayed a real character worthy of attention. They were "cast to play a part of great responsibility" and their success ensured the success of the whole. And yet they had a fault, a tendency to become too individual by indulging in so much byplay as to distract the attention from the principals: perhaps we may forgive them on the grounds of enthusiasm—at any rate their excellence in every other direction fully atoned for it; their rendering of "Oh I was like that when a lad" was superb and merited a dozen encores.

The Bridesmaids were greeted with the customary hilarity and this coupled with the smallness of the stage, caused them some embarrassment. Each one had "upon her face too much a trace of diffidence and shyness." But later they entered the plot with artful coquetry; their pairing off with the Jury in the Finale made it one of the most exhilarating Finales we have witnessed.

The Principals as a body were inclined to look for guidance to the Jury, but once they overcame this inferiority complex, a real swing dominated the proceedings. The Judge easily carried off the honours—perhaps his interpretation of the part was not orthodox but it was very satisfying. His geniality intrigued us so much that we were ready to condone everything he did. His voice was not well suited to the part but he used it to great advantage, especially in his enraptured singing of "Oh never, never since I joined the human race."

The Defendant certainly deserved the attention he received from the Bridesmaids, but he was over much in awe of the Jury and seemed to decide too early that his was a "hopeless case".

The Plaintiff definitely suffered from lack of production but even this did not prevent her from moments of excellence, as when she successfully worked off her charms on a really susceptible Judge—they made an admirable pair.

The Usher enjoyed himself immensely, for undoubtedly he had a grand part to play, and though at times he allowed his pantomime instincts to get the better of his more pompous self, we feel that he was carried away by the high spirits of the Jury. But these were odd moments and on the whole his acting and singing were a perfect characterisation of the "simple minded Usher".

The Counsel gave us the joy of hearing every word. There was nothing

of anxiety about his performance (as there was with some of the other principals); he knew he could do his part and enjoyed it; above all he sang out to the audience—for which they were suitably grateful.

The Foreman cannot be passed unnoticed for he was the embodiment of everything that was excellent in the Jury, though why he had so much trouble over the Rapture of Angelina is a secret which he has yet to divulge.

In conclusion we must pay tribute to Messrs Kelly and Buxton for a very successful production—perhaps it would have been a bigger success with a little more polish in one or two places, but when we realize the amazingly short time spent on it we cannot hesitate to give unstinted praise for both acting and singing. Seldom have we heard so balanced a rendering of “A Nice Dilemma”, which both artistically and technically was the pièce de resistance. As the curtain fell for the last time we prayed (but in vain!) that the cast might take the audience at its word and swear in that superb Jury once more!

Special thanks are due to the Vice-Rector for his unflagging energy at rehearsals and also to the Props who once more achieved what the “knowing ones” prophesied as impossible. Let us hope that this successful venture is the harbinger of an opera revival in England.

- | | | | |
|----------------|--|--------|--|
| 1. QUARTET | (a) <i>Rondo, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik</i> | Mozart | Messrs Chapman, Shelton, Clark, Kelly. |
| | (b) <i>Minuet, Symphony in E Flat</i> | Mozart | |
| 2. SOLO | (a) <i>Rose of England</i> | | Mr Buxton |
| | (b) “ <i>Bells</i> ” | | |
| 3. PIANO SOLO | (a) <i>Sonata No. 3 in D</i> | Mozart | Sgt-Observer Rawcliffe |
| | (b) <i>An American Idyll</i> | | |
| 4. DIALOGUE | | | Mr Cotter and Grandma Buggins |
| 5. VIOLIN SOLO | (a) <i>Souvenir—Drdla</i> | | Mr Chapman |
| | (b) <i>Waltz in A Major—Brahms</i> | | |
| 6. | TRIAL BY JURY | | |
| | <i>The Judge</i> | | Mr Clark |
| | <i>Plaintiff</i> | | Mr Groarke |
| | <i>Defendant</i> | | Mr Walsh |
| | <i>Counsel</i> | | Mr Hannon |
| | <i>Usher</i> | | Mr Peters |
| | <i>Bridesmaids</i> | | Messrs Campbell J., Roche, Daley, Campbell E., Haynes, Harris |
| | <i>Jury</i> | | Messrs Alston, Fallon, Brown, Jones, Hanlon, Shelton, Holland, Sowerby |

24th. *Friday*. Flight-Sergeant Dodson, who is a night-fighter pilot, told us some of his experiences and conclusions in the R.A.F. We wanted more.

26th. *Sunday*. "Across the flowering fields the north wind blows and they are winter-starved." It has felled trees and frozen our valuable crops, especially a pride of a lettuce we had our eye on. It seems to affect our knees too; the number of College cripples is appalling. They have developed a special rite in Church. Tonight we heard the Cardinal's moving address to Youth.

27th. *Monday*. Rev. J. Harrison and Mr P. Anson were at the College today.

28th. *Tuesday*. That well-known edition *Storia della Chiesa* appeared again at today's auction; it was knocked down to a First Year man. One penny to be paid for every feeble joke indulged in by the auctioneer is a new idea which caused a commotion in *Chi Lo Sa?* circles.

30th. *Thursday*. Fr Agnellus O.F.M. gave a very welcome talk to the Social Guild after supper.

MAY 1st. *Friday*. Memories of May two years ago, the noise of rumour and upheavals, concerts and canonizations. Now in our new Pamphili, the banks of the Hodder, we sit tranquilly observing a patient ecclesiastical angler, yes, and the shadings of green in English woods, and the blossoms—hawthorns and chestnut and the yellow splash of the primrose. We tried to interest the Editor in the scene with a timely prod but he sat unseeing: the bombing of Exeter, where his magnum opus is being printed, engaged all his attention. The future is dark.

2nd. *Saturday*. But is it? The Literary Society met after tea and Miss Barbara Ward was the speaker. Well, perhaps it is dark but it won't be dull.

3rd. *Sunday*. Here we are, already, *le vivace aujourd'hui*: a great exhibition of literature and art about the English Martyrs occupies the head of the main staircase, and threatens further expansion. It has captured everybody's imagination, including an errant humorist's who added the usual street-artist caption and a cap for coppers. We looked askance; but these things must be. The Martyrs' Association is very much alive at present and no doubt we shall hear more of it.

5th. *Tuesday*. The news that Mgr Dean had retired reached us today. Through our men here from Upholland we knew him as a great figure and we hope that it is not out of place for us to wish him a sincere *ad multos annos*.

6th. *Wednesday*. We pause a moment. Up to now we have never obtruded the subject of work. May we say that our lectures flourish and that those borrowed Boyers are invaluable. 'Sfact!

8th. *Friday*. We laid Dr Johnson to rest in the Abbey about the middle of the fish course, and our reader, with too great eagerness, introduced us to the new book : *From Archbishop to Cabin Boy*. This commendable career should merit our closest attention.

10th. *Sunday*. We know it simply isn't done, but we feel justified in describing this day as a red-letter day. Everywhere on the corridors placards done in crimson lettering of the "Kitchener Wants You" type greeted our morning meandering. We recognised the artist and realized, very cleverly, that it was College Salvage Week. We are about to produce another Roman tank and the patriots mean business. There are notices and catch-words at every turn. We must sacrifice all, down to the last old razor-blade. The prospect is unsettling but we must face it : as another patriot once remarked,

" 'Tis the cause that makes all ".

11th. *Monday*. To dinner Fr Bickerstaff S.J. The local press informs us that Dr Butterworth is now Head of the V.E.C. Tonight Mr Cotter discoursed on Christianity and Slavery.

13th. *Wednesday*. The Silver Jubilee of Pius XII. The Rector sang the High Mass *Summi et Aeterni Sacerdotis*. We processed out to the familiar Papal March, and a terrific *Prosit* marked our appreciation of this great day. Many Masses and Holy Communions are being offered for the intentions of His Holiness. Mr Wall was present at dinner. The Pope's speech was broadcast in the evening but our Italian has been rustivating too long and the reception was not of the best, so even Seventh Year showed signs of stress, although First Year looked most intelligent throughout.

14th. *Thursday. Ascension Day*. Snoopers disgorge their accumulated rubbish, and the salvage dumps fill up with most surprising objects. We happened on the story of a man who threw away an old watch, a total wreck, later to find the collected remains doing excellent work as a time-piece for a prominent salvage collector.

15th. *Friday*. Tonight the Social Guild was addressed by a real flesh-and-blood Young Catholic Worker, the sort one suspected existed only in books. To us the Y.C.W. needs no other recommendation.

17th. *Sunday*. Fr Dyson conducted the *ritiro mensile* today. Prize-winners in the recent handball tournament, mindful of his happy dictum "There are no pockets in a shroud", clamoured for their winnings; so this evening a very odd old lady, reciting equally odd odes, distributed the prizes. Fauns and Satyrs graced the scene. The oddest thing of all is that they were not evicted.

18th. *Monday*. After prolonged drought a steady torrent off the brink has rescued the lettuce from extinction. The Vice-Rector, umbrella in hand, splodged around inspecting the sprouting vegetables. We resisted the temptation : we can observe Dame Nature's attractions, the old copper

beech flushing into life again, the falling blossom and even the bluebell woods quite easily and more comfortably from our window.

19th. *Tuesday*. There is no need for that cuckoo to insist so.

21st. *Thursday*. A party set off very early this morning for Mass at the Martyrs' Shrine at Catforth, distant about twelve miles from the College—a long step before breakfast. Three of our priests offered up Mass in the beautiful church there; the schoolchildren sang at one of the Masses. Afterwards the party were shown the relics of the Martyr. Fr Waring, who is very devoted to the cause of the Martyrs, made them very welcome with the good offices of his housekeeper.

22nd. *Friday*. Lecture-worn students hailed Volume X No. 3 of the *VENERABILE* upon its ceremonial entrance into the Common Room as manna descending. The reading of it leaves a self-conscious air about the place, methinks.

23rd. *Saturday*. Third Year Theology, with the Subdiaconate in view, set off tonight on a nice quiet week of retreat at the feet of Fr Dominic Devas O.F.M. It promises to rain for them all the time. Meanwhile the deputy bell-ringer is horrified to learn that we ring nineteen bells a day here; a sobering thought. We were glad to see Mr Molloy revelling in a very talkative after-supper circle: he came this evening to spend a short holiday with us.

24th. *Whit Sunday*. One retreatant this morning finished his breakfast, piled his crockery and solemnly carried them out through the Refectory door towards the retreatants' den in Aula I. This was intriguing: perhaps a new spiritual exercise or Retreat resolution. We must enquire later. But at present, alas poor Yorrick!

He is retired as noon day dew
Or fountain in a noonday grove.

25th. *Monday*. A holiday, pleasant enough though amid Stygian gloom, was ruined by the arrival of a soulless person with the thesis sheet. Symposia on Faith and a second edition of *Bernard's Bundles* were not enough, oh no! not half bad enough to blight one's Whitsuntide. The forty-five were. We accepted them politely, even smilingly, but we were not in the least amused.

26th. *Tuesday*. Except for a few clerics of the bath-chair type, today's *gitanti* favoured the rolling English road to Dunsop Bridge; we did not notice any Chestertonian inebriates—it was a bit too early for that. The Shangri-la country of the "Trough" above Dunsop and Slaidburn involved a stiff climb in the warm sun to the source of a stream among moors and "nabs" where hailstorms and torrential rain cooled us down. A two hours' walk to the Slaidburn valley, which leads out of the Trough and its great solitude, brought us into the pleasant grey stone village for tea. Thence to swell the ranks of other leg-weary gentlemen making their way south. For us it is the year's most delightful gita.

27th. *Wednesday*. Bishop Griffin of Birmingham came today. He will officiate at the ordination on Saturday. Revv. T. Duggan and B. Jackson came from St Bede's College, Manchester, to spend a few days with us too.

28th. *Thursday*. It was the Vice-Rector's birthday and we had the evening off. After supper Dr Griffin spoke to us about the practical aspects of the Youth Movement.

29th. *Friday*. A very successful Guest night. One of our visitors, formerly one of the College song-writers, refused to be confined to his room by an attack of rheumatism and was carried down to the Common Room in state. A direct attack upon the Hierarchy followed.

30th. *Saturday*. The subdiaconate was conferred upon Third Year Theology and upon Rev. G. Hanna of Leagram Hall. We echo the Apostolic Delegate's congratulations *a tutti*. Much to our disappointment, all our guests departed in the afternoon.

31st. *Trinity Sunday*, suitably underlined by port and coffee. Fr Crehan S.J. came to dinner.

JUNE 1st. *Monday*. A *dies non* was granted in honour of the Pope's jubilee. The following telegram, received by the Rector, is a further mark His Holiness' regard for us: "Holy Father sends Apostolic Blessing Rector professors and students Venerable English College in token gratitude thoughtful congratulations Jubilee—Cardinal Maglione."

2nd. *Tuesday*. Our subdeacons took advantage of today's sunshine and went on a country frolic. The genuine Abruzzi complexions they brought back with them were the envy of less fortunate beholders.

4th. *Corpus Christi*. Every Roman worthy of the name can speak with authority on processions, the main characteristic of a festa. Who could forget the spontaneity and delicate confusion which accompanied them?

"Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven."

From the crowded fervorinos and amorphous candles of the Chiesa di Santa Caterina to the noisy pageant of Rocca di Papa their spirit was the same. Today's procession at Stonyhurst was very different: stately and impressively organized, it recalled the past only in the great heat of the day and the welcome *rinresco* afterwards. A popular recreation this evening was bathing in the Hodder, and many sought the coolness of the garden after supper.

5th. *Friday*. Mr Killeen read a paper tonight on the Mediaeval Church and the Social System, which was a brave feat considering the burdens of the day and the mild scirocco.

6th. *Saturday*. Of late the plaint of Ko-Ko's tomtit has been oft repeated but at last today, after a few false alarms, the cricket season began. The recent lack of a communal game has been distinctly



tennis and handball can occupy only a few. Our cricket committee have used up much energy preparing the wicket and the pleasure of today's game was worthy recompense.

7th. *Sunday*. Fr Mangan, Provincial of the Society, and Fr Belton S.J. came to dinner today and in the afternoon Bishop Poskitt of Leeds paid us a short visit. An out-of-door procession of the Blessed Sacrament proceeded after tea to the excellent altar our sacristans had erected, where the blessing was given. We wended our way back again, singing trusty processional favourites, through the garden, or should we say the orchard—it is certainly well lined with laden fruit trees. The function was necessarily clerical and uniform, but very satisfactory.

8th. *Monday*. Rev. A. Hulme, just to keep in practice, took the opportunity during his quick visit to speak to Capac tonight on a variety of topics.

10th. *Wednesday*. Another Roman, who has addressed the Literary Society before in Via Monserrato, an authority, too, on the delights of *villeggiatura*, Mr Montgomery, came from the Collegio Beda and told us of several countries he had visited as a member of the Diplomatic Corps.

11th. *Thursday*. As one of the minor clergy we thought it distressing enough to be beaten soundly by the major clergy in this afternoon's game of cricket,

12th. *Friday*, but for a chosen eleven, bursting with talent, to let Stonyhurst Fourth Playroom pile up over a hundred runs and hope to settle the account in barely thirty minutes was more distressing still; in fact it was calamitous. Some accurate bowling and bashful batting complicated matters and the honours went to youth at the end of play. These are sad days.

15th. *Monday*. Other things being equal, we can extend a Public Meeting indefinitely. But today, with the sun threatening to come out and examinations not so very far away, it was a question of *in extremis extrema sunt tentanda*. We even fitted a business meeting of the Literary Society into the same sitting, another proof of deterioration according to our veteran wranglers.

16th. *Tuesday*. Suitably disguised as a member of the Wiseman Society with flowing beard and all, we were entertained by Fr Leeming with a paper on Buddhism.

18th. *Thursday*. Bear with us again; we wish to mention a *società anonima*, a mysterious organization started a year ago to co-ordinate our multiple religious societies. It discovered itself today as completely unwanted, without a *ratio essendi*, and was honest enough to dissolve. We presume that there were no funds.

19th. *Friday*. The Scots in Rome, our neighbours in the aulæ of Gregorian, our cheerful enemies at soccer and generous hosts at table, were always in close touch with us, and so we were doubly glad to have Mgr Clapperton, their Rector, in the Common Room. Another arrival, the magazine of St Peter's College, the new home of many of the Scots, was also welcomed.

22nd. *Monday*. *Scholæ vacant in honorem Sancti Aloysii*. On this warm day we are much tempted to bathe in the Hodder (cries of Shame! *Coraggio!* etc.), but on the other hand our cricket pitch is an attractive spot too. That thin strip of green mown out of the long grass, the perspiring outfield in the meadow, and other informalities make it akin to Sforza cricket. In place of that famous scoreboard we have a painstaking marker who obligingly roars out details of play. We shall don our sporting attire.

23rd. *Tuesday*. "Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green."

The scent of newly cut hay comes in through wide open windows; fresh lettuce from the plot we know so well, minor examinations and a general air of preoccupation, all entered into the curriculum today. This morning Mr Joseph McCann went from our midst, to the great regret of us all. We wish him the best of luck for the future.

25th. *Thursday*. Rev. D. O'Neill popped in to see us today. He found many making remarkably low scores at the cricket pitch—a diversion known as batting out time.

26th. *Friday*. We hear that the Philosophers greeted the end of the year's lectures with an unusual display of enthusiasm. *Domani festa*. Then comes the doldrum period during which we hope to emulate the humble self-assurance of Archbishop Ullathorne, who is our sole support at present.

29th. *Monday*. *Feast of SS. Peter and Paul*. High Mass before breakfast; the ceremony, including the plainchant, was surprisingly well executed for such an early hour. The rest of the feast too was kept with due magnificence; we do bless our nuns at times like this. We thought we heard some new harmonies introduced into the *O Roma Felix* at Benediction; that coffee has a peculiar effect.

30th. *Tuesday*. Canon G. Ford arrived this afternoon, from whom we collected some sparkling anecdotes of the bad old times when the Rector was a student. Later came Rev. W. Kelly with news of the mission.

JULY 2nd. *Thursday*. A month of occupation, study, *improbis labor*, with a new programme to suit (or otherwise); but it gives us a long evening on Thursdays. There were large notices on the board today telling us how to play cricket in future, so naturally this afternoon we watched our instructors playing, in fact bowled against them. They scored endless runs, much to our chagrin.

3rd. *Friday*. 4 p.m. walk. We decided on a dip in the Hodder and hastened after the merry throng going thither. The river was "rammed with life" but, nothing loth, we plunged into the shoal and swam several knots; the shingle bothered us a bit on getting out but we promised ourselves a return visit and went off to watch our gardeners wage war on the cabbage fly.

5th. *Sunday*. The season's tennis tournament with Stonyhurst has begun and the doubles are going against us; but we have hopes yet. Tonight, while theories were being evolved about the fate of a camerata led by a well-known pioneer which was long overdue, Rev. G. Pritchard C.F. appeared, looking extremely warm after his cycle ride from Hellfield. He is to pass a weekend with us recuperating from the strain of martial life.

6th. *Monday*. Moral Theologians entered the arena today. An oral in the morning and another in the afternoon made it a grim affair. To dinner Bishop Flynn of Lancaster, and the Rev. T. Tootell and Fr. Brodrick S.J. This afternoon Rev. E. Grasar came to stay awhile.

7th. *Tuesday*. To dinner Rev. J. Harrison and Mr Montgomery who, we understand, is returning to the Vatican soon to take up a post with Mr D'Arcy Osborne.

8th. *Wednesday*. "The sessions of sweet silent thought"; pray be silent . . .

9th. *Thursday. Feast of SS. John Fisher and Thomas More*. At the invitation of Fr Waring, the Rector with assistenza and a few of the schola set off to Catforth this morning, a very damp one, to celebrate High Mass for the feast. We trust this will be an annual event for the duration of our sojourn in England.

11th. *Saturday*. We played the Stonyhurst Second XI at cricket today. We enjoy our own cricket greatly, but the well-trimmed oval at Stonyhurst adds much to one's appreciation of the game. The scoring was fairly slow on both sides. We arrived when our own side were batting, in time to witness an excitingly close finish. When stumps were drawn at five o'clock the scores read: Stonyhurst, 94; V.E.C., 96 for 6.

15th. *Wednesday*. Fr Rope was a very welcome visitor to the College this evening. It still rains, so during this period of monsoons when men are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" the only *modus vivendi* is to adopt a conceit, to walk, run, or bathe as if it were the Sunny South. Talking of monsoons is a reminder that the Venerabile has collected another year's funds for Peter Vongola, our adopted Indian student.

16th. *Thursday*. Rev. G. Seaston, lately returned from St Edward's College, Malta, gave us tonight an eye-witness account of the island's defenders. We listened with great interest to this story, so different from the gossip of the schools. Rev. Paul Clark has come in time to watch Seventh Year strive for the laurels of the Licentiate.

18th. *Saturday.* We have done a thesis or two since then and have just sung a fond farewell to Messrs O'Neill and Keegan; gentle hands assisted their hasting to the mission field in the customary way. We have our railway ticket and our room for the coming year. We personally refused to part with the old one: it has every convenience possible (there aren't many at that); so while experts are negotiating about a private 'bus we shall listen to Licentiate tales of Four Just Men, of theses picked at random from the hundred, of battles over Bible and Denzinger.

20th. *Sunday.* The Rector told us this evening that members of the House could go home after they had received their examination results, due notice being given. The prospect of a private 'bus to hie us in a body to Preston has vanished, and with the Clitheroe Wakes Week in progress we shall be fortunate to squeeze on to any 'bus at all.

21st. *Monday.* Ground Floor. Examinations in progress, with the usual before and after expressions; the garden circle has more to say on this subject. On the middle corridor clouds of dust indicate rooms being swept and garnished, a necessary condition of departure, while above a working majority is still enthralled in study. We belong to this category, so we beg you hold us excused.

22nd. *Tuesday.* The room next door is being furnished inch by inch, so the Diarist, a much harassed figure, must seek a quieter spot. The system of departure recalls those last days before the Villa, with their last-minute industry and desultory conversations, *ad multos annos* for Seventh Year and the occasional thumping of a piano. Groups depart without ceremony after meals: there are empty tables in the Refectory and fewer circles at recreation. The second year at St Mary's Hall draws smoothly to its close, a year during which the College has settled down, and our life here, both academic and domestic, has found an ordered rhythm. Our last guest was Fr Bévenot S.J. who came to supper tonight. Nothing remains now but tomorrow, when it is our turn to depart.

23rd. *Wednesday.* The examiners have ended their labour of love and so have we; our cases are packed and our room, we hope, is clean. Some are remaining until tomorrow, and a few faithful henchmen are staying at hand awhile to tend the crops; to them we leave our blessing. But we must hurry now into the rain to catch that 'bus. Doubtless you too have heard enough of us, so it is high time to go. At least we have found you pleasant company. And so

"Farewell! farewell! The voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you."

R. FALLON.

PERSONAL

After ten years of Vice-Rectorship Mgr Smith has left us for other work. There is no need for us to speak of the loss we feel: he is known far outside the generations which enjoyed his tireless service, and even those who have met him only in the pages of this magazine must have seen in him a giant of our traditions, a Roman of Romans, possessing that genuine love of the Past which inspires enterprise and enhances the value of the Present. To him tradition was a living ideal, a standard to be achieved, and much of what this generation prizes most was the fruit of his genius and initiative, and was fostered by his zeal. Naturally, we of the VENERABLE like to think that the magazine was his predilection but there is hardly an institution in the House that does not acclaim him its Maecenas. Entertainments! The opera was his creation. As pianist his services were always at hand when needed, even for remote practices; truly the test of real devotion. And many a Roman audience has enjoyed his original phantasies on the piano, as well as his other musical compositions, both sacred and profane. Ceremonies, plays, societies, games and, not least, our garden were all worthy of his enthusiasm and all have benefited by his unobtrusive but endless generosity. Yet to enumerate is idle when his comprehensive interest can be so easily caught in a phrase—he was a Common Room man. That is where we knew him best and where we shall miss him most; where too, we can say, he breathed the spirit which penetrated every nook and cranny of our social life. The Common Room is the centre of our round of activity: he was always there and always in demand. He, if any, personified its spirit. More than most he knew what Rome had to give, what a fulness, a completeness of outlook, what sense of perspective to a man open to its influence. We benefited from the culture he had received of Rome, and it was evident in everything he essayed: in his lectures, his sermon classes so much appreciated by all, his literary work, his style and judgment—in his Romanità, to take refuge in the abstract word. And when the supreme test of that accomplishment came, as it did to this generation, when the College had to pack in a day and leave its home, he was equal to the task, and, with the Rector and the House, saw the Venerable settle and carry on in new walls and strange fields, yet in perfect continuity with the past.

Now he has left us, and while we wish him well in his new work we cannot but feel his loss. We know we are paying ourselves a compliment when we say he is the complete Roman; seldom could one risk enshrining an ideal in a single man but with Mgr Smith we feel it is safely and well said. To us he was the exemplar of all we desired to learn, and an influence we were glad to share. And such things abide.

His successor, Rev. E. Grasar, has not arrived at the time of going to press. But to many of us he will be no stranger, for we knew him in Rome both in his student days and afterwards, when he returned to study Canon Law. During those years we came to know him well and appreciate his many activities in the House. And so it is as a well-trying friend that we shall welcome him back amongst us in his new rôle.

In recent weeks new shelves have been fitted in the library to take the very welcome books sent to us during the summer. Those promised by Rev. E. ELLIS, as recorded in our last issue, are now installed, together with another considerable consignment from CANON FORD. Some time ago, too, Stonyhurst lent us a section of spiritual reading. All these, with previous loans, have provided us with at least the essentials of a library, for which we are extremely grateful. Nor do we forget those who generously answered our appeal for text-books. Nearly everyone has been supplied with most of the books, but we should still like a few copies of *De Beata Maria Virgine* (Lennerz). Other books not mentioned in the last issue but in great demand are *De Trinitate* (Arnou), Denzinger and the Code. Perhaps some of our readers will be willing to lend these for a time.

We regret to record that Fr LEEING S.J. will not be with us this year. He is teaching at Heythrop and we welcome in his place Fr GUTWENGER S.J.

The Retreat in Holy Week was given by CANON McNARNEY D.D., Ph.D., D.C.L. (1919—26).

Rev. J. CREGG D.D., of Birmingham (1920—27) has been appointed Chaplain to the Forces. We wish him every success in his work.

Of those ordained last year Rev. P. J. McENROE has gone to Campion Hall, Oxford, and Revv. J. L. ALSTON, L. HANLON and H. REYNOLDS to St Edmund's House, Cambridge. Others are appointed as follows:

Rev. B. KEEGAN to St Marie, Norfolk Road, Sheffield.

Rev. J. D. KEY to St Peter, King Richard's Road, Leicester.

Rev. B. O'NEILL as Secretary to His Lordship the Bishop of Lancaster.

Rev. E. WHITEHOUSE to St Joseph, Gordon Road, Derby.

Revv. G. AUCHINLECK and T. McDONAGH are not yet permanently appointed.

We learn that the address of the Rev. T. J. LYNCH D.D. (1926—34), prisoner of war in Italian hands, is now CAPT. the REV. T. J. E. LYNCH, Campo Concentramento 75, Posta Militare 3400, Bari.

REV. L. N. CHARLIER (1910-17), who has taught for many years at the Cardinal Vaughan School, Kensington, has been appointed to the staff of the Gunnersbury Grammar School.

REV. B. KEEGAN makes a pathetic appeal for help in dealing with the insatiable capacity of the Italian prisoners of war, whom he serves as a chaplain, for *santini*, *corone* and so on. If memories of swarming *ragazzini*, howling for the same objects, arouses sympathy for him perhaps old English College men would search out long-neglected corners and send him any unwanted Italian pious objects, even Italian books, though preferably of the lighter kind.

If we are to have any films at all this year we must acquire somehow a film machine of our own. Does any of our readers know of a 16 mm. Sound Projector, 220 volts (D.C. preferably) which we can beg, borrow or hire? If so we shall be most grateful to hear of it.

The Senior Student this year is MR. A. J. STOREY.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Chapman

Secretary : Mr Harrison

Sub-editor : Mr Buxton

Under-secretary : Mr Barry

Fifth Member : Mr Williams

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Beda Review, Claves Regni, The Cottonian, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Oscotian, Pax, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine.

SPORTS

CRICKET

Fr Seaston in his talk to the Literary Society on "Malta" described the difficulties and obstacles which had to be overcome before cricket was possible on that "Island Fortress". True we had no bomb craters to fill in, nor were our games disturbed by prowling Me. 109's, but nevertheless war has given the Cricket Committee many problems to solve. Thanks to the foresight of the Captain, Mr Kelly, we were not short of gear, but gear is useless if one has no pitch; and that was nearly our fate. Owing to shortage of petrol, man-power, etc., Stonyhurst were unable to offer us the facility of one of their excellent "flats" but they kindly offered us the use of Smith Field. The Committee, after many days of back-breaking toil, succeeded in preparing a pitch for us—quite a respectable pitch, considering that this field is the ground on which the famous Stonyhurst scrum has churned its way to victory.

Maltese cricket grounds have often to display the notice "No play : Unexploded bomb". Too often the Common Room notice-board held another famous notice, "No play : Rain". But although the season was seriously curtailed in this fashion, many enjoyable games were played. The Major Orders defeated the Minors, but owing to there being no "laymen" in the House, the traditional Clergy *v.* Laity could not be played.

Thanks to the indefatigable efforts of our non-playing scorer, umpires were kept in order, we had six ball overs and there could be no questioning the scores in the book.

There were two disturbing factors in the season's cricket however. In almost every match the majority of batsmen failed to stand up to the bowling; the second was the difficulty on occasions of finding numbers for the games. This was probably due to the reduced numbers in the House, especially in Philosophy, but with a bigger House next year we hope that this difficulty will vanish. In an effort to foster interest among non-players and also to raise the standard of the game, which has gradually declined since we last played at the Villa, "nets practice" was introduced and the rules of cricket displayed in the Common Room. To some it may seem that this is contrary to the spirit of Villa cricket, that the game is to become exclusive and academic. We must point out here that this indeed is not our aim. The sole object of these measures was to ensure that our games will be as enjoyable here as at the Villa, where they were enjoyable because they were games well played.

The match against Stonyhurst 2nd XI ended this year in victory for us by four wickets. Batting first, the Stonyhurst batsmen steadily built up their total. Our fielding deserves a word of praise for its alertness and an especial word is due to our fast and medium-fast bowlers, who, although the sting was taken out of their balls by the damp pitch, nevertheless shared the wickets between themselves. We started in our usual fashion, a collapse, and it was left to a fifth-wicket stand to pull the game round in our favour. After the match we had the pleasure of having the Stonyhurst team as our guests at tea and afterwards for a far too brief Common Room. We hope that this part of the match will become a recognized custom.

Looking back on the season, we can say it was enjoyable if short. To next year we look forward, having sufficient tackle and, we hope, a pitch. After that . . . *Chi lo sa?*

TENNIS

There was some agitation at the beginning of the year in favour of a very early start to the tennis season, but the only outcome of it all was the appearance on the court, on a bleak February afternoon, of a couple of stalwarts who proceeded to serve, drive and kill in costume vaguely reminiscent of Terminillo days. But "once bitten, twice shy" is an adage that contains a world of truth, and the court was not used again till the warm days—such as they were—had set in.

New tennis balls are now almost impossible to obtain. We have been playing all this season with second-hand or flawed balls, and even these we were lucky to get. What is more, they had to be properly played out before the Secretary would issue a fresh set. Dare we appeal to you to think of our sad predicament before you crown your salvage heap with those old tennis balls you've got? They'll go just as well on our salvage heap—eventually.

In spite, however, of such adverse circumstances, the Tennis Club

can look back on a successful season. New talent appeared, and men who had professed themselves "above that sort of thing", or who knew little else of the game beyond which end of the racquet was which, blossomed forth to disport themselves on a court riddled with pot-holes and almost devoid of any run-back at all. A singles tournament, inaugurated amid general enthusiasm, ran on for such a length of time—due mainly to the really wicked weather—that all interest flagged, and the finalists, Mr Roche and Mr Clark, were left to fight out the decision in the bitter east wind of a July afternoon.

The match against Stonyhurst provided an excellent Grand Finale to the season. And here let us extend our gratitude to Fr Sire and the members of the Stonyhurst team for the enjoyable afternoons we spent on their courts. Stonyhurst more than avenged their defeat of last year by a victory of 7 games (3 doubles and 4 singles) to 2 (1 double and 1 single). This match exposed in our players more than ever before two faults of which we have always been conscious: impatience, and an inability to make a judicious use of net-play. We were always too eager to get in that "ace" stroke. In contrast, our opponents waited for us to make the mistake and then lost no time in taking full advantage. A little more steadiness, consistency and reliability in our play will warrant the hope of redeeming our defeat next summer.

LITERARY SOCIETY

Many a prospective speaker must have felt puzzled or flattered to address the *Literary Society*. Whether the title be defended or explained away—and we have heard gallant attempts at both—the Society is liable on occasion to justify it. With this end in view Fr Brodrick S.J. was invited from Stonyhurst to make a combative appeal for a cultured clergy, versed in the classics, ancient and modern, and to suggest some practical ways and means of self-education.

"Devil Worship and all that" was the intriguing title of the next talk, but Fr Winstanley from Freshfield quickly disowned it and gave an interestingly dogmatic exposition of the Church's Missionary Vocation. Lest our renewed missionary zeal should unduly enlarge our perspective, Fr Scott-James came from afar to tell again the story of Walsingham, with the same compelling enthusiasm of his talk in Rome three years ago. A world view was presented once more when Fr Cyril Fay R.N. told of his adventures as a chaplain and accounted for a little of the Navy's work in the war.

The dramatic artistry of the speaker kept the House spellbound when Capt. Shane Leslie painted a skilful word-picture of his cousin, the Prime Minister. The original canvas was to have included Trotsky and Cardinal Manning—but we have the promise of another visit.

Among the marks of the modern English College man is some acquaintance with the Savoy Operettas. The Vice-Rector, who effected the original productions, made a masterly analysis of the craftsmanship of Gilbert and Sullivan, with illustrations at the piano.

"Be prepared for anything" was one moral of Dr Grimley's talk on his experiences as the editor of a Catholic newspaper. His hard facts should bring more sympathy and realism to future criticism of our Press.

Perhaps one of the most amusing evenings of the season was spent in the wake of Dr Butterfield's American Journey with Pax Romana—just at the outbreak of war. At the same time Drs Dwyer and Purdy were in France on a gita, which Dr Dwyer took as the theme of a delightful causerie, spiced with literary allusion, historical detail and gastronomic information.

Life in the R.A.F. and the work of the night fighter Pilots were described by Flight-Sergeant Dodson. His clear answers to a storm of questions were enlightening even to the least mechanically minded. The belligerent note was sustained by Miss Barbara Ward in a fighting address on Christian Civilisation and Reconstruction. To judge from the spirited discussion which followed there would be no lack of volunteers for the proposed corps of "Clerical Commandos".

For our last talk we welcomed an old friend. Six years ago Mr Montgomery left the Vatican for Baghdad and after some kindly reminiscences of Rome and Palazzola he took us on his diplomatic wanderings through Iraq to Ankara and Moscow.

At the business meeting in June the retiring President, Mr Hanlon, took unblushing credit to himself for a most successful season—a claim allowed by the verdict of his successor Mr Lavery, "As good as the best in Rome". Mr Tyler succeeds Mr Kelly as Secretary.

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society enjoyed a successful year although the number of meetings was fewer than usual. Only five were held, two of which were devoted to hearing the wisdom of the Venerable's own Brains Trust. They really took the place, under a more interesting form, of impromptu debates, and were easily the best attended meetings of the year—or indeed of any year that we can remember—and emptied the Common Room on both occasions. Whether the "brains" could be "trusted" or not is a debatable point: on the whole the House remained sceptical.

The first motion debated was "Any boarding-school system of education is unhealthy for children, homes and country". It was proposed by Mr Fooks and attacked by Mr Storey. There was a good attendance and no shortage of speakers who were prepared with all the weight of their experiences to air their opinions and pronounce final and irrevocable judgment. The motion was finally lost.

Perhaps the best debate was that on the motion that "The commercialisation of the Press has grown, is growing and should be restricted". Here we were delighted to have Fr Leeming to speak as the guest of the Society and he attacked the motion with all the vigour and force that he usually reserves to overwhelm any theological miscreant who follows Duns Scotus. Mr Cotter defended the motion which was contested with great heat. Speeches from the House were plentiful and to the point. If any-

thing two nights were insufficient to allow all who wished to speak, and the debate could have gone on to the third night with safety. Eventually the motion just scraped home by one vote.

The final motion, "Modern Literature is degenerate" was proposed by Mr Barry and attacked by Mr Lavery. With such a broad and sweeping statement it was only to be expected that speakers from the House, with cultural leanings, should gather in force to lay down the law.

Indeed the most encouraging feature of this year's session of the Society has been the increase of speakers from the body of the House. It is they who really make the debate a success, and this year their support has been spontaneous and of a high standard.

The President for the coming year is Mr Holland and the Secretary Mr Fraser.

WISEMAN SOCIETY

To most people Chaucer means the Canterbury Tales and no more. But, as Mr Tolkien showed, to be content with this is to miss a greater part of Chaucer—the Chaucer of the lyric and allegory. This came as a shock to his audience, and it would have been better to have spent the rest of the paper illustrating this new aspect of Chaucer rather than embarking upon a general discussion of the art of the troubadour and its relation to reality.

As it was the audience was quite at sea by the end of the paper. The discussion or rather the lack of discussion proved this unmistakably. We do not criticise this paper simply as a paper on Chaucer, but as a paper written for the Wiseman Society in the College.

Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, or so you might think, but in the last two years, the two papers which have been, as it were, "best sellers" have both sounded the depths of philosophy. Last year, Mr Clark gave us his "metaphysic of music—the contemplation of unchanging reality". This year, the Vice-Rector succeeded in emptying the Common Room on two nights with yet another paper on Music. His view is that the value of music lies in its power of portraying objective beauty, not in its use as a means of exchanging ideas. Any idea which the listener gets must be put down to "association of ideas"; the Vice-Rector held his audience throughout the paper, and they showed their interest by returning en bloc on the next evening for the discussion. But far from clarifying the paper, the discussion only complicated matters, leading us into the depths and realms of Cathrein's philosophy, whence we emerged not a little baffled, wondering if after all it was really worth it. But the writer did show how a philosophical subject can be treated humanely and be made to appeal to a large audience with varying tastes.

But lest philosophy should win the day, two First Year men brought us down to earth with papers on English literature. Under the satire and ill-temper of Pope lies a heart of gold. Mr Harris would have us believe his hero to have been a lovable character. Here, again, we think that he covered too much ground in a short time to succeed in making his point;

on the other hand he defended his view admirably in face of a sceptical audience when the time came for discussion. All the same, No-Popery won the field.

Mr Williams went to the other extreme in labouring his view-point, seemingly taking it for granted that his audience did not desire in the least to agree with him. He insisted on two points: that the eighteenth century is to be judged, not by its verse but by its prose, and, that we have a lot to learn in the art of writing from men such as Addison, Burke, Johnson and Swift. He wrote his paper well and read it well.

Some two years ago, just on the eve of leaving Rome, a paper was given to the Society to encourage work on the lives of the Martyrs. Perhaps its first fruits appeared this year, when Mr Storey read a paper on Bl. Henry Morse who died at Tyburn in 1645. The great difficulty with the Martyrs is to take the dry bones of their lives and to make them live. This paper showed what can be done, but it seemed a mistake to include so much detail. Again it was hard to remember on the second night what had gone before.

To end the season, Fr Leeming took us for a short spell to Nirvana, the land of pure negation. Apparently no good Buddhists may ask questions about this sacred place: it shows a lack of the proper indifference. But we are not Buddhists, thank God, and we wanted to know more about it. The paper gave us a glimpse of the glaring inconsistencies in Buddhist teaching, and we thought we saw Fr Leeming in difficulties. But the bell went.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

"On the whole, the Catholic Social Guild in the House has not a great deal on which to congratulate itself." So judged the retiring Secretary at the Summer business meeting. Membership had remained high, but the active members were fewer. The Philosophers had given good support but there had been a falling off among the Theologians. Attendance at study-circles was considerably smaller than usual.

There were fewer study-circles. In a rapid tour of the Encyclicals eight were analysed in as many meetings. An Economics group examined Production. The Rights of Man and the respect or violation of them in modern systems were considered with the help of *Sword of the Spirit* publications. Social Principles were studied by First Year—encouraged and advised by Dr Butterfield.

A new series of historical papers was begun with "The Early Church and the Social Problem", and "Mediaeval Society". Two were read on "Banking: its History, Ancient and Modern". Perhaps general papers would be of more profit if we reverted to the Roman custom of a second night for the discussion.

Two outside speakers kindly accepted our invitations. Fr Agnellus O.F.M. insisted on the necessity of the modern priest having the Church's social teaching at the tip of his tongue. Mr John Miles, the National Secretary of the Y.C.W., proved the need of his movement and told of its method and success.

Without determining how many books make a library, we think that since our collection has reached double figures it merits the title. We thank all who have given the books or their price.

Mr Pledger is succeeded by Mr O'Leary as Secretary.

MARTYRS' ASSOCIATION

Since the Martyrs' Association is concerned more with inner devotion than with spectacular outward performance, it is not expected in this column to report activities of a greatly extensive order. However, from a brief review of last year's events, it may be seen that the Association has well fulfilled its function in going about its business quietly, simply, and unobtrusively.

A number of students made a pilgrimage to the Lancashire Shrine of the English Martyrs at St Robert's, Catforth.

An excellent paper on Blessed Henry Morse S.J. was written and read by Mr Storey. It was interesting and stimulating, and was supported by an encouragingly large attendance.

On the eve of the Martyrs' feast the Rector appropriately addressed the House in Chapel, giving an interesting account of Blessed Ralph Sherwin's life and his journey from Rome to England. The Rector quoted from two of Sherwin's letters to Cardinal Allen, and showed clearly and simply how our Martyrs could become for us an example and an inspiration both in our lives at College and throughout our priestly ministry.

A small exhibition on the feast of the Martyrs did much to kindle general interest. It comprised a collection of photographs, pamphlets, and a number of objects connected with the Martyrs. The exhibition marked the close of a most successful novena, offered this year for the canonization of the English and Welsh Martyrs, the conversion of England, and Peace based on Charity and Justice.

From time to time it is good to recall the aims and objects of the Martyrs' Association. It was founded in 1933, and it aims at assisting in the conversion of England by uniting in prayer as many as possible of those to whom devotion to the Martyrs has made special appeal, thus seeking the intercession in Heaven of our Martyrs for the conversion of "the country they called their own".

Cardinal Wiseman's Prayers for the Conversion of England, recited daily by the students of the Venerable, are obviously impracticable for use of members outside the College, but the only obligation of membership of the Association consists in joining with us, if possible, at noon each day by saying one "Glory be to the Father" and the prayer "Blessed English Martyrs, pray for us", for the same intention.

Members are encouraged to read books dealing with the lives of the Martyrs, though there can be no obligation attached to this. All members are asked to take part in the annual novena held between April 26th and May 4th, and a reminder is sent to the Catholic Press so that members may send in their petitions in good time if they so desire.

OBITUARY

CANON FRANCIS O'FARRELL, O.B.E.

Francis O'Farrell came to the Venerable just fifty-two years ago. During his short course of four years he was an endless source of joy to all. He gave up his soul to God last Maundy Thursday and left his many friends in sorrow and with a real sense of loss. He came to us as usual during the long Retreat of ten days and we wondered at his short, sturdy figure and his strong face with its straight mouth and square jaw. He very soon made himself felt in the House, always cheery, always ready to argue any point. Looking back one can see what we did not see then, that he was exercising an unusual influence on us. He was hard-working and serious in his outlook, yet his outlook was something fresh, perhaps owing to the fact that he had not been brought up at any Catholic school until he went for a very short period to Saint Edmund's. Undoubtedly he helped to carry on the influence that Bishop Burton as a student had upon us.

He joined us in our first year of Theology. This year was numerically strong—the largest that had been known up to that time. We were eight: Spurrier, a doctor, Taylor, a solicitor, Mason, Crake, the present Cardinal of Westminster, the late Mgr Cronin, O'Farrell and myself. O'Farrell's strength of character, his utter independence, his habit of never accepting any judgment without questioning it and opposing it until quite satisfied, made the circle round the playroom fire always interesting. He suffered from a slight, hesitating stammer which added very much to the weight of his punch in argument. The half-thought judgment and any sophism suffered mightily. He was a serious student but felt the loss of the Roman training in Philosophy. He passed his Baccalaureate and then prevailed on Mgr Prior to be excused from further degrees. He was obviously not the conventional student that had just come to us from one of our Catholic colleges and we soon found out that his previous training had not been cast in that mould. His father was a very distinguished mathematician—pure mathematics—in the Ordnance Survey Department at Southampton and was in his later years the Head of it as Consulting Mathematician. According to his son he lived for mathematics, he saw poetry and beauty in them, and Francis told me that at one time his father learnt Russian solely

that he might read a work which had never been translated. This absorption in mathematics seemed to have lessened his sense of responsibility for the Catholic education of his son who was sent as a pupil to the Southampton Grammar School, where he distinguished himself and on leaving was appointed Science Master, teaching particularly his strong subject, geology. During these formative years he learned very little of his religion, at least practically, and he went to the Sacraments once a year; as he once told me, he was a hardy annual. Then he came somehow under the influence of Canon John Scannell, an old English College man, who persuaded him to become a Brother of his S.V.P. This was the turning point of his life. Shortly after this he told the Canon he ought to be a priest, and so he went to Saint Edmund's and then on to us in Rome.

His natural bent was archaeology—the only remnant of his former training in physical science remaining to him was his love of geology. He became an enthusiast of the study of the Catacombs. There were neither buses nor trams in those days and it needed enthusiasm to take one frequently to San Callisto. This led him to the history of the earlier Roman churches, especially those of the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries. An evidence of his worth in this study the curious may find in the preface to Murray's *Guide to Rome*, 1894, where the editor expresses his deep indebtedness to Francis O'Farrell, not in ordinary type but in capital letters such as are reserved for names like De Rossi, Lanciani and Marucchi. O'Farrell's dread was that this preface might be seen by the Rector who would think he had justifiable grounds for supposing such knowledge had been acquired at the expense of his necessary studies. I do not think this was the case.

When he went on the English Mission his knowledge of the geology of his native county of Hampshire and its "history" in prehistoric times led to his being invited to write the chapter on "Prehistoric Hampshire" in the Victoria County series. He was too shy and diffident, and refused, much to the regret of Hampshire archaeologists who knew his worth. His keen and observant eye for flint artefacts was uncanny. He once told me that when he made enquiries he found that there were only a very few specimens of these recorded in the Aldershot region—to the best of my memory it was less than half a dozen. Some years afterwards I saw in his room two large cabinets of flint artefacts of all kinds, arrow-heads, celts, axes and even a flint anvil used by the prehistoric knapper.

His love for the early Roman churches found its expression in the beautiful church he built at Aldershot, where a difficult site was used to enhance the dignity of a Romanesque church which has a beauty and character quite of its own. Mr Drysdale, the architect, said publicly that the credit for the beauty of the church was due largely to Fr O'Farrell's suggestions.

Up to the Great War, when he underwent a disabling operation, all his holidays were spent in northern Italy, Tyrol or Switzerland—always on foot or on bicycle. Three of these holidays I shared with him. He was a very shy man and, like shy men, was occasionally brusque in his efforts to hide it. He was an untiring reader in his own line. He had in his library and had read Duchesne's *Liber Pontificum* and De Rossi's

folio volumes on *Roma Sotterranea*. Physically he was untiring. His unusual depth of chest enabled him to walk or push his bicycle all day over alpine passes, and only once did he show, much to my relief, any sign of being tired. On that occasion I was dropping with fatigue and I said a fervent *Deo Gratias*. The priests who lived with him bear the impress of his influence. He never obtruded himself in any way, but the quiet example of his earnestness in his priestly work and studies has shown itself in them. His capacity in administration and his wise judgment were recognised by the members of his Great M, the Secular Clergy Fund for Westminster, Southwark, Portsmouth and Brentwood when they appointed him for several years to be Chief Administrator.

Above all he was a worthy and loyal son of the Venerable. He loved its history and its every stone. He was proud and jealous of its traditions—at none of which would he allow anyone to carp. One of his joys in later days was to sit with one or two Romans round his fire and go over in detail the long walks and *gite* to Veii, Tivoli, Palestrina, Olevano, Gennezzano, Venoli, Segni, Alatri, Cervetri, etc. Those were the days when we had to walk most of our journeys and carry at least part of our foods. Each name as it came up would bring back forgotten memories of details and renew the days of old.

His sacred name of "The King" all came from a playroom gag, when he said he was a descendant of Feargal, McArdrri of Ireland. The name stuck as no other except the Gi has stuck and I find it a positive difficulty to speak of him as O'Farrell. I am sure that when many of his old Roman friends heard of his death they cried out as they had often cried out in Rome, when he came into the Refectory for breakfast, "Vivat Rex in aeternum". And I am sure that his own choice of an epitaph would be—

"Franciscus Sacerdos. In pace."

✠ AMBROSE, BISHOP OF SHREWSBURY.

FATHER FRANCIS ROGERS, B.A.

For the second time within four years a former student of the Venerable has finished his life's work by the early age of thirty-one. I couple Dr Ernest Weldon with Fr Rogers because I often enjoyed the joint company of these two sturdy characters. Walking was a recreation for each, and it was during long walks and *gitas* that I learnt to value these friends and to expect of them help when the way was choking dust and the incline steep.

Francis Rogers was born at Queensferry, on the northern border of Wales, December 16th, 1910. One might see in the place of his birth a foretelling of his ardent desire for the conversion of Wales. No studies were too tedious for him, whether while gaining his B.A. at Aberystwyth, or during his strictly ecclesiastical studies at the English College in Rome, because they were fitting him for a priestly life in Wales. He was a diligent reader and even the size of the Encyclopaedia Britannica did not

deter him from making it his "five-minute" book. He tackled his studies seriously, and in fact his view of life and duty was serious, but not without a genuine sense for the humorous. It was not without some reason that he was nicknamed "Jolly". It was while he was still at the Venerable that I was attracted by his devotion to the Mother of God. He is among the number who have walked from Rome to Loreto for the 8th September to wish Mary "many happy returns of the day". This devotion was to be his great help and consolation in his last long illness. Perhaps it was that the short but not too infrequent illnesses during his College days in Rome warned him of trials ahead and of the need of a strengthening consoler. In spite of these small reverses Francis Rogers completed his seven years in Rome and was ordained in St John Lateran's by Cardinal Marchetti Selvaggiani on December 19th, 1936. The following July he left for home, but not without thoughts and longings to make an early return to be refreshed in the atmosphere of the Venerable.

Father Rogers was quickly appointed by Bishop McGrath of Menevia as assistant to Fr Moran of St Mary's, Llanelly. Here he laboured with unstinted zeal for two years. It is marvellous that in two short years a priest could win such a high place in the affection of the faithful. The old folk in the workhouse were especially favoured with his kindness, and they will tell you of "our Father Rogers". But to my mind his real life's work had not yet begun. It began when he collapsed on Christmas Eve, 1938. God then called him to the special heights of suffering. Starting with pleurisy and pneumonia Father Rogers was threatened with tubercular trouble. He spent a year and a half on a spinal frame. It was during this period that our letters became most frequent, though for him to write required a mighty and a generous effort. I asked him once to give me the sick-bed from the patient's point of view, that I might learn the better to console the sick. He replied in his serious, yet humorous manner, that positively he would say nothing, but negatively, he advised me strongly never to recommend patience to a patient! I fear that I had already committed the fault! The Summer of 1941 saw Fr Rogers up again and saying Mass occasionally. When hope seemed brightest, he contracted septicaemia, and by Christmas only a miracle could save him. From this time onwards he suffered intensely, until he died early on the morning of April 14th, 1942. Those who saw him during these last weeks speak of the heroic patience with which he bore his suffering. His last months were cheered by the kindness of the Sisters at the Lourdes Hospital, Dun Laoghaire. Towards the end he asked for his favourite picture of the Mother of God, and he died with it in his arms. Wales has benefited by the illness and heroic death of one of her young priests.

On April 18th, 1942, after a Solemn Requiem, sung by Bishop Hannon, Father Rogers was buried at Pantasaph. Sad as this parting was for me, it was a sadness very much tempered by the knowledge that my friend had proved himself a faithful priest in a vocation which had called him to the lonely heights of intense suffering.

F. FLEMING.

OUR BOOK SHELF

Catholic Art and Culture. By E. I. Watkin. Burns Oates and Washbourne.
Pp. 176. 9s.

This is a most stimulating essay, rousing the reader to a violence of agreement and disagreement. Flashes of brilliant insight, judgments of real profundity, are varied by generalisations almost wild and bewilderingly superficial. In one sentence Mr Watkin will expose the structure of history with the penetration of X rays; in the next, it is not history at all that he is writing, but a subjective interpretation of events. History or fiction, however, one cannot put him down. He forces his reader to think all the way, and for that his reader ought to be enthusiastically grateful.

It is impossible to review adequately such closely packed writing. Besides, taste in art is notoriously individual. So, both writing and subject impose on the reviewer an unusually personal confession of his own prejudices. But before I come to my likes and dislikes, it would be well to give the author's thesis. He holds that human limitation has involved a tension between the two main movements of the human spirit, the vertical movement to God and the horizontal movement of human interests and natural knowledge. The first demands detachment from the things of earth, the second involves us in them. Tension between these two has determined the history of Christendom. Seeking to resolve this tension, Mr Watkin suggests the formula: "A maximum of detachment, a maximum of appreciation". And this leads him to one of his typically fertile comments: "Far from excluding detachment, appreciation alone makes a fruitful detachment possible. There can be no spiritual profit in detachment from what we do not value. But to put the formula into practice is so difficult, that it requires the entire Church in her entire history to carry it out perfectly."

The rest of the essay is a breath-taking survey of history to prove this, though in no particular period can Mr Watkin point to the achievement of

stable perfection. The first division is Classical Autumn and Christian Spring, which ran co-terminously. This contains a remarkable appreciation of the Shepherd of Hermas and an inadequate account, equally remarkable in a different sense, of Saint Augustine as one wedded to the vertical movement with no interest in humanism—all, apparently, on the strength of one quotation.

In the second chapter, on the Summer of Mediaeval Christendom, we have page upon page of profound interpretation. Mr Watkin is no blind mediaevalist. He knows the gulf that then existed between ideal and practice; he is eminently sane—in a footnote—on the subject of machinery; he emphasises that it was only the loss of many classical texts which, by reducing literature to manageable proportions, made it possible for the Church to impose her spirit upon Romano-Hellenic culture. There is nothing finer in the whole essay than the passage on the price paid for the baptism of the immature masses of barbarism, a price which nevertheless purchased Christendom. To understand this diptych is to understand the Middle Ages. But Mr Watkin is altogether too cavalier in his treatment of Aquinas; it needs more than his *ipse dixit* to convince me that Saint Thomas was wrong either in regarding the senses as the sole ultimate source of human knowledge or in denying spiritual matter. Nor do I find the metaphor of childlikeness of much help in explaining why the mediaeval man was so good a philosopher and so poor a scientist. For it seems to me quite untrue that “the penetrating vision of the intelligent child may explore the secrets of being”. A child may be fanciful, but his mind is definitely concrete, not metaphysical.

The third period, the Late Summer of the Renaissance, is summarised as the time when man grew up, so that he became a scientist. The connection is not obvious. Although the shortest chapter, this contains much of value, notably a wonderful appreciation of Michael Angelo's fresco, the Creation of Adam. How right Mr Watkin is in seizing upon this as the pearl of the Sistine paintings! And I wish it had been given to me to write the following summary of the Renaissance man: “Scholarship had opened to him the world of the past, exploration was opening up the entire world of the present, science offered the alluring prospect of a brave new world in the future”. In this same chapter, in a study of the personality of William of Ockham, Mr Watkin shows how he understands the interaction of political and philosophic secularism. Perhaps the most satisfactory chapter in the book.

But it is the fourth period, the Autumn of Baroque, which Mr Watkin treats most fully, because he loves it, and because “its merit is largely unrecognised and, even more, its nature as the heir and continuation of Gothic”. I read this chapter with eager interest, for long residence in Rome has failed to exorcise my preference for Gothic above all other styles. I hoped for enlightenment that should increase my appreciation of Baroque, and now Mr Watkin comes along to tell me that there is no substantial difference between the two, that the Gesù is the heir and continuation of the Angel Choir in Lincoln. Is there any justification for so unusual, and

so confusing, a terminology? He defines Baroque as "the employment of classical forms by Gothic feeling" and adds: "not to see this is to be blind to its nature". Alas, then, I—for one—am still blind. Mr Watkin is not at liberty to define styles according to his sweet will, to link dissimilar things by similar terms, and then accuse of blindness all who insist on their differences. Once, and once only, he does try to justify his terminology by discovering "the same motion, the same infinity, the same tension" in the two styles. But who can find infinity in Sant' Andrea della Valle? There is great space, it is true; but space, rigidly and uncompromisingly confined. And surely it is a confession that "a dissolved aureole" is the typical expression of Baroque religious art; as equally it is a confession that the most characteristic products of Baroque are the formal garden and the emblem book. I should feel uncomfortable if I had to admit as much about my own favourite style. After all this criticism, it is only just to notice the delightful pages on the Capuchin Yves de Paris.

The last division is the Winter of the Modern World. In this chapter there is a more balanced judgment of the Romantic Movement than I remember ever to have read elsewhere. With the rest of the diagnosis of our present ills there will be general agreement. Mr Watkin puts his finger unerringly on weakness after weakness: "As the gulf between the artist and the people widened, art became more dilettante and esoteric until it finally reached the unintelligibility of a purely private idiom". That is a sentence to remember when faced with the worst of Epstein or of Eric Gill. There is much human respect in our attitude to modern art, and we are inclined to applaud because we fear the accusation of being reactionary. But I cannot share the author's praise of the Church of Cristo Re in Rome. "The gigantic Christ in the apse seems to me justified by its effectiveness." I remember being there when a little girl came in, and the moment she saw that monstrous figure in the apse, she exclaimed "Guardi, Mamma—Carnera!"

The criticism of Modernism—that "reacting against the positive credulities of fundamentalism, [it] rushed headlong into excesses of negative credulity"—is finely and truly said. Mr Watkin sees hope in a third kingdom of the Holy Ghost, wherein contemplatives shall redeem the social and cultural order. I cannot follow his meaning here with any exactness. Indeed, throughout the essay there is much stress laid on mysticism, and it does not appear to be either the wisest or the best-informed element of the book. The phrase "Interior of Jesus" is ugly, nor is it justified by being a translation. But the whole future of the world lies in one sentence: "Man had to follow to its utmost the horizontal movement, if the vertical were to yield all its fruit".

At the end, I despair of conveying either my joy in this essay or my grounds for rejecting several of its conclusions. Everyone interested in Christian culture should read it for himself and form his own verdict. It cannot do him anything but profit. Two things only I will add. Mr Watkin has made the reading of him unnecessarily difficult by his parsimony of punctuation. What, for instance, is to be made of sentences like this?

“In the religion which inspired and fashioned Baroque culture mysticism, contemplative prayer represented, in a sense, was the Infinite.” And there is no Index. This is a favourite failing of more than one Catholic publisher.

R.L.S.

Friedrich Nietzsche, Philosopher of Culture. By Fredrick Copleston S.J.
The Bellarmine Series VII. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 8s. 6d.

The rise to power of National-Socialism in Germany has brought about a renewed interest in the philosophy of Nietzsche. His conception of the Superman and the Will to Power seem to many to have had a definite influence in the formation of the Nazi ideology. The precise extent of this influence can only be assessed after a careful analysis of the whole idea of culture as it is put forward by Nietzsche. Such an analysis and a comparison of Nietzsche's culture with Christian and Nazi ideals is the task which Fr Copleston sets himself in this book.

He comes to the conclusion that Nietzsche cannot be justly considered as the spiritual father of Nazism. It is not denied that his philosophy did have some influence in the formation of Nazi ideals, but only because it was misunderstood by Nazi philosophers. Many of the ideas of major importance in the Nazi system are bitterly attacked by Nietzsche. For him the State is the cold monster, Antisemitism an odious thing, and racialism a mendacious swindle. His remarks on the subject of Germany and Prussia can hardly be considered complimentary. It is likely that were he alive in Germany today he would be of more interest to the Gestapo than to the philosophers of the New Order.

The fact that much of what Nietzsche taught is at variance with Nazi ideas does not, however, prove him right. He was ever a bitter enemy of Christianity, seeing in it a negation of life and a turning away from this world. He prided himself on being a supporter of the Dionysian attitude to life—an attitude “which recognises the character of life, non-teleological and godless; but, instead of turning away from life in hopeless pessimism, accepts life, says ‘yes’—in Nietzsche's developed thought—to the Eternal Recurrence to all things. It is the ‘final, cheerfullest, exuberantly mad-and-merriest Yea to life’.”

Fr Copleston meets the attack on Christianity by showing that Nietzsche was at fault both in his view of Christianity and in his interpretation of history. He points out in regard to Nietzsche's own ideal that an exclusive concentration on the pleasure of living in this world, far from overcoming pessimism, leads infallibly to it—a fact which Nietzsche himself experienced.

The reader will find in this book a sympathetic treatment of the man Nietzsche, accompanied though it may be by condemnation of his false ideas. Fr Copleston can praise as well as criticize, and, when he finds in Nietzsche ideas that are true and significant, he does not fail to say so.

In brief, the book gives a complete picture of Nietzsche's philosophy

of culture and, as such, is valuable to anyone who would make himself familiar with the ideas of this German philosopher. Those, too, who are convinced of the truth of Christian ideals will find in it much that is interesting and stimulating when they see the culture sprung from Christianity compared and contrasted with that of Nietzsche—a contrast that cannot do other than strengthen their conviction in the truth and beauty of Christian ideals.

G. EKBERY.

The Priest's Prayer Book. By Christopher J. Wilmot. S.J. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d.

“Of making many books there is no end” says the Preacher (Eccl. xii, 12), and the familiar, if rather cynical advice, “When a new book is published, read an old one” has much to commend it where spiritual reading is concerned. Devotional works in English on the Breviary are, however, rather rare, and this is a book that many priests will welcome as a valuable help to the devout recitation of the Divine Office. It is written for the average intelligence with no attempt to display any of the erudition of the scholar. The author has confined himself to the Psalms for Sundays and Festivals, the Psalms that are of more frequent occurrence. These have been carefully translated with necessary explanation and useful notes. To them Fr Wilmot, who, after long years in the priesthood, has come to know intimately the needs of the priest, has added meditations on the duties of a priest's life, which will be found useful at all times, but particularly during the annual retreat.

It is because of these eminently practical reflections rather than for any contribution to our knowledge of the Psalms that the book will prove of value. In fact, in many instances, the connection between the Psalm and the meditation is very thin, though the meditation in itself is always full of sound spiritual doctrine. But then, what *can* one do with the interminable 118th Psalm, except hope that some day it will be replaced in the Office for Sunday by more attractive and profitable reading?

The Priest's Prayer Book may be recommended to all who, for one reason or another, find the recitation of the Psalms a mechanical rather than a devotional duty. It will help to make the Breviary what it should be—a book that can be used not only for vocal prayer but also for profitable daily meditation.

R. DYSON.

The History of the Primitive Church. By Jules Lebreton S.J., and Jacques Zeiller. Translated from the French by Ernest C. Messenger. Vol. I. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 16s.

If there were decorations for valour and resolution in the business world, Messrs Burns and Oates would undoubtedly merit the equivalent of the George Cross. While other publishers, hardly more stricken by

bombs and flames than they, seem to quake at the thought of venturing a new pamphlet, Burns and Oates have calmly gone on issuing volume after volume, well printed and bound, and reasonably priced. With the present work the firm crowns its wartime achievement, for it is the translation of the opening chapters of Labiche and Martin's great *Histoire de l'Eglise*, planned to run to twenty-four stately tomes. Though we are not directly promised more than its complementary volume, there is reason to believe and hope that the whole magnificent History will eventually be available in English. We shall then have a worthy peer for the lordly Pastor on our shelves. The French Catholics have an unusual flair for "combined operations" on the intellectual front, as so many admirable *Dictionnaires*, including one of Church history, attest, whereas we of Shakespeare's tongue can only boast that substantial ewe-lamb, the *Catholic Encyclopaedia*. For their huge enterprise, MM. Labiche and Martin secured the services of no less than thirty scholars, each a specialist in some particular field of ecclesiastical history. Thus M. Zeiller who writes the introductory section on "The Roman World at the Commencement of Christianity" and chapter four on "St Peter and the Beginnings of the Roman Church", is a director of Roman studies at the Sorbonne and author of the fine volume, *L'Empire Romain et l'Eglise*, in Cavaignac's vast *Histoire du monde*. Anybody who has browsed in Père Lebreton's *History of the Dogma of the Trinity* will not need to be told of his competence as both theologian and historian. To him belong the main responsibility and honour for the present volume, as he has contributed to it not only the most interesting introductory section on "The World of Jewry" but the five long chapters covering the entire New Testament. They could hardly have been better done, even if Dean Matthews has found them too conservative for his modern churchman's taste. Their conservatism is at any rate well weighed and based on solid documentation. Indeed, the documentation is one of the most valuable features of the entire *Histoire*. Never were references to non-Catholic as well as Catholic authorities more amply provided, and Dr Messenger, whose translation of this volume is so easy as well as faithful, has done the further service of signaling English versions of standard foreign works, where these exist. Each chapter has a general bibliography prefixed, and every affirmation in the text is supported by a reference at the foot of the page. On questions that are still in debate various opinions are indicated, and reasons given for the particular preference of the author. In a word, the work is scholarly through and through.

It remains to express a devout hope that the publishers, having so bravely put their hands to this multiple plough, will not look back, but continue with high courage to the last page of volume XLVIII. They will thereby be doing an immense service to the Church in England. It was an excellent plan to divide the original tomes, too portly for comfort in handling, into two volumes. This present issue is a pleasure to hold, light, well printed on good paper, and so bound that it remains open where wanted with the greatest friendliness.

J. BRODRICK.

Pontifical Ceremonies. By Rev. Pierce Ahearne and Rev. Michael Lane. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 15s.

Messrs Burns and Oates have now added episcopal ceremonies to those already treated by O'Connell in his three volumes. This work, the fruit of joint authorship, will stand with O'Connell's as a model of practical exposition of ceremonial, and will be an inestimable boon to Masters of Ceremonies who, in the past, have had to choose between Fortescue, a work never intended to be complete, and the continental works, such as Martinucci-Menghini and Moretti, which, though exhaustive, are complicated, and so often presuppose circumstances which are not found in England or English speaking countries.

In this volume of 350 pages, the complications of the Latin works and their unnecessary embellishments are set aside, while there has been no compression of space to prevent clear and adequate explanation of the ceremonies embarked upon. And these are numerous. Pontifical, Solemn, Low and Requiem Masses, as well as Pontifical Mass at the Faldstool, are treated in full. Then the different ceremonies of the year at which the Bishop may preside or celebrate from the Purification to Holy Saturday are excellently done. Episcopal visitation, Confirmation, and the various Pontifical blessings are all explained. Thus the whole range of the common episcopal ceremonies, with the exception of ordination and the consecration of a church, is covered, and in detail. So much for the scope of the work.

The method of exposition is a compromise between the only two methods open to an exponent of ceremonial direction. He can either give each individual part in full, so that each minister studies his office independently of the others; or he can explain the whole ceremony, touching each part as it occurs, leaving each minister to study the whole ceremony and observe his own duties. Voluminous works such as Haegy-Stercky and Martinucci allow for both; and in this work the authors have given individual direction wherever necessary. Moreover, they have paid particular attention to the junior ministers, so often neglected by the larger works, and, which is very commendable, listed the times when the Bishop receives or sets aside the mitre and crozier. This simplifies the work of the crozier and mitre-bearers, and makes for efficiency. They have, moreover, given the M.C. specific directions—another practical help. Martinucci leaves the M.C. with no directions of his own since, theoretically, his office is the direction of the whole ceremony. But, in practice, he has his own duties, besides the management of the ceremony, and these are listed for his benefit.

It may be well to note that this work is strictly practical, and there is no discussion of moot points or citation of opinions. This is outside the scope of the work, and references to congregational decrees or the liturgical books which support every statement of Haegy-Stercky are not found here. The authors have studied all available direction, and give what they regard as true to the rubrics and practical. The rubricist or the pedant may disagree with details, but the majority of users will thank the authors and

publishers for a straightforward, practical, and, within its scope, complete work.

The diagrams are not particularly well done, being neither as clear nor as finished as those in Fortescue. The book is well printed, and both paper and binding are serviceable. A further volume on the ceremony of ordination with High and Low Mass would, perhaps, further complete a series already much appreciated, and for which there has always been need.

H.L.

The Early Story of St Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

By Rev. C. Hart B.A. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 3s. 6d.

This is the story of a school which has played a great part in fostering Catholicism in the North-East of England. Naturally, its interest is mainly local, and Catholics of Newcastle will find interesting matter and many familiar names in the reminiscences of the last sixty years. But outsiders, besides enjoying the informal and lively account of men and events, must surely be impressed by the great number of priests who passed through the school, including the late and present Bishops of Hexham and Newcastle. There is, moreover, in this short history, evidence of the great distance travelled in the field of Catholic education since the eighties, when Catholic secondary education began its struggle in difficult days. The author was with the school from the beginning, and has obviously found joy in writing of its early days and in keeping alive the memory of a house in which he has spent the greater part of his life as layman and priest.

Untruisms. By Rev. J. C. Heenan D.D. Burns, Oates & Washbourne.

Pp. 60. 1s. 6d.

These talks were written for broadcasting, and consequently much would be left to the delivery, but even in book form they are compelling. They were intended primarily for the Forces and the tone and arguments are well adapted. The five "truisms" represent the attitude of the man who does not bother with religion, and Doctor Heenan, in exploding them, shows, with the help of strongly convincing parallels, the necessity of *practical* religion for all. Actually, only half of the book is concerned with untruisms; after these come an explanation of the Church's attitude to the war, a sympathetic and revealing study of the standpoint adopted by Eire, the position of Russia in our fight for Christianity, and the contribution of the Church to the hoped-for New Order. The last chapter deals with the common front of the Christian forces in this country. The scope is considerable but the talks are not meant to be treatises; the untruisms demonstrate, as briefly as possible, the fact that Christianity is not just a hobby for those so inclined, while the other diverse subjects make it clear that the Church is very much alive to the problems of the day.

We have also received *The Bishop of Münster and the Nazis* (Burns, Oates & Washbourne: price 2s. net), which will be reviewed in our next issue.

The Lord is Nigh. By Rev. W. O'Grady (Laverty & Sons) 1s.

Advent is the season of hope, and Christmas its fulfilment; and these "inspiring prayers in verse" as Lady Elwes describes them in an introductory note, have captured the warmth of Christian hope and joy in the Nativity. Their subject is Christmas, and they have much of the charm of the older carols, simple in construction, clear in thought. Or they might be described as Child Poems for their lack of complication and beauty of phrase; they will certainly be loved by children, who have hope in abundance and to whom Christmas is a wonder beyond all telling.

We welcome, then, this little book of poems, not only as poems but as prayers inspired by the most joyous event of the Christian year. They could have appeared at no more opportune time than in the Advent of the fourth year of the war, when Christian hope is so needed to sustain Christians who suffer.

"Recall us to Thy manger's side
That we Thy feet may kiss;
Within Thy stable let us hide
And humbly share Thy bliss" (p. 35).

The publishers are to be congratulated on the elegant and tasteful binding in stiff embossed silk paper. It is beautifully done and really worthy of the rest of the book, whose print is very pleasant to the eye. In fact it immediately commends itself as an ideal little Christmas gift.

Small quarto. All size. Leather bound. Price approximately Ten Guineas.

MISALE ROMANUM

Packet Size (4 1/2 x 6 1/2) Bound imitation leather. Price approximately 25/- net.

DOUAL BIBLE (complete with Maps) Cloth red edges, 22/- Leather gilt edges, 30/-

Orders must be sent ON A POSTCARD to

Burns Oates & Washbourne Ltd.

2 Norfolk Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham

About the end of this year, we expect to have available very limited supplies of two essential books.

Whilst we cannot guarantee any date, nor even the exact price, we are doing all we can to keep our programme.

The demand will probably be larger than the supply, and so, in fairness to everyone, we ask for *postcards* to be sent in now from individuals wishing to reserve copies.

Not more than one copy of each will be supplied to any one individual, and orders will be numbered and filed in strict rotation.

It is advisable, therefore, to send in your orders at once. Your name and address should be shown in block capitals (unless your writing is really legible); and please do not order anything else on the same postcard.

The Books referred to are :

MISSALE ROMANUM

Small quarto. Altar Size. Leather bound

Price approximately Ten Guineas.

MISSALE ROMANUM

Pocket Size. 12mo ($4\frac{3}{8} \times 6\frac{7}{8}$). Bound Imitation Leather.

Price approximately 25/- net.

DOUAI BIBLE (complete with Maps)

*Approximate
Prices:*

Cloth, red edges, 22/6. Leather, gilt edges, 30/-

Orders must be sent ON A POSTCARD to

Burns Oates & Washbourne Ltd.

9 Norfolk Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

EVERY WEEK

READ

THE

CATHOLIC TIMES

EVERY FRIDAY

PRICE 2d.

Wippell's
world
famed
Cassocks



*Illustrated list
on application.*

EXETER:
55 & 56 HIGH ST.
& CATHEDRAL YARD.

MANCHESTER:
24, KING STREET,
(1st/2nd)

LONDON:
11, TUFTON ST.
WESTMINSTER SW1

Resident Representative in Scotland:

MR. D. G. DAWE, 12, QUEENSHAUGH DRIVE, STIRLING.

D. A. NEVILLE & CO.

39 John Dalton Street, MANCHESTER 2

Specialists in

Clerical Clothing Cassocks Cottas Surplices Albs
Altar Linens Vestments Hosiery and Outfitting

Makers of the "DANEX" Reversible Clerical Collars

Special Terms to Colleges and Students



Phone: BLAckfriars 7928



TO LET

Order sent ON A POSTCARD to

Buller & Washbourne Ltd.

100, Edgemoor Road, Edgemoor, Birmingham

LONDON: 11, TUDOR ST. W. 1

MR. D. G. DAWKINS, Resident Representative in Scotland, 12, QUEENSHAW DRIVE, STIRLING.

STELLA
CHURCH CANDLES

SANCTUARY
OIL.

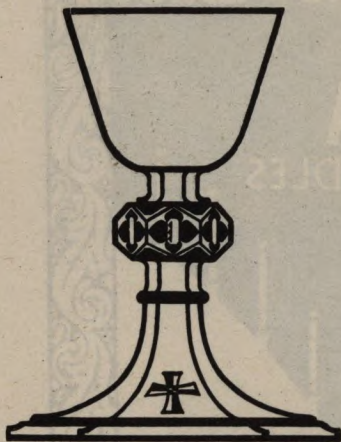
CHARCOAL.
INCENSE.



BURN
PERFECTLY
TO THE
END



Manufactured by
MAWSON CLARK & CO., LTD.
3 CITY ROAD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE
Established 1858



PROTECTED OSBORNE
DESIGN No. 3309

CHALICES CIBORIA

LARGE STOCK

OSBORNE

DESIGNERS AND CRAFTSMEN
CHURCH SILVERSMITHS

PHONE
EUSTON 4824

SEND FOR BOOKLET
WV 1942

EST.
1874

F. OSBORNE & CO. LTD.
117 GOWER STREET
LONDON, W.C.1

MAURICE VANPOULLE

(Manager: L. C. APPLETON, of Lisbon College)

Telegrams

Telephone: Victoria 3932

"Vanpouille, Churton, London"

*Church Furnisher and
Ecclesiastical Embroiderer*

260 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD
WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

Free on demand—New General Catalogue—150 pages

HAYES & FINCH LTD

Catholic Makers of
LONG BURNING BEESWAX CANDLES
REFINERS OF VEGETABLE SANCTUARY OILS

VOTIVE CANDLES in all sizes

at competitive prices

INCENSE CHARCOALS TAPERS, Etc., Etc.

Also Designers and Makers of

FURNITURE IN SILVER, METALS AND WOOD

VESTMENT MAKERS in all qualities and shapes

GOOD STATUARY STATIONS OF THE CROSS

LARGE STOCKS CARRIED

LIVERPOOL

32-38 Vernon St.
Telegraph 'Beeswax.'
Telephone 3114 Central.

LONDON, W.C.2

14 Bedford St., Strand.
'Ecclesiasticus, Lesquare.'
7218 Temple Bar.

DUBLIN

3 Eustace St.
'Rubric.'
1058.

GLASGOW

42 Howard St.
'Beeswax.'
5971 Central.

MANCHESTER

19 Blackfriars St.
SALFORD.
Blackfriars 7525.

NEWCASTLE
Agency

THE VENERABLE

conducted by the students, past and present, of the Venerable English College, Rome, and published twice a year, in May and November.

Subscriptions (5/6 yearly, post free) to be forwarded in advance to THE SECRETARY, to whom also changes of address should be made known.

Literary contributions (typed if possible) and all other correspondence to be addressed to THE EDITOR.

VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE

ST. MARY'S HALL

STONYHURST, nr. BLACKBURN, LANCs.