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CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
Editorial	1
William Alabaster's Conversion	<i>H. E. G. Rope</i> 2
Romanesque	14
The New Churches	<i>Anthony Hulme</i> 19
Poem	23
Blessed Robert Southwell: Priest, Martyr and Poet	<i>Vaughan Lloyd</i> 24
College Diary	<i>Peter O'Dowd</i> 35
Personal	59
College Notes	61
Obituary	69
Book Reviews	73

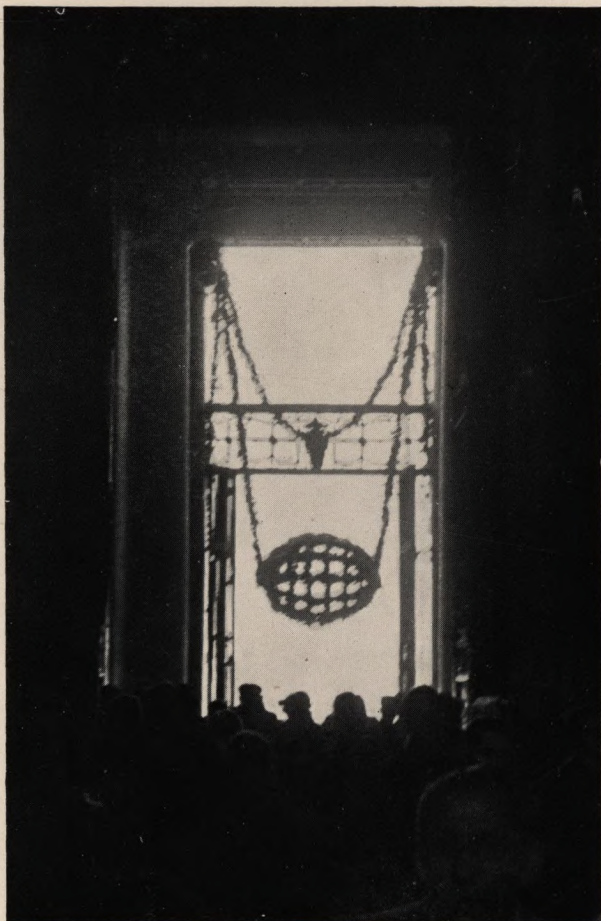
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ST PETER'S JUNE, 1948

EDITORIAL

Thirteen volumes and a silver jubilee have added another mile stone to the history of THE VENERABLE and given a new lustre to the laurels of its pioneers. For the ship so bravely launched in 1922 has buffeted the waves of quarter of a century and has weathered the greatest storm of its career. Yet we have not been entirely free from peril. At times a dearth of articles has brought us near to danger and but for a gallant few we might have foundered. Prospects, however, are brightening. Meanwhile we continue to depend on the goodwill and punctuality of our contributors and herewith begin Volume Fourteen, confident that our appeal will not go unheeded and that if our Muse be propitious we shall soon be riding in calm waters once again.

WILLIAM ALABASTER'S CONVERSION

Among the tragedies of the Reformation the most pitiful surely are the apostasies of converts who had been confessors of the Faith. Sad as is the capture by the world of John Donne, kinsman by descent of the martyr St Thomas More, whom he basely reviled, even sadder, I submit, is the fall of such as Thomas Bell and others who had given up all for the Faith and then thrown away the pearl of great price for the world's hire. Among these was a Suffolk convert of great parts, William Alabaster, the story of whose conversion is not without abiding interest.

In the archives of the English College is a MS. book inscribed [†]*Conversion of Alabaster*. Inside the cover is a note by Father Greene "Alabaster's Conversion written by Fr Rob. Persons (anno 1598) as appeeres by the originall written in Fr Persons own hand extant this prest yeare 1697". The work itself is in a kind of court hand, only the marginal annotations being by Parsons.

It is in the first person throughout and clearly autobiographical, and so no work of Parsons. I presume that as the work of one who became an apostate Fr Greene did not read it, but its evidence is of considerable value as adding something to our knowledge of the persecution. It probably contains in substance the lost *Seven Motives*.

Unhappily the strong brown ink has so bitten into the weak paper that the ^{*}first sixteen pages are but fragments which can hardly be touched without further loss. Had the writing been on one side only of each page it might have survived.

* See 2.139 for Latin translation of Pages 1-88 of 2.136.

Foley gives a translation of the statement which "forms the substance of his replies to the usual interrogations put to those who applied for admission" to the Venerable. "I am thirty-one years of age, and was born at Hedley¹ in the county of Suffolk. I studied my rudiments at Westminster school, and at the age of sixteen was sent to Cambridge, where I spent fourteen years. The family of Alabaster is respectable and ancient, having come over with the Normans, and in Norman heraldry they are called the royal crossbowmen, and to the present day we bear upon our crest the crossbow as a mark of distinction, and of the first post of honour. My mother is descended from the Wintrops, a distinguished stock. My father having been born in reduced circumstances was in early life a Spanish merchant; affairs not prospering, he retired, and has now a small but sufficient income, and a Catholic, as I hope. I have many relations on both sides, some are London citizens and merchants, and well to do; some are morose heretics, others passed themselves off when in Spain, though privately, as Catholics . . . two brothers and three sisters still survive. My studies have consisted in the usual humanity course as far as rhetoric, also mathematics, history, criticism, philology, with almost all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin. Also ecclesiastical history, with the sentences of the masters, the Summ. of Thomas, with Bellarmine, Suarez in 3a, and Stapleton.

I was born and brought up amongst Protestants, and was deeply immersed in errors; I was inflamed by Calvin, or rather by Calvinism, with hatred to the Catholic Church; all my studies, prayers, desires, etc., were directed against her. But when I had attained my twenty-ninth year I began somewhat to relax in this my fury, and jumped to the opinion that the Catholic and Protestant Church was one; nor did it much matter for salvation to which a person belonged, but yet that the Calvinist heretics were the first and purest, and in this idea I became firmly rooted. I then (building castles in the air) one while desired to write books in favour of Catholics; another, loading my shoulders with benefices and rich prebendaries; now, led by ambition to aspire after the highest honours of the kingdom; then I was intent upon marrying a lovely spouse, whose hand I had long sought, but had deferred it until I should come into possession of a prebendary, with

¹ i.e., Hadleigh.

nearly four hundred crowns a year, and this I did through the Earl of Essex, who had promised to arrange the matter for me immediately. When lo! living then in the Court (where it was equally difficult to do or to meet with good), and chancing to cast my eyes upon a certain book written by one Reginald,¹ in defence of the Catholic cause, I had not got through the preface when so great a flood of daylight broke in upon my soul, accompanied with so unusual an interior joy, that upon the spot, exclaiming, "Now I am a Catholic", I immediately left all, Court, Earl and prebendaries and hastened back to Cambridge, and at once, by messenger, taking leave of my intended spouse, I retired into solitude, and gave myself up to prayers, tears, mourning, and fasting, that purged of the filth of my past life I might with a calmer eye imbibe the rays of faith and charity, and emulate the honour of Catholic discipline by newness of life. At the same time I earnestly implored of God to grant me a time of peace and stillness in which I might prepare myself by studying controversy, so as to be able to engage in combat with the heretics, should occasion offer, without fear of discomfiture. And so, by the goodness of God, it came to pass. In the meantime my friends, who were cognizant of the whole affair, advised me to seek safety in flight across the sea, before the thing should become public. I refused to do so, determining rather, with a confident heart, to wait and see what the pseudo-bishops would be able to say or do. At length I was arrested and kept in close confinement for seven months, and was frequently dragged before the Royal Commissioners, whom I attacked vigorously with a hundred or more reasons in defence of the Catholic truth; and I guaranteed that if they could answer only one, I would yield. What more! I so shut their mouths that they muttered, but durst not utter a single word, though I challenged, begged and entreated of them to do so. When they saw that in spite of their blandishments, threats, and entreaties I remained inflexible, they stripped me of all my dignities and property, and likewise of my ludicrous petty clerical functions, and remanded me back to prison. Finding myself deprived of all consolation from books, or of disputations and treatises with others, I made my escape and am come hither." (*Rec. Engl. Province S.J.*, 1st ser. I, 66-7.)

¹ Foley nodded when he commented "This was probably by Cardinal Pole". Alabaster tells us it was the *Reputation* (of Whitaker) by the convert Dr William Reynolds, whose brother apostatised. Alabaster wrote a treatise *In duos Reginaldos inter se de religione certantes* (D.N.B.).

William Alabaster, son of Roger Alabaster and his wife Bridget, daughter of Adam Winthrop of Groton, Suffolk, was born at Hadleigh in the same shire on 27th January 1568, and baptized on 28th February. Hadleigh's rector from 1544 to 1555 was Cranmer's chaplain and disciple, Rowland Taylor, a Marian martyr who suffered at Aldham Common nearby on February 9th, 1555. There were two Adam Winthrops of Groton, the father and the grandfather of the famous John Winthrop (1588-1649), made Governor of Massachusetts in 1630. Alabaster's mother was probably a daughter of the first Adam Winthrop (1498-1562), a clothier from Lavenham, Suffolk, who acquired Groton in 1544. His son Adam (1548-1623) was auditor of St John's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, from 1594 to 1609. Another relation was the Protestant Bishop of Bath and Wells, John Still (c1543-1608), who married his aunt Anne Alabaster in 1574. Truly he came of anti-Catholic surroundings.

William went from Westminster School to Trinity College, Cambridge in 1584. He took his B.A. in 1587-8, M.A. in 1591, and was made Fellow of his college in 1589.¹ He was a gifted scholar and made his mark in Latin verses. As early as 1591 in *Colin Clouts come home againe* the great Spencer exclaims :

“ And there is Alabaster, thoroughly taught

In all this skill, though knowen yet to few ;

Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,

His Eliseis would be redde anew.

Who lives that can match that heroick song,

Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made ? ”

If Gloriana will bid him to court and the work be finished “ No braver Poeme can be under sun ”. The first (maybe the only written) book survives in MS. (at Emmanuel College, Cambridge) of the young bard's tremendous *Elisaeis, Apothoeosis Poetica sive de florentissimo imperio et rebus gestis augustissimae et invictissimae principis Elizabethae, D.G., Angliae, Franciae, et Hiberniae Reginae*. Before 1592 he had also written a Latin tragedy *Roxana*, praised to the skies by Fuller, Anthony Wood and Johnson, but deemed worthless by A. H. Bullen (D.N.B., s.v.) and mostly borrowed or “ conveyed ” from an Italian poet Luigi Groto's *La Dalida*.² It is noteworthy that the

¹ He was incorporated of Oxford University on July 11th, 1592.

² Alabaster attempted his own vindication in 1632 (see Hallam *Lit. Europe*, 1854, iii, 54 ; *Encycl. Brit.*, 1911, i, 466).

author is only now remembered for his English poems written during his Catholic years (c1598–1610). Of his sonnets some were printed and valued by Edmond Malone (1741–1812) the great Shakespearian scholar, J. P. Collier (*Engl. Dram. Lit.*, 1879). In 1903 more poems were found¹ and Alabaster found Catholic appreciation in Fr H. J. Pollen's essay in the *Month* April 1904 ("William Alabaster, a newly discovered Catholic poet of the Elizabethan Age"), and finally in Miss L. Imogen Guiney's *Recusant Poets* (1935). An example of his work may serve:

"O that I weare transformed into love
And as a plant might springe uppon this flower
Like wandring Ivy or sweete honnie suckle
How would I with my twine about it buckle
And kisse his feete with my ambitious boughes
And clyme along uppon his sacred brest
And make a garland for his wounded browes
Lord soe I am, if heare my thoughts may rest"

"The Crucifix" (*Recusant Poets*).

Truly the author of such lines was at the time both a Catholic and a poet.

Taking Anglican orders William went with Essex as chaplain in June 1596 on his expedition to Cadiz. Essex, we are told (*Recusant Poets*, 1935), presented to him the rectory at Landulphe in Cornwall, of which he compounded for the first fruits on September 1596, a living worth 400 crowns a year. He was then engaged to be married. The date and place of his conversion are not certain. A. H. Bullen in the D.N.B. says "while in Spain he was induced by the arguments of a Jesuit priest to become a convert to Romanism" and Cmdr E. P. Statham in *A Jacobean Letter-writer* says "at Cadiz, however, he became a Catholic". Neither gives his authority for the statement which is contradicted by Alabaster's autobiography "Yt happened that about Michelmas in the yeare 1596, I was appointed in Trinitie College of Cambrige to the servise after the maner that ther is vsed" (p. 24). It was almost certainly towards the end of 1597 that he was reconciled and certainly in England. It was probably early in 1598 that he published his "*Seven Motives*" for his conversion, which was so rigidly

¹ Mr Bertram Dobell in the *Athenaeum*, cf. Dec. 26th, 1903, describes a MS. among his possessions, in which were forty-three sonnets by Alabaster.

stified so that no copy has come down to us, but only replies to it, one by John Racster¹ (1598) when Alabaster was in the Tower, and the other by Roger Fenton,² preacher of Gray's Inn (1599).

Sometime in 1598 Alabaster escaped and reached the Continent, and in the November of that year entered the English College in Rome. Owing to his bad health his stay was a short one, and he returned to England where John Chamberlain noted in a letter of August 23rd, 1599: "Alabaster that escaped out of the Clinke is brought in *coram* again, being sent from Rochelle". (*A Jacobean Letter-writer*, p. 24.) In 1606 he was banished, with many others, and lived in Flanders. The first hint of future trouble seems to be his publication in Antwerp in 1607 of what Mr Bullen describes as "a strange treatise on cabalistic divinity under the title of '*Apparatus in Revelationem Jesu Christi*'. By order of the Papal authorities this book was placed on the '*Index Librorum Prohibitorum*' early in 1610" (D.N.B., s.v.). Fr Pollen tells us "on January 23rd, 1609, he returned once more to the English College with a view of again seeking ordination, but it was now found that his mind was much changed and embittered, and that he was a prey to extraordinary fancies." We can hardly fail to see in this the aftermath of his dabbings in cabalistic speculation. Before September he had left "and a fragment of a sympathetic letter is extant, probably from Father Parsons, to someone in Rome, written soon after Alabaster's departure from the College. The writer says that age and the peculiarities of an imaginative temperament prevented his studying for the priesthood at the English College, and that the best course would be for him to teach Hebrew or Greek at some Italian University, where he could also study medicine, and that this was what he would himself prefer" (*Month*, April 1904, pp. 427-8, citing Stonyhurst MSS. *Collectanea*, P. f. 485).

He was arrested and imprisoned by the Inquisition, but escaped, and "in June, 1610, Father Seripanni writes to Father Persons, that Alabaster was in Marseilles, and was speaking bitterly of Rome and the Jesuits, saying that Persons was at the bottom of the Powder Plot, and that Bellarmine had advised the assassination of King James". Such brazen slanders forbid

¹ "A Book of the Seven Planets, or seven wandering motives of William Alabaster's [sic.] wit."

² "An Answer to William Alabaster his Motives."

us to trust his statement, made when he was a wealthy renegade in the preface to his *Ecce Sponsus venit* (1633), that "he was induced, at the solicitations of some Jesuits, to go to Rome; that on his arrival he was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, whence he was released on the condition that he should keep himself within the city for five years, that having with great danger made his escape he returned to England and became reconverted to Protestantism." (A. H. Bullen in D.N.B., s.v.). The first part of this statement is patently false; he spent seven months at the English College on reaching Rome. Bemused with cabalistic lore and his grievances, he yielded to the tempting offers awaiting public renegades in England, although "on February 11th, 1611, the news was that he had met an old Catholic friend, whom he assured that he meant to live and die in the Catholic faith, and begged that this statement might be made public". (Fr Pollen in *Month*, April 1904, p. 428.) Foley continues: "The unhappy Alabaster succeeded Dr John Overall as Prebendary of St Paul's (to the stall of Tottenhall) and Rector of Therfield, county Herts, in March, 1614, the Dean's best living, worth £300,¹ which the Dean had good hopes to have held a while (Dame's Letter, p. 168). On the 4th of January, 1614-15, he preached at Whitehall before James I." (Ibid. 622). Then as now some shrewd Anglicans were wary of lauding "weeds from the Pope's garden". John Chamberlain wrote to Carleton on March 27th, 1616: "Yesterday Alabaster, the double or treble turncoat, preached before the King at Whithall, where there were many clergiemmen that do not greatly applaud him, but they say he made a curious fantastical peece of worke". (In Cmdr E. P. Statham *A Jacobean Letter-writer* p. 129.)

He died, so far as we know unreconciled, in April 1640. At least two priests of note owed their conversion, under God, to the future Anglican prebendary, John Grosse or Felton who came to the Venerable in 1603, who had talked with him at Wisbech, and borrowed of him Lawrence Vaux's *Catechism* (Foley *Rec. Eng. Prov. S.J.*, 1877, I, 620-22), and Fr Henry Coppinger S.J., who entered the College on November 5th, 1607, who says: "my father was greatly inclined to the Catholic religion, but for fear of the times durst not profess it. I made my studies chiefly at Bury St Edmunds and Cambridge. I

¹ "Tharfield (or Therfield) in Hertfordshire, a living which is now worth £750 a year, with sixty-six acres of glebe and residence" (E. P. Statham *A Jacobean Letter-writer*, i, 25).

was schismatic until about my twentieth or twenty-first year ; then, however, by the advice of Mr William Alabaster, I resolved to become a Catholic " (Ibid. I, 68).

In his autobiography Alabaster himself tells us : " Yt happened that about Michelmas in the yeare 1596, I was appointed in Trinitie College of Cambrige to the servise after the maner that ther is vsed, for which cause taking the matter of the Sacraments to handle, and desyring to performe the same with some exactness and commendation I furnished my self with more than ordenary store of bookes, and studyed the questions of controversie that fell owt in that matter with attention, not contenting my self only with that which Caluine and others of our side had wryten, but perusing also the fathers and the bookes of Catholique wryters I found there reasons so strong and evident in diverse pointes, that I was forced to defend them and ther opinions against Calvin and our own men in many controversies, at least in 9 or 10, which I dyd in the hearing of all the College, professing ingenuously that I could not aunswere the papistes argumentes therin, nor any other as I thought. Yet for all that was my obstinate aversion from Catholique religion neuer the lesse ; for that I was possessed with that wicked opinion . . . that both parties might err in sondry poyntes, and yet be both of one church, and I the judge to take and to leaue of bothe sides what liked me best. for which cause also I determind with my self that after my returne from the Courte (whether I was to goe at Easter for to pretend a good prebend, and there marry presently also to study more diligently after my retorne the bookes of both sides, and therout to frame vnto my self such religion as I did fynd most fyt and conformable to my owne iudgement, which at that tyme was my rule, and so it is of all protestantes commenly " (pp. 28-9).

The Established religion was that of the state and nation, he mused, expounded by men reputed learned and careful of their own salvation, "but soone after many contrarie cogitations came to my mynd against this, consideringe first that yf it were enough for a man to follow the religion of euery Countrie, Prince and Estate wher he lyved or is borne : then Jews, Turkes, Infidels, and all kinds of heretiques may iustefie also their errors ; and ther wilbe so many trew religions (and consequently so many Gods) as ther be states and Countries " (p. 24). It further occurred to him that parliaments were not specially qualified to treat of religious matters, having been

"gathered together often tymes by art and industrie of the gatherers" (in 1559 for example, he may have reflected), and had neither time, knowledge or means to discuss soundly such matters. Parliaments might contradict each other; a majority of voices might set up or pull down a religion "as we have seene by experience of the different and repugnant Parliaments of K. Henry the eight, the sixht Edward his sonne, and of Queene Marye and Queene Elizabeth his daughters, whoe haue authorized and disauthorized by Parliaments full different religions" (p. 25). Elizabethan anticatholicism differed from Henry's. Cares of wife and family hampered English but not Catholic ecclesiastics.

Alarmed, Alabaster clutched at "that opinion which be-ginneth now to be very generall amonge the learnede sorte of protestantes to witt that a man may be saved by both religions, or by a mixture of them bothe, seeing that they do agree in the most principall pointes of beleefe and in therest both partes may have errors, and so a man may take or leave therof what he list without danger of damnation" (p. 26). Harbingers of Jowett and Stanley! This subterfuge "I dyd fynd afterward (and do so now) . . . nothing els indeed but a secret kynde of Atheisme suggested by flesh and blood, to excuse negligence, error, heresye, schisme or whatso euer infidelitie besides consarning matters appertayning to God" (p. 27). Not many years since B. Philip Arundel had declared in a letter that the Privy Council were mostly atheists although they would not be known as such, and England had received Giordano Bruno in triumph like that of Garibaldi later, both presently found embarrassing guests.

"But in the meane space whiles I staide in the Court, I went sometymes for recreation to visite an olde acquaintance Mr Goodman the Deane of westminster, wher I had byn brought vp scholler in my younger yeares, and ther by chance I fownd a preest comitted for religion to custody one Mr Thomas wright brought vp in the schooles beyond the seaes, and very learned" with whom he had some conversation (pp. 31-2). Finding a book lying on Fr Wright's table he asked what it was and learned that it was by "Mr William Reynals against one master whitekers in defence of the English translation of the new testament by the English Catholiques of Rhemes" (p. 32). An interesting account of the two brothers William and John Reynolds follows. Engaged in translating into Latin one of Jewell's books against Harding he found, like others, that

Jewell and "a shamelesse Iyer occasion of the conuersion of many" as Parsons marginally notes (p. 34). Conviction was crowned with the gift of Faith and his soul was filled with gladness and fearless ardour. In his first fervour he returned to Cambridge, and broke off his engagement suffering patiently the not unnatural reproaches of his family and that of his betrothed. He knew well the penalties that hung over all declared Catholics; he did not shrink from their frequent contemplation. He conferred with friends and acquaintances and longing to win others wisely studied to become a well-equipped proficient in controversies, fasted and prayed intensely. His great lack was an experienced Catholic guide. "And so besides dealing with so many in Cambridge without euident danger of apprehension I made certaine excursions also into the country nere about, to deale with my parents kyndred and some other freendes abowt this most weightie affayre, abstayning all this while to goe to the protestantes church which in me was not greatly marked or winked at as yet" (p. 5).

He wrote out some of his reasons for conversion and gave them to friends in London; who imparted them to others until "without my knowledge or consent they passed from hand to hand vntill they came to the Cownsell's knowledge" (p. 53). Orders were sent to Cambridge for his arrest. Admonished to leave Cambridge or retire beyond the seas he refused, anxious to confess the Faith.

There is only room for a brief mention of his disputes with the University authorities and later with the Protestant Bishops (of London and Bath and Wells) in London later. They had only the usual alternatives of threats and wheedlings, bribes and terrors which are the trusted resources of dominant heresy. Unwilling and unable to answer Catholic arguments they had no real theology or even philosophy "and except they did borrowe now and then some shrydes of Catholique furniture, they wold be vtterly bare" (p. 55).

His College head, Dr Nowell, was kindly, indeed, but had to obey the Vice-Chancellor, since Alabaster refused to come to church, a man "wrapped in the bandes of livinges honnors and ambition though vnmarried for many of ther ministers fearing a change are loth to mary" (p. 73). Asked to name a request Alabaster suggested an appeal to Essex on his return but Nowell "replied that his suite was only made to gaine tyme that in the meane I might essaye ouer the seas vnto the Seminary at rome, or elswer" (p. 74) and so reluctantly

handed him over to the Vice-Chancellor's beadle waiting for his prey. His rooms, books and papers were locked up and himself committed close prisoner in the beadle's house until summoned to London about six weeks after, "and although I was debarred all day from company yeat at night when it waxed darke wold my freendes come to the windoe of the chamber wherin I slept beinge next to the street, to comfort me, and those who I suspected not to be anywaies Catholickly enclyned would courage me to goe on constantly and wished that ether themselves had so much corage, and resolution as God had geuen me, or that the tyme wre such as they might declare themselfe with lesse danger, by which I easely perceaued how many are held in England by feare, whom I on the other side endeouored to strengthen what I could" (p. 75). A revealing passage this, of the slender hold the established religion really had in Cranmer's and Parker's university. The Bishop of London¹ was courteous but did little save repeat well-worn stock objections, or accusations, or trivial digressions, such as "a prety story abowt a fallen preest" as Parsons notes it. The usual offers were made to coax conformity. After seven or eight months in prison neither trial nor serious debate was forthcoming.

After much debate with Catholics at home and abroad, having given no parole, and having full opportunity, Alabaster escaped, eluded the hot search made after him and wrote his *Observations on the Protestants' religion* while in hiding, the first book containing 13 and the second, 20 of them. They were drawn from his own experience. "I lay still in London or neare it vntill the search was past, and some monethes after to witt, vntill towards Michelmas". His shelterer was no other than the future martyr, Blessed Anne Lyne, in whose house he met Fr John Gerard, under whom he made the Spiritual Exercises and resolved to offer himself to the Society. (See *Blessed Anne Lyne* by Fr J. L. Whitfield, C.T.S., 1932, pp. 17-18).

Deeply impressed by the oneness of Faith almost everywhere and the prevalence of real piety and good works, far above his expectations, "especially in Rome, which Cittie as it hath byn and is the head of Christendome for Religion; so doth it show itselfe as forward also or rather formost in all Christian workes" (p. 153). An ardent pilgrim he is delighted with all he sees, and his tribute to the Venerable English College is

¹ Richard Bancroft (1544-1610).

wholehearted. "I mett some one or tow and twentie in the Inglish College together come thither of new within the space of very fewe dayes, and all . . . for ther deuotions only: by which wee may see the effecte so much rayling against Rome dothe worke in England to auert men from going to it. And amonge other, fower of vs vniversitie men, did meete there and arryved uppon one daye, all graduates and fellowes of Colleges tow of Oxforde and two of Cambrige, and wee were receaued with exceedinge loue and charitie; and if yow will have my opinion of this howse, and Company of owr nation heer, beleue me it is the rarest thing that euer I sawe in my liffe or lightly can see nor euer had England such education of youth when it florished most in Catholique Religion. All tyme is limited owt to studdies, to devotion to corporall refections and liberall recreation of mynde, so that no tyme is lost and lesse euell spent" (pp. 154-5). As for study, "wee masters of Arte that are come from Cambrige and oxforde are ashamed of our selues and owr uniuersities, considering the tyme that ther is lost and heer is gotten and the excellent witte that ther be comes nothing in substance, after many yeares" (p. 160).

It is possible, and I for one would fain hope it, that some mental derangement may have caused this promising convert's dismal treason. He had suffered much for the Faith in his best years. The rest we would gladly forget. Even if his guilt was formal and certain it is just possible that before soul and body parted he may have received some extraordinary grace and died perfectly contrite.

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

We know nothing of his last moments, and must leave him to the Merciful Searcher of hearts, mindful maybe of a poem he had written while of the household of the Faith:

"My sins in multitude to Christ are gone,
Against my soul indictment for to make,
That they his lingering vengeance may awake
Upon my just deserts. Then run, O run
Out of mine eyes, tears of compunction!
One after other, run, for my soul's sake,
And strive you one the other to overtake,
Until you come before His heavenly Throne;
There beg of Christ grace for me to repent."

(Quoted in the *Month*, April 1904, pp. 429-30).

H. E. G. ROPE.

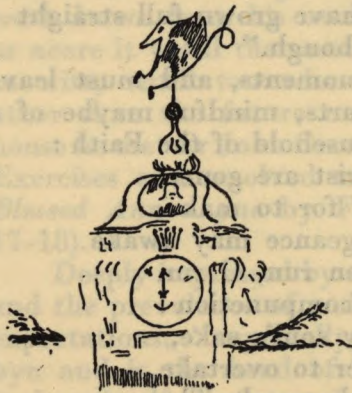
wholeheartedly. "I met some one or two and twenty in the English College together, some thirty or more within the space of a few days, and all for their devotion only: by which we may see the effects so much tending against Rome that would in England to assist men from going to it. And among other of our university men, did meet there and arrived upon one day, all graduates and fellows of Colleges of Oxford and two of Cambridge, and we were retained with exceeding love and civility: and if you will have my opinion of this house and company of our nation here, because we see how they are brought up and educated, and how highly can be seen in their manner of living and education, which when it is turned most in Catholic

ROMANESQUE

44.—ROOFS

What a pity it is that in the course of one's seven years in Rome one can rarely get the chance of enjoying an essential part of Roman life—the Rome of narrow causeways and flights of wooden stairs, of plant pots and chimneys, a Rome that is as free from motor traffic as any *ca'* or *rio* of Venice. For Rome is two cities. At least she is not merely the land of *circolare* and *filobus*: she is also the city of the housetops, a region that is far less susceptible of change than the roads below, since, being nearer to heaven, it is also nearer to the permanent.

Many then finish their course without being true Romans at all. They have tasted only half of what Rome has to offer, and, judging the city as any other city, inevitably fail to do it full justice. It is true that in



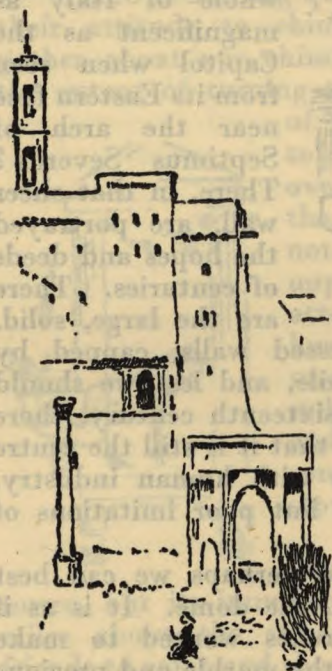
summer we do go on our small terrace and listen to the gramophone, but the terrace is not really a terrace, not that it is too small, but it is not precarious enough. It does not command a large enough view nor is it at the top of the house. It is, moreover, reached by a safe and unimaginative flight of stone steps. It is true we boast a peculiar clock as strange as any in Rome, true that from Easter onwards we spend our evenings in the garden or listening to the gramophone, but we do not fully enter into Roman life, for the Roman true

and native born spends the end of his day fittingly aloof, abstracted from the city and contemplating it from on high, assessing the past day and surveying the future—an ideal place for examination of conscience and the best preparation for repose. Avancinus surely had a roof garden.

But if he does not enjoy, your Venerabilino does get glimpses of, this land. The Cappellar' is a good example and familiar to all. At times, on Holy Saturday or during the *fiocchi* procession, he may have the good fortune to burrow his way through the maze of human habitations and finally emerge in the fresh air of some narrow balcony or in some

minute hanging garden no bigger than that in which St Francis composed his Canticle to the Sun, and realize that beauty is not confined by space. I am sure that an interesting thesis could be written on the Roman's natural striving to get to the roof. He gravitates upwards. Nowhere is this more apparent than in building a house. Once the foundation is laid, there is a mad rush to get to the roof at all costs. When once the summit is attained the flag is hoisted and then the builders leisurely descend and complete the rest of the building. But there is no peace until the roof is on. So it is that you never see a building in Rome without a roof; without windows or doors, perhaps, or even minus a second storey, but never without a roof.

It is hard to generalize about roofs since each has an individuality which a universal idea immediately destroys, but for a general impression you cannot do better than go to the Janiculum. There are many (I have met them myself) who go to the Janiculum to look at the mountains, to see Terminillo or Velino or (the more sentimental) Cavo, which is all very well but is rather like going to the Argentina to study the frescoes. That Nature has its place no one will deny. More wonderful, however, are the man-made ranges we can see in



the fore-ground without squinting our short-sighted scholastic eyes into the distant mists. For the denizen of the house tops, the Esquiline, Capitol and the rest are real hills: only the earthbound who tramps the streets is disappointed at not finding the seven hills. Macauley and such like, complain of a diminutive Tarpeian, but they have not seen it in its true perspective. What can be more beautiful in Nature than the



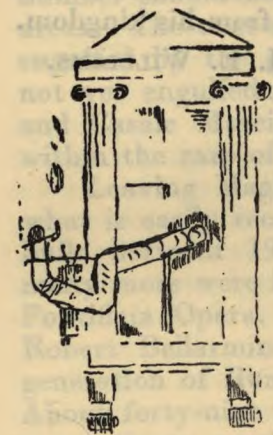
gradually piling up *massif* of the Quirinal? And is there any hill in the whole of Italy as magnificent as the Capitol when seen from its Eastern face near the arch of Septimus Severus? There, in that sheer wall, are portrayed the hopes and deeds of centuries. There are the large, solid,

Roman stones, the mediaeval buttressed walls, capped by the pinnacle of Michelangelo's campanile, and lest we should imagine that history ceased with the sixteenth century, there is the click of typewriters to remind us that it is still the centre of Rome. These mountains are alive with human industry, whereas the Sabines and the rest are but poor imitations of man's work—dead and inhospitable.

But we were talking of roofs and perhaps we can best begin with the apotheosis of Roofdom, the dome. It is as if the builders of the Renaissance churches wanted to make each a world in itself. They gathered the marble and precious stone of Europe, they ransacked the Americas for gold, and over all they raised a dome which was at once to be a covering and a symbol, an imitation of the vaulted sky above. There is The Cupola, more splendid in its isolation than Soracte, our own S. Andrea the next in size, the graceful dome of S. Agnese in Agone, and so right down to the tiny domelet of S. Agostino, the first to be built in the city. Nor must we forget S. Ignazio, where the famous Pozzi went to the extent of painting an imitation dome. Fortunately this mockery is now blacked

out, and an anemometer has been erected on the roof, and so from an abomination has sprung something of value. "Of his bones are coral made." I suppose we should really include the Pantheon in a survey of Roman roofs, but I am not so sure. For what is a roof if people do not walk on it and I know of no one who has walked, with pleasure at any rate, on the roof of the Pantheon. And so with some reluctance we must exclude the Pantheon but with this remark, that Bernini knew what he was about when he built the twin turrets. "Asses ears" is a misnomer, for they came near to making it a true roof, since they gave it some degree of accessibility.

There is nothing quite so indicative of the Renaissance as their attitude to chimneys. Nowadays, we make a great pother about our chimneys. Our grandfathers even went to the extent of turning them into little works of art—all part of the flight from reality and the desire to cover up what is not "nice" and paint over utility with useless elegance. But the sturdy people of the Renaissance were not of this mettle. Chimneys are an unpleasant necessity and there is little attempt to disguise the fact. Being true humanists they did not waste time or money in trying to hide something that is unhidable. So we find a cairn of bricks and tiles to bear the smoke away, or from some high cinquecento casement a bent stovepipe will emerge.



But the most intriguing part of Roof-land is not its assembly of campanile and tower, but its innumerable terraces, its piazze and vineyards miles above the streets—as if Stylites had summoned his friends to come and share his joy and had founded a flourishing township. The bird-cage in the Via Scrofa, the rose garden of the Via Margutta, and the less pretentious balconies of the Cappellar' where men keep poultry farms and livestock, the whole festooned with washing, to mark out otherwise indistinguishable territory.

And then, above all, the sky, without which there would be no roofs, and Rome would be just like any other city, for who wants to go and live on a roof in Birmingham? No, without the Roman sky roof life would be impossible. But the sky

is something that should exert its influence unconsciously. An attempt to make it explicit is sure to fail, as witness the new church of S. Venanzio, just off the Via Appia Nuova which has three huge holes in its façade to incorporate, as it were, the sky into the design. But it is not successful.

People tell human character from the lines on the hand. How much more surely, then, can you tell the character of an age by the line of its roofs. The straight edge marks the present tendency, the blanchmange moulds and larger-than-life prophets and apostles, the Baroque. The cracked belfries belong to every age and there are the timeless and unchanging tiles, no two of the same shape or size, that might have been baked in some etruscan oven before Rome was thought of.

This is the Rome that few know, that is as easy to get lost in as the campagna, which has no guide books or maps, and whose history will remain unwritten until someone has the energy to explore it and dethrone the cat from his kingdom.

M. E. WILLIAMS.

THE NEW CHURCHES

No account of modern Rome would be complete which omitted mention of the work the Church is doing. There is a special Pontificia Opera for the provision of new churches in Rome. At first glance, it might be asked why Rome needs new churches when already it has "one for every half-day in the year". But what has been said already in the last number should be enough to show the great need in the new areas. The over-all plan includes the Periferia, already being engulfed by the growth of the City, and the Agro Romano, not yet engulfed; even Magliana, Cervelletta towards Tivoli and Casale Marcigliana, half way to Monte Rotondo, come within the care of the scheme for Rome.

Leaving Magliana and the rest for the moment, within what is easily recognizable as Rome twenty-six churches were built between 1903 and 1938, another fourteen since. As many more were built merely with help from the funds of the Pontificia Opera. Some of the earlier ones, for instance St Robert Bellarmine, were well enough known to the pre-war generation of Romans. On others the plaster is scarcely dry. About forty-nine new parishes have come into existence with some ninety secular priests working in them. There is Mass in about ninety places with average Easter Duties of eight hundred per place.

There has also been an incredible work done in providing presbyteries, parish centres, and premises for every kind of charitable work. The money raised has come from many sources but chiefly from the Holy Father's gift of eighty million lire between 1930 and 1938. The greatest need, however, is for priests, and no one has been more welcome at the Vicariate than an American post-graduate student, owner of a motor-bicycle, who volunteered to say Mass any Sunday anywhere.

The new churches are modern in style, some pleasing, others challenging, but none with much in common with

Baroque, though none give the same sense of chromium in their construction as Christ the King in the Prati. They run through a wide series of variations of modernity but have one thing in common, they are functional rather than pretentious. One of the earlier ones, Gran Madre di Dio, across Ponte Milvio is in effect a supported dome and little more. A typical one, Mater Gratiarum, way behind St Peter's, has a wooden roof that would joy a craftsman's heart. The church is very plain, with simple apse and small sanctuary. But it is not going to remain plain long, inside at least, not if the citizens can help it. It brings home to the visitor that we immediately fill our churches with benches, the Italians fill theirs with shrines.

Among the many schemes not associated with the Pontificia Opera one may be singled out for notice. Just off the Via Flaminia, half way from the Piazza del Popolo to the Ponte Milvio, there are already rising the walls of the church of St Eugenio, a gift from the Universal Church on the occasion of the silver jubilee in the Episcopate of the Holy Father. Ten minutes walk from the British School of Art, it is to be a parish church to serve the Flaminian end of the inevitably growing Parioli district. St Eugenio will be slightly bigger than the Dodeci Apostoli but not quite so big as the Gesù. It will be in the form of a Latin cross and traditional in style and will have eleven altars. An unusual feature for our day will be the Baptistery, next to the church and uniting it to the parochial institute which will stand parallel within a roomy cloister. The work is being carried out under the auspices of the Ufficio Tecnico of the Vatican and the church is to be a symbol of the nations united in the Faith in spite of war tearing the world to pieces.

Many Religious Orders are enlarging or re-building their Curia. SS Cosmas and Damian, between the Forum and the Basilica of Massenzio (recently Rome's principal venue for political rallies), the home of the Franciscan Third Order Regular, looks bright and new; the Passionists are throwing up a new block within the grounds of SS John and Paul. Their plans extend to a restoration of the front of the church, much on the lines of that carried out with such profitable results at Palazzola. The Friars Minor are erecting what can only be described as a pile, high up on the part of the Monte della Creta which we call Gelsomino, overlooking the football field and, in fact, overlooking most of Rome—a magnificent site!

The huge building and magnificent church are near completion. The building with its princely flight of steps, prescinding from any dogmatic pronouncement, salutes our Blessed Lady as Mediatrix of All Graces. The superb church is almost finished. The woodwork of the Retro-choir is a thing of simple beauty, carved on the spot by local craftsmen. The rest of the church is, at the moment, a forest of scaffolding. Outside, the entrance is flanked by comely marble pillars, marble this time, not granite. When S. Antonio on the Via Merulana was rebuilt, Pope Pius IX offered to help. When the church was completed, he was tactfully approached but refused, saying that whereas cheap marble could have been used, they had imported costly granite and could not therefore need help. The plans for this new work have been afoot for years; before the war, the Franciscan procurator caused a famine of plumbing requisites by buying up all available taps and so on, against the day when the new Curia should need them, a day that was postponed rather longer than he expected.

S. Antonio itself is among the Universities where building is going on. Among other developments, a new Aula Maxima is under way. As there was not an unbuilt inch on the site, a nice problem in construction was solved by building the aula down into the earth. A one-storey library was demolished in the centre of the buildings, leaving a quadrangle. Excavations into this have given the slope necessary for the tiers of an efficient Aula Maxima. One problem was solved but an even nicer one created. What would happen if *antichità* began to be discovered? It is said that the usual procedure is to give the workmen a mouth-stopper so that the work may be finished before information is sent to the authorities, who would require anything found to be left undisturbed, a hopeless proposition when discoveries may be constant and the work has to go on. If there are any more than a certain number of workmen it becomes arguable as to whether it is not cheaper to send for the Inspector and arrange matters with him. The Jesuits also have their share in changing Rome; the daily walk to the Gregorian is rendered either perilous or longer as a bridge is being built over the tiny Via Vaccaro to the Palazzo opposite where space has been acquired by the Biblical Institute.

Lastly there is the question of rebuilding because of war damage. Rome had the great grace of being almost entirely spared, though much is made of what damage there was, on

the principle that a bomb at home creates more impression than a hundred on Hamburg. Bombs did damage in two places, at S. Lorenzo which is near the railway yards, and at S. Benedetto. At S. Lorenzo, a gaping hole was torn in the roof and much more of the roof had to be stripped, pillars were damaged, and there was quite an amount of lesser damage. All this is under repair now. Nearby blocks of flats were damaged or destroyed, the locals claiming that twenty-three thousand people were killed, mostly, we opine, since the event occurred. S. Benedetto is a small church and is being almost entirely rebuilt in a neat fashion. Students of the double effect will have an example easily suggested to them by its address. It stands in Via del Gasometro. Other damage was negligible, especially considering that Rome was in danger of as fierce air attacks as took place anywhere. The Romans were sure, as the Germans pulled out just before the time-limit was up, that our Blessed Lady had saved the City : beautiful commemorative tablets have been erected spontaneously all over the City, but their appreciation seems to have waned as fast as the memory of the crisis.

Growth has become one of the key-notes of Rome. The population has increased perhaps tenfold in a hundred years. The growth up to a generation ago heightened in intensity under the Fascists, continuing on even into the early years of the war. Much of what they began has been completed, some left, more is nearing completion. The spread of the City continues, with its need for more houses, roads, churches, schools, and other civic and social centres. The authorities are busy, the Church is busy, private enterprise is busy. Even the dead are not to escape : S. Lorenzo can extend no more and a new Campo Santo for the City has already entered on its work of mercy at Prima Porta, perhaps three miles beyond Tor di Quinto on the Via Flamimìa. Will the old trek on the eve of All Souls change its direction, we wonder ? The reader, however, confronted by this suggestion that change is everywhere, need not disturb himself. Your Rome remains substantially as you saw it and loved it, or the changes *inside* the City only serve to bring out its worth. It is the sight-seer who wants to encompass the new Rome who will need to roam far afield. You who want the Rome you knew need not worry. Meanwhile I am going out bricking the churches on the new outskirts. Where are my Seven League Boots ?

ANTHONY HULME.



CASTEL GANDOLFO

To Fr A. Jones of Upholland

Do you remember that wild afternoon
In waning August, how we fared together
By rock and thicket, tilth and vineyard down
To Lake Albano's alder-fronted shore ;
Battling with rainstorms and the squally weather ;
The changing skies' alternate smile and frown,
The ridgy waters heaving, talk of war,
And hopes of threaten's peace, to perish soon ?

Do you remember how from yonderside
The waters we looked back and saw the sky
By soaring rainbow-arches overspann'd
One foot upon the water, one upon
Rocca Priora's distant towers high
Crowning her hill, while on the other hand
High over us, by golden light o'ershone,
Castel Gandolfo storm and cloud defied ?

The sojourn of Christ's Vicar on the crest
Of Alba Longa, mother of Rome, updrew
Our longing gaze. Amid a world in teen,
Led by apostates, crouching in their glooms,
The light yet shineth, if the world but knew,
The rock yet standeth o'er the clouds serene,
Whence we were hewn ; high over us uplooms
The home of God's own peace secure and blest.

H. E. G. ROPE,

29th September 1939.

BLESSED ROBERT SOUTHWELL

PRIEST, MARTYR AND POET

Even in the matter-of-fact world of scientific literary criticism the figure of Robert Southwell, priest, martyr and poet has never quite been stripped of the aureole of romance with which admiration for his character and personality and sympathy for his sad and untimely fate has, since his own day, surrounded it. Indeed, on its own merits, his poetry well repays reading and study, while the fact that it reaches us as the echo of the personality of one of the most famous and most lovable of our own English Martyrs lends to it for us an especial interest.

Robert Southwell was born in 1561 or 1562, the youngest son of Sir Richard Southwell, who was the eldest base-born son of the most eminent member of this well-descended Norfolk family, Sir Richard Southwell, who occupies a prominent, if not always very creditable, position in the political and court life of his day. It would seem that at this time the boy's father favoured the "Old Religion", for Robert was sent at an early age to Douay, whence at the age of fifteen he was sent to Paris, where he continued his studies under the Jesuit Thomas Darbyshire, nephew of Bishop Bonner.

At this time he conceived an ardent desire to enter the Society of Jesus, and though his request was at first refused on the score of his extreme youth, he was eventually, in 1578, enrolled at Rome as one of the "children of St Ignatius". He spent his two years' noviciate at Tournay and after taking the first vows of the Society returned to Rome to become *Ripetitore* at the English College. At this time Southwell must have realized that a wholly Continental education had

its drawbacks as a prelude to work on the English mission, for we are told that he "took that opportunity of applying himself to the study of his native language, in which he proved no small proficient, as the elegant pieces, both in prose and verse which he has published in print abundantly demonstrate".¹

In 1584 he was ordained priest, and two years later he was sent with Father Henry Garnett to the English mission. Only one Jesuit had, previous to that date, made his way to England, and Father Southwell received a warm welcome from the Catholic nobles and gentry. From the outset he was closely watched, and he experienced many stirring adventures in his efforts to avoid capture. He often made use of the alias Cotton, and we are told by his fellow Jesuit Father Gerard² that he studied the terms of sport in order to conceal his real identity the more easily in general conversation; this statement is borne out by his poetry, which abounds in metaphors drawn from falconry. Father Southwell seems to have spent most of his time in London, but he also made journeys into Sussex and the North, and forwarded to Rome detailed information concerning the position of his co-religionists, thus winning for himself in the eyes of the English authorities the reputation of being "the chief dealer in the affairs of England for the papists". However he made a point of keeping well clear of politics as he himself affirms: "De comitiis seu Parlamento nihil scribo, quia literas meas sicut et animam cupio a rebus ad statum pertinentibus alienissimas".³ At his trial he was accused of nothing more than the crime of being a seminary priest.

In 1589 Father Southwell became domestic chaplain and confessor to Anne, Countess of Arundel, wife of Philip Howard first Earl of Arundel, who had been imprisoned in the Tower for his faith in 1585 and was to remain there until his death in 1596. During this period he occupied many hours of enforced leisure with literary work, by which, like Bishop Challoner at a later date, he hoped to raise the spirits of his persecuted fellow Catholics. His four prose treatises: "*An Epistle of Comfort to the Reverend Priestes and to the honorable worshipful, and other of the lay sorte restrayned in durance for the Catholike Faith*," "*Triumphs over Death*," "*Mary Magdalen's Funeral*

¹ Challoner: *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, p. 210.

² Gerard: *Autobiography*, p. 43.

³ From Southwell's letter to Father Parsons, Dec. 22nd, 1586, cf. Catholic Record Society, Vol. V, p. 317.

Tears” and his “*Humble Supplication to Queen Elizabeth*” (on the occasion of the proclamation of 1591 directing a more rigorous enforcement of the penal laws against the Catholics), were all widely circulated in manuscript, and in 1591 “*Mary Magdalen’s Funeral Tears*” was published by Gabriel Cawood under licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury! To this period of Southwell’s chaplaincy to the Countess of Arundel must also be assigned the composition of much of his poetry, if not of all of it, though it would seem from internal evidence that some of his poems were written during the three years of his imprisonment. There is no direct evidence for this latter hypothesis, but it is the traditional account, and the view of Father Thurston, who says: “I cannot see reason to believe that a single line of what has been preserved to us was written in confinement”,¹ leads to considerable difficulty in criticism and interpretation. Most of Southwell’s poetry is light-hearted and joyful, especially when he is writing, as he often does, on the Nativity, but some of his poems are in startling contrast. It seems hard to believe that “*The Burning Babe*” and “*A Childe My Choyse*” (Let Folly praise) were written at the same time as such lines as:

“Come, cruell death, why lingerest thou so longe?
 What doth withould thy dynte from fatall stroke?
 Now prest I am, alas! thou dost me wronge,
 To lett me live more anger to provoke:
 Thy right is had when thou hast stopt my breathe,
 Why shouldst thowe stay to worke my dooble deathe?”

while knowing what we do of the dreadful tortures to which the poet was put, it is hard not to see an autobiographical significance in such lines as the following:

“I felt my inwarde bleeding soares,
 My festred wounds beganne to smart,
 Stept far within deathe’s fatall dores,
 The pangues thereof were neere my hart.

I cryèd truce, I cravèd peace,
 A league with death I woulde conclude;
 But vaine it was to sue release,
 Subdue I must or bee subdue.”

¹ *Father Southwell the Euphuist*, by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, *The Month*, February 1895.

From the beginning Southwell's name seems to have been, covertly at any rate, associated with his writings, and the authorities began to set on foot determined measures to effect his capture. In 1592 the last act of the tragedy was reached when he was arrested at Uxenden Hall, after a particularly dastardly piece of work by the notorious Topcliffe. The latter, hardened priest-catcher though he was, was over-joyed at his success and he wrote jubilantly to the Queen: "It may please your majesty to Consyder that I did never tayke so weightye a man; if he be rightly used".¹ The words "rightly used" are fraught with grim significance, for the rest of the letter is mainly taken up with a detailed enumeration of the tortures he intends to employ to "inforce him to answer trewlye and directly, and so to prove his answers trewe in hast, To the Ende that such as bee deeply conserved in his treacherees have not time to start or make shyfte".

However not all Topcliffe's brutal use of the rack and other methods of torture could make Southwell disclose anything, "not even the colour of the horse whereon on a certain day he rode, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house, or in company of what Catholics he that day was".² Southwell himself at his trial was moved to say: "I have beene tortured ten times. I had rather have endured ten executions."³

He was then transferred to the Gatehouse, but after spending a month in a cell alive with vermin, he was moved to the Tower, following his father's petition to the Queen that his son should suffer death if he deserved it, "if not, as he was a gentleman . . . that he should be treated as a gentleman and not confined in that filthy hole". For nearly three years Father Southwell was kept in close imprisonment in the Tower, until at last he "sent an epistle to Cecil, Lord Treasurer, humbly entreating his lordship, 'That he might either be brought upon his trial to answer for himself or at least that his friends might have leave to come and see him'. The Treasurer answered, 'That if he was in so much haste to be hanged he should quickly have his desire'".⁴

¹ B. M. Lansdown MS. 72 f. 113, Burghley Papers 1592. Quoted, together with other interesting material, in the *Book of Robert Southwell* by Christobel M. Hood (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1926).

² Quoted by More, *Hist. Prov. Ang. Soc. Jesu*, as the testimony of Cecil. A similar account of Southwell's constancy is to be found in the contemporary letter of Verstegan to Parsons, C.R.S. Vol. V, p. 212.

³ According to the contemporary, and probably eye-witness account of Thomas Leake, priest, cf. C.R.S. Vol. V, p. 335.

⁴ Challoner: *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, p. 211.

His desire was very quickly realized, for on the 21st of February 1595 he was, without warning, hurried to Westminster for the usual mock trial, and inevitably found guilty of treason. The next morning, in the words of Challoner, he was called to the combat and gained a glorious victory. Or, in the more matter-of-fact words of the Chronicler Stowe, he was "on the next morning drawn from Newgate to Tyburn, and there hanged, bowelled and quartered".

However, Southwell's work did not end with his death. Indeed, it was after his death that his fame and repute began to increase as his writings became more widely known. In his lifetime his works circulated widely in manuscript, but the only one published, by an established publisher at any rate, was *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*. This proved to be the most popular of Southwell's prose works; it reached its fifth edition as early as 1609, and was afterwards frequently printed with the poems. But it was his poetry that was from the first the more esteemed and popular; fifteen or sixteen editions of his principal poems, "St Peter's Complaint" were printed in less than forty years, and his other poems also were almost equally popular.

Even more demonstrative of the popularity of Southwell's work than the number of published editions is the imposing list of imitations which it provoked. As early as 1593 the brilliant but dissolute writer Thomas Nash amazed fashionable London by his publication of *Christ's Tears Over Jerusalem*, a prose lament for his own sins and for those of his companions. Nash, according to his enemy Harvey, "Hath a little mused upon the Funeral Tears of Mary Magdalen, and is egged on to try the suppleness of his pathetrical vein". A similar publication by another well known literary figure was: *Prosopopoea, containing the Teares of the holy, blessed and sanctified Marie, the Mother of God* by Thomas Lodge, one of the most popular authors of the day. In the preface to this work there seems to be an unmistakable reference to Southwell's two most important compositions: "Others have wept," writes Lodge, "As Peter his apostacy, Mary her loss and miss of Christ, their tears wrought from them either for repent or love." Similar near imitations of Southwell's works abound in the period round about the turn of the century, and up to the middle of the seventeenth century we continue to meet this style of religious composition, which was not, apparently, employed at all previous to the publication of Southwell's work.

"No doubt this popularity was greatly due to the deep interest and pity excited by his misfortunes, encountered and borne with so rare a constancy." This is the explanation given for what he describes as the "vast popularity" of Southwell's work, by Professor Hales,¹ an appreciative critic of our poet. I find it difficult to agree with him. The interest aroused by the poet's martyrdom must have been of its nature a transient one, and the demand for his writings existed before, and continued for half a century after, his death. Undoubtedly this interest was one of the elements of Southwell's popularity, but to overstress the importance of so extrinsic a factor at the expense of the undoubtedly genuine intrinsic merit of his work, is, I think, a mistake.

Of Southwell's prose works little need here be said. It is easy to see on reading them why they appealed so much to the somewhat perverted literary taste of his time, and why they have appealed so little to succeeding ages. For a sympathetic understanding of Southwell's prose it is essential to bear in mind the literary atmosphere of his day. The publication, in 1579, of John Lyly's *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit* had taken the literary taste of the country by storm, and few writers in the succeeding decades escaped its influence. Southwell certainly did not, and his style with its antithesis, alliteration and far fetched "conceits" is the undiluted euphuism that Shakespeare so amusingly parodies in *Love's Labour's Lost*. To modern ears such artificiality of diction and style is rather repellent, and the most biased partisan of the Golden Age of English Literature would hesitate, as literary fashions at present stand, to recommend *Euphues the Anatomy of Wit* as an example of a light, palatable prose style. Southwell's prose works are now interesting only for their devotional content.

As a poet, however, Southwell stands on a quite different plane. His poetry, it is true, is guilty to a lesser extent of the euphuistic extravagance of his prose, and, more serious fault, traces of religious sentimentalism are to be met with in it not infrequently. Yet even in his less fortunate compositions a genuine poetic vein undoubtedly lies latent, and in his best work his simplicity and overmastering sincerity seem to sweep aside these contemporary faults, or perhaps to refashion them and make them aids to real poetry. And, since example is always so much better than precept, I shall, before proceeding

¹ Ward: *English Poets*, Vol. I, p. 479.

any further, quote "The Burning Babe" as an example of Southwell at his best:

"As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snowe,
Surpris'd I was with sodayne heat, which made my hart to
glowe ;

And liftinge upp a fearfull eye to vewe what fire was nere,
A pretty Babe all burninge bright, did in the ayre appeare,
Who scorched with excessive heate, such floodes of teares
did shedd,

As though His floodes should quench His flames which with
His teares were fedd

Alas, quoth He, but newly borne, in fiery heates I frye,
Yet none approach to warme their harts or feel my fire but I.
My faultless brest the fornace is, the fuell woundinge thornes,
Love is the fire, and sighes the smoke, the ashes shame and
scornes ;

The fuell Justice layeth on, and Mercy blowes the coales,
The mettall in this fornace wrought are men's defiled soules,
For which, as nowe on fire I am, to worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to washe them in my bloode :

With this He vanisht out of sight and swiftly shroncke awaye,
And straight I callèd unto mynde that it was Christmas-daye."

Southwell's longest and most important poem, "St Peter's Complaint", contains some of his best work, but writing a poem on the high plane of religious exaltation rather resembles a tight rope act performed over the unplumbed depths of Bathos on the one side and the dreary wastes of Pedestrianism on the other, and in the course of a hundred and thirty-two stanzas Southwell's muse not infrequently stumbles. In his shorter poems, however, he is master of his medium and the easy simplicity of his style carries with it the assurance of genuine poetic inspiration. Few of his poems can be said to show any striking originality either of theme or of treatment. Neither is he pre-eminent as an exponent of the technique of poetical composition. He is a capable artist and craftsman who is usually happiest when he is saying the old things with grace and artistry in his own characteristic way. His poem "Tymes goe by Turnes" contains not a single metaphor that is not a commonplace literary expression, and every one must have been used innumerable times before on the same stock theme. Yet it has an individuality of its own, and a freshness

of appeal that the passing of centuries has not impaired—at least that is how the poem strikes me. I append two stanzas in the hope that it will appeal to someone else in the same manner :

“ The sea of Fortune doth not ever floe,
She drawes her favours to the lowest ebb ;
Her tide hath equall tymes to come and goe,
Her loome doth weave the fine and coarsest webb ;
No joy so great but runneth to an ende,
No happ so hard but may in fine amende.

Not always fall of leafe nor ever springe,
No endless night yet not eternall daye ;
The saddest birdes a season finde to singe,
The roughest storme a calme may soone alaye ;
Thus with succeeding turnes God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet feare to fall.”

It has been said that the best poetry springs from the beginning of things, and the age in which Southwell lived was in its own way, a beginning of things. In 1517 Erasmus wrote to Budé : “ Immortal God, what a world I see dawning. Why am I not young again ? ” When Southwell wrote the dawn had become plain daylight. The first “ careless rapture ” of the early Renaissance, its youthful irresponsibility and its symbolic lutes and roses, had given way to a spirit more purposeful and more controlled, but the throbbing energy, the excitement, and the continual freshness of mind remained. The difference is one of atmosphere, one of degree, but not one of kind : the difference between Ronsard’s “ Cueillez des aujourd’huy les roses de la vie ” and Shakespeare’s “ All golden lads and lasses must, As chimney sweepers, come to dust ”. The later age is more aware of the complications and implications of existence, but the spring-tide of the Renaissance is still flowing high. The literature of the period still reflects the intoxicating sense of freedom that came with the new discoveries and the pushing back of the boundaries in all branches of knowledge, science, geography, literature, art, and the rest. New vistas had been opened up, the vast possibilities of life were suddenly realized. Philosophy and thought became more homocentric. The enthusiasms of the age were sudden,

unpredictable and of a fiery reality. The Reformation came. The Counter-Reformation nearly swept it away.

Now Southwell was a typical product of his age. As regards his life, it is interesting to find his name quoted in a quite different context in illustration of the character of his age: "Enjoyment and discovery—these twin appetites drive the Renaissance men always . . . This scientific zeal it was, for example, which moved Topcliffe, Director of the English Inquisition under Queen Elizabeth, to rack the sweet poet Blessed Robert Southwell with great care thirteen separate times on his private rack, to find out exactly how many inches he could stretch a Jesuit".¹ But Southwell was typical of his age in more than a merely passive sense. His whole life was as adventuresome as that of any Elizabethan "gentleman-adventurer", with the difference that the end was, for him, inevitable.

As regards his poetry, it is enough to compare it with the work both of his greater and of his lesser contemporaries, to realize how typical of the age it is. It has the Renaissance qualities of verve and spontaneity, and the Renaissance effects of exaggeration and extravagance. Moreover, though, naturally, cut off from the literary coteries of his day, he seems to have been familiar with the writings of the best contemporary poets. "St Peter's Complaint" is in the same metre as Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis", while Sir Edward Dyer's "Fancy", a poem on the sorrows of love, is converted by Southwell into, "Master Dyer's Fancy, turned to a sinner's complaint." And, I wonder, was he acquainted with the works of his elder French contemporary, Ronsard? There is certainly one strikingly similar poetical conceit they have in common: Southwell begins his poem "Our Ladie's Salutation", "Spell Eva hacke and Ave shall yowe find", while Ronsard, writing on a different theme, begins:

"Marie, qui voudrait vostre nom retourner
Il trouveroit aimer . . ."

But it is scarcely surprising to find references to the work of contemporary poets, for Southwell mourns that:

"Still finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose;
In paynim toys the sweetest veins are spent;
To Christian works few have their talents lent".

¹ Ronsard by D. B. Wyndham Lewis, p. 24.

His object, like Milton's in the following century, was to rescue the art of poetry from such worldly use, "And because the best course to let them see the error of their ways is to weave a new webbe in their owne loome, I have here laide a few coarse threades together".

How well he succeeded in stimulating his contemporaries to emulate his work we have already seen, and this best form of flattery, imitation, is the most sincere tribute his own age paid to his genius. Otherwise we have few contemporary appreciations of his work. He belonged to none of the log-rolling literary coteries so fashionable at the time, and, moreover, writers would be chary of displaying too ostentatious a knowledge of the proscribed works of a Jesuit who had been executed as a traitor. However, Lord Bacon evidently thought highly of Southwell's prose work, *A Humble Supplication to Queen Elizabeth*, for he recommends it to his brother as being "curiously (i.e. cleverly) written, and worth the writing out for the art", while Ben Johnson is reported by Drummond to have said: "That Southwell was hanged, yett so had he written that piece of his, 'The Burning Babe', he would have been content to destroy many of his".

The question of Southwell's influence on later writers of religious poetry is an interesting one. His poetry must, I think, have exercised a considerable influence on the religious poetry of the next century, especially on that of Herbert and on that of the Convert Crashaw. Southwell is a more consistent poet than Crashaw, but the latter, at his best, reaches a pitch of intensity to which Southwell could never aspire. The Spanish mystical writers, St Teresa and St John of the Cross are more evidently Crashaw's models than the gentler muse of Southwell, yet his influence on the later poet, especially in the matter of style and expression, may be inferred from a comparison of their most characteristic religious poems.

In conclusion we may say that Southwell's place in English letters, if not an exalted one, is secure and permanent. He has not had the fluctuating career of the minor poet who is "discovered" by alternate schools of poetry and allowed to lapse into obscurity by their successors. He has never, since his own day, been a very popular poet, and it is unlikely that he will ever attain the dubious rank of a fashionable poet. Yet his work remains permanent in its freshness of appeal, and, as he would have wished, it has come down to us, not as

an interesting museum piece, as a curiosity to be admired by scholars wandering in the by-paths of literature, but as a living record of poetic and spiritual experience which appeals to all that is universal and permanent in man's nature. In his own words :

"It is the sweetest note that man can sing
When grace in Vertue's key tunes Nature's string".

VAUGHAN LLOYD.

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th 1948, Wednesday. Christmas is irrevocably over. With the third performance of the Opera the festive season has gone, and we now return to our books, long reading, and the usual routine of which it does not behove a diarist to write. But for a chosen few the Beda provided pleasant fare in the evening—an excellent production of Edgar Wallace's thriller *The Terror*.

8th Thursday. Yes, the stage has gone. The stagemen have performed once again their annual miracle in destroying in a couple of hours what took them days to erect. After lunch we were able to gaze once more upon a pre-1948 Common Room.

After supper the news of Stalin's death was reported. Fact or fiction?

Needless to say the news was heard from one of the servants, who heard it from the Madre, who . . .

9th Friday. We read of the death of Fr Malden of the Mill Hill Society. He entertained a party of us in their house in Brixton last summer. May he rest in peace.

10th Saturday. There was snow in the sky but it failed to fall. So we still have the pleasure of looking forward to that ever-elusive *prima nix*.

Listening outside the Common Room of a Saturday evening one would imagine ecclesiastical dancing lessons were in progress, surely an innovation in the College curriculum of which the appropriate Congregation is not likely to approve. "One, two; one, two; one, two . . ." Alas, no. It happens to be no more than the choirmaster trying to instil a little of the theory of plainchant into the choir.

11th Sunday. The Little Sisters of the Poor attracted a goodly crowd. The Rector sang the Mass and presided afterwards at the breakfast—at which far more than the assistenzia assisted!

12th Monday. We arrived back from lectures to find the church in a bewildering state of disruption. But news travels quickly in college life and our liturgical soul knew no bounds on learning that the floor of the sanctuary was to be raised six inches above the level of the nave.

This evening the annual function at S. Andrea and the story of St Gregory and the English slaves. It was quite a change to hear we had been promoted in the celestial choir from *angeli* to *archangeli*!

13th *Tuesday*. The Martyrs' Chapel is in constant use these days while the sanctuary of the church is being changed. After supper the Wiseman Society was treated to a paper entitled "John Donne—a study in contrast".

15th *Thursday*. *Requiem Solemne cantabit . . .* in the Martyrs' Chapel too.

To lunch, Mr Plank, late of the 5th Army, the traffic controller at Ciampino airfield. We are well aware that the Vice-Rector is going to England very soon, but is this really necessary?

17th *Saturday*. The practice of beating time to *arsis* and *thesis* during choir practices goes on apace in preparation for the visit of a genuine Benedictine of the Solesmes School, who is to raise the tone of the choir to celestial heights.

After supper we had our first taste of opera—as sung in the Roman Common Room.

18th *Sunday*. A day of recollection with a conference from the Rector. Back once more in the church we find the atmosphere a little more chill than that of the cosy Martyrs' Chapel.

Our post-prandial perambulations took us to the already popular shrine at Tre Fontane, where Our Lady is said to have appeared last April. A more pretentious party made its way to the Lateran where Fr Dyson deciphered the hieroglyphics of the obelisk to the satisfaction of his English College admirers and budding Egyptologists—but to the chagrin of his foreign disciples, for he would only speak in English for the benefit of the English College.

19th *Monday*. *Disputationes Publicae*. Mr Carson argued very well in the junior faculty at the University.

There was news from Palazzola that a kid has been born to the family goat. In spite of the happy event the House goes into mourning for the departure today of the Vice-Rector for England. We retired, leaving the Senior Student to bid him our fondest farewell, happy landing and safe return.

20th *Tuesday*. *Incipit pars altera primi semestris*—with a heavy downpour of rain, drenching many on their way back from the University, and driving at least one to bed with a touch of 'flu.

In the evening the College supplied at the Gesù, the Beda providing the assistenza. The occasion was a Novena of Atonement for the Conversion and Unity of the world, tonight being dedicated to the Conversion of England. Cardinal Lavitrano officiated.

21st *Wednesday*. Large numbers made a dash from the Gregorian for *Sant' Agnese fuori le mura* for the blessing of the lambs, only to find they were a quarter of an hour late. A few were recompensed by the sight of the lambs being carried to a waiting car to be conveyed immediately to the Holy Father.

22nd *Thursday*. Our walk brought us to Monte Mario, giving us the splendid panoramic view of the City. Our search for the seven hills was not successful for we could only make out three. With billowing cassocks we sped down the far slope to the Milvian Bridge and the Tiber.

A debate "That England is now at the height of her glory", after running for three nights, was concluded. It caused many young hearts to burst forth with peons of praise, carrying the motion with their own convictions.

23rd *Friday*. The arrival of Fr Aldhelm Dean O.S.B., from Quarr. He has come to try and give us a greater understanding of plainchant and improve the standard of singing with an intensive two week course. We wish him every success in his formidable task.

24th *Saturday*. The Choir met for the first time under the direction of Fr Dean. In the evening Common Room, to show we were apt pupils, we reciprocated by proving to him that they were apt material for pantomime songs.

25th *Sunday*. Fr Dean increased his course by addressing the Literary Society on the history of plainchant.

26th *Monday*. An invitation from S. Andrea to see the Italian version of *The Bells of St. Mary* attracted a sufficiently large number as to warrant the postponement of the afternoon choir practice. Nothing daunted, Fr Dean held his class in the evening. We can now speak of Pentachords and Modes without fear of being promoted to the Schola !!

27th *Tuesday*. This must be the seventh day of rain. Fr Dean has brought more than himself to Rome. Two courses in plainchant are being given—an advanced one and an elementary one. Naturally, the Schola chose the former, but our satisfaction knew no bounds when we found some of them also present at the elementary course.

To tea, Fr Tindal-Atkinson, recently returned from Malta.

28th *Wednesday*. All that is left of those painted saints at the end of the Common Room is a shapeless heap upon the floor. So much for plaster saints! By the end of the war they were already beyond repair, but we have still got the stained glass window to remind us that the end of the Common Room was once a chapel.

29th *Thursday*. Our Benedictine pedagogue would not accept the early hour as sufficient excuse for our dropping four tones during the *Dies Irae* of this morning's Requiem. We made up for it tonight by singing the sweetest Salve ever heard on the stairs.

30th *Friday*. The Rector's birthday, in honour of which we were regaled with a *dolce* and an extra *bicchiere* at lunch. Over *caffè e rosolio* afterwards the Senior Student expressed, very succinctly, all we would have liked to say personally.

In the evening we were entertained by the latest psychological thriller in films, *Mine own Executioner*.

31st *Saturday*. Another link with St Mary's Hall was forged with the arrival of the last section of the stage curtain—a link which we hope will last many years. It should, because it is made of good strong black-out material!

FEBRUARY 1st *Sunday*. The singing at High Mass this morning would have done credit to Solesmes itself! Led by Fr Dean, the *Exsurge Domine* was sung with real conviction and although the singing of the Credo compared unfavourably with the rest, nevertheless a week under the baton of the choirmaster from Quarr has already paid ample dividends.

An orchestral concert at the Teatro Argentina, conducted by Mr Malcolm Sargent, drew a large percentage of the House.

2nd *Monday*. *The Purification*. The Rector, accompanied by the Senior Student, went to the Vatican to make the customary offering to the Holy Father. Unfortunately a new ruling allowed only one person in with the Rector.

3rd *Tuesday*. The plaster saints have given place to a sober shade of cream which blends well with the rest of the Common Room. But no more, we hope, will the film man have to shout his orders through a sound-proof door, no more will there be all that bustle and noise that is the usual presage to a film night; for the screen is now a permanent fixture and the famous hole-in-the-wall has been replaced by another. On the far wall there now lies a large square of dazzling white which will serve as a screen for our nights of celluloid entertainment, and on the wall near the door are the markings of a hole for the film machine—markings which must be a reminder to those of a past generation that their ideas were not so bad after all, just a little premature, and that the present generation is merely reaping the fruits of their experience.

The new Senior Student and his Deputy for the coming year were announced today. The Magazine will be the poorer, for the House has claimed its Editor to be its Senior representative and he has, perforce we haste to add, relinquished his post. The Deputy Senior Student better known for his rule of thumb and amazing aptitude for using higher mathematics in the solving of the more straightforward sums of addition, will perhaps be able to use these remarkable qualities in some ingenious way on the bell when his term of office begins. To them both we wish a hearty *prosit*.

4th *Wednesday*. There now seems to be a fairly good supply of private cinemas in Rome at which the clergy may attend. Last month we were invited over by the Rector of S. Andrea. Today we were asked to a showing of Walt Disney's *Pinocchio* at a hall near the Holy Office. The number of English speaking clergy in Rome is astonishing!

Preparations are going ahead already for the Shrove Gita. Terminillo is well to the fore.

5th *Thursday*. A beautiful day, a tram to the Piazza Cavour, another to the Milvian Bridge, a fifteen minute walk and away we are in the country, overlooking the most marvellous scenery; green fields stretching for miles surmounted by a long range of hills beautifully defined against a

clear blue sky, with Gennaro and Terminillo standing well to the fore, the latter completely covered with a huge blanket of snow. And close beside us comes the chirruping of a tit-willow. The tranquillity of it all is captivating. But our paradise is short lived, for within a few minutes we are back on the tram wending its way back to the heart of the metropolis.

This evening was remarkable for the publication in smart booklet form, in true Roman fashion unbound, of all that Fr Dean, the author, has taught us during the last fortnight. We may go flat (no doubt about it), we may lose our voice ("no sound at all"), but this product of Solesmes, nay, of the Ven. English College (*typis Ven. Collegio Anglorum* 1948), will be a constant reminder of all that we once knew. All things considered, it is a handsome piece of work and a credit to those few who worked so manfully to ensure its speedy appearance. It is cheap at 130 lire.

6th Friday. The Common Room becomes more like a cinema every day. After lunch we came upon a pile of debris, bricks and mortar scattered on the floor: the result of two very neat holes, with glass frames, which have just been made above the fireplace for the projection of the film machine. All we need now are the plush seats!

7th Saturday. We have said good-bye to the Gregorian until next Friday, by which time Lent will have been with us for two whole days.

Fr Dean officially rounded off his course with a House choir practice this evening. Happily for us the enclosure of his monastery cannot reclaim him immediately, for even monks are dependant on time and seats on trains. He will be with us for the most of next week.

8th Sunday. Our High Mass this morning was one of Deposition at San Lorenzo at the end of the Forty Hours, at which the Rector sang the Mass and Fr Dean led the choir.

Gita preparations and a film gave us an evening of unusual bustle and hurry. The film was another of those psychological thrillers *Take My Life*—with which we are now becoming familiar. We were not really surprised to see Fr Hulme. He has an almost ubiquitous presence.

9th Monday. The unearthly hour of 4.45 a.m. was the official hour of rising and brought forth a surprising response. Terminillo, Castel Madama, Gennaro, Soracte, Bracciano, Subiaco and the Villa were the places attracting attention today. Terminillo, the subject of conversation and weather bulletins for the past few days was sufficiently popular as to warrant the hiring of a special *torpedone*. All parties returned without mishap, leaving all *gitanti* the richer by a blush to their hitherto wan cheeks.

10th Tuesday. Shrove Tuesday. The strenuous efforts of yesterday were no hindrance to the enjoyment of a lunch which was befittingly increased by a *dolce*.

The evening concert gave us the biggest laugh we have had for many a day. Our Benedictine guest in spite of his Gregorian upbringing gave us a fine rendering of Secular music which left us crying for more, while the final sketch gave us such a mixture of Scotch and Irish that only the compromising English were left in the shade.

1 SKETCH

"THE REHEARSAL"

By Maurice Baring

<i>Mr William Shakespeare</i>	.	.	Mr Rickards
<i>The Producer</i>	.	.	Mr Lane
<i>The Stage Manager</i>	.	.	Mr D'Arcy
<i>Mr Burbage (Macbeth)</i>	.	.	Mr Williams
<i>Mr Hughes (Lady Macbeth)</i>	.	.	Mr Hallett
<i>Mr Kydd (Banquo)</i>	.	.	Mr Kenyon
<i>Mr Foot (Macduff)</i>	.	.	Mr Frost
<i>Mr Thomas (the Doctor)</i>	.	.	Mr Abbott
<i>Mr Lyle (1st witch)</i>	.	.	Mr Price
<i>(2nd witch)</i>	.	.	Mr Inguanetz

Scene : The Globe Theatre, 1606

2 PIANO SOLO

"Invitation to the Waltz" (*Weber*) . . . Mr Kirkham

3 OCTET

"In the Gloaming" . . . Messrs Hamilton, Spillane,
 Murphy-O'Connor P., Hunt,
 Broome, Kenyon, McManus,
 Turnbull

Conducted by Mr Rickards. Accompanied by Mr Kirkham

4 SOLO

- (a) *Le Chanson Hindu (Rimsky-Korsakov)* Dom Aldhelm Dean
 (b) *The English Rose (German)* O.S.B.

5 INTERLUDE

"THE FOURTH ROOM" or "PLUG HALLETT'S NIGHTMARE"

<i>Steward</i>	.	.	Mr Lloyd
<i>Joseph (a butler)</i>	.	.	Mr Boswell
<i>Jean Everard</i>	.	.	Mr Derbyshire
<i>Simpson (a maid)</i>	.	.	Mr P. Keegan
<i>Col. Lanser</i>	.	.	Mr P. J. Moore
<i>Rev. Ebenezer Brown</i>	Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor		
<i>Archbishop</i>	.	.	Mr McHugh
<i>Miss Mullett</i>	.	.	Mr McGuiness

6 MONOLOGUE . . . Mr McConnon

7 PIANO SOLO

Minuet (*Schubert*) . . . Mr Laughton-Mathews

8 OCTET

"Annie Laurie"

9 SKETCH

" RORY AFORESAID "

By John Brandane

MacConnachie (the Court Officer) . Mr Byron

Duncan MacCallum (merchant and farmer)

Mr Balfe

Rory MacColl (shepherd to MacCallum

Mr Calnan

Mr MacIntosh (lawyer) .

Mr Collier

The Sheriff Substitute .

Mr McGuiness

Mrs MacLean (a crofter widow-woman)

Mr Dolan

Time : The Present. Place : The West Highlands.

11th *Wednesday*. *Dies Cinerum*. The perennial reminder was scattered over our newly-shorn tonsures by Fr Grasar.

12th *Thursday*. To lunch Mr Smith of Eagle Lion Films, to whom we are indebted for so much of our entertainment.

The College XI played the Capranica this morning at Gelsomino, and beat them 5—1. This is the second game in the *Campionato Calcistico Gregoriano*, a product of the movement at the University to make for greater social contact among the nations.

The number of casualties after the *Carnevale* has increased to six. Whatever be the causes a charitable conclusion must be drawn since we find the senior student-elect numbered among them.

13th *Friday*. A musical prosit to a third year theologian on his birthday produced a gracious reply in the form of his inimitable and self-taught rendering of "Always". This time he was not ejected!

14th *Saturday*. Many forewent their visit to the lenten station in order to carry fuel from the cellar to the kitchen. A highly commendable and charitable work, but not one lightly to be disregarded when there is a *qualche cosa* at the end of it.

A swan song from Fr Dean as he leaves us tomorrow.

15th *Sunday*. Day of recollection with a conference from Fr Tindal-Atkinson. A surprise extra *bicchieri* at lunch in which to drink Fr Dean's health and wish him a speedy return. The Rector eulogizing the Benedictines above all other Orders (except the Jesuits for whom we have a special friendship) as being most akin to ourselves.

There was another twenty-first celebrated today. We must be getting very old!

16th *Monday*. The life of an editor is not worth twopence these days. The non-arrival of the latest issue of the *VENERABILE* is the cause of it and the air has been polluted with the choice remarks hurled at that unfortunate person. At least its existence has been proved by the display of an advance copy in the glass case near the Common Room.

Avancinus was read tonight with unusual precision and clarity. We thought it might have been due to our recent course in plainchant, which advocates a thorough perusal of the text before singing it. However, later investigations informed us that the Rector was working behind the scenes.

17th *Tuesday*. We woke to a strong *tramontana* blowing and the weather cold. Bishop Challoner died today and was followed by Maisie Ward's "Insurrection versus Resurrection".

The second and last session of the book auction took place today in the Common Room, riotously, in which the auctioneer himself very nearly came under the hammer.

18th *Wednesday*. The *tramontana* continued to blow strongly today, leaving us all shivering in our seats; and the University published the letter for the examinations—T.

The gramophone is giving us splendid service these days, thanks to the kindness of the British Council. Today's attraction—*The Messiah*—drew extra large numbers for which the music room was obviously not intended to cater.

19th *Thursday*. Conscript Michael Keegan returned to the fold today. He has spent the intervening years since 1944 with the R.A.M.C. and has now been relegated to the benches of philosophy.

The Pope descended to St Peter's today to give the absolutions for Cardinal Granito di Belmonte.

To supper Mr French-Mullen of the Beda, who afterwards gave us an extremely interesting and vivid account of his five years spent in a German prison camp. His dry wit did much to make his experience seem more of a joke than it actually was.

20th *Friday*. The Long Expected—I mean the Magazine—has at last arrived. The Editor received the usual amount of chaffing and the same few made the customary show of returning—just to show how pleased they were. It created an atmosphere of pleasure all round.

21st *Saturday*. We bade farewell to one or two minor professors with the metaphorical clap on the back.

22nd *Sunday*. A conference from the Rector before supper. Afterwards the Wiseman gave us a reading from T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." The latter, we are pleased to say, will go on for another evening.

23rd *Monday*. And this evening it was completed. It is the first reading of its kind that we have had in recent years and it has stood the test well. The chorus is something of which we would like to hear more.

24th *Tuesday*. A slight tension pervades the air as the minor examinations draw near.

25th *Wednesday*. Reading was given off at supper to honour the consecration of the Coadjutor-Bishop of Appia, Mgr Murphy.

26th *Thursday*. Mr Dolan said farewell to Rome today. In hospital for the last few days, his health has broken down and Fr Grasar accompanied him home by air to Ireland.

To lunch Fr Illtyd Thomas, English Penitentiary at St Paul's. After lunch two students repaired to the salubrious surroundings of Vicarello to recover their shattered health. After supper Mr Michael Moore read a paper to the Wiseman on the "Acts of Uniformity and Supremacy of 1559".

27th *Friday*. Our daily walk is enlivened these days by the election posters which are appearing all over the City. The Communist posters are for the most part vulgar and in bad taste and bear nothing but anti-Catholic propaganda. The cleverest and most subtle, without a doubt, are the non-party ones produced by the Italian Catholic Action urging everyone to vote. One of the first to appear showed two rabbits huddled close together. The question is asked: *Perchè non votano?* And of course the answer is *Perchè sono due conigli*.

28th *Saturday*. The last of the examinations were concluded today. To lunch came Fr Gerard Culkin of Middlesbrough, studying Church History at Louvain. A telegram from Fr Grasar announces the safe arrival of himself and his charge in "God's other country"!

L'ora legale begins tonight and by some ingenious method we lose only half an hour's sleep.

29th *Sunday*. The legal hour caught Mgr Heard napping this morning and he had to say Mass on the Lady Altar. Perhaps the Rota does not recognize this method of getting one up on nature!

Fr Grasar reappeared looking brighter and better for the short respite from his books.

A hearty *prosit* to Mgr Carroll-Abbing, who has been awarded the golden medal *al merito* for his prodigious work by the Italian *Ministero dell'Igiene*.

MARCH 1st *Monday*, and the first official celebration of St David in the College. Our only Welsh student bore the honours of the day with becoming gravity and the display of the golden emblem, ably supported by two stalwarts, loyal adherents to the Welsh cause through more than dubious connections, sporting extraordinarily large leeks which resembled more a vegetable display than a show of national pride. The Rector sang the High Mass of St David, for which a special indult had been obtained. To the *pranzino* we welcomed the Spiritual Director and the Ripetitore of the Scots College. Solemn Benediction immediately followed coffee and rosolio. The day was concluded by a noisy rendering of the Welsh national anthem.

2nd *Tuesday*. We learned of the death of Brother Cavanagh of the Christian Brothers. May he rest in peace.

3rd *Wednesday*. A small party attended the funeral of Brother Cavanagh at S. Gioachino this morning.

In the evening Fr Tindal-Atkinson, to give us a rest from the lenten discourses, treated us to a panegyric on the pride and glory of his order—St Thomas. The wits' remark is that though it is the Dominicans that praise him it is the Jesuits that use him.

The enthusiasts of the natatory art have cleaned out the tank in preparation for St Gregory's.

4th *Thursday*. An all-out drive in aid of our Indian student resulted in the collection of 13,000 lire—a very generous response which all but completes the collection for the year.

5th *Friday*. The public meeting began and the retiring Senior Student handed over the weights and chains which will bind his successor to his office.

6th *Saturday*. *Disputationes publicae*. The Philosophers were entertained by a very learned discussion on sociology, while the theologians listened to arguments on Revelation, Grace, and the Sacraments.

7th *Sunday*. *Laetare Sunday* and a respite from the public meeting. Assistenza and schola supplied for Pontifical Benediction given by the primatial abbot of St Paul's at the church of Santa Francesca Romana.

In the evening fun and laughter was provided by the film *Io e l'uovo*.

8th *Monday*. Theologians were on the mat today to hear the results of their recent tourneys at the University.

The public meeting continues. It is astonishing how the same man seems to be nominated with persistent regularity and voted for by the same number of votes.

9th *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Frances of Rome*. Invited to supply the assistenza and choir for the Solemn High Mass, we had, perforce, to refuse. Unfortunately bilocation is not one of our natural gifts and the Gregorian is our first love.

This evening was occupied by attending our parish church, San Lorenzo in Damaso, and the Station for today.

10th *Wednesday*. A conference from the Rector in the Martyrs' Chapel. It appears that he is taking alternate weeks with Fr Tindal-Atkinson.

11th *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector was given an informal *bentornato* in the cortile on his arrival back from England. May we say he looks larger than ever? Fr Tindal-Atkinson gave a brilliant talk to the Literary Society on "T. S. Eliot and the Modern Man".

12th *Friday*. *Feast of St Gregory* for which we supplied the usual assistenza at St Gregory's. The High Mass was sung by Abbot Salmon of San Girolamo.

13th *Saturday*. Febo had a glorious time this morning chewing two pairs of swimming *tande*, inadvertently left by the tank after yesterday's primary ablutions. The Vice-Rector has now to keep a special watch on his dog. After supper a very interesting lantern lecture by the Rector on "The formation of the Basilica". It was a talk we had been waiting for a long time and we were not disappointed.

14th *Sunday*. Once again we were plunged into the monthly spiritual stock-taking, enlivened by a conference from Fr Tindal-Atkinson.

Have you ever tried to sneeze and finish up by saying "ippico"? Well, that is what is happening every time we pass a crowd of children. The reference to the black beetle has temporarily gone out and given place to the invidious title taken from the perpetrator of the recent Vatican scandal.

15th *Monday*. The imminent departure of the Rector for England was celebrated today with short reading.

16th *Tuesday*. And, without ceremony, he left Rome by plane this morning while we were busy with our books.

The efforts of the electricians' work for the last few days is now having a resounding effect! New bells have been put up on every corridor, allowing very little scope for the usual excuse.

17th *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Patrick*. Out of deference to a vast multitude, reading was dispensed with. The English College was well represented at St Patrick's in the afternoon for Benediction, given by Cardinal Pizzardo. Afterwards followed the usual *conversazione all'irlandese*.

The evening was given over to a concert in which the sublime was ingeniously made to mingle with the ridiculous. We append the programme.

1 PIANO SOLO

Grande Valse Brillante (*Chopin*) . . . Mr McGuiness

2 QUARTET

(a) "Jeannie with the light brown hair"

(b) "Beautiful Dreamer" . . . Messrs Walsh, Hunt, Hamilton,
O'Hara

3 ITEM

Mr Lowery

4 SONG

"Galway Bay" . . . Mr Murphy-O'Connor, P.

5 TOPICAL SONG

Messrs Monaghan and Molloy

6 SKETCH

An Auxiliary Bishop of Birmingham

Mr P. J. Moore

His Secretary . . .

Mr Gallagher

The Rector . . .

Mr Stewart

The Vice-Rector . . .

Mr McConnon

Spiritual Director . . .

Mr Calnan

Mr Carson . . .

Mr Carson

Scene: The Salone. Time: St Patrick's Day, 1980.

- 7 PIANO SOLO
Impromptu (Schubert) Mr Laughton-Mathews
- 8 SONGS
"Rose of Mooncoin" Mr Buckley
"Off to Philadelphia"
- 9 RECITATIVE AND ARIA FROM THE MESSIAH (Handel)
"The People who walked in darkness" Mr Hamilton
- 10 FINAL SPEECH OF MEPHISTOPHELES FROM "FAUSTUS" Mr P. J. Moore
- 11 ITEM Messrs Boswell and McManus
- 12 LIGHTNING SKETCH
- 13 SKETCH
"RUSSIAN SALAD"
By Philip Johnson
- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| Geoffrey | Mr Abbott |
| Jane | Mr FitzPatrick |
| Bennett | Mr Molloy |
| The Man | Mr Byron |
| Red Ruin | Mr D'Arcy |
| Snitz the Terrible | Mr Monaghan |

18th *Thursday*. A black day for the rugby team, which was defeated by the Australian side from Propaganda 6—5.

Before night prayers we bade farewell to Mr Rickards, returning to England on account of his health.

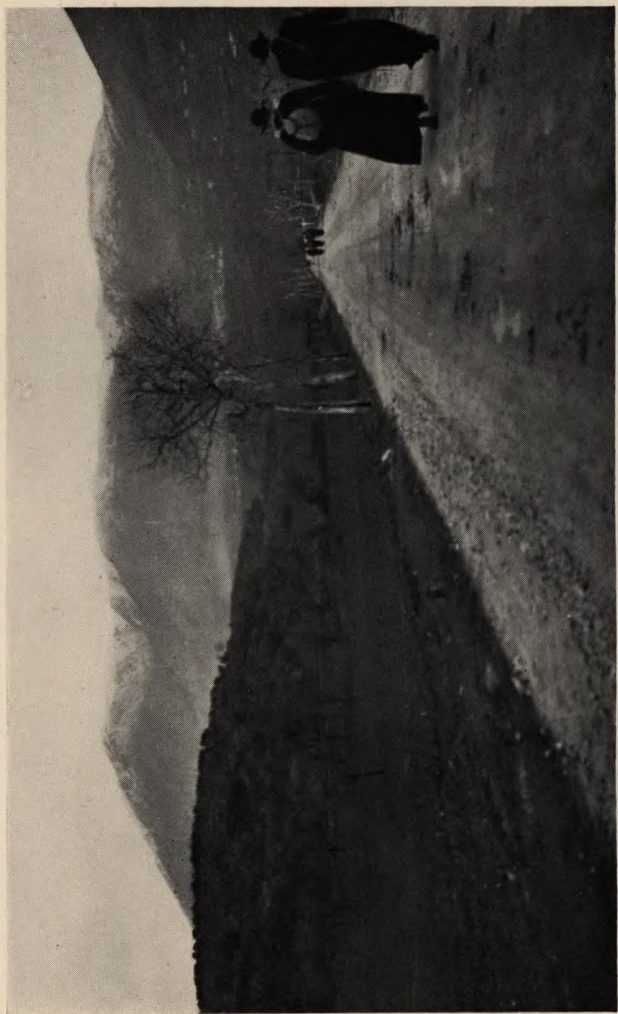
19th *Friday*. *Feast of St Joseph*. An assistenza supplied at Solemn Benediction in the Convent of the Adoration Reparatrice beside the Gregorian. Bishop O'Connor of the American College officiated.

20th *Saturday*. The College continues to head the list in the *Campionato Gregoriano di Calcio* after beating the Carmelites to the tune of 5 goals to 4.

21st *Sunday*. *Palm Sunday*. The seven churches made the customary attraction, only one camerata failing to make the grade, having made the fatal mistake of leaving St Peter's to the last. We entered the retreat at 7.15 p.m. under the guidance of Fr Malcolm C.P. and duly observed the silence until 7.15 a.m. on

24th *Wednesday* when it was concluded by the customary *Te Deum*. We were pleased to welcome Mr Robert Speaight to supper. He is to stay with us for a few days.

25th *Thursday*. *Maundy Thursday*. The Vice-Rector officiated at our own ceremony after which an assistenza was dispatched to the parish church for a similar function. The afternoon again proved popular for the seven churches and for *Tenebrae* at San Girolamo.



26th Friday. *Good Friday*. Rome was, as usual, fervent today. It took us an hour and a half to climb the Scala Santa. Others made the *Processione di Penitenza* at Santa Croce or joined in the liturgical movement for attending *Tenebrae*, while others made a last bid for the seven churches before it was too late. Night prayers were replaced by the blessing of the True Cross.

27th Saturday. *Holy Saturday*. Mgr Heard officiated at the early morning ceremony and his singing of the Alleluia strained the choir to the utmost of its capacity.

To the members of Second Year Theology who received the second minor orders at the Dodici Apostoli we wish *ad maiora*! The afternoon was spent by the priests and their servers in blessing the houses of the vicinity. In the evening Mr Speaight addressed the Literary Society on "Shakespeare and the modern theatre".

28th Sunday. *Easter Sunday*. We began the day with a variation from the usual breakfast—*Alleluia*. The morning brought a truly Roman Easter, an *aurea dies*, and after High Mass, in response to numerous invitations by posters, leaflets and letters we made our way to wish His Holiness a *Buona Pasqua*. In all some 100,000 packed the piazza and crowded the neck of the street; the Vatican Air Force managed to fit in two leaflet raids in the morning.

To lunch Bishop Bouter of Nellore along with his secretary, and Mgr Heard. And then, to round off the perfect day and to start off the perfect week, Pam till supper, and a film afterwards, *Great Expectations*, which did not belie its title.

29th Monday. Only a few hours later (52 arose at 4.20) parties set off for destinations all over Italy, and Sicily too, for that matter. However in the evening a few sun-burnt heroes returned from Gennaro, the Villa country, Bracciano and Tivoli. Reliable reporters testify that one party finished breakfast at 12.45!

30th Tuesday was the morning after.

31st Wednesday. The Vice-Rector very generously decided to compel us all to spend the day at the Villa, so with willing obedience we took to the road. Hot chocolate on the Terrace at 11 a.m. did not blunt our sharp appetites for lunch, and Second Year made the most of this heaven-sent opportunity which placed First Year at their mercy. Reconnaissance was extremely thorough, and the distribution of every stick of furniture was duly noted against the time when the rooms at the Villa are chosen.

APRIL 1st Thursday. And most people seemed to have a festal air. However, by now all are feeling rather tired, and the day is rainy; moreover surplus energy will all be required for the gita tomorrow, to judge by the ambitious projects offered on the notice board. To round off the day, we had another film *The Captive Heart*.

2nd Friday. Our last gita, and the rains came and the winds blew, but that did not prevent our enjoying it, whether the scene was the wind-swept coast at Anzio, Arpoli or Tivoli. In fact even the octet who were

drenched amid mist and hail on Scalambra's heights say they enjoyed it (such people usually do).

3rd *Saturday*. Another day of recuperation, until in the evening we welcomed back the long distance *gitanti* whose repertoires seem to be finite for once.

4th *Sunday*. *Low Sunday*. An anticipated quiet day after our paschal exertions of the past week was rudely shattered by the announcement of the *fiocchi* procession, for which we had to be on the spot immediately after breakfast. This is the first time since 1940 that the College has participated.

The afternoon brought two counter-attractions: a rugby match between an Oxford University team and Rugby Roma and the one and only beatification this year. Consequently there was a clear division between Philistines and Romans *sensu stricto*, and those thoroughly English people who would compromise by attending both. In the evening Bishop Myers arrived.

6th *Tuesday*. Febo received due chastisement from the hands of the owner of an unfortunate pair of swimming *tande*.

7th *Wednesday*. Have you noticed how warm it has been recently? Well, today was not. That is why I remark on it. In the evening we had a conference from Fr. Tindal-Atkinson.

8th *Thursday*. The first game of cricket was played today on a new-found ground opposite St Paul's. The cricket captain finds no embarrassment in transporting the carpets for the wicket although the tram conductor takes exception.

The Social Guild, after supper, discussed "London's Catholic Action Group".

9th *Friday*. A declaration of war could not have affected the College more than did the news that there was no more spaghetti. A cruel blow, and we reflected with regret on the latest topical song which had made so much of what we had thought to be an indispensable commodity. In youthful optimism we think that the shortage will only be temporary.

10th *Saturday*. And so it was. During the afternoon we listened into the famous Hampden roar while Scotland and England played.

11th *Sunday*. The coming marriage of Maria Piacentini at Palazzola was celebrated with a wedding bun.

13th *Tuesday*. Rome is unusually quiet these days. The election campaigns have provoked nothing more than a trivial incident here and there, while the unconfirmed rumour of a couple of *dies non* still remains unconfirmed.

14th *Wednesday*. *Solemnity of St Joseph*. High Mass, and the flowers before the statue of St Joseph on the top corridor, gave the day a festive air. To lunch came Abbot Langdon. We also celebrated the award of the George Cross to Malta and the Vice-Rector read out a letter received from the Lieutenant-Governor of Malta.

The tank, green through lack of use, has again been drained and cleaned.

15th *Thursday*. "Due Ciampino 16.05"; and at supper it was a happy and healthy-looking figure that took its accustomed place at the head of the table.

16th *Friday*. Tension grows daily as election day approaches. We still wend our way to the Pilotta as unconcerned as ever, with nothing but an occasional "a-t-C-ippico" ringing in our ears. But there is a difference in the university as our Italian counterparts are enjoying the more salubrious air of their home towns, voting and doing their apostolic share in combating the red menace.

17th *Saturday*. The political posters are changing at every turn we make. No sooner is one up than another takes its place, in spite of the party agreement that each poster shall be given at least twelve hours immunity. There is still no disturbance and everything is being conducted in a most orderly fashion.

18th *Sunday*. Polling day, and it has been the quietest day Rome has ever known.

19th *Monday*. The death of Fr Francis Mueller S.J. was announced this morning. He has been a lecturer at the Gregorian for twenty years. The professors paid tributes to him before their lectures. *Requiescat in pace*.

The air of expectancy over the elections is now at its height. On our way to the university we learned that 67% of the nation had voted; on our way back the number had risen to 87%, and in the evening the final total of 90% had been reached.

20th *Tuesday*. The tendency to form crowds has already returned and the piazzas are full of people listening anxiously to the public broadcasts of the election results.

Although we have not referred to Bishop Myers since his arrival in the College, he has made himself part and parcel of our life. He will be missed the more because of that, for he left us quietly today.

21st *Wednesday*. There has been no extraordinary jubilation over the election results. Rome has taken it calmly and returned to her normal life. The Piazza Colonna has been the principal point of interest and from the balcony there the new Prime Minister spoke this evening, denouncing anti-clericalism. By design or otherwise, we were prevented from being present by a sudden change in the time-table.

22nd *Thursday*. The Rector Magnificus celebrated a Solemn Requiem in S. Ignazio for the repose of the soul of Fr Mueller.

23rd *Friday*. *Feast of St George*. The red rose was much in evidence, and with the Union Jack displayed in the entrance corridor, the College had a really national air.

We were very pleased to welcome fifteen guests to the *pranzone*. The guests included Mr Perowne, Abbot Smith C.R.L., Mgr Heard, Mgr Clapperton, Mgr McDaid, Fr Bolland S.J., Bro. Noonan, Bro. Clancy, the Rector of the Canadian College, and the American Vice-Rector.

A very enjoyable concert, in which Top Year made their final bow, completed the day. The concert was very appropriately dedicated to Fr Grasar, whose approaching departure we are already lamenting.

Erico (Grasar)

Hodie sub condicione et regulis
canone 4444 rebaptizato Georgio
Qui tot scaenalia tanta cum patientia
Caritateque perpessus est
Immo qui toties eis operam propriam
Alacriter contulit

Ut signum nostrae gratitudinis tot annos Collegio
Tam libenter dedicatos

Quales imprimis nuper peractos
Apud Aulam S. Mariae Extra Urbem
Grato animo D.D.

1 TOP YEAR SONG

Ut Angliam petentes
Monemus vos manentes
Ut sitis obsequentes
Superioribus.

2 PIANO SOLO

Polonaise Militaire (*Chopin*)
Nocturne in E Flat (*Chopin*)

Mr McGuinness

3 QUARTET

Deep River . . . Fr Grasar, Messrs Walsh
Rolling down to Rio . . . Hamilton and O'Hara

4 TOPICAL SONG

Messrs Farrow and Rea

5 SKETCH

"WANTED—A COOK"

Isobel . . .	Mr Clark
Bertha . . .	Mr Richards
Lobelia . . .	Mr Lane
Petronilla . . .	Mr Gallagher
Mary . . .	Mr O'Dowd

6 TRIO FOR PIANO, VIOLIN AND 'CELLO

Handel in the Strand (*P. Grainger*) . . . Messrs McGuinness,
March (*Schumann*) . . . Clark and O'Hara

7 TOP YEAR LIGHTNING SKETCH

8 DUET

Fairings . . . Fr Grasar and Mr Walsh
Wee Cooper O'Fife

9 SKETCH

"Q"

By Stephen Leacock

Blight (a Butler)	.	.	Mr Walmsley
Dora	.	.	Mr Derbyshire
Jack Annerly	.	.	Mr Lowery
George Gnouf	.	Mr Murphy-O'Connor, P.	

24th *Saturday*. We had real Mancunian weather while listening in to the broadcast of the Cup Final between Manchester United and Blackpool. Returning from our walk, on the Ponte Sisto, we actually saw a fish caught from the Tiber.

26th *Monday*. The Silver Wedding of the King and Queen. A day for celebration and fittingly marked by a High Mass, *pranzoncino* and a film. After lunch the Rector made a little speech expressing collectively our loyalty. We then sang *ad multos annos* and followed it up by God Save the King.

A young theologian found a new way of keeping cool: he dropped his hat in the Farnese fountain!

27th *Tuesday*. The Debating Club, meeting to discuss the latest bill introduced into Parliament for the abolition of Capital Punishment, found clemency and retributive justice the keynotes of the evening, which carried the debate on to

28th *Wednesday* and the eventual decision to retain it.

29th *Thursday*. The Community Mass was said at six o'clock to allow us time to walk out along the Via Appia for our annual Mass at the Catacomb of San Callisto. In our absence Febo managed to get through another pair of swimming *tande*—a tougher variety this time. Evidently the dog likes a change in his diet occasionally.

To supper Mr L. Davis, who has the rare distinction of residing at the Scots College and taking the Beda course. He gave us a short talk on "Juvenile Delinquency", with which he had much to do before coming to Rome.

30th *Friday*. *Disputationes publicae. Omnes scholae vacant.* But we were not deceived.

MAY 1st *Saturday. Festa del lavoro.* The Campo was deserted on our way to schools—a sure sign of a *festa*.

The elections are now almost forgotten but we get the occasional reminder. The pious beggar on the Ponte Sisto now greets us with the salutation *evviva la Santa Chiesa!* We find it difficult to reply, so blush modestly and raise our hat.

2nd *Sunday*. The gramophone has at last come into its own, and has been installed on the balcony on the top floor, where it is played after supper with the accompaniment of soft lights. It is a pre-war custom, novel to the present generation and consequently drawing large numbers.

3rd Monday. Febo has been up to his tricks again. This time it was a beautiful green bath towel. Feeling against the dog has risen high, but he finds a staunch ally in the Vice-Rector.

4th Tuesday. *Feast of the English Martyrs.* The litanies were sung without a procession lest we be deprived of the Mass of the Martyrs. The Rector sang the Mass and presided at the lunch to which were invited the Guardian of St Isidore's, the Prior of San Clemente, Frs Bolland and Coffey S.J., Fr Lacey, who is the procurator of the American College, and Colonel Dunne of Rhodesian fame, who is now writing books in Rome. A film in the evening *A Matter of Life and Death* or to give it its Italian title *La Scala al Paradiso*.

5th Wednesday. At least we now know our liabilities. The thesis sheets appeared today and the skies sympathized and wept torrents.

6th Thursday. *Ascension Thursday.* An extra choir practice was squeezed in before the High Mass which the Rector sang. The pious beggar on the Ponte Sisto celebrated the occasion by adding *Abbasso i comunisti* to his usual invocation *evviva la Santa Chiesa*.

7th Friday. *Ubi cumque ars ostentatur, veritas abesse videtur.* Not so on the Pincio where the horse lovers are steeped in the wonderful art of equitation.

8th Saturday. The thesis sheet is gradually having its effect. The infirmarians are taking their job so seriously that they have cleaned and painted their little dispensary. Evidently they are expecting a large clientele this season.

11th Tuesday. This evening Mr Keegan delivered an original paper to the Wiseman entitled "My Idea of Music".

12th Wednesday. A display of flags and bunting coloured our path to the Gregorian this morning. It did not take us long to find out that Rome was rejoicing over the election of a new president of the Republic.

13th Thursday. *Feast of St Robert Bellarmine*, Patron of the University. Therefore a *dies non* and High Mass at S. Ignazio.

To lunch we welcomed Frs Sowerby and Peters, who are to stay with us for a few days, having braved the journey by motor cycle. It was not surprising to hear that they very nearly did not get here and barely escaped the prison cell. Show me the *venerabilino* who could resist such a story!

In the afternoon at the invitation of Mr Smith, the director of Eagle-Lion Studios in Rome, the College attended a private showing of the film *Henry V*.

14th Friday. The future subdeacons swell their chests as they see the banns go up on the board.

15th Saturday. A *dies non* and we said farewell to Third Year Theology who have repaired to SS. John and Paul's for a week's retreat.

16th Sunday. *Whit-Sunday.* The *trattorie* were very busy with people listening to the England-Italy soccer match this afternoon. We

could not restrain ourselves from approaching group after group to ask the score. The look of dismay on their faces as they admitted that Italy was losing was comical and gave us a pleasant afternoon.

17th *Monday*. A gita day. Fregene claimed few victims this year.

18th *Tuesday*. An extra half hour this morning made the world smile again.

19th *Wednesday*. The Community Mass was offered for all benefactors to our native Indian Student.

20th *Thursday*. For the first time, so far as we know, the Beda have won the annual cricket match. We suspect that they have given up taking convert clergymen and taken to professional cricket players.

At supper we welcomed Fr T. McCarthy of the Southwark diocese.

21st *Friday*. A day of recollection for Messrs Spillane and O'Dowd who

22nd *Saturday* received minor orders today. *Prosit* to Mr Crissell, who received the Diaconate and to Messrs Alexander, Hamilton, Groarke and Gallagher, who received the Sub-diaconate—all in the church of *San Carlo ai Catinari* at the hands of Archbishop Carinci.

23rd *Sunday*. *Feast of the Blessed Trinity*. To lunch the Cardinal Protector. Being compelled to leave almost immediately afterwards, the Rector welcomed him publicly before the meal, to which His Eminence replied with a short speech, bravely spoken in English. Other guests at the lunch were Mgr Heard and Ryan and Fr Dyson S.J.

24th *Monday*. Empire Day and very apt for the first visit to the College of the British Ambassador to the Quirinal, Sir Victor Mallet. The Rector gave him a warm welcome, expressing the hope that it would be the beginnings of more cordial relations between the College and the Embassy. His Excellency replied by reciprocating the hopes of the Rector and expressed it in concrete form by a general invitation to the College to be present at the Embassy on June 10th, the King's birthday. To lunch we also welcomed Mgr Heard, Fr Tindal-Atkinson and Fr Bolland S.J.

25th *Tuesday*. Assistenza were easily found for First Vespers of the feast at the Chiesa Nuova. The ubiquitous Archbishop Traglia officiated.

26th *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Philip Neri*. Can you guess what a year in Rome is like without a function at the Chiesa Nuova on the feast of St Philip? We missed it this year. It happened this way. Last year we were detailed off to be there at supper time; we were there and nothing happened. Perhaps the preacher had got stuck in the pulpit and could not descend, he certainly did not stop talking. So we returned home, had supper and then went back. This year it was decided to have supper and then go over. During supper a message reached us saying that our presence was required. No sooner had we received and digested this than another arrived to say that our presence was not needed. That

settled us. We left the refectory as discreetly as possible and rushed over to be in at the end. Too late. We had missed the best function in Rome.

27th *Thursday. Corpus Christi.* Two low Masses in the House and then the assistenzas parted, each unto its own church. One supplied the parish church, another crossed the road to St Catherine's and a third to the Church of S. Trinità dei Pellegrini where Mgr Dante, the Papal M.C. officiated. *October Man* was the title of the film in the evening.

28th *Friday.* The College was well represented at a meeting of the Y.C.W. held in the university. Canon Cardijn spoke. After supper the Catholic Social Guild was addressed in the Common Room by Fr Mitchinson, the national chaplain to the Y.C.W. in England, ably supported by Messrs Pat Keegan and Kevin Muir.

29th *Saturday.* We are promised an interesting trip to lands further south as Mr Cherry Apsley Garrard commences to retail once again his experiences in the *Worst Journey in the World*. The book promises to be a refreshing cooler in these days of torrid heat.

30th *Sunday.* The Little Sisters gave us a great welcome for their annual Corpus Christi procession. After the ceremony the inmates were regaled with cigarettes while the College managed on more substantial fare.

In the evening Rome witnessed the public dedication of the Eternal City to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It was a seemingly endless procession that wound its way from the Ara Coeli round by the Argentina and up the Corso to the Gesù to hear Fr Lombardi speak, and we had great difficulty in getting back in time for the next item on the programme.

31st *Monday.* Our only dogmatic post-graduate student Mr Clark, ably defended his thesis today.

JUNE 1st *Tuesday* carrying off a coveted *summa cum laude*. A very big *Prosit*!

2nd *Wednesday. Sant'Eugenio* and the Pope's feast day. Consequently a *dies non*. It is also the *Festa Nazionale della Proclamazione della Repubblica* and the city is gay with flags. The President of Italy took the salute while a hundred salvos were fired from the Janiculum. We know it to be a hundred because a philosopher, who naturally has nothing better to do, worked it out. Fortunately they stopped in time for Fr Grasar to deliver his *Coram* at the University.

3rd *Thursday.* Boiled eggs for breakfast—but they are only for the *licentiandi* who are up for their long written examination this morning.

In the afternoon the first of a series of Bach organ recitals in S. Ignazio attracted a good many.

4th *Friday.* Mr Keith Faulkner of the British Council, was our guest at lunch.

5th *Saturday*. Fifteen minutes silence at 9.30 reminded us that

6th *Sunday* was a day of recollection. We welcomed to dinner Archbishop Godfrey and his secretary, the newly appointed privy chamberlain, Mgr Cashman. Also present at the meal was Mr Piccoli of Thomas Cook Ltd. Archbishop Godfrey will be with us for a week or two.

7th *Monday*. But he might have changed his mind if Febo had got a better grip on his new *greca*. Febo's recent partiality for clerical dress had become a distressing habit and this latest act of aggression against a high-ranking prelate is making even the superiors think that they must do something about it. If we remember our canon law correctly poor old Febo has incurred excommunication reserved *speciali modo* to the Holy See.

Mr Perowne, British Minister to the Holy See, paid a surprise visit at tea time to pay his respects to the Apostolic Delegate.

8th *Tuesday*. The C.S.G. congratulated themselves on another year's work and handed over the responsibilities of organization to the next man in order of enthusiasm. The Cappellar' continues to produce its cacophany after night prayers and we fell asleep with the tune of "Poor Old Joe" ringing in our ears.

9th *Wednesday*. We retired to the Martyrs' Chapel for Meditation and the community Mass.

10th *Thursday*. There was a predominance of clerical dress at the reception in the grounds of the Villa Wolkonski, formerly the home of the Embassy of the Third Reich, but now another outpost of British culture. The occasion was the birthday of the King.

11th *Friday*. Woe to the man who let the water out of the tank last night.

12th *Saturday*. The tank seems to take a fiendish delight in filling as slowly as possible. Mr Arnold Lunn came to lunch.

13th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Alexander and Hamilton on the Diaconate.

Luncheon was in honour of the Apostolic Delegate, and we welcomed to the festive board as guests Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Mgr Ryan and McDaid, and the Vice-Rectors of the Scots and American Colleges.

14th *Monday*. Fr Lo Grasso was given very hearty applause as he finished his last lecture of the year. To Mr Clark we wish a *prosit* and an *ad maiora* on the acquirement of a *summa cum laude* in his doctorate.

15th *Tuesday*. Budding canon lawyers came into their own, meeting Fr Lo Grasso on rather unequal terms. A notice reminds us of the halcyon days ahead, but the House is far too pre-occupied to get much kick out of it, and even the selection of rooms for the Villa arouses little comment. Mr Clark surreptitiously left the House for a long tour on his way home, but not before some peeping Tom saw him transferring his *impedimenta* to the tower.

16th *Wednesday*. The farewell to two more professors, an exhortation and Benediction in S. Ignazio, and the Greg has come to an end for the year 1947-8. No, not quite the end; we still have our Waterloo to face but the inspiration of Palazzola will be our guiding star.

The election of a new president of the Literary Society is another sign of the death of the year. After supper the Rector showed us the enlarged photographs he has had printed as the permanent record of our (if I might be permitted the use of the term) native exile at St Mary's Hall. Very good they are too, and we suspect they will take their place somewhere close to those of the Villa in the corridor outside the Common Room.

19th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to our licentiate in Sacred Scripture. A *summa* too! They are becoming far too common.

A modification in the time table has been granted, a quarter of an hour's recreation in the morning from the time lectures cease until we go to the Villa. A welcome relief and the saving of precious time when it can be ill-spaced.

20th *Sunday*. News of another *summa*, this time in Canon Law, disheartens us. It is too much, and we refuse to hand out any more *prosits*.

21st *Monday*. Today we bade a regretful farewell to Archbishop Godfrey and almost at the same time extended our hand in welcome to Fr S. M. Shaw, the newly appointed director of the Propagation of the Faith in England.

After supper we caught a very brief glimpse of Dr Heenan, who is on a flying visit to Rome. We hope to see him again later.

23rd *Wednesday*. Two of the O.N.D. made a quick get-a-way after distinguishing themselves in their respective faculties. We ourselves are breathing a little more freely now that our Morals are a thing of the past! After supper the Rector presided over the swearing of the anti-modernist oath in the Martyrs' Chapel for the *baccalaureandi*.

24th *Thursday*. The official leave-taking of Fr Grasar. The lunch was a suitable one for the occasion and the number of guests was augmented by the presence of Dr Heenan, Fr A. Hume and Fr Shaw. After the presentation of a set of breviaries (complete with new psalter) and a cheque from the House to Fr Grasar, we sat back and revelled in a medley of speeches among which Dr Heenan graciously made way for Fr Hume, who was definitely making his last official appearance in Rome (of course we would not be in the least surprised if you walked in the door tomorrow, Father). Altogether it was a memorable occasion and the House would not be satisfied until they had seen every visitor on his feet. Fr Grasar took personal leave of all in the Common Room after supper before he caught his midnight train.

25th *Friday*. More blithe spirits left us this morning. To supper Dr Heenan and Commander Jackson. After supper—Stalin, Roosevelt, Fiorelli La Guardia and a whole host of others, all

introduced by Commander Jackson who has personally met most of the world political figures in his work for U.N.O. This session of the Literary Society was ingeniously inaugurated by leading questions from Dr Heenan. Opening question time to the House, Dr Heenan forecast some hard thinking for Commander Jackson—and he was right. A most enjoyable meeting.

26th *Saturday*. The Vice-Rector disappeared with last night's two guests. They have all gone to Foggia to see the stigmatist, Padre Pio.

27th *Sunday*. And we hear the Vice-Rector was impressed. *Miracolo!*

We know the Editor of the *Catholic Times* has a high opinion of the College, but he must surely have had his tongue in his cheek when this question appeared on the children's page:

Q. What is the Sacred College?

A. The Body of Cardinals, a Sacred Book or the English College?

28th *Monday*. Fr Rope introduced a mysterious guest into the Refectory today. Sor Domenico announced him as Fr Febo, but knowing that Febo had never aspired higher than clerical *tande*, we guessed there must be some mistake. We were right. It was Fr Fairbald, a contemporary of Fr Rope.

Before supper the Rector gave an impressive talk on prayer and obedience; no doubt for the benefit of First Year who will find time hanging heavily on their hands now that they have finished their examinations.

29th *Tuesday*. *Feast of SS Peter and Paul*. The Rector and Fr Shaw attended the opening of the *Collegio S. Pietro* on the Janiculum—a house of studies for indigenous clergy.

In spite of the heat, St Peter's and the piazza were filled with surging crowds, which were increased a thousandfold in the evening by the *lavoratori italiani* who arrived for a general audience with the Holy Father.

30th *Wednesday*. Fr Rope left early this morning with two acolytes bound for Salford, while the Rector, finding himself bereft of all company, had to call in a couple of students to help him clear the table.

JULY 1st *Thursday*. The House is wearing a slightly empty look—as if no one cared for it now. No wonder. Packing has begun and already one lorry load has gone to the Villa. We are counting the hours now.

2nd *Friday*. Alas! our agony is to be prolonged. So chaotic have been the examinations this year that ours have been postponed until next Wednesday. It is hard to say whether we should weep or not. After all, another six days is not to be despised. On the other hand, by the time we have packed our goods and chattels this end and unpacked them again at Palazzola there will not be much of the six days left. However, we will have to make the best of it now because we have no choice in the matter anyway. So, in with the books and be done with it.

3rd Saturday. The lorry is waiting. The trunk is lying open ready to receive the last effort our pen is capable of. We feel a little reluctant to say good-bye—after all we have now been talking since the beginning of the year and it seems such a pity that another should have to start now. However, talking and working do not go together, and goodness knows the first three days at the Villa will be busy enough. So, farewell, and may we meet in happier days and a happier place, where the anxiety of examinations and the burden of study are no longer nightmares—Palazzola.

PETER O'DOWD.

PERSONAL

We offer our sincere congratulations and best wishes to our first jubilarian for some time, the REV. A. M. GOUNDRY (1892-7), who celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on 17th July last. Fr Goundry has been parish priest of All Saints, Thropton, since 1929. *Prosit* also to the REV. J. B. FARMER (1919-24), whose silver jubilee occurred in August.

During the year we were pleased to welcome, in Rome, the REV. J. C. HEENAN (1924-31), who paid us a brief visit in June, and earlier, FRs SOWERBY (1938-45) and PETERS (1940-7), who made the journey from England by motor cycle.

At the Villa, we had an incognito visit from Cardinal Pizzardo, the new Bishop of Albano, who had taken a villa for the summer near Rocca di Papa. We also had the pleasure of Mr Perowne's company for a weekend, and of a visit from the British Ambassador, Sir Victor Mallet, and his staff for two very enjoyable games of cricket.

The VERY REV. PROVOST HAZLEHURST (1898-1905) spent a large part of his holidays with us and was fortunately able to stay for the first performance of the Opera. The REV. J. E. HEMPHILL (1919-26) and the REV. J. MITCHELL of the Menevia diocese were present at the second performance and stayed with us for a few days towards the end of the holiday.

Other guests whom we were pleased to welcome to the Villa this summer were: FRs GANNON and McKENNA (both 1934-41), L. HANLON and KEEGAN (1935-42), M. O'LEARY and FALLON (1937-44), FOOKS (1940-4), BUXTON (1938-45) and KILLEEN (1939-46).

Departures were also, unfortunately, in our midst. Towards the end of June we said good-bye to Fr Grasar, who had just completed his doctorate with a *summa*. He has been with us altogether for six years and, though his virtues have already received a well-earned recognition in these pages, we must not let the occasion pass without a word of appreciation for the more personal qualities and services which, despite his many occupations, were ever at the disposal of each and every member

of the House. We wish him *ad multos annos* and every success in his new appointment as Chancellor of the Nottingham diocese and Secretary of the Ecclesiastical Education Commission.

We also wish a hearty *prosit* to Mr A. Clark, who emerged from his Theological studies with the laurels of a *summa* firmly lodged on his brows. We take the opportunity also of welcoming him back to the College as *ripetitore* in Philosophy.

Of the others who left Rome last summer, Mr Anglim has been appointed Private Secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Griffin, while Mr Williams has returned to study Dogma at the Gregorian, and Mr Crissell, to study Canon Law. Mr Scantlebury has been appointed to Woolston, Southampton, where he joins Fr IBBETT (1923-30).

The Rev. A. Hulme has finished his studies in Rome and has returned to take charge of the Northampton diocesan travelling mission. His address is c/o Rev. G. Pritchard, St Ethelreda's, Ely, Cambs.

Other appointments include :

REV. H. MARTINDALE (1933-40) who joins Dr Heenan and Dr Dwyer at the Catholic Missionary Society.

VERY REV. CANON WILSON (1919-26) to St Mary's, Glossop, Derby.

REV. G. RESTIEAUX (1926-33) to Cathedral House, Nottingham, as Administrator.

REV. M. GRACE (1930-4) to Holy Cross, St Helens.

REV. F. GALLAGHER (1931-8) to St Joseph's, Weymouth.

REV. A. BOERS (1933-5) to Our Lady of Lourdes, Plympton, Devon.

REV. L. HANLON (1935-42) to St Joseph's, Salford.

REV. J. PLEDGER (1936-43) to St Augustine's, Tunbridge Wells.

REV. B. HANNON (1937-44) to St Thomas of Canterbury, Grays, Essex.

REV. IAN JONES (1937-44) to Holy Cross, Yelverton, Devon.

REV. W. BUXTON (1938-45) to Thistleton Lodge, Great Eccleston, Preston.

REV. P. KELLY (1938-45) to Our Lady of Lourdes, Harpenden, Herts.

REV. M. SWABY (1939-46) to Tollerton Hall, Tollerton, Notts.

REV. A. CHADWICK (1939-46) to St John's, Norwich.

REV. B. PETERS (1940-7) to St Francis of Assisi, Shefford, Beds.

REV. D. SWAN (1940-7) to St Charles, Ogle Street, London, W.

We were sorry to learn of the death of the RT REV. MGR O'BRIEN England (1903-07), the REV J. FOLEY (1907-14), and the Rev. F. A. COUPE (1905-12). Obituary notices of the late MGR CANON TYNAN and of FR FOLEY and FR COUPE, will be found at the back of the present number.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The members of the staff are :

Editor : Mr Spillane

Secretary : Mr Fonseca

Sub-editor : Mr Hunt

Under-secretary : Mr Philip Moore

Fifth Member : Mr P. Keegan

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges : *The Baeda*, *The Downside Review*, *The Edmundian*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Oscotian*, *The Cottonian*, *Pax*, *The Douai Magazine*, *St Peter's College Magazine*, *The Prior Park Magazine*, *The Pylon*.

THE UNIVERSITY

Two years have passed since our return to Rome, and we are as firmly established at the University as in every branch of the Roman life. The examination results for the past year were very good and seem to prove that the studies done in England were up to the University standard. As the new year begins we find ourselves with increased numbers owing to the advent of a considerable number of "New Men", while the English-speaking students at the Gregorian have been increased by the arrival of some fifty members of the North American College and of many Americans belonging to the various religious orders.

The premiations of this year (the scholastic year begins now on 15th October and ends on 15th June) were marked by the fact that all three British Colleges, the Scots, the Beda, and ourselves, were represented among those receiving prizes. Among the successes of the year we must mention the doctorate gained by Fr Grasar in Canon Law and by Fr Clark in Dogmatic Theology, also four licentiates in the Canon Law faculty.

Though these notes rightly concentrate on the Gregorian University, we must also mention the licentiates in Canon Law obtained at the Apollinare by Fr Coonan and in Scripture at the Biblical Institute by Fr Richards.

There are changes being made gradually in both the Philosophy and the Theology courses at the Gregorian. In the Philosophy faculty, History of Philosophy will in future be studied in the 1st and 2nd years instead of in the 2nd and 3rd, a change which means that those doing a biennial course will have two years of this subject instead of one. In the triennial course, Natural Theology will be included in the 2nd year syllabus, so that the only major subject to be done in the 3rd year will be Ethics. In Theology, it has been decided that in future the thesis sheet will be made more comprehensive by including theses on Ascetical Theology, Oriental Theology and Liturgy.

The University lectures presuppose that repetitions in the major subjects will be given at the various national colleges, but the difficulties in the way of obtaining the services of competent priests from England for this work are almost insuperable. Realizing these difficulties and the sacrifice involved in accepting such a position we extend a very warm welcome to Fr A. Clark D.D. on his return to the College to act as *ripetitore* to the Philosophers. He is satisfying a very real need on the part of the students of advice during the early years of their course.

It may be of interest to past generations to know that Signor Ruggieri, who has been in the Secretary's office at the Gregorian for over twenty-five years, is still dealing with the enquiries of College delegates and of other students at the *sportello*. He is ably assisted by his fellow clerk, who has been at the task for the somewhat shorter period of sixteen years. The present Secretary, Fr Houdon, is very much a newcomer in comparison, for he came here only a year ago from Canada. Despite the duplication and even triplication of forms, the small secretarial staff of five is to be admired for its administrative work in the face of the increasing number of students.

In conclusion we have to report the death during the past year of Fr Mueller S.J., a professor who was known to many generations of English College students. He had been unwell for many years and, though he returned of late to his work at the University, he was not allowed to undertake any but specialized work. May he rest in peace.

MICHAEL D. GROARKE.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society in its present form is largely dependent for its speakers on English visitors to Rome, and deterred, perhaps, by recent currency regulations, there have been but few of these during the past twelve months. Seven meetings of the Society were held, a little below the yearly average number, but talks were of a high standard and interesting in their variety.

We took advantage of the "*ad limina*" visit of His Grace Archbishop McDonald of Edinburgh, who chose the formal title, "The Possibilities

of Land Settlement in the Extension of the Church in Britain", for what was a lively exposition of a "back to the land" movement encouraged by the Scottish hierarchy—the settling in the Highlands of Catholic communities from the towns. His Grace convinced us that this was no wild dream of the enthusiast for things mediaeval, but a practical scheme well calculated to be successful in that part of the country.

It was at a most opportune moment that Mr Barret McGurn, Rome correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, came to speak to us on the subject of Communism in Italy. During the previous week there had been imposed on the country a minor reign of terror, of which we had been quite unaware: that very morning in Rome people had been approached at newspaper kiosks and informed that they must buy *Unità* or *Avanti*. Those of us who follow the news in *The Rome American* had read of strikes in a number of places, but few had realized the scope of Communist activity in Italy nor their strength. It was a gloomy enough scene Mr McGurn described for us, but he insisted always on the facts. With the Society's previous experience of journalist technique in mind, one could not fail to recall the impression of the keenly scientific attitude which the speaker exhibited towards the whole of his work.

Shortly after Christmas time there arrived Dom Aldhelm Dean of Quarr Abbey, who was invited to supplement the course of Gregorian Chant he was then giving to the House by a more general talk on the work and history of Solesmes. We take the opportunity of thanking the Rector for the use of the epidiascope on this and on other occasions during the year.

Our next speaker was Fr Tindal-Atkinson, who addressed the Society on "T.S. Eliot and the Modern Man". All enjoyed the reading of generous selections from Eliot which were used to illustrate how sensitive is the poet to the Oppressiveness of that "time ridden" existence-without-meaning, the lot of "modern man". That only a short time was available for discussion is matter for regret.

We owe our gratitude to Mr Robert Speaight who, visiting Rome on behalf of the British Council, accepted an invitation to address the Society for the third time since 1940. He spoke of the modern attempt to get back to the essentials of the Elizabethan theatre as necessary to the full intelligibility of the Shakespearian play. An interesting conclusion was the comparison of slides taken from photographs of Mr Speaight's own production of *Antony and Cleopatra* at Geneva last year, with others of a recent production of the same play in England.

There were talks also by Mr J. Davis of the Scots College who spoke to us of "Delinquent Boys", and by Mr French-Mullen of the Beda who gave an interesting account of his experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany.

Mr Lane has been elected President for the coming year, with Mr M. Moore as Secretary. To fill this period before the expected harvest of the Holy Year may require keen hunting: we wish them every success.

T. DAKIN.

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

After the strenuous efforts to make a success of the previous session one might have expected, on hearing the Secretary's bell, to see *zimarre* tucked more closely round the neck, and the wearers settle more comfortably in the Common Room arm-chairs and pull more lovingly at the gnarled stems of their battered briars. Fortunately it was our happy experience to see the Common Room almost empty on debating nights last year, sheltering only those who perhaps wanted to talk the whole night and those who did not want to talk at all.

As the new parliamentary system proved itself satisfactory last year, it was decided at the business meeting that it should continue, and its further continuance was fully justified by the results.

The first meeting was held in the Billiards Room at Palazzola, where it was decided that the Press has a baneful influence on the English mind. Back in Rome five debates, of at least two meetings each, took place. In the first debate party loyalties came to the fore and it was only after three enthusiastic meetings that the Opposition had to "accept the status of a benighted bigot" and submit to the proposal "that the present policy of H.M. Government is delaying economic recovery".

Although the morality of human acts are, ethically speaking, treated rather abstractly in the schools, the very practical suggestion "that all types of black market trading is immoral and unbecoming to the cloth" did not carry weight in an interesting and entertaining debate. "That England is now at the height of her glory" was an old theme, which emptied the Common Room for three consecutive nights—proof enough of the success of the debate.

The last debate of the year was topical: "That the death sentence should be abolished". For the purposes of the debate we ignored all that had been decided in Parliament. Legal statisticians, devil's advocates, and meek humanitarians all had their say. However, it was decided to keep the noose.

The report, then, on last year's session has been a reassuring and pleasant task. The two sessions of the Society since its return to Rome have shown its flourishing vitality, and under Mr English as President and Mr McConnon as Secretary, we look forward with confidence to continued success in the coming year.

W. HUNT.

WISEMAN SOCIETY

Of all the Societies the Wiseman suffered most during the exile. Intellectual attractions at St Mary's Hall were limited. The meetings of the Society drew larger numbers and the papers achieved greater popularity than was ever intended by the founders. Members unconsciously adapted themselves to the circumstances and wrote "popular" papers.

At the end of the exile the constitutions of the Society were very imperfectly known and even after our return to Rome the early minute-

books evaded discovery for some considerable time. Now when we can again appreciate the tenor of these constitutions those writing papers for the Society can check a tendency which would have finally resulted in the Wiseman's becoming a second Literary Society. During the past year five papers as demanded by the constitutions were written for the Society. Mr Lloyd's "John Donne—a study in contrasts", was an attempt to explain the contrasts and contradictions in Donne's character and work. In an extremely well written paper the study of Donne's works was masterly, but the writer was less happy in an attempt to explain Donne's change of religion. It is easy to assert that the sincerity of his subsequent sermons and poetry is beyond doubt. Likewise it is beyond doubt that the desertion of his religion by the son of a family which had proved heroic under persecution does not allow of good faith. When reflecting on the incident we cannot avoid the memory and suggestiveness of the fact that other men of his London had in a similar manner changed front and with no small gain.

In the "Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity" Mr M. Moore drew the not very attractive portrait of Cecil as the architect of the protestant establishment and stressed the relatively small part played by Elizabeth. Her lack of interest was his next and not indisputable contention, then a tentative explanation of the apparent indifference of the English people as a whole to the change of religion. Although the paper was full of matter of interest the discussion centred round the assertions about the Queen's personal outlook, many being unwilling to abandon the traditional idea of the wicked and cunning sovereign.

Father Rope followed with "Kenelm Digby". Writing a paper on Digby would seem to suggest that in matters literary and historical Fr Rope does not hold with *virtus cui pretium sibi*, since, sad as it may be, Digby is largely unknown today. For the members of the Society he is otherwise now. The writer in a pleasant style introduced us to the character and his works. We can only regret that the excellent study was too long to admit of subsequent discussion.

When Mr M. Keegan gave us his "View of Music" he provoked one of the most interesting discussions the Society enjoyed this year. Released from the troublesome world of facts, musician and philosopher tried to meet but seemed to agree in the end that it was more pleasant to differ. As we were far from reality the hardest things could be said without ruffling feelings.

Lastly with Mr Talbot we agreed to have a "Glimpse at the Aeneid", but unfortunately the reading of the paper was of necessity postponed. We will doubtless hear more of it in the next report.

It is also worthy of mention that during the year two play readings were sponsored by the Society. In the Christmas Term we had a Shakespearian evening with extracts from five of the plays, and in Lent we read in full Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral".

At the annual business meeting Mr Lloyd was elected Secretary for the coming season.

MICHAEL ENGLISH.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

The object and aim of the C.S.G. during the past year was to study closely the two famous encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*. It was decided that eight meetings should be held during the year, consequently a plan of the encyclicals was drawn up and they were divided into eight parts, each of which was studied once a fortnight.

Thirty-two people joined and they were divided into groups of five, with a leader to each group. Although this was not strictly necessary, it was thought advisable in order to facilitate discussions. Everyone in the Guild wrote a paper once a fortnight on some particular point in the encyclicals and one paper was read and discussed at the meeting. This last idea was adopted owing to the large number of people who heretofore had complained about the study circle system and held that it was of no use except to those who had written a paper.

There was one outside speaker and one speaker from the House during the year. Fr Mitchinson gave us a talk on the Y.C.W., and Mr M. Keegan read a paper entitled "The Conversion of the City of London".

The success of the year can only be judged from the point of view of the individual: one can do no more as President of the Social Guild than encourage and provide opportunity for social study, and the word is study, a point apt to be forgotten. Attention was directed to a study of basic social principles according to the plan already mentioned and, generally speaking, the scheme was a success. It is not, however, the manner or method of planning out a year that counts, but the co-operation of each individual with that method, and in this respect we have been very fortunate as there has seldom been such keen or wide interest in the C.S.G.

The Secretary for the coming year is Mr Derbyshire.

SPORTS

TENNIS

Despite the prophets who despaired of the Villa court, tennis once more returned to Palazzola this year. The condition of the court was, one must admit, serious. Money was lacking, and the racquets and equipment were antiquated. Even the weather was inclement. However, by the end of July we had begun to surmount our obstacles. A distinguished body of workers, brandishing Luigi's implements, made short and vigorous work of the mountainous area which concealed the court. Owing to a lack of dynamite, however, we were unable to build it parallel to the De Cupis wall as pre-arranged. Meanwhile, another party was engaged in erecting a stockade of bracken on the sides, so that soon a usable and highly creditable court emerged.

To bring our schemes to full fruition the members of the Club subscribed a generous sum of money, to which Fr M. O'Leary, a visitor and now an honorary member, joined a large donation. This sum enabled us to buy a new net, new balls, and to repair some of the racquets. On 29th August the court was formally opened by the Rector, and from then

until the end of the Villa season it became an increasingly popular centre of activity.

In Rome we have now splendid opportunities for playing tennis. By kind permission of the Rector of the German College, we have the use of their court adjoining S. Stefano Rotondo. We can play there daily, despite the shortness of walk-time. On Sundays, in addition, we are allowed to use the excellent courts at Gelsomino, the property of the Knights of Columbus. Fortunately no fees are demanded.

Fortune smiles on us, though not with the radiance we desire. The large influx of new men has increased our membership considerably and, of course, our capital. We have accordingly been able to purchase two new racquets, which brings the number of our "good" racquets to a grand total of five. On the other hand, schemes are being evolved for a hard court at the Villa, but in our present circumstances we fail to see how such a project will be accomplished.

In conclusion we take this opportunity of thanking Messrs Alexander and P. Keegan for their spade-work of 1947, which led to this year's success. Likewise we thank all those who helped to construct the present court.

GOLF

Since a set of golf clubs in Rome now costs £85 and the cheapest balls, eight shillings each, we are more than ever dependent on the generosity of past members of the Golf Club. That all who wanted to play golf this year did play speaks highly for the generosity of these benefactors, and we who enjoyed so many happy hours on the Sforza are grateful to them.

The course originally laid out by Mgr Elwes was re-discovered this year, thanks to the excellent memory of Fathers Coonan, Fallon and several other guests of the early summer. Much of it has been restored, but it was not possible to restore it completely because the first hole, running alongside the De Cupis wall, is now under cultivation. However, it may be of interest to former golfers to know that we again played the two short holes up the spurs on the Lake side of the Sforza. These two spurs are still flanked by impenetrable jungle that has lost none of its magical attraction for golf balls. During the war the jungle advanced considerably, and many hours of work were needed to reclaim these two particular holes. In the course of these operations the original tees were discovered, little the worse for their eight years neglect, and were soon put back into commission. "Ellis' Folly" and the "Dancing Floor" are excellent greens once more (they were not used last year), but the other greens are in a dreadful state; the moles seem to have a preference for these spots for their burrowing operations. The art of setting mole traps has unfortunately been forgotten: it is to be hoped that it will soon be rediscovered, for the rapidly increasing mole population is reaching the proportions of a plague.

The Vice-Rector kindly provided us with an English lawn mower to ease the green situation. It will be more in evidence when the march of the jungle has been stemmed, for this year we concentrated our attention

mainly on the fairways, to reduce the number of lost balls. We were partly successful in this, but how permanent the achievement is, remains to be seen.

The big departure amid all this restoration work was the Vice-Rector's opening drive! A visitor, well advanced in years, witnessing the seemingly endless flight of the ball, said he could not remember any precedent for such a spectacular opening of the golfing season.

A rather hurried handicap tournament was held after the long gitas—too late perhaps. In the final Mr Hamilton had to give Mr McConnon a stroke a hole, but the handicap proved too severe, and Mr McConnon won an easy victory.

BADMINTON

With the approach of the *villeggiatura*, a suggestion was put forward in June last that a badminton club be formed to provide facilities for the game during the holiday. Owing, however, to the outlay required to buy equipment, and in view of the uncertainty of finding a piece of ground suitable for a court, it was decided to wait until the College had moved to the Villa before a decision was made one way or the other.

To all who play badminton it was evident that the Sforza was not suitable, because its exposed position gives full scope to the light breezes which so easily take over the shuttlecock from the players. The only possible site was the piece of ground opposite the swimming tank, the scene of the avalanche before the war. A smooth, level court seemed a very remote possibility. However, nothing daunted, permission was obtained to use the ground, a selection of tools was gathered from various quarters (even a genuine crowbar was forthcoming, which was not only difficult to use but also to lift!) and then stripped to the waist, a party of stout souls proceeded to show brute matter that the rational animal still holds his own.

The work took the best part of a month and, besides exercise, afforded a great deal of fun and a sense of achievement, as when people came from their deck chairs in the garden or from their antics in the tank to pull on ropes, press on the crowbar or on a plank, and send another large and stubborn rock rolling down to the land already conquered. Whether Luigi and Alfredo were so keen on the work the rocks provided for them I do not know, but certainly they made an excellent job of splitting them small enough to be of use in making paths and bordering flower-beds.

When the court was complete, a meeting was held and on July 30th, the Badminton Club came into existence. The equipment had been bought with money raised on a long-term loan from some of the prospective members, and so, to repay this and also to maintain the supply of shuttlecocks, an annual subscription of 250 lire was agreed upon.

The court was opened on 1st August by the Vice-Rector, and after a few difficulties, such as the discovery that Italian shuttlecocks are too heavy, things settled down and games were played regularly until the return to Rome. Provided that Luigi does not absent mindedly decide that the court will make an excellent plot for growing beans, the Club will be able to offer facilities for amusement and exercise from the beginning of the *villeggiatura* 1949.

OBITUARY

THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR CANON JOSEPH TYNAN D.D., Ph.D.

The priest, the student, the teacher and friend, the healer of souls, the comfort in affliction, the companion in cloud and sunshine; these, and many more are the titles of many chapters that could be written about Joseph Tynan, one of the Venerabilini, whose life has now closed.

It is a privilege to have known his genesis and his progress from early youth, through academic years to the rostrum of school and seminary and to have watched him pass through the harvest fields of mission and parish, "sowing in tears and reaping in joy".

He was born at Bayswater in the year 1875. His early education was received at St Edmund's College, Ware, whence he graduated B.A. of the London University. Passing on to Rome he entered the English College in 1896 where he was ordained in 1902 and left for England in 1903 equipped with a double laureat.

First as schoolmaster and later as lecturer he laboured most efficiently for fifteen years, having risen to the position of Headmaster. Many priests who were once his pupils give testimony to his scholarly teaching.

In the year 1918 he was appointed to the parish of Kingsland, some years later to the much larger parish of Shepherd's Bush, and from there to Islington. While in this parish in 1927 he was made a Canon of the Westminster Chapter by Cardinal Bourne. In 1938 he was promoted to succeed the holy and much beloved Bishop Butt in Spanish Place. His virtues and talents merited him the confidence of hundreds of the clergy since they voted him Chief Administrator of the Sick Clergy Fund. His administrative abilities and his tact and sympathy for his fellow priests won for him golden opinions. In 1938 the Holy See gave him the crowning mark of esteem by raising him to the purple and making him a Domestic Prelate.

His bonhomie made him often the life and soul of a party. He possessed a keen sense of humour and he was an excellent raconteur. He also had a fine voice and could sing a song with feeling. Many are the priests who heard his "Drake" and can remember his sympathetic rendering.

For a great number of years he had been a martyr to arthritis. Notwithstanding the agonies which he suffered, he never flagged in his work and never complained. His fortitude and patience was a source of edification. An habitual smile told of an abiding peace of soul.

All through the war, in the worst raids, as at all other times, he was unperturbed and his cheerfulness brought courage to many a sick heart. The Presbytery was a home for the distressed and lonely from all the fighting services. They knew where to find a cheerful welcome and a warm-hearted chat and even a meal. His postbox at Christmas time was swollen with letters of greeting and gratitude from men and women of all ranks. His feelings were deep and true for all, but especially for his fellow priests.

Last year the writer met him at the annual meeting and dinner of the Association. He was bright and happy as ever and said how happy he was at Spanish Place, where his curates were the soul of kindness to him. He admitted that his great infirmity rendered him unable to do any Parish work and that his curates did their utmost to spare him. "They won't let me work", he said. He praised them in glowing terms, saying how he loved them and that all his life he had enjoyed the society of priests. He loved the Venerabilini like his own brothers. Over a year ago, after the death of "one of the old brigade" he wrote to the author of this little sketch: "They are gradually dropping away from us".

His loyalty and devotion to the Pope, to Rome and to his Alma Mater were a constant and living inspiration. Characteristic of all English College students of his time was the love and esteem for the dear old Rector, Dr Giles, and he never tired of telling of those many humorous incidents which so endeared him to his students. Alas! how these stories, so often told, have given a completely wrong impression of a truly lovable character! It is much to be regretted that insufficient emphasis has been laid on the reverse side of a golden medal.

His last years were those of a true man of God, who had devoted all his life to his Divine Master and to the service of his fellow men. Prayer of the simplest and most fervent kind, prayer of the little child and of the mature in years combined; this was the evening of his days.

Let us end with a tribute to the late Monsignor Canon Joseph Tynan, spoken by the Rev. Patrick Casey at St James's, Spanish Place, on January 26th, 1948, the Sunday after Monsignor Tynan's death:

"You know it is not easy for a number of men of varying temperaments and ages to live together in peace and harmony, sharing a restricted space, sharing always the same table. But it is a fact that Canon Tynan achieved the almost impossible. Now scattered all over England are priests who at some time or other were his curates; and they are all his friends. Speaking for myself and my colleagues here, I can honestly say that under Canon Tynan, ours has been a happy household, second to none in the whole diocese. It has been my privilege to be constantly with the Canon during these last agonizing weeks. He spent them, as we expected him to, calmly, bravely, and unostentatiously, just as he had lived. He would insist on knowing the truth. There was no question

of holding back from him the full truth, the extreme gravity of his illness. He never flinched. He asked for the Last Sacraments, and his Rosary beads were continually in his hands. When he was no longer able to recite the 'Aves' he would ask that they be recited by anyone who happened to be in the room. I shall always cherish the memory of the evening before he died. He asked me to recite the Rosary and the prayers for the dying. Later I gave him Holy Communion. Afterwards he told me the end was near and he was very glad."

He died on the 22nd January 1948. May he rest in peace.

ST GEORGE KIERAN-HYLAND.

REV. J. FOLEY D.Ph., B.A.

John Foley was born in Formby, Lincs, in the year 1883 of exemplary Catholic parents. He received his early education at the Catholic Institute, Liverpool, and at the ecclesiastical college of St Edward, in Everton, Liverpool—now incorporated in the Upholland Seminary. In 1907 after graduating at the London University he went to the Venerable in Rome to continue his studies. He took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and was ordained priest in 1913. For a short period after his ordination he acted as Vice-Rector to his old college—the Venerable. Returning to England in 1916 he began his pastoral work at St Hugh's, Liverpool. Later he served at St John's, Newton-le-Willows and at the church of the Blessed Sacrament, Walton. From here in 1929 he was appointed to take charge of the newly established parish of St Monica, Bootle, and here he laboured for nineteen years until his death on 14th August last in his sixty-fifth year. During his pastorate at St Monica's he built a fine church and two large modern schools to meet the needs of his flock—6,000 souls.

Dr Foley was a man given to silence rather than to speech. Of a shy and retiring disposition his finest qualities were hidden. His motto might have been the Kempensian—*ama nesciri*. He was unmoved by praise, undemonstrative, with a reserved manner that concealed a strong faith and deep piety. An underlying strength of character showed itself in the regularity of his private devotions from his student days and in the exact fulfilment of his parochial duties. He was slow to make friends; but those who enjoyed his friendship will recall his loyalty to them and that quality of boyish innocence and simplicity with which he relaxed in their company. An enthusiastic "Roman", during thirty years he had hardly missed a meeting of the Roman Association. His memories of the Roman scene of his days were a cherished possession. He delighted in recalling the characters—scholastic and social—whom he knew in a generation now past.

Cuius animae propitiatur Deus.

C. CAMPION.

REV. F. A. COUPE D.D., PH.D., M.A.

In the garden of the Venerable, after lunch, in the centre of a group of students, a tall slim cleric with expressive hands and a smile would be elucidating for the benefit of theologians some abstruse point in Billot's morning lecture, or spinning a yarn of truly Marathon length, or merely informing soccer fans what City did to Everton in some long-forgotten Cup-tie at Goodison Park. Yes, the tall, slim and smiling cleric was Fred Coupe, a fellow of infinite jest, and one in whom there was no guile.

His two intimate friends were Ted O'Rourke, a charming youth from Tees-side with a mathematical brain, a cunning hand at bocce, and a head after Perugino. The other member of these Arcades ambo like one born out of due time, was that erratic genius Hugo Morrissey: the man who wrote better Latin prose than Cicero, talked like a *Manchester Guardian* Editorial, played the violin like Heifetz, and the fool like Touchstone, and could by request out-rant Lloyd George at his Limehouse best. A formidable trio to have at one time under the same roof. The present writer, a mere Benjamin among these brothers, after listening to their conversation, was convinced that when these three were finally dumped with other merchandise at Dover pier, the Conversion of England was under way at long last.

Fred was at his superlative best, sitting with his chosen few in the vine-yard at Monte Porzio, or in some shady nook on the scarred flanks of Tusculum. His left hand held a copy of the *Messagero*, the lurid chiffon of Left. From it he read a "whodunnit" story of murder most foul in the Roman Ghetto. His accent was impeccable, and the toscano held in the right hand weaved a non-stop commentary on the futilities of the carabinieri to apprehend the wanted man. He was a friend of everybody, from Gaboielle who drove a bunch of smelly goats to the Villegianti who gave the natives of the paese a peek at the New Look and What the Well-Dressed Man is Wearing This Season. Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.

His well-deserved popularity followed him to the English Mission. He was friendly to all sorts and conditions of men. Little children loved him. He did not talk down to them. He had no need. At heart, he was as small as the smallest among them. In the Lancashire town where he was a Parish Priest for many years till his death, he was as famous as the traffic lights, Brown Jack, or the Parish Pump. He owed his success to his love of humanity. The Terentian motto was his own, Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto. In a world where smiles and laughter are in ever diminishing supply, Fred will be missed by all who knew him. May he rest in the peace of Christ.

JOHN MILNER EDMONDSON.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Divine Crucible. By Mother Mary St Austin. Pp. 187. (Burns Oates.) 12s. 6d.

It is natural that in the history of Christian thought and spirituality we should find that at different periods different truths are stressed and give the key-note to each phase: and it is, consequently, equally natural that other truths, though by no means forgotten, should suffer a temporary eclipse. Thus, through a large part of the Middle Ages, particularly during the Barbarian invasions and again about the year 1000, when the Second Coming was deemed imminent, the dogmas concerning the last things were continually brought forward and emphasized, whereas nowadays they have fallen somewhat into the background, and, though by no means consigned to oblivion, do not fill so large a part of the framework of Christian Spirituality.

This excellent little book on Purgatory is therefore very welcome, not only because of its own merits, which are many, but also because very little has appeared on this topic in recent English Catholic writing. A book on Purgatory may perhaps be in danger of a rather unenthusiastic reception, since much of the writing we do possess on the subject is of the "horrific" kind, which stresses God the Avenger rather than God the Lover, and consists largely of appeals to the feelings and imagination rather than of reasoning regarding the nature of Purgatory. In *The Divine Crucible* however, Mother St Austin is careful to avoid this, and throughout her closely reasoned and deeply spiritual treatise, lays great stress on the fact that Purgatory, though a place of purgation, is the antechamber of Heaven rather than a modified form of Hell. Illustrating her thesis with a wealth of quotation from the great theologians and mystics, she shows how both the pains and the joys of Purgatory are found in the knowledge of God experienced there. This knowledge she describes by analogy with the mystical experience of God given to some souls in this life. To demonstrate this she considers the Divine Attributes one by one and shows how the soul is purified by the "application" of

these attributes. This is essentially a process which has begun on earth and is continued now by means of this quasi-mystical experience of God, in opposition to Whose Omniperfection they see their own imperfections. Consequently they burn out these imperfections with the fire of their intense love of God, Whom they know they will soon enjoy fully, with a fire that is at once painful and full of joy.

“Oh happy suffering soul! for it is safe,

Consumed, yet quickened by the glance of God.”

The publishers say of the book that it “is a treasury of valuable and apposite quotations”, which at first sight may seem a doubtful recommendation. But fears on this score are groundless, as the book is by no means a string of quotations, but rather a finely integrated and original whole, presenting the cream of Christian thought on Purgatory, informed by the personal mystical experience and theological knowledge of the author.

This is the second edition of this work, which was first published in 1940, and has been considerably revised and also augmented by the addition of various poems by Mother St Austin, themselves worthy of high praise. The book itself is excellently produced, at a quite reasonable price, but it is slightly marred by the way in which all the notes are put in a mass at the end of each chapter. While the aim of avoiding the cluttering up of each page with masses of footnotes is in itself laudable, we would venture to query if this method of putting all the notes and references at the end of each chapter is the best solution. As the notes are in smaller type and are often of considerable length (in one or two cases as long as the chapter they follow) this rather spoils the appearance of the book as a whole. The end of the whole book is surely the place for the longer notes, and the others, which are mere references, would not worry the reader if they were at the bottom of each page.

R. L. STEWART.

A Simple Way of Love. By a Poor Clare. Edited and introduced by Columba Cary-Elwes. (Burns Oates.) 6s.

Reading the title of this book, many of us will no doubt recall the writings of St Teresa of Lisieux. But this is not another popular exposition of her spirituality, even though it is very much in her spirit. Written by the Abbess of a Poor Clare convent this book contains the interpretation of the Franciscan rule for the sisters, a brief summary of the way they can best guide their lives along the Illuminative Way, the practice of the imitation of Christ.

From its very limitations our interest seems to be aroused. Just as in the writings of St Teresa of Avila we have that keen practical sense a touch of humour, a more personal treatment of Ascetical Theology, so we are invited to see the sisters at work, in the house or garden, their attempts in overcoming imperfections, all very English and told with true Anglo-Saxon directness. And it is perhaps here that we find the true value of the book in an appreciation of the judgment of the writer, the clarity with which she brings all the elements so naturally together.

Guided throughout by a sound sense, she notes what methods are best adapted to English qualities of mind. Both in her treatment of the virtue of charity and humility she remarks how the doctrine of seeking to be despised is most dangerous and leads souls to spiritual pride. In this, very unlike the Sulpicians, she does not presuppose or encourage a self-conscious form of spirituality. Rather, to the forgetfulness of self, we must concentrate on our personal relationship with Christ.

Here, indeed, we touch upon the real problem which the writer hopes to solve. The fact of man's fallen nature, perhaps more than ever since the great controversies of the sixteenth century, occupies our mind today. Not even in the religious life are we preserved from the daily conflict between charity and our natural possessive self-love. Modern psychological systems may tempt us to find some new solution in a course of developing our faculties. But our writer summarily dismisses them with the words of St Paul as the wisdom of this world. It is really a revindication of the spirituality of the great medieval schools of St Bernard and St Francis. The sisters are the spouses of Christ; all religious practices are sacrifices, or an expression of our attention to His wishes. Just as by a personal act man fell, so by a personal act, the renunciation of our will to that of Christ's, will our nature be finally perfected. And this is where the Poor Clare refers us to St Teresa of Lisieux. It is not the first time Franciscan and Carmelite spirituality have met. Did not the other St Teresa draw much from the Spanish Franciscan mystic, Fray Francisco de Osuna?

PETER WALMSLEY.

The Pylon. A quarterly missionary magazine published in the interests of the work of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 4s. annually.

As soon as one has read a few pages of *The Pylon* one feels that here is a missionary periodical with a difference. It is often out of a sense of duty rather than for pleasure that we read such literature. We know that we ought to know something about the Missions, but how often it happens that our interest wanes at the sight of pages of statistics. With the *Pylon* we can say with all sincerity that it is not so. The information is there, but it is presented in so attractive a form that once started upon an article, one cannot leave it. It is published in Rome, and this may explain why, although it is already in its tenth year, it remained unknown to the Venerable until we had returned from our exile. Once introduced, however, it quickly became a Common Room favourite, and it is still almost impossible to read it within a week of its arrival.

The cover design is the first thing to catch one's eye. The 1947 numbers had some fine symbolic designs by D.Th. of Prinknash, and the present (1948) numbers have very pleasing pen and ink sketches of places in Rome. Inside, a feast of good articles awaits the reader. Mission news, of course, comes first, but it is mission news with a difference: knowing that seeing is believing, the editors have illustrated this part of the magazine generously with photographs of the Society's work in the

mission fields; and the accompanying text is no less attractive. The begging section, entitled "On Nothing"—"great hearted people will read it with avidity, others need not bother"—makes one instinctively feel in one's pocket; who could resist an appeal, for instance, which comes at the end of five verses on the financial troubles of pengös, escudos, belgas, dollars, zlotys, and drachmas?

Not that the whole magazine consists of mission news and appeals: these are but the compères to the Variety Show with which the editors are determined to give full value for the reader's money. If it were only for Fr Martindale's companion to the Acts of the Apostles, "Letters from their Aunts", or for Augusta L. Francis' refreshing and informative "Aspects of Rome", the magazine would be worth buying. But these vie with articles by Arnold Lunn, Allison Peers, Wyndham Lewis, Clare Booth Luce . . . If we had to single out one article for special mention, we would choose that by Fr Martindale entitled "Et ideo cum Bestiis atque Angelis". It is the story of the scapegoat of the Old Testament. The symbolic aspect is well brought out, and the spirit of the whole story is strongly reminiscent of St Francis. It is Fr Martindale at his most artistic.

Add a supplement for children and an ample book review and you will have some idea of this excellent magazine. To obtain a better idea you must read it yourself. It is a shilling well spent. The London agent is Duckett, 140 Strand, W.C.2.

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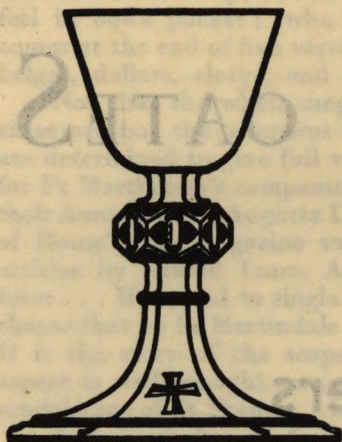
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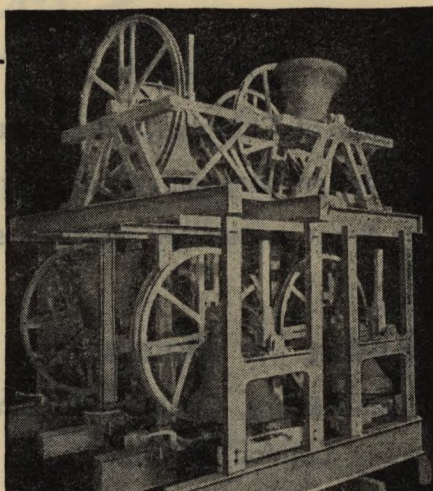
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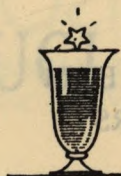
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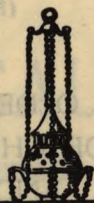
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