### THE

# VENERABILE

AND PRESENT STUDENTS

OF THE VENERABLE

ENGLISH COLLEGE

ROME

November 1950 Vol. XV. No. 1

PRINTED AT
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

# CONTENTS

Editorial	page 1
The Journey Home—Old Style Michael Moore	2
Plain Chant Richard L. Smith	10
Father Vermeersch William Butterfield	14
Romanesque Michael Keegan	21
The Holy Year The Editors	26
Nova et Vetera	
St Mary's Hall	36
Sir Tobie Matthew	37
The English College and the Restoration of the Hierarchy	40
Roman Jesuits and Douai Seculars	45
University Diplomas	47
College Diary James Broome	48
Personal	69
College Notes	72
Obituary	78
Book Reviews	86



THE CHAPEL, ST MARY'S HALL

#### **EDITORIAL**

This is indeed a year of anniversaries. The Universal Church is celebrating a Jubilee Year; the English Hierarchy rejoices in its centenary of renewed existence; and even our own College has its memories, for it was ten years ago that the sojourn at St Mary's Hall commenced. Each of these historic events finds some mention in this number of THE VENERABILE. At the risk of late appearance we have preferred to write of the Holy Year while it is still a living reality, rather than wait until it becomes a part of history: it is true that it has not yet run its full course, but for us the turning point of the year was the return to England of the Second National Pilgrimage, and the climax of the Holy Year itself has been passed with the Definition of the dogma of the Assumption; thus it is unlikely that the remaining months will add greatly to the tale of events to be recorded or modify appreciably our impressions of the year as a whole. A comprehensive account of the Restoration of the English Hierarchy would be beyond the scope, or the resources, of these pages, but since the College, in the person of its Rector, played so considerable a part in the protracted negotiations in Rome which resulted in the Restoration, the occasion would seem to call for a brief survey of the connections the College can claim with this momentous event. We are also including, for the sake of completeness, some comments on the days at St Mary's Hall; it is unfortunate that at present a fuller account of this period cannot be written, but it is still too much a living memory to permit of a detailed and objective treatment, even supposing it were possible. However, we hope that enough has been said of the three anniversaries for us to be able to see in their fortunate coincidence how each event of College history takes its place against the wider background of English Catholicism and of the Church as a whole.

#### THE JOURNEY HOME—OLD STYLE

Robert Persons and Edmund Campion, the first Jesuit missionaries to England, sailed from Calais to Dover in June. 1580, while from another port in France came the future martyrs Ralph Sherwin and Luke Kirby, who had been their travelling companions in the journey from Rome. News of their coming had already been conveyed to the Council, and their position was further compromised by the fact that only a year previously Pope Gregory XIII had embarrassed the Government considerably by sending a small expedition to Ireland in an attempt to rouse the Queen's subjects there to rebellion. James Fitzmaurice, brother to the Earl of Desmond, had landed in Kerry with fifty soldiers, accompanied by the notorious Doctor Sander, who went equipped as papal legate with power to grant plenary indulgences to all who should assist the rebel leader with counsel, favour, supplies, arms or in any other way'.1 Fitzmaurice was killed soon afterwards, but the small garrison left at the port of Smerwick continued to hold out, and although the reinforcements of six hundred troops sent the following year were annihilated by the army of Sir Walter Raleigh, at the time of the Jesuits' arrival in England there was every possibility that the Irish rebellion would be a success. The Government therefore, not choosing to distinguish between the Pope's enterprises in the spiritual and temporal spheres, decided to take vigorous action against the 'Jesuit invasion', and, as Persons records, 'began a sharp persecution against us for that sundry terrible proclamations came out against the Jesuits. All gentlemen and noblemen of name suspected to be Catholics were called to London and committed to custody. Mr Rafe

<sup>1</sup> Brief of 13th May 1580. Cf. Simpson, Edmund Campion, p. 143.

Sherwin was taken after Michelmasse in London ("preaching at Mr Nicholas Riscarock's house"), having layn with me in my chamber by Bridewell the night before, and shortly after that the chamber taken and Mr Briant with it. Ralph Sherwin was thus arrested only four months after his landing in England. He is mentioned as being in the Marshalsea prison on 9th November, and in the Tower a month later, where he remained until he was executed, together with Campion and Briant, on 1st December the following year. Information with regard to his brief period of missionary activity is completely lacking, but we have an account of the eight weeks he spent travelling home, and we can see from Persons' memoirs, and from letters written by other students en route for England, what this journey was like, and what were the dangers and hardships

Ralph Sherwin encountered on the way.

Most of the English colony in Rome gathered at the Ponte Molle to bid God-speed to the small band of priests who left the city, bound for the English mission, on the morning after Low Sunday, 18th April 1580. At the head of the little procession rode Bishop Goldwell together with Doctor Morton, the Penitentiary of St Peter's; while behind, and making the long journey on foot, went four Marian priests from the Hospice; Ralph Sherwin, Luke Kirby and Edward Rishton from the English College; Robert Persons and Edmund Campion, with the laybrother Ralph Emerson; and lastly, two laymen who had been lodging in the Hospice, John Pascal and Thomas Brusco. Thomas Goldwell had been Bishop of St Asaph during the reign of Queen Mary, but after her death he was expelled from his see for refusing the Elizabethan oath of supremacy, and retiring into exile he spent most of the next twenty years in Rome, although he was for a short while suffragan to Cardinal Borromeo, and also attended the Council of Trent as the only representative of the English hierarchy, much to the annoyance of Queen Elizabeth. He was now returning at the Pope's command to serve as ordinary for the whole of England,3 but the journey was too much for an old man nearing his eightieth year, and he arrived at Rheims broken in health and unable to carry on. 'It would be impossible', he wrote to Gregory XIII, 'for me alone to supply the wants of the Catholics, who are more

<sup>1</sup> Memoir I, Catholic Record Society, Vol. II, p. 29.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 27.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Simpson, p. 139, quoting Theiner, Annals, III, p. 700.

by many thousands than I thought, and scattered over the whole kingdom. The most that I can hope to do is to supply for the city of London and some miles round. And therefore, in my ignorance, I cannot but marvel how it is that, after God has given your Holiness grace, as it were, to plant anew and support the Catholic faith in that kingdom, you make so many difficulties about creating three or four titular bishops to preserve and propagate it.'1 The Pope recalled him to Rome, and for the next hundred years, except for a brief spell from 1623 to 1631, there were no bishops to rule the Church in England, and the two factions representing the regular and the secular clergy, instead of concerting their efforts to save England for the Faith, were divided in a bitter rivalry; and thus the cause was lost.

The route taken by the band of missionaries lay along the Via Cassia, through Viterbo and Siena to Florence, and across the Apennines to Bologna. Persons seems to have made all the arrangements for the journey. 'It was thought convenient', he writes, 'that each priest should change his long apparel, both for better travelling afoot, as also not so easily to be discovered in Germany and some other places of Protestants, where priests are little favoured.'2 They had agreed to observe a regular order of the day, and one or two only were charged with the care of providing meals on the way, so that the others might the better attend to their devotions. 'They said the litanies, had their set prayers of meditation in the morning their examen of conscience and other spiritual exercises and conferences in the day to their great comfort and no small encouragement also in the resolution of martyrdom, which they had taken in hand, assuring themselves that they should find nothing but extremity of persecution in England.'3 This first stage of their journey must have been very much in the nature of a pilgrimage for it rained continually the first ten days after they left Rome, and the roads were so bad that they 'oftentimes stuck so fast in the mire in those deep and foul ways that (they were) scarce able to get out again'.4 After a week's rest at Bologna, however, they passed quickly over the hundred and thirty miles of flat road to Milan, stopping at the Jesuit colleges in Modena, Parma and Piacenza on the way.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Simpson, p. 152, quoting Persons, MS. Life of Campion.
<sup>3</sup> Persons, Memoir III, C.R.S. Vol. II, p. 197.
<sup>4</sup> Simpson, p. 153, quoting Persons, MS. Life of Campion.

St Charles Borromeo gave them a warm welcome on their arrival in Milan and insisted on their staying in his own palace where he entertained them hospitably for eight days. The Cardinal always had a soft spot in his heart for the English exiles in Italy. Bishop Goldwell had been his suffragan in 1565, and Owen Lewis was for a short while his Vicar General. His chaplain was William Gifford, and Griffith Roberts, a Welshman. was his ordinary confessor and Canon Theologian in the Chapter. One of the features of the tender entertainment given by St Charles, and one that perhaps would not appeal to us to-day, was the delivering of discourses in Latin after meals were over, and in this Sherwin and Campion, the two convert-scholars from Oxford, 'did excellently well to the great edification of the hearers'. Shortly after their departure from Milan, the Cardinal wrote to the Rector of the English College expressing the pleasure their visit had given him, and the sincerity of his words was proved by the invitation he sent to all English priests who might be returning from Rome to partake of his

hospitality when they passed through Milan.2

The next stage of their journey was across the Lombard plain, through Turin, and over the Mont Cenis pass into France. The way was rough and dangerous, but Sherwin says they started 'full of joy and vigour', and that they crossed the roughest mountain paths 'in great spirits and capital health', and 'making great journies'.3 The descent into Savoy along the banks of the River Arc was soon accomplished, but at St Jean Maurienne they met with the advance guard of a great rabble of Spanish troops who were making their way into Italy. Faced with the impossibility of going forward, since the soldiers not only occupied the roads, but had commandeered all available provisions and accommodation for their own use, the priests were left with the choice of turning to the west towards Lyons, or to the east and Geneva. A recent revolt among the Huguenot peasantry had brought anarchy to the Dauphiné; Geneva was still the hotbed of Calvinism. In these circumstances the older priests hesitated to go on, but the young men, and especially Sherwin, were eager to visit Geneva, and wished to meet the renowned theologian, Theodore Beza, who had such influence among the Puritans in England. They turned their

Persons, Memoir III, C.R.S. Vol. II, p. 197.
 Cf. Letter dated 'l'ultimo di Giugno 1580', preserved in the College.

<sup>3</sup> Letters to Father Agazzari, 10th June 1580, and to Ralph Bickley, 11th June. Quoted by Pollen, The Month, September 1897, p. 255.

steps accordingly towards the east, and reaching the city were taken into custody and brought before the magistrates. 'They all answered briefly being asked by the magistrates what they were, that they were Englishmen and all Catholics and the most of them priests and that they came from Rome and were going to Rheims in France, where they had a college of their nation. The magistrates wondered to see so many Englishmen Catholics and said, Your Queen is of our religion. Whereto they answered that they held themselves not bound to be of the Queen's religion, what religion soever she was of. The magistrate seeing them answer so resolutely and perceiving that the cause of their coming that way was to avoid the Spanish soldiers and to enjoy the ordinary liberty of that city, which is to let all kind of men pass and reside there for two or three days, said that they were content that they should enjoy the same, appointing them for their inn the sign of Geneva; whither they sent them by an officer and willed them to be well used.'1

One would expect them to have passed the time quietly in this centre of militant Calvinism, but the missionary zeal of the young priests was greater than their prudence, for 'presently diverse of them had great desire to visit Theodore Beza the successor of John Calvin in that town and went unto his house F. Persons, Mr Sherwin, Mr Rishton, Mr Luke Kirby and Mr Pascal. F. Campion followed after waiting upon them as a servant by the name of Patrick and clad in old black buckram.'2 They were admitted into Beza's presence and the first few minutes passed in a pleasant exchange of conversation; 'but soon after being asked by them what he thought of some difference in matter of doctrine between the Protestant Calvinists and the Puritans, he went about first to dissemble the matter saying there was no difference. But divers instances of moment being urged, in particular by F. Persons and Mr Sherwin, he began to stagger, and then spake Campion that stood behind, and spake in such sort as made him wonder and perhaps to think that if the servant in buckram spoke so good Latin and so much to the purpose, what might some of the masters be able to do.'3 He thereupon pleaded that he had some letters to answer and politely bowed them out of the room. Ralph Sherwin was not, however, deterred by this rebuff, and next day he went out with one or two others to see the city, and after a short while met with the local schoolmaster and promptly

<sup>1</sup> Persons, Memoir III, C.R.S. Vol. II, p. 197.

began an argument with him. The dispute became very earnest and Sherwin, showing the same impetuous spirit that had distinguished him during the 'stirs' in the early days of the College, had soon challenged all the ministers in the town to a public disputation in matters of religion, and the penalty for the loser was to be burnt at the stake. Robert Persons, for all his love of controversy, was somewhat disturbed at this, and feeling perhaps that it was his duty to see that the young priests were not martyred before they reached England, decided there and then to leave Geneva before there was any chance of further dispute. They departed early the next morning, and the rest of the journey having passed without incident they arrived

at Rheims on the last day of May 1580.

Many of the students returning from Rome were greatly inconvenienced by the fact that had not enough money to pay for their keep on the way. Persons' party had been granted a sum sufficient for the journey by the Pope before they left Rome, and the Rector usually allowed a certain amount towards travelling expenses. Christopher Buxton, who left the College in April, 1584, has given us a graphic account of his own financial position; he has already spent the twenty-five crowns given him by the Rector, and has still a long way to go with very little in his purse. 'Now we are at Rheymes we cannot sell our horse, but he lyeth upon our hands and puttethe us to daylye charges, so that if we continewe a whyle we shall not have muche to bringe us into Englande. Marye! for moneye, I thincke when I parte from Rheymes, I thincke I shall have scarce two crownes in my purse, perhappes you will accuse me of prodigalitye and wante of discretion in so lavyshinge oute of my moneye. Trewlye wytnes to all my felowes I coulde spende no lesse, all thinges are so deare, yea trewlye, especiallye in Fraunce, vitules bothe for horse and man are twyse so deare as theye are wonte to be.'1 The Rector evidently allowed him to pick up some money at Paris in the name of the College, and in his last letter, written from Dieppe before crossing into England, Buxton thanks him for his generosity and concludes: 'althoughe I have bene at greate chardges, yet I thincke I have sufficient moneye to sett me in Englande, and therefore I will not put the Colledge to more chardges than I have done alreadye'.2

Letter to Fr W. Holt, Rector of the English College, Rome, 30th May 1587: C.R.S. Vol. V, p. 145.
 Letter to the same, 12th September 1587: C.R.S. Vol. V, p. 149.

The greatest danger to the lives of the students returning from Rome, and one against which they do not seem to have taken adequate precaution, was that of spies who, in some cases, actually travelled in company with the priests in order to find out the plans they had made for crossing into England. Thomas Cottam, who joined Sherwin at Rheims, was caught in this way by the notorious apostate, Sledd, who rode with him from Lyons for some way, and then, hastening off to Paris, sent a most detailed description of his victim via the English Ambassador to the Privy Council, with the result that Cottam was recognized and arrested on landing at Dover. We have no record of how Sherwin himself fared in crossing the Channel, but we like to think he showed as much initiative as Persons and Campion, who took care to disguise themselves well, Persons posing as a captain returning from Flanders, wearing 'a dress of buff laid with gold lace, and hat and feather suited to the same'.1 'He was dressed up like a soldier', writes Campion, 'such a peacock, such a swaggerer, that a man must needs have very sharp eyes to catch a glimpse of any holiness and modesty shrouded beneath such a garb, such a look, such a strut!'2 The officers at Dover were so taken in by his disguise that they not only let him pass, but lent him a horse for the ride up to Gravesend, and promised to show every attention to his friend Mr Edmund, a jeweller, who would arrive shortly.

The difficult question of how to pass the searchers at the ports was one that each man had to solve for himself, for although six years had passed since the first seminary priests came over from Douay, at the time of Sherwin's landing there was still no organization existing to arrange a safe passage into England. There were spies in all the colleges abroad and among the English colonies in the continental cities, and the student returning from Rome could be certain that the Council not only knew that he was on the way, but also had a very fair description of him for the use of the searchers at the different harbours along the south coast. When George Haddock was examined in the Tower in February, 1584, one of the questions asked him was, how many students there were at Rome. He answered that there were sixty. The officers asked for their names. Haddock says, 'I gave some, and then they shewed me a paper which contained them all'.3 How could the student, left entirely

3 Cf. The examination of G. Haddock, in C.R.S. Vol. V, p. 57.

<sup>1</sup> Foley, Vol. III, p. 19.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Letter to Fr General Everard Mercurian, 17th June 1580: Foley, Vol. III, p. 19.

to his own resources, evade the agents of so efficient a secret service? Exhausted by the long weeks of travelling, his only thought would be to get the rest of the journey over as quickly as possible, and in any case, he would not be able to afford a lengthy stay in France waiting for a suitable ship to depart for England. He must take the first passage that offered, and trust that the providence which had brought him thus far

would see him safely into his own country.

The Catholics in London had made certain preparations for the arrival of the mission from Rome in June, 1580, and Ralph Sherwin probably profited by their help in the same way as Persons and Campion, who were provided with money and new clothes so that they could move about London and into the provinces without arousing the suspicions of Walsingham's agents. They received special assistance from George Gilbert, a gentleman of property in Suffolk, who had been converted to the Faith in his travels abroad, and on his return to England had founded a Catholic association for the purpose of helping priests when they arrived in London. He went into exile shortly afterwards and died in Rome in 1583, leaving the remainder of his wealth for the further advancing of the Catholic cause. One's only regret when reading of these small attempts to organize the Catholic resistance at home is that they were so few in number, and that so many were linked up with political activities in such a way that they often defeated their own end by drawing fresh persecution upon the faithful in England. But it is vain for us who have the knowledge of later centuries to blame the Catholics of Queen Elizabeth's reign for their lack of foresight in endeavouring to restore the Faith by force of arms; we can only mourn the fact that the efforts of so many fine men were swallowed up in disastrous political activities. Had they turned their attention to the problem of how to bring priests into the country and how to keep them safe from the pursuivants, they might have done more to preserve the Faith in England; and moreover, fewer priests would have been arrested, as was Ralph Sherwin, so soon after making the long and wearisome journey from Rome.

MICHAEL MOORE.

# PLAIN CHANT

DEAR MR EDITOR,

You ask me to write on the Schola, on the sophisticated simplicity with which Solemnes has ruined what Pope Pius X. of sainted memory, intended to be the folk song of simple people at their prayers: to write of quilismas and caesuras and the rest of the elaborate apparatus, with which the monks have successfully preserved Gregorian for their exclusive, as well as their exquisite, chanting. Make no mistake about this. The result is lovely; but it represents the victory of a monopoly over what should be the common heritage. No one will blame the monks for contending that perfect taste should be harnessed to the worship of God. But the parochial clergy who adopt the complications of Solemnes are betraying the plainness of the chant, and with the plainness the people. Le meilleur c'est l'enemi du bien. And the Schola is part of that misguided betrayal. The Common Room has all the gregarious sociability of Blackpool during Wakes Week. But when the Schola rises in its place in Church to render a rambling Gradual, those same men have lost the common touch in their search for archæological exactitude. They have joined the ranks of the withdrawn, the scholarly and the refined. Their mental climate is that of some learned Antiquarian Society, assisting in the ruins of a mediæval monastery at High Mass, sung-so suitably-by its titular Abbot.

Not so in our day. There was no Schola, when I came to the College. Our singing was not scholarly; it was hearty. It knew nothing of the paleography which has pointed for all time the Vatican's typical edition. On the other hand, it was not so far removed from life, as exhibited on gitas, round the night fire in the cave below the Villa, or in the smoky hothouse of the Common Room. There was no Schola then, to

take the difficult bits out of our mauling, to reduce us to the ranks of the Ordinary of the Mass. There were no superior people to show us how to sing even this. The whole Mass was ours. The Mass was still a dialogue of priest and people, still a crowd scene, a common action. There was, as yet, no intrusion of the esoteric group, denying our Catholicity by reserving yet more and more of our Mass to themselves. The standard of the performances rose with the advent of the Schola: visitors were enchanted; converts, used to the decorum of Anglican services, felt every ecclesiastical muscle relax delightedly. But heaven wept.

If we were not Solemnes, were we obstinately, heretically Ratisbon? I don't think we were anything—anything recognizable, that is. We were unfettered by any school. We sang Vespers, much as the entire village of Subiaco used to sing Vespers, as best we could. No one was debarred from singing, because he lacked sufficient voice-control to taper away in a luxurious diminuendo. The ends of our verses in the psalms were as defiant as the beaches of Dunkirk, as defiant and as chaotic. We attacked with assurance and we retreated with a bang. Lauds on Christmas morning had all the gaiety of a Bank-holiday family, tumbling into the railway carriage. Our Missa de Angelis reflected the domesticity of an overcrowded home. And when we tackled Number Nine on great feasts, it was redolent of Happy Hampstead. Not Gregorian, you will say with a shudder. No. But decidedly, plain chant.

One curiosity of history: we were strengthened in our habits, even encouraged in our vulgarity-I used the word in its true etymological sense—by a genuine monk of Solemnes, Dom Cottineau. He tried to teach us, and he did not agree with the school which has triumphed in the name of his own Abbey. I say, he tried to teach us, because his English was insufficient to communicate his ideas. But one thing we did learn from him; that the liturgy's hymns were popular songs, and should be sung like popular songs. So we ripped through the 'Te Lucis' in three-four time, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Yet, even in those early days, the purists were coming from the seminaries, and a growing body of folk in the House, trained in a more exacting tradition, were revolting against this light-hearted attitude to the chant. Gradually their view prevailed, and on the passing of Dom Cottineau, we started to sing the hymns with the measured solemnity of the German College in the Gesù. The rounded bass tone of the psalms, the open vowels and the articulated consonants, the relentless evenness of the syllables, these features won us over. Indeed, the most notable conversion of public opinion, achieved by the Germans, was in favour of the diminuendo at the end of each musical phrase. Rather, it should be described as a sudden piano, a very sudden piano, dying away in a whisper. But, bit by bit, we improved. And the full diapason with which the next verse or period began, gave us pleasure inexpressible.

Nevertheless, our musical education was not yet complete. The seminaries continued to send us men with ideas of what the chant should be, and these ideas did not square with the stage which we had reached in our pilgrim's progress. Soon, groups of cognoscenti deserted the Gesù for San Girolamo, and came home raving about the delicacy of the Frenchmen's chant, about the fluidity of its rhythm, about light and air and the easy movement of a tranquil sea. Most of us did not like the Gallic pronunciation of the Latin, but the enthusiasts insisted that this was an accidental defect. The Frenchmen had the substance, whereas the Germans only had stolidity. By this time, I was a mere Superior. So, I cannot chronicle the further temperature of public opinion with any claim to authority. But this was the period when the Schola finally came into its own. To another pen, then, its chronicle.

Although there was no Schola in our beginnings, there was the Orpheus. This was a noble band, gathered ad hoc for concerts. It had no tradition of singing together, but was composed of individuals, whom the Choirmaster selected when he wanted to put a trifle of harmony on the boards. I was first introduced to the company one winter's night, after supper, in the dingy, gothic-decorated room, where the Salone now begins. We were given copies of the 'Soldiers' Chorus' from Faust, and bidden have a belt. I am not a tenor, never was a tenor, and—of course—never will be. But I should never have been admitted to the ranks if they had not been short of tenors. You can gather, from that, what we sounded like. But the concert audience applauded us enthusiastically, pour encourager les autres.

Slowly we took heart of grace, and appeared with increasing frequency at concerts, tackling things more within our range, such as Plantation songs and 'Silent Night'. Then, one day, we transferred operations to Church. While the House boomed through the Mass, Ordinary and Proper, we reserved ourselves

for an aliturgical motet, during the Offertory. Through Ravanello and Mozart's 'Ave Verum' and Purcell in the incense-laden tranquillity of the Church, we advanced to providing harmonized versions of the 'O Salutaris', the 'Tantum Ergo' and the 'Lauda Sion', for out-of-door processions at the Tor di Quinto and the Fiocchi. We came, in time, to provide harmonic relief to all unaccompanied singing. We even perpetrated harmonized versions of the 'Rorate Coeli' and the 'Attende Domine', each verse different and growing more and more chromatic. Every year, at Rocca di Papa, we sang Turner's Mass of Saint John the Baptist, to grace the feast of the Assumption, until the arciparroco asked us pointedly whether he had not heard that music before. And one giddy Easter morn, we climbed into the tribune and burst out into a bowdlerized version of Perosi's Risurrezione. That was our climax and our swan song. The House was still Blackpool-minded in its chant, but it objected to the Winter Gardens in its motets.

The Schola has since worn the mantle of the Orpheus, worn it with a sobriety and restraint very foreign from our panache. Not for them our boisterous rhythm, our unblushing modernities of harmony, our dramatic contrasts of volume. We carried ourselves with an air. But the Solemnes chant is now so deep-grained in your composition that even your harmony is discreet and when you meet strict time, you make it light and fluid. You no longer believe, despite the Bible, in shouting from the house-tops; instead, you coo gently, like Hollywood's celestial choirs when the Film's Star is suffering from uplift.

At the recent Roman meeting, a contemporary of mine, just back from his Holy Year pilgrimage, paid tribute to your chant. He told me that it was a marvellous improvement on our day. My felicitations! I must come out to hear it. I'm sure it will impress me greatly, that in all honesty I shall have to take the Choirmaster aside and tell him it is well nigh perfect. You will know all sorts of things about the chant that we never knew. You will be able to talk about it and demon-

strate it, to our unfeigned admiration.

There is only one thing you will be unable to do. You will never be able to teach it to your congregation. Indeed you will be very clever if you will be able to teach it to your choir.

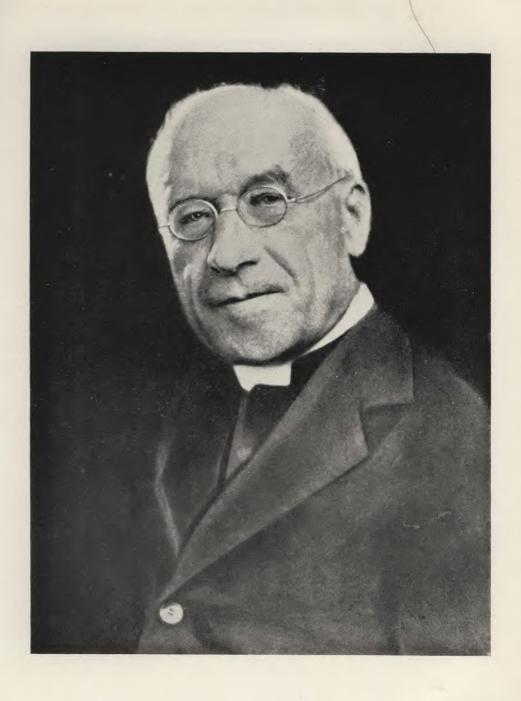
Back-numberedly yours,

RICHARD L. SMITH.

### FATHER VERMEERSCH

Those who studied under Fr Vermeersch can never forget him. In our time he was well past sixty years of age, a little bent with his years, a smallish, round, stocky figure of a man, but agile as a man half his age. You remember how he would never wait at the door of the lecture hall but was on the steps of the rostrum with his books open before we could get in or settle down. We must have said a prayer at some moment or other but I cannot recollect when. Off to a good start, his quick, incisive, crisp voice soon had our attention and from then on there was never a dull moment. Someone once described his much-lined and wrinkled face as the face of one who had seen a lot of life, but any suggestion of a lurid past was dispelled by a pair of the most remarkable eyes, two little, shining points, brilliant, vivacious, humorous mirrors of a lively, penetrating intellect. Never short of a word, never a word wasted, he was complete master of his subject. And how he moved through the text-book, sometimes turning over page after page with a genial cry of 'lectio spiritualis' as his only comment! But then he might spend two whole lectures over half a page. He illustrated his points with all sorts of examples and—to put it mildly-with some of the most extraordinary personal experiences. Were they all true? Or is there a moralist's privilege corresponding to poetic licence? Or was that characteristic twinkle of the eye equivalent to having his fingers crossed?

<sup>1</sup> Le Père Arthur Vermeersch S.J., by Joseph Creusen s.J., Museum Lessianum.



No matter. His strange yarns ('novi aliquem hominem!...') clarified his teaching. They all had their point. Then there was his mimicry. Bodily illustrations, without leaving the box, of the halt and the lame Catholic section of a procession where all the Freemasons were fine upstanding men six feet high. Cross-talk between husband and wife, between two priests with a difficulty to answer, between two teenagers. All in his own queer Latin. He took a childlike pride in his Latin which he seemed to think classical. To us, some of it-and readers of his text-book will bear me out-was merely obscure and most of it hard to read. He prided himself on his power of compression. 'Quid de gula?' he once began in an examination, expecting definitions, divisions, principles etc. 'Est vitanda' replied the student. Then there were the words he coined for things the Romans had never dreamt of, always clever and frequently very humorous. Do you remember the freak of a word he once used for 'honeymoon'? His audience looked blank, so he cheerfully explained 'Ut dicunt angli "the moonshine journey"'. His description of Wigan as a 'civitas comica' was a private joke for the English. He turned to us for appreciation which we gave in full measure. The Frogs and the Frats gazed in astonishment. Where was the joke? Where? You have to know the old Via del Seminar, you have to be shut up with four hundred others in the middle of a Roman heatwave in a room to hold fifty, you have to remember the dull stolidity of the average 'Greg' Prof., you have to know Wigan and George Formby as well as Vermeersch to savour fully the rich refreshment of a remark like that in Aula I. Certainly circumstances helped him. They say that students will laugh at anything in school; in Patrology we often laughed at nothing. But with Vermeersch there was a sort of familiar happy-family spirit of warmth and humour which held us interested and not infrequently enthralled. In that atmosphere he gave us the last word on every moral problem. We were well aware that we were listening to a world authority, to the world authority. Few failed to profit. Perhaps the best proof of Vermeersch's influence and effectiveness as a lecturer and teacher is that we remember or think we remember every word he said. When confronted with a moral problem we either know Vermeersch's answer or at least we know well how the Master himself would have set about solving it. In that sense he gave us not merely learning but a first theological formation.

I came to know him better than most. Through Mgr Hinsley. In my Ph.D., I got what that Arch-Enthusiast called 'a miserable probatus'. 'What's the good of that?' he roared. 'What's going to happen to the College if everybody's going to bring back marks like that? I know. You've been slacking. There's far too much slacking going on in the College and it's got to stop, etc., etc., etc. And why don't some of you go to Father Vermeersch's Academy of Moral Theology?'-I could have told him. It was twice a week in the first hour of the afternoon which was-how shall I put it ?- 'almost' siesta time. But it was useless to try to reason with Mgr Hinsley when in one of his slave-driving moods. I had to go. Vermeersch congratulated the Academy on a record attendance of over two hundred. Turning to me sitting all alone in the English benches he concluded with genial finality 'Even an Englishman has come'. This unexpected notoriety gained me the privilege of being chosen to read a paper. Later Father Vermeersch made me a member of his Special Academy and I was privileged in that and other ways to see much of him. He became and still is one of the heroes of my life.

Why?

The book of his life by his friend Father Creusen goes far to answer that question. A faithful and vivid picture is given of the man, the Professor, the writer, the priest, the religious, the apostle, the saint, that was the Father Vermeersch we knew and loved.

Arthur-Marie-Theodore Vermeersch was born of a well-to-do family at Ertvelde, on 26th August 1858. Educated at the episcopal college of Termonde, at the Jesuit college of 'Saint-Servais' of Liège (Humanities and philosophy) and at Louvain (Law), he entered the Society of Jesus at the age of twenty-one, but not without much hesitation and prayer. He did his novitiate at Tronchiennes, his philosophy at Louvain, teaching at Namur, and finally his Doctorate of Theology and Canon Law in Rome. There he had such men as Wernz, Cornély, Billot, as Professors, while Ferd, Prât, Portalié, Besson, Ojetti, and our own Father Slater were his fellow-students. He did his tertianship under the saintly P. Genis at Tronchiennes. It was there he made the all-embracing private and personal vow of self-abnegation and oblation which was to be the inspiration and sanctification of his life.

Now began over forty years of intense apostolic work in many and varied spheres of activity. At Louvain in the Collegium Maximum from 1892 to 1918 and in Rome at the Gregorian from 1918 to 1934 thousands of priests and religious attended his lectures to their life-long advantage. His work in Moral Theology and Canon Law is truly monumental and his name ranks high among the pioneers of these learned sciences. In addition to his heavy programme of teaching and lecturing, an endless stream of books came from his pen. Year by year, one after another they were published-nearly sixty in all. He founded a magazine—the Periodica—and for years wrote almost the whole of it himself. He became a leader of the Social Movement in Belgium and, either alone or in collaboration. produced a vast field of literature on the subject. In his earlier years he wrote profusely on ascetics—one of his best works being his well-known Meditations on the Blessed Virgin. In all his writing we find a certain originality of thought and doctrine, though always keeping well within the limits of strict orthodoxy, a characteristic personal method of treatment and presentation, and always a scholarly solidity and completeness. But as in the case of most prolific writers, his work is somewhat unequal. His Summa of Moral Theology and his De Castitate are perhaps his masterpieces. Such works are evidently the fruit of profound study and careful, deep thought, first-hand work by a man who knew, and doubtless made use of, existing literature but never merely copied or was slavishly dependent upon it, so that one can never afford to ignore Father Vermeersch on any point he has written upon.

Though a born Professor, he did not confine himself to his room, sit glued to his chair. He was definitely a man of action, a 'live wire'. He believed in getting things done, now, at once. No sooner did he get an idea than he proceeded to put it to the test. That was the spirit he inculcated into the many Conferences, Days or Weeks of Study he attended all the world over. For instance, in my own case he wanted me to do a post-graduate Magisterial Course in Moral Theology. Two years after I had left Rome he wrote to ask why I had not returned to do it. I replied that we had such people as bishops to obey. No matter. 'You must continue to study. Write books. You need the Moral Theology in England.' I feel sure that he must have urged many of his students with like persistance. In 1916 he started a movement in Belgium for closed retreats

for the clergy to last ten days. They were conceived on severe lines of absolute silence, long periods of prayer, meditation, with ample opportunities for mortification and fasting. He gave many of these retreats himself until they were well established.

They continue to this day.

He had an enormous correspondence from all over the world, and was much sought after as a spiritual director. He once acted as Novice Master for a few months and while the novices remembered his own personal sanctity and self-denial, they also remembered his severity and uncompromising insistence on discipline and self-sacrifice in his treatment of themselves. Something of the same spirit characterized his spiritual direction, although he mellowed somewhat in his later years. In directing he did not believe in wasting his own or his penitent's time. He got down to business and asked and expected much. It is said that when asked for direction he would tell the penitent to write out the subject of his daily meditation for the week. If he failed to give this evidence of seriousness for two weeks running he was told to seek another director. There is perhaps some exaggeration here but there is no doubt that he was exacting and desperately practical. But while he insisted on absolute obedience, frankness, sincerity, generosity, he did not impose his own type of spirituality on his penitent but humbly followed the inspiration of grace in each soul. Yet where grace leads, the soul must follow, at whatever sacrifice.

However did he manage to carry out all this work and activity? First of all, we must remember God had given him great natural gifts: a keen intellect, a prodigious memory, an iron, physical constitution. Secondly, he had the privilege and advantage of a most excellent education both at school and at the University, an adequate preparation for the scientific apostolate which was to be his. But thirdly, his achievement was made possible by a more personal contribution: an almost superhuman devotion to sheer hard work continued without cessation through all the long years of his life till his physical powers were completely exhausted. In him were verified the words of the poet:—

'... nil sine magno

Vita labore dedit mortalibus' (Horat., Serm. I, 9). He was obsessed with the idea of never wasting a moment of time. He certainly never willingly did so, and possibly never actually did. 'There is no such thing as a breakdown through overwork' he once said to me—'through worry, yes. But if you have real confidence in God you will never worry and you can work every minute of the day and be all the better for it.' Sounds easy, doesn't it? 'Never refuse work, it will always get done somehow.' Not strictly true, perhaps, but such was the spirit of Father Vermeersch. He was helped by the detachment given by the religious state: he was left free from all material cares and from all administrative responsibilities so that he could devote himself exclusively to his intellectual and apostolic work. And in very truth his whole life was consumed with work and . .

Yes, there was another thing. Father Vermeersch knew that work as such, no matter how important it may seem, is a pure waste of time unless its value be transformed by motive, a good motive, a high, the highest motive. With a burning love of his Master, in the full generosity of his youth, to this end of complete dedication, Father Vermeersch made his solemn vow of self-abnegation and oblation which he strove to live up to through the long years of his manhood and old age till his death. It was a struggle and God alone knows what it cost him. Throughout his biography we find touching little notes of failure and resolution to begin afresh. 'Life is composed of everlastingly beginning again', he writes with wisdom and unconscious self-revelation. He used every means. Long hours of prayer and meditation—he rose every day at 3.30 to make this possible. Many and varied daily devotions and exercises of piety-devotion to the Sacred Heart, to Our Lady, the Rosary, examination of conscience, spiritual reading, the hair shirt, the discipline, the chain, instruments of bodily mortification which he seems to have used regularly all his life with enthusiastic disregard of self. Looking back on the years we knew him, I think we must admit he had the strange indescribable simplicity, naturalness, humility and lovableness that are the signs of true sanctity. No wonder we were edified. No wonder he inspired a change in our lives. We were very near to God when we knew Father Vermeersch: we were in contact with one of his saints.

The last two years of his life were rather sad. In 1934 he had a serious attack of sickness in the middle of a lecture. Thereafter he was never really well again. It was a heavy cross for him to have to give up lecturing. It was the tragedy of a

man who wanted so much to continue but whose powers were worn out. He recognized only that here was beautiful, wonderful material for the exercise of his vow of abnegation and oblation. When he was not too ill, he occupied himself in revising his books. An article he wrote was not passed by the censors. He humbly accepted the decision without complaint. He left Rome to live in Louvain. An ovation of recognition in Rome at which many cardinals and others were to have been present to pay tribute to his life and work was cancelled while he was on his way to receive it. He welcomed such crosses.

On Sunday, the 12th July, he said Mass at his usual hour but retired after breakfast to rest a little. Just after noon the

Brother Infirmarian found him dead.

Father Creusen concludes: 'Plusieurs personnes attestent avoir reçus des grâces très particulières par son intercession et au contact d'un fragment de son cilice. Si certains pensent que son genre de vertu ne se prête pas au procès de canonization aucun des ses collègues ou amis ne doute de l'inéffable accueil que dut recevoir le bon et fidèle serviteur, l'apôtre si généreux du Sacré Coeur de Jésus.'

WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD.

# ROMANESQUE

48.—STEPS

Anyone who has assisted at the blessing of houses on Holy Saturday will agree that stairs are an integral, and one might even say intimate, part of city life. Your true Roman will never live, for preference, on a ground floor; he will devise tortuous ascents into the freedom of the upper air and sit there impregnable, ensconced behind a flight of stairs, which the machinations of science have so far failed to short-circuit with lifts or escalators. It took a Roman architect to see first the real meaning of the proverb per ardua ad astra and make it a matter of permanent policy. The Modern Age and especially the Modern Housewife regard these same stairs as tyrannical masters, rapacious consumers of untold kinetic energy. Laboursaving devices have failed to subdue them; they climb upward, defiant still of modern progress and untamed by mechanized transport. Only once have they admitted defeat, when Suburbia produced its champion to take Goliath unawares, and the edict went forth: Let there be bungalows. Yet stairs are not the tyrants but the servants of the people as they wind, with characteristic humility, up and down the huge warrens of flats, poking their way into all the odd corners where families dwell, but, with never failing delicacy, stopping short at the door, ever conscious that the perfect servant is never familiar.

But stairs are only a part of our subject and the distinction between genus and species might be very well illustrated by a fancy which took my mind day-dreaming near the Capitol. I beheld, poised at the top of the steps of the Ara Coeli, a huge canvas-coloured cylinder. Even as I stood there it began to roll forward, bumping down the steps with ever increasing speed and, in contrast to the proverbial snowball, with ever diminishing proportions, as it trundled towards me leaving in its wake a tremendous gash of colour. It was a carpet, and it rolled its huge length to a full stop with a final and obsequious little flap of sound, as though it wished to insert itself under my very feet. There it stretched, a blaze of glorious gesture to the gates of that ancient church. The incongruity of this fancy points the fact that the more homely concept of 'stairs' which our British minds associate with carpets differs in its connotation from that of the more solid and matter of fact 'steps', for carpets are kept for the interior.

'Steps' is a word rich in significance, for it is an analogatum princeps of considerable proportions. The logician, for instance,

might vent his spleen in an all too familiar form:

Whatever is inanimate is irrational,

But steps are inanimate,

Therefore steps are irrational.

But he would only be indulging himself after the manner of his kind in a *circulus vitiosus* or a mere beginner's *petitio principii*, for the syllogism itself is nothing but two little steps, leading (so we are told) onto the broad platform of truth,

providing, of course, that the steps are sound.

How many times has the training in the rapier-like play of the syllogism taken us to the Gregorian and how many times have we looked with misgiving upon those entrance steps, a pendulous lower lip to that gaping mouth, eager to swallow us up and subject us to a process of intellectual digestion. Or perhaps we look through different eyes and see those steps as a broad and friendly companion-way let down from a queen of the ocean, with captain and crew skilled in every adventurous possibility to be met on the high seas of metaphysical speculation and well able to navigate the shoals and sandbanks, storms and tidal waves, derelicts and ghost-ships, which beset the traffic on this dangerous ocean.

Lectures over, the day pursues its ordered course and so the time comes for the afternoon walk, and what better place than 'Pam'? Now the steps to 'Pam' are undoubtedly the steps in Rome which are calculated to inspire the dullest and the meanest of fellows, by a sheer application of the principle

of the survival of the fittest, to scale Matterhorns of invention and contrive escalators and elevators and such-like. Admittedly we are prepared gradually for the ordeal. A gentle rise to the barracks with, perhaps, a distribution of santini to the flocking children. Then the road steepens sharply and the going begins to tell. We trudge grimly on and, as we near the dreaded ordeal. a plateau opens to our right and there, sitting in the shade, occupying themselves with tranquil industry, is a small oasis of placid humankind, resembling some stately eastern caravan resting here from the climb before resuming its triumphal progress up the steps in scattered, colourful mystery. We cannot rest, however, we must be back for tea. That huge tidal wave of Roman brick surges upon us, towering over our heads. But by some reverse of buoyancy, we come bobbing up at the top. Perhaps, as we enter the gardens of Pamphili and the thudding in our breasts reaches a more normal and rhythmic level, we may decide that we have survived the ordeal. Next day, however, all is forgotten. "Pam" anybody?" 'Yes, I don't mind.' Shall we never learn?

Another favourite afternoon walk is the Pincio and one method of ascent sometimes used is from the Piazza di Spagna, up the one hundred and thirty seven steps, to SS. Trinità dei Monti. These steps are difficult to see as a whole, but a few lire will buy a bird's-eye view on a postcard. I always think of that spread of steps as the scattered ruins of a once beautiful palace. Perhaps one of the Roman gods, amusing himself with building-bricks and growing tired of play, with all the petulant destructiveness of the wayward child swept his marble palace, a cascade of glittering masonry, to lie discarded down the slope of the Pincian hill some ancient time ago. The Roman, unwilling to interfere with the mysterious whim of a god at play, has trimmed and balustraded and built around, but left it undisturbed as holy ground; only the flower stalls dare to encroach a little and children play.

Another immense climb, but one which is well rewarded, is that leading to the dome of St Peter's. There is a circular and sloping ramp, which hardly deserves to be ranked among the giants which we have hitherto mentioned, and this takes us to the level of the roof. There is also a lift; so let us leave the foothills behind in one fell swish upwards to the roof. From here, progress is indicated by the increasing slope of the wall, which crowds us to the apex, where we forget the climb at the

exhilaration of the view. This is always the way with steps, they melt into the background when they have brought us to the desired bella vista, humble, unobtrusive servants that they

are, gently projecting us to higher things.

From the steps of St Peter's the mind immediately turns to the imposing flight that surrounds St Mary Major's and from there to the Scala Santa, where East meets West in a symbolic union. These steps bring back memories of the seething crowds that form an integral part of the pageantry of a Roman Holy Week and, inevitably, call to mind as well the creaking of stiff knee-joints and the scattered trail of cassock buttons that marks a clerical Pilgrim's Progress. They deserve more than the brief mention we can give them here, but we must reluctantly leave them, for there are further sights to see before we have rambled our way to the close of yet another manifestation of the strange diversity and versatility of Romanesque.

We have toured the city, so now let us return to the College. Surely steps which have known every mood and phase of College life deserve some pride of place. The exhausted tread of the student climbing wearily to his room, saturated alike with learning and the summer heats, is an all too familiar experience and excites no sympathy; rather it has the opposite effect: they stiffen their backs, they stand on their toes to sadistic steepness. They have known the gentle ripple of sound as the first flow begins to murmur down for Meditation. As time grows short the waters increase torrentially, and then all is silent-but no, the frantic three-at-a-timer hurtles down in vain endeavour, waking them from the settling of a further snooze. Upon their naked surface, so some say, Napoleon cut his sword to sharpness and they have proudly borne aloft high personages of Church and State. Visitors slip quietly up for aperitif before being exposed to the gaze of the students at the festive board. First Year climb curiously into the unknown. The life which passes up and down the simple spaciousness of the main stairs is varied and colourful. They listen to the 'Salve' nightly, a sacred moment before sleep settles, with a few tosses and turns, upon the beds of the Venerabile.

There are the back stairs where stage properties collect dust the year round. They climb straight into the white ceiling at their summit, and who knows what mysterious depths they sound? There reigns the quiet atmosphere of a faded agelessness. Then there are the steps which climb the clock tower. They are rickety. They are productive of that pit-of-the-stomach feeling. The walls are of a singular smoothness and lack any comforting protuberances which might afford a continued existence, flylike, should the collapse occur. However, they still stand, though always they seem a temporary structure, unlike the equally insecure stone and spiral staircase which reaches its precarious and plodding exploration into the clock tower at the Villa, displaying a classic purity of line in the beautifully calculated curve of its progress.

There are also at the Villa, as everyone knows, steps to the Sforza. First the journey through the solid rock, then the clangour of steel like a ship's ladder, but with a more gentle and cultured angle of ascent. Finally a timber army scattered to the horizon through the trees. But two years ago a bridge-head was established and now the inexorable march of flinty stone in massive shallow tiers is well under way. For the old wooden steps are crumbling before the steps which are being marshalled to the attack and soon will be buried and forgotten. Nemesis is drawing his trouser leg of peperino stone over the old Sforza steps, and we cannot stifle a sense of regret.

So many flights of steps (and imaginings) still clamour for birth, crowding the fences, the frontiers of existence. The mind boggles at the vistas which would open up should we begin to treat of the steps which the Chorus dances in the Opera season. There is the single step which is compensated by the whimsical lowering of the lintel which descends with a simple thwack upon the incautious pate. Inexhaustible are

the number of steps, all climbing out into mystery.

But we must close our ears to their insistent pleading, for a Romanesque is not of its nature a catalogue, but rather an attempt to capture something of the real essence of everyday life contained in the common everyday things which acquire a deeper significance from our continual association with them. We could have started with this idea and we could, alternatively, use it as a fresh opening for other and more lengthy discursions. But we know how welcome is the word satis as it falls from the lips of the examiner to show that the stumbling footsteps have reached their goal, and so, with a like consideration, having reached this new beginning, let us end.

MICHAEL KEEGAN.

## THE HOLY YEAR

Twenty-five years ago, the article which appeared in The VENERABILE on the Holy Year betrayed the anxiety which prevailed at the outset about its success: 'If the Holy Year should be a failure . . . the thought made us hold our breath; for the Bull of Jubilee was nothing if not a challenge to the world that rejoiced over the obsequies of the ages of Faith, when men and women would tramp the path to Rome in search of the Great Pardon'. In 1950 the challenge was equally real, but there was little anxiety about the result. The triumphant success of the most recent Holy Years and the expressed sentiments of Catholics all over the world left no room for doubt, even in the disappointing months of winter when pilgrims were few and far between. From the beginning it was caught up in a blaze of publicity, and radio, screen and television vied with each other in recording its progress. Success, as the twentieth century gives it, was assured before ever a Jubilee Indulgence was gained. The danger this time was that a new and fatal attitude of mind might be engendered by those very facilities which had made such a large scale success possible -a danger that could be summed up in a word, le tourisme, which could make Rome so much more a sightseer's paradise, and therefore so much less a place of pilgrimage. Was this fear realized?

Tempting as it is to rush into an unequivocal answer, before we can convict or acquit the pilgrims of this Holy Year of failing to reach the ideal, we must ask ourselves what is the ideal. 'The pilgrimage should not be undertaken as if it were a pleasure trip', says the Bull *Iubilaeum Maximum*. On the contrary, the bishops and priests are to exhort their people to pray more intensely, and to redouble their works of penance

and charity. Only thus will the intention of the Pope be fulfilled, 'ut hoc Iubilaeum maximum feliciter maturet universalem omnium ad Christum reditum'. The project was ambitious, and the means must be correspondingly generous. But after all, the pilgrims who made their way to Rome were but human beings, and when we are considering whether they reached the ideal or not, we should ask ourselves whether they came as close to it as it is morally possible for so large and so mixed a collection of men to do. But, even so, was the ideal realized?

We cannot really attempt to give a fully satisfactory answer to this question. Perhaps in some ways the viewpoint of a student-guide is not the best from which to obtain a balanced view of the spirit of the pilgrims. One's mind is so often distracted by frantic efforts to remember the name of some obscure martyr whose body has caught a pilgrim's eye, or to escape the attentions of elderly ladies who were here in 1925 and who want to see exactly the same things as they saw then. Again, most students labour under the handicap of appearing for the first time in a cassock and collar among people of their own nation, and the unusual deference with which they are treated may tend to unbalance their verdict. Yet no one else has really the same opportunity to assess the effect of Rome upon the pilgrims, neither the Italians, nor the English priests and instructed layman on the pilgrimage who are thrown far too much off their balance to be able to estimate their own or others' reactions. An English resident in Rome is undoubtedly in the least insecure position to hazard some sort of verdict, as we realized when after a few weeks we felt-perhaps unjustifiably -competent to predict the composition of an average bus load of pilgrims, and wondered if Chaucer had not been at some time a student at Canterbury who was engaged as a guide to some of the pilgrims of the time . . .

Any pilgrimage entailed at the outset the numberless formalities normally associated with bureaucratic administration, but these must be counted inseparable from any kind of journey abroad. The journey was extremely comfortable compared with that of former days, however unpleasant some of the older people may have found a night in the train. Similarly, though one heard occasionally of unfinished and damp hostels where five people had to share rooms and meals were taken almost in the open air, the accommodation was for the most part in excellent hotels, so that the majority of the pilgrims

travelled and lived in as much comfort as they would have enjoyed on an ordinary sightseeing holiday. The full shops and attractive cafés of Rome made an irresistible appeal to people arriving from rationed Britain, and even the shortage of tea, which seems to have been the chief hardship of the travelling Englishman, and more particularly Englishwoman, in former times, has now been remedied in the majority of gelaterie and hotels. In fact it would be quite possible to spend a pleasant five days in Rome doing little more than savouring the rich foods and varying beverages of the city—until, of course, the fifty pounds allowed by a generous government were exhausted. Again, those who were guided by Cook's couriers would notice that the latter were chosen for their knowledge of the pagan sights of the city, both ancient and modern, rather than for any spiritual insight into the meaning of the word Jubilee. They seemed designed to satisfy the taste of people (fortunately rare in Rome this year) similar to one American who was heard asking, in a rather bewildered sort of way, who was this 'Jesus man' people talked about so much. We have not heard of any English pilgrimages that included the Night Tour of Rome, consisting of an eight dollar midnight trip round the various casinos and trattorie of the city, but it provides an example of how a pilgrimage could degenerate into an ordinary holiday differentiated only by the Jubilee visits and Papal Audience. A hostile critic might seem to have some grounds for objecting that the Bull Iubilaeum Maximum, instead of beginning a year of the Great Return and the Great Pardon, had merely enriched the tourist agents and the Roman hotel keepers and provided more people with an opportunity for a cheap holiday abroad. Modern conveniences, he might say, have distracted the pilgrim from the traditional idea of prayer and penance.

In spite of appearances, such a verdict would be grossly untrue. It is easy to decry the enervating results which can be produced by our present day civilization and to pass without a pause lightly but illogically from can to must. It is nearer the truth to say that while the conveniences of modern travel and accommodation made a pilgrimage possible for the elderly and infirm, they were proved to be not at all necessary even to a twentieth century pilgrim by many who had the youth and stamina to enable them to dispense with them. One immediately thinks in this connection of those who walked or

hitch-hiked to Rome, but more numerous, though less spectacular, were pilgrimages such as that of the Boy Scouts, who slept under canvas and were not above eating al fresco in the Piazza of St Peter's. Then there was the Birmingham Youth Pilgrimage which is so good an example of the sort of pilgrimage we have in mind and aroused so much interest in the College besides, that it seems worth while to describe it in some detail. So we will hand over to one of their guides for some impressions of this example of a more Spartan type of pilgrimage:

'Our many friends in other pilgrimages will not take it amiss if we say at the outset that the Birmingham Youth Pilgrimage was one of the most popular of the year with the students. Competition among the volunteer guides at the Villa was surprisingly keen. Surprisingly, because the pilgrimage took place during the hottest part of the summer, the second week of August, and to lessen expenses no buses had been hired

for making the Jubilee visits or for sightseeing.

The Pilgrimage was six hundred and fifty strong and they made an impressive group as they walked in procession through the streets to the basilicas, headed by their indefatigable leader, Bishop Bright, who led the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with such verve on the first visit to St Peter's that he lost his voice. I hardly know what is the appropriate dress for the modern pilgrim, but I am sure the Birmingham Youth were not wearing it, for they were clad in holiday attire, the boys in shorts and open necked shirts and the girls in sunshade hats and gay summer frocks. But no one could mistake them for anything but pilgrims as they passed down the streets saying their rosaries and singing English hymns; and I think that this would have pleased them because they certainly thought of themselves as pilgrims.

The material conditions of the pilgrimage were hard and, one would have thought, unfavourable to high morale. The weather was exceedingly hot, and after walking everywhere in the heat they had poor food and crowded dormitory accommodation in the depths of Trastevere. Nevertheless the spirit of the pilgrimage was very high. Why was this?

In the first place, I think, because all were housed together sharing the same poor conditions as their inspiring leader. Secondly they were together also as smaller sub-units, contingents from different Youth Clubs under their own chaplains. This made them an organic body rather than a mere collection

of individuals, and contributed very largely to the success of the camp fire entertainment each evening in the Cortile of their hostel. And lastly—if we dare say it—the policy of the organisers in leaving all guiding matters to the students was most rewarding. It gave each a real responsibility for his group, not merely for plannning his own sightseeing tour, but for sustaining the morale, as for example when a party, footsore and hungry at the end of the morning, was nearly knocked down by the bus of a more affluent pilgrimage, the guide dilated on the advantages of walking over riding in buses. It was a responsibility discharged supremely well.

In addition to the normal pilgrimage routine Mass was arranged in the Catacombs of St Domitilla (with tea for breakfast afterwards), and a popular excursion was made one day to Assisi. But to the Birmingham Youth belongs the honour and distinction of being the first English pilgrimage to be allowed into the newly excavated Grottos of St Peter's. It was a distinction some of the pilgrims found difficult to enjoy during the later part of the High Mass that was sung down there by Bishop Bright, but to the students it was ample reward for a

week's hard work.'

As our correspondent suggests, the fact that when material luxuries were absent the pilgrimage was no less a success shows that the pilgrims regarded these comforts as being at best a pleasing adjunct to the pilgrimage. There were, of course, professional grumblers in most groups, but on the whole the pilgrims showed a remarkable willingness to suffer hardship uncomplainingly. 'After all, it's a pilgrimage', they would say; and their gratitude for the least little consideration shown to them has been remarked on by everyone who has had a share of the guiding. It was obvious that the people wished to enjoy themselves to the full, but it is no part of Catholic doctrine that a long face denotes holiness, and only a Puritan would wish a pilgrim to be sad. In any case it must be remembered that even those who enjoyed excellent travelling accommodation and comfortable hotels often had to purchase this at the cost of many sacrifices in the months, and even years, preceding. Moreover, the idea that the pilgrims spent most of their time feasting, shopping and sightseeing while in Rome is quite exaggerated. In fact, the Jubilee visits and Papal Audience took up exactly half the five days which were all that the average pilgrimage could afford to stay in Rome. To the ordinary layman the Jubilee visits must have seemed like full scale religious services, for they might last anything up to two hours which were spent almost entirely in praying and hymn singing, and to many people the long period of standing in crowded conditions must have been a serious trial. Besides that, many groups organized some special ceremony, such as the Mass at S. Gregorio which the pilgrims from the Hexham and Newcastle diocese attended on the last day of

the National Pilgrimage.

It is easy to generalize about pilgrimages, and almost as easy to divide them into categories, but it is infinitely more difficult to think of the Holy Year in terms of this pilgrim and that pilgrim. Yet the Holy Year, after all, was made for pilgrims and not pilgrims for the Holy Year and its success can only be measured by the effect it has had on the individuals who have gained the Jubilee Indulgence. Perhaps they experienced little of the recollected prayer for which they looked during the arduous routine of the communal basilica visits, and maybe they were rather disappointed at seeing nothing more inspiring than the backs and heads of the surrounding crowd during the greater part of a Papal Audience or a Canonization. But they can hardly have failed to take away with them a very clear impression of the Catholicity and Universality of the Church. If we may be permitted to fall back on the terminology of the philosopher, we can sum it all up by saying that many a Notional Assent will have been changed this year into a Real one. Once one has seen the Pope, the Oratio pro Papa is never quite the same again; similarly, those who saw the Canonization of Maria Goretti will never entirely lose sight of the ideal of purity which was held out to them on that day, while the word dogma has become far more a living reality to those quarter of a million pilgrims who witnessed the Definition of the Assumption. Nor must we omit to mention those who were unable to come on pilgrimage to Rome, but had to look after their families and earn their daily bread. It is certainly true, with regard to England at any rate, that the majority of the pilgrimages with their large percentage of clergy and elderly women were hardly representative of the Catholic body. This seemed no doubt at the time as regrettable as it was unavoidable, yet it hardly matters, if those who never leave their own towns say the Holy Year prayer in union with the thousands in Rome and pray for the

intentions of the Jubilee Year. After all, they will have their

chance of gaining the indulgence next year.

So much for the pilgrims, but what of us whose home is in Rome? First and foremost for us, of course, came the normal life of the College. Yet even when we were not engaged in anything over and above the normal routine, the Holy Year continually made its influence felt. To begin with more mundane matters, there was the sudden rise in prices which shattered any illusions that any of us might have retained until then about the outlook of the Roman tradespeople towards the Holy Year. They were from the beginning quite cynical about their 'get rich quick' policy, though it must be said that their rapacity hardly went to the lengths reached by the small-time racketeers who flooded into Rome from the provinces, provided with a store of ingenious swindles as their stock in trade. Fortunately the efforts of the hotel proprietors were in part frustrated by the work of the Comitato Centrale, but there is no doubt that taken all in all the Roman tradespeople were the villains of the piece, in spite of their charming veneer of

professional amiability.

But it was not merely in the realms of finance that the Holy Year made its influence felt on our daily lives. An afternoon walk to one of the basilicas would end with the camerata threading its way through a maze of processions. A quiet place became harder and harder to find and formerly deserted oases became strident with the blare of horns and the screeching of brakes as charabancs full of pilgrims swept by in clouds of dust. We had feared that the crowds of pilgrims would leave us with little chance of attending the many Papal functions, but fortunately our fears were not realized. Except to a few lucky ones the Opening of the Holy Door was a disappointment, but it was made up for by the impressive ceremony two days later when we made our first Jubilee visit under the leadership of the Holy Father himself. Of the earlier beatifications, that of one of our own spiritual advisers, Blessed Vincent Pallotti, was of great interest to us and the House attended en masse both morning and evening. This year the Easter Mass could not be attended by the whole House, but a deputation from the Schola were able to take part in the singing in the basilica and, on their way out, became the first students of the College to see the as yet unopened crypt. This practice of sending ten of the College to sing in the Schola became quite a regular

one as Canonizations followed each other with unusual rapidity; in this way most of the House were enabled to attend at one time or another, and there was no need to disrupt the routine of the College on any one occasion. Of the many magnificent ceremonies later in the year, the three that created the greatest impression were the open air Canonization of St Maria Goretti, the tremendous pageant of the Corpus Christi procession and, of course, the Definition of the Assumption; however, these are already described in the pages of the College Diary.

Thus the Holy Year was throughout with us and affecting in different ways our everyday lives, but it was when we went as guides to the various pilgrimages that we realized to the full its great import. This meant work, and hard work, but it was always satisfying and often inspiring work. There were many anecdotes, genuine and apocryphal, to be told in the evening Common Room after one's return from guiding. There were those who thought the Colosseum and Forum had been blitzed, there were those who asked if the Cortile Ottagono was the Sistine Chapel, and inevitably there were those who rewarded a more than usually eloquent and detailed tour of one of the basilicas with the question: 'And what did you say this church was called. Father?' Then there were the tales of the mistakes that had been made by the guides-how someone had pointed out a lovely pillar of Vecchio Romagno marble, how others had saved their reputations with a timely piece of invention, and others been dismayed to find that they had included in their party a Professor of Archæology or, worse still, an old Venerabilino who lurked cunningly concealed until the unfortunate guide made a mistake.

For us the climax of the year came immediately after our return from the Villa, when we were called upon to act as guides to the Second National Pilgrimage. This confirmed many of the theories we have outlined above about pilgrims and pilgrimages and how they compared with the ideal of the Jubilee Bull. But, nemo sibi iudex, so here is an independent eye

witness account of the pilgrimage:

'The Second National Pilgrimage, numbering no less than one thousand five hundred persons, must have been the largest English pilgrimage ever to visit Rome, and those students who acted as its guides can vouch that it was in every way an act of religious devotion. It is, of course, easy to carp at the expense involved and at the fact that so few would be able to afford

fifty pounds; it is somewhat more difficult to find the money and to give it all up for a five days holiday, especially when much of the time will not be one's own. The really remarkable fact is that one thousand five hundred Englishmen did make these sacrifices to come to Rome.

They made their visits to the four major basilicas as every other group did; they saw the Vatican Museums with perhaps a little more leisure than some other parties. Some priests took the opportunity of celebrating Mass in the catacombs or at the different shrines in the city, and a number of pilgrims would always attend. But these are events common to all pilgrimages, and what stamped the Second English National as something quite different was the extraordinary vigour which marked all their united meetings. The singing of 'Hail, Queen of Heaven' in Our Lady's greatest church, of Wiseman's pæan in St Paul's, or of 'Faith of Our Fathers' at the tomb of St Peter was something never to be forgotten; Italians would never fail to enquire what nation this was, and for a few brief days wherever the pilgrimage went the Catholics of England and Wales held the centre of the stage. Their bishops stood at the head of the procession, bearing the Cross and torches, and if, after the Congress at Wembley, further proof of the loyalty of the English Catholic laity were possible, one had but to count the number of photographs taken before the procession entered a basilica. Of course, there are those who maintain that if an immaculately attired individual alights from a coach and begins to use a Zeiss-Ikon, he can hardly claim to be a thorough-going pilgrim; but these same people were those who went up the Scala Santa at 6.30, heard Mass there and did not breakfast till 9 a.m. Among them, too, were some quite elderly people who, crushed in the crowd, stood for almost ninety minutes in St Peter's without complaining, just to see the Pope, to hear that part of his address which they could understand and to receive his blessing for themselves and their friends-and on all the oggetti di pietà to which they clung so dearly. Their patience, and the patience of the numerous people who were too small to see much, was better rewarded in a special audience at Castel Gandolfo on the Tuesday evening, when all could see His Holiness well and the loud-speakers functioned perfectly.

But the students will remember best the tea and Benediction at the College. It was the third day of the pilgrimage,

and many guides had noticed how the physical resistance of their countrymen would suddenly collapse when tea time arrived; it was to restore the spirits of the latter after their jubilee visit to St Peter's that the College set itself to give tea to the entire pilgrimage in the garden. To cut and distribute sandwiches for so many, to provide everyone with tea, sugar, milk and paste was no little task, but somehow, thanks to heroic washing-up by the Nuns, it was accomplished, and we were able to have Benediction in the Cortile. The Rector spoke a few words of welcome to the visitors, reminding them how grateful to God all ought to be to stand on the spot where many of the martyrs to whom they owed their Faith had studied and asking them to pray earnestly for the conversion of England both here in Rome and after their return. The Benediction itself was a most inspiring gathering, and Wiseman's heart would have rejoiced had he been able, one hundred years ago, to visualize so fervent a demonstration by Englishmen of loyalty to Rome, held here, in his own College. We, too, shall not easily forget it, and if the one thousand five hundred pilgrims now scattered over England and Wales can say that they derived some benefit from their visit to Rome and the College, we also must confess that we learnt as much from them as they did from us.'

The Holy Year is not yet at an end, but its greatest months have passed, as well as its climax, the Definition of the dogma of the Assumption which stands out easily the greatest ceremony of the year. Yet perhaps the National Pilgrimage will remain in our minds as the thing that more than anything else brought the Holy Year home to us and fused our own experiences and those of the pilgrims into a living reality in our minds. The Holy Year is a vast subject to attempt to comprehend in the course of a few pages and one so overwhelming that we could hardly expect to write of it in such a way as to include everything or to please everybody. Yet we are not without hope that our random and sometimes disconnected remarks will, in conjunction with the day-to-day record of the College Diary, convey some idea of the impression which the Holy Year has made on the life of the

College and on our own minds.

THE EDITORS.

# NOVA ET VETERA

### ST MARY'S HALL

It is easy to recall the first arrival at St Mary's Hall in the autumn of 1940, just ten years ago. The tremendous splash of colour from the dahlias in the front beds and the mellow tints of the creeper both combined to soften the lines of that harsh, utilitarian building. It was built, no doubt, to withstand the rigours of a Stonyhurst winter and the perpetual wet of nine months' rain. On the day of arrival there was danger of cracking shins against a mass of trestles and distemper-drums left about by an industrious advance party. The final result was not

unpleasing.

It was obvious that we were glad to be there, however forbidding the prospect became as year followed year and Roman blood was necessarily mixed with English stock. Something of the mood of the hour can be gathered from the Public Meetings of those days. One motion was that the College should find a Villa-say, in the Lakes-for the summer months; another that the Conversion of England Prayers should be cyclostyled at once. Fr Dyson, the architect of studies at 'the Hall',1 had first thoughts of putting a purely Roman horarium into operation. As at Croft Lodge, there was an unreasoned conviction that this sojourn in the hospitable shadow of Stonyhurst was a temporary expedient. The realization that to some extent our case for continued existence seemed to many special pleading only served to sharpen the general desire to make this English Collegium a Roman entity. It was apparent all too soon that a general withdrawal on all but the very last line of defence was almost inevitable: that last line was preserved though every natural force tended to destroy it. The

<sup>1</sup> St Mary's Hall is familiarly spoken of in the College as 'the Hall'.

THE REFECTORY, ST MARY'S HALL

lack of stimuli from outside to those who took them for granted, the lack of desire for them by those who had never experienced any such need, such facts were bound to slow down a complicated and intricate machine. To an acute observer the question was always—'how far?' Thanks to many generous friends, not least to the Bishops who supported us and to the Staff who governed us, we survived well and with life to spare (as witness the first year back in Rome).

What is the happiest memory of 'the Hall'? Does it sound too obvious or too pretentious to say that it was the course of studies? Personally I remember the studies there with appreciation and with gratitude the generosity of the Staff. As a complement to that is the recollection of the games and the gitas. At least, then, three essential elements were preserved. A generation is growing fast that 'knows not "the Hall" and that is surely what 'Hall' men desired most of all.

ALAN CLARK.

### SIR TOBIE MATTHEW

There can be now but comparatively few Venerabilini who know of La Magliana except vaguely as the name of some College property out beyond the Villa Pamphili and somehow connected with the organized day gitas of former generations, but far fewer can know very much about Sir Tobie Matthew, whose generosity it was that was responsible for these 'Magliana days'. His name is not recorded by Gasquet in his history of the College, nor does it find a place with many others of lesser note in the Obit Book, yet Sir Tobie was in his own day a man of some consequence, besides being a benefactor of the College. He was twenty-eight years of age when in 1605 he came to Rome and met Father Persons, then Rector of the English College; he tells us in his Autobiography how impressed he was by Persons' personality and conversation and that it was largely through his influence that he became a Catholic a year later. In 1611 the College benefited by his conversion to the extent of 11,000 scudi, which he made over by deed of gift to the English Jesuits for missionary purposes. From this money in 1614 the vineyards and farmhouse at La Magliana were bought and from this time until the sale of the property in 1917 the day gitas there, which usually took place once a month, became an accepted feature of College life. The deed of gift is still preserved in the College Archives, as also is the certificate of Sir Tobie's ordination by St Robert Bellarmine and an early will he made bequeathing his property to the English Jesuits, again for missionary

purposes.

The conversion to Catholicism of a young Englishman making the Grand Tour was a not uncommon occurrence, but the conversion of Tobie Matthew, Member of Parliament. something of a rake and man about town, the son of the redoubtable Archbishop of York,1 must have come as something of a surprise to all concerned, except apparently to his father. It was certainly a bold and difficult step for him to take materially speaking. His debts and dissipation had already been a great sorrow to his father, but to his father the worst of crimes would count as nothing compared to this. Then, too, he was abandoning a very promising career; in 1597, when twenty years of age, he had graduated at Oxford; two years later he was admitted to Gray's Inn, and in 1601 he became Member of Parliament for Newport in Cornwall. He was already an intimate friend of Francis Bacon, who wrote the 'Essay on Friendship' for him, and in 1604 he succeeded him as Member for St Albans. Then, like all young men of position and means, he decided to complete his education by making the Grand Tour of the Continent. His father, fearful of the danger of such contact with the Old Religion, gave a very reluctant consent and took the precaution of expressly forbidding him to enter Italy. Tobie's whole aim in going abroad was to visit Italy and visit it he did, yet, though his father's fears were eventually only too well justified, nothing was further from his mind when he arrived in Italy than his conversion to Catholicism. But the graciousness with which he was received in Rome, the faith of the Italians and his discussions with Father Persons led him, after some very understandable hesitations, into the Church.

He returned to England and was immediately thrown into the Fleet prison for his refusal to take the oath of supremacy and many efforts were made to obtain his reconversion, but without success. After six months in prison he was released on condition that he left England; meanwhile, fearing the confiscation of his property, he had sold hastily and lost heavily

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> He was a violent opponent and, as Archbishop, an active persecutor of the Old Religion. In 1581, while Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, he took part in a controversy with Blessed Edmund Campion and, in 1638, published his arguments under the title: Piissimi et eminentissimi viri Tobiae Matthew, archiepiscopi olim Eboracensis concio apologetica adversus Campianam.

on the transaction. He travelled about Europe until, in 1611, he settled in Rome to study theology at the Roman College and was ordained in 1614. His priesthood was till the last years of his life a closely guarded secret and at this time it seems to have made little difference to his way of life, for he still

continued to travel widely.

Owing to the good offices of his friends at court, he was able to return to England for short periods in 1617 and 1621, but he spent most of the seventeen years following his conversion in France and Spain, and he became as well acquainted with the language, customs and court life of Spain as any Englishman of his time. It was presumably this proficiency that led to his being summoned to England in 1621 by James I to assist in the negotiations for the projected marriage of Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta, Doña Maria. In 1623 he was sent to Madrid on the same business and, though the discussions came to nothing, he must have done valuable work for he was knighted

on his return in the October of the same year.

With the termination of his exile, Sir Tobie was able to identify himself publicly with the English Catholics and began to hold a prominent position among them. Nevertheless, his priesthood was still kept a close secret and to all intents and purposes he led the life of a courtier and politician. However, the influence of the Puritans was steadily growing and they soon began to take objection to his popularity at court. He was frequently slandered and finally denounced in Parliament as 'an obnoxious recusant'. He was arrested and imprisoned for a short time in 1640 and on his release, realizing that he could hardly hope to retain his old position at court, he openly acknowledged his priesthood by acting as chaplain at Raglan Castle. Very soon afterwards Parliament petitioned the king for his banishment, and he was ordered to appear before the House of Commons as a delinquent. It was the beginning of the storm that was to sweep Charles off his throne and put the Puritans and Cromwell in power. Strafford was already impeached and Laud was only a few weeks short of a similar fate. Sir Tobie hastily fled for his life and succeeded in escaping to Flanders, where he took refuge with the English Jesuits at Ghent. He had now reached his sixty-fifth year and he was well content to spend the rest of his days in peace among friends and to devote his time chiefly to literary work. His last years were saddened by the fall of the monarchy, the execution of his friend the king and the triumph of Puritanism in England; all his efforts to obtain toleration for Catholics had been, he realized, in vain. He died in his seventy-ninth year, on 13th October 1655, just before what he hoped for as the dawning

of a new era, the Restoration.

Historians and critics have differed greatly in their opinion of Sir Tobie. Certainly he cannot be written off as a mere trifler, an intriguing, trouble-making, minor politician. He must have been a very shrewd and clever man to have played so well the equivocal role he took upon himself at court for so many years. He has been attacked by Church historians, following Dodd, for the rather doubtful methods he used in support of the Jesuits' struggle to prevent the appointment of secular bishops. He was undoubtedly guilty of some dissimulation, but Dodd is so hopelessly biased against the Jesuits, among whom he numbers Sir Tobie, that it is dangerous to give much credit to his estimate of Sir Tobie's character. As regards the question of whether Sir Tobie was ever a Jesuit himself opinions are again divided; such evidence as there is seems to make it probable that he joined the Order late on in life. Though Sir Tobie's conduct in the political and religious intrigues in which he joined is sometimes open to question, the low standards of his age in such matters must be borne in mind. We cannot do otherwise than acknowledge his outstanding loyalty to his religion, to both the kings he served and to his friends, especially to Francis Bacon, his 'alter ego', at the time of his disgrace. His work of liaison and intelligence at the Court must have been of very considerable service to the Catholic body; it was a role that he was well fitted to play, but always one of difficulty and danger which in the end all but cost him his life. His motives were always pure and high, whatever the result of his actions may occasionally have been, and as Marcus Aurelius has so justly said: 'The measure of a man's worth is the worth of his aims'.

# THE ENGLISH COLLEGE AND THE RESTORATION OF THE HIERARCHY

When one considers the large part played by Venerabile men in the negotiations for the restoration of the English Hierarchy, it seems strange that that historic event has left so little trace in the College Archives. For this reason it is not possible for us to bring to light any inside information on the history of the question; yet it would seem only fitting in this centenary year to recall the chief events of the 1850 period with particular reference to those which have a more intimate

connection with our own College.

The first official step taken by the Vicars Apostolic as a result of the agitation for a new Hierarchy which had begun at Sedgley Park in 1838 was the appointment of Dr Grant (then twenty-eight years of age and as yet only pro-Rector of the College) as 'agente per gli affari ecclesiastici presso la S. Congregazione di Propaganda Fide'. The document appointing him, dated 29th August 1844, is still preserved in the Archives. Later on Grant was joined in Rome by two more Venerabilini, Bishops Wiseman and Sharples (Coadjutors of the Central and Lancashire districts respectively), who were sent out as personal delegates of the Vicars Apostolic to plead for the

Restoration of the Hierarchy.

It is clear from the form which the discussions afterwards took that there were four chief points on which the delegates had to negotiate. First, of course, it was necessary to convince the Pope and Propaganda that the Restoration was desirable in itself; but when agreement had been reached on this point there would remain three important details: what were to be the territorial boundaries of the new sees, what titles would they bear, and finally which of the English clergy were most suited to fill them. On the main issue Grant had met with consistent opposition from the Protector of the College, Cardinal Acton; but before the arrival of the delegates from England his task had been made easier by the latter's death on 23rd June 1847. Wiseman and Sharples both wrote replies to Acton's objections and when they presented their petition to the Pope the proposal to erect a new Hierarchy was agreed to in principle.

But before any details could be settled Wiseman was suddenly asked by the Pope to return to England to endeavour to restore diplomatic relations between the English Government and the Holy See. Bishop Sharples, in spite of failing health, stayed on in Rome during the summer months and made several visits to Monte Porzio. Newman, who was then at Propaganda, accompanied him on one of these: 'On Tuesday', he says in a letter to Wiseman, 'I went with Dr Sharples and Dr Grant to Monte Porzio. On the way Dr Sharples gave me some particulars of the arrangements in contemplation with reference

to the establishment of the Hierarchy. I was very glad to find that there was a prospect of your Lordship continuing at Birmingham.'

The last sentence shows us that discussion was now centering on the question of who were to fill the sees in the new Hierarchy. At the time when Newman wrote it was proposed to make Dr Walsh Archbishop and to leave Wiseman at Birmingham; but Dr Walsh pleaded ill health and accordingly briefs were prepared conferring on Wiseman the Archbishopric of Westminster. There was, however, a certain amount of opposition to the appointment of one who was considerably younger than many of the other Bishops, and so the briefs were never dispatched. In these circumstances it was extremely difficult for the Bishops to decide on a suitable man to fill the highest post in the new Hierarchy, and they decided to ask Dr Grant to come to England to advise them on the situation. But Grant was always Rector of the English College first and foremost, and in his mind the Agency work took second place; so he refused to leave the College without a Rector for any considerable period. A short visit to England would not have satisfied the Bishops who decided on the alternative course of sending one of their own number to Rome. The man chosen was Bishop Ullathorne, and events proved the wisdom of their choice.

Together Grant and Ullathorne drew up a memorandum dealing minutely with the question of titles and territorial boundaries. The titles of the new sees, which later caused so much ill-feeling among English Protestants, were actually chosen with great care not to offend English Law; thus the titles of Clifton, Salford, Westminster and Southwark were chosen so as not to clash with the Anglican titles of Bristol, Manchester, and London. But shrewd observers on the Catholic side, such as Lingard, foresaw already that the title of Westminster, though not an Anglican see, would offend the historical sense of the English non-Catholics. The other titles did not present much difficulty; apart from three of the older Bishops who wished to have titles taken from historical sees (Hexham, Menevia, Beverley) the others, including all the ex-English College men on the bench of Bishops, accepted Ullathorne's suggestion that they should take their titles from the leading

The memorandum was translated into Italian by Grant and presented to a board of seven Cardinals on 17th July 1848. The arrangements were confirmed by the Pope on the twentieth

centres of population in their dioceses.

of the month and Ullathorne was able to return to England in time to attend a meeting of the Vicars Apostolic at Manchester on 9th August. There still remained two questions of territorial boundaries to be settled before the Hierarchy could be formally re-established and it had still not been settled who was to be the Archbishop. As a compromise on the latter point Bishop Walsh was ordered under obedience to accept the Vicariate of London with Wiseman as his coadjutor with right of succession. The territorial difficulty arose over the division of the Lancaster and London vicariates, which was opposed by both the Bishops concerned. Wiseman did not like the idea of having a diocese at Southwark so near to Westminster, but the Cardinals at Propaganda were quite decided in favour of the Thames division. Grant realized that they were tiring of the long delays over what seemed to them to be minor points, and he wrote to Wiseman pressing him to cease his opposition and let the matter be settled at once.

Grant was wise in pressing for haste, because Rome was in a very troubled state and it was clear that revolution could not be far off. Indeed it was surprising, as Ullathorne noted, that amid all the disturbances the officials at Propaganda were able to give such careful attention to the English question. Already before his arrival Pope Pius IX had been compelled to proclaim a constitution and appoint a liberal ministry, but these concessions proved ineffective and the murder of De Rossi on the steps of the Cancelleria in November was the sign for a general insurrection. The Pope made his escape to Gaeta disguised as a private chaplain and Mazzini's triumvirate took over the government of the city. Nevertheless the Hierarchy negotiations continued for a short while, but they were halted by the death of Mgr Palma, Under-secretary to Propaganda for English-speaking countries, who was killed by a stray shot from S. Carlino as he sat at his desk in the Quirinal. The English College students were forced to wear lay clothes to protect themselves from assault, but life went on in the Via Monserrato until 15th April 1849, when the French siege of Rome forced the College to move to Monte Porzio. Grant himself remained in Rome, trusting to the protection of the Union Jack which flew over the College.

When the French had won the city back for him, Pius IX returned to Rome (in April 1850) and Grant re-opened the negotiations. Just as these were reaching a successful con-

clusion (both Wiseman and Brown had to agree to the division of their vicariates) the Catholics of England received a shock. Wiseman was informed by Cardinal Antonelli that the Pope intended to confer upon him the Red Hat. This was understood by everyone to mean that he would have to reside henceforth in Rome and give up the vicariate of London to which he had succeeded on the death of Dr Walsh in 1849. Instantly protests were made to Rome by many leading Catholics, and by the time Wiseman reached Rome the Pope had decided that in spite of the Cardinalate he must be allowed to return to England. In the end the obvious solution was adopted and it was decided that he should be the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in the restored Hierarchy. It was fortunate for Catholicism in England that he returned; but it is interesting to speculate on the benefits the College might have reaped had he stayed in Rome and built a villa at Monte Porzio as at first he had

thought of doing.

During his stay in Rome Wiseman lived at the College (as much, he wrote, to save money as out of devotion to his Alma Mater) and found time to visit Albano and Monte Porzio. He was received in audience by the Pope several times, but he was not proclaimed Cardinal until the Hierarchy discussions were complete. The last meeting of Propaganda on the subject took place on September 21st, and on the twenty-ninth the letters apostolic proclaiming the Restoration were issued. Next day at the Consistory Wiseman was proclaimed Cardinal Priest of Santa Pudenziana and Archbishop of Westminster. In the College scrapbook there is an interesting cutting from The Times of that date which describes in detail the various ceremonies which took place. It is disappointing to find that the visite di calore were received in the state rooms at the Consulta and not in the Salone of the College; but for three days afterwards Wiseman was 'At Home' to visitors in the College, though ladies were received at the Palace of the English Princess Doria. Once the ceremonies were over the new Cardinal lost no time in returning to England; he left Rome on 12th October after issuing his famous Pastoral 'from outside the Flaminian Gate'. A stormy reception awaited him in England which is reflected in the first pages of the College scrapbook; but that is another story.

Grant's work in negotiating was still unfinished in one detail, for three of the new sees were still unfilled. This meant

more visits to Propaganda. One day the students noticed that on his return the Rector seemed rather agitated, and half way through supper he sent a notice round the Refectory which said simply: 'The new dioceses have been filled as follows: Shrewsbury, Brown; Salford, Turner; Southwark, Grant'. It was a fitting reward for his hardworking and efficient services in troubled times, though he himself would have preferred to stay as Rector and Agent. Propaganda, too, were sorry to see him go; the Secretary of the Congregation said to Wiseman 'You would gain more by leaving him in Rome -you will never have his like as agent again'. At Monte Porzio in future years the students celebrated 29th September (the anniversary of the Restoration) with coffee and liquori, and as they toasted the Hierarchy they must have had a special thought for the man who more than anyone else had made its revival possible; and we too, a hundred years later, can look back with pride on the part played by the Rector of the Venerabile in those momentous days.

### ROMAN JESUITS AND DOUAL SECULARS

The opening years of the eighteenth century brought troubled times to the English College at Douai. Marlborough's campaigns drove it for some time from there to Rheims; it survived the exile and returned to take possession of a rather battered foundation. Not long after, hostility from a different quarter threatened its internal constitution: its professors, accused of disseminating Jansenist tenets, were in danger of having to surrender the government of the College to the Society of Jesus. It was this affair which caused the transfer of a Douai student to the Venerabile in 1704–5, a student of rather different stamp from those who had come to Rome to found the English College, and a transfer arranged in rather different circumstances.

Described as 'the turbulent fellow' by our chief authority in the matter (Dr Hugh Tootell, alias Dodd in his History of Douaie College), he was a Londoner and, in 1698, on the day before his eighteenth birthday, took at Douai the usual oath under the name of Augustine Newdigate Poyntz, a name which would appear to be his true patronymic. He pursued there the accustomed course of studies and, up to a time when he had already received subdeacon's orders was reputed 'of a very

serious and discreet deportment'. Then, however, 'unhappily he fell into ways which were justly thought to be not becoming his profession' and the Rector, Dr Paston, for this reason sent him to the bishop's seminary at Arras. Here perhaps the régime was stricter and surveillance closer; at all events it had no good effect on Poyntz, who was sent back to Douai as one considered a most unlikely subject for the priesthood. Nevertheless on his return he showed such signs of improvement that Dr Paston hoped with patience and a fair trial to see him completely emended—hopes, however, which after three months he was forced to abandon; Poyntz reverted to his former

aberrations and gave vent to an ungovernable temper.

At this point the Jesuits enter the narrative. The 'turbulent fellow', realizing that he could not hope for ordination at Douai, sought the advice of a Franciscan, Fr Westley, who introduced him to the Jesuit, Fr Adam Piggott, then a student at Douai University. It was to him that Poyntz first made the charge of Jansenism against his professors at the College, and especially against Dr Hawarden—a charge based solely on a chance remark of one of Dr Hawarden's colleagues. Fr Piggott now put Poyntz into communication with the Rector of the Seminary at Liège, Fr Lewis Sabran s.J., who promised to obtain him ordination from the Bishop of Liège on condition of his signing an affidavit embodying these accusations. This was sent to the headquarters of the Society in Rome. There the matter was put in hand with great zeal and there resulted the Visitation of Douai, from which, however, the professors emerged with their orthodoxy fully vindicated.

In the meantime it is hardly surprising that Poyntz was dismissed from the College (November 1704). After a visit to England, where he spread further calumnies against the Douai professors, he was sent by the Jesuits to Rome and on 11th July 1705 was admitted into the Venerabile, then under the rule of Fr Ralph Postgate s.J. The entry recording his admittance in the Liber Ruber has nothing to say about the circumstances under which he came to the College. He took up his studies in the fourth year of theology and, when a fortnight later Fr Sabran arrived in Rome, he received the diaconate. He was ordained priest on 3rd April 1706, and left the College a year later to become confessor to the English Augustinian nuns at Bruges, a post which he held until he died at Ghent

;n 1723.

It must be admitted that our sole authority for the story of this sorry business is Dodd, who is notoriously biased against the Jesuits, but even he could hardly have invented the salient facts-the affidavit of Poyntz, the ensuing Visitation made at the instance of the Jesuits which proved the charge to be groundless, and then the Jesuits' reception and immediate ordination of the culprit at the Venerabile in spite of his recent and well merited expulsion from Douai. Stories of Jesuit intrigue and chicanery, especially when they emanate from the pens of eighteenth century polemical writers, must be viewed with some distrust. However, in this case the salient facts are easily ascertainable from official sources and even the most ardent pro-Jesuit would be forced to admit that there was good reason to apply the principle of causality, so that Dodd's account must be accepted as substantially accurate. Looked at from the most charitable angle the affair can only be regarded as being yet another black page in the dismal history of the College in the eighteenth century.

### UNIVERSITY DIPLOMAS

In reply to the Rector's requests that diplomas should be granted to those who were successful in the examination of the Licentiate in Theology at St Mary's Hall, Fr Hudon s.J., Secretary General of the University, stated in his letter (published in The Venerabile of June 1949) that the University had accepted the decision of the Congregation of Studies with regard to all examinations conducted at St Mary's Hall, and that diplomas would eventually be granted to all concerned. Recently these diplomas have been dispatched, stating the final mark awarded by the University to the following, who obtained the Licentiate of Theology whilst at St Mary's Hall :-

Joseph Alston, Graham Auchinlech, Wilfred Buxton, John Campbell, Bernard Chapman, Alan Clark, William Paul Clark, John Daley, Dennis Fahy, Louis Farrow, Thomas Fooks, John Groarke, Louis Hanlon, Brian Hannon, Joseph Holland, Edward Holloway, John Jones, Bernard Keegan, John Key, Michael Killeen, Hugh Lavery, Thomas McDonagh, Patrick McEnroe, Thomas G. McKenna, Francis O'Leary, Maurice O'Leary, Hugh Reynolds, Hubert Richards, Brian Scantlebury, Gerald Shelton, Thomas Sowerby, Anthony J. Storey, Peter Storey, Terence Walsh, Bernard Wyche.

# COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th 1950, Saturday. The diarist's dilemma. Should he embark with studied indifference upon the veritable litany of doceturs arrayed in the Kalendarium? Or should he, with an eye to tradition, commemorate the perennial metamorphosis which is reputed to occur somewhere between the Green Room and the Gregorian? We never had the slightest intention of doing either, yet four lectures are a grim enough reality and we must confess to the customary shiver on finding the Common Room restored to the status quo and yet another Christmas only a memory. But the resignation of the morning faded with the daylight and the instinct to cling on to the good things of the past brought cries for the Opera in the Common Room after supper.

8th Sunday. Feast of the Holy Family. And therefore one of those happy occasions when we climb the Esquiline to the Little Sisters of the Poor. The Vice-Rector sang the Mass and the Polyphony Schola provided Perosi to the homely accompaniment of the harmonium.

Arrivederci to Fr Ronchetti who left us this morning after a short but welcome visit. Fr Thatcher o.s.B., was the Rector's guest at lunch.

To-night's film, *The Third Man*, met with a very favourable reception. The incidental zither music proved particularly popular.

9th Monday. We lose another guest Fr P. Clark, brother of our Ripetitore. At Sant' Andrea the Sacra Ottava is in its 115th year since it was begun by Vincenzo Pallotti, though business at the University prevents us from giving more than a passing glance at the liturgical menu for the week.

What's this on the notice-board? Nous devons encourager nos enfants à marier à l'étranger. However, it proved to be merely the motion for to-night's Mezzofanti debate. The Chair called for right forms of address and finally the Quirites, Messieurs or what-have-you decided that international marriages were undesirable. But lest they be thought insular, they finished the evening by moving the approval of German.

10th Tuesday. Buon Viaggio to the Vice-Rector who left for England this morning—for once there was no need of recruits to give the car a

helping hand.

It is customary to say that the annual House function at Sant' Andrea provides us with an education in Romanità. Certainly this evening the preacher, Fr Lissandrini, showed that his gestures and dialectic were not to be restricted by the presence of a microphone, while the Schola took advantage of the generous sprinkling of chandeliers to view the ceiling at close quarters from the organ tribune. Some were disappointed that the arc-lights installed there were not for our assistenza.

12th Thursday. To lunch Fr Rankin. The Villa Pamphili remains closed, but it would be heroism or madness to attempt to stagnate on these long afternoons in the depths of the Roman winter. But one may watch rugby.

13th Friday. Mr Churchill continues to dwell on our finest hour above the chink of crockery. If you're hoping to brighten the January doldrums with a peep at your favourite church, remember that the winter sun does not show Pinturrichio (or whoever you will) at his best. However, the Forum grows in popularity now that pilgrims are beginning to mistake us for official guides.

15th Sunday. Monthly Recollection. Reflect and appreciate the fact of central heating in the evenings.

16th Monday. Disputationes publicae, h. 10.00. There are times when the arguentes deserve equal privileges with the daily lecturers quoad usum microphonii.

To-night's session of the Grant Debating Society proceeded with unruffled calm (after yesterday's skirmishes about the constitutions) to question the usefulness of the English aristocracy. In the face of innumerable Gilbertian quips the members of that privileged order retained their places as pillars of the nation.

17th Tuesday. Treacherous January skies gave us a rare welcome after fourth lecture. Woe to the umbrellaless, but still more to the wise virgins who have to share their own!

19th Thursday. Once more, owing to the recent deluge, the Scots match has had to be postponed.

To lunch Rev. Mr J. Findlow, Vicar of All Saints' Church in the

Via Babuino.

Mr Costello, Prime Minister of Ireland, accompanied by Mr Walsh, Irish Ambassador to the Holy See, was the Rector's guest at tea. Afterwards he faced the Literary Society and, as might have been expected, dealt with the questions put to him with evident facility and no little humour. We lined the *pianterreno* corridor before his departure, as he had expressly requested a personal handshake with each student.

20th Friday. A procession from the Catacombs of S. Callisto to the church of S. Sebastiano was held to celebrate the centenary of the death of St Fabian. Several of the College attended and were recruited as

assistenza for the Benediction given by the Cardinal of Rosario. Afterwards we gave His Eminence a hearty send-off and answered reporters' questions with a casual disinterestedness which was meant to suggest that we had been doing this sort of thing all our lives. But our photograph did not appear in the Osservatore.

At the Gesù, to-day's intention for the Pro Unione Octave was the return of Anglicans to the Catholic Church. We provided the Schola at the evening Benediction, while the Scots assisted Cardinal Caggiano who

officiated.

22nd Sunday. To-day, just a hundred years after his death, Vincenzo Pallotti was beatified in St Peter's. This, the first such ceremony of the Holy Year, drew immense crowds from the city and beyond, for the Romans are never sparing in their affection for their own saints. The House attended both morning and evening ceremonies, not unmindful of the bonds uniting us with the beatus who, besides being a friend of Cardinal Wiseman, was for some time spiritual adviser to the Venerabile.

After supper at a meeting of the Literary Society, Mr Pilcher, Press Attaché to the British Embassy, gave a most interesting talk on Japan, touching on the slightly irregular evolution of Japanese as spoken and written (equivalent to a sixth intention in Philosophy) and giving a stimulating insight into the customs of behind-the-scene emperors and

barbarian-subduing generalissimi.

24th Tuesday. To lunch Mgr Carroll-Abbing.

25th Wednesday. An interesting and provocative Wiseman Paper on the subject of Relics was concluded to-night and the ensuing discussion almost took on the form of a disputatio while the names of various authorities were bandied about with increasing abandon. But ira furor brevis est and order prevailed.

26th Thursday. Fr Rogers, Vice-Rector of Brisbane Seminary, and Major General Martin (ex-Eastern Command) were entertained to lunch.

27th Friday. The second day of the triduum in honour of Blessed Vincent Pallotti which is on the style of a miniature Epiphany Octave. This evening we provided the Schola for Benediction which was given to a crowd of cup-final proportions by Cardinal Canali. Pallottini tried in vain to organize the mass which was continually surging forward to venerate the body of the beatus as it lay in a place of honour at the right of the sanctuary.

29th Sunday. And this morning we joined the Colleges of Rome at 7.30 in S. Andrea for Low Mass celebrated by Cardinal Pizzardo. In the afternoon Blessed Vincent's body was carried in procession round the quadrangle formed by the Corso Vittorio, the Largo Argentina and the Via Giulia, returning to S. Andrea where Benediction given by Archbishop Traglia closed the celebrations.

To-night's film, *Prince of Foxes* (the title we hope was not meant as a reference to the studios which issued it), gave us the inside story of the Borgia family which contrived in life to avoid the crowning indignity of

being exported as part of the dollar drive but has since been compelled to adopt habits and speech of a distinctly American flavour.

30th Monday. The Rector's birthday which we kept to-day brought us as guests to lunch, Mr Power of the Irish Embassy, Fr Meecham, Fr Connelly, Fr Doherty and Brother Connelly.

31st Tuesday. Examination lists at the University remind us of the approaching end of the semester and the concomitant minor examinations.

Labuntur anni, nec pietas morum . . .

Now that certain of the brethren have been reserved post-OND bookings at a Northern Seminary, there was plenty to talk about in the Common Room after supper. However, our conversation was soon interrupted by a flash-back to the recent film whose principals were this time compelled to adopt habits, speech (and props) of a distinctly English College flavour.

FEBRUARY 2nd Thursday. The Purification. Our Ripetitore, Fr Clark, and the Senior Student presented the traditional candle to the Holy Father. After High Mass the long-postponed Scots match was played at Gelsomino. Our calm (och!) victory by two goals to nil had something of the air of tradition about it. At Acqua Acetosa a mixture of Venerabilini and Rosminians were equally able to defeat a XV from Roma Rugby Club. And just to crown the miscellaneous events of the day Fr Clark read a paper to the C.S.G. entitled 'True blue or rose pink?'

5th Sunday. A sprinkling of good tickets took some of us a long way at the beatification of Ven. Maria Desolata Torres Acosta. With Rome fast becoming a second Tower of Babel one feels that the Mezzofanti Society might justify its existence by some progressive lessons in lingua franca.

6th Monday. Even the beggars on the University steps may blink a look of blank surprise as their (not-so-?) usual qualche cosa is thrust at them with an incantational murmur. But then one can hardly expect them to grasp the mnemonic rhymes which no student will remember for more than twenty-four hours. All of which means that to-day we enjoyed minor examinations.

8th Wednesday. The second semester has arrived; it's as well to begin it with a light step and heart. At the accustomed hour the Public Meeting was held and with all due inevitability adjourned.

10th Friday. Never let it be said that Roman winters are monotonous. Our barometer, if we possessed one, would presumably have gone through some acrobatics overnight, for as we emerged for first lecture the storm of yesterday had completely disappeared and the sun was streaming over the Farnese. The fountains made a most attractive picture as they cascaded glittering crystal into their usually dull porphyry baths.

11th Saturday. A dies non for the anniversary of the Lateran treaty. As compensation for the pleasure of seeing the trams and filobuses sporting their gay strings of bunting we had to do without our post. In the sporting

world we met a team of the War Graves Commission at St Paul's and, despite the superior co-ordination in the colour scheme of their soccer jerseys, we won by seven goals to nil.

12th Sunday. Day of Recollection. Taking advantage of the long afternoon most of those who have so far escaped the advances of the 'flu set out to visit the four basilicas, in the true Holy Year spirit—though not, one suspects, without an inner persuasion that it would have been a far, far better thing to do all seven.

13th Monday. In the light of daily reports from our spotters on the Janiculum the snow situation on Terminillo seems to give hopes of another ski-ing Shrove. This was confirmed to-day from more reliable sources.

As we returned from our lapidary inspection of St Peter's or from the less frequented shades of 'Pam' we were alarmed to find a cordon of police in the Via Giulia; as we neared the Piazza della Rota it became obvious that something of moment was happening and we wondered if one of the OND could have been arrested for espionage. But no, an informative loafer told us that the Mayor of Rome was passing down the Via Giulia in state.

14th Tuesday. Strains of not unfamiliar choruses from the Music Room are a sufficient indication that some Octet is due for execution. Another sign that Shrove will soon be here is the growing number of gita lists on the Common Room notice-board, some promising mixed grill on Terminillo, others Spartan fare on Semprevisa.

16th Thursday. Giovedì grosso or Carnivaltide to you. Perhaps a vague interest in stage properties took a few cams up to the Pincian to view the pageantry of Rome's tiny-tots strutting around in fashions of centuries past. Perhaps, too, it was a First Year Man who asked if the Frats really took novices at such an early age.

19th Sunday. This morning the House went to San Lorenzo to assist our Parroco at Mass and the Quarant'Ore procession. For our Shrovetide entertainment we had the film Sleeping Car to Trieste, which awoke nostalgic memories of the Simplon-Orient express. Third Year began to talk of their approaching journey across Europe, but if all sleepers are like this one we advise them to travel by day.

20th Monday. Hobnail boots at 4.30 a.m. are an adequate substitute for an alarm clock, but for most of us an hour is more than ample warning of the imminence of the rising bell. While the more ambitious gita parties were speeding through the morning mists of the Campagna, others were eating a hearty breakfast in preparation for a hard day at Anzio, Anagni, or Terminillo. For once a Semprevisa party was back in time and all sufferers from sickness, sunburn and vertigo made lightning recoveries in time to join in the bid for the tallest yarn. A post-gita Common Room will swallow anything short of a claim to have kept expenses below 300 lire.

21st Shrove Tuesday. That well known air of peace and quiet possessed the House this morning, disturbed only by the diabolical wheezings that issue from the garage on the Monserrà and the more typical noises attributed

to Propsmen and Stagemen.

And this evening we sat back to enjoy the Shrove Concert, but whether it is that rehearsals come too soon after the prolonged dramatic activity of Christmas, or merely that the players and the audience are tired after Sunday's film and Monday's gita, the fact seems to remain that this concert is rarely as good as the others we have. To-night we had a surfeit of dramatic interludes from the classics, while long pauses between the items spoiled any chance there was of things getting into their swing. The final sketch, however, was up to standard; it gave the opportunity for some good acting and some unbelievable accents and a pantomime bishop got more laughs than perhaps even the author had foreseen. It was a good, homely sketch and, after all, what did it matter if the frying-pan, full of imaginary trout, held over a remotely-controlled electric log fire, did bear a striking resemblance to the one we used to fry onions on Soracte yesterday. And no one worries if the Babes-in-the-Wood, the Ugly Sisters and Iolanthe all made their entrance through the same wood as Jenkins the Keeper.

### SHROVETIDE CONCERT, 1950

1	CHORUS (Kining On The)
	Non nobis, Domine (Kipling-Quilter)
2	From The Critic Sir Fretful Plagiary Mr Walmsley Mr Sneer Mr Connelly Mr Dangle Mr Turnbull
3	TOPICAL SONG The Gregorian Rovers Messrs D'Arcy and McConnon
4	From PRIDE AND PREJUDICE  Mrs Bennett Mr Rossiter  Elizabeth
5	QUARTET My Lady Greensleeves
6	From Cyrano de Bergerac  Cyrano de Bergerac  De Guiche
7	Songs A Cautionary Tale Mr Broome Torna a Surriento

#### 8 SKETCH

#### BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Tom Tinker . . . Mr Bickerstaffe
Dicky Borch Diol . . . . Mr Byron
Jenkins the Keeper . . . Mr Kennedy
The Bishop of Mid-Wales . Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor

22nd Ash Wednesday.

'Now is the season, wisely long; Of sadder thought and graver song.'

And we began it in the traditional manner with the unending camerata ascending the Aventine to Santa Sabina for the first and most popular of the Station Churches. Even the most infirm of purpose will persevere for the first day . . . And so with the first breath of that cloying scent of crushed bay leaves former memories came crowding back and, the visit made, we put on our veneer of wisdom and out flowed the detailed minutiae: those false flutings, the lapis niger the devil flung at St Dominic, and so on. To-morrow who knows to what proportions our audience may have dwindled, so carpe diem. But oh, we forgot about the scavi!

23rd Thursday. Polling Day, but the serenity of College life was unmarred by any last minute electioneering campaigns, though many were the prophets who failed to gain recognition in their own country. It seems that one bright spark thought of giving a harangue from the rostra, but the Forum was bristling with custodians and the temptation passed.

24th Friday. Yesterday's tranquil attitude towards the General Election was clearly the calm before the storm, for scenes of mass hysteria were witnessed throughout the day as crowds seethed round the Vice's door in a state of political ferment, eagerly awaiting the latest results. However, by supper-time the hearty appetites of our Labour-minded neighbours showed them well set for yet another four years of (presumably purely theoretic) application of their favourite maxim: If a man will not work neither let him eat.

26th Sunday. To lunch Mr J. Peterson, Universe Correspondent. At Vespers some unusual peregrinations in the fifth psalm. The return of two patients whole and entire from the Blue Nuns is said by some to be the first sign of an anti-vivisectionist policy.

27th Monday. A very big prosit to Fr Rope on the thirty-fifth

anniversary of his ordination.

A group of Tyrolese pilgrims in local costume added colour to our visit to to-day's Station Church, St Peter in Chains. And we got home between the raindrops to find the central heating reviving.

28th Tuesday. We said good-bye to Fr Guy Pritchard who has been

our guest for some days.

MARCH 1st Wednesday. Feast of St David. High Mass and caffè e rosolio but not a leek to be seen. However, a dies non is ever a welcome event, especially when you know that in your absence the Gregorian is a hive of industry.

3rd Friday. Station-goers (a select coterie these days) descended into the crypt of the SS. Apostoli to see the relics they forgot to admire last year. But earlier in the season one camerata discovered a relic to rival any of the Dodici's selection—to wit, Jacob's ladder. However, on closer inspection it proved to be merely the staircase of St Alexis' house.

To lunch Fr J. Gardner c.f., and Lt Hely.

4th Saturday. Prosit to Messrs Stewart, McGuiness and Balfe on their ordination to the priesthood, and to fifteen of First Year Theology on receiving the tonsure. We had a foreboding of some new occipital fashions and picked our man carefully, but the glint that came into his eyes as he sharpened the shears told an expressive tale of the hidden desire for artistic self-expression, and our worst fears were realized.

5th Sunday. First Masses. Unfortunately trilocation was not possible. At lunch the Rector was flanked by the new ordinati and we toasted them

in the traditional manner ad multos annos.

Our evening was the brighter for a film—Bonnie Prince Charlie which we enjoyed chiefly for its pleasing colour photography of the Highlands. The film passed out of public memory until it was recalled to mind by the question which a young pilgrim asked in front of the Stuart monument in St Peter's: 'Why doesn't he look like David Niven?'

6th Monday. Disputationes publicae. It seems hardly credible that a handful of arguentes and defendentes should have 1,500 ears (sorry, pairs of ears!) straining to hear their formal cross-talk.

Guests to lunch were Fr Wilcock s.J., and Mr Baines P.O.

7th Tuesday. On the feast of St Thomas Aquinas you are always sure to find a camerata going to S. Maria Sopra Minerva. This morning Cardinal Micara sang the High Mass before a congregation of Holy Year dimensions.

This evening the Literary Society introduced Fr Wilcock to us for a very interesting talk on his experiences as a priest of the Russian rite.

8th Wednesday. The Superiors' table grew somewhat before lunch, and the Vaughan tapestries were in place outside the Martyrs' Chapel, so we were not taken by surprise when there was a flutter of scarlet at the front door and Cardinal Gilroy appeared as our guest at lunch, together with Abbot Smith and Frs Alfred Wilson c.p., Tyndal-Atkinson o.p., Dyson, s.J., and Treacy. The Cardinal's reply to the Rector's toast over coffee and liquori in the Common Room held our attention for almost half an hour, in the course of which we heard the third instalment of how the Big Three received their biglietti in the Salone in 1946. What is so interesting about all three of their Eminences is the good-humoured way in which each can throw light on the activities of the other two. So that we felt that we were already old friends of Cardinal Gilroy and were most sincere in wishing him a hearty ad multos annos and arrivederci.

9th Thursday. To-day cars were blessed at S. Francesca Romana, though some people suggested that exorcism would have been more suitable.

Anyway, it will be interesting to see if crossing the Corso becomes any safer as a result.

In the evening Fr Keller gave us an interesting talk on the work of the Christophers, a dynamic form of American Catholic Action.

12th Sunday. Monthly Recollection.

Agens: Do you know that a normal camerata may walk round the city walls at one quarter the speed of a circolare?

Patiens: No normal camerata would walk round the city walls.

13th Monday. Feast of St Gregory. While the rest of Rome made for St Peter's where the Holy Father was singing High Mass to celebrate the eleventh anniversary of his Coronation, we moved in the opposite direction ad Clivum Scauri for the annual House function at St Gregory's. The Rector sang the High Mass, and the chant was sung, under the guidance of the Schola, with the restraint suitable to the occasion. Afterwards the usual hardy annuals broke the ice on the newly white-washed Tank. In the absence of cuckoos in our part of the city we assume that this is the authentic sign of the arrival of spring. In the evening we returned to San Gregorio for Solemn Benediction given by Cardinal Gilroy.

14th Tuesday. The Cortile is rapidly beginning to look like a garage. The Vice-Rector returned from England yesterday with some further horse-power. It is rumoured that Domenico is thinking of applying for the post of car-park attendant. At Santa Pudenziana the attraction of 3,000 days indulgence brought a large gate.

15th Wednesday. Vae Victis! Venerabile 2 goals, Brazilian College 4. This evening under the auspices of the C.S.G. Fr Zammit o.p., addressed the House on 'The Perfect State'.

17th Friday. If we are to believe Oscar Wilde, all good Americans go to Paris when they die; bad Americans, needless to say, go back to America. Substitute Irish for Americans, Liverpool for Paris . . . But perhaps to-day it might be more politic not to, and anyway we couldn't get a word in edgeways. We pretended not to notice the usual herbaceous attempt to make the English College look like a vernal nook of Erin's green isle.

19th Laetare Sunday. The Schola plunged us headlong into the joys of mid-Lent with its familiar rendition of the 'Ecce Nunc'. Apparently the treatment was considered salutary but rather drastic. This afternoon many abandoned the long trek to Santa Croce in favour of Acqua Acetosa where our Rugby XV, after a very keen game, just lost to Rome Rugby Club, scoring 11 points to their 14. And for our evening entertainment the film committee conspired to give us Diamond City.

20th Monday. Feast of St Joseph. Dies non and the customary festivities en famille. Members of a certain Northern Seminary no doubt felt that their patron was being neglected this year, but their behaviour after supper showed that they had no intention of acquiescing in such treatment. Conditions were not ideal and a certain amount of opposition was noticeable, but even so the standard of Cat seems to have fallen since our time.

21st Tuesday. To lunch Mr Peter F. Anson of the Apostleship of the Sea. This evening the Station was at San Lorenzo in Damaso and a House function ensued. Archbishop Traglia was the hebdomadarius, coram Cardinals Piazza and Micara. Rain confined the procession to the ample cortile of the Cancelleria. And we returned to find that there was yet another event to help the supper-time chit-chat—the arrival of his Lordship Bishop Rudderham.

22nd Wednesday. Rome's Flying Squad is dealing effectively with anti-government strikers and demonstrators. Perhaps, indeed, too effectively, for Il Tempo reports that the new secret weapon, coloured water, was used indiscriminately on strikers and pilgrims at St Mary Major's. But then a Suora di Carità with a sky-blue or crimson wimple would be a jolly sight.

25th Saturday. Feast of the Annunciation. As it was a holiday from the Gregorian we availed ourselves of the chance to visit the Vatican Museums free of charge. So did half Rome. In the evening the famous crucifix of San Marcello was carried in procession to St Peter's where it was venerated by the Holy Father.

26th Passion Sunday. On account of the Holy Year the Station at St Peter's was an event of solemnity, and for the sacra funzione in the evening the Pope entered on foot, while an immense crowd made a gallant effort not to cheer. After delivering an address from the steps of the High Altar His Holiness imparted the Apostolic Benediction.

At supper there were no less than nine guests—all delegates to the

Apostolatus Maris conference.

29th Wednesday. A paper read to the Wiseman Society to-night on Loreto and Nazareth made a determined effort to restore the credibility of certain relics which had been relegated by a former speaker to the status of medieval myths. Just another round in the age-long controversy between Fideists and Sceptics.

30th Thursday. Theologians 1, Philosophers 7. Public opinion, or the saner part of it at any rate, was profoundly shocked. It just wasn't cricket, in spite of the score.

31st Friday. Another Friday. Actually we are told on good authority that Friday does come round only once a week, though most people would put it a shade oftener than that. Needless to say, grey skies and a possible short bell kept us in suspense half the morning. Bishop Rudderham left us and San Stefano Rotondo was shut per ristauro. So thank goodness that there isn't another Friday this week!

APRIL 1st Saturday. 'April is the cruellest month.' But we were in no mood to notice it this morning. As successive lecturers tied up the loose ends of half-digested tracts, text-books were firmly stowed away in 'Greg'-bags as fit company for the crumbs of past mid-morning refections.

From various rostra Easter wishes were bestowed in scholastic form, and soon the last lecturer was scurrying away as we echoed the customary plausus vetatus. The Padre Segretario and his henchmen watched our retreat with a look that threatened reprisals, but we cared little enough for that as we speeded homewards.

The Archæological Walk witnessed a scene, this afternoon, that might have been a Marathon; cameratas were breaking their feet in for to-morrow's

test round the Sette Chiese.

2nd Palm Sunday. One expects a lot of a Holy Year Holy Week, and to judge by the mêlée of pilgrims in the city to-day we shall not be disappointed. Nevertheless we still prefer our own rendering of the 'Turbarum voces' to the performances we witnessed in the Major Basilicas this morning. The persistence of palm-vendors outside St Peter's makes one grateful that the sailor of San Remo did not receive the monopoly of all articoli religiosi as a reward for his 'Acqua alle funi'.

After the hurly-burly of the day, the beginning of the Retreat under

the guidance of Fr Stanley s.J., came as a welcome relief.

5th Wednesday. Conversation was resumed without any serious damage to the vocal chords. Reconnaissance reported that the city was much more crowded but otherwise much the same, so the long afternoon walk took a medley of cameratas along the Via Aurelia Antica for Tenebrae at San Girolamo.

6th Thursday. A Catholic Association pilgrimage whisked away a few student-guides for the day, and one met them occasionally as they delivered Baedeker by rote from their imaginary soap-boxes. The pioneers are always envied. However, the rest of us were sufficiently occupied with finding our way among the solid mass of people at the Lateran for the Blessing of the Oils.

7th Friday. The Sessorian Basilica alias Santa Croce was discovered in a sea of torpedoni. We entered willy-nilly—an exit was not so easy. The Scala Santa was ascended similarly and a canter across the city brought us to San Girolamo for the last Tenebrae of the week.

8th Saturday. Mgr Heard blessed the new fire and sang the Mass. Roman streets are almost innavigable: traffic and pilgrims block one at every turn. Even the less frequented back streets are no refuge from the direction-seeking stranieri.

Prosit to Messrs Lowery and Howorth our new subdeacons.

9th Easter Sunday. Those who were not fortunate enough to be chosen for the Cantori for the Papal High Mass joined the thronging masses in the piazza. By mid-day some 300,000 were in the embrace of the colonades. The loud-speaker system which showed signs of breaking down fortunately revived in time for the Benediction Urbi et Orbi. The immense ovation almost drowned the proclamation of the Indulgence, for there in the piazza were the Orbis and Urbs, or at least a faithful rappresentanza of them.

As welcome guests to the Easter lunch were Mgr Heard, Frs Doyle, Holland, Richards and Ashworth and Mr Doyle.

The Grail Pilgrimage came this afternoon for Benediction. Small

groups were shown round the College and its antiquities . . .

Our Easter film, Then There Were None, was enjoyed, despite our familiarity with the story.

10th Monday. Like spokes from the hub of a cart-wheel, gita parties departed for their destinations far and near. Day-gita parties returned without mishap, reporting cloud over Semprevisa, but no pilgrims.

11th Tuesday. Small parties of pilgrims were conducted round the sights of the College in the course of the day, at various speeds. A running commentary on each portrait in the Cardinals' Gallery takes time. Others prefer to enlarge on archives on show. Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

Fr Vincent Fay was entertained to supper.

12th Wednesday. Day-gitas ran into unsettled weather, which brought about a sharp devaluation in the 300 lire gita allowance.

13th Thursday. The College drew further crowds of English pilgrims. By now it is hard to preserve an unrivalled excellence on any one point of interest as our fellow ciceroni have no scruples about eavesdropping. After experiencing much confusion among the pilgrims on the point, all guides are now unanimous that this is not the Beda. Even so, one will still meet with the occasional visitor who, after an exhaustive tour of the College, asks if he could be directed to the Venerabile.

A film was shown after supper. Canon Wood arrived to-night.

14th Friday. A combined gita to the Villa was rained off the Terrace. Fr Lescher looked in with his Sandhurst pilgrimage and we were pleased to welcome Frs Chapman and Barry to the Common Room after supper.

One long-gita party returned boasting of low expenses, but redolent

of the odours of garlic al fresco.

15th Saturday. The Corso was just putting on its neon smile as the long-gita parties, sunburnt or otherwise, were entering the last lap to the Monserra'. Cargoes of oggetti d'arte, well-worn utensils and noisy memories were unloaded in time for the evening Common Room.

16th Low Sunday. To High Mass and Benediction a mixed congregation of Children of Mary, Schoolboys and Girl Guides, to the strains of 'The Vatican's ma-a-jestic halls'. We let our imagination wander on the joys of being back in Rome.

Abiit Fr Holland.

17th Monday. The Gregorian revisited. Enough said.

18th Tuesday. To supper Frs Chapman, Swaby, Hill, Barry and McLoughlin.

19th Wednesday. A Catholic Action Conference at the Gregorian is causing chaos in the aulas. The dangers of being enrolled in the wrong faculty are not to be overlooked.

The guests at lunch were Canon Wood, Frs Coffey s.J., and Johnson.

20th Thursday. The Literary Society presented Prof. Mario Praz of Rome University, who gave us a well-informed talk under the title Genres Litteraires on contemporary Italian and English Literature.

Canon Wood left us to-day.

21st Friday. Anno MMIII A.U.C.... or the birthday of Rome. Incredulous curiosity took a few to the Capitol. The eagle and wolf were back in their cages, as the Press had foretold. One was almost expecting a Romulus and Remus to appear and complete the picture.

To lunch Canon Ford, Fr Swaby and Mr Warner.

Domenico predicted fine weather by 3 p.m., and he was right for once.

23rd Sunday. Feast of St George. By a happy harmony of events we were able to welcome as guests on our national festa the leaders of the first National Pilgrimage which arrived yesterday: His Grace, Archbishop Masterson, Their Lordships, Bishops Petit, Parker, Craven and Beck. Also Mgri Duchemin, Heard, Cashman, and Burns, Canon Ford and Frs W. Ford, Hulme, Kearney, O'Neill and Cleary. After one of the Madre's best pranzoni the Vice-Rector welcomed His Grace and their Lordships over caffè e rosolio in the Common Room and speeches followed as purple after purple rose to the challenge.

At Solemn Benediction, given by Archbishop Masterson, about two hundred pilgrims were present. After the intensive training of recent

weeks guides to the antichità of the College were not backward.

The St George's Concert, given by the Theologians, came as a pleasing exception to the normal level of our mid-term dramatic efforts, presenting as it did a rare crop of home-grown comedy. The Top Year sketch certainly had its moments and the interlude, 'Clipdrift', a daring dramatization of a recent film, deserves special praise. The concert went with a swing throughout and the final sketch caught the spirit of the evening and succeeded where better plots have failed. If one were to seek a moral from this evening's entertainment that might well be borne in mind for future occasions, it is that long pauses between items should be avoided at all costs. Once the rapport between the players and the audience is lost nothing short of a miraculous recovery will restore it.

## THEOLOGIANS' CONCERT, 1950

- 1 TOP YEAR SONG
- 2 Piano Solo English Folk Dance (Percy Grainger) Mr McGuiness

3	The The Con Rec Sec	Rector  Vice-Rector  Ripetitore  usultor to So  tor of the Co  retary of the  nenico	everal Congr	Shrewsbury	. Mr O'Dowd . Mr Spillane . Mr Rea Mr McGuiness . Mr Stewart . Mr English . Domenico		
		Time: Tl	he Holy Ye	ar, 1975	to le the ud hethion		
4	ITEM	at ziboro s	awayaya ahu waxabayaya baya dun	AlA toshig down sone	. Mr M. Keegan		
5	OCTET The	e Volga Bo	oatman				
6	Interlud	e odrift	Messrs Lo	owery and I	P. Murphy-O'Connor		
7			ou Walk ( <i>F</i> asefield-Irela		) . Mr O'Hara		
8	Ітем	ivste ei be	u, buided to	Messrs Fi	rost and P. Keegan		
9	SKETCH STATE OF THE STATE OF TH						
	A Quod Wrangle						
	Bill	l Jenks		Digital a la	. Mr Williams		
	Sni	рру			. Mr Byron		
		tcher.			. Mr D'Arcy		
		iceman	Service Service		. Mr Carson		
		ss Ormerod	Salva File men	Particular States	. Mr More . Mr Rossiter		
	Boy			•	. MIT ROSSILET		

24th Monday. After encountering the First National Pilgrimage yesterday on the hierarchical level, we proceeded this morning (or rather our twenty chosen guides did) to meet the main body of the pilgrimage. The evening Common Room was perhaps the noisiest on record, for the twenty tiros who set out this morning returned wiser, if not sadder men, each with his own store of amusing or harrowing incidents to relate. One conclusion is that the term 'guide' has a much wider connotation than we had been led to expect. Perhaps unlimited assistance and general information bureau just about sums it up.

25th Tuesday. A second day with the Pilgrimage for another twenty. The visits to St Paul's and St John Lateran concluded the jubilee round. Our observers commented on the smooth running of the pilgrimage, and one cannot let the occasion pass without remarking on the devotion and purpose of the pilgrims themselves.

26th Wednesday. Feast of St Joseph. The National Pilgrimage had their audience in St Peter's to-day. We welcomed an old friend to lunch in the person of Mr James Walsh, editor of The Catholic Times, and we appreciated his gift of excellent liquori which enlivened the after-dinner session. Bishop Grimshaw gave Solemn Benediction which was attended by a large number of pilgrims. Afterwards the seething crowds on the two lower floors of the House would have done credit to a Cup Final. To complete the day, a film starring Abbot and Costello; comment would be superfluous.

27th Thursday. We laid on transport and posted look-outs at strategic points to bring a couple of hundred pilgrims to our annual Catacombs Mass at Santa Domitilla. Our 'O Roma Felix' was supplemented by a massed 'Faith of Our Fathers'. In conformity with tradition the Mass was sung by the retiring Senior Student.

28th Friday. Disputationes publicae. In the faculty of Philosophy Mr Kenny was arguens. It was a rainy day to see the National Pilgrimage out of Rome. It is to be feared that they will return disillusioned with our weather. Bishop Craven remained behind and is staying with us for a few days. To supper Frs Rea and Molloy.

29th Saturday. Some eager Cup Final listeners sacrificed their siestas to cheer Arsenal to victory. Earlier on, the day had started in a sporting manner with a splash in the Tank at 5.35 a.m. It was one of our visitors (Canon Ford, we hear) proving by deeds instead of mere words his thesis on the Superior Stamina of a former generation.

MAY 1st Monday. We were sorry to say good-bye to Bishop Craven

and Canon Ford this morning. Colonel Dunne came to lunch.

Despite Catholic attempts to have the workers' holiday transferred to the anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*, Rome still celebrates May Day in the customary fashion, as we realized whilst grinding our teeth on yesterday's crusts. However, there is some compensation in the fact that we do not have to consider the horns of Rome, how they blow, but the unnatural quiet only increases that aggrieved feeling of working while the rest of the city rests.

2nd Tuesday. Transport facilities were back to normal to escort Dr

Clark to England this morning.

At the Gregorian the thesis sheet failed to make its expected appearance. Speculations about the erection in the Aula Magna were confirmed when we looked in on a rehearsal of Perosi's Last Judgement.

4th Thursday. Feast of the English Martyrs. Bishop Halsall pontificated at High Mass, and was the principal guest at lunch, accompanied by Rev. Dr Campbell and Frs Boulton and Atcheson. In the afternoon the Liverpool pilgrimage attended Pontifical Benediction and were shown round the College.

After High Mass most of the College went to the Gregorian to hear Gigli sing in the final rehearsal of Mgr Perosi's Last Judgement, which was conducted by the composer himself. The main public performance of the work was held later in the day for the delegates attending the International

Radio Congress.

In the evening we were entertained by the 20th Century Fox's film,

Pinky.

5th Friday. There have been a lot of swallows about recently—each of them, of course, busily not making a summer. Likewise one nespoli cannot be said to make one either. But the two together, coupled with the belated arrival of the thesis sheet and a temperature in the eighties seem to be a fairly certain sign. There remain, however, the hardened ne'er-cast-a-clout-ers.

7th Sunday. The Canonization of Blessed Antonio Maria Claret.

To lunch came Canon Lane and Mgr Atkins and the Frs Meagher. Frs Tyler, Petre and Maguire came to supper, and the latter gave a most stimulating Literary Society talk on instruction courses for non-Catholics.

Third Year Theology departed to Sant'Alfonso for their subdiaconate

retreat.

8th Monday. The summer season of gramophone recitals began this evening with Iolanthe in the appropriate setting of fairy lanterns.

10th Wednesday. The few people in the House who keep a diary could be seen popping their heads out of their doors and asking how many 'c's there are in Scirocco. The official diarist is made of sterner stuff. He must look it up in a dictionary.

12th Friday. As Mr Churchill left us on Monday with the Battle of the Atlantic still to be won, we have had short reading for the last few days. To-day, however, the Superiors once more elected silence and so we set off up the Seven Storey Mountain with Thomas Merton.

May devotions were at 4.30 to-day for another wave of pilgrims. Once again the guide-book litany was recited. Woe to the pilgrim who

asked for information about Cardinal Jorz!

13th Saturday. Feast of St Robert Bellarmine. The American College assisted their Rector, Mgr O'Connor, in the celebration of High Mass in the church of Sant Ignazio. The Germanicum provided the chant. In the evening some cameratas returned to Sant'Ignazio to hear an organ recital by Germani.

14th Sunday. Day of Recollection. As we walked sedately round the garden in the few minutes before dinner we envied the newly returned

deacons, subdeacons and tonsurati as they wallowed in the Tank. However, that did not make our prosit any the less sincere.

Fr Raftery was our guest to-day.

15th Monday. Frs O'Leary and Daley left us, while Rev. Dr Turner of Stockport arrived to stay a few days.

16th Tuesday. A smoke after tea reminded us that it was ten years since the College went into exile.

17th Wednesday. Some of us went to St Mary Major's for May devotions as assistenza.

18th Ascension Thursday. Canonization of Blessed Bartolomea Capitanio and Vincenza Gerosa, foundresses of the Sisters of Charity. The usual group of ten joined the plain chant choir in St Peter's while the rest had to be content to hear the Papal March echo round the garden from the Nuns' wireless. But then who would have missed the Schola's rendering of 'Gauden't in Cœlis'?

Bishop Myers and Frs Calnan and Ashworth were our guests at lunch and joined us at coffee and *liquori* afterwards. At Solemn Benediction a handful of pilgrims was good enough excuse for the Divine Praises to be in English. Welcome to Fr Dean o.s.B., who is to be our guest until

Whitsuntide.

19th Friday. A sudden explosion at seven this evening—no, not some poor student's brains reaching saturation point, but merely the film man exstinguishing an experimental fire.

21st Sunday. Dom Dean gave us a hand with the chant at High Mass. Little wonder if it touched the heights. When Bishop Myers gave the afternoon Benediction we had a chance to welcome four hundred C.T.S. pilgrims. It is interesting to watch the technique of the different ciceroni. Confronted for instance with the enquirer about Cardinal Jorz, some (the low, sneaking type) would pretend not to hear. The honest ones would say they didn't know. Some would pass it off with a joke. The imaginative and unscrupulous would say that he was a Legate a latere to Urban XI and reproved King John II for wearing a red wig. No one, of course, would be able to give the real facts of his life which are that he . . . Well, you can look him up for yourself in the Catholic Encyclopædia. Still it is a great pleasure to hear fluent sermons on the martyrs from the lower members of the House.

22nd Monday. Volunteer cleaners set to work on the Tank to-day, after it has been for some time in that embarrassing state during which you have to explain to visitors how nice it looks when it is clean. After tea several went to see Cielo sulle Palude, the film about St Maria Goretti.

At the University Mr Williams gave his Lectio Coram.

24th Wednesday and followed up to-day with his dissertation.
The twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Tank could not be fittingly celebrated as there were only three feet of water to swim in.

25th Thursday. At 8.30 in the church of San Gregorio Bishop Myers sang High Mass with volunteers from the House before a packed congregation of the C.T.S. and the Society of St Gregory. Those who like to see themselves on the altar had a further opportunity this evening when we provided assistenza for First Vespers of St Philip at the Chiesa Nuova.

To supper came Fr Auchinleck.

26th Friday. Cardinal Marsella pontificated at the Chiesa Nuova this morning; in the evening the whole House attended Benediction which was, as usual, much later than scheduled.

27th Saturday. Cheer, for w.e.f. to-morrow, Mass will be in the Martyr's Chapel. The Lancaster men were absent to-day with their diocesan pilgrimage and returned sporting a handsome badge and a fancy colour scheme for identification purposes. A letter of more than formal thanks from the Catholic Travel Association gave credit to the student body for its help with the First National Pilgrimage.

The Superiors' table is rarely without a guest these days. This evening it was shared by Mgr Hawkswell, and Fr Burke who afterwards addressed

the Literary Society.

We learned with regret of the death of Mgr Corbishley of whom many of the House have affectionate recollections.

28th Whit Sunday. Bishop Pearson, Mgr Hawkswell, Frs Atkinson, Dean and Lyons and Mr W. Dean shared our Pentecostal dinner. Over coffee the Rector spoke at length of the assistance that Fr Atkinson had so generously given in the Croft Lodge days. Bishop Pearson gave Benediction in the College Chapel for his Lancaster pilgrims.

29th Whit Monday. The Leeds and Lancaster students gave up their gita to guide their fellow-diocesans round Rome. The rest of us went to . . . well, need we say where one goes to on a Whit gita?

30th Tuesday. Most of us are (a) ruddier than the cherry, or (b) brighter than the berry, according to complexion. The Lancaster and Leeds men have always maintained that they are the only white men in England anyhow.

We entertained Fr Forshaw of Upholland to supper.

31st Wednesday. A few went to see Celtic play Lazio at the Stadio. At home the Leeds pilgrimage came for Benediction given by Mgr Dinn.

JUNE 1st Thursday. Choruses of auguri flung in the wake of retreating cameratas seem to indicate that the annual struggle of mind against matter at the University has begun. Sant'Onofrio is our afternoon refuge from the June doldrums; the view to the south lends inspiration, or at least gives relief to aching eyes. Third Year are beginning to discuss their return to England à haute voix, while First Year begin to look forward to the Villa as the time of emancipation into Second Year.

To supper Mgri Hawkswell and Dinn, Lieutenant General Festing,

and Fr Courtney.

2nd Friday. It is said that the Gregorian gave a dies non to-day under a false impression, for the Pope failed to consecrate the new church of Sant'Eugenio as had been expected. It was pleasant to imagine the gnashing of scholastic teeth, even though the holiday may have been given out of sheer goodness of heart. Secular Rome was on holiday too for the IV Fiera di Roma.

Amid the coterie at the Tank there is a new craze for swimming hats of divers colours.

4th Sunday. Trinity Sunday. The Rector sang the last High Mass of the year, during which our newly painted door was open to all comers. The Superiors' table was stretched to capacity to greet the following imposing array of guests: His Excellency Mr Victor Perowne, Mgri Duchemin, McDaid, Heard and Flanagan, Fr Alfred C.P., Fr Bolland S.J., Fr. Dyson S.J., and Mr Somers Cocks.

Solemn Benediction without any pilgrimage in attendance seemed

a most unusual occurrence.

6th Tuesday. Thomas Merton continues to drag us up the Seven Storey Mountain—some people still persist in confusing it with the Matterhorn. To-day a tooth-ache and a gangrenous toenail made him an even less cheerful companion than usual. Anyhow this is not mountaineering weather. It was a great blow to the followers of the giro d'Italia to hear that the favourite had broken a limb.

8th Thursday. Feast of Corpus Christi. Everything was as usual this morning at the Little Sisters for what is surely the most delightful function of the year. The Vice-Rector sang the High Mass and the procession was

all that a Corpus Christi procession should be.

Caffè e rosolio after lunch left time for only the shortest of siestas for before five o'clock had struck we were making our way through the sundrenched Piazza di San Pietro to the Porta della Sagrestia where we joined several thousand other clerics awaiting the start of the greatest Papal function so far this Holy Year. We assembled in procession inside the basilica, finding time to examine the miraculous Corporal of Bolsena which was surrounded by a group of picturesque Orviztesi. There was a long wait and then the procession moved down the basilica into the blinding glare and the cheering and shouting of the crowded piazza. Odd details emerge in the memory from the confusion of splendour and magnificence: the dense crowds stretching away out of sight down the Via della Conciliazione; the answering notes of the bugle calls with which the armies of two states saluted each other over a frontier of wooden barriers, a fitting conclusion to the bitter interval of history which has run its course since the Pope was made a prisoner in his own palace; lastly one recalls the shining splendour of the tapestry of Leonardo's Last Supper above the temporary altar as the procession made its way back towards the basilica and the lights went up in the growing dusk. For the concluding Benediction we found ourselves right up on the basilica steps, jostling for places with the privileged body of the Parrochi Romani. Then, the 'Te Deum' ended,

the Holy Father quietly retired into the basilica, the lights went down and we made our way back to a late supper, tired but happy, through streets that were suddenly teeming with rushing excited crowds.

10th Saturday. Exhortatio ad templum S. Ignatii and a fervent 'Te Deum'. The end of lectures was welcomed by the usual rounds of forbidden applause which the Professors once again tolerated, and even justified with the same old brand of specious casuistry.

11th Sunday. The final post-Trinity programme conveys a sense of almost eschatological doom. The heat grows more and more oppressive and even the cucina has acknowledged its existence by putting on a cold supper these Sunday evenings.

12th Monday. Said the drone to the busy bee: 'I say, can you give me a ten-minute summary of the year's work, starting now . . . ?'

13th Tuesday. The giro d'Italia ended to-night with a final lap near the Baths of Caracalla. Habitués of the Forum who had spent their time craning their necks over the far corner of the Palatine returned with thrilling tales of neck and neck finishes. Too late did they discover that what they had seen had been the antics of the local cyclists keeping the crowd amused until the giro riders arrived.

To lunch Fr Hamilton.

14th Wednesday. The room list is up for the Villa and the undercurrent of cross-checking with former occupants has begun; personally we find that a discussion on the merits of various rooms gives rise to grave temptations to mental reservations.

15th Thursday. Dies illa magna et amara valde. Third Year Philosophy started to get their hundred theses off their chests and by the evening in every College in Rome those lazy good-for-nothing Lafayettes and Llewellyns (the vanguard in this year's alphabetical lucky-dip) were being envied instead of pitied by the hard working Kytes and Kzeflers.

To lunch Professor Mario Praz of Rome University.

18th Sunday. You have to be careful down at the Tank these days. If you're green you'll soon get pushed in, and if you're not you soon will be, for the Tank badly needs cleaning. (And that, by the way, is just the sort of remark to ensure that you will get pushed in.)

To lunch Frs Conlon, Kelly, Donnelly and Higham, with Mr T. Keegan.

We said good-bye to Mr Rea who is leaving to-morrow.

19th Monday. And to-day he was followed by Mr Stewart.

20th Tuesday. Those who have a nice pair of flannels or a natty sports coat have been trying to hide the fact from Third Year. And to judge by the latter's appearance as they left to-day the hiding was done pretty well.

21st Wednesday. From all over Rome people went to S. Ignazio for

Mass at the tomb of St Aloysius.

Others of the College attended a Mass in the Syro-Malankarese rite at the Bridgittine church. Two of our younger members even appeared on the altar and waved rattles with great abandon. We were busy thinking up some very telling remarks on the ex ore infantium theme when they

returned and smugly explained that they had been representing the wings of angels. We were glad to hear that the photographs which were taken of them have not come out; but it is said that they are still hoping to get a sound reproduction from the Recording Angel.

Ad Multos Annos for Mr Spillane.

23rd Friday. After two days of anguish during which we have been envying the urchins in the Tiber, the Tank is full again. A new football which has made its appearance adds to the dangers that confront the unskilled swimmer.

Mr Balfe left us and in the evening we said farewell to Mr English in the traditional fashion.

24th Saturday. This evening we all made for the Piazza di San Pietro for the canonization of Blessed Maria Goretti. The piazza was thronged with campagnuoli and one saw how devotion to the martyr had gripped the people. During the Papal homily the crowd roared its vigorous affirmation at the salient points.

26th Monday. Most cameratas headed for the church of SS. John and Paul where the body of St Maria Goretti was exposed for veneration. Then we took the evening air on the Cœlian and watched the old brick of the church become rosy in the late sun, while the pines and planes in the Celimontana reminded us of the approaching Villa. It is getting very near now; to-morrow daily advance parties will begin their yearly task of exalting every valley and making low every mountain and hill.

29th Thursday. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. This morning it was inevitably tutti a San Pietro. Perhaps it was the presence of so many strangers that made the crowd much less demonstrative than we had expected.

30th Friday. We said good-bye to the last departures for England, Messrs McGuiness and O'Dowd.

The ground floor now resembles a left-luggage office—mountains of essential equipment of which the advance and rearguard parties will dispose, we presume, in ways best known to themselves. To-morrow night we shall retire to sleep to the trilling of the grilli—a better lullaby than the blaring gramophones and the domestic wranglings of the Cappellar.

And so we come to the parting of the ways, for one more half year has run its course and one more chronicler has to make his adieux. It is a moment that holds out tempting opportunities for reflection and reminiscence. But the equation of the trivial records of everyday with the more permanent underlying realities is one best left to the thoughtful reader; as for reminiscence, the answer to the age old query *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?* is only too obvious in this weather. Besides we have better things with which to occupy our time; an Albano tram, a walk round the Lake, and we face a future that holds out glittering prospects. So we will look to the future and let the past take care of itself. For, after all, it is only people with no future that can afford to have a past.

JAMES BROOME.

## PERSONAL

We extend our sincere congratulations to His Excellency, Sir John Perowne, who was honoured with the decoration of the K.C.M.G., in the Birthday Honours List. We were able to welcome His Excellency to Palazzola on two occasions during the *villegiatura*.

We were also pleased to welcome His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet and eleven of his staff on the occasion of the annual cricket match between

the British Embassy and the College.

letter L. Appende +1005 (25, Keep

We were pleased to see once again HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP MASTERSON and HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRIMSHAW, as well as Bishops Parker, Petit, Beck and Craven when they came out to Rome with the first National Pilgrimage and visited the College. We saw HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP RUDDERHAM, when he brought out the Apostleship of the Sea pilgrimage. HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP PEARSON stayed with us when he was in Rome with the Lancaster pilgrimage at Whitsuntide. During the summer we also caught a glimpse of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP HALSALL at Palazzola when he led the Boy Scout pilgrimage.

Another old friend of the College we saw at Palazzola was MGR SMITH, who led another Lancaster pilgrimage and then came and stayed with us

for a few days.

This year we have been able to welcome an exceptional number of old students, among whom our possibly incomplete records list as visitors to the College in Rome: Very Rev. Canon Ford (1921–29), Rev. J. Holland (1936–43), Rev. M. Swaby (1939–46), Very Rev. Mgr D. J. Cashman (1933–39), Rev. A. Hulme (1934–40), Rev. B. Chapman (1937–44), Rev. A. Wood (1910–15), Rev. H. Richards (1939–46), Rev. R. Meagher (1916–22), Rev. L. R. Wells (1932–39), Rev. S. G. Lescher (1932–38), Rt Rev. Mgr Atkins v.g. (1921–28), Rev. G. Auchinleck (1935–42),

REV. W. BOULTON (1911–18), REV. M. ABBOTT (1935–37), REV. J. CAMPBELL (1925–32), RT REV. MGR DINN V.G. (1923–29), REV. W. KELLY (1926–33), VERY REV. MGR TYNDALL (1908–12), VERY REV. CANON HUNT (1902–09), REV. B. CUNNINGHAM (1927–34), REV. V. FAY (1925–32), REV. G. PRITCHARD (1927–34), REV. E. DOYLE (1930–37), REV. G. BARRY (1939–46), REV. B. O'NEILL (1935–42), REV. J. MOLLOY (1933–44), REV. J. R. MEAGHER (1901–08), REV. J. DALEY (1936–43), REV. J. TURNER (1916–21), REV. J. LYONS (1928–35), REV. E. TYLER

(1939-46), Rev. H. E. Calnan (1907-12).

And to Palazzola during the summer: Very Rev. Mgr Elwes (1922–25), Rev. P. Storey (1934–41), Rev. A. Storey (1936–43), Rev. P. Anglim (1941–48), Rev. V. Hamilton (1942–49), Rev. L. W. Jones (1924–31), Rev. G. Mitchell (1934–38), Rev. J. Groake (1938–45), Rev. D. Fahy (1936–43), Rev. R. Fallon (1937–44), Rev. W. Lynch and Rev. T. Lynch (1926–34), Rev. G. Sweeney (1930–37), Rev. D. Swan (1940–47), Rev. G. Dwyer (1926–34), Rev. W. Purdy (1928–35), Rev. A. Jones (1930–35), Rev. L. Farrow (1942–46), Rev. J. Fraser (1937–44), Rev. E. Walshe (1913–20), Rev. R. Delany (1921–28), Rev. R. P. Redmond (1926–34), Rev. W. Lennon (1926–33), Rev. J. Mullin (1931–38), Rev. E. Carey (1925–32), Rev. L. Alston (1935–42), Rev. W. Buxton (1938–45).

Also during the *villegiatura* we were pleased to welcome many of our fellow seminarians from Ushaw, Upholland, Oscott and St Edmund's.

We offer our sincere congratulations and best wishes to our jubilarians on the twenty-fifth anniversaries of their ordinations to the priesthood: to Very Rev. Canon Wilson (1919–26) who celebrated his on 13th August, and to Rev. H. Casartelli (1919–26) and to Rev. J. E. Hemphill (1919–26) who will celebrate theirs on 19th December.

Our congratulations to Rev. T. Duggan (1926-33) on his appointment as Rector of St Bede's College, Manchester.

Congratulations are also due to Rev. M. Williams (1941-48) on his cum laude in his Doctorate of Theology at the end of May. He has been appointed to Our Lady of the Rosary, Parkfield Road, Saltley, Birmingham.

Others who left at the end of this year have been appointed as follows: Rev. M. English (1943-50) to St John's, Benchill, Manchester.

REV. K. REA (1943-50) to the church of the Holy Redeemer, Devonport, Plymouth.

REV. R. L. STEWART (1943-50) to St Peter's, Guildford, Surrey.

REV. C. SPILLANE (1943-50) to the Assumption, Deptford.

REV. J. BALFE (1946-50) to SS. Mary and Peter's, Jersey.

REV. F. McGuiness (1946-50) goes to St Edmund's House, Cambridge, for higher studies.

Other appointments include:

REV. L. W. JONES (1924-31) from Cotton College to be Parish Priest at St Mary's, Warwick.

REV. J. BUCKLEY (1937-40) to Filwood Park, Bristol.

REV. A. COTTER (1936-43), as Bishop's Secretary, to St Ambrose's, Leigh Woods, Bristol.

REV. L. HANLON (1935-42) and REV. V. HAMILTON (1942-49) to St Bede's College, Manchester.

We were very sorry to learn of the deaths of the Very Rev. St George Canon Kieran Hyland d.d., ph.d. (1893–1900), of the Very. Rev. Canon William Collingwood, d.d. (1891–96) and of the Rev. William Park d.d., ph.d. (1923–30), who was *Ripetitore* of the College between the years 1930–38. Their obituaries and those of the late Canon Jarvis and Canon Bailey will be found at the back of the present number.

Unfortunately we are unable to print, in this number, the obituary of the Rev. B. GRIMLEY D.D., (1916-22), as we received the sad news of his death only just before going to print.

The Editor welcomes any information for this column.

#### **COLLEGE NOTES**

#### THE VENERABILE

The members of the present Staff are:

Editor: Mr Hunt Secretary: Mr P. Keegan

Sub-editor: Mr Lloyd Under-secretary: Mr Leonard

Fifth Member: Mr Kenny

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 Beda Review, The Oscotian, The Cottonian, Pax, The Douai Magazine, St Peter's College Magazine, The Wonersh Magazine, The Prior Park Magazine, The Pylon, The Scots College Magazine, The Lisbonian, Korrespondenzblatt.

#### THE UNIVERSITY

This year the University was the scene of a number of important gatherings connected with the Holy Year. In December Father Lombardi made the Aula Magna his headquarters for the Crociata della Bontà, a series of talks for the professional classes of the city, its aim being to instill into them the principles and spirit of the Holy Year. During the spring, professors from all over Italy gathered at the University for a study week on the methods of spiritual direction. Father Dezza and Father Marcozzi of the University along with Father Garrigou-Lagrange o.p., of the Angelicum were among the speakers.

There was much speculation among the student body when for a week towards the end of the scholastic year the Aula Magna was festooned with microphones and other *impedimenta*. The reason for this activity was that the University hall had been chosen by Mgr Lorenzo Perosi for a performance of his Final Judgement given in honour of the delegates attending the International Radio Congress at the Vatican. A packed audience listened with appreciation to the Orchestra and Choir of the Academy of Santa Cecilia supporting a fine body of soloists which included Benjamino Gigli. The performance was spirited and sympathetic; and it was relayed over the Italian radio network.

Vita Nostra, the student organization started three years ago by a body of enthusiasts continued its efforts this year. A concert was organized in November and two numbers of the magazine were published. Considerable improvement in the format and contents were noted and the editors deserve our congratulations. However, Vita Nostra is in danger of perishing through lack of support from individual Colleges and though the burden of such ventures usually does rest on individuals the official recognition now extended by the University authorities will be of no value unless more people take an interest in the activities and problems of the movement.

Among the new Professors we may mention Father F. X. Lawlor, who shared the lectures on *De Verbo Incarnato* with Father Boyer. Unfortunately ill health necessitated his return to the United States, but we are left with the memory of an interesting lecturer and one who made many friends at the Venerabile. Father Bernini relieved the Professors of exegesis from the burdens of Scripture Introduction for First Year Theology. We were also pleased to see Father Courtney of Heythrop College, an old friend of those who studied at St Mary's Hall, as a guest of the University.

This year saw the introduction of a series of lectures for Third Year Philosophy entitled *Hodierna Problemata* under the guidance of Fathers Arnou, Morandini and Delannoye. The Philosophy course has recently been re-organized: First Year Philosophy attend lectures in Major and Minor Logic, Metaphysics and History of Philosophy; Second Year in Cosmology, Psychology, Natural Theology and History of Philosophy,

leaving Ethics for the Third Year.

Books published at the University have been for the most part new editions of existing text-books. The *Gregorianum* and *Periodica* contained articles dealing with many current theological problems: Father Filograssi's article on the historical approach to the dogmas of the Church with relation to the Assumption being of particular note.

Elsewhere in the Magazine<sup>1</sup> is published a list of those who obtained the Licentiate of Theology whilst the College was in England. Testimonials have been forwarded to all, stating the final mark awarded by the University

authorities.

John O'Hara.

<sup>1</sup> In Nova et Vetera under the heading UNIVERSITY DIPLOMAS.

#### LITERARY SOCIETY

The first reaction of anyone reviewing the programme of the Literary Society for this year is bound to be one of disappointment. According to the prophets, this was to be an annus mirabilis, a time of plenty that would shower on us talented speakers of every kind who would be in Rome for the Holy Year. In actual fact we could obtain the services of only two pilgrim speakers, partly because we had little information about the dates of arrival and the composition of the various pilgrimages, and partly because most of the pilgrims stayed so short a time in Rome that they could not spare the time needed for the preparation and delivery of a talk. Thus it was that we had to rely almost entirely on our usual resources, so that a season to which we had confidently looked to provide some variety and added interest sadly disappointed our expectations.

Early in November, our first speaker, Mr Douglas Woodruff, once again gave a very popular address, and one that excited a great deal of interest and discussion, on the current Strasbourg Conference. Later in the month Mr Keith Faulkner gave a most enjoyable song recital, about which we will say no more only because the Music Notes of the last issue forestalled our appraisal. His Excellency Sir John Perowne, Minister to the Holy See, and a popular figure in the College, followed in December with a talk on the Foreign Office. As might be expected he displayed a comprehensive knowledge of his subject and gave his audience a real insight into the methods of British diplomatic methods and procedure. Then, just before Christmas, Mr Costello, Prime Minister of Ireland, provided a great tonic with his lively and certainly controversial answers to a fair variety of questions.

After a decent interval to digest our own highly seasoned Christmas fare we re-opened with Mr Pilcher, Press Attaché to the British Embassy. He gave a very fine talk on Japan which showed a deep understanding of the Japanese mental outlook and an unusual sympathy with the peculiar problems with which circumstances and environment have confronted the culture and civilization of this island race. This talk was one of the best of its type that we have been fortunate enough to hear for a

long time.

Fr Wilcock, of the Russian province of the Society of Jesus, was able to draw on a fund of interesting reminiscences when he described his travels and experiences over the last ten years. However, the procedure of the Society can appear somewhat formal, and the speaker might have been happier in the rather easier atmosphere of a Common Room circle. Fr Keller of Maryknoll gave a well delivered address on his pioneer work in the 'Christopher' movement—a very much up-to-date and active form of American Catholic Action. Unfortunately, however, he was never really en rapport with his audience. Next we had Professor Praz, of Rome University, who read and developed a paper on the theories of literary criticism introduced by the philosopher, Benedetto Croce. The House found it interesting but over long, and his allusions a shade recondite.

The year was brought to a close by talks from Frs Maguire and Burke, our two pilgrim speakers. Fr Maguire, speaking from short but recent experience of the Mission, discussed the problems and difficulties of conversion work, and Fr Burke gave us some welcome information on the work of the Catholic Film Institute. Neither had anticipated an invitation to address the Society and so their preparations were necessarily hurried; inevitably, highly interesting material had to be presented disjointedly or all too briefly.

At the annual business meeting Mr O'Hara was chosen to succeed Mr McGuiness as President and Mr Gordon was elected as Secretary.

ROBERT J. ABBOTT.

#### GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

The debates this year were of a slightly more serious character than those of last year, such subjects as the desirability of a United Federal States of Europe, the standard of English humour and the respective merits of the Italian and English peoples were debated and, in almost every case, closely contested. The serious nature of the debates did not cause any decrease in attendance but rather the reverse.

Several points of order were raised in the course of the year and it was decided to maintain the present system of debating leaving the interpretation of the rules to the discretion of the President who was also encouraged to make a fuller use of his powers. It is hoped that the question of the domination of the debates by some speakers will be solved by

these means.

The second night's debating was usually far superior to that of the first night; this may be ascribed to a lack of preparation and, in many cases, to the size of the motion which caused members to waste time by hyper-philosophical hair-splitting about the exact shade of meaning of odd words. Also contributory to this wasting of time was a certain striving after provocative effect and an oftentimes too studied humour which sometimes degenerated into burlesque; consequently the sincerity, essential for a serious debate, was sometimes lacking. It cannot be denied, however, that the standard of debating is high at present, and it is to be hoped that the Society will go from strength to strength under the presidency of Mr More.

JOSEPH FITZ GIBBON.

#### WISEMAN SOCIETY

It cannot be claimed that this year the Wiseman Society enjoyed one of its more successful seasons. The number of papers was less than that called for by the constitutions of the Society and, though all the papers were adequate, they were not in the main of outstanding quality. However, no Society can always be riding on the crest of a wave; the previous year had yielded more than its share of talent and doubtless next season will be a more successful one.

The first paper, read by Mr Kenny on the subject of Relics, gave an exposition of the views of recognized authorities on the genuineness of the major relics of Rome and of the Holy House of Loreto. The paper was well written and ably documented and gave rise to an interesting and lively discussion, which showed, however, that the methods of critical research are not of themselves entirely adequate to deal with this particular problem. A later paper, read by Mr Grech, took up the cudgels on behalf of the Holy House, but after two more evenings of learned authorities, supplemented this time by lantern slides, it began to appear that a docta ignorantia was the only possible result that could be attained.

Mr Leonard's paper on Dryden and the Metaphysical Tradition was, as might have been expected from the title, more than somewhat influenced by the critical theories of Mr T. S. Eliot. It gave a good account of Dryden's work and of the literary aims and standards of his time, but the speaker's diatribes against the upholders of other and better tried literary theories

than the 'modern' ones were not always so happy.

Father Rope has always laid claim to be a laudator temporis acti and his paper on Saxon England gave him a rare opportunity of exposing the absurdities and failings of our modern civilization. It was all very stimulating and our only regret was that there was no time for discussion.

During the year the Society also sponsored a 'broadcast' performance of Eliot's Sweeney Agonistes. At the business meeting Mr Michael Moore was chosen to succeed Mr FitzPatrick as Secretary.

JOHN McHugh.

#### CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

Social studies still struggle to find a permanent place in the College life. It is not so much that there is a lack of interest in social problems in the House but there is a general mistrust of the C.S.G. group as the most profitable way of studying them. It is not surprising then that this lack of confidence was met this year by the establishment of only two circles, one for the New Men and one for the remainder of the House, in each of which the emphasis was rather on the questions raised than on the orthodox answers to them.

Up-to-date books were borrowed from the British Council library in Rome and with their help it was easier to avoid the dusty formulas and fatally cramped approach of 'the standard works'. The burden of the preparation by members of formal papers was side-stepped by a system of two speakers per weekly meeting, and in this way some twenty-five talks were delivered. Many of these were of the highest quality but even so interest flagged and, after the initial meetings, we witnessed the weekly tragedy of excellent talks being given to a handful of people. The C.S.G. can never hope to flourish while the only period available for its study circles is immediately after lunch.

Outside speakers proved elusive. However, Fr Zammit o.p., of the Angelicum, came along and set us thinking with his answer to the question 'What is a perfect society?', while Fr Clark entertained a packed Music Room on two successive nights with a delightfully provocative talk on the political attitude of priests, entitled 'True Blue or Rose Pink?'

The Secretary for the coming year is Mr M. Keegan, with Mr Harding

to assist him.

LIAM CARSON.

#### CRICKET

On arriving at Palazzola we found the wicket which had been cemented last year had broken up and needed re-surfacing. This was completed in time to play the first game against the British Embassy in the second week of July. Almost immediately, however, it was found necessary to concrete ten feet behind the wickets at each end, as the bowlers were finding difficulty with the run-up. This work we did ourselves and the pitch played very well until the end of the season. It was unfortunate that with so much time being spent on working on the pitch the number of matches played among ourselves was fewer than in previous years. Next season the rest of the wicket will have to be concreted, as the cement surface which has done good service for the last two years can never be a really satisfactory solution to the problem of the Palazzola wicket.

Two games were played this year against the British Embassy as well as the traditional game against the Australians from Propaganda. Through the kindness of Captain Henderson R.N., the Naval Attaché, a match was arranged against H.M.S. Gambia, the flagship of the Mediterranean fleet. Although we managed to win easily, this was perhaps the most

enjoyable game of the season.

The team this year was the strongest that we have fielded for many years and we could call on four front line bowlers. Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor deserves special mention as he took twenty-one wickets for forty-five runs in four matches. The batting was steady and the earlier batsmen managed to subdue our opponents' attack leaving the heavier hitters at numbers four, five and six to collect most of the runs, and so enable us to achieve success in all our matches.

It may be an opportune moment to mention our chronic shortage of bats and batting gloves. Last year we were presented with two bats by the British Embassy, but it is impossible to run a College Eleven and play among ourselves with only two bats. Perhaps some of those who have tasted the joys—and the disappointments—of Villa cricket may be able to help us. Balls too are in short supply as they wear out very quickly on the hard surface.

We should like to thank Frs M. O'Leary and J. Groarke for the gifts of balls and gloves, and assure them that their gifts were very much

appreciated.

JOHN O'HARA.

#### **OBITUARY**

THE REVEREND WILLIAM PARK D.D., PH.D.

The House called him 'Doc', thereby with singular felicity adapting itself to a novel situation. For Dr Park was the first resident Ripetitore within our memory. Before, Italians, Germans and Dutchmen, some of them great comedians, had come to us from outside, taken their repetitions, lunched or supped with us, and then departed to their own places. There was no one in the College always available to consult when a difficulty proved particularly obstinate, until in 1930 Dr Park joined the Superiors' table and a new régime had been inaugurated. Now, there are only two Superiors in the Venerabile, the Rector and the Vice-Rector, and they are addressed as 'Sir'. The Spiritual Director was obviously 'Father'. But what was to be made of a Ripetitore? He was no longer a student, in the canonical sense, and Monsignor Godfrey felt that his Christian name was an over-familiar mode of address. We waited, and the House adopted an inspired compromise between respect and affection. 'Doc' he became from that day forward.

He was only seventeen when he came to the College, and he looked ridiculously younger, a mere boy in fact. Already, as he once told me, he had had trouble with a tubercular bone in his chin, but his health in Rome was normal throughout his course. It never prevented his intensity of study or his taking a full share in the life of the House, into which, indeed, he threw himself with zest. One Christmas he wrote at least three sketches for the concerts, unexpectedly satirical sketches; and he made

a perfect Alice in Wonderland.

He came to Rome with a deep love for English poetry, in which he was well read. It was a love which never deserted him. But his flair for philosophy developed immediately. He used to astonish us, who were less metaphysically minded, by his habit of putting out the light in his

room, in order to think the better. This in itself marked him out as a man apart from most of us, who could only think if we pushed a pen assiduously. No one, then, was astonished at the high marks he achieved in his various examinations. Later and closer knowledge of him convinces me that he

had a first class analytical brain.

As a student he revelled in Rome, the genuine culture which he had brought from Ushaw enabling him to value the art and history with which he was every day surrounded. Gitas were giant refreshment to him, both of soul and body. His physical endurance was very high. To explore Florence or Siena or Verona in his company was stimulating indeed, and his memory furnished him with exact illustrations of the principles he loved to defend. It was the same when he later discovered music. I was responsible for introducing him to most of the classical Masters, but he soon outstripped

me in his knowledge and in his power of appreciation.

Before he had emerged from the student chrysalis, he had already felt the call of the heights and had challenged his first mountains. His later ill health shows that he needed the extra oxygen which the mountains gave him. But the benefit was not only physical. Anyone who has read his articles on mountaineering, either in the VENERABILE or in the magazine of the Achille Ratti Club, will realize that the peaks brought out all his faculties, and heightened his perceptions, whether of poetry or art or history or philosophy or of religion. In the rarefied air of the Alps or the Dolomites or the Abruzzi, he achieved a synthesis which escaped him in the plains. His gita in Corsica was an adventure of the spirit, quite as much as it was a holiday for his mind. He lived with a new intensity when he was in a high altitude, and this led to his popularizing such gitas when he was Ripetitore.

It was largely on his reassurances that the Rector allowed the students to go climbing. Later information tends to prove that the Rector's fears were fully justified. The students were not sufficiently experienced in those days to distinguish between courage and rashness, and many foolhardy exploits resulted, thank God without serious accident. Before the end of his fifteen years in Rome, Dr Park himself came to question the wisdom of his own propaganda for the mountains. Not that he ever doubted their wonder or their benefit for the right type of mind; but he felt that by becoming so popular, they prevented some men from making contact with the other wonders of Italy in her churches, her palaces, her art galleries, and her roads. He had enjoyed these things himself, before he took to climbing; and he knew that it was grievous loss to others if they became one-sided devotees of the heights. He held that it needed a thoroughly civilized man to profit fully from the mountains. Whether this be true, or whether he was merely generalizing from his own particular experience, I am not competent to say.

He loved the Italians with a discriminating affection. His knowledge of their language was far more detailed than is acquired by many who have lived for years in Rome. He really knew his Dante. And yet, though he spoke and wrote fluently, his intonation remained English to the end. Some deep-seated reticence in his composition effectively stayed him from all flamboyance, so that it was only after a day in the snows, when he sat among the abruzzesi before a roaring fire, that he could really let himself go. I wish he had had more energy in these last years at Kingussie, to write his judgement on the Italian people. He could have given the most illuminating pen pictures of the real folk, tucked away in their scooped valleys, independent of opinion because largely unlettered and preserved from the mass hysteria of the cities. Carmichael would not have held a candle to him.

Personally, I came to know him best when he was Ripetitore and I Vice-Rector. We went walks together, searching out the new architecture of Fascism, which changed the face of Rome in our time. He showed me the primrose vale, which they tell me has now been swallowed up in housing estates. I took him every Sunday of the winter to hear the Augusteo orchestra, and he began that remarkable collection of gramophone records for which he was prepared to beggar himself. On one occasion, I somehow discovered that the only article of the clothes he was wearing which belonged to him was one stocking. And when I remonstrated with him, he answered disarmingly that he simply had to have César Franck's Variations Symphoniques. When the Rector was in England, on a well-earned short holiday, Bill would come with me every week to the Villa to supervize the completion of the year's building programme, and he was of immense help. We would wander through the place, which looked like a blitzed area, followed by the living snake of ingeniere, faligname, pittore, elettricista, muratore; Marco, Fausto, Prospero and all the rest of them, discussing the last details, arguing, expostulating, cajolling, reasoning, commanding, pleading, denouncing, and it was always a compelling word which he would introduce, when the rest of us had screamed ourselves hoarse. There are evidences of his imagination everywhere at Palazzola, particularly the wrought iron work which was his particular inspiration, the lamps in the Cortile and the balustrade in the Salone, all variations on the theme of the College coat of arms.

I do not know whether he was an excellent Ripetitore. My guess is that he was not. As I have said, his mind achieved analysis more easily than synthesis, and it is the latter which fledgling philosophers need more urgently. Stimulating he always was, but perhaps he sometimes failed to answer a difficulty, in the sense in which an examinee uses that phrase. Nevertheless, his contribution to the Venerabile was beyond price. It was a golden age, when the Rector put the priestly ideal so clearly before his men and buttressed that ideal by the metal of his own example; when the conscience of the House was in the saintly keeping of Father Welsby, and when the cultural education of the students was a plant of sturdy ripening under the influence of Dr Park. His gramophone, his gitas, above all his talk in the Common Room, were the means of an education in all things Catholic, from which few men indeed failed to profit. He made war on the one-track mind, on all parochialism and insularity. He insisted that all creation was the work of God's hand, and that when God Himself had regarded it, He had found that it was good. Puritanism was anathema to Dr Park, and God was to be found everywhere. This was a passionate

conviction with him. He had once hoped to be a Carthusian. But when this ambition proved mistaken, he did not essay any false ostracism. Instead, he searched for God in all the experiences which came his way. And I know that he found God there.

In 1937 his health obviously worsened. He fled to the mountains almost in panic, as if he could no longer breathe down by the Tiber. Our walks became less frequent, as he complained that the blood flowed insufficiently in his head, preventing him from thinking coherently, let alone talking sense. One night at supper he burst out of the Refectory, and when I went up to his room, I found him the prey of acute nervous exhaustion. A period in the Blue Nuns fitted him to travel to England,

but he was never really right after that.

Eventually, in 1938, he left Rome for good and for the next six years served as a curate at St Helen's, Crosby, at Birkdale and at Earlstown. One fruit of his zealous enterprise was to run a Catholic library in the parish, which did untold good. But in 1944 there was a further breakdown, and tuberculosis of the lung was diagnosed. He was forced to leave the diocese and entered a sanatorium at Kingussie in the Highlands of Scotland. After a while his health improved sufficiently to let him undertake the care of the parish. His zeal would not allow him to do nothing; indeed, it would not suffer his health to dictate many limits to his activity. But for all that, his climbing days were over. When his friends came up to see him, he had the mortification of waving them off on their mountain expeditions. And when he went out to Rome by air in 1949, he was seriously ill in the plane.

Yet it was not tuberculosis which killed him in the end. The old symptoms of nervous exhaustion reappeared in this summer of 1950. He grew progesssively worse, and a second diagnosis suggested a tumour on the brain. This, unfortunately, proved to be true and he died on 12th

September. He was only forty-four years old.

There can be no question that Dr Park gave the best years of his life to the Venerabile. All his enthusiasm, all his energy, his every talent were spent lavishly in the enrichment of our College life. He had a high ideal of the man whom the English College should produce for the conversion of England, a man who could meet life at as many points as possible, and not only find God there, but show God there to others. This ideal he carried out in his own short life, despite the handicap of recurring ill health. He exercised his ingenuity to find what things he could still do, and those he did with all his might. He did not waste himself in repining over what he might do no more. There was always something to hand for the labourer in the vineyard, and he never ceased to regard himself as a labourer. That is his legacy to us. And as long as the generation lasts which knew him, he will never be forgotten in our prayers.

One letter only did he write to me, after he had gone to Kingussie, and that was a letter of thanks. The doctors had found healed lesions of ten years' standing on his lungs, and he sat down to tell me that this proved how well we had looked after him at the Venerabile. Never a word about his present condition. That is a gallant spirit. And it was a gallant

spirit which turned him into the parish priest of Kingussie. 'There, far from his home and from all he knew, he gave to God the last few years of his priestly life. It is some measure of the love which his parishioners there bore him to know that during his last illness their prayers for him and their enquiries about him have been unceasing.' And at his funeral a representative came from the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, 'sent as a last sign of their affection and their gratitude'. (Fr Maguire's panegyric at his funeral.)

We of the Venerabile owe him even more than the good people of Kingussie. And our prayer must be that the light of God's presence, the fulfilment of God's promise, shall be his escort, bringing him safe to God's

holy mountain, to the tabernacle where God dwells. (Ps. xlii, 3.)

RICHARD L. SMITH.

#### THE VERY REV. JOHN CANON JARVIS PH.D.

Canon John Jarvis was born at Rotherham in 1881. He attended St Joseph's School, Cardiff, where he was a contemporary of the late Bishop Hannon of Menevia. In 1900 he went to the English College, Rome, and during his course of studies there gained the Gold Medal and the Doctorate of Philosophy, and was ordained in the Eternal City on 28th October 1906. On his return to England he was appointed as teacher at St Winifrede's, Holywell, then a college for the training of students for the priesthood. Later he acted as Chaplain to Lady Catherine Ashburnham, and at the same time was Religious Inspector of Schools in the Diocese of Menevia. Eventually he was recalled to Cardiff by Archbishop Mostyn and appointed to take charge of the Parish of Cwnbran, and in 1931 in recognition of his work and his sterling qualities he was raised to the Archdiocesan Chapter. Here too in the Archdiocese he rendered valuable services first as assistant Religious Inspector of Schools and subsequently as chief Inspector. In 1940 he was transferred to St Francis', Ely, a fast growing parish in the suburbs of Cardiff, where he could find a wider scope for his activity. He was unfortunately greatly handicapped by ill health, and after some months in hospital he was appointed to St Joseph's, Penarth. While here he identified himself with many activities in the Archdiocese. He was Chaplain of the Catholic Truth Society (Welsh Province), Archdiocesan Chaplain to the Union of Catholic Mothers, and Official of the Matrimonial Board.

Canon Jarvis, though of a quiet and unobtrusive disposition, was a man of great spirituality, and undoubtedly left his mark on all who were fortunate enough to come into contact with him. He had a great sense of humour and was popular with all, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, and he retained to the end a deep love for the Venerabile. It was his custom to celebrate the anniversary of his ordination to the Priesthood in the bosom of his family, and with this object he had gone to Rotherham for a short holiday. While there he caught a chill and after a short illness he gave up his soul to God on 18th November 1949. The Archdiocese had lost a great priest and the Venerabile a most loyal son. May he rest in peace.

W. BOULTON.

#### THE VERY REV. WILLIAM CANON COLLINGWOOD D.D.

William Collingwood was born on 1st May 1871, at Corby, in Lincolnshire. His family produced several priests, his uncle being a Domestic Prelate as well as the Vicar General of the Diocese of Leeds, and his brother Bernard became a Benedictine. Mgr Collingwood, Administrator of Westminster Cathedral, is also a cousin. At an early age he was sent to Lisbon to do his humanities and philosophy, going later to the Venerabile for his theology where he took his D.D.

He was raised to the priesthood at the Ember ordinations, 21st December 1895, and on his return to his diocese in the following summer was appointed professor of Moral and Dogmatic theology in the Diocesan Seminary. This appointment lasted for two years, and then he served as

curate for five years at St Mary's, Glossop.

After a short period as Rector of Hassop cum Bakewell he was sent by Bishop Brindle to teach philosophy at the English College, Lisbon. He remained there twelve years, being greatly loved by all the students. It was at Lisbon that he got the sobriquet of 'Pomp', not because he was in any way pompous but because he constantly used the name 'Pompeius' in propounding Moral cases. He was always of a nervous temperament and in 1916 he had a serious breakdown which necessitated his return to England. It so happened that Bishop Dunn, then newly appointed to the See of Nottingham, was in need of a secretary, and he asked Dr Collingwood to act in that capacity pro tempore, at the same time giving him a stall in the Chapter. After a few months he was appointed Parish Priest to Bamford, a country place in North Derbyshire. This was an ideal appointment, because the parochial duties were not exacting and he had leisure to pursue his scholarly habits.

The Canon was a tremendous but not an omnivorous reader, confining his studies to theological and ecclesiastical works. In 1925 he was named Canon Theologian, and in that role became the examiner of newly-ordained priests for faculties for hearing confessions, and was commissioned to draw up the casus-sheets for the deanery conferences. Unfortunately the secluded life and the lack of companionship brought on his old malady of nervous scrupulosity, and after several periods of leave of absence he resigned his parish in 1945 and retired to Stillington Hall in Yorkshire. This Home of Rest was closed in 1949, and the Canon, wishing to help the Bishop in the great shortage of priests, returned to the diocese to act as chaplain to the Carmelite nuns at Ashbourne. This experiment was of short duration, and finally he retired to the Nursing Home of the 'Blue Nuns' at Woodthorpe, Nottingham, where he died on 18th May 1950. His body was taken to Bamford and laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery after the Requiem Mass, which the Bishop and many priests attended.

The late Canon was a great scholar, but hid his light under a bushel; a quiet, spiritual man with a very delicate conscience; a priest of God in every fibre of his being; a friend to all and without an enemy in the world. Only his diffidence and self-effacement prevented him taking his place among theological and spiritual writers. He was revered by the Bishop

and his fellow-priests and all who knew him. His hero and champion was his old master Fr Billot s.J., whom, I trust, he has met in the realms where the disciple is as great as his master. Requiescat in pace.

H. A. HUNT.

THE VERY REV. ST GEORGE CANON KIERAN HYLAND D.D., PH.D.

George Hyland was the son of Dr Kieran Hyland of Dublin and Paris. Previously educated at St Augustine's, Ramsgate, and in Belgium, Hyland came to the Venerabile in 1893 at the age of eighteen. Ordained in 1899, he returned to Southwark in 1900 with doctorates in Philosophy and Theology, and saturated with Romanità and Billot, for whom he

retained a lifelong enthusiasm.

He served first on the staff of St George's Cathedral and then, in 1904, went to Godalming where he stayed till he died in June 1950. Two years after his arrival he built, at his own expense, the fine church of St Edmund, King and Martyr, on the hill overlooking the High Street of this ancient Surrey town. He was a gentle, friendly person, courteous to the point of formality. Some found him pompous in manner: I could never agree. He was certainly impressive and deliberate, with cool judgement and decision. A genuine priest from first to last, he was a man of sincere spirituality and prayer. Unfailingly cheerful and sympathetic (as well as *simpatico*), he could, nevertheless, be quite scathing when occasion arose; but even at his most devastating there was always a chuckle in his truculence.

I have no acquaintance with any Catholics of Godalming, but certain duties have enabled me to know many non-Catholics of that town. All of these knew him, admired him and were never tired of talking about him. That he was a father to his flock was evident, both at his golden jubilee celebrations and at his funeral.

Doctor Hyland first registered on me in 1907 when I learnt, incredible

enough, that I too was to go to the Venerabile.

I visited him to get his impressions of life in Rome. He was full of enthusiastic encouragement, of course, and I came away thoroughly infected. The details of his advice I do not remember, except the warning that customs of places like Wonersh, Ushaw, Upholland and the rest may have been heard of at the Venerabile, but that the traditions of the Venerabile would over-ride them all. I tried to remember that.

Years later, I often sat with Canon Hyland in the oral examinations of the theologians at Wonersh, and of the Junior Clergy. The text-book was Tanquerey, but if a candidate could talk Billot, Hyland would almost purr. In any case, he was kindness itself to an examinee, and more than once, when his pernickety partner was thinking in terms of a dubious satis, Hyland's higher mark was unhesitating.

In 1920, retaining his Godalming parish, he became Rector of Wonersh. The double office was, however, too great a strain, and in 1922 he returned to Godalming. For many years he remained Spiritual Director to the

Seminary.

In the course of his life, he lost the use of one eye. It is said, also, that he was ordained with the use of only one lung. But these disabilities never diminished his characteristic patience and cheerfulness. Nor was there any lack of resonance in the full volume of his tuneful voice. Listening to him singing the Latin of the liturgy, one could always say 'Behold a Roman indeed'.

In 1921 he was made a Canon; in 1928, Canon Penitentiary; in 1948,

Canon Theologian.

He died quite suddenly while on holiday in Devon on 16th June 1950. Five days later he was buried at Godalming in the presence of the Bishop and a very large number of clergy and laity. Southwark has lost an eminent and a very valuable priest, an example to his brethren, a father of his people. May he rest in peace.

H. E. CALNAN.

#### THE VERY REV. FRANCIS CANON BAILEY PH.D.

The Very Reverend Francis Canon Bailey Ph.D. of the Portsmouth Diocese died on 7th February 1950, at Havant, Hampshire, where he had been Parish Priest for twenty-six years. He had celebrated his Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the Priesthood some months previously.

Francis Bailey entered the Venerabile in 1892, and left in 1899. His elder brother, Clifford, and himself were students at Woolhampton College, Berks, Clifford going to Oscott College, Birmingham, while Frank entered the English College, Rome. Both were ordained for the Portsmouth Diocese.

Of Francis Bailey it might well be said that he was 'A Man of Little Showing'. He was shy and reserved with most people, but 'opened out' when in the company of friends and acquaintances. This did not prevent him from enjoying the company of his fellow students, and later, on the Mission, the company of his fellow priests. He took a personal interest in the affairs of the College, and later of the Diocese.

He went through the Roman course without difficulty, taking the Doctorate of Philosophy, and staying the full seven years. He was ordained in Rome on 1st November 1898, and shortly afterwards left to join the Staff at Woolhampton College under Canon Scannell. His other appointments were curacies at Gosport, Jersey, Winchester. In 1909 he was appointed Rector at Freshwater, transferred in 1913 to Waterlooville, finally settling at Havant in 1924 where he remained until his death in 1950.

At Havant he identified himself with local, municipal matters and became an active member of the Local Council. When arose the question of Portsmouth City taking over Havant, Canon Bailey led the opposition as an Anti-Portsmouth to protect Havant from being taken into the

Portsmouth boundary.

Illness came to him at the latter part of his life, so that the celebration of his Golden Jubilee had to be postponed until after the actual date, 1st November 1948. When the public function took place, congratulatory messages were received from far and wide. This we should like to think was the seal placed upon the work, after fifty years, of one steeped in the traditions of the Venerabile.

T. G. HICKEY.

#### BOOK REVIEWS

A History of Philosophy. By F. Copleston s.J. Vol. II: Augustine to Scotus. The Bellarmine Series, No. 12. Pp. x+614. (B.O.W.) 25s.

Few tasks demand more painstaking labour and self-effacement than that of writing a History of Philosophy. The temptation to sacrifice a dispassionate exposition and appreciation of each thinker to the attractions of some all-embracing dialectic of development can be overcome only by a steady conviction that a misleading synthesis of the evolution of thought is worse than no synthesis at all. Fr Copleston is to be thanked for a work of real scholarship, which is certain to prove one of the most reliable guides to a still little-known period in the History of Philosophy.

One of its most useful services will be to provide a fuller and more detailed background to the course in the History of Philosophy given in Seminaries. Lack of time makes it impossible to give more than a sketch of the development of medieval thought, and too many go away with an impression of a series of thinkers who simply said more or less imperfectly what St Thomas expressed once for all. To this common error Fr Copleston's work provides a useful corrective, and by its frequent references and citations encourages that study of the original which should be the aim of any manual. Even more valuable, perhaps, is the account it gives of the growth of what we may call the Scholastic vocabulary. It is very easy to use the terminology glibly and efficiently; yet these common-place terms did not spring Athene-like from the head of St Thomas. They were the objects of a long and often controversial development, and to follow up the story of any one of them in Fr Copleston's book is to acquire a juster and fuller appreciation of its significance and connotations. Finally, a special word of praise is due to the account of the Aristotelian controversy, and to the really excellent exposition of the philosophy of Scotus.

The typography and index are both commendable and the style, though at times uneven, is generally simple and clear. We look forward with pleasure to the next volume of this scholarly and valuable work. St Francis of Assisi. By Omer Englebert. Translated and edited by

Edward Hutton. Pp. 352. (Burns Oates.) 16s.

The enthusiastic commendations of reviewers are only too justly viewed with a certain amount of suspicion, but it is hardly possible not to wax enthusiastic over this latest biography of St Francis. It is hardly strange that poets and artists should have turned so often for inspiration to the charming setting of the Franciscan idyll, but it does seem rather strange that the least scholarly of saints, who even forbade the pursuit of learning to his disciples, should have attracted the attention of so many savants, and not only members of his own Order like St Bonaventure but even non-Catholics like Renan and Sabatier, the latter of whom devoted a lifetime of erudite research to his subject. This latest work follows worthily in a great tradition. Every statement is vouched for and a valuable preface enables the reader to make good use of the footnotes. So much legend and myth has attached itself to the figure of St Francis that it is worth while to be able to distinguish between contemporary accounts and later accretions.

The style of the book is rather quiet and matter of fact, but the facts speak vividly enough for themselves and it is in many ways preferable for them to speak directly and not through a veil of comment and rhetoric. The author's primary concern is with St Francis the saint and mystic but he contrives to do full justice to the more human (the moderns prefer 'humanitarian') aspects of his character and he shows a real enthusiasm for and understanding of the poetry and fantasy, which, coupled with a sense of high chivalry and a sometimes terrible simplicity, equipped St Francis to be the *jongleur* of Christ, enabling him to preach the Gospel and his own love of poverty and simplicity in the manner of a troubadour singing of earthly love and adventure.

The book is well produced and admirably illustrated with seventeen monochrome reproductions of Franciscan masterpieces by artists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Giotto and Sassetta occupying pride of place. Altogether it is a book worth buying—a thing we could honestly

say of few books of its price.

VAUGHAN LLOYD.

The Rites of Eastern Christendom. By Archdale A. King. 2 Vols. Pp. i-xv, 1-675; 1-668. (Burns Oates.) 63s.

The purpose of this book is explained in the preface—to provide a manual for those who wish to know something about Eastern Christendom. The introductory chapter deals in general with the evolution, legitimacy, canonical and liturgical practices of the Oriental rites, and speaks of the Catholic Faith expressed in their service-books, the attitude of Rome towards the Christian East, and the prospects of reunion, while the following nine chapters are devoted to the accounts of the Syrian, Maronite, Syro-Malankara, Coptic, Ethiopian, Byzantine, Chaldean, Syro-Malabar and Armenian rites. Each chapter follows the same plan: the origin and

first-hand authority.

history of the rite are given (this includes, of course, the schism and the attempts at reunion); there follows an account of the theology of the dissidents, and of the state of the hierarchy and monasticism, both Catholic and dissident; finally the liturgical language, church architecture and furnishings, the calendar, the office and praxis of the Divine liturgy are comprehensively described. A bibliography is given at the end of each chapter and the list of acknowledgements shows that, at least for current liturgical practice among the Eastern Catholics, this book can claim

The historical portions of the book, however, are not likely to pass unquestioned, as the vicissitudes undergone by Eastern Christians defy all attempts at abbreviation. While the author always gives one of the accepted accounts, lack of space prevents him from indicating which parts of his narratives are controvertible. Nor does his system of bibliographies offer a remedy, as their quality is by no means equal to their quantity. That of the Byzantine rite, for instance, consists largely in translations of, and popular commentaries on, the liturgy, while even such a work as Neale's History of the Holy Eastern Church (valuable for its unrivalled explanation of the rationale of Byzantine service-books) is absent. Granted that Mr King's book is 'emphatically not for the expert liturgical scholar', what profit is the interested lay reader to derive from a list of popularizations, most of which repeat each other and few of which he is ever likely to see?

Elsewhere the usefulness of the work is similarly impaired. The reader whom the author has in mind is not likely to be interested by or to derive much profit from most of the historical and liturgical minutiae which abound in it. He, an intelligent but perhaps not unprejudiced Latin Catholic, wants to learn something about the 'orientation' of the Eastern Rites. What aspects of the Sacrifice of the Mass do they stress? What form is taken by devotion to the Blessed Trinity, to our Lord, to the Mother of God and the Saints? Where are the differences and where the similarities? What would seem to be the elements of a cult that are common to all rites?

These questions have a peculiar actuality. As long as Latin Catholics look upon the Eastern Rites as picturesque fossils, useful only as lending an incidental support to an occasional thesis in theology and badly needing to be streamlined to Western fashions, any efforts at reunion are likely to remain pious aspirations. All must be brought to realize that the *Opus Divinum* of Our Mother the Church will reach its plenitude only when the worship of East and West, each held in equal veneration, may both freely play their part. Any body of Catholics which looks upon another rite as a version of its own manqué is grievously deceived.

It is for works such as this to bring about this mutual understanding, and our criticisms have been made in the belief that, praiseworthy as it is, this book is capable of contributing much more than it does to the 'good estate of God's Holy Churches and the reunion of all men'.

Early Christian Baptism and the Creed. By Joseph H. Crehan s.j. The Bellarmine Series, No. 13. Pp. x+189. (Burns Oates.) 21s.

Fr Crehan's book is an 'attempt to find an answer to the well-known difficulty that whereas Christ told His apostles to baptize with the names of the Trinity, in the Acts they are found to be using a baptism that is "in the name of Jesus" '. The author's solution is that baptism in the name of Jesus means baptism in which the person to be baptized called upon (that is, professed his belief in) the name of Jesus, while the Trinitarian formula would be used by the minister of the sacrament. The field of his inquiry is limited to the ante-Nicene sources, and Fr Crehan maintains that whereas at first the catechumen was required to profess his belief only in the central facts of the Redemption (the atoning death, the Resurrection and Glorification), during the second century, when Marcionism and Montanism threatened the purity of Catholic teaching, an explicit profession of belief in the Father and in the presence of the Holy Spirit in the Catholic Church was demanded of the candidate for baptism. Thus the Apostles' Creed, which stated what was required of the candidate for baptism, reached its definitive form by the end of the second century.

One cannot but welcome the appearance of so scholarly a work of positive theology in English; the clear reasoning and the open-minded attitude of the author cannot fail to impress any reader, and it is sincerely to be hoped that we shall see more fruits of his painstaking research in

the future.

JOHN McHugh.

A Pilgrim's Guide to Rome. By H. Weedon. Pp. 206. (Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York.) \$2.75.

The main difficulty for the pilgrim on his flying visit to Rome to gain the Jubilee Indulgence is to achieve quickly and appreciatively a sense of the geography of the city. The merit of Mr Weedon's special Holy Year guide is that it gives this in an easy, unobtrusive fashion with a full and exhaustive method of 'how to get there'. This is a Holy Year manual and therefore many treasures have to be shaded off in order that a general and comprehensive picture of the city may be won with the minimum of effort. The odds and ends of travel, eating and sleeping, are done in detail and the author concentrates on showing the pilgrim in all its glory the centre of Rome, the Shrine of St Peter, which dwarfs all the rest.

We are inclined to despise the tourist guide but there is a limit beyond which a four or five day pilgrim can no longer absorb the wonders of the centre of Christendom and must just sit and look. This is the guide for him, that is, if he can afford it; but on American standards the book offered is not dear. Perhaps its special attraction are the many excellent illustrations.

# BURNS OATES

## Suppliers

of

## Everything

for the

## Church



#### Head Office :

28 ASHLEY PLACE, LONDON, S.W.I

#### Branches-

LONDON LIVERPOOL MANCHESTER BIRMINGHAM GLASGOW DUBLIN 129 Victoria Street, S.W.1

30 Manchester Street

71 Deansgate

1 Edmund Street

248 Buchanan Street

21 D'Olier Street



# CHALICES

LARGE STOCK

## OSBORNE

DESIGNERS AND CRAFTSMEN
CHURCH SILVERSMITHS

PHONE EUSTON 4824 SEND FOR BOOKLET WV 1942 EST. 1874

F. OSBORNE & CO. LTD.

117 GOWER STREET LONDON, W.C.1

DESIGN No. 3309

# D. A. NEVILLE & Co., Ltd.

Specialising in Cassocks and all Branches of Clerical Clothing and Outfitting

\*\*\*

39 John Dalton Street, MANCHESTER 2

Phone: BLAckfriars 7928

## Altar Mines

#### Fully Certificated and Guaranteed

Authorised by the Archbishops and Bishops of England, Scotland and Wales.

		Per bottle	Per gall.
"No. 1"	Cyprus Medium Sweet	8/6	48/-
"Lizbona A"	Light Medium	9/6	54/-
" Muscatel"	Medium Sweet	9/6	54/-
" Malvino"	Pale Sweet Lisbon		
	Malaga	9/6	54/-
" No. 5"	Sweet and Mellow	10/-	56/6
" No. 9"	Dry	9/9	55/6

Carriage Paid on orders of Six bottles and over

Less 2/- per gallon for orders of 28 gallons ,, 3/- ,, ,, ,, 56 ,,

Standish & Co. (merchants) Ltd.

3 Tithebarn Street :: :: Liverpool 2
(Collars: GEORGE STREET)

TELEPHONE No. - CENTRAL 7968



## CASSOCKS

with a world-wide reputation

Established over 150 years, our experience of Clerical Tailoring is particularly wide and extensive. A Wippell Cassock, for instance, individually cut and made, incorporates all those refinements of detail which make for comfort in wear.

Many of our customers find our ready-to-wear service a great convenience, and we shall be glad to send details on request.

#### J. WIPPELL & CO., LTD.

55-56, HIGH STREET, EXETER.

LONDON: 11, TUFTON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.
MANCHESTER (2): 24-26, KING STREET.

## VANPOULLES

(GOV. DIR. L. C. APPLETON of Lisbon College)

LTD.

Telephone: VICtoria 3932

Telegrams: "Vanpoulle, Churton, London"

Ecclesiastical Embroiderers

and

Complete Church Furnishers

258/260 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD

WESTMINSTER S.W.1

Vanpoulles for Vestments of "CORRECT" make

(LIST ON DEMAND)

### Church Furnishings

The service we

offer today includes the

redecoration of Churches and of statues.

We can offer designs for stained glass and provide
examples of the finest metalwork, vestments and linens

Francis Tucker & Company, Limited

The Manufactory, Cricklewood Lane,

London, N.W.2

#### THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION

Authorised by the Hierarchy of England and Wales as their representative

Committee for the Holy Year 1950

President:

H. E. THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER
Chairman:

THE RT. REV. G. L. CRAVEN, M.C., BISHOP OF SEBASTOPOLIS

#### FOREIGN TRAVEL

of all kinds arranged by Catholics for Catholics

### DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGES ORGANISED TO ROME AND LOURDES

Group Pilgrimages arranged to all places of Catholic interest

FENWICK HOUSE, 292 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.I

Tel: HOLBORN 5291/2

EVERY WEEK

READ:

THE

### CATHOLIC TIMES

EVERY FRIDAY

::

PRICE 2d.

## CHAIRS of Superior Quality

for Church, School and Hall

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

Personal Attention given to All Orders.

TELEPHONE

### MEALING BROS. LTD.

Avenue Chair Works,
WEST END ROAD, HIGH WYCOMBE



### JOHN HARDMAN'S STUDIOS

#### ARTISTS IN STAINED GLASS

MOSAICS. MEMORIAL TABLETS AND ALL FORMS OF CHURCH DECORATION IN PAINT, WOOD, MARBLE AND STONE

43 Newhall Hill. Birmingham, I Tel.: Central 5434

Or by Appointment at I, ALBEMARLE STREET, Piccadilly, LONDON, W. I Telephone: REGENT 5477

Rookley, Shenley Hill Radlett, Hertfordshire Tel.: Radlett. Herts. 6412

# FINCH

HAYES Catholic Makers of Beeswax Candles Silversmiths and Woodworkers Church Furnishers

Charcoal

Incense

Tapers

Wicks

etc.

Candles of every size and quality

Finest Vegetable Sanctuary Oil

LIVERPOOL: Head Office and Works: 30-38 Vernon Street Telegrams: 'Beeswax,' Telephone: Central 3114 LONDON, W.C.2: 14 Bedford Street, Strand Telegrams: 'Ecclesiasticus, Lesquare' Telephone: Temple Bar 7218 GLASGOW, C.I: 42 Howard Street Telegrams: 'Beeswax' Telephone: Central 5971

**MANCHESTER:** 19 Blackfriars Street, Salford

Telephone: Blackfriars 7525

Week by week the fortunes of the Church at home and abroad are followed closely in

## THE TABLET

Since 1840, the leading Catholic Weekly

Obtainable from any newsagent price 6d. weekly or direct by post from the Publishers, price 30/- per annum, post free at home or abroad.

A free specimen copy will be sent on application to the Publisher

128 SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

for Catholic books go to

\*

## Duckett

## the Catholic book centre

140 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 3008 Telegrams: Gallows Estrand London

New and second-hand
Catholic books in all
languages sent all over
the world

For news and views of Catholic books read DUCKETT'S REGISTER, monthly 3d.

\*

#### ADDRESSED TO OUR CLERGY

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,

May we, of the CATHOLIC HERALD, respectfully explain the

motives of our work—motives sometimes misunderstood.

The Catholic of today cannot possibly be protected from contact with the secularist and pagan environment with which he is surrounded and in which he must earn his living. Newspapers, radio, amusements, books, conditions of work, neighbours, all these in greater or lesser degree, tempt him to find his life's meaning in ideals and modes of behaviour which usually are anything but Catholic.

We believe that one of the most valuable antidotes to this poison is a Catholic paper which weekly tries to face—rather than escape—the facts and dangers of the world today. Such a newspaper will not pretend that the world is better than it is; it will not pretend that Catholics themselves are better than they are. But it will try to show that Catholic values are infinitely better than the values of the world, and that the Church possesses the answer to the most plausible of difficulties.

In such a paper the Catholic will have a chance of applying to the problems of the Christian life the spirit of enquiry to which he has become inevitably habituated by the conditions of modern environment. In this way he will be trained to be a fearless Catholic in the world, in other words an active apostle, instead of being content to live a double life—Catholic personally and in his domestic surroundings, half-pagan in business and the world.

This type of modern Catholic paper is necessary, we believe, for Catholics themselves; but it also has high value for non-Catholics who happen to see it. The CATHOLIC HERALD, for example, has been happy to note a *steadily* increasing regular circulation among non-Catholics.

We shall be the first to admit that our high ideal is not an easy one to attain; that it cannot be pursued without some risk of misunderstanding; and that great caution and judgment are always needed.

We have always sought to bear these points in mind, and we trust that an honest appraisal of our record will suggest that we have undertaken a hard, but very necessary, job in a conservative and truly Catholic spirit. Or at any rate, we have sincerely tried to!

May we then ask for the active support and constructive advice of the clergy? We are always happy to hear from priests and to have their guidance. We are always grateful when priests introduce the **CATHOLIC HERALD** to Catholics and non-Catholics, especially those who, they feel, will profit from it most.

THE EDITOR,

CATHOLIC HERALD.

## Boarding and Day School for Catholic Boys

Founded by: His Grace the late Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark
Conducted by: Secular Priests of the same Diocese

## SAINT PETER'S GUILDFORD

The School covers the full scale of present day educational requirements for boys from the age of eight to eighteen years, preparing for all Examinations and Careers or, if desired, for entry to our Catholic Public Schools.

Most attractive premises in twenty acres of garden and playing fields, half a mile from town centre and on the fringe of the Surrey Downs.

All enquiries to:

#### THE HEADMASTER

The Reverend E. H. Wake, D.Ph., D.D. (1924-1931)
SAINT PETER'S, HORSESHOE LANE, MERROW
GUILDFORD, SURREY

Telephone: GUILDFORD 61350

# Catholic Records Press EXETER

\*

ECCLESIASTICAL
SCHOLASTICAL
EDUCATIONAL
DEVOTIONAL
LITURGICAL
MEDICAL

\*

for all printing requirements



## SALMOIRAGHI S.p.A.

Roma - Piazza Colonna (Ang. Via dei Sabini)

Teleph. 63.100

GRADUATE OPTICIANS & PHOTOGRAPHIC ACCESSORIES

Gratuitous tests carried out by first-class medical eye specialists

Prescriptions and repairs to spectacles executed

with utmost care

DEVELOPING, PRINTING & ENLARGING Most accurate work Quickest service

### DITTA GIOVANNI ROMANINI

(FOUNDED 1790)



THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM
OF CHURCH FURNISHERS
AND EMBROIDERERS

ECCLESIASTICAL TAILORS FURNISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE



**ROMA (112)** 

Via di Torre Millina, 26-30 (Nr. Piazza Navona) Teleph. 50-007

#### TAILOR TO POPE PIUS XI

## DITTA ANNIBALE GAMMARELLI

SACRED FURNISHINGS - SILKS
EMBROIDERIES - DAMASKS
PAPAL UNIFORMS

Vestments furnished for the Conclave 1939

ROME - VIA S. CHIARA 33

Cable: Gammarelli - Santachiara - Rome

PIAZZA DELLA MINERVA 69-A

Tel. 60-431

ROME

### GUGLIELMO GAUDENZI

ROSARIES : MEDALS

MINIATURES IN PORCELAIN

MOSAICS : CRUCIFIXES : PHOTOGRAPHS

#### A GREAT VARIETY OF RELIGIOUS OBJECTS

We undertake to have Papal Blessings for the hour of death signed by the Holy Father, and other devotional objects blessed

### NAZZARENO BERETTI

PIAZZA DELLA MINERVA N. 68—Telephone 63-894
ROME

ROSARIES - MOSAICS
MINIATURES IN PORCELAIN
PHOTOGRAPHS - STATUES AND OTHER
RELIGIOUS OBJECTS - GREAT VARIETY
OF SOUVENIRS OF THE
HOLY CITY

NO BRANCH STORES

We undertake to get objects blessed by the Pope, to procure signatures for the Apostolic Benediction with Indulgence

ORDERS CAN BE ACCEPTED FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

#### FURNISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE

(ESTABLISHED 1803)

### COSTANTINO PISONI

CORSO VITTORIO EMANUELE 127-129 ROME PIAZZA S. ANDREA
DELLA VALLE 1-2

INCENSE

CHURCH CANDLES
SPERM OIL CANDLES
CHARCOAL
DECORATED CANDLES
NIGHT LIGHTS

ORDERS DESPATCHED TO ALL COUNTRIES

"Our liturgical candles have been burning for the last two centuries all over the world"