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HON. SECRETARY, O. WAREING.

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EDITORIAL.

When we consider the momentous upheavals that threaten on every side, and that even seem to menace the very fundamentals of established order we feel specially grateful to our several contributors who, rising above "strikes" and "minima," have helped us to keep pace with the unvarying march of Time and to duly present the citizens of the C.I. with the usual issue of their Magazine.

The generosity of our contributors has quite overwhelmed us and we are reluctantly obliged to withhold several articles till our next issue. We tender our sincere apologies to those whom we have deferred, and we feel sure that, in spite of negativism and every type of fashionable heterodoxy, their esteemed co-operation will always be with the worthy and even the less worthy occupants of our editorial stool.

And shall we place the balm of sympathy on the wounds of our Shield men who were vanquished in the fray? Nay, rather

shall we offer them, and especially their captain, our sincere congratulations, because it not unfrequently happens that there are more opportunities for the display of valour when confronted with adversity than when basking in the sunshine of success. Our men showed they were capable of such valour, and for this we extol them.

Now that Spring has come and the woods are thrilled with the myriad notes of Nature's harmony, our editorial eyes and ears are on the alert for that much despised of mortals—the Spring Poet. When shall he appear on our horizon with flowing locks and eyes commercing with the stars? Rumour hath it that VIA could supply a bard with Caruso-like mane and Swan-like note. But alas! so far we have in vain awaited his coming. Surely no fears of the W.P.B. could have silenced his Maeonian song? Come forth then all ye that are possessed of the gift divine, and favour us with a lay, beside which Dulce Domum and Floreat Etona shall pale their ineffectual fires. Meanwhile our musician strums his artistic fingers, awaiting the hour to wed Seraphic strains to the immemorial verse.

THE RETREAT. We tender our grateful acknowledgments to the school authorities, for affording us, so delightful an experience as that of the Spiritual Retreat, with which the New Year's work has been inaugurated. The world is too much with us now-a-days, and one can imagine nothing more fascinating than this quiet communing with heaven at the beginning of the year. Besides, it seems quite sufficient to steady one's good resolves for the year. The ecstasy of finding all your intentions devoted to virtuous ends and to doing no man wrong but good to all the world, is truly heavenly. It is so hard to live in the world, and be spiritually minded. Think of the children of men scouring the globe for its paltry possessions that cannot add one inch to the stature of the soul, while all the while, in the small compass of the human heart lies the empire of peace and happiness!

In that kingdom we revelled, during the Retreat, our sweet environment, prayer and silence. How we grew in kindness, one to the other, during these days! Oh! the purifying influence scattered through the atmosphere of the Institute, by the presence of four hundred youthful, fresh and thoroughly wholesome hearts, united together in these holy exercises. The Retreat knitted us together more closely and marvellously strengthened our sense of comradeship. Yes, we wear what clothes we can, but we must all try to keep a tidy soul.

Father Herbert, C.P. (London), who conducted the Retreat deserves our warm gratitude. Under his guidance we missed no grace of heaven. Royal by nature, he is fitted to win the worship of hearts. It requires valour to open the hearts of men, as well as to open the gates of castles. The memory of his soul-stirring discourses, warmed by that thrilling sympathy of his, shall long outlive our youthful days and be to us, an inspiration and incentive to well-doing.

The singing of the hymns was a very special charm of the Retreat. Marvelously well-rendered, they afforded us plenty of fine music, with heart as well as voice and instrument. May we all persevere in our resolves for this year, 1912—

‘Not living from below, but from above
Like men that overtop the world.’

A Pontifical Letter.

The many ex-pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers as well as past and present pupils of the C.I. will undoubtedly be interested in the following letter which has been sent by His Holiness Pope Pius X. to the Superior General of the Brothers, Very Rev. Br. J. C. Whitty.

To our Beloved Son,

JAMES CALASANCTIUS WHITTY,
*Superior General of the Irish Religious
Institute of Christian Brothers.*

PIUS X. POPE.

BELOVED SON,

Health and Apostolic Benediction. The diligence with which it has so long devoted itself to the fitting education of the young is in truth the most exalted merit of the religious community over which you rule. For our part, we extol, beloved son, this charity of yours which in Christian fashion centres itself in the children whom we have ever before our eyes. For we fully understand that it conduces vastly to the well-being of Church and State, that both should be enriched and adorned with an abundance of well-conducted citizens. In this age especially, when in public schools we see children being so educated that, when the instruction imparted is not designedly saturated with error, no teaching of Christian morals is imparted, be assured that you are doing much for the eternal salvation of all those whom you are training not only in letters but in Christian morals. The precepts of religion properly and seasonably inculcated are as so many good seeds, which, sown even in those who are afterwards led astray by untoward passions, rarely fail sooner or later to bear fruit.

Therefore, beloved Son, we exhort you and the members of your Institute to persevere zealously in a work excellently begun. Indeed, a plentiful harvest presents itself to your gaze, since so many stumbling-blocks are almost everywhere thrown in the way of children. Let it be your first care, however, that your Training Colleges and Preparatory Noviciates be in a flourishing condition having a multitude of young men conspicuous for virtue and learning, from

whom the ranks of the Brothers may in future be recruited.

But since the cause which you champion is of such immense importance that it should appeal to all who are imbued with love of religion and fatherland, these same institutions we earnestly recommend to all worthy persons, and especially to the Bishops, to parish-priests, and to heads of families, whom it singularly behoves to lead the way in assisting you.

That these desires may be realised, we implore for you the Divine assistance; and, as a testimony of our benevolence, to you, beloved son, to the religious entrusted to your care, and in fine to all the youths who avail themselves of your instruction, we most lovingly in the Lord impart the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 20th February, 1912, in the ninth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS X. POPE.

School Notes.

Visit of Very Rev. Br. Whitty.

Early in February, the Very Rev. Br. Whitty, Superior-General of the Irish Christian Brothers, paid us a too brief visit. In an informal address he complimented us on the good repute of our school, and exhorted us to strive earnestly to maintain that good reputation, and to utilize the opportunities we possess to become worthy sons of our great city. He informed us of his recent interview with His Holiness, Pope Pius X., and of the special interest which the Holy Father took in all the pupils of the Christian Brothers' schools to whom and to whose friends He sent His special blessing. We trust the Very Rev. Superior General will soon repeat his visit when we shall give him an opportunity of telling us something about schools and scholars in other lands.

The Eucharistic League.

A branch of this pious Association was established in the school shortly after the Spiritual Retreat, and the pupils attend the "Holy Hour" devotions at mid-day on the first Tuesday of each month. In this way we strive to show our special devotion to the Holy Eucharist, and also to give some practical effect to the

answer which each of us would undoubtedly make to our Blessed Lord were he to address to us personally the question, "Can you not watch one hour with Me?"

End of Term.

According to the custom of their revered predecessors the members of Form VI. concluded the term with the usual entertainments and plays. This time they presented scenes from *The Tempest* and from *Henry V.*, as well as a number of minor items, that constituted a type of variety entertainment. They moreover had the invaluable support of some of the masters, whose contributions to the Programme were much appreciated. We should like to submit a detailed account of the evening, but an inexorable editor says we must be content with stating that the audience were extremely merry, and appeared as happy as circumstances permitted.

The New Year.

Most people make an effort more or less serious to start the New Year well, but on this occasion we started superlatively well, because we were on Retreat for the first three days of the Term. The conductor of the Retreat was Father Herbert, the well-known Passionist Preacher, whose interesting and eloquent addresses made these days seem much shorter than retreat days ordinarily are. Our first XI. men, especially the centre forward and the goal-keeper, were intensely interested in all that Fr. Herbert said, and we shall long cherish the memory of the glorious discourse with which he concluded the Retreat.

Old Boys' Prize.

We are quite flattered by the generous interest which the Old Boys take in our welfare, and we appreciate their action in providing for the boys of the school a special prize, which will be awarded for excellence in English Composition and Oratory. The test is rather severe, but it is well to know that those who are not content with sitting leisurely and enjoying the blunders made by their companions at the meetings of the Debating Class, will have a decided advantage in competing for this prize. We understand that the competition will take place towards the end of May, and that the value of the Prize is two guineas.

A La Française.

All who are interested in French language and literature—and most of us have at the present time and during our school course at least a compulsory interest in it—feel grateful to those who gave us the opportunity of seeing a real live French Play. Our Fives and Sixes ardently supported the educational innovation, and so the vast majority eagerly booked seats at the Repertory as soon as the booking opened. We can say that all enjoyed the breezy French atmosphere in which they were, *pro tem.*, placed, and though La Grammaire was the more popular piece, those who had made a serious study of “*Les Précieuses*,” thought it the better of the two. One of our party, who has since become absolutely fascinated with the *parlez-vous*, gives his impressions of the event elsewhere in the present issue of the C.I.M.

An Old Boys' Success.

We have great pleasure in offering to Mr. Redmond O'Connor, Seaforth, the congratulations of his old school on his success at a recent Customs and Excise Exam., and we wish him every success in his new sphere. Mr. O'Connor has been appointed to the staff at Liverpool.

Congratulations.

We all heard with sincere regret of the illness of Mr. Keegan, and consequently we are glad to have the opportunity of congratulating him on his recovery, and of expressing our pleasure at seeing him back again.

Debating Society.

The Term opened with the most enjoyable debate which we have yet had, because we listened with no small feeling of comfort and satisfaction to a very ardent and learned discussion between some of the masters, who debated—“Does Home Rule mean bankruptcy for Ireland.” Messrs. J. Curtin and Rowe made a very strong case for the affirmative, but the voters were more influenced by the arguments of Messrs. Fitzgerald and Hayes, who spoke for the negative, and therefore we decided by a large majority that Home Rule does not mean bankruptcy for Ireland. Our next debate was on the Nationalization of Coalmines, and in this case we came to the conclusion that such a proceeding would not prevent coal strikes in the future.

The feature of this debate was the prominent part taken by two of the Fives whose speeches were, in the words of the Chairman (Mr. Duffy), models which might very usefully be imitated by the vast majority of the members of the Senior Form. We next discussed “International Arbitration as a substitute for War,” and it did not appear that all of us were willing to abolish an agency without which the existence of the half-penny Daily would become a practical impossibility. And so, from a commercial standpoint—and this is a vital standpoint at the present time—war should not give place to the less romantic method of round-table conferences and conversations, which after all are to be regarded as mere preludes to the more interesting drama. The voting did not show the preponderance of men of good will, and so it was carried that the aim of modern civilization should not be to eradicate what is nothing more than the most fatal relic of barbarism, and therefore the cock-pit solution of international misunderstandings must remain.

An Appreciation.

We would gladly devote more than a brief paragraph to a very pleasing incident, which marked the severance of our connection with this year's Shield Competition, but we feel we must respect the wishes of those concerned, and consequently we only say that every admirer of true sportsmanship will approve the kindly and thoughtful action of the masters who presented the Captain of the Shield team with a handsome token of their appreciation, both of his fine play and of sterling worth. And we who have had ample opportunity of witnessing the many gallant contests in which Parker has upheld the honour of the C.I., and always played the game, heartily, add, “he is worthy of the honour.”

Pictures.

BY MR. E. G. MORLEY.

To enjoy life to the full we should be interested in some form of Art. The pursuit of Art does for us what spontaneous play does for children. It interests and pleases us, stimulates our imagination, stirs our blood, makes us feel healthier and better, and gives us a rosier outlook upon life around us. The

first and last effect of the study of Art, whether in the form of Music, Poetry or Painting, is the feeling of pleasure and satisfaction. Most of us derive great enjoyment from music, because we have some knowledge of the art. Few of us derive an equal amount of enjoyment from pictures, because we have little knowledge of the art of painting, and therefore fail to appreciate the beauty of a good picture.

In order to see a Picture properly we must know what to look for. Horse lovers find great pleasure in discovering the good points of a horse. What are the good "points" of a picture? A picture is not a mere illustration of any subject, be it a stirring incident, a piece of scenery, or a portrait. It is the artist's conception of the subject, and must be considered, to a great extent, from the artist's point of view. He observes certain rules in order to make a good picture, and in order to appreciate his efforts to the full we must know something of those rules. By studying the well-known Picture, "Samson," by S. J. Solomon, R.A., in the Walker Art Gallery, let us try to discover for ourselves some of these "points." First and foremost, a picture should be pleasing to the eye; pleasing in subject, composition, line, colour, and light and shade.

The first point to consider is the subject, which must be interesting. In "Samson," the subject is the seizure of Samson by the Philistines after his source of strength, his hair, has been taken from him. We all know something of the story of Samson, the judge of Israel, the man of enormous strength, who, as a youth, killed a lion with no weapon but his bare hands, who slew a thousand men with a jawbone of an ass, who carried away the gates of Gaza on his back, and who, after his eyes had been put out in prison, died a dramatic death amid the ruins of the house that he pulled down upon himself. The incident forming the subject of this picture, though a sad one for the central figure, Samson, is pleasing to us, as is always the sight of a keen struggle.

The second point is the composition of the picture. How does the artist dispose his figures and the other parts of his picture, in order to give a good representation of a keen struggle and at the same time to follow the rules of careful composition? He must have unity

in his picture. He must make a central point of interest, and every part must be so connected with this as to make a complete whole. The keenness of the struggle is shown by the set muscles of Samson's neck, the turn of his head, his left hand clutching at his bands, the position of his body, the spread of his legs, the tension of the ropes that bind him, the overturned table, the swinging lamp, and the strained figures of the Philistines, especially the attitude of the one in the middle of the picture, with his arm stretched to the fullest extent, and his foot pressed hard against the foot of Samson's couch. The contact of many of the figures with the central figure, Samson, ensures good composition so far as they are concerned. There are two other figures which, though not taking part in the struggle, are, nevertheless, accessories to it and must, therefore, be connected in some way. The cause of Samson's capture, the wicked Delilah, though standing apart from the struggle, is bound up in the picture by the direction of her gaze and that of Samson, and by the position of her arm as she dangles before his eyes his shorn glory, his hair. The remaining figure, the man who cut off Samson's hair, occupies a less important position, but is connected with the central group by the direction of his look, and his contact with the drapery of the couch.

Next, let us look at the drawing of the picture. This is a very different thing from what is generally called drawing, that is, the use of a line to show the shape and proportions of a space. Line in a picture is of the utmost importance. Faults in drawing are so easily noticed because so well understood, whereas equally serious faults in colour may be overlooked. Lines give the suggestion of accurate construction. In most pictures a line is shown simply by the meeting of two different colours. In "Samson" the line is well-nigh perfect. Examine well the edges of colour masses where the contrast is greatest. The figures are anatomically correct, the men are evidently well-built, the features are clear and good, the leg in the lower middle of the picture is perfectly drawn, the drapery falls naturally, the ropes look taut, the sweeping curves of figure and drapery leading towards Samson's head suggest the whirling movement one expects to see in such a struggle. The lines are bound up in the composition,

and where the masses of colour are broken, as in the left bottom corner of the picture, between Samson and the Philistines at the back, and between the full length Philistine and Delilah, the lines of the drapery, the ropes, and the skin rug maintain the necessary connection.

In considering the next point, colour, we must proceed warily. Colour is the artist's own feeling, and, as we cannot understand easily the feelings of others, we must not criticize pictures adversely because the colour as a whole does not appeal to us or does not appear sufficiently true to nature. If the colour seems to suit the subject, and on close consideration presents no crudities, the picture is a good one, and its failure to give us the fullest pleasure is due to our own inability to appreciate it. The prevailing colours in Samson are yellow, red and brown, colours most suitable for the representation of a struggle. The colours suggested by anger, blood, and fire are yellow, red, and black. Here and there subdued patches of blue are placed to complete the colour scheme. A colour depends largely for affect upon its position with regard to other colours. In "Samson" the fair face of Delilah seems fairer by reason of its contrast with the surrounding dark masses of hair, and stands out more prominently than her body which, in colour, blends with the curtain behind. The skin of the three most prominent figures shows clearer because surrounded by entirely different colours. The only faces visible beside those of Samson and Delilah are painted in much soberer colours because they are faces of less important persons. The further from the centre the colours are placed the less vivid and striking they appear.

The last point to be considered in the picture is the light and shade. Just as line and composition are bound up in one another so also are colour and light and shade. As is perfectly well known, shading gives an appearance of solidity to the object drawn. It is also used for toning down and otherwise modifying colour, and gives true perspective and sense of distance. The bend of the body of the foremost figure, the space under the couch, the curve of the lower part of the curtain and the gloom of the interior are well shown by the shading. The general scheme of light and shade in the picture is best seen from a distance with

the eyes partly closed, and the help given by light and shade to the composition will be immediately recognized. The most important mass stands out boldly in light, the other figures show more or less clearly according to their importance, whereas the men coming in at the door on the left are not noticed at all, not being essential to the picture. In the central mass there is little shade, and the contrast of the colours is vivid. In the figures of Delilah and the barber the shade is more prominent and the colours are less vivid. Immediately behind the central mass the figures are still more modified by the tone of shade, while, on the extreme left, the great amount of shade gives the figures their relatively unimportant position in the picture and supplies the correct feeling of distance.

The proportions of light and shade observed by many old masters, viz., one quarter bright light, one quarter in shadow, and the rest half-tone are adhered to well in this picture.

"Samson" is a strong example of the "Historical" picture. Historical pictures present to us incidents in religious and civil history and in mythology, and portraits. Such pictures possess most clearly the points described in this article. Other pictures in the Walker Art Gallery that may be well compared and contrasted with "Samson" are "Elijah in the wilderness," "Faithful unto death," and "When did you last see your father?" Type pictures, *i.e.*, those that do not depict any special event or person, but show incidents of common occurrence, provide many examples that may be considered from a similar standpoint. Such are "Eventide" and "A hopeless dawn." Landscapes and sea pictures must be judged somewhat differently. Painters of outdoor subjects have to contend with different lighting and atmospheric conditions. Pictures by painters of other countries and other periods than our own also call for special criticism.

“Fairies.”

By R. A. CASWALL.

A good deal has been said and sung about the beauty of the untutored mind. We can quite understand that a child, or a savage, who has nothing particular to turn his attention to, and who is not obsessed by any of the worldly troubles

that begin to press upon us directly we have learned the alphabet, should let his thoughts dwell upon the beauties and the marvels of the Nature that surrounds him. And our forefathers were savages, and consequently poets too. They looked upon the Sun, and thought what a prodigy of light it was, and having no twentieth-century savant amongst them to tell them the truth about the Solar System, it was natural that in their poetic ignorance they should deem it the home of some fiery spirit who was to be feared and worshipped. They saw in the raging sea, and in the fury of the winter wind the displeasure of some other spirit who was mightier than themselves, the same perhaps whose terrible voice was heard in the thunder, and who chastened the earth with his lightnings. And they put their own beautiful analysis upon all the phenomena of nature that our scientists can explain to their *own* satisfaction at least, but which seemed to our simple-minded forefathers the workings of a race of beings beyond their understanding. Everything that makes Nature so beautiful, and so fearful, was by them assigned to the care of supernatural creatures who rarely manifested themselves to mortal eyes, but who were everywhere in the elements.

That is at least an evolutionary explanation of the belief in fairies, that mysterious race of airy beings who magically intermeddle in human affairs.

Some say that fairies came to the earth at its creation, and have inhabited it since many thousands of years before Adam. Or we may accept the explanation of J. M. Barrie, who probably knows more about fairies than any other man living, and who moreover is a "canny Scot" and ought to know, that "when the first baby laughed for the first time, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies." Chaucer tells us that

"In olde dayes of the king Artour
Of which that Bretons speken gret
honour,

All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The Elf-queene with her joly compaignie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede;
Shakespeare tells us of Ariel and Puck
and Oberon and Queen Mab and of all
the merry elves "whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms;"
Milton sings of how "faery Mab the

junkets eat" and of the "drudging Goblin" and of how "trip the pert fairies and the capper elfe." So there can be little doubt that fairies really do exist. At any rate they are the most beautiful, the most numerous, the most memorable creatures in the literature of every tongue on earth.

Everybody knows exactly what fairies are, what merry, irresponsible things they are always doing, how they delight in dancing at midnight on the grass and leave rings where their little feet have kicked away the dew, and also how particular they are to procure absolutely the best moonshine of which to spin their holiday dresses. Of course there are good fairies and bad fairies; there seems to have been a time when all, or most fairies were good, but after a while, when they began to acquire a taste for the cream and junkets of mortals, which no doubt affected them after pure air and the honey of the flowers, the great majority of them seems to have developed a mischievous, impish nature, of which human beings bore the brunt. So that the accounts we get of Robin Goodfellow's and the Goblins' doings are not always to their credit. The elves and the dwarfs and the gnomes have often been seen holding their midnight banquet under a portion of a hill raised on red pillars, which sink into the ground when day opens its eye. So that the fairies are certainly fond of good living. In other respects they are also astonishingly human. Tinker Bell, the fairy who flew with Peter Pan through the nursery window, who was a very good fairy, and who must have been very unselfish to drink the poisoned medicine that bad Captain Hook had intended for Peter, was nevertheless very jealous when she saw Wendy kiss him. And one likes to think of fairies "as taking things in good part, and doing everything for the good of the cause, like sunshine and showers of rain, and sunsets that are really fires to dry one's wings after the rain." There are very many different kinds of fairies throughout the world. In Arabia the Jinni or Genii, whose antics are recorded in the Arabian Nights, is still as mischievous as ever. The fire of which these Genii are created circulates in their veins like blood, and when they receive a mortal wound it bursts forth and consumes them to ashes. In Scandinavia a diminutive being, the Duergar,

dwells in the rocks and hills, and is distinguished for his skill in metallurgy. He has furnished many mortal heroes with wonderful weapons and armour. The Danish peasants are always on their guard against the Elles, who are hollow behind like a dough-trough, and are ever ready to wreak destruction on mankind. So that if you meet a stranger on the hills at night, it is always advisable to take a good look at his posterior contour before allowing him to ingratiate himself with you. The Trolls are a species of beings who live inside the hills of Scandinavia, and the story goes that once St. Olaf, who was wishing to build a splendid church without distressing his people by taxation, met a strange being on the hills who offered to execute it, stipulating as a reward the sun and moon, or else St. Olaf himself. The Troll, for such it was, soon finished it, all but the roof and pinnacle. Olaf, now grown uneasy, was rambling over a hill wondering how he was to fulfil his part of the bargain, when he chanced to hear a child crying within the hill, and its mother quietening it with the words, "Hush, hush! Thy father, wind-and-weather, will come home in the morning and bring with him the sun and moon or else St. Olaf himself." Olaf was overjoyed, for the power of evil beings ceases when their names are known. He returned home, where he saw everything completed, pinnacle and all. He immediately cried out, "Wind-and-Weather, you've set the pinnacle crooked!" Instantly the Troll fell with a great crash from the ridge of the roof, and broke into a thousand pieces, which were all flint-stone. In Germany, belated peasants often meet with the Dwarfs, Wild Women, Kobolds and Nixes, who, like all bad fairies, are always substituting changelings for the children that they steal from human beings. In Scotland, the Brownie makes good, and sometimes bad use of his time, often aiding and abetting the Hobgoblins, and the Urisks and the Kelpies in their wicked work. Certain parts of England can boast their Goblins and their Elves and their Pixies; and the Isle of Man is especially proud of the Phynnoderee, a hairy spirit who is a fearless horseman, and sometimes very obliging to humans. But Ireland is perhaps the country that has the most beautiful fairy lore, and Irish fairy literature is the richest in the world. In Ireland, of course, the ordinary abode of

the fairies is the interior of the Rathes. Their usual attire is green with red caps. They are fond of dancing and music, and though they have in them some of the wickedness and mischief of the fairy blood, they are as a rule kind to those for whom they have contracted a liking. They are known under various names, the Good People, the Gentry, the People of Peace, the Leprechauns, who are very clever at making brogues, the Cluricauns, and the Pookas. The Merrow, which corresponds to the Merman, is not uncommon on the Welder coasts. The fishermen do not like to see them, for their appearance always means coming gales. The women Merrow are very beautiful, and occasionally prefer handsome fishermen to their sea-lovers. Sometimes they come up out of the sea and wander about in the shape of little hornless cows. They wear, when in their own shape, a little red cap, covered with feathers. If this is stolen they cannot again go down to their home under the waves. In "The Soul Cages" we are told of a Merrow who used to keep the souls of the drowned sailors under little lobster-pot contrivances. An Irish fisherman, who had been down with the Merrow to his home under the sea and was touched by the state of the poor souls under the lobster-pots, outwitted the Merrow by plying him well with brandy, and when the Merrow was no longer sober, Jack Dagherty snapped up the Merrow's cocked hat, and made his way to the soul-cages. He turned up the pots, but he saw nothing, "only he heard, he thought, a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them" and let the imprisoned souls free.

The truth about fairies is that they do exist, but whether they will *always* exist is a different question. For we have it also on Mr. Barrie's authority that every time a child denies the existence of fairies, a fairy dies. Every time we deny anything that exists, a laugh becomes a sigh. We cannot help thinking that fairies are sadly neglected to-day, that they must have been brought to a very sorrowful pass of late through human incredulity. For we, all of us, the child of to-day who in his superior wisdom is beginning to scorn the fairies, and we older ones who are allowing the love of gain and of material enjoyments to clog the beauty-channels of the soul—we are all beginning to know too

much. For there is certainly truth in the words of a modern writer that "what we have gained by brains is nothing to what we have lost by them." Even fairies have shared the fate of human things, and have fallen from the high estate they used to enjoy in the hearts of our fathers, when every man, woman, and child was firmly convinced of the existence of fairies, to become the professional clap trap of pantomime-producers. What do we lose by believing in them? Is it not more picturesque, more moving, to think that glimmering above the marshes is a fairy torch than to accept the dull scientific statement that it is the flickering of a phosphorescent gas? Men used to shudder at the thought that God was speaking in the thunder; and now, today, the assertion of our scientists that thunder is merely the rushing of air into a vacuum, has sacrilegiously materialised the loftier ideals of our fathers. We ought to be grateful to Mr. Barrie, who has the courage to tell us that if we take the "second to the right and straight on till morning" we shall come—that is, if we have learnt to fly with Peter Pan—to the Never, Neverland where live the sensible boys who will not grow up, and where there are real Pirates and Red Indians. So that fairyland is probably only two minutes' fly from there. In that wonderful play, "The Piper," with which F. R. Benson lately charmed us, the fat, feelingless merchants of Hamelin reward their benefactor with the words "masterless dog!" The Piper, fearing that money-bags should eat into the souls of the children and corrupt them too, leads them away to the Hollow Hill with his fairy pipe; and in Hamelin gold is no longer of any avail without the happy voices and the laughter of the children. But the Piper is human; he relents, and brings them back. We are making a deserted Hamelin of our hearts. We are driving away the fairies. We rarely see them now, for instead of dancing and holding their midnight revels as before, they stop in the trees and the hollow hills and the bells of the flowers, and mourn their exile. Let us then beware lest by our modern incredulity we banish from our little stage the last of those actors who have been so instrumental in manipulating the strings in the lyres of our forefathers, for, once departed, we shall scarcely find another Piper to serve us as benefactor.

Ex Ore Infantium.

Little Jesus, was Thou shy
Once, and just as small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!

Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst thou play in Heaven
with all
The angels, that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their
wings?
Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this
way?
And did they tire sometimes, being
young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st! I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk
And listen to my baby talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one,"
And He will smile, that children's tongue
Hast not changed since Thou wast
young.

Francis Thompson.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAM.

There are few, if any poets, whose verses are a reflex of themselves to such an extent as are those of Francis Thompson. His writings portray his own character, and his description of the bard is that of himself.

“ He lives detached days ;
He serveth not for praise,
For gold
He is not sold.
He asketh not world's eyes ;
Nor to world's ears he cries.
Saith, ‘ These
Shut, if ye please ’ ”

Born at Preston, 1859, the son of a doctor, he was descended from ancestors none of whom had acquired fame in the literary world. His early education he received at Ushaw, the alma mater of Dr. Lingard, and of Cardinal Wiseman, and here he developed that taste for the ancient classics, which exercised such an influence over him that afterwards during his poverty, he thought himself rich in the possession of a volume of Aeschylus. After spending seven years at Ushaw, his father intending him for the medical profession sent him to Owens College, Manchester, but he could not apply himself with any diligence to his work: he absented himself from lectures, and pursued the reading which had such a fascination for him. After a nervous illness in Manchester he journeyed to London. At first his father granted him an allowance, but hearing of his repeated failures to keep his situations, ceased to send the remittance, and left him to his own resources. And now he was doomed to live through all the sordid hardships of

“ that nightmare-time which still doth haunt
My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitant.”

of which he has himself given us such a vivid picture in the “ Sister Songs.”

“ Forlorn, and faint, and stark
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star,
Yea, was the outcast mark

Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny ;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbéd minutes at me ;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheeled car ;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels ; and, bled of
strength,

I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child ; like thee, a spring-flower ; but a flower

Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-streets blown withering.
She passed,—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender
thing !—

And of her scant pittance did she give
That I might eat and live :
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.”

During this period of almost utter destitution he engaged in various avocations. At one time he was assistant in a boot shop near Leicester Square, then a collector for a second-hand bookseller, later on we find him a caller of cabs outside the theatres and eventually a street hawker—a very unprofessional one he must have seemed to those who amid the bustle of Oxford Street happened to discern his ill-clad tottering form dressed in an attire that witnessed to having seen better days. Among the many incongruities with which this world abounds there are few more striking than the poignant sadness which saturated the manhood of many of our sweetest poets, and we may with him in his “ Essay on Shelley ” be tempted to ask, “ why should it be that the poets, who have written for us the poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller things of earth—the Shelleys, the Coleridges, the Keats—are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature ? ” But it would be the essence of presumption for us to suggest an explanation. “ Sweet are the uses of adversity ” wrote Shakespeare himself, and if friendlessness and poverty are to any extent essential factors in the development of the poetic spirit then the Gods bestowed them on Francis Thompson very amply indeed. We know that like De Quincey he knew Oxford Street for “ a stony-hearted step-mother that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children,” that less romantic than Goldsmith and others he sought a nightly refuge in porticoes, and under the arches of Covent Garden ; and we can imagine the visions of beauty that filled that afflicted Christian soul when standing beneath the shadow of Charing Cross in the dreary days of winter, or keeping the weary watches of the night on the desolate Embankment gazing on the sullen waters of the gloomy river, for he has left us the essence of his thoughts “ In no strange Land ” :

“ But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames."

It was only after five obscure years in which he was brought to the lowest depths of destitution, that his poetic genius became known to the public. The discovery of his talent came about in a very singular manner. From time to time he had sent contributions to various magazines; the poems were written on any scraps of paper that he could find, and most of the dirty envelopes and their contents were summarily consigned to the editors' waste paper baskets. One that had been sent to the Catholic Magazine, "Merrie England," was at first rejected, but some time later, the editor chancing to read the work at once proclaimed Thompson a poet of no low status, and thus brought the name before the literary world. In the meantime Thompson, driven by dire necessity to the verge of despair, was tempted to put an end to his troubles, and retired one night to Covent Garden with enough laudanum to kill himself. Fortunately, he did not succumb to the temptation, and some days after, through his poems to the "Merrie England" Magazine, he was sought out by some friends, who thus saved him from starvation and self-destruction. These friends received him into their houses, and helped him to publish his first book of poems, and most of his poetry he dedicated to these benefactors and to their children.

After a course of medical treatment he went to live with the monks at Storrington, and it was here that he wrote his principal poems, "Love in Dian's Lap," "The Hound of Heaven," "Sister Songs," and many of his odes. Here it was also that he met the village girl, "Daisy," who inspired in him the verses so called, which resemble so closely those of Wordsworth on "Lucy," as is apparent:—

"The fairest things have fleetest end :
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be."

and:—

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !"

The days he spent at the foot of the Sussex Downs were the happiest of his life, but the dismal streets of London had a peculiar attraction for him, and only by the continued efforts of his friends, was he prevented from once more falling into his listless ways, and frequenting his familiar haunts. He lived for some time with the Franciscan friars at Crawley and at Pantasaph, but nothing more flowed from his "teeming brain," and he returned to Storrington, where he died on the 13th November, 1907, at the early age of forty seven, and was laid to rest in St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green.

Fate denied him a long life, but before he died, Thompson had proved himself to be a first-class literary critic, and his "Essay on Shelley," written at the instigation of Cardinal Vaughan, and at the time rejected by the *Dublin Review*, still further proves this fact. The smaller poems will not contribute much to their writer's enduring fame, but the "Hound of Heaven," a poem setting forth the pursuit of the human soul by divine Grace, "Love in Dian's Lap" and "Sister Songs" will survive, and inscribe Thompson's name on the scroll of fame. The sense of loneliness that finds such expression in Thompson's Poems on Children, and the sadness that pervades many of them give us an idea of the poet's mind and feelings. Several poems he has written dealing with nature, Odes to the Sun, Songs to the Clouds, Anthems of Earth, and Chants to the Autumn, and the Snowflake,—all of which display an intense imaginative genius. But as Coventry Patmore pointed out, "the main region of Francis Thompson's poetry is the inexhaustible and hitherto almost unworked mine of Catholic philosophy," and though he does not make his religion the direct subject of any of his poems yet there pervades almost every stanza he has written a religious sentiment which undoubtedly is the animating principle of his best productions. It was part of the mission of Francis Thompson to plead for a Catholic appreciation of poetry, because as he said, "poetry was once, as she should be, the lesser sister of the Church: the minister to the mind as the Church to the soul," and while he laments the fall of poetry from its noble estate he pleads impassionately for the reunion of sanctity and song, the intertwining of the palm and the laurel,

because as he says, "the separation has been ill for poetry: it has not been well for religion. . . . This beautiful wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your faith, discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her: you will no longer then need to flee her, suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross"

And so we recognise the fundamental idea which guided the poet in his work. His poem--"To a Poet breaking silence" re-echoes the same sentiments.

"Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord
With earth's waters make accord;
Teach how the crucifix may be
Craven from the laurel-trec,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows."

And again, in "A Corymbus for Autumn," his ever more and more intensified vision of the Almighty in his works, supplies the keynote to his inspiration; to him "All Nature sacerdotal seems."

"The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,
In tones of floating and mellow light.

A spreading summons to even-song:

See how there

The cowlèd Night

Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.

What is this feel of incense everywhere?

Clings it round folds of the blanch-amiced
clouds,

Upwafted by the solemn thurifer,

The mighty Spirit unknown,

That swingeth the slow earth before the
embannered Throne?"

His early death undoubtedly prevented him from receiving that just recognition in the ranks of literature which his great talents deserved. But it is rarely that merit receives an immediate reward, and as Francis Thompson's life was in its sorrows like to so many others, so also did his works like theirs remain despised and neglected by many of his less endowed contemporaries. His genius has, however, been latterly more fully recognized, and it seems probable that the intrinsic merit of "the poets' poet" will go down to posterity, and proclaim him the benefactor of English literature and of the English people.

Au Théâtre.

By H. O'SULLIVAN.

Il y a quelque temps on avait annoncé que des représentations françaises seraient données au Théâtre de la ville. Par conséquent, les Principaux de plusieurs écoles de Liverpool, ne tardèrent pas à profiter de cette excellente occasion pour y envoyer leurs meilleurs élèves, afin qu'ils pussent s'y divertir tout en s'y instruisant. C'est ainsi, qu'avec la permission du Rév. Frère Leahy, et après avoir retenu nos places à l'avance, les élèves des trois classes supérieures de cette école se rendirent au théâtre dans l'après midi du vingt février, pour y voir jouer "La Grammaire" de Labiche et Jolly, et "Les Précieuses Ridicules" de Molière.

En arrivant au théâtre, nous le trouvâmes rempli principalement d'écoliers, qui attendaient impatiemment le lever du rideau.

La première pièce, intitulée, "La Grammaire," comédie en un acte, fut reçue par l'auditoire avec enthousiasme. Cette pièce est courte, facile, et très spirituelle. Jean, le serviteur, y remplit son rôle avec beaucoup d'esprit. Blanche joua très bien aussi, et sa diction, parfaite sous tous les rapports, fut bien appréciée du public. Quant à Machut, je trouve qu'il parlait un peu trop vite; autrement, son interprétation fut bonne. Caboussat, à mon avis, se montra le meilleur acteur de la pièce. La diction et l'énonciation de M. Lame ne laissant rien à désirer, il se fit comprendre facilement de tout le monde. Poitrimas, président de la société archéologique, fut digne d'être apprécié. Il me semble que le comique français est bien différent du comique anglais. On reconnaît celui-là aux gestes et aux actions dont il accompagne ses drôleries. Celui-ci, au contraire, dirait les mêmes choses avec plus de sang-froid.

Le français des "Précieuses Ridicules" est lourd, plein de tournures idiomatiques, ce qui rend cette pièce fort difficile à comprendre, du moins pour un auditoire étranger. A l'exception de Marotte, je n'ai compris la pièce que très imparfaitement, surtout les actrices, et le long speech de Magdelon, où elle explique à son père, au commencement, les coutumes du beau monde. Peut-être n'étais-je pas le seul à éprouver cette difficulté, car si mes oreillers ne m'ont pas trompé;

je pense avoir entendu, derrière moi, une demoiselle, dire à une autre, "Qu'est-ce qu' on dit?" En somme, tous les acteurs ont bien rempli leurs rôles. M. Dieudonne, surtout, qui, comme Mascaraïlle, joua avec beaucoup de grâce, et d'entrain ce qui lui valut des applaudissements unanimes.

Il faut espérer que les aînés de notre école auront encore le plaisir d'entendre la troupe Roubaud dans un avenir prochain.

Easter Festivities in many Lands.

By H. BLACK. (Form IV.)

Eastertide—the most glorious of all the Festivals in the Christian Year, is celebrated in various ways with great joy, especially in places not usually so well known.

There is nothing very picturesque about Easter in England, nor is there anything strikingly original in the manner in which the French celebrate the great day. As regards New York, the chief observance is the famous "parade" on the Fifth Avenue, although this time-honoured custom is admittedly on the wane. As for Berlin, it is well known that the Easter holidays are above all an occasion for entertaining, and listening to excellent music. All the theatres and concert halls are open; the most beautiful music ever written is played by first-class orchestras or sung by those choirs, which are so numerous in Germany. In Chili and other parts of S. America it is the custom to decorate the dwellings in preparation for the visit of the priest who comes to give the Holy Communion to the sick. On his journey he is accompanied by rich and poor, mounted on richly caparisoned horses or on humble scraggy mules. This custom is known as "Correr el Cristo"—to escort the Christ.

In Roumania it has long been the custom among the ladies of the upper classes to visit the prisons and distribute among the prisoners Easter cakes and sweetmeats. Among the Caucasians Easter is a time of great festivity, dancing being the chief item on the programme. In many lands of Eastern Europe there is a pretty, traditional custom of letting loose caged birds on the day of the Resurrection.

In various villages of Mexico an image of Judas Iscariot is suspended in the streets and burned. The "Easter egg" custom is well nigh universal, though few agree as to its origin and meaning. Some say that after forty days of fasting Christians were allowed to eat eggs, and hence valued them as Easter remembrances. The Egg is the emblem of the germinating life of Spring. Easter eggs, children are told, come from Rome with the bells, which on Thursday go to Rome, and return on Saturday morning. The custom may have had its origin in paganism, for a great many pagan customs celebrating the coming of Spring, gravitated towards Easter.

A visitor to one of the most gorgeously decorated churches in St. Petersburg—St. Isaac's—gave me an interesting account of what he saw there one Holy Saturday. He arrived some time after 11 p.m., and found many hundreds waiting for the "Resurrection."

Here is his account—"At midnight a prelate will announce the "Resurrection." It was with difficulty I made my way through the crowd to a place in the vicinity of the altar. Most of the people around me had been standing there since five or six o'clock. They were pale: they had fasted long and prayed hour after hour. Along the walls are placed rows of loaves and eggs, which are to be blessed by the clergy. Silence reigns everywhere. Some worshippers bow before bejewelled Ikons and repeatedly cross themselves. No seats are provided, the majority of the women are kneeling. Gazing on the sea of faces congregated in the Cathedral, one sees everywhere the rapt attention which denotes sincere religious feeling.

The white marble altar is surmounted by gigantic bronze candelabrae and a host of silver ones. Under the dome, on a dais is a silver sepulchre, empty. A procession slowly wends its way, from the sanctuary; first come the acolytes bearing lanterns and censers, followed by deacons and priests in sumptuous Byzantine vestments. They proceed towards the sepulchre. The prelate looks inside for the body of the Saviour. It is not there. Then, mournfully and silently he disappears with his attendants.

Midnight! The procession returns. The tinkle of a small silver bell is heard; then away over our heads, the deep note of the famous bell of St. Isaac's gives to the town the signal that Christ has arisen

from the dead. The cannon in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, across the Neva, boom. As if by magic the interior of the Cathedral is flooded with light. Tapers are lit by the congregation. The choir, composed entirely of men and boys, sing in rich harmony, "Christos Voskresie"—Christ is risen. The priests move among the crowd repeating the same words, to which they respond "Voistrenno Voskresie"—Indeed He is risen. The eggs and loaves are sprinkled with holy water. The congregation then embrace one another three times. Faces which but a few minutes ago were expressive of melancholy are now flushed with joy. Humanity seems transfigured, hope reigns supreme, ere we presently drift away to home and rest."

Jones, Brown & the Bear.

Travelling a hundred years ago,
Was very dangerous and slow;
How different to day!
When you may take a rapid flight,
O'er land and sea by day or night,
Quite safely all the way!

No work had Jones, as trade was slack;
He strapped his tools upon his back
And made for distant town.
Behind him soon appears another,
Who joined him on his way as brother—
A traveller named Brown.

Said Brown—"Let's have your company;
You won't regret your going with me,
In danger I'm your friend.
Whatever haps, keep close to me,
And I to you will faithful be,
E'en to your journey's end."

So on their way these new friends sped,
Till where the road through forest led;
A forest famed of old,
For cruel wolf and savage bear,
That knew not man or beast to spare;
And famed for robbers bold.

Full soon indeed, a bear they see;
Friend Brown at once climbs up a tree,
Leaving poor Jones alone,
To bleed or die: he did not care;
He had no thought for Jones to spare—
Thus was his friendship shewn.

Upon the ground—now see and mark—
Jones laid himself all stiff and stark,
For he had heard it said,

That bears, a corpse will never touch,
Though pressed with hunger e'er so much;
And so, Jones lay as dead.

His plan succeeded; sight and smell
Convinced the bear he might as well,
Seek elsewhere for his meal.
So Jones resumes again his tramp,
And smiles at seeing Brown, the scamp,
Down from his hiding steal.

A pause of silence as they walk;
Then Brown takes courage thus to talk:
"Oh, would you please to tell
What did old Bruin say to you
As close beside your ear he drew?
I saw and marked it well."

He said—"Old Jones, don't be a fool,
Learn some few lessons in life's school,
—So sorry you are down—
Count those who help in time of need—
Not those who boast—your friends
indeed;
My compliments to Brown."

Literature and Finance.

By VINCENT ATKIN.

It has been said that the present age is an age of writers, some good, the majority, bad or indifferent.

Nowadays, if a tyro finds he can put a decent English sentence together, or write a respectable essay—he fancies he has in him the material for a first-class writer, if only opportunities would present themselves. Although, the number of books—chiefly novels—which are published weekly is astounding, yet when compared with the MSS. which are returned to their authors with thanks or consigned to the waste-paper basket, this number is but as a drop in the ocean. I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that the desire to be an author, or at least to have one's writings on a printed page, is a present-day mania.

Doubtless, the young authors who endeavour to make the pages of the C.I. Magazine interesting, have too much practical sense to enter into the realms of literature in order to make their livings by the phenomenal sales of their future masterpieces. Yet, many young people of both sexes have tried to do so—spurred on by the success of one or two of their writings. Hence, a brief survey of literature as a profession may be of interest.

Mr. Grant Allen, with Mr. Robert Buchanan seconding, says that, as a profession, literature is the poorest and least satisfactory; and further that it is the least ennobling. But, one must own, that if this profession is adopted for its own sake, the results will be satisfactory, and sometimes admirable.

Authors often have to write to please the public, — a difficult thing — with one eye on the market and the other on the journals. And so it is that works which sell the best nowadays, are certainly not the greatest literature. On the contrary, the novels of to-day, might be divided into six classes according to sale, and the unhealthy novel takes first place, the bigoted religious book second, while the real literary works novel comes sixth. Thus novels on prohibitive subjects — scandalous memoirs — novels appealing to lower instinct enjoy huge sales, while volumes of essays, poems, and novels of high purpose and real merit, in a word, true literature, are only read by the select few. In this way those who add little or nothing to the good things of their country's literature, make great fortunes; whilst those are often un-recompensed whose aims and ideals are higher, whose conception of a great writer is not of one who devotes his powers to the glorious art of self-advertisement and makes friends with the Press, but is akin to Mr. J. K. Jerome's ideal, "He who can write a great book is greater than a king; a good book is better than a sermon; the gift of being able to write is given to anybody in trust, and an author should never forget that he is God's servant." However, though the fruits and rewards of literature often fall to the unworthy (while the worthy go with empty hands), there are authors and authoresses who have written well — who have written works gladly read by great and lowly, and who have won, along with fame, the reward of the labourer worthy of his hire.

I have said that Literature for its own sake is a noble pursuit, but authors, like everyone else, must live, and to those who do succeed, it gives a very comfortable existence indeed. There are fifty writers in England to-day, each making £1,000 per annum by his books, and out of these there are about a dozen who make from £2,000 to £5,000. It is said that Marion Crawford got £2,000 for each of his novels, while Rudyard Kipling is reputed to charge

2/- a word for any of his stories. Mark Twain's pecuniary reward was £300,000. Alphonse Daudet for one novel got £40,000. Notwithstanding these substantial sums, records shew that there has always been a great and lamentable disparity in rewards of literature. In fact, the latter has more often been in inverse ratio to the merits of the writer.

It may be interesting to learn that out of every 10,000 books written 100 are accepted. Popularity — deserving or not — therefore, is the secret of success. Never at any time during the whole history of English Literature could its various products be bought so cheaply. The lover of good reading is at first at a loss to know what to read like Sir Walter Scott when, as a boy he was turned adrift in a large library. Let Ruskin in his "Fors Clavigera" answer — "You ought to read books as you take medicine, — by advice and not by advertisement. . . . Ask someone who knows the good books from the bad ones to tell you what to buy — and be content." His reason for these words he gives — "You will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible." Ever bearing this advice in mind, we should be careful of what we read, being fully convinced that there is so much that is good to be read, that there is no time for inferior stuff, even if we were minded to bother with it.

Athletics.

By Mr. T. J. CURTIN.

It is with feelings of the greatest hesitancy that I launch upon this subject of Athletics, knowing full well that the ordinary schoolboy is content to experience the pleasures of various games, and look upon the arguments and reasons for their existence as somewhat strained and forced. It might be well however to try and realise the various benefits and advantages accruing from the different branches of Athletics, and to try and bring about this realization is my endeavour in this article.

Among the Greeks and Romans, 'Athlētāē' was the designation of persons who contended for prizes in the public games where bodily strength was not

called into play. But with the progress of time the word changed and acquired a more extensive meaning, including all those who competed under any form for the laurel wreath and crown at the national games, which the Poet, Pindar, describes so beautifully. And though we do not receive the triumphant athlete with the same glory and ovation that the ancients welcomed theirs, nevertheless there is a resemblance in the great importance which we give to Athletics, and which the Ancients also accorded to them.

But why is such tremendous importance given to Athletics? Perhaps the answer is hardly obvious to the casual observance of the school boy, but it becomes very clear after a little thought. For instance, we have just concluded the football season, and on perusal of the various results perhaps the most optimistic of us feel a tinge of disappointment. After losing various 'friendlies' during the year we were put out of the competition of the season—the Shield Competition—in the first round, and yet have we not gained anything? In the first place, the advantage gained by meeting the various other schools round us is enormous. Petty prejudices are lost after acquaintance; ideas are gained by the social intercourse with the various boys. Moreover, the 'esprit de corps' of the school is fostered, for we learn to take a pride in our own school; to emulate the efforts of the schools around us; to sink individual petty spites and combine for the common weal. Nor are these benefits merely theoretical, they are indisputable—the inevitable trend of human nature.

Again there are other advantages. I don't wish to reiterate the old hackneyed and well worn one of the necessity for the healthy body in order to have a healthy mind, for most boys are fully aware of that. The development of manly characteristics, however, they are not alive to. What boy who has played the game of football during the past season, has not ended the season with more pluck, more endurance, more perseverance, more ability to withstand defeats and disappointments than he had at its commencement. These are the advantages, which we should try and realise, and if we do realise them our spontaneity in games will increase. The "pro bono publico" spirit necessary for the advancement of our school will be engendered. The egotism of our

boyish nature will be obliterated. Nor do I wish to confine the above advantages to the players only, for I believe that the same characteristics gained by the players are equally acquired by the boy who stands on the line cheering with words of encouragement his own team to victory.

But I do not wish to emphasize the advantages of football only, and this I may appear to have done from my previous remarks. The same benefits may be derived from cricket, swimming, running, etc., as are derived from football. Let not the interest in the school games flag now because the football season is over. Cricket too affords excellent scope for the fostering of that 'esprit de corps,' that patience, that endurance, that manliness which I have mentioned above. The same interest ought to be evinced in trying to place our school in the front rank in cricket, as was shown in our efforts with football. Let there be no preference in games in order that their aims may not be defeated.

Perhaps it may be a little clearer, now, why athletics are such a feature, a pleasant feature at that, of our English school life. Undoubtedly games play just as important a part in the curriculum of the school, as any subject contained therein. This fact the Englishman has grasped. From our universities downwards this lesson is inculcated. Who is the prouder man, the Oxford Blue or the holder of the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge? and without taking into consideration the merits or demerits of such a state of affairs, it is significant of the fact that our educational authorities are aware that many lessons may be learnt from the athletic fields during school days, which will fit one to play his part in the world later on. Let us realise this and take the examples of our universities, our public schools and the many excellent secondary schools which surround us, and try and raise athletics to that standard of manliness, which will give them a meaning in our school life. Let us, therefore, learn to play the game on the field, so that we may continue to 'play it' in whatever sphere of life we may subsequently find ourselves. If we do this we will undoubtedly raise our school in the eyes of those we come in contact with, and when we have placed such a standard of excellence on our Alma Mater, we

we will hand down silent traditions to our successors to regulate their conduct, so as to make it commensurate with the dignity of this school of which we are justly the proud members.

By Menai Straits.

[B. MERRON.]

My friends had praised Bangor very enthusiastically, and being tired of the smoke, and noise of Liverpool, I was only too glad to accept an invitation to stay there a few weeks. Thus it was that upon a blustering, sunny morning in summer, I found myself hustled along the Stage, and on to the "La Marguerite," bound for the beautiful land of Menai. We arrived in Bangor late in the afternoon, and being rather tired, I did not see much of Bangor for that day. I allowed myself three or four days to recover from the ennui of the year previous, rising late, and retiring early. Then I set about enjoying the beauties of this little town and its environs.

The town proper is interesting, and pretty in some places, and the air of restfulness and absence of noisy tram-cars appeal strongly to the city dweller. It is divided into Upper and Lower Bangor, the former being quite modern. Lower Bangor nestles in a valley, and is surrounded by wooded hills on all sides. The two most interesting sights are the University and the Cathedral. The former is a piece of splendid architecture, standing out prominently on a hill in Upper Bangor, and overlooking both town and Straits. It is quite a new building, and adds greatly to the beauty of the town. The Cathedral is very old, dating from A.D. 575, and is consecrated to St. Dwiniol. It has been rebuilt three times, having been destroyed first by the Saxons, afterwards under Henry VIII., and later by fire. Overlooking the town is a hill called the Town Mountain, from which a bird's-eye view of the whole town may be obtained. The market is very quaint, and a stranger finds it interesting to watch the procedure on a Saturday. From Upper Bangor, long, pleasant walks lead to the Straits, and to the road which runs along side them, on each side of which are fine woods. On the shoreward side they slope upward, and on the seaward side downward to the very edge of the cliffs. These cool woods are

places of refuge for the older or infirm visitors. Although the woods are so much frequented, squirrels are often seen.

A fine pier runs far out into the Straits, and is a favourite resort for townsfolk and visitors. A troupe of pierrots give performances every day at certain times, but they are not very well patronized. Bangor is a well-known centre for tourists, and it is an amusing sight, to see them in the most laughable attire, go striding through the streets, bound for Snowden or Aber.

The chief charm of Bangor is the Straits. At Bangor they are about a mile wide, and each side is thickly wooded. Anchored in mid-stream is an old man-o'-war, now used as a training ship, and called the "Clio." From the higher Welsh side a fine prospect of Anglesey is obtained, commanding the Straits north and south. From the "Look Out," a small enclosure within it, the most favourable survey may be made. In daytime the bridges and islands have a most beautiful appearance, but this is far surpassed by the sight at dusk, of the admirably situated pier and the picturesque old training ship. The lights of these send long, ghostly shadows dancing over the darkened waters, and the illuminations of Beaumaris can be seen twinkling in the distance. The landscape has not yet faded into obscurity, and to lend enchantment to the scene, the music of the "Clio's" band is faintly heard, borne on the breeze.

Not far from the Pier is an open-air sea bath. A semi-circular wall surrounds it, over which the tide just flows when at its highest, thus keeping the water fresh. The bottom is concrete, and slopes so that the depth varies from one inch to thirteen feet. The situation is very pretty, and access to the bathing place is through the woods, by winding paths.

I have said that Bangor is a tourist centre, and will now try to describe some of the places of interest surrounding it. On the Anglesey side of the Straits is Beaumaris. It is a pretty place, and is justly proud of its interesting and ancient castle. Church Island is also in Anglesey, and is a few miles from Bangor. Here a small, very old church is found, and the island is very pretty and interesting. To reach this island the Suspension Bridge must be crossed. This indeed is a wonderful structure. It is high, and on a windy day it can be felt

swinging. The Tubular Bridge is further South, but special permission must be obtained to inspect it. The roar which a train makes when passing through it is deafening if you are near. Between the two bridges is a little island called Whitebait Island. This is a popular pic-nic resort, and generally, a good Whitebait tea is obtainable. A visit to Aber would be a well spent day. After leaving the train, there is a walk through beautiful mountain scenery, and sometimes a glimpse of the Straits is had, then quite suddenly one comes into view of the falls. At the foot are large boulders and rocks, and round these a stream chatters its way down the valley. The falls are those of the River Aber. They tumble over a high wooded cliff, and are a most beautiful sight. After Aber I think Ogwyn Lake is the most interesting and pretty spot. It is, however, more of a pic-nic centre than Aber. Snowden is also within reach from Bangor, and many go, but I was not to be tempted. Penrhyn Quarries and Bethesda are a great attraction to visitors, and the quarries are open to the public at certain hours. Occasionally a little steamer makes a special trip to Carnarvon, and there is always a good number of passengers. The Castle of Carnarvon is the chief place of interest, and I think everyone knows its history and connections. Besides all these places, there are many villages round about which make beautiful walks. In some of them there are most interesting and beautiful churches. In one of these I saw some exquisite marble work. The carving was excellent, and the marble, which was brown, seemed to be transparent.

In such a pretty spot, and making so many excursions, four weeks passed very quickly. The weather had been most kind to me, and now as I was about to depart it seemed determined to impress upon my mind the beauty of this little North Wales resort. As I stood watching the receding town and shore, the sun shone down brilliantly, scintillating on the waves showing up the whiteness of the baths against the trees behind, I could not help feeling loath to depart, and a momentary sadness clouded the happiness I felt. I always carry that picture in my mind, and advise all my friends, as I advise you now, to spend your next vacation in the town of Bangor.

Can we live without Coal?

(J. HALL.)

Many years ago this country was covered with virgin forests and sylvan glades, wherein dwelt the then scanty population of Great Britain. Coal was unknown, but fuel abounded in the shape of the monstrous trees of the virgin forests. The chief employment of the people was hunting and sheep rearing. As years passed by the population increased, and the forests and glades gradually gave place to cultivated farms and pasture lands, and later on there developed that concentration of population which gave us the town congested England of to-day.

New industries sprang up, men took to manufactures on a large scale, and to carry on these manufactures fuel was needed. Where was it to come from? Beneath the soil of England large beds of coal were discovered, and in 1767 it was found to be an ideal fuel. It would drive their clumsy engines and smelt iron. A very precious mineral had been brought to light, on which depended to a great extent England's future glory. With its production machinery improved, and a great impulse was given to industry. People began to use coal as a substitute for wood, the supply of which was now practically exhausted, and its use has been increasing by leaps and bounds, until, at the present time coal is used in every form of industry. In fact so important has coal become that it is a universal question if we in England could live without it.

What does coal do for us? The answer is—everything. We use it in our homes for heating and cooking. It is used for producing gas with which to illuminate our houses, and even our electric supply is dependent on coal. One has only to step out of doors to see the thousand and one uses of this precious mineral. The great ocean liners which bring provisions from our far off colonies to feed the teeming population of this island, are driven by steam which is produced by means of coal. Our communication and traffic is done by trains; our penny postage depends on trains; and these trains depend on coal to drive them. In short there is hardly anything nowadays which does not depend on coal for its production or its transportation. Our boots are

mostly made by machinery, so is the cloth from which our clothes are made : and this machinery is in the majority of cases worked by steam. Our country is defended by massive warships, which are armed with enormous cannon. The steel used in the construction of these ships and their armaments is made from cast iron, and this is obtained by smelting the iron ore, for which process coal is essential. In short we are at present dependent on coal for our motive power, our manufactures, our lighting and heating, as well as for a host of other indispensable agencies.

Our dependency on coal has never been brought home to us more forcibly and more adequately than by the present coal strike. We see over a million workers thrown out of employment, and a universal disorganization of the nation's trade and commerce. Our railway and electric tram services are thrown into confusion ; our food is much dearer and many branches of industry, including engineering, transport, shipping and factories of every type are forced to shut down owing to an insufficiency of fuel to drive the engines needed in the works. Our food supplies, such as vegetables and dairy produce, which are brought every day from the country to our centres of life and work, are unavailable because of the transport disorganization.

One of the results of the present upheaval in the coal industry will undoubtedly be the exploitation of a substitute for coal, so that a repetition of the experiences which are at present forced upon the country may be rendered less possible. An alternative is always a wise precaution, and most people now realize that it is neither economical nor prudent to trust the destinies of the nation to an essential whose source of supply may be cut short at any time. There are many reasons why petroleum should be substituted for coal as the motive power for ships, trains, etc., and with the development of such engines as those of the Diesel type, we shall probably see those unsightly smoke funnels vanish from ocean going and other steamers, and a welcome decrease in the sootiness of the atmosphere, in our towns and cities, because oil will undoubtedly supplant coal.

That we shall be dependent on other nations for an oil supply will not be a matter of any appreciable importance, because the economizing of space which

will be accomplished by the use of oil, as well as the possibility of storing large quantities without risk of deterioration, will render nations practically as independent of one another in this particular as they are at present. Moreover, it will be no longer essential to maintain so many naval bases as now, and the diminishing of ships' crews as well as the facility with which oil can be taken on board in comparison with the present clumsy "coaling," will also constitute material gains.

Coal has undoubtedly been the source of Britain's greatness, and the association of iron ore with the coal deposit was a very material factor in England's development as an industrial nation. It is therefore reasonable for us to regard coal as an essential, not merely as a means of industrial greatness but as a requisite for every day life. Our food depends on it, and we cannot retain our mortal covering without food; our clothes depend on it, and we must needs have clothes. We require coal to protect us from the cold of winter, and to provide us with light, when the sun is sunk below the horizon. Therefore we are at present absolutely dependent on coal for the very necessities of life. No doubt the exigencies and hardships of the present strike will give a huge impulse to the search for an alternative source of energy, and we shall probably witness the introduction of that alternative fuel, be it oil or be it air; but as we are at present circumstanced, and bearing in mind the far-reaching and disastrous effects of the present miners' strike, we unhesitatingly give our verdict in favour of the assertion that England cannot get on without coal.

Old Boys' Association.

The different sections of the Old Boys' Association have been working very efficiently throughout the session now drawing to a close. The success which attended the Annual Concert in St. George's Hall was eclipsed by that which was attained in the Annual Dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, on February 15th. It augurs well for the future of the Association to find that the latter function was so generously supported by the junior members. Evidences of a healthier feeling are also very apparent in that most fragile of all the sections of the Association, viz.: the Football Club,

and we feel confident that the other centres of Athletic activity which have just been organised will help materially to maintain equilibrium in this portion of the Association's work. The lecture given by Rev. Fr. Ryan, O.S.B., to the Members of the Debating Society and their friends was deservedly appreciated, and we hope that others of a similarly interesting and instructive nature are in store for us in the future. Old Boys who have not yet joined the Association are asked to attend the Annual General Meeting in June.

OUR PATRONS.

The members of the Old Boys' Association have heard with very great pleasure of the signal honor which has been conferred on them and their Association by His Grace, the Archbishop, and His Lordship the Bishop of Shrewsbury, both of whom have graciously consented to become Patrons of the Association. The Right Rev. Dr. Singleton is an old boy of the Institute, and we feel sure that the kindly interest which His Grace, the Archbishop and Dr. Singleton have shown in the Old Boys' Association will be a powerful stimulus to the many ex-pupils of the school to make their Association worthy of its Patrons.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Lecture by Fr. Ryan, O.S.B.

The special open meeting of the Old Boys' Debating Society was held at the Royal Institution, Colquitt Street, on Thursday, February 8th, when quite a large number of members and friends accompanied the Rev. Fr. Ryan, O.S.B., on a tour through Ceylon. The journey was an excellent one indeed, and the monsoons very generously left us in peace to listen to our most interesting and entertaining guide. The snakes, too, very kindly kept out of our path, though we noticed one or two of our more nervous members stirring uneasily when the carbons in the lantern began to hiss.

In introducing us to Ceylon the lecturer warned us against accusing that island of being a dependency of India. It is quite independent, and boasts of a governor and legislative council, all its own. In fact it does not resemble India

even physically, and the chain of rocks stretching away from the north of the island are not indications that Ceylon was once a part of India. Recent surveying operations have discovered them to be the ruins of a bridge built ages ago by the civilized inhabitants. Though we are apt to think of Ceylon as a semi-barbarous country it has been a centre of civilization since the sixth century, B.C., when the island was invaded by the Singhalese, who came from Northern India. The habits and customs that have developed in the people seem very strange to us, and it is difficult to picture the women labouring in the fields while the domestic duties are being attended to by the men. This system has been pursued for a long time, and apparently works very well. The extensive caste system is really wonderful, and the number and duties of the different castes is astounding. Those sections of the people who by the law of their caste are bound to kill, are becoming exterminated, but even still many natives meet with death at their hands. Each caste has its king, but a commoner of high caste is superior to the king of a lower caste.

In the centre of the island live an aboriginal race called the Veddahs, whose mode of life seems very unhealthy. They are particularly averse to civilization and will persist in living in huts, not high enough to allow a person to stand in them. These huts have no chimneys and in consequence the smoke from the fires always fills the huts. The majority of the people, however, are Singalese, and their chief occupation is the cultivation of tea and indigo, the former having been introduced not very many years ago. The lecturer showed us a fine series of slides illustrating the processes in the production of tea.

Besides Christianity the chief religious practices are Buddhism, Hinduism, and *Mohammedanism*, and the zeal of these people is a lesson to many. There is a tradition that Buddha visited the island, and one of his teeth or rather a facsimile of it is preserved in one of the many shrines. More than half the population of the island are Buddhists, but a considerable number of the Singhalese on the south-west coast have been converted to Catholicism.

In addition to many beautiful slides of historic buildings, &c., the lecturer had also some coloured slides of typical

scenes in Ceylon, and we believe that at the close most of us had learned very much that was both useful and interesting concerning that island which has very justly been styled—the “Pearl of the East.”

Mr. A. Lamble proposed and Mr. J. F. Lacy seconded a vote of thanks to the Rev. lecturer, which was very heartily accorded.

EXECUTIVE MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Executive was held on Monday, March 4th. Mr. W. J. Murphy was moved to the chair. The members present were Messrs. J. Curtin, T. Moore Ried, J. Llewellyn, J. F. Lacy, F. J. Tindall, D. Hayes, J. F. Maguire and the Hon. Sec.

The report of the Annual Dinner was considered most satisfactory, and it was suggested that the Social Committee arrange to hold the Annual Whist Drive and Dance.

On the proposal of the Hon. Sec., seconded by Mr. Curtin, the following gentlemen were nominated honorary vice-presidents of the Association :

P. T. Traynor, Esq.,
H. Hosey, Esq.

CRICKET CLUB.

On the proposal of Mr. Lacy and seconded by Mr. Tindall, it was resolved that the Association pay the rent of a Cricket Ground and Dressing-room in Wavertree Playground. At a subsequent meeting of members of the Cricket Club, Mr. J. Ludden was unanimously chosen Captain, Mr. J. F. Lacy, Treasurer, and the Secretaryship was voted to Mr. G. J. McKey, Lark Lane, Liverpool, with whom members of the Association who desire to join the Cricket Club will kindly communicate.

SWIMMING CLUB.

A Swimming Club is also in process of formation, and Mr. W. Macmillan will be pleased to give full information to members who wish to join the Club.

SCHOOL PRIZE.

The Committee decided on the motion of Mr. J. Curtin, seconded by Mr. A. Lamble, to award a prize of Two Guineas annually for English Composition and Oratory. A Sub-Committee, consisting of three members of the execu-

tive, who are not members of the staff of the school, and two representatives of the school was empowered to arrange for the awarding of the prize.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

It is encouraging to find that after a very protracted struggle with difficulties that at times seemed insurmountable the Old Boys' Football Club is at last beginning to taste success. A long series of disasters and disappointments came to a climax in the early part of January, when a much needed reaction set in, and since that time there is evident in the team a spirit of loyalty and good sportsmanship which accounts for the success that has attended recent matches. The welcome change came with a 6—0 victory over St. Anne's, Stanley, followed by a decisive win against Windsor Wesleyans and a drawn game with Shaw Street Presbyterians. In this last game they had the misfortune to lose their best forward, who had to retire through injury at the very beginning of the game, otherwise they would have secured another victory. The League Champions—All Saints, Stoneycroft—checked them in their latest engagement, when after an even game and a series of unhappy decisions they were defeated. The Old Boys have therefore some justification for hoping to finish in the upper part of the League Table—a thing they have never done before—and perhaps there is something also in the assertion that the presence of even a few enthusiastic supporters at the line is not without its effect on the team.

RESULTS :	For	Against
v. St. Anne's, Stanley	6	0
v. Windsor Wesleyans	5	3
v. Shaw St. Presbyterians	2	2
v. All Saints, Stoneycroft	2	4
v. Seacombe Wesleyans	2	2
v. Shaw St. Presbyterians	2	2

OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL SHIELD.

A Competition in the lines of the Secondary School Shield Competition has been arranged this season, and the C.I. Old Boys meet Marlborough Coll. Old Boys in the second round of the Competition on Saturday, March 16th.

NOTICES.

The Annual General Meeting of the Football Club will be held at the Catholic Institute, on Sunday, May 5th, at 4-30 p.m.

SHIELD COMPETITION. SECOND ROUND.

We were fortunate enough to secure a bye in the first round of the Competition, and therefore our first contest was with Marlboro' College, whom we met in the second round at Wavertree, on Saturday, March 13th. Our team were: Tindall; Marmion, Wilson, Tugwood, Deane, McGrath; Hagan, Kelly, Carroll, Cunningham, Gilmore, the vast majority of whom had seen service in former Shield matches at the Institute. Tindall won the toss, and so we started with the wind. At first, play was rather disappointing, but soon Carroll in his old position made things swing, and we were quickly two up. Marlboro' broke through our defence rather easily, but succeeded in scoring only once. After the restart C.I. became even more aggressive, and Deane completely spoiled the attempts of the Marlboro' forwards. Another goal was added in this half, and so we secured the round by 3 goals to 1. Carroll was as brilliant as of old, and Dean played a very fine game at centre-half. Gilmore was good in the second part of the game, while Hagan and McGrath were always much in evidence. We look forward with very great interest to renewing our acquaintance with our old friends, the Collegiate, in the semi-final.

The Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at the Catholic Institute, on Monday, June 3rd, at 7-30 p.m.

Notices of motions as well as nominations for the Executive should be forwarded to the Hon. Sec. not later than May 20th.

VARSIY LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Once more we take up the pen to describe the whirlwind of events that has happened since the old year departed and a new one set in. The work done in Terminals may be dismissed very briefly with the remark that the results were quite in keeping with the high standard that has always been maintained by students from the Catholic Institute.

Turning to the more congenial aspect of social life, we find that the Messrs. Twomey have proved ideal Presidents of the Physical and Chemical Societies.

Never have these societies been endowed with more vigour, or their condition more flourishing than in the present session. Of course the ubiquitous Mr. Halsall as Secretary of the Physical Society has had much to do with the latter's success. So it will be seen that pioneers from the C.I. are still battling successfully to keep up the reputation of their Alma Mater.

This term has been an eventful one, as in addition to the numerous musical evenings, etc., we have had our annual 'night out' on 'Panto Night.' On the 13th of February, we all gaily decked ourselves out in whatever costumes came to hand, and wandered forth to the strains of martial music until we reached the hospitable doors of the Shakespeare Theatre. In the procession there figured a motley array of cavaliers, knights, sweeps, costers, and a good sprinkling of pseudo winsome maidens, whose hair, however, was in every case somewhat short. What the good citizens of Liverpool thought we cannot say, but most of those we met in our triumphal march gave us their generous co-operation in making as much noise as was possible.

The proceedings inside the theatre were quite as interesting as those outside, songs being rendered by various undergrads, until the curtain rose, and the pantomime proper commenced.

And now we have left nothing but the contemplation of fierce professors awaiting to bring us back to earth by the numerous impossible problems they will set us at Easter. So I respond to the call of 'Duty,' leaving to some future date the relating of our further adventures.

Yours, etc.,

A. L.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The Second Annual Dinner of the Association was held at the Adelphi Hotel, on Thursday, February 15th, when covers were laid for 140 of the Old Boys and their Guests. Previous to the Dinner, a brief reception was held by His Grace, the Archbishop of Liverpool, who was the principal guest of the evening. The Rev. Br. Leahy, Hon. President of the Association presided at the Dinner, and among those present were:

Messrs. C. P. Murray (*President*) and G. R. Reid (*Vice-President*). The Very Rev. Canons Pinnington and Keegan.

The Rev. Fathers Wm. Slattery, J. Norris, J. Fitzgerald, J. O'Connell, M. O'Brien, J. Coffey, G. S. Ryan, O.S.B., T. Leahy, O.M.I., J. Swarbrick, J. North, L. Egan, M. Coady, W. Weston, Jas. Hughes, J. Casey, P. Meier, J. McCarthy, D. McGrath, J. Kay, J. Kelly, J. Leeson. Dr. John Bligh, J.P. Councillors J. Clancy, J.P., T. Burke, J.P., J. Bolger, J. Cunningham, P.L.G., Dr. Mahony, Dr. J. Bligh, Jun., Messrs. J. A. Doughan, J.P. J. J. Shute, Sen., J. J. Shute, Jun., B. Donnell, T. Wafer-Byrne, H. B. Maginn, T. Moore-Ried, J. Martin, J. Sullivan, T. Healey, D. Parsons, C. Sherlock, P. Cullen, J. J. Cowhey, Assistant Postmaster General, Liverpool, H. Ashton, S. Williams, J. Maguire, B. Maguire, P. Caldwell, F. Fennell, G. Verspreuwen, Belgian Vice-Consul, E. Bramwells, J. Shaw, J. Byers, F. J. Davis, W. Conway, H. Hosey, P. T. Traynor, E. Ramsbottom, R. Worsley, P. Quinn, &c.

Apologies for absence were received from His Lordship, the Bishop of Shrewsbury, who had been ordered to Bournemouth by his medical advisers, from Councillor A. Harford, J.P., and from the Very Rev. Dean Cahill, Father J. Brown and Father T. O'Byrne.

During the Dinner the Henry Meyer Orchestra rendered an excellent Musical Programme.

The Chairman in proposing the toast of the Pope, and the King and Queen, mentioned that the Sovereign Pontiff in an audience recently granted to the Superior General of the Christian Brothers referred most approvingly to the Old Boys' Associations, and sent his special blessing to the members of those Associations and to their friends.

Mr. J. A. Doughan, in proposing the health of the Archbishop of Liverpool, congratulated Dr. Whiteside on his elevation to the Archiepiscopate. He said their Archbishop would go down to posterity as

The Builder of Churches and Schools,

and in this respect he would leave behind him many monuments which would last for generations. His Grace had never identified himself with politics, and he thought no one in that gathering could say with any certainty whether their Archbishop was either a Liberal or a Tory. He had, however, always shown the utmost sympathy with his Irish

children in their struggle in regard to faith and fatherland. Although he had no authority for saying so, he believed in his heart of hearts their Archbishop had a good deal of sympathy with his Irish people in their national aspirations. Apart from his great interest in elementary education, he had also shown practical interest in secondary education, Liverpool possessing the two premier Catholic secondary schools in England.

The Archbishop, who was received with musical honours, in acknowledging the toast, wondered why God had blessed him by giving him a diocese with so few difficulties, and with Clergy and laity whom a child could rule. He had been busy chiefly in laying foundation stones—signs of progress—and if he ever got into a stained glass window, he would be shown as a Bishop with a trowel in his hand. (Laughter.) Progress in the diocese had been great. He was certainly at its head, but much spade work had been done by a zealous clergy always anxious to second him, and by a laity always exemplary. The Bishop of Newport, when anxious to show what almost perfect lay co-operation was, pointed to Liverpool with its many institutions managed by laity.

Perhaps much of his work as Bishop had been successful because

He had kept off Politics,

before which higher things seemed to go. When politics came in at the door, too frequently religion flew out at the window. It would be idle for him to say he had no sympathy with his Irish people. He had never hesitated to express his sympathy with them, though his feeling on the matter was so deep that he did not care to speak about it.

The success of the archdiocese, continued the archbishop, depended on the schools. In Lancashire—in the two dioceses of Liverpool and Salford—they had more than a third of the Catholic children of the whole of England. In the Liverpool diocese they had over 80,000 children in their schools, whilst in Liverpool they had 32,000 children in their elementary schools. Their number exceeded that of their rich neighbours the Anglicans. They had also done well in the matter of secondary schools. They had in Liverpool secondary schools one-third of the boys and girls attending secondary schools in Liverpool, although the Catholic body was only a quarter of

the population of Liverpool, and although they were a comparatively poor body. Of the two secondary schools St. Francis Xavier's had done magnificent work. The old Catholic Institute had done good work in the past, but now that the Christian Brothers, whose introduction to Liverpool was really due to Canon Pinnington, had taken charge, its success had greatly increased. At the present moment there were over 400 boys in the Institute, and they could not accept any more. St. Francis Xavier's was also full, and the question might be asked, could they not open another secondary school in Liverpool? That was

Where the Politicians came in.

At the present time it was impossible for Catholics to open a new secondary school except on conditions that they could not in conscience accept. The justification pleaded for this interference was that the Government contributed to their Schools. But the Government gave not a single penny for religious education in secondary schools. Therefore it was unjust to impose restrictions such as those under which the Catholic secondary schools laboured. He looked to the politicians to remedy that state of things.

If Catholics would only look to the schools, the future would be secured. The Church was built by them, and the denomination that looked after them was the one that would come out safe. If England were to be converted at all and very little had been done so far, in spite of immigration from Ireland and everything else—it would be converted through the elementary and secondary schools.

Concluding, his Grace paid a high tribute to the magnificent work that had been done and was being done at the Catholic Institute. It was a very great joy to him to second the efforts of the Christian Brothers in Liverpool (loud applause).

The toast of "Our Guests" was ably submitted by Mr. J. A. Curtin, M.A., who as a member of the Old Boys' Association from its very inception had intimate knowledge of the many difficulties which the Association had to negotiate, and therefore he was glad to have the opportunity and the privilege of expressing on behalf of the Association the deep gratitude of the members to those who had done much to smooth

the path along which the Association had necessarily to travel.

Fr. Hughes, responding to the toast of "Our Guests," said the work of the Catholic Institute in the past, and the greater work which lay before it in the future, earned it the esteem of every citizen of Liverpool. He was glad to know that the sound mathematical training, which was a characteristic of the Institute in olden days, was still a prominent feature in the school. He hoped it would continue so, because such training was one of the very best preparations for any career. The politicians whom their Bishop eschewed were those who put their politics before their nation and their Church. Catholic politicians, however, were prepared to sacrifice the political convictions they had held for a lifetime if they clashed with the still deeper convictions of religion and the real wishes of the Catholic citizen. Their politicians were politicians in the truest sense of the term. He hoped that their young men now entering politics would carry on that noble tradition. He urged the young men of the Association to take the opportunities to hand, and not wait till something specially agreeable to them came their way.

Councillor F. Burke, in proposing "The Association," referred to the sustained success of Catholic secondary school scholars in winning university scholarships. He urged Catholic young men to enter into politics, and to keep in them for all they were worth, to whatever Party they might belong, and leaven the mass of British Protestantism or Orangeism. They should take their share in the public representation of the town and

Carry the Flag of the Church

to which they belonged.

Mr. C. P. Murray (President of the Association) in responding thanked his Grace for the double favor he had conferred on them, by giving the Association his esteemed patronage and by being present with them that evening. He referred to the progress the Association had made during the few years of its existence, and pointed out the manner in which it was intended to make the Association instrumental in fulfilling the objects for which it had been established. He appealed for the support of every pupil of the Christian Brothers in Liverpool and of every old boy of the

Institute to help by their membership the work of the Association.

Mr. R. A. Twomey (B. Sc. Hons.) gave the toast of "Our Alma Mater." In a brief but eloquent speech he outlined the work that had been done at the school since the coming of the Christian Brothers—the only period for which his acquaintance with the Catholic Institute enabled him to speak—and added that the past pupils of the C.I. who were at the University had frequently shown their superiority to those who came there from other schools.

Bro. Leahy responded, pointing out that the Catholic Institute was on the eve of the diamond jubilee of its organisation. He hoped the wish of Bishop Brown would be fulfilled, and that it would be perpetual and prosperous, and send forth young men who would do credit to their religion, their country, and their school, and be worthy successors of those now taking a noble part in the work of Catholicity on both sides of the Mersey.

During the evening the following Musical and Elocutionary Programme was contributed:—

SONG "Mountain Lovers" *Squire*.
Mr. D. SPOHR.

SONG { "Five & Twenty"
Sailor Men } ... *C. Taylor*.
"Blow, blow, thou"
Winter Wind } ... *Sargeant*.
Mr. T. MOORE RIED.

RECITAL "The Leper" ... *N. P. Willis*.
Mr. E. TROWBRIDGE.

VIOLIN SOLO ... "Zergeunerweisen" ... *Saraste*.
MASTER E. TROWBRIDGE.

SONG "Admiral's Broom" ... *Marshall*.
Mr. J. J. SMITH.

SONG "Come, sing to me" ... *Thompson*.
Mr. W. RAWLINSON.

SONG "Trumpeter" ... *Airlie Dix*.
Mr. D. HAYES.

DUET "The Twins"
Messrs. T. & J. CURTIN.

The function concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

"BON VOYAGE."

"You floated out, the sport
Of rack and storm, though we who
stood behind

Upon the beach felt nerved and cheered
To think then, as you disappeared,
That little wings of spices and the balm
Of buds that blow their kisses at the
moon,

When no sound stirs the calm
Of secret night in June,

Would hide about the rigging and the
sheets

And fall, at tempest time, with fairy
sweets

Of incense days and lull your mind to
rest.

When heaving tides against the bul-
warks pressed

Recalling other sweets of love at home
Before, alas! Fate beckoned you to
roam."

D. L. KELLEHER.

J. D. Colgan, one of the first pupils of the new C.I., sailed on Feb. 15th from Liverpool for Chicago.

We always think of Jack as a cheery youth, whose smiling face beamed radiantly beneath a profusion of red hair. His happy temperament was unceasingly manifested in his spontaneous witticisms that never bored, because he was not one of those clever persons who surfeit us with their wisdom. We always sought Jack when we were entangled in mathematical complications, and the most hopeless line of Horace magically resolved itself into sense when we approached him with it. We have lasting evidence of his ability in the first volumes of our Magazine, and we remember being thrilled by the first literary triumph that Jack made public. It was a story of "Blexton Snake, the Great Detective," and was copiously illustrated. Nor can we ever forget the day that Jack shook our faith in "that villain, Shakespeare;" a common poacher, who, according to the lecturer, had stepped into Bacon's shoes, and had complacently reaped all the praise and the credit for himself. He left behind him at the C.I. monuments of all kinds. Though he himself took no part in Athletics he delighted in providing them for others. As our first Football Sec. and our first Sports Sec. he did invaluable work; but undoubtedly he will be longest remembered for his work in connection with the Magazine, of which he dreamed for years, and which he was enabled to set in full and perfect flight ere he bade farewell to his Alma Mater.

The same tireless energy characterised his work for the Old Boys' Association, and also for the Gaelic League. He was Sec. of the Rock Ferry Branch, and on his departure from them the Gaelic League held a Cedilh in his honour, and made him a presentation, wishing him health, happiness and

prosperity in the new world. We are sure that he will succeed in his new sphere—that he will achieve success in its truest and best sense, and we hope that he will in a few years come home to see us, and draw us to him with the magic net of happiness that seems to spring from that perpetual smile of his.

‘God be with you Jack,’ such is the fervent prayer of all your school friends and of (R. F.)

Football Club.

The outstanding feature of the season which has just closed is the large number of periods of inactivity which unfavourable weather and its host of kindred hindrances imposed on the members of our football teams. Since the beginning of the present term the vast majority of our fixtures were necessarily cancelled, and though the abnormal quantity of water vapour present, especially on Wednesdays and Saturdays, was more than sufficient to damp the spirits of the most ardent, nevertheless enthusiasm was not lacking. When one saw our 1st XI men grimly determined to erect their goalposts on a ground frozen to a depth of eighteen inches, and which could be pierced only by an iron bar driven in with a sledge hammer, one was tempted to ask if their football spirit had at last become restive, and had resolved to negate the most violent efforts of the elements to make play impossible. We have had varied luck during the season, but our few reverses were always tempered by the hope that our Shield men would retrieve whatever prestige we may have lost in our friendlies. Though we were not unconscious of the strength of our neighbours with whom we should perforce have to contend in the Shield Competition we still expected great things from our team, at least we hoped to have been as fortunate as we had been in previous years. The result of the “draw” found us against S. F. X. in the first round, and it was immediately recognized that here would be the decisive battle for a place in the final. Many and varied were the forecasts of the result of the game, and though in glorious defeat was croaked most prophetically from some quarters there was a general feeling of confidence in our XI which was not altogether disappointed.

The result of the first game was quite in our favour, and under other conditions there would have been no need for a replay, because even our opponents admitted that we scored the winning goal. It was unfortunately one of these indecisive things which may escape the most exact referee, and consequently we were simply unlucky.

The details of the replay show that our ill-luck only became more intensified because the winning of the toss, and two lucky goals were a valuable asset to our opponents. But the Fates would have it that S.F.X. and C.I. should change places in the Shield Competition this year, for with no serious opposition to overcome in the second and third rounds they are pretty safe for the final. Though we have been disappointed we have no reason to be quite dissatisfied with the net result of our football season. The standard of most of the principal teams seems to have been latterly in a very pronounced up-gradient, and consequently we are quite satisfied when we know that the C.I. XI's have not fallen behind.

SHIELD COMPETITION.

FIRST ROUND V. S.F.X.

It was not surprising that an expectant and unusually large number of supporters of both schools assembled at Wavertree, on Wednesday, February 21st, to witness this year's contest. The team chosen to represent C.I. was:

Gavin.

Culshaw, Keeffe.

W. O'Donnell, Parker, Holland.

V. Occleshaw, Shaw, Kelly, C. O'Donnell, Gilmore.

Shortly after 2-30 p.m. both teams lined up, and S.F.X. having won the toss, put Parker and his team against a strong wind. Immediately the “whistle” announced the commencement of the game. C.I. got into motion quickly, and for the first ten minutes were quite aggressive, O'Donnell missing two fine chances, whilst Occleshaw on the opposite wing sent in some grand centres, which were wasted. The S.F.X. seemed to waken up now, and Gavin received one or two shots, which he cleared splendidly. The only dangerous S.F.X. forward was MacDonald, but he was more than well watched by Parker. After some brisk play in mid-field, half-time arrived with no score on either side. The first half had been exciting, and both teams

showed splendid form, the most prominent players being, Parker and W. O'Donnell. At the restart S.F.X. got up pace quickly, and Gavin had a busy five minutes; however, he only received one dangerous shot, which came from the college outside right. Now followed some mid-field play, which ended by Parker passing the leather to Occleshaw, who instantly transferred it to the college half, where a tussle ensued in the S.F.X. goal-mouth, from which Parker tried hard to notch a point, but was unsuccessful. There now only remained a quarter of an hour to play, during which time the C.I. had all the play, Kelly striking the side of the net, when he should easily have scored. In the last minute Occleshaw sent in a stinger, which although intercepted by their custodian, passed over the goal line. However the referee did not award the goal, and the game ended in a draw. Thus for the first time in its history, the C.I. failed to win the first round of the Shield Competition.

REPLAY. C.I. v. S.F.X.

Our victorious progress in the Shield Competitions had at last been checked, and this time in the 1st Round. The fears of those, who say that replays are always unlucky for the C.I., were realised on Wednesday, Feb. 28th, when we again met the S.F.X. on their ground at Lance Lane. The latter were not so confident of success after their lucky draw on the previous Wednesday, but they had a decided advantage in playing at home. One important change was made in the C.I. team, O'Neill being chosen to play inside left.

On turning out, both teams received rousing receptions, and again losing the toss, the C.I. had to kick against the wind and the slope. Gilmore started, the S.F.X. immediately got possession, and began to press. Our defence for a short time seemed quite demoralized, with the result that the opposing outside left centred, and by a fluke of fortune the ball was placed in the net. It was a very lucky goal, and this reverse coming so early livened our players up. A well organised rush on the part of the opposing forwards was stopped by Parker, and play was transferred for a short time to the S.F.X. territory. However, after some mid-field play, the opposing left half got possession, and hooked a dropping shot, which our cus-

todian foolishly allowed to bounce: the ball rebounded, and struck the cross-bar, falling inside the goal. This second lucky goal seemed to dishearten our players, but they fought well, Occleshaw sending in some splendid centres, which, however, were not turned to good account, although time and again the S.F.X. were very lucky to escape, after the continual bombardment of their goal. Our players were treated rather roughly, and were charged over without ceremony by S.F.X. centre-half and right full-back. After some end-to-end play the opposing right half sent in a shot which completely defeated our goalkeeper. The C.I. had now a big score to wipe off, but nevertheless they set about it manfully, and did most of the pressing for the remaining part of the game; they should have scored at least twice, but the forwards, particularly the inside men, were slow in shooting, Occleshaw and O'Donnell being the only ones to locate the ball with any accuracy. The C.I. now enjoyed most of the game, but no further score was registered when half-time came. It seemed rather an ominous lookout with three goals against us, but now we had the advantage of the slope.

After the restart the game became very fast, and exciting, and Parker, now playing forward, was a constant worry to the opposing defence, defeating them several times. Getting possession some time after the restart, he dribbled through three or four men, and then sent in a dropping shot which gave the goalkeeper no chance, and thus opened the score for the C.I. Our forwards pressed again, and Occleshaw just missed scoring with a terrific drive, which was without doubt, the best shot of the match. Shortly after the S.F.X. full-back handled in the penalty area, but the referee did not see it, and so Fortune continued cruel to the end. Much discontent and delay was caused this half by the S.F.X. linesman stopping the play and claiming fouls, because our half did not exactly toe the line for the throw-in. From this time on to the end, the C.I. were the pressing team, the only dangerous man of the S.F.X. being their outside left, who broke away several times, but was pulled up by our backs, and when the whistle blew for full time the C.I. retired defeated but not disgraced by 3 goals to 1. The game was throughout very fast and exciting, but on the whole the style of play was altogether inferior to that wit-

nessed on the previous occasion. Parker was easily the most brilliant player on the field. W. O'Donnell, and at times Occleshaw, were very good, while the finest display on the S.F.X. side was easily that given by the three scorers. Our defence were decidedly at their worst during the early part of the game, but of course allowance must be made for the very serious disadvantage at which they were placed owing to the nature of the ground and the strength of the wind. With a team which is not inferior to the best of our Shield teams in former years we have been decidedly unfortunate this time. Let us hope that in future competitions our Shield men will have a return of the small share of good fortune which has been ours in the past.

C.I. v. Holt.

This match was played at Wavertree in very bad weather. The C.I. team was Gavin; Wareing and Wheeler; W. O'Donnell, Cunningham and Cullen; Occleshaw, Shaw, Gilmore, Kelly and Fletcher. C.I. lost the toss, and were put to face a stiff breeze. They made headway on the right, but were repulsed. Holt attacked vigorously, adopting rushing tactics, and Gavin was called upon to save two shots. C.I. returned to the attack, but bad shooting spoiled them. Tricky play on the right wing led to Occleshaw opening the score for C.I., which was shortly followed by one from Gilmore and Shaw, and another from Occleshaw. At the interval C.I. led by four goals to nil.

In the second half C.I. had a great deal of the play, and some fine centres came from the left wing, which Gilmore failed to convert. Holt suddenly livened up, and a fine shot from the centre forward was fisted over the bar. Here Holt claimed a penalty against Wareing, from which Bradshaw scored for Holt. Soon after Occleshaw again scored for C.I., and the match ended with a win for C.I. by five goals to one.

SENIOR CUP.

FIRST ROUND.

On Saturday, December 9th, Form VIa met IVb in the 1st Round of the Senior Cup. The top form had to play with ten men, and also had to give the youngsters two goals. The seniors completely outplayed their opponents, who

nevertheless made a very plucky fight, and although their forwards showed good combination yet they could not manage to score owing to the fine play of VIa backs. Sullivan at full back played a fine game for IVb, but when full time came, the lower team had to retire beaten by a substantial margin.

Form VIb. v. Form Vb.

This match was played at Wavertree, Vb. being given a handicap of an extra player and a goal. VIb. won the toss, and kicked with a strong wind. The game was fairly fast, and after about fifteen minutes' play Gibb scored for VIb. with a strong shot. From the kick off Vb. pressed hard, and Shaw succeeded in scoring, and after this Occleshaw scored from a free kick. Kelly then had hard lines in just heading the ball outside the post, after which half-time arrived with a score of two goals each. When play restarted Vb. pressed, and Culshaw scored from a free kick. VIb. then pressed, but play was afterwards transferred to the other end where Cunningham scored, Vb. thus running out winners by four goals to two.

Form IVb. v. Form IVa.

Meahan, captain of Form IVa., won the toss and kicked with the wind. IVb. were by far the heavier team and out-classed their opponents, scoring four goals in the first half.

Half-time score:

Form IVb.—4 goals. Form IVa.—0.

In the second half IVb. having the wind in their favour added 6 more goals, keeping up the pressure throughout.

Full-time Score:

Form IVb.—10. Form IVa.—0.

Goal scorers: Conway, 5. Rojé, 2.

Lamb, 1. Gillow, 1. Leahy, 1.

SEMI-FINAL.

Va. met Vb., and a very well contested game ended in a victory for the former by 3 goals to nil.

VIa. and IVb: met in the other semi-final, and a most exciting contest ended in a victory for the junior team by 2 goals to 1. Owing to the splendid play of Quinn who kept goal for IVb. the seniors were unable to annul the handicap of 2 goals with which the juniors started.

FINAL.

Va. and IVb. met on even terms for the final, a most interesting game ended in a draw, each team having scored one goal.

JUNIOR CUP.**Form IIIc. v. IIa.**

There was a strong wind blowing across the ground when the two Junior teams, IIIc. and IIa. met for the second time to decide which should enter the final of the Junior Cup. Mr. T. Curtin kindly consented to referee. IIa. appeared in white jerseys, whilst their opponents wore the school colours.

Maginn (Capt.) won the toss for IIIc, and had the advantage of the wind.

The Stripes started off strongly, and for the first 20 minutes the IIa. defenders were sorely pressed. At last Rathe succeeded in scoring for the stripes just before the interval. Half time: IIIc., one goal; IIa., nil.

On resuming, by a pretty piece of combination, IIa. scored through Gerity. Smarting under this reverse, the IIIc. forwards got well away, and McKenna, with a strong shot, added to the score.

The whites continued to press until the end, but could not make any impression on the opponents' goal.

The game ended with the score in favour of IIIc.

Final: Form IIIc., 2 goals; IIa., one.

FINAL IIIb. v. IIIc.

On the 13th March, IIIb. played IIIc. at Wavertree, for the Junior Cup. IIIc., who had a strong team, and looked as if

they would win the cup, had most of the play during the first half, and managed to score 3 goals.—Tickle scored 2, O'Keeffe 1. Heenan took the goal kicks for IIIb., but the forwards could not get the ball past IIIc.'s tall backs. Towards the end of the first half Heenan gave a good pass to Kavanagh who, having passed IIIc.'s backs, put in a splendid shot, which made the score 3-1 against IIIb., and a few minutes after this, the whistle blew for half time. Score 3-1 for IIIc.

After an interval of 5 minutes the ball was centred, IIIb. now having the favour of the wind. Hampson and Kieran on the left wing played a very good game. Kieran got the ball and passed to Hampson, who ran down the field, and when attacked by the back, passed to Kieran, who got away and scored. After the centre O'Keeffe ran down but failed to score. Boyle got the ball, and sent in a beautiful shot and scored. IIIc. now got going, but Cossentine was no match for Kavanagh who, getting possession, passed to McLoughlin, who scored our 4th goal. Both sides were now playing hard, and Heenan again getting possession passed to Hampson: the latter scored for IIIb., who were now winning by 5 to 3. From this point to the end IIIb. played a defensive game. Kavanagh played well throughout. IIIc. played badly in the 2nd half, and missed several openings. Heenan as back played a fine game, stopping nearly every attack, while Shortall in goal was quite safe in the second half. The ball was near IIIc.'s goal when the whistle blew for full time, and left IIIb. the happy winners of the Junior Cup.

Result: IIIb. 5 goals; IIIc. 3 goals.

The Catholic Institute,

(Recognised Secondary School for Boys),

HOPE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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