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Editorial.

TO His Grace the Archbishop we tender a cordial welcome and an assurance of our prayers that God may guide him in his Apostolic Work.

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This number of our Magazine will recall—to the Editor, among others—the most glorious memories attached to the old paths along the cliffs. They are rugged, steep, and often enough slippery, and scramble from the sands and shingle right up to the realms of gorse and heather, wild thyme and bracken. Down in the cloven bay the tide sucks and washes among the rocks and caverns, and the ozone is enriched by the aroma of decaying seaweed and wrack ; but up on the cliff is freshness, strength, spaciousness, freedom, and a sense of comradeship with the elements of air, sea, and land.

The path climbs and falls, here giving a downward glance into some cove, inaccessible and deep, where the green water churns and eddies round the teeth of sunken reefs, there slicing its way into the shoulder of the cliff and zigzagging toward some tiny hamlet, with its ancient fisher-cottages, radiant in all the tones of age and thatch. There may be roads to these places, but the wanderer cares not to know, nor is he pleased when the rocking of a motor tells of a big hotel in the vicinity. Yet the cliff path is merely a means to an end—the other end of the cliff, where once again we are near the haunts of men, where fishing boats rise and fall to the harbour swell, where men work and worry, where smooth roads ply from town to town, along which roads we are all too soon borne back to the scene of our daily work.

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SPORT.

Hearty congratulations to our Juniors on bringing the Shield once again to our College ! Nowadays, and rightly, the influence of games and sports—in their proper place and time, be it said— is one of the best aids to formation

of character. It is gratifying to hear that in the practice of organized games, our College holds a position pre-eminent among those of the district. We patronise only those sports which will stimulate the high standards placed constantly before us in class—standards of honour, of unselfishness, of healthy traditions, of noble achievement, of combined glory in, and love for, the school. Our sports, in fact, follow up the quiet lessons which we receive in religious, social, and moral matters during the day in class; they show us how such lessons are living guides to conduct.

Life is often compared to a race, but there is this difference between them: in a race there is usually only one winner, whereas in life every man can be a winner if he chooses. Life can be better compared to the bumping races at Oxford and Cambridge, in which every crew which had bettered its position at the end of the contest is counted among the winners.

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"What would I not give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit."

Many another sensitive heart has felt the same pain when standing by a parent's grave, and has sighed in like manner for an opportunity to speak its penitence and its cries for pardon into the dead ear. But filial love blossoms out too late when it waits till the parental ear is beyond the reach of human cry. The time for a boy to show his affection and gratitude is along the years when father and mother are living and treading earth's paths with him. If then he strews thorns for their feet, what does it avail that he brings flowers for their burial? If he dishonours them by disobedience, by unkindness, by unworthy conduct, by sin, what does it avail that he sets up a costly monument over their graves, cutting in white marble his praises of their virtues?

The place for flowers is along the hard paths of toil and care and burden-bearing. The best monument for grateful affection to erect is a noble, beautiful life, a joy to the heart and an honour in the eyes of fond parental hope. Kindness to the living is better than bitter tears of penitence over the dead. The best that a boy can do for his parents will never repay them for what they have done for him.

The question, therefore, "What is the boy's part in the home-life?" is no unimportant one. He has a place in making the home joy. A true home should be a place where love rules. It ought to be beautiful, bright, joyous, full of tenderness and affection, a place in which all are growing happier and better each day. The home, no matter how humble, should be the dearest spot on the earth to each member of the family. It should be made so happy a place and so full of love that no matter where one may wander in after years, in any of the ends of the earth, his home should still hold its invisible lines of influence about him, and should ever draw resistlessly upon his heart. It ought to be the one spot in all the earth to which he would first turn in trouble or in danger. It should be the refuge of his soul in every trial and grief.

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God, Who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.—*Beeching.*

* * * *

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May:
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.—
Ben Jonson.

School Notes.

"AT THE COLLEGE."

The progress of the School, in the past year, has been well maintained. In Examinations, we have done well. On the playing field the old virile spirit has been maintained. Our numbers continue to increase and no longer are we confronted with lack of accommodation.

A Term extending from April 4th to July 21st seems a long one; but in our case there were so many functions included that it proved all too short. If variety be the spice of life then our time was highly seasoned, for with a Shield Final, a Sports' Carnival, the Annual Concert, our Retreat, and various Exams. looming in sight all the while, who could complain that school-life is monotonous?

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Wednesday, April 6th, saw a big muster at Anfield, to witness the contest with our old rivals—Liverpool Institute—for possession of the Junior Football Shield. We recalled how, in 1918 and again in 1919, we had become joint holders with them as after three meetings in each of the two years no decisive result followed. Would history repeat itself? We hoped not. A drawn game is seldom satisfactory. This year we determined to win, or die. Well, we won! It was, indeed, a case of *"veni, vidi, vici."* Edwardians surely established a record score in Shield Football when they defeated their opponents by 6 goals to nil.

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To the accompaniment of ringing cheers, the Shield was borne into the Hall next morning, by members of the XI. Let us hope that it may long find a niche at St. Edward's.

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Because of the loyalty of our Seniors and Juniors, who worked so hard in the disposal of tickets, the Annual Concert—which this year was repeated on a second and third night—proved a marked success.

The Choir, the vocal art of Mr. D. Hayes, the delightful performance of Mr. T. Bordonel Brown at the organ, of Mr. J. Kieran, violinist, and of Tom Pyke, pianist, and the humour of Mr. Jn. Curtin, charmed the audience.

The best type of Old Boy is ever ready to help his School; hence, we were not surprised to note that all the gentlemen who contributed so much to our pleasure, were O.B.'s. We thank and admire them very much, indeed.

We are also grateful to Mesdames Andrews, Brown and Donnelly, for their kindness in singing.

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The Retreat Exercises were conducted by the Very Rev. Fr. Thomas, O.F.M., who, by his charm of manner and the persuasive force of his appeals, won many hearts to the service of Christ.

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At the Inter-School Sports, June 22nd, our team, once again, won the Tug-of-War trophy.

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The Higher School Certificate Exams. began on July 4th, and the Senior Oxford on July 12.

CONDOLENCE.

Towards the end of Term we heard with deep regret of the sad bereavement sustained by Mr. W. H. Rowe through the death of his wife. To him we tender our sympathy.

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OUR ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Though the weather was not too favourable on Saturday, June 4th, a big gathering assembled for the Finals of our first Sports, at St. Edward's. The weather was against School records being established, nevertheless in the Senior 100 yds., Sydney Meldon reached the tape in 10 4-5 seconds. All the events were keenly contested, and save in one or two Senior events, fields were big. The Senior mile lost much of its interest because of the small number of Competitors—7—who faced the Starters. It is evident that this event makes too big a physical demand to be popular. The Jumping events—apart from that confined to the Middle Division—failed to show a satisfactory standard. For many years back our Senior High Jump has been won at a height of about 5-feet. This year no one succeeded in clearing 4-ft. 8-ins.

The outstanding athlete of the day was Jack Pozzi who, by gaining the highest number of points on individual events, became the *Victor Ludorum.*

Owing to the big list of entries, it was necessary to run off the heats on four days of the preceding week.

The delightful musical programme, rendered by the Liverpool Police Band, added immensely to the pleasure of the afternoon.

To the many friends and Old Boys who contributed so generously to the Sports' Fund we tender our best thanks.

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WEDDING BELLS.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Curtin our heartiest congratulations ! The occasion of Mr. Curtin's marriage was availed of for presenting him with a wedding gift as a token of that esteem and affection which we entertain for him. In making the presentation before an assembly of the Seniors, on Saturday, July 16th, Rev. Br. Forde, from his intimate knowledge of Mr. Curtin as a boy and as a master, spoke in glowing terms of his work for the School, and of the earnest way in which he threw himself into its various activities. In thanking the donors for their gifts and good wishes, Mr. Curtin spoke of his debt to Alma Mater and the Christian Brothers, and of the happiness which he felt in serving the School. Hearty cheers and musical honours for the recipient brought the proceedings to a conclusion.

Rev. Br. Malone.

THERE will be much regret felt by the present pupils and Old Boys of the School at the departure from the Staff of Rev. Br. Malone. He had been connected both with the old C.I. and St. Edward's for sixteen years and his loss will be felt in every department of the School life.

His interest in the games is well known to all, and it was during his time as games' master that the School achieved its greatest successes on the football field, winning the Senior and Junior Shields. This Magazine was also one of his cares and his time and labour were ungrudgingly devoted to it. Unfortunately his health became somewhat impaired, due in large measure to the activities which consumed so much of his energy and he has been transferred to the Staff of the Christian Brothers' Juniorate at Baldoyle, Co. Dublin, where with lighter work amid healthful surroundings, he will soon be able, we hope, to recover his strength. He takes with him the good wishes of all in St. Edward's, masters and boys ; the place will seem strange without his familiar and cheery presence but we shall always remember him with gratitude and affection.

On Letter Writing.

By P. J. IRVINE—Form VIA. (1920).

DR. Johnson once said, when speaking about Pope: "There is no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character." It is interesting to note how neatly Dr. Johnson hits on the exact faults to be avoided in writing letters. It is the sophistication of Pope's letters which has prevented them from being really great; while the same fault is evident in Lord Chesterfield's famous letters to his son, and does no credit to the noble lord's moral character. Letters of our modern times are, in the majority of cases, characterised by having no literary value whatever; for it is evident that the conditions of modern life are inimical to the writing of good letters, which requires a pleasant, cool and comfortable leisure which most people hardly ever attain.

There are letters which are no doubt great in some senses: we refer to Pascal's brilliant productions: the Provincial letters; Swift's "Drapier's Letters"; and the Letters of Junius. But these lack the personal touch which should characterise a letter. They are really religious and political dissertations, and as it were, admonishing discourses transmitted by the public press. The first of these three series consists of brilliant arguments, the manoeuvrings of a really keen intellect, display great command of words, great analytical faculties; but they are founded on false premises, and are prejudiced and fallacious. One might say they are "cooked" as juvenile but now aspiring mathematicians would inelegantly term it. The latter two series are somewhat alike, in being so political in tone, in essence, that their titles are almost their sole connection with the great letters of the world. The occasion for such letters as these is not always present. Possibly the present troublous time of Peace is a fitting occasion for another Junius to entertain and mystify the world at large; but it is given to few men to be Juniuses, or Junii, and modern hustle is much less conducive to writing such letters than it is even to the "calm and deliberate performance" of writing a simple friendly letter.

The simple familiar letter is undoubtedly the best literary aim in letter writing. One may turn Shakespeare to advantage here; it is essential that one be "familiar, but by no means vulgar." If possible, never should a 'slang' word sully the pages of one's epistles. Some people may have a rather limited vocabulary and feel compelled to use such terms, but if so, let the upstart be kept under control; let it be secured by a double thickness of inverted commas, let it not appear as a friend frequently relied upon. "A man is known by his company," and once admit a slang word to your confidence, you are lost. Still a slang word is better than an evasion: as a caller is better than his visiting-card, so a colloquialism is better than a meaningless circumlocution: "you know what I mean," "thingummybob" We refrain from further examples, they are nauseous.

And in this connection we may discuss a blemish too often apparent in literary efforts:

vagueness of expression, a lack of pleasant frankness. One of Cicero's greatest charms is his perfect simplicity. Cicero wrote hundreds of letters, and these continue to make their author almost the best loved of epistolary writers. He always wrote what he meant, there was no ambiguity. He is so natural and outspoken that his vanity and complacency become almost lovable. It is amusing to note how he invites himself to dinner with a friend. We begin the letter with no thought of Cicero's going out to dine. We come to the conclusion of the letter, and almost believe in the invitation ourselves.

"Heri veni in Cumanum: cras ad te fortasse veniain. Cum certum sciam, faciam te certiorem.

Marcus Caeparius dixit te in lecto esse, et ex pedibus laborare. Sed cura, si me amas, ut valeas; nolo enim te iacente bona tua comedere.

Statui enim tibi ne aegroto quidem parcere."

Of course, times have changed, and it is not the correct thing to invite oneself to dinner with a friend suffering from gout, and to threaten to eat him "out of house and home." But it is desirable to imitate Cicero's naturalness and simplicity. A friend expects no more than one's usual degree of brilliance of intellect, especially when one's thoughts are committed to paper; and an intimate friend is apt to get suspicious of something artificial in a letter too laden with talent. One should endeavour, like Cicero, to write a letter as though actually conversing with the friend, bodily present:—Fit enim, nescia quid, ut quasi coram adesse videar cum scribo aliquid ad te." This quality of naturalness is also prominent in the letters of Mme de Sévigné, who shares with Cicero the distinction of having written the most charming and truly literary letters that have ever been written.

And in Mme. de Sévigné we find further the inestimable quality of sympathy and of sympathy peculiar to each of her correspondents. She seems to possess the power of not only conducting herself mentally into the presence of her adressee, but even to realise his emotional experiences of the time. Everyone can strive at sympathy, though all may not possess the natural goodness of heart of Mme. de Sévigné; and sympathy with the reader generally results in the production of a good letter.

Now the letters of our great letter writers have also some quality directly suggestive of the writer: the personal touch. Charles Lamb's are made great by the touch of his personality, by his whimsical moods and kindly vagaries which have charmed most of us in his delightful essays. Mme. de Sévigné is famous for her native goodness, her affection for her relations, her generous sympathy. Cicero's letters are terse and pithy, while graceful and good humoured, and he has always a pleasing solicitude for the welfare of his friends. Gray's letters show us great talent and accomplishment, as it were pleased to give us some pleasure. Walpole seems to write for his own amusement and on an immense variety of subjects: he shows his interest in a thousand things, and his enjoyment in discussing them. If then our own personality is not vicious, we should not permit our letters to be tame and colourless. Let us not sit down to depreciate ourselves, but let our personality give our letter an interest, apart from any news we have to convey to our reader. One might say in fact that most friendly letters have not much news contained in them, and moreover, are not written merely to give information.

We should, however, restrain the personal touch slightly. A literary style should be aimed at, and personality must not be obtrusive. Very often personality would be such that the letter would not be enjoyable: a familiar letter should be intimate and easy in tone, and fluent, maybe seemingly careless, in style. If a misanthrope were to indulge his

misanthropy in all his letters, he would have a poor chance of writing a good letter. Byron's letters are all spoilt by his personal sentiments, they are too sharp and trenchant. Harshness of decision, excess parading of grievances, excessively joyful rhapsodies, are liable to grate on the susceptibilities of the reader, to render of small literary value any letter in which they occur.

There are many faults which absolutely must be avoided. Good grammar is a sine qua non, as also is good orthography: letters without these essentials are always very queer productions, just as the telegraphic style of letter now in vogue is also very queer. Short clipt sentences, reminiscent of most of Latin satirists, with no subjects to the verbs and no articles to the nouns, apparently written by imitators of Dickens' Jingle in Pickwick Papers: these, accompanied by a deplorable weakness in punctuation, too often characterise a modern letter. These letters are often very ambiguous in parts, and are as much to be condemned as the prolix style, in which the meaning is lost under a confusion of long subjects, parentheses, inverted sentences, and profusion of adjectives. The happy mean is, as usual, the goal to be aimed at.

One can easily agree with Dr. Johnson that a friendly letter should be the "calm and deliberate performance in the cool of solitude," and that it is not an easy thing to write a really good letter.

The Religion of Ancient Egyptians.

BY W. A. CUMMINS, VIB.

FOR most of us, the name "Egypt" brings before the mind's eye, a picture of a vast desert, upon which the burning rays of the tropical sun fall ceaselessly; of fertile oases dotted here and there, upon the boundless expanse of sand, their green palms and glittering pools a pleasant contrast to the monotonous and unvaried yellowish-brown colour of the desert; perhaps we include, in our mental picture, a long straggling caravan, with its camels and mules, slowly threading its way across the great wilderness; or a troop of Bedouin Arabs, encamped on the edge of an oasis; but whatever else is included or omitted, we invariably give a prominent place in our visualization to the Pyramids, the Sphinx, or the ruins of some old temple. These are indispensible to any true mental conception of the idea expressed by the word "Egypt." So closely was their religion bound up with the everyday lives of the ancient inhabitants of the Nile valley, that a picture of the present appearance of the land which they formerly occupied, would be incomplete, without the inclusion of some of the large number of monuments, which the old Egyptians left to posterity as evidences of their pity and deep religious sentiments. If we wish to investigate the history and customs of the ancient Egyptians, we must take as our starting point the study of the religious beliefs and observances, which influenced them to such a large extent. The study of the Egyptian religion reveals the fact that, though it was false in its devotions, its followers were remarkably faithful and devoted to it, sincerely believing, as they did up to the time of their conversion to Christianity, that it was the true faith.

The religion of Egypt was, first and foremost a religion of Nature; and, primarily, of the sun. Not that the Egyptians actually adored the sun, or any of the heavenly bodies; but their religious notions were borrowed from the

visible Egyptian world ; thus their notions of God so closely approximated to those which they held of the sun, that, in some of their hymns, it is difficult to tell whether it is the material sun, or God, Who is being worshipped. Other divinities became practically identified with various natural phenomena, and material objects ; thus, Osiris, and the river Nile, were practically one. Before the year 4,000 B.C., the different Egyptian tribes had different religions, although these religions were, fundamentally, the same. About that period, Menes established the political unity of Egypt ; and the various religions were fused into one. Hence the great number of gods and goddesses which inhabited the Egyptian pantheon. The whole of ancient Egyptian theology was governed by the system established at Heliopolis, a town not far from the modern city of Cairo. According to the teaching of Heliopolis, the ocean, and a chaos called Nû, alone existed in the beginning. None dwelt in this but Atûm (or Amôn), the first god, who created everything else. He came forth in the likeness of the sun, and hence he was called Atûm-Râ, from the Egyptian word Râ, meaning sun. Atûm-Râ had eight descendants, of whom four were males, and four females. The four male descendants were Shû, Qeb, Osiris, and Set ; the female, Tafnût, Nût, Isis and Nephthys. The rôle of Shû is to insinuate himself between Qeb and Nut ; and to uplift the latter, while she, representing Heaven, endeavours to touch Qeb, the earth ; thus, Shû really represents the Atmosphere, which separates earth and sky. Tafnût symbolises fire or light. The two best-known Egyptian deities, however, are Osiris and Isis. The former represented the river Nile, and the latter, the fertile soil ; these two united are the source of all Egypt's riches. Opposed to Isis and Osiris are Set and Nephthys. Set is the desert, or sterile land ; Nephthys exists, it appears, only for the sake of parallelism. This was the Heliopolitan myth. These divinities had different names, and were endowed with different qualities and propentities, in various parts of Egypt. For instance, at Memphis, the supreme deity was called Phtah ; and at Thebes, Thot ; and although these two differed a little from him in the attributes, they really were identical with the Atûm-Râ of Heliopolis. Three other important deities were Bastit, Sekhet, and Maât. The former, cat-headed, and basket on arm, presides over dancing, music, and games. Sekhet, who has the head of a lioness, is the goddess of war ; and Maât is a deified idea of Truth and Justice. Egyptian worship was not pure zoolatry, or animal-worship ; although certain gods had the heads of animals ; and certain animals, for example the two sacred bulls—one called Apis, at Memphis, and another called Mnevis at Heliopolis—were revered because of the intimate relations they were supposed to have with the gods.

However, about the seventh century B.C., during the decadence of the Egptian religion, a certain animal cult did set in, and divine homage was paid to cats, crocodiles, and apes. The animal heads of the Egyptian gods greatly shocked the artistic susceptibilities of the Greeks ; and hence, early Greek writers referred to the Egyptians as animal-worshippers. Horus, a solar god had a hawk's head ; Thot, the head of an ibis ; Amon, a ram's ; Anubis, the divine escort of the dead in the other world, a jackal's. These heads were originally the totems, or badges, of the different Egyptian tribes. When these tribes united under Meres, to form the kingdom of Egypt, the totems lost their former significance ; and each tribe clapped the head of the animal, which had formerly been their symbol, on to the body of the god for whom they had the greatest veneration. The most popular of the legends, which time and imagination wove around the gods, was that of Osiris and Isis. Osiris, the son of Atûm-Râ was the husband of Isis ; in

the dimmest ages, he was king on earth, after his father Râ; and he taught men the doctrines of good, and the practice of virtue. He was the best of kings; and he ruled with justice and benignity. His brother, Set, jealous of Osiris, sought to dethrone him, and put him to death. The faithful Isis discovered his evil designs; and for a long time, she was successful in thwarting his attempts against her husband. However, Set's wicked schemes were at length triumphant; and having seized Osiris, he tore him to pieces; and scattered the mutilated fragments to the four corners of the earth. Isis, heart-broken set out to gather together the remains of her beloved. Atûm-Râ had pity upon her; and he sent the god Anubis to embalm, and bury the body of Osiris. Then Osiris began to live, not in this world, but in the next. There, he became judge of the dead. His son, Horus, afterwards avenged the cruel murder of his father by dethroning Set and placing the crown of Egypt upon his own brow.

The Egyptians most certainly believed in a future life. A scarab was always carefully placed over the heart of every mummy, as a pledge of the dead person's return to a new life; the scaraboeus beetle being for the Egyptian the symbol of new birth, or resurrection. The Egyptians believed that each man consisted of three elements. These three were called the Bâ, Kâ, and Sahon. The first was the soul; the second was the active principle, or vaguer replica; and the third was the inanimate body. The Kâ they believed to be always striving to become the Akh, or celestial spirit, so that it might enjoy life with the gods. These three components separated at death; but if the funeral rites were properly conducted, they afterwards reunited. The lot of the just was to sail through the clouds for ever with Atûm-Râ, in his heavenly boat, which represented the sun. The Egyptian belief in a future life is proved conclusively by the countless inscriptions on tombs, and by several ancient documents. Of these latter, the most important is the "Book of the Dead," which gave to the Ancient Egyptians most minute directions regarding his conduct in the other world. It gives plans of the road to the fields of eternal bliss; prayers to be said before the gods; formulae to be repeated before various genii; it tells of canals to be crossed; and gives portraits of the most formidable demons. Indeed, it is a veritable illustrated guide to the nether world. The greatest possible favour to a dead man, was to supply him with a complete copy of the book.

Another famous document is the Papyrus of Ami, which describes the journey of Ami and his wife Tutu through the lower world. It was written during the XVIII dynasty (about 1400 B.C.). In it Osiris is depicted as judging Ami immediately after the latter's death. Anubis weighs Ani's heart against a leaf, the symbol of righteousness. At that moment Ani utters the famous Negative Confession, in which he proclaims his innocence, and denies that he offended the gods. The Negative Confession shows us that the Egyptian code of morals was of a high standard. When the trial is completed Osiris, assisted by forty-two assessors, or minor gods, gives the verdict. The real sinner is sometimes condemned to become the living prey of horrible monsters; sometimes, too, he is constrained to enter the body of a hog; and to return to earth, there to eke out a miserable existence. Those who are guilty only of trivial offences are purified in the lake of Flame. The just had to pass through many trials, and to overcome many obstacles before they arrived at Râ's celestial boat. The means of surmounting these difficulties are accurately given in the "Book of the Dead;" and that is why it is so necessary to have a copy of it in one's hands.

Such was the general aspect of the Egyptian religion far many centuries. About 600 B.C., however, began that animal cult which is described by Herodotus. Divine honours were

accorded to serpents, birds, cats and rams; and animals were buried with all the luxury and pomp which only the rich could afford. During recent excavations, hundreds of thousands of cats, and other animals, each wrapped in mummy clothes, and carefully embalmed, have been discovered. About this time also, appear in the tombs vast numbers of little blue earthenware statuettes, known as Respondents. It was thought that the gods forced the dead to work for them; and to escape it, the best thing to do, was to offer substitutes.

Hence, each dead man was well supplied with these cheap earthenware images, to offer to to the gods, who, being very powerful, could animate them, and make them do the work, instead of the deceased. It is needless to point out the decline in moral and religious ideals which this notion indicates. Under the Ptolemics, the decay became more marked; and the Egyptians became still more addicted to animal-worship. The attraction which Greek civilization had for the Egyptians, quickly drew them towards the Greek religion. Soon Zeus took the place of Atûm-Râ; and Aphrodite was given preference to Isis. At the commencement of the Christian era, the Egyptian religion was only a hopeless confusion, of Greek and Egyptian elements. Christianity was shortly afterwards introduced into the country; and it spread with marvellous rapidity throughout the entire Nile valley. The last traces of the old worship were in the sixth century, in the temple of Isis, at Elephantine. Thus, the decay of the false religion of ancient Egypt paved the way for the advent of the true faith of Christianity.

The Brook in Prose and Poetry.

By A. SHARP.

THE brook was the earliest highway in the primeval forest; a fallen tree the first bridge. There is something undeniably attractive about water singing amongst tumbled, moss-flecked rocks; it draws the nature-lover, the angler, and the poet as the magnet draws filings of steel. Even the most prosaic of persons cannot pass over an old grey stone bridge without yielding to the inclination to pause and lean over the crumbling parapet and gaze upon:

> . . . . the flood below
> Whose ripples, through the weeds of oily green,
> Like happy travellers chatter as they go.

This "bridge-habit" comes so easily to all of us; all true nature lovers are given to meditating on bridges.

Running water is always fascinating when natural. To view a stream hastening along a channel of concrete or over an aqueduct is one thing; to see the same glimmering under the green boughs of alder and hazel, splashing in gleaming foam-flecks over lichened boulders, or tumbling down a ledge of rock in eternal drumming is another. The love of water is very prominent in all living things. To the brooks, birds and animals repair in times of drought, frost and snow. In summer, stream plants bob idly on the ripples of the current, and the nesting dipper curtsies from the moist crown of a mossy shelf of rock; then, the jungles of water-grasses grow thick and rank, and the flowers, which grow most abundant in the shady water-nooks, star the brookside ways with exquisite gems of silver and gold.

The brook has always been dear to the heart of the poet. By its flowery banks he has sought—and found—refreshment for the mind and inspiration for his muse. Wordsworth, the true poet of nature, pays charming

homage to the purling stream. The sonnet runs as follows:

Brook! whose society the Poet seeks
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst thou be—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints, nor hairs:
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And has bestowed on thee a safer good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

This is but one of the matchless sonnets of the poet Wordsworth, sonnets that are full of the "most beautiful and memorable transcriptions of Nature." It is of fine conception, but lacks the charm of Tennyson's poem 'The Brook." No lines upon this subject have ever surpassed the delightful charm and simplicity of expression found in the following stanzas. And with it all there is the touch of a keen nature lover and accurate observer of wild nature's ribbons of living silver.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I steal by lawns and gassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses:

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

To the nature lover there is something surpassingly beautiful in those verses. Reading them, one can in imagination see the silvery stream twinkling on its way through the lush green meadows, or purling, dark and cool, beneath the trees, kissing the flowers as it goes—for willow-herbs, water stitchwort, dark-green clumps of hemp, agrimony with pinkish discs of blossom, and many other water-loving flowers crowd down to the very edge of the brook or shed their wind-blown petals into the ripples. In the pools lie quiescent fish, fins moving just sufficiently to overcome the flow of the current and keep them in their places. Spinners wind their spirals in the summer air, and the kingfisher, like a "blue meteor," glimmers by with penetrating whistle.

Burns, another nature-loving poet, speaks of the brook as a -'whimpling burn"—a most appropriate title for one of the smaller stream, that "whimple" in their haste to join the parent river:

The trout, within yon whimpling burn,
Glides swift, a silver dart.
And safe beneath the shady thorn,
Defies the angler's art.

Charles Cotton, in his delightful "irregular stanzas," addressed to the father of all anglers, dear old Izaak Walton—that lover of streams and "cowslip banks" and honeysuckle hedges—writes so charmingly of his beloved stream, the incomparable Dove, that even non-anglers cannot fail to read them without pleasure. Other pens in poetry and prose, have endeavoured to emulate worthy Cotton, but none ever improved upon his eulogy:

Oh, my beloved Nymph! fair Dove!
Princess of rivers! How I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream!
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty;
And, with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learned industriously to try.

Countless pens have written of the brook in prose, but few—if any—have surpassed Richard Jefferies. In addition to the detail of the accurate observer and lover of nature, there is the delightful touch of the idealist in many of his charming passages. The old Jefferiesian critics were inclined to condemn

the closely worded detail associated with his writings, "cataloguing," they called it, but few lovers of wild nature will care to find fault with his descriptions of the brook. In an essay typical of his distinctive style he says: "The brook has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the brook. . . Memory reveals the pictures in the mind. Every curve, and shore, and shallow is as familiar now as when I followed the winding stream so often. When the mowing grass was at its height, you could not walk far beside the bank; it grew so thick and strong and full of umbelliferous plants as to weary the knees. The life of the meadows seemed to crowd down towards the brook in summer, to reach out and stretch towards the life-giving waters. There the buttercups were taller and closer together, nails of gold driven so thickly that the true surface was not visible. Countless rootlets drew up the richness of the earth like miners in the darkness, throwing their petals of yellow ore broadcast above them. With their fulness of leaves, the hawthorn bushes grew larger—the trees extend farther—and thus overhung with leaf and branch, and closely set about with grass and plant, the brook disappeared only a little way off, and could not have been known from a mound and hedge. It was lost in a plain of meads—the flowers alone saw its sparkle."

". . . . By night crossing the footbridge a star sometimes shone in the water underfoot. At morn and even the peasant girls came down to dip, and there was a flat stone let into the bank as a step to stand on. Though they were poorly habited, without one line of form or tint of colour that could please the eye, there is something in dipping water that is Greek—Homeric—something that carries the mind home to primitive times. Always the little children came with them. For they, too, loved the brook like the grass and the birds. They wanted to see the fishes dart away and hide in the green flags; they flung daisies and buttercups into the stream to float and catch awhile at the flags, and float again and pass away, like the friends of our boyhood, out of sight. Where there was pasture roan cattle came to drink, and horses, restless horses, stood for hours by the edge under the shade of ash trees. With what joy the spaniel plunged in, straight from the bank out among the flags—you could mark his course by seeing their tips bend as he brushed them swimming. All life loved the brook."

To the lover of nature there is something appealing about those paragraphs—they describe so well a picture of the beautiful scenes Richard Jefferies loved so dearly —"the rich river-banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered, and the only part in general which never feels the drought of summer—'the trees planted by the waterside, whose leaf shall not wither.'"

If anyone speak ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself that his censures may not affect thee.

—*Epictetus*

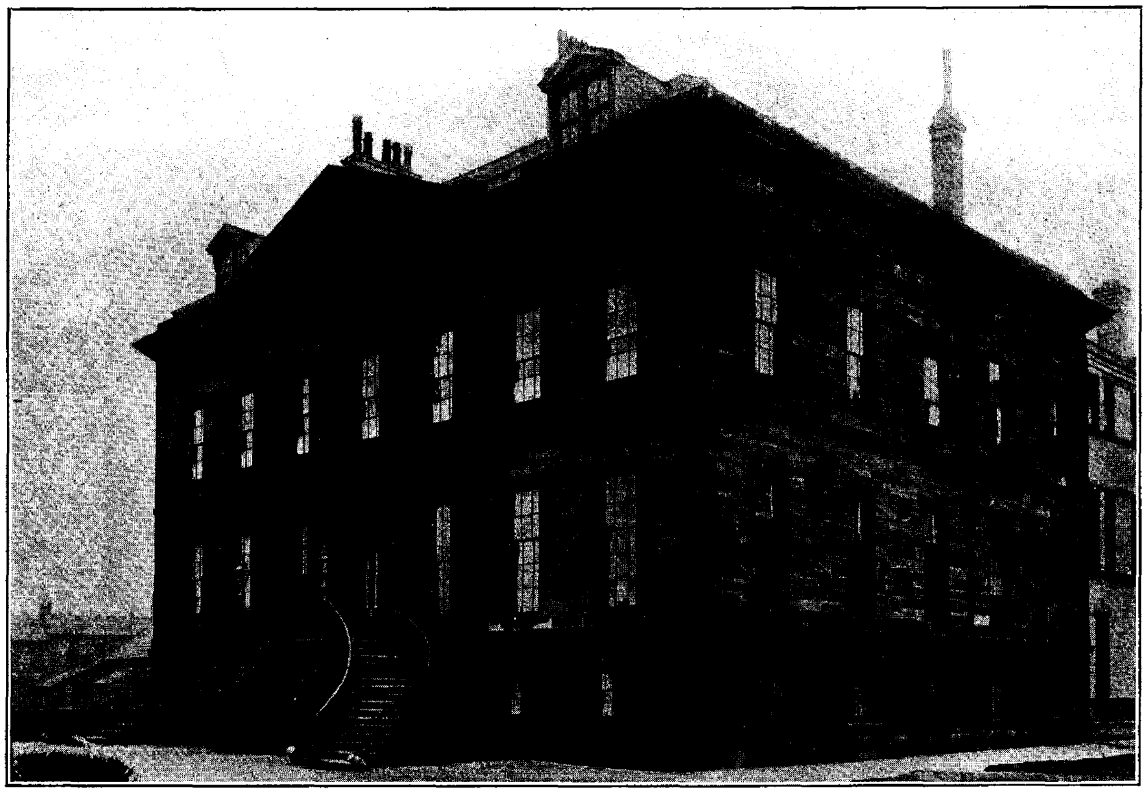
* * *

The shortest and surest way to live with honour in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—*Socrates.*

The diligent fostering of a candid habit of mind, even in trifles, is a matter of high moment, both to character and opinion.

* * *

One part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.—*Crates.*



ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE—THE MANSION.

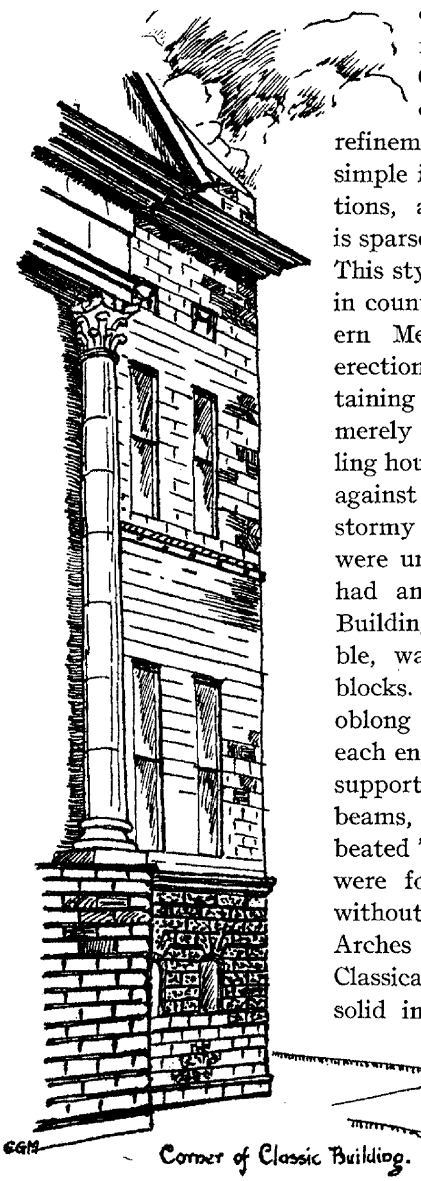
The Stones of St. Edward's

E. G. MORLEY.

THE buildings of St. Edward's College provide much valuable material for the study of architecture, illustrating three distinct styles, classical mediaeval and modern.

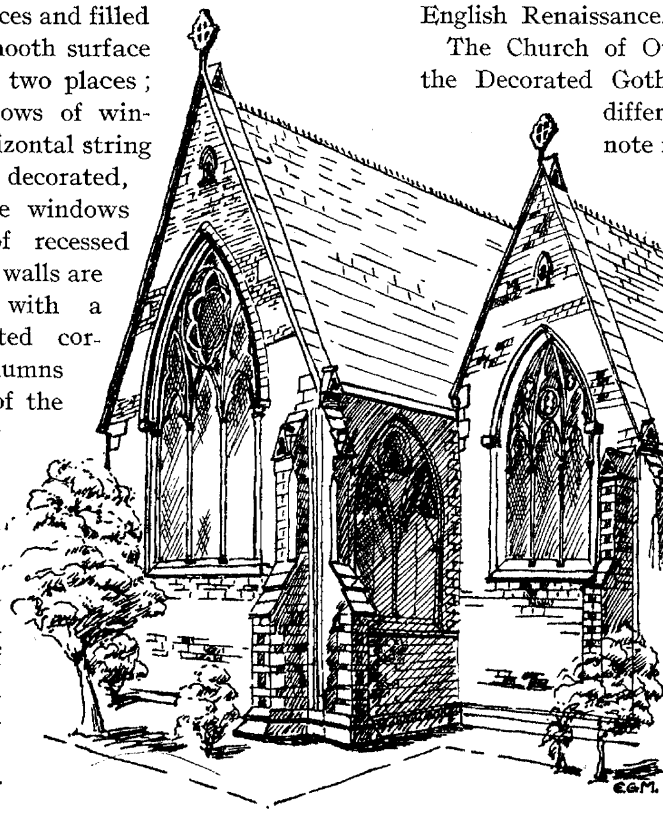
The School premises are singularly appropriate to the work carried on therein. The aims of all true education, viz.: the formation of character with high ideals and refinement, the stimulation of industry and co-operation, and the training of the faculty of economic work are typified in the architectural styles employed in these buildings. When considering architecture, it is well to realize the distinction between architecture and mere building. The former term refers to erections that are not merely well constructed, but that express certain ideals and have something in the way of decoration. In early days architecture was mainly symbolic, later it became aesthetic, and then, in more decadent times, dropped to the merely ornate. These three phases may be traced in most of the different styles of architecture.

The mansion is built in the Renaissance style, which, being a revival of Classic styles, is of older origin, though more recently employed than Gothic. The keynote of Classical architecture is dignity and refinement, hence the buildings are simple in plan, of stately proportions, and the decorative element is sparsely but effectively employed. This style originated and flourished in countries bordering on the Eastern Mediterranean. The larger erections were temples, each containing a large idol, and were often merely unroofed enclosures. Dwelling houses were built for protection against the burning sun rather than stormy weather, hence the roofs were unsubstantial and frequently had an opening in the middle. Building material, principally marble, was obtainable in very large blocks. The temples were usually oblong in plan, having a portico at each end, formed by stone columns supporting long horizontal stone beams, which gave the name "trabeated" to the system. The walls were formed of large blocks laid without any binding material. Arches were very seldom used. Classical erections are, therefore, solid in appearance, uninteresting in skyline, with low-pitched roof and horizontal lines prominently marked. In Renaissance buildings, as



Corner of Classic Building.

illustrated by the mansion at St. Edward's, large blocks of masonry are employed in such a way as to give great strength without the appearance of undue heaviness. Thus the lower courses are composed of rusticated blocks, with deep channels between, surmounted by a slightly projecting cornice. Above this cornice are placed smaller blocks with smooth faces and filled joints. This smooth surface is broken in two places; between the rows of windows by a horizontal string course slightly decorated, and above the windows by a series of recessed festoons. The walls are finished off with a heavy bracketed cornice. The columns at the front of the house belong to the Corinthian order, which may be distinguished by the capital decorated with acanthus leaf ornament, and by the moulding, at the base. The triangular pediment above was, in classic buildings, usually filled with figures carved in high relief, as may be seen at the south end of St. George's Hall. A notable Renaissance feature that is missing is the window decoration, consisting of bracketed lintel and sill, such as are found on the Philarmonic Hall. Good examples of Classic styles in Liverpool are, the Mortuary Chapel in St. James' Cemetery, Greek; St. George's Hall, Composite; the Free Library in Wm. Brown Street, Roman; the Session's House, Composite; the Philarmonic Hall and Post Office, Italian Renaissance; the old Cotton Exchange and L. and N.W. Hotel, French Renaissance, and the new Dock Board Offices, English Renaissance.



Corner of Gothic Building

The Church of Our Lady Immaculate in the Decorated Gothic style, is of entirely different character. Its keynote is high idealism, industry and co-operation. As with the Classic the principal original Gothic buildings were churches. For inspiration they turned to the architect's groves, imitating in stone the avenues of trees with their spreading branches, and making great use of the pointed arch. To this inspiration we owe the elaborate plans, lofty roofs and wealth of decoration found in so many of the churches of our country. The main features of this style are the arch, the pillar, the buttress and the high-pitched roof. The material being in small pieces, necessitates careful attention to the principles of construction so as to produce a sound structure. The beautiful cathedrals and parish churches scattered all over Western Europe

have an appearance of graceful airiness, with an interesting skyline in great contrast to the heavy appearance of Classic buildings. To be at all beautiful, an erection like St. George's Hall should be in white marble, with a background of woods or green hills under a sunny sky, but for the fogs and gray skies of England, the gracefulness of Salisbury and Ely, and the dignity of Lincoln and York cathedrals are far more suitable. The typical Gothic building consists of a long nave, its roof supported by pillars with arches springing in all directions, and side aisles arched from pillar to wall, the outward thrust on the wall being counterbalanced by buttresses. The windows are usually very large, with slender pillars, arches and stone tracery. Early Gothic buildings contain very little ornamentation, but the Decorated style has much geometric tracery in its windows, elaborate pillars, decorated arcades, carved crosses at gable ends, pinnacled buttresses and crocketed spires. Towers and spires, though found in Renaissance buildings, are due mainly to the high idealism of the Gothic builders and are emblematic of their lofty aims, just as the sound, scientific, construction of their buildings pays tribute to their industry. A study of the Hugh Stowel Brown Chapel at the corner of Myrtle Street and Hope Street, and the church on the other side of the Philarmonic Hall in Hope Street, will give a good idea of the development of Gothic architecture.

The style of the more recent buildings is a mixture of Domestic and Institutional. Here the keynote is comfort and utility. As very little attempt is made at decoration it can hardly be called architecture. The appearance of comfort is given mainly by the employment of brick and the preponderance of the horizontal line. The string courses of stone, the flat topped windows and the projecting eaves all contribute to the appearance of protection.

The Friendship of Books.

IN the Spring number of this Magazine, I have spoken of the blessedness of the book-lover. But what if a man has, as yet, but little interest in books? How can he become interested? What are the mystic pass-words? To be interested in reading a man must read, there is the beginning and end of the whole matter. At the same time the friendship of books like other friendships may be cultivated. I propose to make one or two simple suggestions, born of experience, for the strengthening of this happy bond.

(1) "A man ought to read," says Dr. Johnson, "just as the inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good." And for the general reader, as distinguished from the professional student, this is the golden rule—to read with interest as our ally. It is, of course, good that a man should, as early as possible, make the acquaintance of the great masterpieces of the world's literature, the books which by the general suffrage of those best able to judge, have their place among the immortals. And yet I can think of no surer way to chill the enthusiasm of a young beginner than to set him to plough his way through some

prescribed list of "the best hundred books." Let him begin where he can, and if he has sorrowfully to admit that some of the books which every educated man is supposed to know as yet make no appeal to him, let not that disturb him.

There is, as Mr. Balfour says, "an enormous quantity of hollow devotion, of withered orthodoxy divorced from living faith in the eternal chorus of praise which goes up from every literary altar to the memory of the immortal dead."

Let us take no part in this soulless adoration, above everything let us be sincere; let us refuse to assume an interest which we do not feel. If, for example, we can be delighted with Tennyson, but find Spenser and Milton beyond us; if we can enjoy Robert Louis Stevenson's "Essays" more than Montaigne's, if there is much profit for us in Mark Rutherford, but little in Marcus Aurelius; if we kindle under Lord Morley, but slumber under Morley's master, Burke; if we had rather spend one hour with R. W. Dale than two with Jeremy Taylor or Bishop Butler—let us not be ashamed to say so. The critic may tell me that modern literature compared with the great works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is for the most part but as small sticks and dust of the floor. Nevertheless, if those are task work for me, whilst Tennyson and Stevenson, and Rutherford, and Morley and Dale are a continual refreshment and delight, then meanwhile, at any rate, these are the books for me. I repeat, we must begin where we can. The great thing is to get an appetite; after that the question of fare will speedily settle itself. To a hungry man no good food comes amiss; and if we are book-hungry, since this appetite, too, grown by what it feeds on, we shall soon desire not only what is good, but what is best.

(2). And now, having put in a plea for reading according to inclination, let me cross to the other side and urge the importance of method. Yet here, too, there must be liberty; the method must be our own, of our own choosing, and adapted to our own necessities. What follows is by way of suggestion. If it has anything in it that is practicable, well and good; if not, it may at least serve to point the way to something better.

(*a*) Matthew Arnold was in the habit of drawing up at the beginning of the year a list of the books he wished to read during that year. The list was somewhat formidable, containing books in five languages besides English. Ordinary readers, however, may console themselves with the reflection that Arnold always put upon his list many more then he expected to get through.

The value of such a method is obvious—it helps to give balance and proportion to our reading; it delivers us from the tyranny of chance desires, and though, like Arnold, we propose more than we achieve, still the purpose is not vain.

Who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

(*b*) Another method is to select some particular author, and make him our most intimate companion, say, for a whole winter. If, for example, we were to choose Burke or Tennyson, in each case it would be well to begin with a good biography, or at least biographical sketch. In the case of Tennyson we should turn naturally to the "life," by his son; in the case of Burke, our best introduction would be Lord Morley's little volume in the English "Men of Letters" series. Then from these we should pass to the detailed and probably chronological study of our author's works. Here again, the advantages of such a method are obvious. It enables us to trace the development, and it may be also the decline of a great author's mind; it gives us as perhaps nothing else could, a true measure of his greatness; and

it secures to him on his side an opportunity for his powers to make their full and legitimate impression upon our minds.

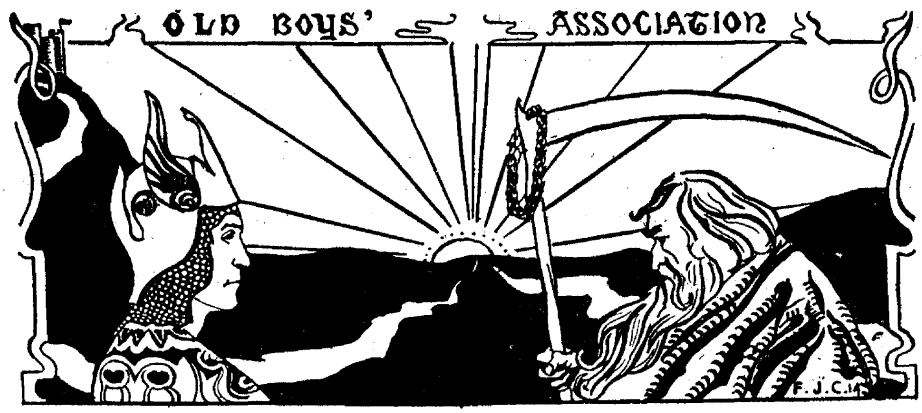
(*c*) Yet another method is to select, instead of an author, a particular subject or period, and make all our reading centre upon that. Suppose for example we take the story of that world-shaking hour:

When France her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free.

Lord Morley will show us how Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot and others laid the train for the mighty upheaval; Carlyle's pages of flame will light up the stage on which the many-coloured drama played itself out; and in Edmund Burke, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley, we may see what strange and manifold power the new leaven wrought in English literature.

Or, if some longer period be desired, we may choose, say, the eighteenth century. This was the century which witnessed not only the French Revolution, but the birth of the United States, the rise of Prussia, and the beginnings in India, Canada and Australia of the British Empire. It is the century of Samuel Johnson, of Cowper, of Burns, of Gibbon and Hume. It is a century of famous statesmen: Walpole, Chatham, Burke, Fox and Pitt, and of not less famous books: "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," Gray's "Elegy," and the "Lyrical Ballads," Butler's "Analogy," and Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." To the eighteenth century in England belong our first novels, our first newspapers, our first essays. What a ceaseless panorama of delight to the mind that has trained itself to see and understand! What an education to wander up and down in the century, exploring its byeways and highways, reading its famous books, making the acquaintance of its famous men, until we begin to feel at home in it and able to find our way about in it for ourselves.

In conclusion, one other word of counsel, and I take it from the "Letters" of Matthew Arnold. Writing to one of his sisters, he says, "If I were you, I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you. Desultory reading is a mere anodyne; regular reading, well chosen, is restoring and edifying." Is an hour too much to expect? Then let us say half-an-hour, and surely, as Lord Morley said, it requires no preterhuman force of will in any man to get at least half-an-hour out of a busy day for good and disinterested reading. "Now in half-an-hour you can read fifteen or twenty pages of Burke; or you can read one of Wordsworth's masterpieces, say the lines on Tintern; or say, one-third—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a translation—of a book of the 'Iliad,' or the 'Arnold.' I do not think that I am filling the half-hour too full. But try for yourselves what you can read in half-an-hour. Then multiply the half-hour by three-hundred-an-sixty-five, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude and wisdom they would have given you during all the days of your life."



The year 1921 has seen no fewer than five of our O.B.'s raised to the dignity of the Priesthood :—

Rev. JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.,
Ordained Easter Sunday.

Rev. CYPRIAN MURRAY, O.S.B.,
Ordained April 24th.

Rev. ALLAN J. POWER (Plymouth),
Ordained May 29th.

Rev. JAMES DORAN (Liverpool),
Ordained July 10th.

Rev. GREGORY DOYLE (Liverpool).

To them the heartiest of congratulations are extended. Sincerely do we wish them many years of fruitful service in the vineyard of the Lord.

* * * *

With regret we learnt of the serious accident which befell Mr. T. Dunford, whilst motor cycling, on Sunday, June 26th. A speedy recovery is our fervent wish for him.

* * * *

The O.B.'s intend running three Elevens during the Football season. They will compete in the Zingari League—First Division, Zingari Combination, and Zingari Alliance.

* * * *

C. S. Kieran got together a good XI., for the *Past* v. *Present* Cricket Match. Included in his XI. were :—Messrs. J. Curtin, J. F. Ford, Wm. Delaney, D. B. Parsons, P. Hart, A. J. Kieran, F. Murphy, P. Hawe, T. D. Doyle, H. McGrath and W. McGrath.

Despite the successful bowling of Hart, for the O.B.'s, the *Present* were easily winners.

* * * *

Sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. W. H. Rowe in the sad bereavement he has sustained through the death of his wife on July 10th.

* * * *

The presence of so many Old Boys at the College Concert, on May 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, and at the Sports on June 4th, was much appreciated.

* * * *

The delightful Concert, given by St. Sylvester's Choir and others, in aid of the O.B.'s Football Club, on April 13th, proved most enjoyable. Despite the inclement evening, there was a very fair gathering at the Picton Hall. Mr. J. P. Callaghan deserves the best thanks of O.B's.

* * * *

Wedding bells have been ringing recently for several of our O.B.'s. Among them :—Messrs. C. Jones, J. Marrs, J. Reardon, J. Ford, Jn. Curtin, Raymond Fenn and Frank Quinn. Congratulations to them all !

Old Boys at Liverpool University 1920-21.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERS.—*Hons.*: W. Delaney, J. Cole, A. Hosker, O. Crompton, C. S. Kieran.
Final: J. N. Wright, J. Barker, B. Parson.
2nd Year: E. Owens, S. Grayham, B. Smith, J. Deagon.
1st Year: P. Tuohy, T. Caldwell.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—*2nd part Final*: P. Hawe,
1st part Final: A. Hawe, J. O'Donovan.
2nd M.B.: R. Maher, P. Irvine F. Shevlin J. Rogers, H. Cullen F. Kirby, J. Gaughan, G. Garret, H. Azurdia.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.—*Chemistry*: *Research*—T. G. Nugent; *Hons.*: E. Kirby, F. Meehan, A. McParland, W. H. Cooke, P. Hart, D. Doyle, A. J. Kieran.
2nd Year: T. Byrne, P.O'Brien, W. Gernon, E. Byrne.
1st Year: F. Naylor, P. Blackler, A. Lee.

FACULTY OF ARTS.—*Hons.*: J. Mullin.
2nd Year: A. Barter, L. A. Murray.
1st Year: W. P. Blackler, A. Calland, J. Holland.

SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY.—*3rd Year*: E. Bramwells, J. Blacoe.
2nd Year: A. Hely.

SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE.—O. Azurdia.

FACULTY OF COMMERCE.—J. Scott.

Old Boys' University Exams.

The results of the examinations in the various Faculties of the University of Liverpool, issued on June 29th, included the following successes of our O.B.'s:—

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Degree of M.Sc.—J. A. O'NEILL
T. C. NUGENT.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours.—
T. A. EVERSON — P. J. HART
T. D. DOYLE — A. R. MCPARLAND
A. J. KIERAN — F. T. MEEHAN.
W. H. COOKE

Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.—
J. H. MACMILLAN.

Intermediate Examination.—
W. P. BLACKLER, A. J. LEA, F. NAYLOR.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

A. J. HAWE—Second Examination, Part A.
F. P. IRVINE—First Examination, Part I.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

Degree of M.Eng.—
F. C. WINFIELD.

Degree of B.Eng. with Honours.—
O. J. CROMPTON — A. T. HOSKER
C. S. KIERAN — F. W. JOHNSON.
J. COLE.

Ordinary Degree of B.Eng.—
D. B. PARSONS
T. CALDWELL.

Intermediate Examination—
T. O'CONNOR, P. J. TUOHY, S. T. GRAHAM.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Ordinary Degree of B.A.—
J. F. MULLEN
L. A. MURRAY—Second Year Examination.

UNIVERSITY LETTER:

THE "VARSITY,"
June, 1921.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It is with mingled feelings that we commence to indite this epistle. For up here, June is the month of hopes and fears, and we ourselves are in the fashion. To speak plainly: the June examinations are imminent, and many Old Cathinians and Edwardians, who will shortly face these horrors, are adding to the unusually industrious atmosphere of the Varsity by their earnest endeavours.

The Engineers usually imagine themselves the most hard-working of students; they do have a degree examination each year. Our most advanced representatives include J. Cole, C. Kieran and A. T. Hosker, who are taking Honours B. Eng. "Bill" Delaney is even more advanced than these, but has abandoned Engineering in favour of the Civil

Service. He will shortly tackle a very stiff 1st Grade examination. We tender "Bill" our sympathy and congratulations. Other hard-working Engineers are D. Parsons, J. W. Barker and J. N. Wright, who are prospective Bachelors of Engineering. We see them so often in the embraces of the Union armchairs that we half envy their happy lot. Lower down still we come to the Inters, J. Deegan, B. Smith, S. Graham; B. Smith tells us that his "lot is not a happy one;" applied maths. are the fly in the ointment. We have met Pat Tuohy, but have not had much converse with him.

However, we must leave the Engineers; they are rather numerous, and some of our confreres, particularly the Medicals, think we do them too much justice. So let us to the Scientists as more of those suffering from exams. Bill Cooke, Alf. Kieran, A. McParland, Dwyer Doyle, Pat Harte, are taking Hons. B.Sc. we believe. The first of these has perpetrated erudite articles in a certain parochial magazine. (The magazine has since failed, but, of course, the two events are not connected—we hope). The last two apply the Kinetic Theory to the problem of walking home, when tramcars are full. Fred. Naylor, P. Blackler and T. Donleavy are taking Inter-B.Sc. Tom Byrne, Ned Byrne, Wm. Gernon, have no exams. this summer, so spend their time in dry-cleaning felt hats with Benzine. At least, that's our impression of their activities. Edwin Kirby and Meehan we haven't seen at all this term; have they got vapourized or something? And that reminds us, that the only view we have had of Vin Occleshaw, was a back view. He was turning in pretty late, but we were slightly later.

On the mathematical side, we are represented by J. McMillan and T. Honan. The latter amuses himself by emulating Melbourne Inman; the former is elected Vice-President of the Catholic Society, and is burdened with the sale of Inter-University Magazines.

You will notice that we all believe in having some amusing side lines to our main pursuits. Alf Kieran is a secretary now: the Catholic Society gets his services. His brother is the only athlete the C.I. produced to represent her in the Varsity and Inter-Varsity Sports. More power to him! and more comrades next year we hope! Tony Barter's side line is pipe-smoking—home-grown tobacco, we imagine. Having a penchant for languages, as befits an Arts man, Tony turns up to the Gaelic class, where he meets also, Medicals, Chemists, Physicists; and once, a Dental did turn up.

That brave man was J. Blacoe. We have not come across him this term, nor A. Hely, but we keep them in mind, though they are out of sight, in the Dental Hospital. And in that fearsome place, one of the most popular fellows is Emile Bramwells. C.I.O.B's. are sure of a welcome at the Dental.

They are also sure of a welcome at the Royal Infirmary. The best way to get in is to throw oneself in front of a passing tramcar. Doctor J. Twomey is Casualty Officer at the Royal and will welcome any cases. We saw him hovering round motor showrooms down town. Perhaps he intends buying a car, and making a few cases "to order" as it were. If you cut your finger and go to the Out-patients' Department, at the Royal Infirmary, you will probably find Bert Hawe ready and willing to patch you up. If you want Pip Hawe, apply at the Maternity Hospital in Brownlow Hill; and if you desire to see Joe Flannagan, get your money ready; he is practising now, out of Liverpool. Less advanced students are George Garrett, J. Gaughan, R. M. Maher, J. Cullen, P. Irvine and F. B. Shevlin, who are sweltering in the Dissecting Room. P. J. Rogers, a few months ahead of these is taking his 2nd M.B. part 1. in this month.

And now, Mr. Editor, we must wind up our "cataloguic" letter; and hope we have not

trespassed too much on your valuable space. You know the band of Old Boys is always increasing, and they desire "to be remembered," as visitors say, to the present-day Edwardians. We are afraid that the literary quality of our epistle is somewhat lacking, we apologise by explaining that we ourselves are about to take an examination. We hope to see familiar faces and renew acquaintances at St. Edward's Sports; and, in conclusion, wish success to the seniors in the July Exams., so as to see further increase in the number of Old Boys up here.

Yours as ever,
"VARSITY."

TO THE EDITOR,
ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Northern Universities

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

P. BYRNE
P. FLEMING
E. HURLEY
J. J. KIRWAN
F. H. LOUGHLIN
M. P. McMAHON
J. S. MELDON
M. A. F. MOORE
L. J. F. MURRAY
T. MYLES
M. W. O'NEILL
L. WARING
W. WILSON

SENIOR CITY SCHOLARSHIP, value £40 per annum, tenable for 3 years. M. A. MOORE.

JOHN H. MORGAN SCHOLARSHIP, value £40 per annum, tenable for 3 years. L. J. MURRAY.

Senior Oxford Local Examination.

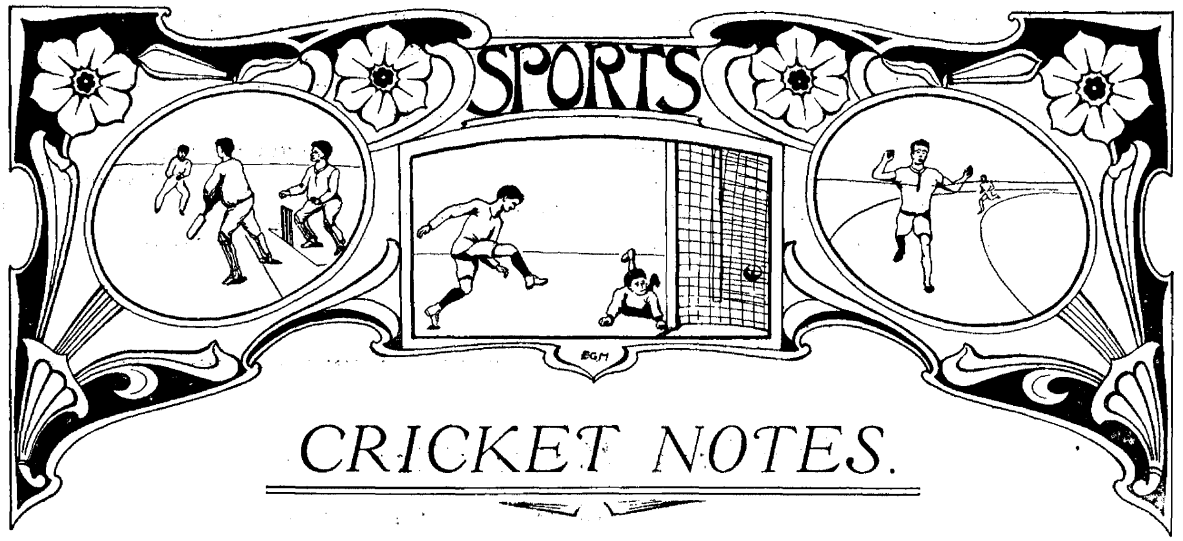
The following have obtained the School Certificate :—

E. BIRD
F. J. BOGGIANO
J. A. BRADY
*W. P. BYRNE
S. W. CARTWRIGHT
*D. F. CARNEY
J. H. CROSBY
*M. A. CROSBY
*W. A. CUMMINS
L. DALEY
M. J. DOWNES
J. G. DUFFEY
F. J. FLEMING
R. F. FLYNN
*J. J. GRAHAM
P. J. HARTY
F. HAWORTH
E. N. HEANEY
W. P. HENRY
G. J. HIGGINS
J. M. HURLEY
J. P. KELLY
J. J. KENNEDY
J. T. KERR
G. P. KILLEEN
*J. J. KINSELLA
P. J. KIRWAN
A. T. McCORD
H. J. McEVOY
J. F. MOFFATT
R. A. MORRIS
A. L. MULLEN
J. V. MURPHY
J. C. MURPHY
J. P. MURPHY
T. L. MURRAY
J. H. NORBURY
L. O'CALLAGHAN
C. J. O'CONNOR
T. PYKE
*J. M. QUINN
W. C. RACKHAM
J. C. RATCHFORD
*J. W. ROBERTSON
H. A. ROBINSON
H. SINGLETON
B. F. P. TAYLOR
J. TUFT
T. W. TURNER
*J. WALSH
J. F. WALSH
*J. WHITE
J. S. WILSON
*W. VAUGHAN
*T. WRAY

DISTINCTIONS.

J. H. CROSBY, W. A. CUMMINS, F. HAWORTH } *French*

* Denotes that the Candidate's School Certificate is a Matriculation one.



CRICKET NOTES.

"WELL PLAYED, EDWARDIANS!"

THE Cricket season of 1921 compensated in a measure for our unfortunate experience in the Senior Shield Competition. In the opening matches we fared badly; but it was soon evident that if we improved our fielding which was slow and unintelligent the results would be favourable. To this end we directed our efforts and though our fielding—as a whole—was devoid of brilliancy, yet, we saw many clever things done in the way of difficult catches, boundaries saved, and quick return of the ball to the wicket.

* * * *

The weather was ideal for Cricket; and we have no doubt but all the Players will retain pleasant memories of the glorious afternoons enjoyed cricketing on the heights of Everton. There was no questioning the zest and grit which they put into their game. We are glad to congratulate them on their success. It has been one of the best seasons in the history of the School. At long last our success in Cricket seems to be approaching that which we have enjoyed for so many years in Football.

* * * *

Syd Meldon proved as excellent a Captain at Cricket as at Football. On one occasion, at least, by his own play, he staved off defeat when matters were looking blue.

* * * *

To our principal bowlers—Gerald Higgins and Sydney Cartwright—the team owes much. Each rendered brilliant service.

* * * *

As the man behind the wickets, Frank Harrington proved one of the best we have had for years.

* * * *

There are many reasons which tend to a team's failure. The greatest of these is inaccurate and faulty fielding.

* * * *

Nothing creates in a batsman greater confidence than to find the chances he gives unaccepted by his opponents; on the other hand it equally depresses the bowler, and thus exercises a double effect.

* * * *

Whereas a batsman's total of runs is recorded on the score sheet, and the respective analysis of the bowlers are also written down, there is no mention made of catches missed and runs registered by clumsy and unintelligent throwing-in to the wicket by the fielders.

Yet these last named items have a vital influence on the fortunes of a game. A brilliant catch means the dismissal, perhaps, of a most dangerous batsman; the fielder who effects this has probably done as much towards his team's eventual success as the top scorer on the side.

* * * *

Many catches are missed simply because the fielder has not followed the play, and when the chance comes he has to make a violent effort betimes which enables him just to fail. The intelligent player will have anticipated the batsman's stroke; he will have begun to move before the ball has actually left the defender's bat, and when the opportunity arrives he is on the spot.

* * * *

There is a great diversity of ability in throwing the ball in to the stumper or bowler: some fielders shy so that not only does the ball travel directly to the intended recipient, but it reaches him easily; it comes to his hands like a long hop, and enables him frequently to cause an opponent's dismissal—run out—where otherwise the batsman might regain the crease by inches.

* * * *

CRICKET RESULTS.

St. Edward's Coll.	29	*v.*	Collegiate School...	79
,, ,, ,,	27	*v.*	Holt Sec. School...	63
,, ,, ,,	43	*v.*	Waterloo Sec. Sch.	38
,, ,, ,,	57	*v.*	B'head H. E. Sch.	132
,, ,, ,,	19	*v.*	B'head Institute...	37
,, ,, ,,	110	*v.*	Oulton Sec. School (for 8 wickets)	91
,, ,, ,,	82	*v.*	B'head H. E. Sch. (for 8 wickets)	57 (for 6 wickets)
,, ,, ,,	150	*v.*	The C.ergy ... ... (for 8 wickets)	140
,, ,, ,,	68	*v.*	Collegiate School...	22
,, ,, ,,	85	*v.*	Wallasey Gram. Sch.	40 (for 7 wickets)
,, ,, ,,	72	*v.*	Our Past	48
,, ,, ,,	104	*v.*	Liscard High Sch. (for 7 wickets)	22
,, ,, ,,	64	*v.*	St. Francis Xaviers	40

Played 13 ... Won 7 ... Drew 2 ... Lost 4.

T. Murray, with 123 runs to his credit, is our top scorer. S. J. Meldon—118; and M. P. McMahon—104; are next in order.

Athletic Sports, 1921.

DESPITE the unfavourable weather, a crowded gathering witnessed the sports on Saturday. The prizes were distributed by the Right Rev. Monsignor Pinnington, who based his address to the boys on the motto of their College: *Viriliter Age.* A distinguished Old Boy, Col. J. J. Shute, J.P., C.M.G., proposed the vote of thanks. A delightful musical programme was rendered by the Liverpool Police Band.

100 Yards (Division A).—1, J. Donnelly; 2, J. Parle; 3, D. Aspinwall.

220 Yards (Division B).—1, B. Sharpe; 2, D. Ryan; 3, R. Supple.

Egg and Spoon (Division A).—J. Parle.

220 Yards (Division C).—1, G. Bolger; 2, S. McKevitt; 3, J. Hartley.

100 Yards (Division D).—1, J. Pozzi; 2, M. Roche; 3, P. Kinlan.

100 Yards (Division B).—1, D. Ryan; 2, A. Supple; 3, W. Austin.

100 Yards (Division E).—1, F. Gore; 2, S. Meldon; 3, J. Henry.

100 Yards (Division C).—1, J. Daley; 2, D. McNeill; 3, W. Flaherty.

220 Yards (Division A).—1, J. Browne; 2, J. Donnelly; 3, D. Aspinwall.

Wheelbarrow (Division A).—1, J. Donnelly and J. Brown.

Comic Puzzle (Division A).—C. Sheridan.

220 Yards (Division D).—1, J. Pozzi; 2, W. Smith; 3, M. Roche.

Comic Puzzle (Division C).—1, J. Bamber; 2, J. Roche; 3, R. Murphy.

High Jump (Division E).—1, J. Kirwan; 2, M. McMahon; 3, M. Moore.

High Jump (Division D).—1, B. O'Neill; 2, I. Bernasconi; 3, P. Magee.

High Jump (Division C).—1, W. Murphy; 2, P. Loughlin; 3, M. Parsons.

High Jump (Division B).—1, F. Tivendell; 2, E. Forno; 3, W. Parsons.

Long Jump (Division D).—1, J. Pozzi, 15ft 2ins.; 2, J. Seery; 3, G. Higgins.

Long Jump (Division E).—1, S. Meldon; 2, M. P. McMahon; 3, G. Kelly.

Comic Puzzle (Division D).—1, J. Cuddy; 2, L. Le Roi; 3, R. Flynn.

440 Yards (Division E).—1, F. O'Loughlin; 2, J. Cunningham; 3, R. Fleming.

Sack Race (Division D).—1, G. Sallis; 2, R. Quinn; 3, G. Higgins.

Wheelbarrow (Division B).—1, J. Matthews and R. Hanley; 2, W. Parsons and F. Tivendell; 3, F. Daley and J. Donnelly.

440 Yards (Division C).—1, W. Murphy; 2, J. Daley; 3, A. Titherington.

Junior Championship.—1, J. Pozzi; 2 G. Higgins; 3, M. Roche.

Sack Race (Division E).—E. E. Irvine; 2, R. Flynn; 3, W. Carney.
Sach Race (Division C).—1, J. Jordan; 2, S. Cox; 3, G. Merrutia.
Wheelbarrow (Division C).—1, J. Deeney and J. Carroll; 2, R. Johnson and J. Litolff; 3, J. Hayes and J. Shape.
Senior Championship, 220 Yards.—1, S. Meldon; 2, E. Hurley; 3, F. Gore.
Comic Puzzle (Division B).—1, E. Forno; 2, W. Flynn; 3, J. Daley.
440 Yards (Division D).—1, G. Higgins; 2, H. Mulloy; 3, J. Magee.
220 Yards (Division E).—1, F. Gore; 2, S. Meldon; 3, E. Hurley.
Old Boys' Race.—1, C. Kieran; 2, H. McGrath; 3, J. Mullery.
Three-Legged Race (Division E).—1, S. Meldon and M. McMahon; 2, J. Ratchford and M. Quinn.
Half-Mile (Division D).—1, J. Pozzi; 2, G. Higgins, 3, J. Lambert.
One Mile (Division E).—1, F. O'Loughlin; 2, J. Cunningham; 3, E. Hurley.
Three-Legged Race (Division D).—1, J. Hill and E. May; 2, P. McGee and X. McGuire.
Obstacle Race (Division D).—1, J. Lambert; 2, M. Beauchamp; 3, T. Lowry.
Obstacle Race (Division C).—1, F. Norbury; 2, W. Murphy; 3, R. Murphy.
Obstacle Race (Division E).—1, M. McMahon; 2, W. Parsons; 3, P. Fleming.
Senior Relay Race.—1, Lr. V.b.
Junior Relay Race.—1, III. E.
Senior Tug-og-War.—Up. V.b.
Junior Tug-of-War.—III E.
Old Boys' Challenge Cup.—S. Meldon (Form VI.).
Victor Ludorum.—J. Pozzi.

Football.

LONG ages back, the Romans had a game which they called Harpastum. The name is derived from a Greek word which means to seize or carry away the ball from the other. In all probability they introduced this game into Britain; at any rate, when Father Time was younger by a good many hundred years than he is now, they had a custom, in Chester, according to which, on Shrove Tuesday, the Shoemakers delivered to the Drapers, in the presence of the Mayor, a ball of leather to be played at from the Rodehee to the Common Hall of the city. The chronicle also has it that the first ball used was the head of a Dane who had been captured and slain in battle. If the records be true, Chester was not by any means peculiar in this respect, as the enthusiasm for football seems to have been so widespread that Edward III. and several other kings deemed it necessary to prohibit the playing of football during the summer months lest it should distract the youth of the country from cultivating skill in archery, upon which the ascendancy of this country depended so much in those days.

According to all accounts, the game in those days was a wild, ruthless, and even ferocious form of sport. A Frenchman remarked that if Englishmen called it playing, it would be difficult to say what they would call fighting. But of this wild unregulated form of sport our popular modern scientific game of football has been evolved, and particularly the carrying game, for our ancestors evidently used their hands as much as their feet. It is changed now of course, in almost every respect, yet, if an old Norman or Saxon football hero could live again for one Saturday afternoon in the winter, and chanced on one of our playing fields, he would see something that would bring the fire into his eye, and make him think of the days when it was his delight to keep up with the ball.

The one thing that seems to be plain is that Britons were made for football, and football for Britons. Its past and its present popularity show that there is something in football that appeals to the British nature, and satisfies a demand of the British heart. To be so universally and lastingly popular means that it does more than supply amusement for idle hours. Wherein, then, does its inherent worth consist? Without fail, it is our democracy's ideal form of recreation in winter. Recreation forms an essential part of our lives. We look for it and claim it, and our lives suffer if it is denied us. But why do the great majority of us take to football and stick to it in preference to everything else. The little boys play in the street, and the big men elsewhere. The reason would seem to be that our natural genius will

not let us be content with anything that simply amuses us. We naturally take to football because, while it amuses us, it, at the same time, most perfectly assists us in the development of our entire manhood. Look at it in this light for a moment. It helps in our physical development. Every part of the body is brought into play and taxed to its utmost extent, and as everything grows by use and exercise, football means strength and power to every muscle and fibre. Every part is strengthened and developed in itself, and the various parts are knit more firmly and closely together, and so the whole body gains in power and efficiency, and the man stands on his legs, and moves with a freedom and vigour which are often sadly lacking; also it clears the lungs, helps circulation, shakes you up, and so leads to health as well as to strength.

And then, in the development of those moral qualities and natural powers which form our character, football plays a not inconsiderable part. Nothing is required more for football than good temper, coolness, self-control, resolution, pluck, endurance. Quick, hardy, resourceful, persevering men alone excel; men who, if they do not succeed one way, try another; who are capable of sustained effort, who can put up with knocks and blows, who are accustomed to make up their mind in a second and to act strenuously.—What could tend more to produce an honest, sturdy manhood? Nowhere does a man so easily learn to submit to authority, and take his proper share in real hard work. I suppose, if the hearts of man were really known, we should find that there is no form of sin so hard to master as what we call sins of the flesh. Many a one who is ruined in body, soul and character, could put his finger on drink, or lust, as the first, and perhaps the only cause of his downfall. Now, there is little doubt that sport, such as football, systematically taken up, does a great deal to save a boy or man, and keep him straight. Self-indulgence is the great destroyer of health and strength. Now, healthy bodies and strong constitutions are prime requisites for football, so I maintain, if a man has a real interest in football and any ambition to excel, he must, make his choice and if he chooses football, he will adopt a holy and healthy way of living, which will cultivate in him habits of self-respect and self-discipline, and make him, in a large degree, master of himself. In another way, football has a beneficial influence upon character (and when I speak of football I mean out-door games in general). There is a being whom we call a prig; he is a namby-pamby and of the goody-goody style; such a person that if you hit him, he would only say "oh," in fact, he might easily be taken for an elderly maiden lady of the benevolent sort. There is lacking in him that robustness of character and daring, which we are accustomed to look for in a man. Now, outdoor games are eminently calculated to bring out our natural selves, and to put a bit of grit and go into us; yet, while they certainly develop the sterner side of our nature, they seem, at the same time, to preserve from the direct contrary of the prig, namely, the bully, the bounder, the coarse and brutal-natured man. Of course, there is the monstrosity who can think nothing but football, and talk nothing but football, but, after all, he is nothing worse than the politician who can talk only shop. The great value of football just lies in this, that is compels a man to think for himself and act for himself, and yet play a combined game. Individualism is the bane of football. A man who plays only for himself, regardless of the rest of his team, is worse than useless. "*All together, boys,*" is the motto of football. The whole team must work together, and yet, each man has his own work to do, and so football supplies us with an excellent blend of those two opposite principles—Individualism and Collectivism. What a boon it would be if we could as satisfactorily solve their rival claims upon us in other matters. M.

T. KILBURN, PRINTER, LIVERPOOL.