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# CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

## MAGAZINE.

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## Editorial.

We all dislike bores. We escape from them at the first opportunity if we are unfortunate enough to meet them, and once we have recognised them as bores, we endeavour to avoid them for the future. We also know the pleasure of meeting people who are interesting, and having once met them we cultivate their acquaintance and seek their society.

But we not only wish to be with those who are interesting; we wish to make ourselves interesting to those who are with us. The desire to do this is at once laudable and natural. To be interesting wins us a warm welcome wherever we go, and increases the happiness of all into whose company we are thrown.

What then is the meaning of being interesting? How can we discover the secret? How can we acquire the art?

We must begin by a process of observation and reflection. We must notice

closely those who repel and those who attract us; by analysing their characters and reflecting on their characteristics we shall see what to eschew and what to cultivate in order to make others seek and enjoy intercourse with us.

We shall discover that the dull people are those who have either nothing at all to say, or can never leave off talking when once they begin. An empty brain is the secret of silence in one case, while conceit and selfishness produce prosiness in the other.

We can never be interesting unless we are continually reading, and not only reading, but reading books that will enrich our minds. "Reading maketh a full man," as Bacon says, and by bringing us into touch with great men, makes us a channel for conveying their intellectual wealth to those we meet.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" and this abundance must be continually replenished

and increased. Fresh thoughts will come with every fresh book we read and study. It is those whose minds are ever expanding who charm and delight us. Staleness and stupidity must necessarily result from standing still. We do not associate more than we can help with those whose conversation comes to an end when they have said: "Are't the days drawing in? Isn't the world a small place?" What do you think of the Strike? Their insipidity is intolerable. But at least they are a warning to us not to make ourselves equally intolerable.

Those who monopolise the conversation and give us no opportunity of taking part in it are equally uninteresting, unless it happens that they are intellectual giants, and make us glad to sit in silent admiration and enjoyment at their feet. The ordinary person who insists on doing all the talking is too much interested in himself to be interesting to anyone else. We soon weary of his self importance and self-absorption. We resent his evident assumption that we have nothing to contribute to the conversation that he would find of value or interest. His determination not to be a listener stamps him as one who lives to advertise himself. We resolve that at our next meeting we shall have some excellent excuse for having no time to bestow on him. If we are wise we shall learn from him the importance of giving our friends a chance of taking an equal share with us in all conversation that we have with them.

When we have been delighted with some one with whom we have talked it is well to ask ourselves what was the secret of the pleasure we experienced. We shall probably discover that it arose from the opportunity that was given us of speaking about matters in which

we were much interested. The person we met was more interested in us than in himself. He studied us, discovered our tastes, drew us out, and skilfully led us to talk on subjects which gave us a chance of revealing our deepest and worthiest thoughts. An experience of this kind must not be lost; it gives the key to the solution of the problem. If we wish to make ourselves interesting to others, we must make ourselves interested in them.

One thing above all we must avoid—the subject of health. No doubt our pet complaints are intensely interesting to ourselves and we enjoy talking about them. But no one else cares to bother about them except the Doctor, and we pay him to listen. If we want to know how we can bore and annoy our friends by describing our diseases, we have only to give one of them a loophole for describing his own. Then we know what it feels like and we shall, if we are wise refrain at all costs from inflicting similar torture on others.

Self-cultivation combined with self-forgetfulness is the answer to the question—How can I make myself interesting?

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### TO OUR READERS.

We regret that with the present issue we have to increase the price of the Magazine to *One Shilling* per copy. An intimation comes from our printers that owing to the increased demands of the workpeople, extra payment for overtime, and shorter hours, they must still further increase the price of printing. Add to this the increasing cost of paper (three times what it was before the war), and it will readily be seen how difficult it has been, and is still, to carry on.

 **Viriliter Age.** 

## ✠ School Notes. ✠

### St. Edward's College.

Owing to the multitudinous difficulties that have arisen in the Labour world the progress of the new College buildings at Upholland—the future home of the ecclesiastical students now in residence at St. Edward's College—has been unprecedentedly slow. However, sufficient has been accomplished to transfer the major portion of the students to their new domicile immediately after Xmas, and so the congestion at the Catholic Institute will be relieved by the transfer of about 200 pupils to St. Edwards' College at the re-opening in January. It is very opportune that relief of this nature should be available at the present time because the closing of the extension at 28, Hope Street, which has just taken place made it imperative to provide accommodation for those who were located in that building.

His Grace, the Archbishop, has acquired a beautiful residence at Belvidere Road, Prince's Park, and as it is now confidently reckoned that the next month or two will see the complete transfer of the ecclesiastical seminary from St. Edward's to Upholland, we shall very soon be in a position to outline the future policy of the C.I. in catering for its present alumni and the large number now on its waiting list.

### At the C.I.

The opening term of 1919 saw 700 boys in attendance. How great the congestion has been can be understood by the least imaginative when we state that the seven hundred had but the accommodation that was just adequate for five hundred boys in the pre-war days. Masters and boys patiently endured the many discomforts arising, knowing that in a short time matters would be sufficiently advanced to allow

of the transfer of a section of the School to St. Edward's College.

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Having reverted to the pre-war custom of presenting Book Prizes to successful candidates at the Extern and Form Examinations, Friday, Dec. 12th saw an interested assembly of the School for this function. The occasion was also availed of for other presentations: Swimming Prizes, Football Medals, and Certificates. We were particularly pleased to see present on the platform a former Principal of the C.I.—Rev. Brother Leahy—now resident at Crosby.

In a review of the work of the School the Rev. Br. Forde congratulated the Seniors on their success; and made a special appeal to the members of the Middle Forms to be more serious and persevering in their scholastic work. He expressed his great pleasure in knowing that the Football Elevens are meeting with singular success, and that the Inter-Form Matches are contested with such vigour and zest on the Wednesday afternoons—For their loyal co-operation he returned thanks to the Staff.

The many Prize Winners received the hearty applause of the Assembly on being presented with their Prizes.

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The services that we can render the School are insignificant in comparison with what it has done for us. We receive from the Catholic Institute more than we can ever give it.

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T. P. Byrne—the Captain of the First Eleven—sets a splendid example to the rest of the School by his devotion to the interests of the C. I. The presentation of a specially wrought Medal as a recognition of these services was unanimously approved of.

The Railway Strike was responsible for the slack attendance of visitors, and the considerable reduction in the number of Competitors at the Annual Swimming Gala on September 27th.

### School Magazine.

Our School Magazine is the mirror of school life. It is among the most important work the School does. It is our representative in the outside world ; as the School is represented in the Magazine, so it goes forth to the world at large. We say " world at large " advisedly, for not only has the Magazine a large local circulation, but it travels to all parts of the earth,—to Rome, to Africa, to India, to Australia, to America. It goes forth across the sea as the representative of the C.I., a reflection of its ability, and talent, and originality.

For the reputation of our School it behoves us to support it with that energy and enthusiasm that is characteristic of Christian Brothers' boys, and year by year to raise its standard until it becomes the best School Magazine in the Country.

### Armistice Day.

When the Nation gave its heart and mind with one accord for a brief space to the memory of its saviours, it escaped from a meaner idolatry to which it cannot wholly return. It broke out of the vicious bondage of self-concern, and in the thoughts commended by its King it found strength and healing. *Debout les morts !* cried a French Officer in the exaltation of war's agony. And the dead come when they are called. There is no reinforcement more instant or more sure. The two minute's silence touched the chords of love, gratitude and reverence. With gladness and with sadness we remembered the Glorious Dead on November 11th. As Catholics we remembered their spiritual needs. The *De Profundis* was

recited by all the boys of the School. Nor were we unmindful of the life long sorrow of those who are deprived of those young and gallant lives.

" They shall not grow old, as we that are left  
grow old.  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

" They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;  
They sit no more at familiar tables at home ;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time ;  
They sleep beyond England's foam."

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### In Memoriam.

The Annual Requiem Mass for the deceased Masters and Pupils of the School was celebrated in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, on Monday, Nov. 3rd, by the Rev. E. Murphy. There was a crowded congregation. During the Eucharistic Devotions on Monday, Nov. 24th, special remembrance was made of the late Mr. Tim Curtin—the first anniversary of whose death was commemorated on Nov. 11th.

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### Terminal Exams.

The Terminals were held on the first three days of December. The following were placed 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, respectively, in their classes:—

#### TERMINAL RESULTS.

Form VIa—  
P. Irvine, B. Smith, T. Byrne.  
Form VIb—  
M. Moore, J. Keating, M. O'Neill  
J. Unsworth.  
Form U.Va—  
F. Kieran, R. Irvine, J. Murray.  
Form U.Vb—  
J. Smith, J. Owens, S. Garner.  
Form Va—  
D. Morgan, H. C. O'Brien, E. Genin.  
Form Vb—  
H. Robinson, B. Hurley, T. Pyke.  
Form IVa—  
B. Taylor, J. Robertson, M. Downes.  
Form IVb—  
P. Fontaine, G. Murray, M. Murray.  
Form IVc—  
F. Mitchard, J. Ryan, R. Green.  
Form IVd—  
J. Furlong, C. Veale, J. Walsh.

Form IIIa—  
M. Bartlett, V. McNally, R. Moss.  
Form IIIb—  
G. Coyne, F. Roberts, H. Nichols.  
Form IIIc—  
J. Buggie, L. Jack, C. Burke.  
Form IIId—  
D. Murray, J. Gaffney, L. O'Neill.  
Form IIIe—  
G. Cunningham, G. Baron, P. Reynolds.  
Form IIIf—  
J. Hill, J. Dunne, T. McAlevey.  
Form IIa—  
W. Flaherty, V. Jourdan, J. Deeney.  
Form IIb—  
F. Hyde, C. Finn, J. Magee.  
Form Ia—  
T. Durkin, G. Tickle, H. McTaggart.

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### At Crosby.

Our new establishment continues to progress. There are now close on a hundred pupils. A fine number to begin with! Boys of the School wear a Maroon Cap with the monogram, C.I. worked in gold. The Football Teams wear Maroon and Gold Jerseys and White Knickers.

## Literary and Debating Society.

The first debate of the session, on the subject of the Great Railway Strike, took place on October 24th. F. Shevlin led the side which sought to justify the strike. His speech which showed evidence of careful preparation, covered a wide field—beginning with theology and ending with economics. T. Byrne led the opposition and devoted much of his speech to an examination of the hardships inflicted by a lightning strike. P. Irvine contended that the lot of the railwayman was not as hard as popularly represented. Wm. Gernon and J. Hawe both argued that a strike would be absolutely ineffective if time were given for the preparation of counter-strike measures. The loss to the general public resulting from the Railwaymen's action formed the theme

of F. Loughlin's speech. The debate was terminated by A. Calland and B. Smith, and ended in a victory for the side led by T. Byrne.

Our next debate on the subject, "Will the conquest of the air materially effect the means of transport within the next generation?" took place on November 17th. M. McMahon opened the proceedings by giving a brief history of the advancement of aerial navigation, which, if continued at the same rate would, he held, in the near future have a revolutionary effect on the means of transport. He was supported by E. Duff who looked to aerial transport development for, among other things, the relief of the dock congestion; and by E. Byrne who denied that aerial transport would always be necessarily very much more expensive than other competing means. Against these S. Meldon explained that the activity of aircraft was limited by meteorological conditions. J. Kirwan said that the limited size and poor lifting capacity were great disadvantages to be set down against airships; while J. Smith asserted that transport by air was not safe enough to become a popular agent of distribution. The opposition, led by S. Meldon, were declared victors.

The last debate of the term dealing with the subject: "Would a Labour Government successfully rule the Country and preserve the unity of the Empire?" took place on December 8th. L. Murray and S. Graham endeavoured to show that Labour, given the sympathy of the majority of the nation, would have the capacity and brains to rule well. M. Moore, who delivered a well reasoned speech, and T. Myles, who made a very promising maiden effort, were the best performers on the other side.

W. GERNON,  
Hon. Sec.

## Much Ado About Nothing.

BY T. P. BYRNE. Form VIa..

If you have ever been to school, and most of us have (ah! those happy days!—*sotto voce*, thank God they're over!) you will have noticed that every clique has its established comedian who, a fool or otherwise, takes it upon himself to provide amusement for his schoolfellows. Some forms are blessed (or is it cursed?) with more than one of these "funny" men, and I can assure you that to most schoolboys (whose taste for study is *not* as great as it might be!) life would hardly be worth living without the relief occasionally afforded by the antics or witticisms (!) of these self-constituted comedians.

Perhaps the commonest form under which they give vent to their excess of animal spirits is mimicry—whether of their schoolfellows or—perish the thought!—of their respected masters. At any rate such diversion is innocent and harmless and masters—if I may be permitted to say so—need not be so *very* much "down" on the delinquents—boys will be boys—even masters were boys once—etc., etc. But this is a digression, as the author says after leading his bewildered readers through the maze of some abstruse theosophical argument—to return to our subject. By the way, what exactly is the subject? Things are becoming slightly mixed! (I say, *Mr.* Editor, will this much fill three columns of the Mag.? No? Well there's nothing for it but—

Editor (interrupting) For heaven's sake, man, get it off your chest and be done with it!

Let me see,, where was I? Oh yes talking about mimicry. 'Pon my word, I'm hanged if I know what to say next! Mimicry? Did you ever hear of that past-master in the art, who lived somewhere about the beginning of the last

century? Now you students of history here's your chance! What! No idea? Well his name is Charles Matthews. Never heard of him before? 'Tis passing strange! (Excuse me, *Mr.* Editor, but our present course of study in English includes Hamlet, and I simply *couldn't* resist!)

This Charles Matthews was a truly remarkable comedian. He was above all a mimic. By way of illustration, I shall endeavour to portray a very amusing incident in his life, which may give you an idea, however poor (this is the formula used by every modest writer!) of his remarkable genius.

Charles Matthews had booked a place in the night coach due to start for Plymouth from Exeter. It was a cold, wet December night and by some chance, perhaps by a trick, he was relegated to a position on the outside. He had neither umbrella nor overcoat and hence when the coach started he began to feel slightly uncomfortable. (That's euphemism! aren't we coming on?) He began to *wish* for his inside seat in the coach, and in accordance with the well-known adage soon *thought* he might secure one by strategy. His seat was the dickey (quick! that dictionary!) out of the range of vision of the coachman on that dark night; moreover there were no other outside passengers. He pretended to kiss and hush a child in his arms, whose fretful whine he commenced and increased until it well-nigh split the ears of the other passengers. Two of these were females, one a mother who instantly cried out:

"Dear me! There's a poor child on the roof in this rain; let's take it in."

The males, as Christians and gentlemen acquiesced. The sash was lowered one of the ladies leaned out, and addressed Matthews.

"Here my good woman, give me the child."

"No, no!" said the actor, mimick-

ing the voice of a female, "mine little dear Adolphine sal not go from him mamma!" and he commenced another series of soprano notes, interspersed with an abundance of basso hush-a-byes more excruciating, if anything, than before.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the lady, "it's a barbarous Frenchwoman! She'll kill the poor child!" Leaning out of the window again: "Give me the poor child, for mercy's sake! It will perish with the cold! Stop! coachman, stop!"

"Stop, ma'am!" said he, "bless your soul, did you ever hear the likes—in rain sich as this!"

Matthews now pretended to fly into a passion with the child and scold it. The passengers became intensely excited and agitated, arguing noisily among themselves; and with all this screaming, squalling, shouting and threatening the tumult was deafening. The dialogue as described ran thus:—

*Child* (squalling). "Ya! ya! ya!"

*Matthews*. "Hush, child! hush!"

*Woman* (within). "There's a brute, Mrs. Wiggins!"

*Gentleman*. "All owing to the French Revolution!"

*Child*. "Ya! ya! ya!"

*Coachman*. "Steady, Betty! Steady!"

*Matthews*. "You are an little brute child!"

*Woman*. "Only hear the French monster!"

*Child*. "Ya! ya! ya!"

*Matthews*. "I vill trow you in ze mud!"

*Woman*. "What does she say?"

*Child*. "Ya! ya! ya!"

*Matthews*. "Won't you be hush? I trow you away!"

*Woman*. "Oh, you wretch!"

*Child*. "Ya! ya! ya!"

*Matthews*. "Dere, den, you brat, lie in ze poodle!"

Here he made a noise as of a child falling into the ditch, its cries growing

fainter and fainter as the coach drove on. The uproar that ensued was terrible. The women screamed, the men thumped the roof with their sticks and swore out of the windows. "Stop, coachman, stop! Murder! Murder! she's killed the child! she's thrown it in the ditch! Stop! coachman!"

"In three minutes ma'am," he replied, "to change horses."

"But there's a child lying in the road!"

"I'll send someone from the inn to pick it up, ma'am. I can't lose time between the stages."

The torrent of abuse now turned on the coachman and a lawyer present threatened to prosecute the woman for murder and the coachman for manslaughter.

On arriving at the inn Matthews jumped down and ran into the kitchen to dry himself. The Frenchwoman was ordered to be seized, lanterns were lighted, and a party set out to search for the child. Needless to say, the quest was fruitless; and after groping about in the ditch till they were thoroughly drenched, they returned to the inn.

There the lawyer was informed that the Frenchwoman had escaped, and that *another gentleman* had taken his place in the coach, which was now out of sight!

*Editor*. "I say--er Tiny! Don't you think this story is rather --er "tall"?"

*T*—(sarcastically) "Not --er tall!"

Collapse of Editor.

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To allow passions, cravings, propensities, to rule us and govern and determine our conduct is to become the worst of slaves. . . There is absolutely no path to liberty through wrong-doing. The road is barred that way. Freedom comes through discipline.

## A Five Days' Cycle Ride.

BY FRANK LOMAS. Form U. Va.

One morning early this summer, a friend and I set out upon a short bicycle tour in North Wales. It was a glorious day and the country was very beautiful. Soon we had left behind us the dreary streets of Liverpool and Birkenhead, and speeding through the Wirral, we reached, in a seemingly short time, the time-honoured city of Chester. From its walls, we obtained an excellent view of the whole town, in particular the Cathedral, the Castle and the River. I might here observe that our tour was necessarily of the 'hustle' order—merely a kind of Kinema performance.

From Chester we rode to Holywell, passing en route Hawarden Estate, the residence of the late Mr. Gladstone.

The glory of Holywell is, of course, the famous Well, one of the most remarkable natural springs in England. It has attracted wide-spread notice ever since the reign of Queen Anne. The spring rises in the crypt of St. Winefride's Chapel, into a beautifully proportioned polygonal basin, which is covered by an arch, part of an elegantly groined roof, supported on pillars. The water flows from the basin into an adjacent bath, into which pilgrims often immerse themselves with remarkable results. St. Winefride's Chapel, singular to state, is Protestant; and is of the same style of architecture as the crypt.

Near Holywell is the Franciscan Monastery of Pantasaph. Pantasaph is a large Catholic Settlement. The Monastery was founded about 1850. It has a beautiful Church dedicated to Saint David, which contains many objects of Ecclesiastical Art, including an elaborate, canopied tomb, erected to the memory of the late Earl and Count-

ess of Denbigh. Behind the Monastery is a "Mount Calvary" with Stations of the Cross and a winding path leading to the Holy Sepulchre at the summit. At the foot of the mountain is a grotto of Lourdes, well worth seeing.

Next day we proceeded on our way, and passed through the towns of Saint Asaph, and Abergele, neither of which are of any importance. After leaving Abergele, we came to Kinmel Park, the famous Canadian Military Camp. For two miles it stretches along one side of the road, and is about half a mile wide. It is wholly composed of grey materials. The huts are painted grey, and so also are the stones edging the paths. On the opposite side of the road are cinemas, theatres, and shops of all kinds. Our road now lay between huge rocks on one side and the sea on the other into Colwyn Bay, where we spent an enjoyable week-end and from which we set out with renewed vigour on Monday morning.

We took the road leading up the Conway valley to Llanrwst. Mountains surrounded us on all sides. Some in the distance seemed snow-capped. In a short time we reached Llanrwst and continued our way to the Swallow Falls near Betws-y-Coed. From this point for three miles, there was a moderately sloping hill. On one side of the road was a deep ravine, on the other, rocks towered on high. At the top, is a village called Pentre Voelas, where one can obtain refreshment after the steep climb.

The road from there to Ruthin lay across vast moors, absolutely bare; for miles not even a tree or house can be seen.

Ruthin contains many objects of interest, some of which we had not time to see. It has a very ancient pre-reformation church, containing many interesting tablets; behind this are old alms-houses, which are now, I suppose,



rented as cottage property. Adjoining the Church is the old Grammar School, which has been replaced by a larger establishment.

This was our furthest point from home, and we now began the return ride.

From Ruthin to Mold is ten miles by road, but being mountainous it took us nearly two hours to traverse. The road between Mold and Chester is flat and better made and the lost time was easily recovered. Soon we were again speeding through the Wirral, perhaps not as fresh as before, but with the pleasures of the ride, still fresh in our minds. In all, we had nearly travelled three hundred miles; and had spent a most enjoyable holiday.

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## A Visit to London.

CYRIL LANGLEY Form U Va.

During the last summer vacation I spent a short holiday in London. My experiences while in the great metropolis were not of the type to which the epithets, "weird," "romantic," or "thrilling," could be truthfully applied. They were interesting and novel in a merely ordinary way.

On arriving at Euston station which, by the way, has eighteen platforms, each about three times as long as one in Exchange station, Liverpool, I was met by my chum and his father. They had a small motor car. Having placed my luggage safely on the back, we started off—or rather tried to. Mr.——— was by no means an experienced driver, having previously driven the car about six times. After much spluttering and roaring from the motor, we eventually went off at a rapid pace.

I don't think anyone, who has not been to London, can form an adequate idea of the vast proportions of its street

traffic. I was astounded at its dimensions, Liverpool's streets seem asleep when compared with London's main arteries. I shall never forget that drive. We dodged and swerved about in the maze of traffic, and had hairbreadth escapes every few minutes. Eventually the steering got locked, and my chum and I went home by the bus, leaving Mr.——— to extricate himself from the difficulty as best he could. I ought to add that we had nothing in the way of skill or patience to offer him.

The first place of interest to which I went was the famous Zoo, which is in Regent's Park. Hundreds of squirrels live in this park, and I was astonished at their tameness. They will even eat out of the hands of interested watchers. The great centre of attraction was the monkey house, where the performing monkeys caused great amusement by doing wonderful acrobatic "stunts." Some of them would, after accomplishing one of these feats, turn and bow to the spectators.

We next went to see the bears. These creatures would lie lazily on their backs, only moving to catch bread or other food, thrown to them by visitors. I had previously noticed that the squirrels took great care, on receiving a nut, to remove the shell. This was not altogether surprising, but I could scarcely credit my senses when I saw one of these great bears open his large jaws, catch a pea-nut, and before eating it, remove the shell.

Leaving the Zoo I made my first descent into an underground tube station by means of an escalator, perhaps better known as a moving staircase. The official collecting the tickets stands by a part of the floor which is continually in motion. "You hand in your ticket and stand on one of the moving boards," such were the directions given me. I managed to carry out the first injunc-

tion, but nearly landed on my head in carrying out the second. Having recovered my equilibrium I clung on to the moving handrail. The boards soon resolve themselves into stairs, and so you descend, a really splendid example of relative velocity. After a little more experience I began to like this stairs.

The underground trains are, of course run by electricity, and can travel very swiftly. They rush into the station, pull up quickly, and the man in charge of the gates at the end of each carriage calls out politely, "Mind the step, please." Before all the passengers are properly aboard a little bell rings, the gates are shut. Before you realise it, the train is at the next station.

Westminster Cathedral and Westminster Abbey were the next places of interest I visited. The former is closely surrounded by houses, but its great tower stands out imposingly, and acts as a landmark to visitors. It is an immense building, and on each side are numerous private chapels most of which are not yet finished. It is said that the internal decoration of the Cathedral will not be completed for many years.

The Abbey, which is the third oldest in England, is a wonderful piece of architecture. There is the Chancel, the Royal Chapel, which contains the remains of English Kings and Queens, and another very interesting feature—the old Chapter House. In the last mentioned all the councils of the old Benedictine monks were held.

One day, when walking in a park near where I was staying, I had the good fortune to meet an old C.I. boy. My chum and I became very friendly with him and he joined us in our outings.

The three of us decided to visit the Tower, and I looked forward eagerly to the outing. In the cells occupied by famous prisoners, notices are placed asking persons not to inscribe their

names on the walls. Many of these prisoners, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh was one, left mementoes—generally their names—carved on the prison walls. We were greatly interested in the instruments, such as thumb-screws and racks, devised for the punishment of prisoners.

A guide took us around and explained things. As regards history and dates, he could not be puzzled (Wish I knew my history half as well). What impressed me most were the crown jewels. Besides beautiful crowns studded with almost priceless gems, were large gold vessels, bearing but the remotest resemblance to what they were supposed to be, namely salt cellars. There were rich garments embroidered with gold and set with stones. I should imagine that they would be rather uncomfortable and not in the least convenient for wear.

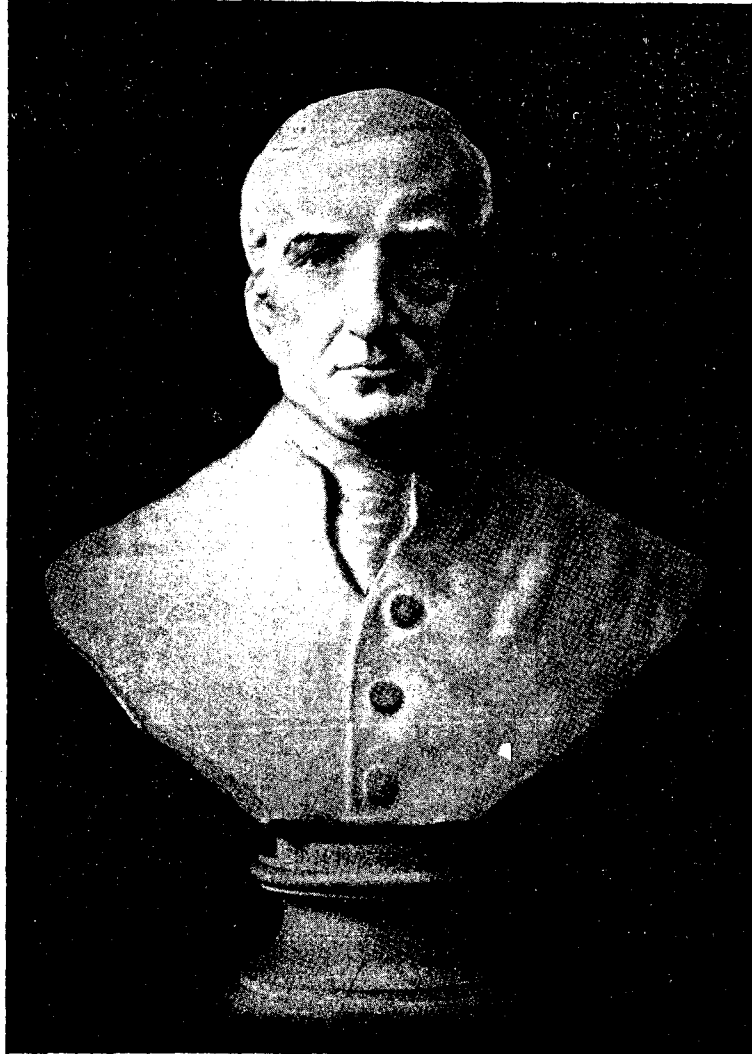
The only other place of exceptional interest I visited was the Abbey of St. Alban's, the second oldest in England. Part of the walls are composed of old flint. This was used by the Romans as a substitute for better stone. At present the London builders are hampered by the fact that stone cannot be obtained near London. Hence dwellings are mostly made out of plaster and are of the stucco type. Millions of pounds are expended yearly in buying paint to do up these dwellings.

The only remaining feature of interest in St. Alban's was the remains of an old Roman wall.

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Cleanse and purify thy heart . . .  
to uphold right, and do right. Sacrifice thyself at the shrine of duty, forgiving injuries, and acting only towards others as you would have them behave towards thyself.

ARISTOTLE.

**Edmund Ignatius Rice.**

EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE, founder of the Institute of the Irish Christian Brothers, was born at Callan, Co. Kilkenny, 1762, and died at Mount Sion, Waterford, 1844. He was educated at a Catholic school which, notwithstanding the iniquitous penal laws, the authorities suffered to exist in the City of Kilkenny. In 1779 he entered the

business house of his uncle, a large and extensive trader in the City of Waterford, and after the latter's death, became sole proprietor. As a citizen, he was distinguished for his probity, charity, and piety; he was an active member of a society established in the city for the relief of the poor. About 1794 he meditated entering a continent-

al convent, but his brother, an Augustinian who had just returned from Rome discountenanced the idea. Edmund thereupon devoted himself to the extension of his business. Some years later, however, he again desired to become a religious. As he was discussing the matter with a friend of his, a band of young boys passed by. Pointing to them, his friend exclaimed: "What! would you bury yourself in a cell on the Continent rather than devote your wealth and your life to the spiritual and material interests of these youths?" The words were an inspiration. Edmund related the incident to Dr. Lanigan, Bishop of Ossory, and to others, all of whom advised him to undertake the mission to which God was evidently calling him. He settled his worldly affairs, his last year's business (1800) being the most lucrative one he had known, and commenced the work of the Christian Schools.

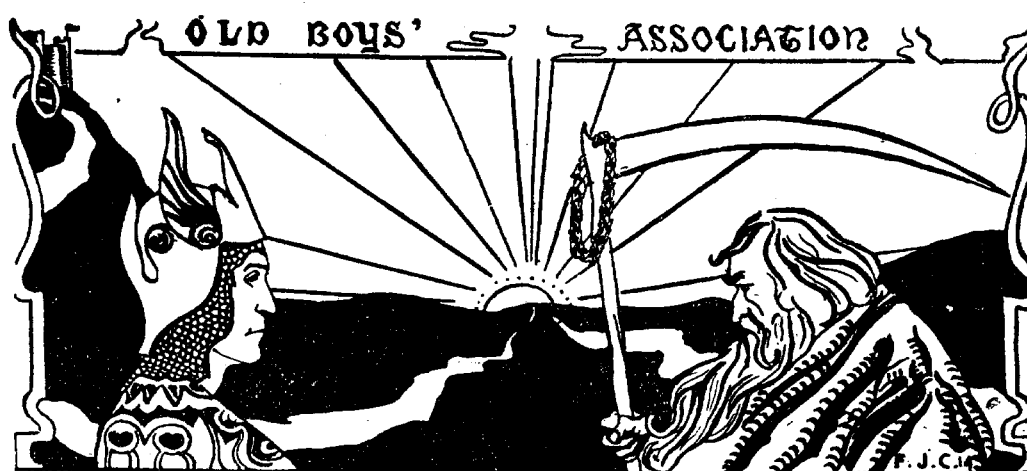
With the assistance of two young men whom he paid for their services, he opened his first school in Waterford in 1802. In June of that year the Most Rev. Dr. Hussey, Bishop of Waterford, laid the foundation stone of a school-house on a site which he named Mount Sion. The building was soon ready for occupation, but Edmund's assistants abandoned him, though offered substantial salaries. Providence now came to his assistance and sent him workers not actuated by pecuniary motives, so that by 1806, Christian Schools were

established in Waterford, Carrick-on-Suir and Dungarvan. Later on, houses were established in Cork, Dublin, Limerick and elsewhere.

In 1820 Pope Pius VII. formally confirmed the new congregation of "Fratres Monachi." This was the first confirmation by the Church of a congregation of religious men in Ireland. Rev. Brother Rice, at a chapter held in 1822, was unanimously elected Superior-General. Before his death, Brother Rice saw eleven communities of his Institute in Ireland, eleven in England, and one in Australia, while applications for foundations had been received from American and Canadian Bishops.

The work so nobly begun by Br. Rice is worthily carried on by his successors, and has, with the approval of Rome, in some instances, been extended in its scope. The Institute in the present year 1920, is in a most flourishing condition. Besides seventy-five houses of the Order in Ireland, schools and colleges are also to be found in England, Rome, Gibraltar, Tasmania, America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India. Applications for new foundations are constantly arriving at the Mother House, Marino, Dublin. Next year will see new establishments opened in foreign parts.

From so small a beginning as a passing conversation has resulted, under Providence, the Institute now known all over the civilised world as the Irish Christian Brothers.



The General Meeting in September confirmed in office the existing Executive under the presidency of Lieut-Col. J. J. Shute, C.M.G., D.S.O., etc.

Owing to the lateness of the Meeting the Social Committee of the Executive have found it very difficult to arrange a programme of fixtures, but in spite of this, several social functions have been held. It is proposed to have the Annual Dinner of the Association early in February. All Old Boys who are not members of the Association should communicate at once with the Hon. Sec. at the Catholic Institute.

\* \* \*

The first pupils of the Christian Brothers at the C.I. will remember John Fanning. They will rejoice to hear that he was raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood at Plymouth on Monday, December 20th.

\* \* \*

Amongst the students at the English College, Rome, are two of our Old Boys: Messrs. Frank Jamieson and Jas. Byrne.

\* \* \*

Recently we had a welcome visit from George Duff. He will be ashore for some months. In company with Harold Kay and Joe Kieran he is studying at the Nautical School.

\* \* \*

Lieut-Col. J. J. Shute, D.S.O., C.M.G. was one of England's representatives

at the International Cotton Congress held last October in U.S.A.

\* \* \*

The season of the Social Committee opened with a Ladies' Bohemian at the Yamen Cafe with a fairly large gathering. An excellent programme was presented and a most enjoyable evening was passed by the members of the Asso. and their lady friends. Br. Malone in a short address asked for the support and encouragement of the Assoc. by those present.

\* \* \*

On November 19th, the Football Club held a Smoker in the Clarion Cafe, which was a great success, also.

\* \* \*

Another gathering was held on Dec. 19th, when a goodly company enjoyed an excellent programme of song and music.

\* \* \*

A Dance was hoped for, but no room in the City could be booked before Xmas, and so reluctantly the Committee has been compelled to postpone it till Friday evening, March 5th. All members of the C.I.O.B. will please oblige by keeping this date in view.

\* \* \*

### FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Old Boys are this season running three teams in the First Division I Zingari League, I Zingari Combination, and I Zingari Alliance. The Club is con-

finned to Old Boys of the Catholic Institute. It is the only Club having a School title which *does* confine its membership to Old Boys of its School. Good sporting and high class football is played. The best sporting teams in Liverpool and District are met—Membership of the I Zingari is a guarantee of that. The Club has entered for the Lancashire Amateur Cup, the Liverpool Amateur Cup, and the Zingari Cup.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. McGrath, 63, Beaconsfield Street, Princes Park, Liverpool, will be pleased to hear from all Old Boys interested in the Football Club. The grounds are at Linacre Lane, Bootle, and at Wavertree Playground, Liverpool.

Smoking Concerts are held monthly. They are very enjoyable affairs.

\* \* \*

The O.B.'s Football Secretary has been good enough to furnish the Editor with a list of members of the Club. A perusal of it will show the reader that there are missing, many names which we should expect to find. Old Boys who found a place in the Elevens of the School, or in the Shield Teams should help now. Be loyal to your old school-fellows.

\* \* \*

#### **Lancashire Amateur Cup. 2nd Round.**

##### **Old Cathinians v. Whalley Range.**

*Played at Linacre Lane, Bootle, on  
6th December, 1919.*

The Old Boys played the following team :—

F. W. Quinn,

D. Kirby, F. J. O'Keeffe,

P. Hawe, L. Rawlinson, J. B. Fenn,  
C. S. Kieran, L. B. Cunningham, R.  
Burke, J. A. Macaulay, A. E. Gilmore.

*Referee* :—F. W. Laister (Southport).

Whalley were regarded as formidable opponents, for they have had a great reputation for many years in the Lancashire Amateur League; and at present are third in it. They had also

a great reputation as cup-fighters; but the Old Cathinians remembered that C.I.'s—past and present—are great cup fighters, however great the opposition.

A very fast and exciting game was witnessed. The Old Boys had the wind in their favour in the first half, and Burke scored at the end of twenty minutes' play. Five minutes later Whalley were awarded a penalty which Quinn saved but Whalley equalised from the ensuing "scrummage" in the goal mouth. The change of ends came with the score, 1-1.

In the second half the Old Boys had to play against the wind. Soon after the resumption, Burke scored again. End to end play followed. Whalley made desperate efforts to score, but Quinn made some magnificent saves. Twelve minutes from time Whalley equalised. Then the Old Boys pressed and Rawlinson and Hawe had hard luck in not scoring. Six minutes from time, the Old Boys gained the lead through Kieran. Whalley tried for a goal just after the ensuing centre, but the Old Boys were now masters of the situation, and pressed all the time until the final whistle blew leaving them well deserved winners of a great match.

Whalley were much the heavier team and played a fine game—their two full backs and left wing being their outstanding players. The outside left sent in some very fine shots but he was rather prone to shoot instead of centring. All the Old Boys played well. Special mention should be made of Quinn's great display in goal, of O'Keeffe and Fenn.

Final :—Old Cathinians 3.

Whalley Range 2.

\* \* \*

The players appreciated the large muster of O.B.'s at the line. Indeed, O.B.'s might find their way to Linacre more frequently.

## MEMBERS

## OLD CATHINIANS A.F.C., 1919-20

Anderson, Austin	Kirby, Dan
Burke, R.	Kirby, F. A.
Bingham, G. L.	Kieran, C. S.
Bingham, R. S.	Kieran, A. J.
Blacoe, J. P.	Kieran, Jos.
Blackledge, T.	Kieran, J. P.
Bowskill, W.	Kelly, Robert
Curtin, J.	Lacy, J. P.
Cunningham, R. B.	Lacy, T. B.
Cunningham, R. W.	Lamble, A.
Cross, G.	Luddin, Jos.
Costello, N.	Meehan, F. T.
Cunningham, Jos.	McAuley, J. A.
Carroll, F.	McNally, G.
Cooke, W. H.	McGrath, H. M.
Cowhey, Brian J.	McGrath, H. J.
Caldwell, David	McGrath, W. J.
Cole, Jos.	Nugent, T. C.
Deane, A. G.	O'Byrne, W.
Delaney, W. J.	O'Keeffe, F.
Dunford, T. F. H.	Occleshaw, V.
Everson, A.	O'Brien, M.
Flanagan, Jas.	O'Donnell, W.
Fleming, T. A.	O'Connor, Jos.
Flynn, D.	Parsons, D. Blundell
Fenn, J. B.	Prendergast, J. A.
Fegan, Leo.	Quinn, F.
Gilmore, A. E.	Rawlinson, R.
Gilmore, Geo.	Rawlinson, J. H.
Gillow, E. J.	Rimmer, Ed. T.
Garrett, G. A.	Shennan, James H.
Heenan, G.	Tindall, F. J.
Hawley, F. C.	Tugwood, Geo.
Hart, P. J.	Tighe, M.
Hart, R. T.	Thomson, F. S.
Hosker, A. T.	Treneman, W. N.
Hawe, P. R.	Toolan, J.
Hawe, A. J.	Wheeler, F.
Howard, Cecil	Weston, W.
Johnson, F.	Woods, T.
	Wright, J. N.

\* \* \*

## The Varsity,

LIVERPOOL.

15th December, 1919.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Have you ever gazed on a really repentant sinner? Perhaps not, because they are rare people in this the Year of Peace. But since 1919 A.D. is a Year of Substitutes as well, we could show you a really fine substitute for the scarce commodity we first referred to, if you could cross the way to our seat of learning. Here to-day are to be seen trembling, shattered, specimens herded in a corridor, gibbering in a strange tongue. But last week they were to be seen in all their youthful effervescence ;

all term they have danced and dined, and generally celebrated their safe return from sterner tasks : now the very sight of such a transformed assembly is creepy. " Shell-shock ? " did you say. Let us move nearer and see and hear. The faces bear traces of the keen mental anguish they suffer ; they toy nervously with pens or watch-chains.

Ah, Mr. Editor, can you not guess what it is all about? Why it's that abominable event which haunts the life of every student—Terminal Examinations. Yes, we have started to-day on our week of trials and teasers, and our weak learning is now subjected to rude parries from the Staff. We have no quarrel with the Staff or Examiners. We ardently hope all C.I.O.B.'s will enjoy the best of the argument and when the results appear, we anticipate seeing history repeat itself in placing familiar names at the head of results.

We missed Austin Dean from his usual place in Maths' lectures for some time ; but were glad to welcome him back a week ago, and trust that his ocular affection will be quite remedied for next Term.

We have mentioned before how rarely we see our old mutuals, but nevertheless we often receive news, which is worthy of the gossip column of an illustrated daily.

Here are a few tit-bits which are worthy of note :—

That Tom Nugent can wax extremely eloquent on occasions—particularly on hearing the current quotations for filter paper !

That W. Barnwell bids fair to make his name as a caricaturist.

That our Medical representatives are worthy upholders of Saxon tradition in that they take their pleasures most seriously.

That Freddie Winfield and Austin Maguire are contemplating going into Vaudeville as " The Heavenly Twins,"

and that their dancing expositions in the Engineering Laboratories seem to indicate possibilities of success should their intentions materialise.

That a certain Maths' man is not yet convinced that the C.I. motto does not mean "active even in old age" and claims to have seen it on either a patent medicine label or a new food for infants.

That——but really we must cease. Our life we fear is in danger of unnecessary abbreviation through what we have already said.

We can find no better conclusion than to convey to yourself and all at the old C.I., on behalf of the C.I.O.B.'s at the Varsity our very best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours as ever,

Varsity.

—A—

## Follow-Your-Leader Story.

### Episode I.

BY R. I. IRVINE (Form U. Va.).

It was early in the month of December. All around the snow lay thick on the ground, and it seemed as if the tracks of those who were on business bent, were filled by the descending flakes almost as soon as made. Yet although it was snowing heavily, there were many people about, for it was Friday, the market day in M——, a town on the East coast. All were busy preparing for that season of goodwill and festivity—Christmas.

Those gathered in the neighbourhood of the "Cock and Bull" about 5 p.m. had their attention suddenly arrested by the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" floating out upon the still air, from a melodeon apparently of many years' service, the musician being a middle-aged frowsy-looking individual. He wore on his chest the placard "Totally Blind."

Very soon about a dozen drunken fellows collected, one of whom, "pretty well oiled," and evidently unable to appreciate the piteous appearance of the musician remarked that he "was wasting his sweetness on the desert air."

Disgusted at the lack of sympathy, the musician soon quitted his stand, having in vain appealed either to the humanity, or to the musical tastes of his audience.

Wending his way through the poorer part of the town, he was soon lost to sight up a dark alley. Here he knocked at No. 5, and was admitted by a little man, who bore him a certain resemblance, but who had an expression of cunning all his own.

### Episode II.

BY J. E. ORFORD, U. Va.

The man who opened the door was younger than the blind musician and was obviously his brother. The musician went upstairs with surprising speed and having warmed his frozen fingers before the tiny flame that burned in the grate, he went to a cupboard and selected various articles for the preparation of tea. His blindness was a sham: in fact he and his brother were a pair of rascals down on their luck, who were trying to raise some money to tide them over the festive season. Over their meal the musician related his bad luck and they were soon contriving new means of "raising the wind."

\* \* \*

The scene now changes to Hale Castle where Colonel Sir Arthur Hale is entertaining, as is his wont, a number of guests on Christmas Eve. In the servants' hall the butlers, maids, and cooks are gathered making merry. Up to the castle trudge the two brothers, their footsteps crunching the frozen snow. They are in the guise of waits and play several old carols. One of men ser-



vants rendered benevolent by the atmosphere of the season asks the musicians in and soon they are seated by the roaring fire. The younger brother tells several excellent stories and renders himself very agreeable. Under the influence of the warmth and the wine the company become very drowsy. Several of the ladies fall asleep and the conversation flags. One of the musicians begins a long and rather dry story and before he has finished everybody is asleep. The two rogues glance triumphantly at each other across the fire. Just then midnight strikes and the Christmas bells ring out.

### Episode III.

BY JOSEPH B. SWIFT. U. Va

Satisfied that everything is safe in this quarter, the two rascals commence operations by removing their boots. They then very quietly step into the passage and lock the door behind them; after which they stealthily make their way into the hall, at the far end of which they perceive a flight of stairs. By the aid of a dark lantern, which the younger man carries, they manage to find the corridor, on to which the first floor bedrooms open.

Hearing sounds of enjoyment from the dining-room where the Squire is entertaining his party, and feeling confident that the coast is clear for them, the brothers approach the nearest door, listen for a second or two, and quietly open it. The room is dark, but their lamp serves them well. On a dressing table a silver toilet set catches their eyes, and in a twinkling it is transferred to a capacious sack which they have provided for the booty. A rapid survey of the apartment reveals nothing else worth taking.

Proceeding to the next room, they observe a little child asleep, and cautiously withdraw. They then make for the room number three. Here they

pick up a small jewel case, which, without opening, they stow away in the sack. Hardly had they done this, than a step is heard outside in the corridor, and, as luck would have it, the person, stopped at their door. The brothers hastily glance round the room, in the hope of finding something that would hide them but, before they can even extinguish the lantern, the door opens, and a tall, heavily-built man confronts them.

### Episode IV.

BY FRANK P. KIERAN. U. Va.

The younger brother with incredible quickness and wonderful composure covers the newcomer with a revolver. The latter ignores the existence of the revolver, which, indeed, he well might as it was not intended for "business." One wonders if he really knew, or was it merely a lucky guess. He is quickly on his opponent and a fierce, almost silent, struggle ensues. Eventually overcome he is found to have suffered a facial transformation during the course of the encounter: he has lost his beard with the result that the brothers have no difficulty in recognising in their opponent the notorious burglar, Robert Wood. They determine at once to bring him to the Squire and to pose as two Scotland Yard men.

This accomplished housebreaker is, as a matter of fact, not wholly unexpected at Hale Castle on this particular occasion, for among the Squires' party are two real detectives fresh from headquarters. "The Yard" heard that Wood was masquerading just then in that part of the country as a member of the British Consular Service. His disguise, however, coupled with the fact that he gave himself out as an American connected with the "Pussyfoot" campaign proved too much for the detectives. Imagine their utter consternation when the door is suddenly opened, revealing their quarry in the hands of

his strange captors ! Their amazement needless to say, was shared by the squire and his assembled friends. While the others look blank embarrassment, the elder brother calmly announces themselves as Detectives Sharpe and Keen of Scotland Yard. This announcement is followed by the immediate collapse of the Squire. The real detectives having by this time partially recovered their composure demand proof of the criminals' startling claim. The latter find themselves, and for the first time, in a

dilemma from which no avenue of escape seems open : " bluff " is impossible ; to fight, madness. The company begin dimly to understand the situation when " Detective Sharpe " crestfallen and dejected to the last degree, mutters to the senior officer " You 'ev done the 'at trick this time, govnor." Wood remained silent and supercilious. Some hours later, in conversation with a warder he expressed his disgust at being caught with a " fourth-rate bunch."

## Francis Thompson.

To give in brief an outline of Thompson's life, to describe his leading characteristics as a poet, to examine a little in detail one or two of his chief productions, such is the scope of this short article.

Francis Thompson was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in December 1859. His parents had been converted to Catholicism during the Oxford movement, and so his home was distinguished by that religious ardour which is frequently remarkable among converts. In 1869 his family went to live at Ashton-under-Lyne, and the next year we find Francis entering the College at Ushaw, a school distinguished by such brilliant *alumni* as Lingard, Wiseman, and Waterton. His parents intended the future poet for the priesthood, but in 1878, after many years devoted chiefly to classical studies, he abandoned the intention of entering Holy Orders. His father, being a doctor, induced him to enter Owen's College, Manchester, to prepare for the medical profession. The studies requisite for that avocation were, from the first, quite uncongenial to his taste and character, so that his time at Owen's was mainly occupied with reading English classics. Having spent six years at this College, he failed

to pass his medical examinations, threw up the study of medicine, and set out for London on-foot to seek his fortune in literature. Here he was, in a short time, reduced to pitiable misery, and was forced to earn a miserable pittance by selling matches and evening papers, hanging round the doors of theatres, calling cabs, and drudging for the dregs of men. Such was his destitution that he was denied entrance into a public library owing to his ragged condition. Friendless and forlorn, he sought in the use of opium an alleviation of his miseries, and probably a fate similar to that of poor Mangan's awaited him—a shattered constitution, resulting in premature death—had not Providence sent him a friend. Thompson had, during his years in London, sent some poems, written on fragments of paper picked up in the streets, to various periodicals and reviews, but without success. In 1887 he sent to Mr. Meynel, the Editor of "Merry England," a poem entitled "The Passion of Mary," and signed Francis Thompson, Charing Cross P.O. Mr. Meynell had pigeon-holed this poem, so that it was not published till a year later. The very evening Thompson had seen his verses in "Merry England" he was in absolute

need of money, but as he had not received any, he determined to hasten his death by taking a double dose of opium. Having purchased the drug, he retired to the neighbourhood of Covent Garden to pass there his last night. He had already taken half the deadly draught, when Chatterton appeared to him and bade him take no

evident traces of high poetic talents, had hastened to London to find him. Thompson was discovered in a pitiable condition, ragged, covered with sores and altogether wretched. Notwithstanding his misery, he had preserved in one pocket a copy of Blake's "Songs of Innocence," and in another a copy of "Aeschylus." He was immediately



more. Thompson awoke, and, reflecting on the similarity of his own condition with that of Chatterton's, he interpreted the apparition as a direct intervention of Providence. In fact, next morning, Thompson discovered at his chemist's a letter from Mr. Meynell, who, perceiving in the "Passion of Mary," which he had just published,

taken to an hospital, where, thanks to the attention of Mr. Meynell, he was soon restored to health. He soon left the hospital to spend some short time as a convalescent at Storrington, in Sussex, where he wrote the poems on childhood contained in the early part of the first volume of his works. His retirement in Storrington, and the

pleasing prospect of nature, restored him fully to health and rid him of the evil effects of the opium habit. In 1890 we find him in London, where he produced "Love in Dian's Lap" and "Sister Songs." After two years spent in the capital his health demanded another retreat to the country. Accordingly, he retired to the Monastery of Pantasaph, where he lived the life of a recluse, receiving nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, and Coventry Patmore, whose acquaintance he had formed previously. In 1895 appeared his "Sister Songs," and in 1897, his last collection, which contains all his best productions. The same year, 1897, he commenced to write for "The Academy," with which he was connected for the last ten years of his life, and in 1903 his first literary criticisms appeared in "The Athenaeum." In 1907 the poet's health was rapidly failing. Six weeks before his death he was induced to retire to the home of Mr. Scawen Blunt, among the Wealds of Sussex, which twenty years previously he had learned to love in the little village of Storrington. However, all the efforts of his friends were unavailing, and ten days before his death he was removed to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth at St. John's Wood, where he died peacefully on Nov. 13th. He was buried in the cemetery of Kensal Green. Violets gathered by the hands of Monica, whose praises he had so well sung, were placed on his breast, and on his coffin a bouquet of roses from George Meredith with the inscription, "A true poet, one of a small band."

Chief among the characteristics of Thompson's poetry is his extraordinary love for children. Neither Hugo in his verse, nor Dickens in his novels, reveals a more tender, sweet, and deep affection for those "pigmy darlings" than does the author of "Sister Songs," "Viola," "Daisy," "Monica Thought

Dying," and other poems devoted to childhood. This is so charming a trait of his poetry that it is fitting to dwell somewhat in detail on the matter. The poor castaway in the desert of the London streets, friendless and penniless, slaving for bare subsistence, tells us that:—

Once—in that nightmare time which still doth  
haunt

My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitant—

Forlorn and faint and stark,

Yea, was the outcast mark

Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;

Stood bound and helplessly

For time to shoot his barbed 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, loveliest, tender  
thing!

And of her own scant pittance did she give,

That I might eat and live:

Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

Here we have one at least of the roots of that passionate love for children which blossomed in his verse into flowers of varied hue. "Bled of strength," he waited "the inevitable last"—Providence sends him a child who "of her own pittance" gave him that he "might eat and live." A heart less susceptible of kindness than Thompson's "journeying life's journey bare unvisited of all, except the all-kissing sun" might fully realise from this pathetic incident the divine innocence of childhood. This it was that enabled him to appreciate, as poets can, the "witchery a-lurk in childhood's fondling arms," and the "subtle sanctities that dart from childhood's lips."

The reader may remember Wordsworth's simple and heart-touching lines on "Lucy Gray," "the sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door." Turn now, with the mental image of "Lucy Gray," to that given us by Thompson in "Daisy." I do not wish

to institute a comparison, for we owe too much to Wordsworth to even seem to depreciate him ; but Thompson's verses are so delightful in their simplicity and pathos that, once read, they will be stored in the memory as literary gems. Here are a few of the verses :—

For standing artless as the air,  
And candid as the skies,  
She took the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her bright eyes.

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

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,  
That is not paid with moan ;  
For we are born in others' pain.  
And perish in our own.

Of Thompson's other poems devoted to children, "To Monica Thought Dying" reveals the poet's anguish when Mr. Meynell's eldest daughter was at the point of death ; "To my God-child, Francis Meynell," draws a picture of the poet's wishes for the object of his verse ; "To Olivia" is a beautiful little poem after the manner of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" ; "Sister Songs" are much longer than any of those previously mentioned, and are up-brimmed for Silvia and Monica, his benefactor's children ; "Little Jesus" is the expression of the thought of a child at prayer. Lamartine has given us a poem on the same subject, but it must be frankly confessed that there is a considerable difference between the two poems. Thompson was deeply religious, and his limpid stream of song flows from a purer fount ; hence there is a freshness and fragrance truly reflective of the innocence and simplicity of childhood that are not so predominant in Lamartine's poem. Some judgment may be formed of the beauty of the child's prayer by the following extracts :—

Little Jesus, wast 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 the angels were ;  
And at waking 'twould distress me—  
Not an angel there to dress me.

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  
Has not changed since Thou wast young.

A second feature of Thompson's poetry is its sadness. By disposition he was a recluse ; add to this the hardships and misery he endured for years in London, and you can easily understand that his view of human life was not a roseate one. His sadness, however, did not, like Wordsworth's, spring from that mood in which "the burden of the mystery, and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," hung upon his spirit ; nor did it spring from those inward questionings and doubts which characterize the earlier part of "In Memoriam." It seemed rather to have been begotten of his nature, and from his meditation on the transitoriness of all human happiness and its final end, the tomb. However, the lofty ideal Thompson had formed of the poet's vocation, the hope that his work should long survive him, the steadfast assurance derived from religion that death is but the ante-chamber of the Great King—these thoughts sustained his spirit and render his pensive melancholy a thing of beauty. A few examples taken from his poems will help to illustrate this veil of sadness in which his thoughts are draped.

In the short poem, "At Lords," he says :—

It is little I repair to the matches of the  
Southron folk,  
Though my own red roses there may blow ;  
For the field is full of shades as I near the  
shadowy coast,

And a ghostly batman plays to the bowling of  
a ghost,  
And I look through my tears on a soundless  
clapping host  
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro :  
To and fro :—  
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago.

I have already quoted some verses from "Daisy," classic in their simplicity and beauty, and illustrative of the same mental trait. Perhaps the most fitting lines on this subject are to be found in "L'Envoy" :—

Yet Christian sadness is divine,  
Even as Thy patient sadness was ;  
The salt tears in our life's dark wine  
Fell in it from the saving Cross.  
Bitter the bread of our repast ;

Yet doth the sweet the bitter leaven ;  
Our sorrow is the shadow cast  
Around it by the light of Heaven.

The last verse of the second "Envoy" is equally characteristic :—

Go, songs, and come not back from your far  
way !  
And if men ask you why ye smile and sorrow,  
Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know  
To-day,  
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know  
To-morrow.

In his "Ode to the Setting Sun" he says :—

Whatso looks lovelily  
Is but the rainbow on life's weeping rain,  
Why have we longings of immortal pain,  
And all we long for mortal ? Woe is me,  
And all our chants but chaplet some decay,  
As mine this vanishing—nay, vanished Day.

This pensive vein, and his love for children are twin bonds uniting him with a kindred spirit, Hugo. Hence we are not surprised to find him translating (if such a term can be with strictness used) "Autumn Leaves."

When Thompson happens to treat of his own vocation as a poet, a deeper melancholy is perceptible. In the following verse from "Daphne," in which the thought is borrowed from Dante's seventh circle of "The Inferno" the dismal mystic Wood, he bewails the poet's fate :—

You plucked the boughed verse the poet bears  
It shudders and bleeds as it snaps from the  
tree.

A love-banning love, did the God but know it,  
Which barks the man about with the poet,  
And muffles his heart of mortality.

In like manner, in his poem "To the Dead Cardinal" (Manning) he unburdens his soul in a similar strain. He represents the Cardinal in Paradise addressing the "hosts angelical," and saying :—

What place doth He ye serve  
For such sad spirit reserve,—  
Given

In dark lieu of Heaven,  
The impitiable Daemon,  
Beauty, to adore and dream on.

To be  
Perpetually  
Hers, but she never his ?  
He reapeth miseries ;

Foreknows  
His wages woes ;  
Can it be his alone,  
To find when all is known,

That what  
He solely sought  
Is lost, and thereto lost  
All that his seeking cost !

I shall give but one instance more, illustrative of the poet's sadness. It represents the "sick toiler's" sympathy with his fellow-labourers, and is typical of the feelings he experienced during those heartless nights that he spent in Covent Garden before Providence had rescued him from grim want and wretchedness :—

Think, O sick toiler, when the night  
Comes on thee, sad and infinite,  
Think sometimes, 'tis our own Lady  
Spreads her blue mantle over thee,  
And folds the earth, a wearied thing,  
Beneath its gentle shadowing ;  
Then rest a little, ; and in sleep  
Forget to weep, forget to weep.

Before passing on to the consideration of some of his greatest poems, it may be of interest to examine his view of the poet's art. In "Sister Songs" he says of himself :—

From earliest youth  
I raised the lids of the truth  
And forced her bend on me her shrinking  
sight ;  
Ever I knew me Beauty's eremite,  
In antre as this lowly body set,  
Girt with a thirsty solitude of soul.

He was truly "Beauty's eremite," destined as he says, "to pursue the impitiable Daemon," to be ever her hierophant, and she never his. The "thirsty solitude of soul" impelled

him to abandon all life's pleasures for art's sake. "Where," he asks in the "Mistress of Vision," "where is the Land of Luthany, where is the tract of Elinore? I am bound therefor." The answer comes, redolent of his own asceticism and spirituality:—

Pierce thy heart to find the key;  
With thee take  
Only what none else would keep.  
Learn to water joy with tears,  
Learn from fears to vanquish fears.

Again in answer to the same question, comes the response, :—

When thy song is shield and mirror  
To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,  
When thou darèst affront her terror  
That on her thou mayest attain  
Persean conquest; ask no more,  
O ask no more!  
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the  
region Elinore.

The renunciation of all life's pleasures and the complete subjugation of the heart so strongly insisted on in these quotations, are found in many other beautiful passages of his, notably in the "Hound of Heaven" and "The Dead Cardinal." In this austere view of Art, so consonant with his character and life, he is on a par with Milton. The reader may recall that poet's sublime invocation of the Holy Spirit in the opening lines of "Paradise Lost," and a somewhat similar address to Urania in the beginning of the seventh book of the same poem. Now, it is interesting to observe that Thompson always addresses the poetic muse as Urania, the heavenly one; for such, in very truth, it was to him. Poetry with him is the expression of the Beautiful obtained through contemplation, after the heart has been purified from connection with things material. This is the trend of the whole of that mystic poem, "The Mistress of Vision." The lady of fair weeping informs the poet that "no springing paradise but evermore hangeth on a singing that has chords of weeping."

We now come to consider two of Thompson's greatest literary produc-

tions. His enduring fame will probably rest on some half-a-dozen great poems, "The Ode to the Setting Sun," "The Hound of Heaven," "An Anthem of Earth," "Orient Ode," "From the Night of Forebeing," and some others, notably "A Corymbus of Autumn"; but "The Hound of Heaven" and "Orient Ode" are perhaps the best known of his poems, and on this account a short examination of them is desirable.

Some critics have thought to discern in the "Hound of Heaven" a resemblance with some lines written by "Silvio Pellico." The analogy, however, is so faint that this view may be dismissed from the bar of literary criticism. Other critics, failing to appreciate the lofty spiritualism of this masterpiece, have thought, and most unjustly, as the life of Thompson demonstrates, that the poem is the expression of the regret of a sensualist in parting from the object of his passion. How so gross a conception as this could be entertained is impossible to conceive. "The Hound of Heaven" is the drama of a human soul pursued by its Creator. It is the cry of the soul on the emptiness of all creatures loved apart from their Creator. It is, in fact, a reverberation of that cry of Solomon, "all is vanity," or of that saying of the great St. Augustine:—"Thou hast made, O Lord, our hearts for Thee, and they can rest in nothing save in Thee alone." Here is the first verse of that celebrated poem:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the  
days,

I fled Him, down the arches of the years,

I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways

Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears

I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped,

And shot, precipitated

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears.

From these strong feet that followed, followed  
after,

But with unhurrying chase

And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

They beat—and a Voice beat

More instant than the Feet—

"All things betray Thee, who betrayest me."

Let the reader observe the striking metaphor in the second line: "The arches of the years." In Thompson's "Song of the Hours" we come on the explanation of this figure:—

We (the Hours) are columns in Time's hall,  
mortals,  
Where through life hurrieth;  
You pass in at birth's wide portals  
And out at the postern of death.  
As you chase down the vista your dream or  
your love,  
The swift pillars race you by,  
You think it is we who move, who move—  
It is you who die, who die.

These lines explain also the "pillar-ing hours" occurring in this poem. Observe the magnificent onomatopoeic effect produced by the repetition of the word "followed" in the ninth line. It makes audible the instancy of the pursuit; while the short syllables in the next two lines strikingly portray its haste.

The second verse is so Thompsonian that, for its rare beauties, I cannot refrain from giving it, at least in part:—

I tempted all his servitors but to find  
My own betrayal in their constancy,  
In faith to Him their fickleness to me  
Their traitorous trueness and their loyal  
deceit.  
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;  
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
The long savannahs of the blue;  
Or whether, thunder-driven,  
They clanged His chariot 'thwart a heaven  
Plashy with flying lightnings 'round the spurn  
o' their feet,  
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.  
Still with unhurrying chase, etc.

Observe the beautiful use of oxymoron in the lines:—

Their traitorous trueness and their loyal  
deceit,

recalling, but I think surpassing, Tennyson's description of Launcelot:—

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

"The long Savannahs of the blue" is one of those grand metaphors which are found with such profusion in Thompson's lofty conceptions. The two lines commencing with "They clanged his chariots" are magnificent in their descriptive power and word-painting.

The poet continues the description of the pursuit till at last the soul yields itself captive. The voice of its Creator sounds round it "like a bursting sea." It discovers at length that all that it has lost is stored for it at home, and that its gloom is but "the shade of his Hand outstretched caressingly." The poem must be read in its entirety to appreciate its grandeur and sublimity.

The "Ode to the Setting Sun" contains about two hundred and fifty lines, exclusive of the "Prelude" and the "After Strain." In the Prelude, the poet represents himself as listening to the wailful sweetness of the violin and the harp "drifting its poignant sweetness till the wounded soul ooze sadness." Meanwhile, the red sun,

A bubble of fire, drops slowly toward the hill,  
While one bird prattles that the day is done.

The entire Prelude conveys the idea of repose, recollection, and sadness—a fitting preparation for the meditation that follows. A long beam of sunshine falls steady on the Cross where it stands planted in the field. This incident appeals to the imagination of the poet, and with that love for symbolism so characteristic of Crashaw, Blake, and Patmore, he asks:—

What secret would thy radiant finger show?  
Of thy bright mastership is this the key?  
Is this thy secret, then? And is it woe?

In a passionate apostrophe to the sun he begs it to listen to:—

A song thou hast not heard in Northern day;  
For Rome too daring and for Greece too dark,  
Sweet with wild wings that pass, that pass  
away!

Then follows the Ode, a nobler production than which the English language boasts not one. It is faint praise to say that the lines are fraught with beauty, that lofty thoughts are wedded to magnificent imagery, a "wasail of orgiac imagery," if you will, and that the entire Ode shows Thompson in one of his loftiest and most dazzling flights.

Here are a few gems from this mine—descriptive of the sun's conquest in days gone by:—



When thou didst, bursting from the great  
 void's husk,  
 Leap like a lion on the throat o' the dusk ;  
 When the angels rose-chapleted  
 Sang each to other,  
 The vaulted blaze o'erhead  
 Of their vast pinions spread,  
 Hailing thee brother ;  
 How chaos rolled back from the wonder  
 And the First Morn knelt down to thy visage  
 of thunder !

Continuing to sing the glories of the sun in its relation to this earth, he says :  
 Who scarfed her with the morning ? and who  
 set  
 Upon her brow the day-fall's carcanet ?  
 Who queened her front with the enrobed  
 moon ?  
 Who dug night's jewels from their vaulty mine  
 To dower her past an eastern wizard's dreams ?

Again, he asks :—  
 Who made the splendid rose  
 Saturate with purple glows ;  
 Cupped to the marge with beauty ; a perfume  
 press  
 Whence the wind vintages  
 Gushes of warm fragrance richer far  
 Than all the flavrous ooze of Cyprus' vats ?

In the last verse, returning to the original question—"What secret would thy radiant finger show," the poet answers :—

Thou dost image, thou dost follow  
 That King-maker of Creation,  
 Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,  
 Gave thee, angel-god, thy station ;  
 Thou art of Him a type memorial.  
 Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of  
 blood  
 Upon thy Western rood.

The poet had commenced his Ode with the statement :—  
 The fairest things in life are death and Birth,  
 And of these two the fairer thing is Death—

hence, in the concluding stanza he reverts to this same idea :—  
 Thus hath He unto death his beauty given ;  
 And so of all which form inheriteth  
 The fall doth pass the rise in worth ;  
 For birth hath in itself the germ of death,  
 But death hath in itself the germ of birth.

The After-strain is a lesson drawn from the magnificent symbolism of the dying sun pointing with slanting beam upon the Cross :—

Of reaped joys thou art the heavy sheaf  
 Which must be lifted though the reaper  
 groan ;  
 Yea, we may cry till Heaven's great ear be  
 deaf,  
 But we must bear thee, and must bear alone

Then follows a tender appeal to the Queen of Martyrs to "drape and en-

moss the Cross's rigorous austerity " so as to render it endurable, and concludes with the hope of having his "immitigable scars" slaked when he shall hear: "My sister" from the moon and take the "kindred kisses of the stars."

It remains but to draw attention to the magnificent imagery of our poet. No writer, ancient or modern, has employed so splendidly the majestic liturgy of the Catholic Church. His employment of this symbolism is totally different from that of such writers as Huysmans or Coppée. With these, liturgy is a sensuous beauty appealing through sense to sentiment ; with Thompson it is the rendering visible of the objects of that faith that springs from conviction, and which entered so largely into the daily occurrences of his life. Take as an illustration the opening lines of the "Orient Ode" :—

Lo, in the sanctuaried East,  
 Day, a dedicated priest  
 In all his robes pontifical exprest,  
 Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,  
 From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,  
 Yon orbéd sacrament confest,  
 Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn  
 And when the grave procession's ceased,  
 The earth with due illustrious rite  
 Blessed,—ere the frail fingers featly  
 Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,  
 His sacerdotal stoles unvest—  
 Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast,  
 The sun in august exposition meetly  
 Within the flaming monstrosity of the West.

There is in these lines a majestic beauty, with an attention to detail that is marvellous. The second verse of the same Ode is equally beautiful. I regret that space does not allow of its being quoted in full. Other examples of this liturgical style are scattered through his poems. In singing of what is magnificent and sublime in nature Thompson is at his best. The sunrise and sunset, the stars, the clouds, the sea, these appeal most to his imagination and evoke figures of wonderful beauty. Thus, from "A Corymbus for Autumn" :—

See how there  
The cowl'd Night  
Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.  
Day's dying dragon lies drooping his crest,  
Panting red pants into the West.

From the "Stars," which he calls :—  
Bright juts for foothold to the climbing sight  
Which else must slip from the steep infinite ;  
Bells that from night's great bell-tower hang  
on gold,  
Whereon God rings His changes manifold.

From the " Song of the hours " :—  
We, while the sun with his hfd chain swings  
Like a censér around him the blossom-sweet  
earth,  
And we see the wind like a light swift leopard  
Leap on the flocks of the clouds that flee ,  
As we follow the feet of the radiant shepherd  
Whose bright sheep drink of the sea,  
When that drunken Titan the thunder  
Stumbles through staggered Heaven,  
And spills on the scorched earth under  
The fiery wine of the levin.

Did space permit, many examples could be quoted from Thompson, illustrating the musical effect of his alliteration, the richness of his vocabulary, the invention displayed on his compounds, and the virility and originality of his verse.

I conclude this short article with two quotations. One is from K. Rooker, Docteur de l'Université de Paris ; the second from W. G. Fulford's poem to F. Thompson, in " The Academy," Jan. 9th, 1909 :—

" Francis Thompson will always be the poet of a select few. For all those who know how to suffer and who have received the gift of dreams, he will be chosen and loved. ' As long,' says a modern novelist, ' as grief and death shall exist man will continue at heart to be a mystic, and will find in our poet the distant but faithful echoes of his own inmost life.' "

" Farewell, sweet soul, the darkness comes,  
thou goest  
I know not whither the great veil falls between,  
But thou, O Earth, lift up thine eyes and mark  
Thou seest a thing of dreams, a broken form  
Marred deep with scars and piteous wounds,  
the blood  
Made fresh with tears, Oh ! be not pitiful ;  
Be silent, reverent, awed. He looked beyond  
The verge of the world where God sat clothed  
about  
With beauty like a burning, dazzling fire.  
There where we dare not look his eyes were  
fixed,  
His soul was hungered for immortal light ;  
It needeth not thy pity ; all its pain  
Was but the wonder and excess of bliss."

G. B. L.

## Football Club.

The first part of the season has resulted in a large measure of success for the School Elevens. Old Boys and friends of the School will be glad to know that the traditions of the past are being maintained. Perhaps, no Autumn Term has seen such big scoring as that of our present First XI. Their play has been consistently good, and at times quite brilliant. In Inter-School contests they have not been defeated.

\* \* \*

It is perfectly obvious that no football team can hope to be successful unless every player in the side puts forth his best endeavour to win. That being so, it follows that other things being equal, the side which is most likely to come out on top is the one in which every member of the team imagines that the position in which he plays is the most important of all.

\* \* \*

We want to see *our* inside men work harder. They must be quick, they must be tricky, and they must be able to shoot goals.

\* \* \*

Football Colours have been awarded to—F. Batty, T. Byrne, E. Byrne, F. Shevlin, J. Kirwan, J. Quinn, S. Meldon, C. Langley, J. Owens, and T. Murray.

\* \* \*

The long deferred ceremony of presenting Medals to the Shield Eleven took place on December 12th.

\* \* \*

As a souvenir of his captaincy of the Junior Shield Team, Mossey McMahon received a Silver Medal.

\* \* \*

### Notes on the Players.

In goal Batty still maintains the high reputation of former C.I. custodians—that of being one of the mainstays of

the team. He is a player of much experience. This is his third season with the First Eleven of the School. He shines brightest when opposing forwards harrass him most. It is then we see him save seemingly certain goals. If forwards pay him but an occasional visit he is apt to be less careful.

\* \* \*

Captain Tom Byrne who has played "Left Back" for the third season is the type of player to give confidence to the whole team. He tackles well, has excellent speed, and rarely makes a blunder. He is an ideal Captain.

\* \* \*

At "Right Back" E. Byrne has been slow to find his best form. On occasions he has played exceedingly well; but we have seldom seen him play with that courage, vigour, and ability that distinguished him in the Shield Competition.

\* \* \*

Carr, "Right Half," is the youngest member of the team. He is plucky and tackles the biggest forwards with bull-dog pertinacity. He is too fond of retaining the ball, and of getting in amongst the forwards.

\* \* \*

Our "Centre Half," Kirwan, is most effective. He has a quiet way, but plays a splendid game. Many would-be dashing Centre men have been subdued by his tactics.

\* \* \*

T. Murray, "Left Half," has but recently found his place in this line. He allows the right wing men no latitude and promises to be a very efficient Half Back.

\* \* \*

Quinn, at "Outside Right," displays much keenness and dash. He plays a fine game and is most successful in keeping the opposition on the stretch. This season he has been sending in some very successful long shots from the wing.

\* \* \*

Gore, at "Inside Right," displays a good knowledge of the game but is a bit too dainty in his play. He passes nicely to his partner, and Centre Forward. He must learn to give and take a heavy charge.

\* \* \*

Meldon at "Centre" is a brilliant dasher. His footwork is exceedingly fine. He fairly shakes up the opposing defence. In play he is unselfish, passes with judgment to both wings, and is usually to be seen dashing towards goal to meet a centre. He is a good shot and so might more frequently try scoring from long drives.

\* \* \*

At "Inside Left," Shevlin is an excellent trier. He is not quite familiar with the position having previously played—and very well, too—Left Half. His advent to the forward line has tended to improve it.

\* \* \*

Langley, "Outside Left," has fair speed, controls the ball well, and frequently sends across many beautiful centres. Occasionally too he surprises the goal man with a long shot. With a little more dash and vigour he would be a very superior player in that position.

\* \* \*

## FIRST XI MATCHES.

### C.I. v. Bootle Secondary School.

*October 8th, at Wavertree.*

The School had the unusual experience of not winning, and on their own ground too, the opening match of the season. It was not even a fair exhibition of skill on our part. The XI were keen enough; but their earnestness was not reflected in their methods which lacked finish. The full effect of much serious work was often missed by a wild or inaccurate pass, as instance the number of excellent chances that

accrued to our forwards, and were allowed to lapse through scrappy and haphazard play in the final touches. Of course, we must remember that our XI had but one practice game previous to this contest. Bootle had already found their form as this was their fourth Inter-School match. They played a fine game, and but for the magnificent work of Batty and T. Byrne would have scored. The game resulted in a scoreless draw.

#### **C.I. v. Varsity Second XI.**

Saturday, October 11th, saw our First Eleven at Calderstones playing off a fixture with the Second Eleven of the University. The game proved—as it was intended it should—an excellent experience for our reorganised side. The Varsity fielded a strong XI which defeated us by four goals to nil. We were pleased with the C.I.'s display. There was a return of that careful footwork, dash, and pluck that we associate with the First Eleven of this School.

#### **C.I. v. Birkenhead Institute.**

#### **C.I. v. Waterloo Sec. School.**

*At Wavertree, October 15th and 18th.*

The Elevens representative of these Schools gave us pleasant games. They were considerably weaker than C.I.'s Eleven despite the fact that both our Half and Forward lines were weakened for these games. The Birkenhead game was very even in the first half; but for lack of stamina on their part, we had no difficulty in registering goals towards the end of the game. Score 10 goals to 1. Waterloo showed themselves a fighting side. They were handicapped for want of experience. Score 12 goals to Nil.

#### **C.I. v. Holt Secondary School.**

*October 29th, at Calderstones Park.*

On this occasion we had somewhat of an experimental side out. In the absence of Batty, H. C. O'Brien was in

Goal, and though never severely tested he did his work well. Langley at inside left, did not feel at home. His partner, Hawe, gave a rather promising display—with more pluck and dash he should be a useful player. On the right, Quinn and Gore reproduced the class of play to baffle defenders, or, when held, they sought the aid of Holland (R. Half), always close at hand to make the triangular combination a further means of bothering the defence. Between the wings, so different in style, but so consistent in effective work, Meldon played as few centres—boys—do or have done. Very fast, he dashed at opponents often swerving away from a charge to take the ball with him somehow. T. Byrne was an ideal defender. Kirwan and Shevlin dealt effectively with Holt forwards. Indeed the whole C.I. team towered above their opponents in stature, method, and execution.

Score 5-0.

Meldon 3, Quinn 1, Gore 1.

#### **C.I. v. Wallasey Gram. School.**

*At Wavertree, November 12th.*

A severe snowstorm rendered it necessary to discontinue the game after about 15 minutes' play in which each side scored once.

#### **C.I. v. Oulton Sec. School.**

*At Wavertree, November 15th.*

The game was played on a snow-covered ground. Once again we found ourselves against a weak side, as Oulton XI this season retain but one or two of last year's players. The game was too uneven to be interesting, or to call forth the best form of the C.I. Eleven.

Score—7 goals to 1.

#### **C.I. v. S. F. Xavier's College.**

*November 19th, at Clubmoor.*

Team :—Batty ; T. Byrne, T. Murray ; Carr, Kirwan, Cunningham ; Quinn, Gore, Meldon, Shevlin and Langley.

The players suffered a severe handicap in the muddy, greasy turf, very bare of grass, and in the ball that in a very few minutes lost its lightness—both in weight and colour—to become a mass of sodden leather, wet and treacherous to control. In such circumstances the wonder was that the players could maintain a fast pace, and kick with remarkable accuracy. S. F. X. set the speed and style of the game by long kicking. They had a very strong wind behind them to prompt this type of football. 'First time kicking,' as it has come to be called could not have been done with more precision. But C.I.'s halves and backs also possessed the same football skill, and many an acrobatic feat was performed in jumping from the greasy, sloppy morass to meet the ball and place it clear of the danger zone, or to a colleague placed to complete a clearance. So C.I. met S.F.X.'s tactics with marked success. Kirwan, who played a splendid game, committed a grave error of judgment which was responsible in his registering a goal against his own side. S.F.X.'s Left wing was responsible for their second goal; whilst on C.I.'s side, Gore scored a very neat one. A penalty was later given against S.F.X. Tom Byrne sent in a shot which gave the Goal-keeper no chance. Thus the game resulted in a draw. 2-2.

#### **C.I. v. Liverpool Institute.**

*November 26th, at Greenbank.*

Team :—Batty; E. Byrne, T. Byrne; Carr, Kirwan, T. Murray; Quinn, Gore, Meldon Shevlin and Langley.

Following their match with S.F.X. on the previous Wednesday our First Eleven had to tackle another strong side on which they inflicted a crushing defeat—scoring six goals to nil. There were periods in the game when L.I. played very well; but at no time did they give the impression of being able

to stave off defeat. From the moment that C.I. obtained their first goal it was obvious that the well-balanced set of forwards of the visiting team were masters of the situation. It was not only in attack that C.I. was superior. Both at Half and Full Back they were entirely dependable, and the L.I. forwards found it very difficult to make any real headway or develop effective combination. Where the C.I. team excelled was in the clever manner in which they placed the ball. The ground suited their methods admirably. Soft, without being treacherous, it enabled them to keep their passes low, and to give them with that firmness and decision which made for speed in attack, with the ball always under control. L.I. were unfortunate in not scoring from a penalty which Carr was responsible for. The game was a pleasant and hard fought one. L. Inst. played with vigour and zest until the end.

Scorers :—Meldon 2, Quinn 2, Langley 1, Kirwan 1.

#### **C.I. v. Collegiate School.**

We very much regret that the inclemency of the weather and the state of the ground rendered it impossible to play the Collegiate game..

#### **FIRST ELEVEN SCORERS.**

S. J. Meldon	...	...	...	...	...	21
J. J. Quinn	...	...	...	...	...	10
Frank Gore	...	...	...	...	...	8
C. Langley	...	...	...	...	...	2
J. J. Kirwan	...	...	...	...	...	2
T. Byrne (penalty)	...	...	...	...	...	1
C. Murphy	...	...	...	...	...	1
J. Owens	...	...	...	...	...	1
For—46 goals						Against—6

#### **Senior School Cup was won by Form VI.**

#### **FIRST ELEVEN RESULTS.**

##### **Inter-School Contests.**

C.I.	0	v.	Bootle Sec. School	0
C.I.	10	v.	Birkenhead Institute	1
C.I.	12	v.	Waterloo Sec. School	0
C.I.	5	v.	Holt Sec. School	0
C.I.	7	v.	Oulton Sec. School	1
C.I.	2	v.	St. Francis Xavier's	2
C.I.	6	v.	Liverpool Institute	0

<hr/>				42	4
C.I.	0	v.	Liverpool University	4	
C.I.	4	v.	Collegiate Old Boys	2	
<hr/>				4	6

**SECOND ELEVEN.**

Mossey McMahon has been one of the best of Captains. His team has done exceedingly well when regard is had to the fact of their being lighter than most of the teams they have met. They have suffered but one reverse—and that a crushing one. Birkenhead H. F. School First XI is a particularly good one this season and proved much too strong for our side. We hope to give them a better game in the return match. The outstanding players, apart from the Captain, are E. Hurley at left back C. Murphy and F. G. Harrington in the forward line.

**SECOND ELEVEN RESULTS.**

C.I.	4	v.	Bootle Sec. School	3
C.I.	5	v.	Birkenhead Institute	0
C.I.	8	v.	Oulton Sec. School	3
C.I.	0	v.	Birkenhead H. F. School	9
C.I.	6	v.	Wallasey Gram. School	0
C.I.	1	v.	St. Francis Xavier's	1
C.I.	6	v.	Liverpool Institute	1

30

17

**JUNIOR FOOTBALL.****C.I. Liverpool v. C.I. Crosby.**

A very interesting game was that brought off on 26th November, when teams from the above Schools met for the first time in friendly contest. The visitors received a very hearty greeting from their Crosby friends. Play started at 2-30 prompt.

The green and white soon got going, and in quick fashion invaded Crosby's end of the field, but Parker supported by Lea repelled the attack and transferred play to midfield, where some clever work followed. Flaherty beat his man and emerged with the ball. Park (J.) however, relieved him of his charge and sent to Bolger, the latter swung to the left where Jones took up the running, and sent forward. Brady now centred, but a strong shot from Bolger went wide. A good delivery by Titherington was brought to a standstill by Parker. Flaherty now tackled well and assisted by Park (G.) and Hawes made a bold bid to score. Hare

got a strong shot from close range which he cleared well, and once again the ball travelled to midfield, only to be banged back by Coventry who was now playing a very effective game. The Hope St. left wing was now moving rapidly. Hartley and Ruddy made a brave attempt to register but their praiseworthy effort did not materialize. From the kick-out Coupe got possession and sent Crosby's right wing moving. Bolger, Smith and Howard now joined in a grand attack and things looked bright for the Claret and Amber, but too much anxiety on the part of the inside right destroyed their chance of scoring. Some up and down play followed, but when the half-time whistle went, the result was Nil-Nil.

Resuming after a brief interval the teams got to work with a vim seldom witnessed in junior players. The Crosby boys were showing any amount of pace and Kerr had a busy time in goal but Devlin who was now more in evidence than in the first half, with Titherington, put up a strong defence. Bolger led his forward line again to the attack and several times looked like scoring—once the ball rebounded off the upright into the field of play—but yet they failed to find their objective. From this on, each end of the field was visited and revisited but the final whistle left the result a scoreless draw.

The game was a fast one from start to finish, the teams were well balanced and the honours equally divided. The Claret and Amber are anxiously looking forward to their visit to Liverpool where notwithstanding the admitted staying power and clever footwork of their opponents, they hope to pull off a win.

**C.I. JUNIOR FOOTBALL LEAGUE.**

Autumn Term, 1919.

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
III d ...	7	5	2	0	35	15	12
III e ...	7	5	1	1	25	8	11
II a ...	7	3	2	2	25	26	8
III c ...	7	2	3	2	19	19	7
III a ...	7	3	0	4	13	21	6
III b ...	7	0	0	7	7	27	0

### SWIMMING GALA, 1919.

- Event 1.—One breadth (under 12)  
1. C. Lynch, 2. A. McClemens.
- Event 3.—One length (under 12)  
1. T. Hayes, 2. A. McClemens.
- Event 4.—One breadth (12-15)  
1. R. Green, 2. R. Camp, 3. J. Lambert.
- Event 8.—One length (12-15)  
1. R. Green, 2. M. Crosby, 3. J. Lambert.
- Event 9.—Two lengths (over 15)  
1. H. Lynch, 2. E. Cooke, 3. J. Kinsella.
- Event 19.—Junior Championship (under 15).  
M. Crosby.
- Event 13.—One length back stroke (over 15)  
1. J. Gilmore, 2. M. McMahon.
- Event 14.—One length back stroke (12-15)  
1. W. Jordan, 2. E. Redmond.

- Event 15.—One length Squadron Race.  
1. Form III., 2. Form VI.
- Event 16.—Neat Dive (under 15)  
1. T. McGrath, 2. J. O'Brien.
- Event 17.—Neat Dive (over 15)  
1. H. Lynch, 2. J. P. Hawe.
- Event 20.—Obstacle (under 15).  
1. R. Greene, 2. J. Lambert.
- Event 21.—Obstacle (over 15, Two lengths)  
1. H. Lynch, 2. E. Cooke.
- Event 22.—Fetching Race.  
1. J. Lambert, 2. R. Green.
- Event 23.—Football Race.  
1. J. Nickson, 2. R. Green.
- Event 24.—Old Boys' Race.  
1. J. Barker, 2. T. Fleming.

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### ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE IS WELL SERVED BY TRAIN AND TRAM.

Boys arriving at Central Station, or Lime Street Station take No. 3 Car, which passes through Lime Street; or Nos. 20, 21, 22, or 22A, from the Haymarket to Everton Valley.

Boys arriving at Landing Stage, take No. 31 Car (Heyworth Street), which passes by the College, or No. 2, 22, 22A or 30 to Everton Valley.

Boys from Southport and District alight at Sandhills, or Bank Hall Stations—L. & Y. Railway.

Boys from Princes Park District take No. 25 Car, which passes the College.

CITY Boys will find the journey from Exchange Station to Sandhills the quickest way of reaching the College.

Boys from Old Swan & West Derby District take the Outer Belt Route Cars—Nos. 26 & 27.

NOTE.—The College is three minutes' walk along St. Domingo Road from Everton Valley.

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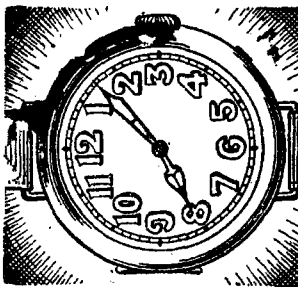
## Catholic Institute, Liverpool.

This School is on the list of Efficient Secondary Schools recognized by the Board of Education. It is conducted by the Christian Brothers of Ireland, under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, and His Lordship the Bishop of Shrewsbury.

**NEXT SESSION BEGINS APRIL 12th.**

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