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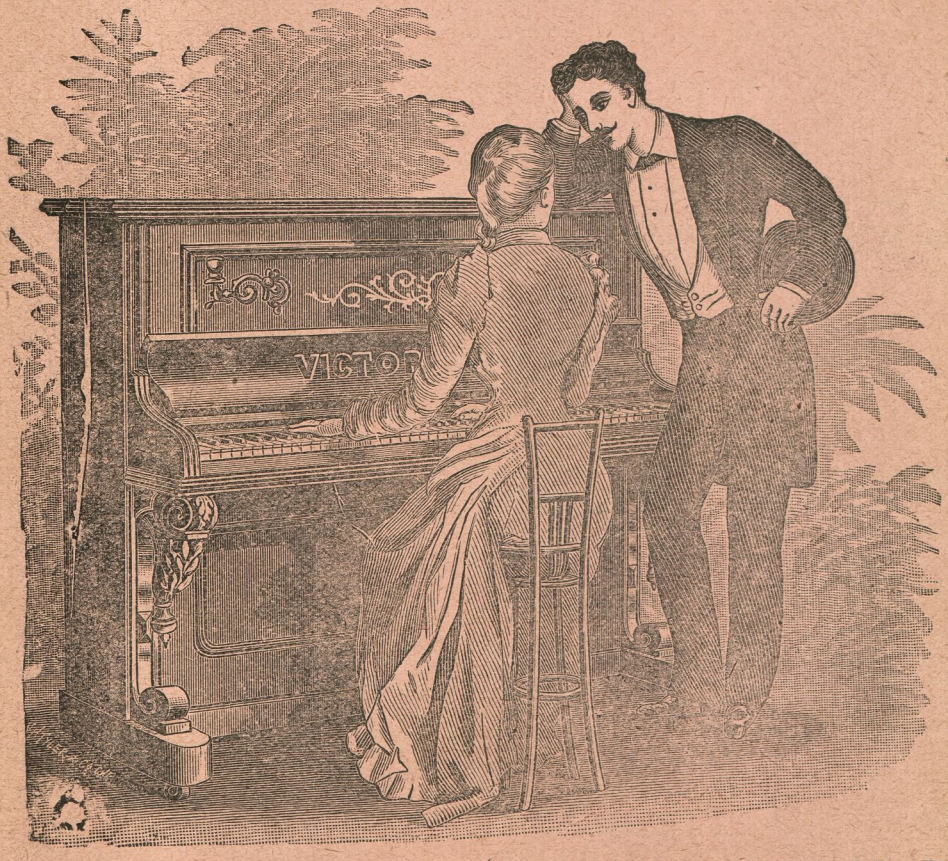
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NOTICE.

In compliance with the request of His Excellency Admiral Bridge, on the occasion of the Distribution of Prizes, the Holidays are extended to

THURSDAY, 4th FEBRUARY, 1897.

Parents and Guardians are requested to see that the Pupils return at or before 8 p.m. on that day.

J. Ryan, S. J.,
RECTOR.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE RIVERVIEW

A. M. D. G.

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ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE is situated on the Lane Cove River, an arm of Sydney Harbour, about four miles from the City, in an estate of 120 acres, which has a water frontage of one mile and a-half. It has its own private wharf, at which ferry steamers call every half-hour, baths (200 by 100 feet), senior and junior boat sheds, with a fleet of thirty boats, lawn tennis courts, handball courts, rifle range (600, 500, 300, 200 yards), and four cricket and football grounds.

The College has its own Post and Telegraph Office, and is connected by Telephone with Sydney, and lighted throughout with the Electric Light. Upwards of £40,000 have been spent by the Jesuit Fathers on the buildings and general improvements.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches required for a High Class Education in Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, the Natural Sciences and Mercantile Subjects, and is so arranged as to include the subjects of the Junior, Senior, and Matriculation University Examinations.

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OUR ALMA MATER.
(General View of St Ignatius' College.)

OUR ALMA MATER.

"Oft have we drained the font of ancient lore;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more;
Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one;
Together we impelled the flying ball,
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together joined in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore.
In every element unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name."—*Byron.*

EDITORS:
J. D'APICE,
P. POWER,
F. PUNCH.

SUB-EDITORS:
J. SLATTERY,
L. LONERAGAN,
K. AUSTIN.

VOL 1.—No. V.—NEW SERIES.] DECEMBER, 1896. [Eleventh Year.

LOOKING BOTH WAYS.

[THE EDITORS.]

THE year 1896 has come to an end, in spite of rooted convictions to the contrary which were generally prevalent last February, and again last July, after vacation. Some way or other we have got through the months which looked so long before we had lived them, and seem so short now they are gone. Just now we are in the throes of examination, passing through the stormy period which prevails here in November as regularly as a monsoon. There is an electrical energy about that lends life to the most sluggish. We, too—the Editors—feel a bit feverish even in the recesses of our office, and even when quietly meditating, with a view to communicating our thoughts to our readers. The responsibility of our position weighs on us. We are entrusted with a grave duty, being commissioned twice a year to speak in our official capacity to the large public of our friends and well-wishers.

Examinations are now and here the order of the day; big examinations and little examinations, public and private, are surrounding us in terrible array. But this has not been the chronic state of the atmosphere. The yearly succession of crops needs not more the changes of the weather than our yearly intellectual growth needs variety of conditions. And that variety has been well supplied this year.

There has been a steady glow of work from January last up to to-day; and if, sometimes, the heavens lowered, and if occasional showers, and sometimes even thunderclaps—sounds that startled and words (and other things) that burned—took the place of sunshine, it was all for the best. The little showers helped to fertilise, and the momentary disturbance led to a more satisfactory calm.

But other things, too, have supplied the necessary variety.

Midwinter vacation and half-evenings, cricket and football, bathing and boating, picnics and cinematographs, magic lanterns and concerts, farces and photography, bird-nesting and bush-rambles, shooting and billiards, marbles and music, debates and drill, the Groves, the Shop, and Sydney, have all contributed to lend a bewildering kaleidoscopic air to our life during the past ten months.

We separate in a few days. We go in different directions, each to revolve for a while in the little orbit whence we were attracted into this greater system of Riverview. But we separate

to meet again ; and have we not good reason to look forward with hope and confidence to the coming year? All the hope and confidence that a year's work well done ought to inspire, is ours. In both the intellectual and the physical field we have held our own ; and in both, too, we have very promising materials for the work to come.

Our successes in the University Public Examinations are chronicled elsewhere. We would only express here our particular and editorial satisfaction in seeing that Riverview seems to have made up its mind to secure a monopoly of the medal in Greek. It is pleasant to have to publish every Christmas the portrait of a Greek medallist. Perhaps the Muses have taken refuge on this rocky height as sure to find here a congenial home for their grand old language which meets so cold a reception elsewhere. We confess to a weakness for Greek ourselves ; but surely it is a weakness we need not be ashamed of. The study of Greek is a sign of the lessening of that utilitarian spirit which is an enemy to liberal education—liberal education which used to be the lot and right of every gentleman's son—and which is precisely the thing we come to Riverview to get.

But to return. We thank our Greek medallists for the honour and benefit they have conferred on us.

Then, too, we feel our editoral bosom swelled with satisfaction when we contemplate the beaming faces of the Rifle Team (which our Readers may see for themselves elsewhere in this Journal), and the bright little Shield in the midst as the gem to which they are the setting.

We feel, too, very kindly towards and dwell with pleasure on the name and the doughty deeds of each of our stalwart champions in the football and cricket field.

You see we are helpless against a fellow that keeps making centuries every Saturday. One can't keep grave with that kind of thing going on. The inclination to clap such a fellow on the back in spite of his protests (for when all one's friends—not excepting the most vigorous —insist on clapping one on the back—it becomes rather serious—no matter how gratifying the provocation may have been), becomes under such circumstances quite incontrollable.

So three cheers for our gallant captain !

Three years more and we end the century—then no more eighteen hundreds for ever and ever. We wish to call our friends' attention to the fact. We hope they will be fully alive to the subtle influences always potent at the end and at the beginning of human enterprises and human periods.

Riverview is growing out of childhood and beginning to run its course strong and active—like a giant. But remember it is the Riverviewers that make Riverview—Riverviewers past and present. The energy of present Riverviewers—the loyalty of past Riverviewers —the *esprit-de-corps* of both go to make Riverview a great and successful institution. Now it concerns Riverviewers, past and present, to begin the new century with a dash. We are young compared with some old-world institutions—but we are growing old. In all the continents are men who think kindly of this little corner of earth as the place around which are woven the memories of boyhood. In the markets and the Council Chambers of the world our boys are beginning to figure. Only beginning, of course. But next century it will no longer be beginning merely. We are at the stage so critical in the lives of individuals and of communities—the stage of early manhood. Riverview is beginning with a firm step and clear purpose to take her place and assert her influence in the world. She can look back and look forward and regard the present with steady gaze.

Looking back she sees that she is carrying on the work that has been done so well by her predecessors—those stately Colleges that studded all Europe, and from generation to generation handed on the lamp of truth and culture—standing like sentinels along the hills of time to guard the world of religion and innocence and purity.

Regarding the present she sees the same work being done all the world over, and exults in her mission. The noble passion we call enthusiasm does all the good that brightens this dark world of ours.

And the future. The future lies dim before her. She stands on the brink of a great continent—a great continent gradually waking into life. She sees rolling away by degrees the mantle of wilderness that has covered that continent since Creation's dawn. The future possibilities of that continent deeply impress her ; and, with a view to those future possibilities, she does what she is convinced is most advantageous to that continent's best interests —she educates, with a high and liberal education, those who are one day destined to mould its history.

As the new century sweeps ever nearer, we pause to think. Our mind goes back a hundred years, and asks itself what were the thoughts and feelings of those who then looked forward with expectant conjecture to the yet unrevealed 19th century;—of the men who lived before the lightning glare of Napoleon had lit up Europe; before the thunders of Waterloo were heard; before the rush and shriek of steam were familiar; before men had girdled and bound, and worried and subdued this old earth—stamping with impatient energy to make her subject—to tear her secrets from her—to be completely her master. And we, that have seen all this, what are we to look for in the 20th century? Whatever the future brings, one thing is certain: it shall bring nothing to alter our principles. There is no force in the world more potent than a perfect union of men in heart and mind, for a definite and noble object. And if, in the 20th century, Riverview is to have widespread influence for good, it will be largely due to the spirit of loyalty and gratitude and kindly remembrance for ALMA MATER, of her sons who go out from her to mix in the crush of men.

A TRIP TO INISHMORE.

"FROM Galway to the Islands of Aran and back for two shillings."

Whenever I have any money to spend I like to get good value for it, so seeing the above announcement staring at me from a "poster," I thought it would be a profitable investment, and I was right.

The Islands of Aran are three in number, Inishmore, Inishmaan and Inisheer. They form a natural breakwater to Galway Bay against the big Atlantic rollers, which only for these islands would make the bay unsafe except in the calmest of weather, for any vessels which might venture to enter it. As it is, indeed, very few ships do visit this grand bay, but that is not the fault of the bay, nor through any fear of the Atlantic storms. In times gone by, long before the "Union," many a stout ship laden with the good wines and other merchandise of Andalucia dropped anchor in the deep waters of Galway Bay. Galway was then a city of no small importance. Even still, the old buildings of the town, bearing carved on their fronts the armorial bearings of many an ancient family whose name still lives in history, and the ruins of old castles and towers, recall the time when Galway was a fashionable resort. But these old times are long since fled. The Castle of the Lynches is crumbling to ruins, and only now and then, when at midnight the ghost of some ancient hidalgo is seen trailing his long "toledo" along the deserted flags of "Spanish Parade," do the frightened inhabitants realise that Galway and Spain were once united in the bonds of common interest.

It was on Sunday, June 21, that I and two others, one of whom is an antiquarian of no small repute, invested two shillings each in a return ticket to Aran. Shortly before eleven we went to the port to seek our vessel and we found her already crowded with a goodly number of passengers, whilst a sympathising multitude had gathered on the quay to see us off. The steamer was a small one, not very much larger than the "Lily," or the "Lobelia," of Lane Cove fame, but built on better sea-going principles. The "promenade deck," which was about twenty feet square, was already crowded with the *élite* of our party and the lower deck was fairly full. The morning was all that could be desired. The sun was shining brightly, and a good steady breeze just ruffled the waters of the bay, as amid the good wishes of our friends on shore we moved majestically from the little harbour to the sweet strains of a German band, which accompanied us on our voyage. The distance to be travelled was some thirty miles or so, and our captain promised to do that distance in two hours and a-half.

The scenery as we went down the bay was very pretty. Behind us lay the historic town of Galway with its towers and steeples, the remnants of better days. To the right, lay the hills of Galway, fruitful in stone walls; while off in the distance the Twelve Pins raised their heads up to the very clouds. Across the bay, to the left, were the hills of Clare—bare and rocky; and in front, low down on the horizon—scarce visible above the sea—lay the Islands of Aran.

One of our company, a gentleman from Spiddle, had by some accident or other missed a temperance excursion that had set out for Sligo just a little before we left for Aran. He, however, had consoled himself with some extra refreshments and joined our excursion to Inishmore. He took the "Ghermans," as he called them, under his management, and finding the music they were playing quite unsuited to the

occasion, he requested them to drop all such things as *Die Wacht am Rhein*, &c., and give us a jig, or some other real music. At last he succeeded in getting some Irish airs out of them, and then the man from Spiddle danced, and danced well, accompanying himself with a regular fire-works of wit and fun. Occasionally, he seized one of their fiddles (just to show them what he wanted), and played some lively air himself and danced to his own music.

Meanwhile, we were getting out towards Black Head on the Clare side, and the steamer became a little more unsteady in its movements as the long swell of the ocean made itself more felt. The laughter and fun, which up to this had been so universal, now became rarer. People smiled faintly at the jokes of the Man from Spiddle, and seemed occupied with very sad and serious thoughts. They also grew paler by degrees, a melancholy expression crept over the faces of many, but the Man from Spiddle danced away, and gave not a moment of rest to the poor "Ghermans." Finally, the poor youth who played the harp broke down hopelessly sea-sick, and in a few minutes more the band was silent. The passengers next gave way, and even my archæological friend was among the victims to the ups and downs of the watery world around us. "Four Ghermans dead, and one missing," was the report sent in by the Man of Spiddle. It looked very foolish, no doubt, to get sea-sick on a calm day like that, but there is no reasoning with destiny. I hope the gentlemen of Riverview will not be surprised at the sudden change in the happiness of our excursionists caused by the gentle, undulating movements of the sea. I have myself seen the military ardour of our Riverview cadets damped to an amazing degree while crossing the mouth of the harbour from Watson's Bay to Manly.

It was nearly two o'clock when we reached Inishmore. We cast anchor in a bay, the name of which I don't remember, nor am I sure that it has a name. It is up towards the northern part of the island, and is a delightful spot to land at in fine weather. All the inhabitants of that part of the island were waiting for us on the rocks by the landing-place. Men, women, and children, all dressed in the gayest of colours, were there, making the rocks glow with all the colours of the rainbow. The people of the islands are true Celts, and true Celts love bright colours. But brighter even than their shawls of blue and saffron and red were the bright eyes and happy, innocent faces of the people themselves. Long before the steamer had come to anchor, the men were out to meet it in the coracles. It was the first time I had seen a real, live coracle. They really seemed alive as they danced and pirouetted on the waves, obeying the slightest touch of the oars.

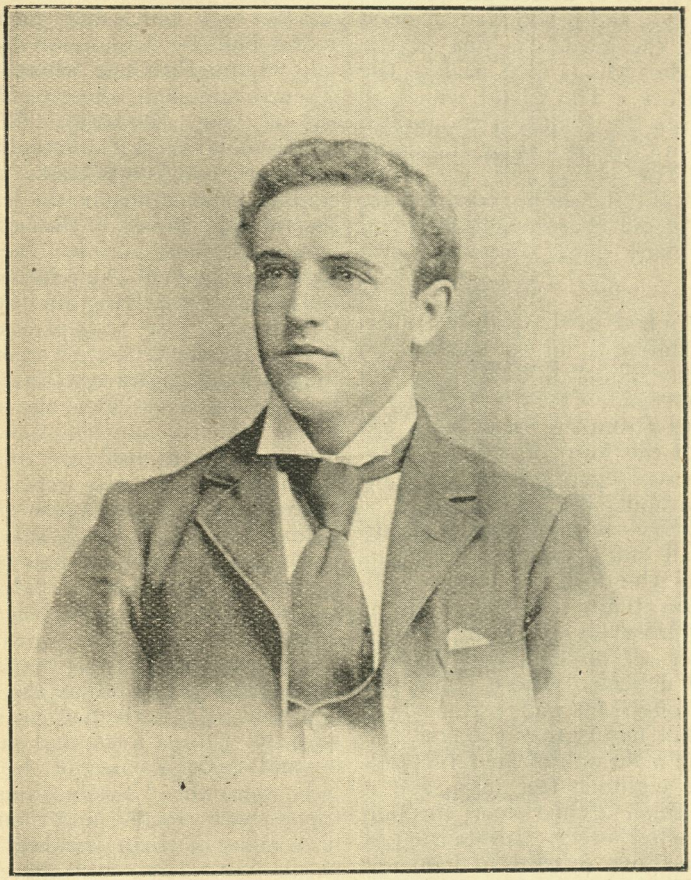
The coracle, I must explain to the ignorant, is a boat made of skins or canvas, stretched on a light, wooden frame, and, like the ark, covered with pitch inside and out. The parish priest, Fr. Colgan, who had come to meet us, told us that these coracles often go out in the roughest of weather, and that, when managed well, they are as safe as a lifeboat. He is the sole pastor of the three islands, and often has to cross from one island to another to say Mass or administer the last sacraments when the big Atlantic rollers are dashing furiously against the western cliffs, sending clouds of spray completely over the islands from one side to the other. At these times he has to take his life in his hands, and seldom, if ever, do the men of Aran refuse to venture their lives with his on these missions of charity.

There are about 3,000 souls on the islands, all Catholics, with the exception of three or four officials, with the parson and his wife. Fr. Colgan says that never has it been known that a single one of the inhabitants of Aran fell away from the Faith. Even in the cruel years of famine, when the people were dying of bitter want—when food and shelter were offered them if they denied their faith—not one apostatised. They died of starvation, but *for* the Faith. "They are a grand people," said Fr. Colgan; "I don't think that most of them ever committed a mortal sin." This they show in their faces—fine, brave, bright faces, full of quiet courage. They wear a shoe made of untanned hide, fastened like a mocassin to the feet with thongs. This gives them a remarkably easy, graceful way of walking, which is quite peculiar to them, and gives them a certain dignity not seen in other places.

It may be well imagined that in a land that is watered with the spray of the Atlantic, vegetation does not flourish. The islands, at first sight, seem to be bare rocks. Vast sheets of granite are spread over hill and vale, and scarcely a tree is to be seen. But we found, on landing, that in sheltered spots trees and fruit grow well. Still, these spots are few and far between, and the greater portion of the islands produces nothing but stone. The granite-bed that covers the land is split into large quad-

rangles, and in the crevices between these mighty stones, maiden-hair ferns and other plants grow, sheltered from the wind. All the houses are built of solid granite, and the roofs are bound down carefully with ropes and all sorts of fastenings ; for in a storm the wind here is something solid. The houses also are all on the eastern side of the islands, in order to get shelter from the storms from the west.

To show the resolute nature of the people, Fr. Colgan told us how it was that the islands became free from taxes. The Government insisted on taxing this poor people, who are barely able to live, and threatened to enforce the law by arms, if necessary. The time came for paying the taxes, but the people had not the means, and, therefore, refused to give what they had not. The Government insisted, and sent up gun-boats to fire on the people if they would not pay up. The gun-boats came, and formed into position for firing, and then sent an ultimatum to the people to pay or die. The answer was given by all the men on the islands drawing themselves up in line on the beach, and telling the gun-boats to fire away, as they preferred to die quickly rather than starve to death. Of course the order to fire was not given, and since then they have been troubled no more for taxes.



ARTHUR DIGNAM (OF SYDNEY.)
Winner of University Medal for Greek, in Junior Examinations, 1896.

On landing, Fr. Colgan took us to the house of Mr. Johnson, the resident magistrate. Here we were received with royal hospitality, and found a fine luncheon waiting us. Mr. Johnson is a good Catholic, and has been living on the island for many years. His garden is in the enclosure of one of the old forts, which was built by the Firbolgs in the days of yore. The place, which once was full of armed men, is now abounding in cabbages, and productive of good fruit. Just outside the garden is one of the many ancient churches which date back to the fourth or fifth century. The island, which, in Pagan times, had been the homes of the pirates of the sea, became, in Christian times, the home of many saints. The church of the Four Beautiful Saints is still to be seen, and there are many other ruins of old chapels standing, and each of these has many saints connected with its history.

After lunch we climbed, in company with Mr. Johnson and his children, up to the fort of "Dun Angus," which stands on the cliff to the western side of the island. The fort stands on a cliff that rises sheer from the sea at least 300 feet, and is built in the form of a semi-circle. It is enclosed by three separate walls, built up of loose stones without any cement, and is approached by a narrow causeway that leads up to the fort. On all sides, except where this narrow path enters the fort, the outer wall, which is not more than five feet high, is surrounded by a *chevaux-de-frise*, composed of sharp-pointed stones set on end, and making any approach very difficult. There is but one narrow entrance through this wall, and inside of it rises a second wall higher than the first, and inside that again the main wall of the fort stands up fully sixteen or eighteen feet high, and is only entered by a small arched door, through which one cannot enter erect. Inside the fort is an open space some 30 or 40 yards in diameter, and in the centre stands a sort of table cut in the rock, which may have served as a dining-table in days gone by. The walls rise up all round the semi-circle, and are nearly 20 feet thick, with a rampart to protect the defenders. On the side of the sea the cliff descends sheer—or rather slopes in under the fort, and renders all approach on that side impossible. Three hundred feet below the big Atlantic swell dashes against the rocks, and sends the foam flying upward inro the very fort. It was a wild spot; boundless ocean on one side and the rugged wall all round, standing as perfect to-day as in the days of the Firbolgs, before the time of Christ. My antiquarian friend who accompanied me, and who was a little unwell on the way over, had now quite revived, and he gave me the following details of "Dun Angus":—

"Dun Angus," quoth he, "is one of the finest pre-historic forts of Western Europe. It stands, as you see, on the very verge of a cliff 300 feet high, which rises sheer from the Atlantic. It was built by Angus, son of Hua Mor, a chieftain of the Firbolgs, whose other son, Connor (Conchobair), built the great Dun on the middle isle of Aran. Roderick O'Flaherty, the great historian of West Connaught, says of it: 'On the south side stands Dun Angus, being a great wall of loose stones without any mortar, with several large stones on the outside erected slope-wise against any assault. It is named of Angus Mae Nathmor, of the reliques of the Bolg men in Ireland, there living about the birth of Christ. On the east side thereof the island is so low that about the year 1640, upon an extraordinary inundation (tidal wave?) the sea, overflowing that bank, went across over the island to the north-west.' (So far our historian.) "The object of the Firbolgs in building this was to erect for themselves a fastness where their victorious enemies, the Fuatha de Danaans, who had defeated them in the great battle of Moytura, could not pursue them with success." Certainly, if the enemy were at one side, the deep sea was at the other, and the Firbolgs had to take their choice.

The view from the rampart of the fort was magnificent. Behind lay the many-waved deep, and in front, first the narrow island clad in stone, with its ruined forts and sanctuaries, and off beyond lay the coast of Ireland. Up to the N.E. were the "Twelve Pins" of Connemara, topped with clouds; and then came the Galway hills, many of them rivalling in height the Pins themselves. Here and there, along the coast, we could see the villages and the single houses; while in and out through the islands the fishing boats were appearing and disappearing in the winding inlets. In front of us Galway Bay stretched itself out like a sea, and down to the right were the Clare Hills and the cliffs of Moher, standing up six or seven hundred feet from the water, while clouds of sea-birds went and came around their precipitous sides like the foam of the ocean that flashed against their feet far below. Stilll further on stretched out Loop Head at the mouth of the Shannon, and in the

hazy distance we could see the mountain of Brandon in Kerry. It was really a glorious sight, and I felt that, on a fine day, the Firbolgs were not so badly off, so far as fine air and a splendid view went towards making them happy.

Full of benevolence to all mankind, we descended to Mr. Johnson's house again, and then Fr. Colgan had a car for us to drive to his residence at Killeaney. Hospitality seemed to be the great virtue of Inishmore. We found a fine dinner waiting for us at Fr. Colgan's. It was getting late, however, and we were to leave at 6.30 ; so we hurried through dinner, and set out for our steamer, which was whistling at intervals of five minutes to call off all its passengers. Fr. Colgan told us that these trips are not at all good for the Islanders. Before this rage for excursions set in, they lived altogether by themselves, and rivalled the early Christians by their virtues. Still, he says that the children there—and even the grown-up people—are as pure as angels, but that it is not an improvement to have all sorts of visitors coming over from the mainland, and bringing with them the atmosphere of what is called "civilization."

We got on board the steamer at last, and it was after seven o'clock when we finally got under weigh. The evening was calm and cloudless, and all were in good humour. Our friend from Spiddle was there, after many refreshments on the island, but just as lively as ever. The Germans had got over their sea-sickness, and played all the airs they knew on the way home. As we got into Galway Bay the moon was up, and the waves danced merrily in the moonlight, while the Man of Spiddle danced just as merrily as they. It was ten o'clock when we reached the harbour, and the band struck up "The Boys of Wexford," while all on board joined the music with their voices, and the crowd on the shore took it up, so that we reached home in the best of spirits, after a really pleasant and interesting day, and all for two shillings.

OLD RIVERVIEW.

P.S.—My antiquarian friend has given me the names and many interesting details of some of the old churches on the islands, but I think I have already taken up too much room in the details I have given, and shall not trespass any more on your space.

[We may not mention names, but we are sure our readers will easily decipher "Old Riverview." Present Riverview hopes to see him back again with us very soon.—ED. O.A.M.]

AN OLD COUNTRY REMINISCENCE.

THE ROTHWELL CHARNEL VAULT.

IT is a far cry from the metropolis of New South Wales to Northamptonshire, from the sun-lit shores of the Lane Cove River to the grassy banks of the historic Nene, the beautiful winding stream, whose peaceful waters have, again and again in bygone times, been reddened with the life-blood of Britons, Romans, Danes, Saxons, Normans, and even gallant Englishmen ; for some of the fiercest conflicts between the rival Roses, and, later on, between Puritan and Royalist were fought on the plains of the "Garden County." Yet as I sit in my garden, overlooking the placid surface of Woodford Bay, inhaling the delicious fragrance of rose and orange blossoms, I often think of the days—long, long ago—when, my soul filled with historic and antiquarian fancies, I rambled among the churches, castles, and ancient mansions of Northamptonshire, making rubbings of memorial brasses ; copying ancient inscriptions, mostly in Latin ; and collecting olden ballads and legends from the lips of the simple-hearted peasantry.

It was a most delightful time, my rambles including Fotheringay, with its sad associations of the unfortunate Queen of Scots ; Naseby, on which Charles the First lost his crown ; Burleigh, which the muse of Tennyson has made famous ; Rushton, with its triangular lodge, the home of the Treshams ; Kirby Hall, now a decaying ruin, but once the country seat of Lord Chancellor Hatton ; Weston Favell, where Hervey penned his "Meditations" ; Geddington, with its Eleanor Cross ; Boughton House, once the home of the Montagues ; Great Brington, where is the tomb of Laurence Washington, a predecessor of George Washington ; and many other places of historic interest, in not a few of which yet lingered the traces of old customs, especially the village "feasts," the relics of the ancient church festivals in which the people from far and near took part.

Yet of all these, none so strongly impressed me as did the charnel vault at Rothwell, a village about four miles from Kettering. It formerly belonged to the Tresham Family, the ancient Market House, now used as a free library, having been erected by Sir Thomas Tresham, whose son Francis was one of those alleged to be implicated in the Gunpowder

Plot, although there was no evidence to show his complicity. Tradition speaks of him as a good, upright, kind-hearted man, and the mystery of his sudden death in the Tower of London, has never been satisfactorily explained. The church bears traces of having originally been a somewhat extensive structure, the ancient stalls being beautifully carved, and the piscina and other appurtenances connected with the celebration of the ancient faith remaining intact.

Below the church is a large vault, the existence of which was unknown half-a-century ago, when it was discovered by accident. Here are stacked, with scrupulous care and symmetry, immense numbers of skulls and bones, apparently belonging to men of large stature, but whence they came has never been ascertained. The bones represent the remains of several thousand men, but there are no traditions of any battle having been fought in the vicinity. Once in each year the vault is open to visitors, but the admission of air is causing the bones to decay, and a few years hence, they will have crumbled into dust, and have become forgotten.

It was after a visit to this strange, mysterious place that the following lines were penned:—

Down to the vault—the gloomy vault—with cautious steps we go;
Down to the charnel house of death, the olden porch below.
The air around feels cold and damp, the taper waxeth dim,
While fancy fills the sombre shades with grisly phantoms grim.
Without—a laughing crowd surrounds the showman's grinning mimes;
Within—a pile of fleshless bones tells us of other times.
Without—the day is passing fair, the sunlight gems the flowers:
Within—'midst darkness, skulls, and bones, we, saddened, muse for hours.

Strange problem of the mystic past—shall man the curtain lift?
Or shall the swelling sands of time still o'er the secret drift?
That we may never know to whom these whiten'd bones belong'd,
Nor on what field of peace or strife, in love or hate they throng'd?
Swell'd they the Norman's sturdy ranks? Came they in prow of Dane?
Or raised they high the Saxon's flag across the northern main?
Or were they sons of mighty Rome, whose stern and fearless tramp
Would scare the wolves that ventured near the earthwork bounded camp?
Perchance they were of Harold's race, and when he, wounded, fell
On Hastings' plain, the tidings flew o'er valley, hill, and dell:
Till Rothwell's wall-girt town they reached, and cries for vengeance rang
High o'er the clash of shields and swords, o'er spears' and bucklers' clang.
But why record the tale of blood? The Saxons fought in vain,
And blue-eyed maids and matrons pale mourned o'er their darlings slain;
While aged monks, with rev'rent hands, piled up the ghastly dead,
For whom no requiem was sung, nor priestly prayer was said.

But who can tell, or who can part the mystic from the real,
And from these silent fleshless skulls the rays of knowledge steal?
In learning, science, art, and skill, men daily grow more wise,
Yet, still the portal of the past the scholar's hand defies.
Like us, men lived, and loved, and sang—for baubles fought and died,
And bow'd them down to earthly gods, in ignorance and pride.
But why should we regret their fate? They had no hopes above
The Northern God whose spell has waned beneath the Cross of Love.

JOHN PLUMMER.

A FEW WORDS ON AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL POET.

KENDALL may be called the Australian Poet Laureate. Not only is his poetry, the best of it, the embodiment of what real national inspiration there is in the people of Australia, but he is the only poet honoured in a national manner after his death. Gordon is not the national poet nor the greatest, as Kendall is.

Gordon, at the dawn of Australasian literature, had given proof and earnest of faculties in the modern spirit which have not up to this again found equally potent utterance. By his treatment of the light and grave he had conquered for literature a new kingdom in the world of visible facts and of their poetry. By his treatment of action and expression he had conquered for it a new kingdom in the world of human character and life. And yet his system of light and shade is too strange, and his version of human existence too devoid of beauty, for us to regard him as having solved any of the problems of modern art for good.

One possible solution, indeed, he has offered, and such is the force of genius that in his own works we find ourselves not only impressed, but satisfied with it. But in the work of others whom he immediately inspired, we find the same solution deeply unsatisfying. But the rollicking rhyme in which alone it is possible to frame such pieces will always render them popular.

As a descriptive writer, Kendall stands unrivalled in Australian literature. Kendall paints usually the normal state of nature as seen in Australia. Nature with us is not always shivering or sunburned. She shows herself in the variety of simple charms that seems the perfection of unconscious coquetry. Nothing is more wearisome than eternal sunshine. Enervating it is, and your capacities for enjoyment are dulled as your nerves and muscles are relaxed. Our Sunny South in poetry is associated rather with siestas, sun-blinds, and hammocks in the shade, than with the play of dancing light on a smiling landscape, or a frame invigorated by healthful exercise. In place of the song of birds in the fresh green of the copses, you have the chirping of grasshoppers and field insects, and the rustling of lizards with the temperaments of salamanders over the burning rocks and parched herbage. All foliage seems drooping or falling from the boughs. The winter torrents have dried up in their stony beds, and the once sweeping waters have shrunk into trickling creeklets. Thus do most Australian poets paint. But often with Kendall, though hills and woods seem shut into a perpetual loneliness, the gleam of white waters comes through the dark foliage. And by the magic musical fitness of his diction he makes heard the murmur of the rippling brook where it steals along under the arching herbage.

Kendall, in his treatment of nature, is individual. Nature he photographed exactly as he saw it here in Australia. Thus is Australia's Wordsworth different to the Wordsworth of America, if so I may call Bryant. Bryant's fine descriptions could have been written by any great English poet who never saw America. No one but Kendall could have written Kendall's poetry. Kendall does not theorise; he photographs. What descriptive power is in "Araluen," "Bell Birds," "Moss on a Wall," "The Glen of Arrawatta," "Beyond Kerguelen," "Narrara Creek," "Fainting by the Way." And these illustrate the seasons' aspect. And before the visible, sensuous beauty of nature in her finest moods he paused, enraptured and enthralled. He felt it with all the passion of his soul; and he has reproduced it in words that glow, in sentences that seem to throb with the very life that was there when he saw and rejoiced. Is not the eloquence of Shelley in this dedication ("Songs from the Mountains"):—

> Away from men and books and all the schools,
> I take thee for my Teacher. In thy voice
> Of deathless majesty, I, kneeling, hear
> God's grand authentic gospel! Year by year,
> The great sublime cantata of thy storm
> Strikes through my spirit—fillls it with a life
> Of startling beauty. Thou my Bible art
> With holy leaves of rock, and flower, and tree,
> And moss, and shining runnel. From each page
> That helps to make thy awful volume, I
> Have learned a noble lesson. In the psalm
> Of thy grave winds, and in the liturgy
> Of singing waters, lo! my soul has heard
> The higher worship; and from thee, indeed,
> The broad foundations of a higher hope
> Were gathered in; and thou hast lifted up
> The blind horizon for a larger faith.
> Moreover, walking in exalted woods
> Of naked glory, in the green and gold
> Of forest sunshine, I have paused like one
> With all the life transfigured; and a flood
> Of light ineffable has made me feel
> As felt the grand old prophets caught away
> By flames of inspiration; but the words
> Sufficient for the story of my D eam
> Are far too splendid for poor human lips!
> But thou, to whom I hum with reverent eyes—
> O stately Father, whose majestic face
> Shines far above the zone of wind and cloud
> Where high dominion of the morning is—
> Thou hast the Song complete of which my songs
> Are pallid adumbrations!

But, on occasion, he has painted the grand and terrible with a skill inferior to no man in any language. This is not an exaggerated statement, and to prove it is not, I have only to name "Ghost Glen," one of the most weird poems in the language. Behind this masterpiece, but still grandly graphic in their description of wild nature, come "On a Cattle Track," "Syrinx," "On the Paroo," "Christmas Creek," and "The Fate of the Explorers," and "The Hut of the Black Swamp."

He has done more than this; he has written of men, of human life, and its tragic interests and struggles. Here it will be interesting to notice a division of three classes of poets who sing of nature. The poets comprising the first group, treat Nature simply as the background of the human story. To this belong Dante and Chaucer, as do Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare. Of the same type, but in a

subordinate degree, may be classed the gift of Adam Lindsay Gordon, who treated nature only on account of the figures that moved in it. That he belongs to this class in a very subordinate degree must be apparent when we reflect that the dramatic instinct in its higher forms is entirely absent from Gordon's poems, and also from those of Kendall. If Kendall had written all his poems in the strain of "Ghost Glen" I should have placed him in this group in a high position indeed.

Of the second group are the poets whose muse sings a rapturous hymn to Nature's glory, rather than a vivid delineation of her beauties. The poets of uncivilised nations principally form this group. Wordsworth, Shelley, and Swinburne are the foremost poets of this school amongst civilised nations. And there is many a sign in Kendall's poems that before he can assimilate the beauty of a landscape and make it his own he has to translate the mental image of it into poetic diction and metre, as Weber had to translate his mental image of a landscape into the language of absolute music. His poems "Araluen," "Euterpe," "Euroclydon," "September in Australia," and "Moss on a Wall," are notable examples of this kind of poetry.

But Kendall belongs rather to the third group, those who treat nature for her own sake, the human story being merely an artistic thread to which are attached the glowing adjectives of description. "Hy-Brasil" illustrates this. Some speak of flowers and trees and grass as beautiful pictures, parts of a still larger picture; but Kendall never speaks of them in this way, but speaks of them as beautiful creatures that have a conscious enjoyment of life akin to his own. Nor is human interest lacking in the poems of the Australian Laureate. In "A Death in the Bush" is human interest to the utmost, and in it is one image so intensely natural that I place it amongst the most successful imagery of the elemental emotions:—

> So, therefore, all about the shepherd's hut
> That space was mute, save when the fastened dog,
> Without a kennel, caught a passing glimpse
> Of firelight moving through the lighted chinks,
> For then he knew the hints of warmth within,
> And stood and set his great pathetic eyes,
> In wind and wet, imploring to be loosed.

The "Glen of Arrawatta" is human; so are "Charles Harpur," "Persia," "Frank Denz" (although it contains some very weak lines), "Fainting by the Way," "Heath from the Highlands," "After Many Years," "The Fate of the Explorers" (which would entitle any poet to a position as a writer of narrative verse). Kendall's gift was essentially lyrical, as can be gathered from the poems I have indicated to be read. Such lyrics as "Araluen" (the Poet's Daughter), "After Many Years," "Bell Birds," which is as good from an onomatopoetic standpoint as Edgar Allan Poe's "Bells," without having to bear the weight of a fantastic metre. Taken all in all, Kendall is the greatest National poet Australia has seen, and one whose influence on future Australian poets, distinguished from jingle writers, cannot be over-estimated.

J. E. S. Henerie.

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.—OUR VISITS TO WESTRALIA.

No. IV.

[BY AN OLD JESUIT BOY.]

HOW little can we see ahead of us! "No doubt, our wision's limited," as Sam Weller sagely remarked. Little did I dream, when I was called away from these Western deserts, that so many months would elapse ere I could return to them. But patience does the trick, and, one day not far distant in time, I had the newspaper in hand to learn the next steamer advertised to depart for Esperance Bay. This was in Adelaide, and when I read that the *Rob Roy* was to leave on the following Saturday, I at once secured a berth in her. Full of the glamour which the "Wizard of the North" has cast round the famous Scottish hero of that name, I wended my way to the port, satisfied that I was about to embark on a doughty ship. But a greater than "great Scott" asks us "What's in a name?" And the "Swan of Avon" is right, for here was a misnomer; as, by many degrees the smallest steamer I ever put to sea in was waiting to carry me on my voyage. She was a cockle-shell, and, though a good sea boat, tossed and pitched like a cork at the mercy of the waves; and very heavy seas agitate the waters of the great Australian Bight, especially at this time when equinoctial gales were blowing. About midnight we sneaked down to the Semaphore

and soon put out to sea, and, a few hours afterwards, bumped up against a storm.

A wild west wind blew o'er the ocean,
The *Rob Roy* pitched—a horrid motion—
Then some amongst us, I've a notion,
Felt in their in'ards vile commotion.

I tried to pace along the deck:
Each step cried "Stop! you'll break your neck";
Whilst to the bulwarks, sadly clinging,
Food to the fishes some were flinging.

O'er *Rob's* port-sides, the waves were dashing;
Below, one heard the crockery smashing.
"Head her for Eucla," cried the skipper;
"Aye, aye, sir," sung the steering nipper.

For days things went on as I said,
But lo! old Sol peeped out o'er head:
The clouds dispersed, the seas grew calm,
No longer room for false alarm.

Through the great bight we wend our way,
Whilst porpoise chase us all the day.
Great Scott! Here ends our last "Last lay,"
Rob lies in peace at Esperance Bay.

I was very much surprised upon landing at Esperance to see the vast strides this sea-port had taken during my short absence. The streets are laid out, the loose sand carted away, levels made, footpaths formed and kerbed with wood. Banks have been opened, a great stone Post and Telegraph office is now completed, and large hotels erected. Truly, one can barely realise that a few months could bring about such improvements. A good Catholic church has been built on a prominent site, and sanitary matters attended to by the Council. There is no doubt but that Esperance must become one of the leading sea-ports of Western Australia. However, my stay was a short one, for in less than three hours after I landed I was seated in a buggy *en route* for the Norseman.

The day turned out to be a very hot one—a strong, hot, north wind blew in our faces, whilst an unclouded sky allowed the sun to shine down upon us only too fiercely. The way out of Esperance is through vast hillocks of sand; which we had to walk over, as the horse had his work cut out to drag the buggy with its contents. Nothing is all evil, however, for as I wended my way along the road, my sight was charmed by the wonderful beauty and variety of the native flora. Many of the wild flowers are not to be met with elsewhere; and their colours are so vivid and charming as to make one look around in wonder at the lavish way in which Nature casts her beauties over the earth.

We fixed upon Gibson's Soak as our camping place, but night came down on us ere we reached it. But what astonished me most was, in this uninhabited desert, to see bright lights, like gas lamps, miles ahead of us. My companion explained this to me, by telling me that a store was opened there lately, and its occupant is a "faddist," and thinks that he should burn the brightest lights possible, so as to advertise himself; and, with this view, has procured powerful lamps, regardless of the fact that his store is directly along the main track, and that for twenty miles on either side of him he has no opposition. But bless fads, say I. Which of us knows whether they are good or otherwise?

This fad saved two men's lives a few weeks back. Two greenhands landed at Esperance and started from here to hump their "bluey" to the diggings, and, being poor hands in the bush, must needs go off the track, and go across country to shorten their journey. But, as you may imagine, the short cut turned out to be a long one; they lost their way, and, without having had a drink for twenty-four hours, were settling down in dark despair, when one of them cried: "Oh, mate, there's a light! What can it be in this wild bush?" But they went for it, and thus they were spared a perish! History avers they kept to the track all the rest of the way. However, it is now dark, and here are we at the famed Soak. To give you an idea of the traffic upon the road, I may mention that no less than seventeen teams of horses and waggons camped here this night. Some on their way north, and others returning to Esperance.

The journey was uneventful, and three days landed me at the Norseman. The most noticeable difference I found was the number of condensers erected to supply travellers with water. Lots of private ones, as well as Government ones; indeed, they threaten to get overdone.

The Norseman gave me another wonderful surprise. It is now a laid-out township, with its mayor—the Major has departed,—and well-formed streets, levelled and passable, and the erection of buildings still going on. Several hotels and good business stores were built whilst I was away; and the Catholic church, now in course of erection, promises to ornament the township. We have our hospital, too, and it is clear that no ministerial opposition can keep back the growth of the Norseman. Steam whistles blow the hours for knocking-off and resuming work at the mines; the principal one has the deep tone of the fog whistle, and when it sounds I fancy myself amidst the old scenes of Sydney Harbour.

Some of the mines are being opened up, and lavish capital (found in London and Paris) being expended on them under careful management. Good results will, no doubt, follow. We may take it as an established fact that the Norseman must develop into a great, payable gold-producing field. However, there is no gainsaying that "wild cats" are also about in fair numbers, as in other parts of the spacious domains of the land of the Black Swan.

By-the-way, I have never seen a black swan in my travels yet, and I spoke to my friend Murtough O'Shea on the matter, and enquired from him had he seen any: "Sorrow a one I met," replied he; "the only black swans I came across in the country were black sheep, and I met a fair flock of them, to my sorrow, too." So you see, one lives and learns, and may the wings of friendship never moult a feather. I may record that the nearest approach to black swans I met with were white geese. I am afraid things are getting rather mixed, but, perhaps, you will allow for this when I tell you that on Monday we had a scorcher, the thermometer stood at 109 deg. in the shade. At our cool camp on Lake View Hill it recorded 104 deg. in heavy shade. Then the storm set in, the wind blew a hurricane, and down came the glass, and last afternoon it was only 54 deg. Oh! what "Willy Willies" I saw! Big columns of red dust rose out of the spots around us, and were carried several hundreds of feet, and the force of the wind forming them was such as to carry off the ground big pieces of wood, right up into the sky.

What fairer evidence could I bring forward, to show the wonderful rate at which the Norseman progresses, than the fact that when I reached here only one woman was on the field; when I left, after eight months' residence, there were (say) thirteen; but, on my return, I find them flitting like angels around post-offices, and such places, where "we can learn a little of what is going on, you know." I am assured there are now at least one hundred and thirty of the "inconstant, coy, and hard to please" portion of creation here. (Please note, I am not responsible for these epithets. I refer you to "great Scott" for them). The Mayor gave an inaugural ball, and the ladies were much in evidence at it, as were swallow-tails. Indeed, one cannot now visit the township in too *dégagé* costume, and coats may now be said to be *à la mode*.

Then sports are in evidence also. Your boys will be glad to hear that, under the captainship of Wilfrid, the New South Wales team of footballers carried all before them and won the cup. Bicycles are very numerous here, and, since my arrival a great meeting was held on the lakes on a public holiday, and some of the members of our camp competed successfully. But Jack and Wilfrid have slipped from the more active (shall I say?) to the more contemplative life, and were only stewards on the occasion. Another great contest will take place in about a fortnight, when Jack acts as referee to the umpires.

I would so like to get up a regatta here, and invite a crew, or crews, from the old Lane Cove River to compete at it. But I must admit there are difficulties in carrying out the scheme—local as well as otherwise. For instance, where would one naturally look to hold the regatta but on the lakes? and as we hold our football, cricket, and bike races there, I am doubtful about introducing boats on to them. Not that room would be lacking, but then this is not the only essential. These lakes afford abundant evidence that, in times gone by, the sea flowed over them. Would I had the wand of "Prospero," to call from the vasty deep the shells of defunct wherries and outriggers. Though your exacting "Commodore" might complain of their lack of sliding-seats, &c. But then we would want the ghosts of their one-time occupants—the heroes of by-gone fights, to take their place at the contest. Alack-a-day, would it be against Canon law to consult the wicked old Dutchman who sails around the Cape of storms on the matter? But then he only goes out in the very dirtiest of dirty weather, and would be hard to meet with, I fear.

Perhaps, my *daylight lucubrations* are getting too numerous for your readers? I must here warn the youthful Editors of the ALMA MATER against too easily accepting the first contributions sent them, especially if they smell of the "more anon" type. Once some people have the "run of the place" they are as hard oftentimes to shake off as barnacles. You may grumble and call names, but this won't aid you. Indeed, you should not do that, according to Thomas Insgoldsby, for he says:

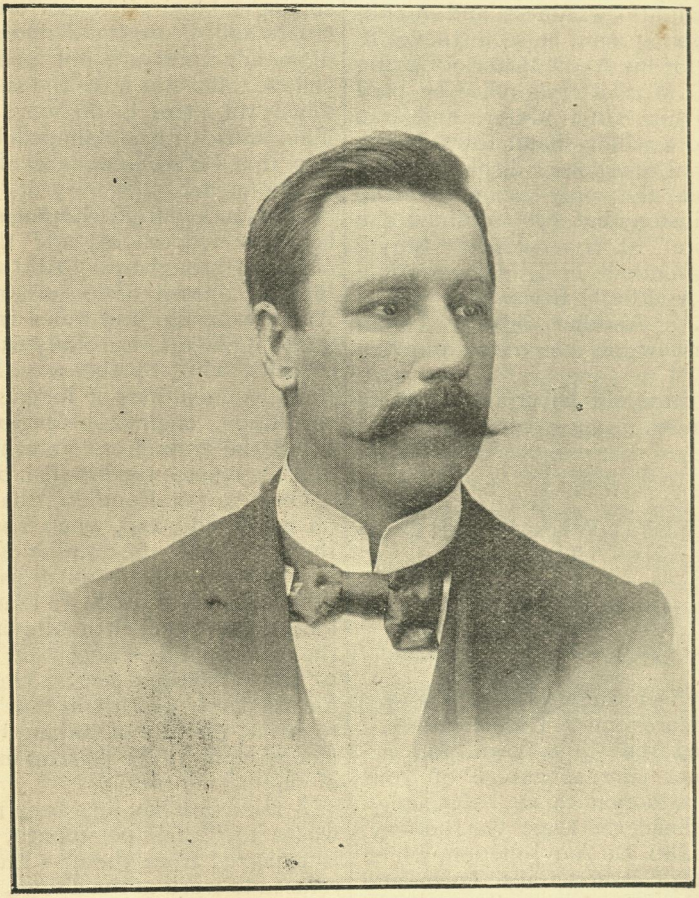
"Don't give people nicknames! Don't, even in fun,
Call anyone 'snuff colour'd son of a gun';
Nor fancy, because a man *nous* seems to lack,
That whenever you please you can give him the sack."

One advantage of sending a contribution—however worthless it may be—is the opportunity it gives me of saying how sincerely I wish success to Riverview, and how often its directors and teachers—my old, true, and tried friends—are in my thoughts.—Yours all abroad,

R.A.N.

admitted with the batch for the simple reason that he had not yet finished his 'articles' with Mr. T. M. Slattery. He is the son of the late Mr. John O'Donnell, of Hillston, and was a student at Riverview."

We are happy to say that Mr. O'Donnell has since finished his "articles," and has actually



P. J. O'DONNELL.

P. J. O'DONNELL.

We feel great pleasure in recording the admission of Mr. P. J. O'Donnell to the ranks of the Solicitors of New South Wales.

The *Freeman's Journal*, of August the 24th, contains the following notice:—"Mr. P. J. O'Donnell, who also passed his 'final,' was not "set up" in Sydney. We wish him success and prosperity. Looking over the past numbers of Our Alma Mater, we find, in the edition of '90, the following notice of "Peter's" prowess as a runner:—

"P. J. O'Donnell, of Hillston, has proved too good for all comers on the running-track. He won the 220 yards School Race at St. Aloysius',

by about three yards, from C. T. Deane, Sydney Grammar School champion. He gained a decided victory in the Championship Meeting, again beating C. T. Deane by three or four yards in the 220 yards School Championship of Australia. He also won the 150 yards at the Grammar School Sports."

As a boy at college, "Peter" always held, deservedly, the respect and esteem of his professors for straightforwardness and manliness; and, as a young man, he seems never to have lost his love for his Alma Mater. During his time in Mr. T. M. Slattery's office he paid constant visits to his Alma Mater, and was ever ready to lend a willing hand towards the success of any social re-union or display.

"Peter" is not the only scion of the O'Donnells of Hillston that has "drained the font of ancient lore" at Riverview. "Iggy," the terror of the football field, and erstwhile popular hero of youthful Riverview, was a younger brother. Another brother (Jack) represented Riverview on the river and the cricket-field.

We wish these three old Riverviewers every success and happiness.

AN EX-RIVERVIEWER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Mine Office, Germiston,
October 12th, 1896.

My Dear Father Ryan,

YOUR letter arrived safely, and was a source of great pleasure to me. Unfortunately, I have removed from Cape Town, and, accordingly, could not take advantage of your kind letter of introduction to Dr. McCarthy. As you know, I joined the Cape G. Railway, and was transferred to De Aar Junction, which is situated midway between Cape Town and Johannesburg, and is purely a railway town. From De Aar I was again removed to Beaconsfield. This latter town is only three miles distant from the famous Kimberley, and is the centre of large diamond fields. Whilst in this town I had the pleasure of being shown over the machinery of one of the largest mines, and of also seeing the ground from which the precious stones are taken. The process of securing the stones is a very simple one, and is as follows.

The ground, which is called blue ground on account of its colour, is placed out on the field to rot, or break up. This is accomplished by the weather. It is then harrowed and conveyed to the washing-pans in trucks drawn by mules. After being washed, all the mud and slush is allowed to run off, whilst everything in the form of stones and pebbles is precipitated into large boxes, from whence it is taken to the sorting tables. The sorters then examine the stones and secure the diamonds. Most of the diamond mines are not underground, but the soil is taken out from the surface and followed down till there is no more blue ground left. This causes a basin-shaped hole to be left, and two that I have seen are of great depth and circumference.

The journey from Kimberley to Johannesburg is very monotonous, and the scenery is unchanged throughout. All bare plain and large hills, composed of loose stones called kopkes. At Vereeniging, fifty miles from Johannesburg, your luggage is carefully examined by Dutch officials, who, by the way, are very strict in their examinations of luggage, etc. Since the revolution, engines belonging to the Z.A.R. bring the train from Vereeniging, and Dutch officials replace the English ones.

Once in the Republic, shafts are to be seen on every side, and, when about a few miles off the metropolis, the number of shafts is amazing. The gold in this country is extracted from a different kind of stone to that in Australia, and here there is very little alluvial. On this mine the reef runs at a depth of from five hundred to three thousand feet. Our deep-level mines for this latter depth will take about three years to strike, the rate of sinking being about ninety feet per month. So you can imagine the expense of finding the reef.

A reduction has just been made in the Boys' wages to £2 10s. per month, and some trouble is expected from them. Last Saturday they refused to work at the Crown Reef and Ferriera mines, but the majority of Boys are agreeing to the reduction.

About a month ago our Boys gave a war dance. Altogether about five thousand took part in it, and it was very amusing. The authorities had hard work to prevent the different tribes from fighting, and were fairly successful, except for one scuffle between the Shanghans and Basutos. However, no Boys were hurt. Over two thousand white people were present, and the Boys fairly made the

ground tremble with their ungraceful dancing. Several of them also gave exhibitions in fencing —two sticks without head-guard. When one Boy got a point on the other, the victor was given a silver coin, whilst the defeated one went to the hospital to have his wound dressed.

I saw the English football team. They were rather superior to the Afrikanders, but I think they would fare badly with either N. S. Wales or Queensland's representatives. Cricket is a favourite pastime here, and great interest is taken in it. I think the Australian team is about the best on the Rand. Our sports take place at Xmas. I am preparing for them, and expect to win a few events. My brother and I are both enjoying the best of health, which, in this country, is only a matter of taking proper care of one's self. We received the last copy of the ALMA MATER, and each edition seems to be more welcome than the last. I cannot describe the pleasure I felt whilst reading of the events of the past half-year at the dear old place. I am anxiously looking forward to receiving the next copy.

With kind regards, etc.,

JOS. O'BRIEN.

THE BELLS.

(AFTER READING E. A. POE'S POEM.)

FROM very ancient times bells have been used as a means of communication between a single mind and a crowd; and it is one of the marks of the essential poetry of our nature that we so personify and endow with thoughts and sentiments those things, such as bells, that are the associates of our daily life. How differently do different bells affect us, or the same bell at different times! The differences are subtle, and owe their existence to a web of associations almost impossible to analyse shred by shred. Edgar Allan Poe has seized and conveyed beautifully this subtle influence of bells. But he speaks only of the bells that herald the greatest events of our lifetime. Yet the description is true of ordinary everyday-life, too. Take that bell—that bell of bells—that foe—that haunting nightmare!—that rings out in the still morning, almost e'er the night has fled. How many accusations have we to lay against it? Our pleasant golden dreams shattered by its tongue—our happy journeyings thro' the world abruptly ended by its summons. To be awakened up suddenly is bad, very bad; but to lie still and sleepless, expecting every moment its iron call, that is much deeper misery still. Who can paint that suspense?

Then the bell that breaks in with a roar to tell me to go to class; there is a quiver of uneasiness in its tones. It tells of business—serious business. At times, too, of lessons poorly known—of gathering clouds—a lowering face—and storms!

And the study-bell; it is quiet and undemonstrative—and rather sad. The change from merry play to work, means a wrench—and the bell solemnly warns us—and never tires solemnly warning us—that go we must—go we must—go we must.

However, its tones are full of peace. For poring over ancient wisdom, in cheap modern parcels, or pursuing in endless traceries o'er endless snow-white pages, the endless voyage that men call writing—or sharpening our wits, or our pencils—or having a quiet doze—these, and such as these, go to make up what is, after all, a not ungrateful hour and a-half.

But, thou, O dark and gloomy bell, that tellest us 'tis time for—alas! for—unpleasant word!—for penals. Thou disturber of our play—thou that fallest as a bitter, bitter drop into the full heart of the schoolboy—thou cruel, cruel bell!—I love thee not.

> But, hark! Hear the mellow breakfast-bell!
> Golden bell!
> What a world of happiness such harmonies foretell!
> From the molten golden notes, and all in tune;
> What a liquid ditty floats
> To the little boy that listens as he gloats
> 'Tis so soon.

But I must introduce our bells. First, our great Bell—our Iron Bell—our solemn-thought-compelling bell, dwells on high and alone. In dread solitude he hangs, gazing down on a sheer drop of sixty feet. When he swings, he views a great expanse of hill and vale, and slowly-rolling river. He turns him this way and that—now to Riverview—now, with raised head and voice, calling imperiously to the great city that lies beneath him in the distance. So, with rhythmic-beat, he swings—now north, now south, threatening—yet only threatening, for he is firmly fixed—the youthful group of ghouls that pull the rope down, down below.

Then, our Golden bell. It lives—alas! for human associations—near the refectory door. And the loud alarum-bell—Brazen bell!—hangs just out of reach of youthful hands, beside the study door; and it says, in tones so plain, "I am Sir Bell, and when I ope my mouth let no boy speak." And no boy—at least no good boy (or wise boy) does speak.

But, then, we have a bell that is tenderer, gentler, more exquisite still. Like the nightingale, it is heard uttering its plaintive notes in the darkness—stealing along on timid wing to marshal us to bed. Oh! it is a thoughtful bell. At the kindly hour of ten, when eyelids are drooping, when the weary work is o'er, when waking life has ceased to interest us—then, oh, then, it comes; not rumbling, not clanging, not with tumult and circumstance; but so peacefully, with soothing sound, and whispers—sleep, gentle sleep!

IN THE UNIVERSITY.

WHEN we consider Riverview's past successes in the public examination field—successes which she has of late so splendidly sustained—we cannot for a moment hesitate to expect the advent within the University walls of many more of her sons. To those who are yet to come—and may they be many—the following few rambling remarks may not prove unacceptable.

Some one of the ancients has remarked that "By education a man is exalted to a god, or converted to a devil." That remark, at this period of the nineteenth century, is out of date, illogical, and extreme, and therefore trebly bad; but it may serve to help us to understand that there is a right way and a wrong way of using the privileges offered us by a University training.

The schoolboy who proposes to proceed to college, either knowingly or unknowingly—probably the latter, while he remains a schoolboy—divides life, so far as a liberal education is concerned, into three concentric circles, as it were. The smallest, or innermost, circle represents that little part of life he spends at school. The circumference of this he passes beyond and effaces when he goes to college; and, on leaving college, he passes beyond the circumference of the second circle, and then finds himself bounded—if one can use the term—by the infinite circumference of the third and last, within which, if he has profited by the previous stages, his knowledge will ever go on increasing as he approaches nearer and nearer the excellence of the truly educated, liberally-educated gentleman.

But it is with the second circle we have to deal. It must be said, and all who know at all the genus "freshman" will bear witness that the collective schoolboy, after proudly perusing his name in the successful Matriculation list in the *S. M. H.*, leaves his Alma Mater under the hallucination that he has attained the "summum bonum" of everything, and is henceforth admitted to all the privileges of manhood, not the least of which is the aggressive flourishing of a huge walking-stick as he advances on the lecture-halls for the first time. (N.B.—A first-year man ought never to come up to the 'Varsity with a walking-stick.) But, alas! a few days' grim experience teaches him, much against his will, that his "bonum" is only a very small one after all—nay, even a delusion and a composite snare.

He does *not* know everything; but if he takes the right turning he will soon be on at least the highroad to knowledge. At this stage let him tenderly wrap up his walking-stick in flannels, and put it by for at least a year, and reflect on what is before him. Most "freshers" have to reflect here for themselves; for, unless they are naturally very "go-ahead" fellows, they soon get out of the running, and if once that happens their course loses much of its value. The yearly exams. provide the necessary stimulus for work, but in the equally important matter of social intercourse the "fresher" has himself to take the initiative, and he must not hesitate. In that his danger lies. Let him not expect that, as at Riverview, the feverish tones of a bell will rouse him to a sense of duty. No! He must locate himself at once, and for himself. That done, he will go ahead, and be of some use to his 'Varsity, his fellow-students, and himself.

The true aim of a University training is to afford the means by which the student's mind may be enlarged and disciplined, and made master of its own powers, and prepared for complete living. The long brown building on the top of the hill, which the "freshman" approaches for the first time with such haughty mien, is not a place to sit down in solely to cram up Horace, Homer, Livy,

Herodotus, Æschylus, doubtful passages, conjugate diameters, poles and polars, parabolas, tangents, asymptotes, projectiles, elastic strings, floating bodies, polarised light, etc. (Some of these have to be crammed, however.) These are but smaller aids to the one great end. No one is the better because of the mere fact that he can write B.A. after his name, and get his photograph taken in cap and gown with the proverbial book under his arm. No, the University is rather a place where the radiance of all is meant to fall on each, and *vice versa*; where we get well "sand-papered," where we learn how we stand with regard to our fellows; wherein we are superior, wherein inferior, and wherein just mediocre.

We do not gain these advantages, inestimable in after-life, by the total absorption of ourselves in the classics, or in a projectile, or in polarised light, but in addition by mixing with and knowing our fellow-students. The clubs—athletic, literary, and social, help to this. These supply a very essential portion of a liberal education, which mere bookworms, or, what is worse the good all-round "loafer," fail to find in their respective peculiar pursuits. Let the "freshman" not infer that he should neglect the technical part of his 'Varsity work. No, by no means. But let him not gain his knowledge of books at the cost of his knowledge of men, particularly of the men with whom he associates in his University life. The best men that Universities all the world over turn out are those who have struck the golden mean, and combined rational work with rational play. If the student fails to use in the proper way the advantages and privileges that a University education throws at his feet, his education (?) then does "convert him to a devil," and he finds himself when he ends his course (if it doesn't end *him* first) narrowed and warped, and useless for the practical ends of life.

Our duties, then, are to our Alma Mater, our University, our College, and ourselves; but if we fulfil the two former, who is there who will deny that we—unconsciously, but none the less, thoroughly—perform in their highest sense all those duties the fulfilment of which is destined to imbue us with the true *esprit d'Université*, and make us what we wish—worthy sons of our Alma Mater.

A "B.A."

(Who has been Photographed in Cap and Gown.)

OBITUARY.

FRANK KENNEDY.

Many of our readers will hear with regret of the death of P. F. Kennedy, of Wellington, New Zealand. For some time he was suffering from heart disease, and went with his parents to Europe in the hope that the trip would restore him. But he died on the 19th September, in the eighteenth year of his age. His amiable and gentle disposition endeared him to all who knew him. The following notice is from the *N. Z. Times*, Sept. 24th, 1896:—

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kennedy, in Wellington and other parts of the colony, will regret to hear that their son, Master Patrick Francis Kennedy, who accompanied his parents to England some months ago, died last Saturday. The sad news was received by cable yesterday by Mr. Gasquoine, Mr. Kennedy's attorney in New Zealand. The deceased, who was about nineteen years of age, was the younger son of Mr. Kennedy, the elder being engaged in managing a station in the Mauriceville district. The deceased had been a student at St. Patrick's College for about six years, after which he went to Sydney, where he was for some time at the seminary at Manly, and at the Jesuits' College at Riverview, spending about a year and a-half at both these institutions. He returned to New Zealand about eighteen months ago, when he again entered St. Patrick's College, leaving there at the end of last year. The deceased was a very amiable young man, and was popular alike with the students and masters. He was a member of the College Cricket Club, and also of the College Debating Society, in both of which he took an active interest during his connection with the institution. He had been suffering from heart disease prior to his departure for England, and had been attended by Dr. Cahill, but was in fairly good health when leaving, and it was expected that the trip would prove beneficial. The sad message yesterday was not wholly unexpected, as news received here a few weeks ago intimated that he was seriously ill. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy will have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

MR. JOSEPH J. SPRUSON.

On Tuesday, September 27th, in the 56th year of his age, died Mr. Joseph J. Spruson, deeply regretted by a wide circle of friends. In him the Government lost an old and faithful servant, and the Catholic community lost an energetic and edifying member. In every public movement for the good of religion or of charity, Mr. Spruson took an active part. On the Sunday before his death he received Holy Communion for the last time, his confessor remarking to him that the next Sunday would be "All Saints." "Yes," he added, joyfully, "and I hope, through the merits of Christ to be with them in heaven."

Mr. Spruson was one of the first graduates of the Sydney University. He was of a studious turn of mind, and published several books, pertaining chiefly to matters of historical interest, which were well received by the public, and which form a valuable addition to our colonial literature. One of the most important of his publications is his "Historical Sketch of Norfolk Island, from 1788 to 1814." The last words that passed his dying lips reveal the "hidden spring" of all his actions: "*All for Jesus.*"—R.I.P.

MR. JAMES GARVAN.

On November 20th died Mr. James Garvan. At the funeral obsequies in St. Mary's Cathedral, His Eminence the Cardinal officiated, and, in his address over the remains, spoke in high praise of the deceased, who (he said) was highly honoured and respected as a generous promoter of industry, an energetic worker in every good cause, and a genuine patriot. He was justly ranked amongst the foremost and most enlightened of our citizens.—R.I.P.

SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

Director: Rev, J. McInerney, S.J.
Prefect: John E. D'Apice.

Assistants: 1st., P. Griffin; 2nd., Frank Loneragan.
Hon. Secretaries: Frank Loneragan, Percy Power.

The Sodality is doing good work. Its present flourishing condition is due to the care and energy of our Rev. Director, who has infused new life into our little band.

On Sunday, 13th September—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary—eight new members, James Heritage, Frank Punch, Stanley Fraser, Percy Power, James Macdonald, Gerald Garvan, Evelyn Cox, and Arthur Makinson, made their Solemn Consecration in the presence of all the inmates of the College, at the evening devotions in the Chapel. The Rev. Fr. Brennan, S.J., Superior at North Sydney, officiated, assisted by our Director.

Before the Consecration Father Brennan delivered an instructive and impressive address. "The Sodalist," he said, "should develop in himself those manly qualities and Christian virtues which would make him the model of a Catholic gentleman; which would make him honest and upright, fearless in the profession and practice of his Faith and Religion, such a man as was O'Connell, Ireland's Liberator, and the martyred President of Ecuador, Don Garcia Moreno."

Since the beginning of this year no elections of officers were held owing to the small number of the professed members. Hence the Director had to nominate temporary officers; but the addition of eight new members enabled us to hold our usual elections. The elections took place on the 22nd September, and were carried out with unusual solemnity. The Director had the names of the two "quartos" of candidates printed on tickets. Each voter, having erased the names of the candidates he wished to reject, secretly deposited his ticket in the ballot-box. The scrutineers—John D'Apice and Frank Loneragan—in the presence of the Director, counted the votes.

The result of the elections was:—*Prefect:* John E. D'Apice. *Assistants:* 1st., Patrick Griffin; 2nd., Frank Loneragan. *Councillors:* Fred. Deery, Percy Power, and Jas. Punch.

Our Prefect was unanimously elected, every professed member having cast his vote for J. E. D'Apice, who is deservedly esteemed by his schoolfellows.

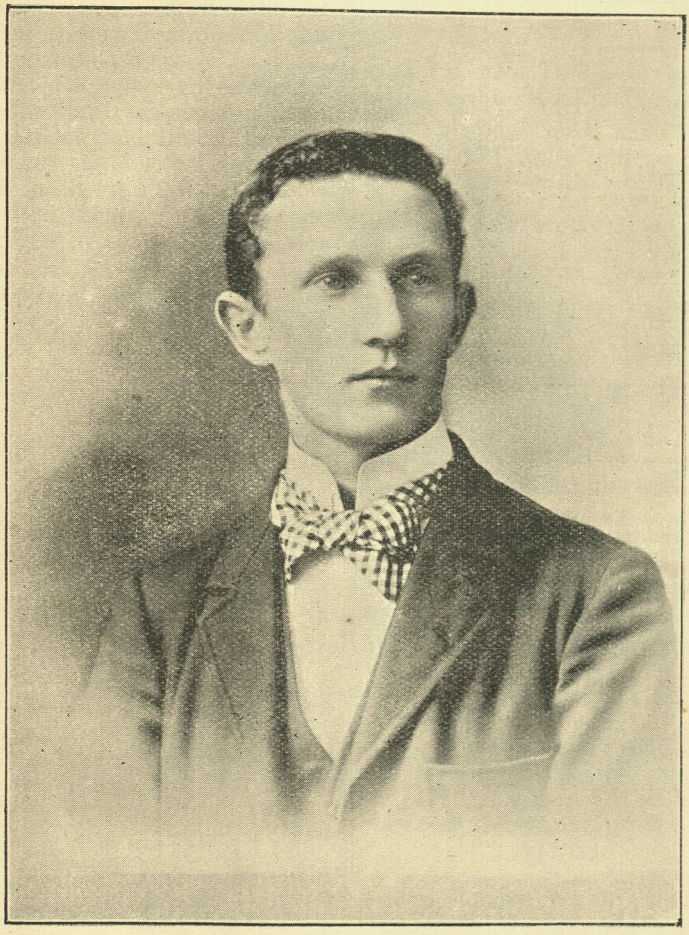
The Sodality meets every Tuesday. At alternate meetings we chant the office of the B.V.M. On the other evenings the Director gives us a short address on some practical subject to fit us to fight our battles in after life. At times, at his request, another Father gives us an address.

Instead of the usual meeting in the Chapel, we have had this year a few "Literary Evenings" in the 1st. Division Library. On one occasion the Prefect read for us a most instructive essay on the life and poetry of Thomas Moore. At another meeting Percy Power gave us a real half-hour's treat by reading a paper on our Australian poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon. On each occasion the interest of the essay was enhanced by the Director reading some of the Odes and Lyrics of the respective poets. This variety has been highly appreciated by all the members of the Sodality. By such literary half-hours we gain not only a fair idea of the merits of the authors themselves, but likewise are powerfully helped to discriminate between their influence for good or perchance for evil. Hence we are truly grateful to the Director for having devised this means of making all our

members take such a lively interest in the Sodality. Our Director has promised to give us a lecture before the end of the year, to which we all look forward with pleasure.

We trust that the Sodality will go on increasing, not only in practical members, but also in the spirit of healthy enthusiasm, which seems at present to animate us all.

During the past year the Rector, Rev. Father Ryan, at the request of our Director, procured for the Sodality two large and beautifully-bound folio volumes. In one of these, the minute-book, we record the reports of our meetings. The other is an immense register, printed and tabulated for the purpose of preserving the names of all our professed members, together with a few interesting facts of their lives. This register is of such ample proportions that it is calculated to contain the names of all our Sodalists for the next century and a-half. Never before had our Riverview Sodality either a proper minute-book or register. These acquisitions have contributed not a little to increase the interest and the enthusiasm of the Sodalists,



CORPORAL F. LONERAGAN.
(Our Highest Scorer in N.S.W. Rifle Association Schools' Match.)

both present and past. Many of our old schoolfellows have already inscribed their names in our grand register—each with his promise to be "SERVUS PERPETUUS B.V.M."

JUNIOR SODALITY.

President: REV. J. FORSTER, S.J.

ON Mr. Boylan's departure for Europe, in July, Mr. Forster, S.J., was appointed President of the Holy Angels' Sodality. The Sodality then numbered eighteen initiated members, mainly from the 2nd Division. On August 21st, new officers were elected: Arthur Du Boisé, Prefect; with Arthur O'Connor and Aloysius Fallon as First and Second Assistants.

On Sunday, October 4th (Feast of the Most Holy Rosary), five new members of seven that had been previously elected, were enrolled. Rev. Father Rector performed the ceremony at the 7 o'clock Mass. All the members were present, and profited by a short discourse delivered by Father Rector.

On the same day was held the Sodality's Annual Picnic, an account of which appears elsewhere.

As two of the elected members (Kenneth Austin and James Playoust) were absent at the last enrolment, through illness, Rev. Father McInerney, S.J., enrolled them privately on Sunday, November 15th. Most of the members were present.

SENIOR DEBATING CLUB.

President: REV. A. POWER, S.J.
Premier: J. E. D'APICE. *Leader of Opposition:* P. POWER.
Hon. Secretary: J. RYAN.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

ON Sunday, 6th September, a committee meeting of the Club was held, Rev. Mr. Power being in the chair. The business of the meeting was to elect a Premier and Leader of Opposition, and to decide the question and date for the next debate.

Mr. J. E. D'Apice was elected Premier; Mr. Percy Power, Leader of Opposition. Mr. P. Power, on being elected, resigned the position of Hon. Secretary of the Club, as his duties as Leader of Opposition would interfere with his duties as Secretary. Mr. J. Ryan was elected to fill the vacancy, thus caused by Mr. P. Power's resignation.

After a lot of discussion the question and date of the debate were left undecided, and the meeting adjourned.

On the following evening, Monday, the committee met again, and for a long time it seemed as if the question would remain undecided. At length, after discussing many questions, that proposed by Mr. D'Apice and seconded by Mr. Heritage, "Whether immediate Federation of the Australian Colonies would be advantageous to the said Colonies or not?" was adopted. It was also decided that the date of the debate be Sunday, the 20th September.

DEBATE.

In accordance with the resolution passed at the committee meeting of the 7th September, on Sunday, the 20th September, at half-past five the Senior Debating Club met in their Debating Hall for the first debate of the term.

On the Government benches were Mr. D'Apice, Premier and Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Heritage, Minister for Education; Mr. Ryan, Attorney-General; Mr. Kelly, Minister for Lands; Mr. Slattery, and Mr. Garvan.

The most prominent in the ranks of the Opposition were: Mr. P. Power, Leader; Mr. Godsall, Mr. Makinson, Mr. Griffin, and Mr. Fraser.

With such eloquent speakers on both sides, the debate promised to be a very interesting and lively one.

After the Speaker had taken the chair and the Hon. Secretary had read his report,

Mr. D'Apice rose amid applause to open the debate. He spoke of the weak state of the colonial forces by sea and by land. All the ships of war now in colonial waters would be withdrawn in the event of England being hard pressed by a war; hence, the necessity of Federated Australia having a fleet of her own. The several colonies do not at present possess a sufficient army to defend Australia, but Federated Australia would be in quite a different position. Federation would open up the interior, would thus provide work for the unemployed, would in part prevent so much of Australian money from going into the pockets of wealthy Englishmen, and would prevent one colony from being poor and on the verge of

ruin, whilst another was wealthy and prosperous without contributing anything to the common good of Australia. He appealed to the House, telling them it was Australia they should be proud of—not the Australian Colonies.

Mr. D'Apice was followed by the Leader of the Opposition, who, in a very eloquent speech, spoke in favour of Federation, but not of immediate Federation. He agreed with the Government that Australia wanted Federation, but he contended that the colonies were at present too weak, and must wait. He reserved his defence and attack for his second speech, and assured the House that what the Government intended to bring forward as arguments were not to be relied upon.

Mr. Heritage was the next Government speaker. His chief arguments for Federation were: unification of the debts of the colonies, and the abolition of the Customs duties between the colonies. He also discussed the position of the capital of Federated Australia, his opinion being that none of the present capitals were suitable, and, therefore, that a new capital should be built.

Mr. Godsall followed on behalf of the Opposition, and spoke vigorously. When attacked by the Premier, he complained that all his arguments were disputed. Mr. D'Apice replied that the hon. gentleman should not come forward with such arguments, and, in general, pointed out the weak and unhealthy state of the arguments of Opposition.

Mr. Ryan then rose and spoke with great emphasis on the need of Federation in the future, forgetting that immediate Federation was before the House. He appealed to history, referring especially to the Confederacy of Delos. "Unity is strength," was the drift of his arguments.

The next speaker for the Opposition was Mr. Makinson, who, though he made a good speech, did not seem to have any very clear argument, and left himself open to attack by comparing Australia to the Roman Empire. He wanted to know where the capital of Federated Australia would be.

On the motion of the Premier, the House now adjourned.

Owing to the Premier being indisposed and unable to attend, the adjournment was prolonged for two nights.

On the third night the House met again, and the Minister for Justice, Mr. Slattery, was the first speaker. He repudiated the statements made by some members of the Opposition with regard to some of Mr. D'Apice's arguments. He dwelt on England's inability to help Australia, and, hence, the need for Australia to be united.

The next speakers were: Messrs. Kelly and Garvan for Federation; and Messrs. Griffin, Fraser, and Anivitti against.

The Premier then moved the adjournment.

The House met again on Thursday. The whole evening was taken up with the final speeches of the two leaders.

Mr. Percy Power, who was well received, first went down the ranks of the Government, and criticised the speeches of the Ministry; then, after giving some arguments against immediate Federation, he appealed to the House not to be led away by Mr. D'Apice, who was to follow him. He (Mr. Power) believed in Federation, but contended that the Colonies were too weak for Federation yet. Finally, he warned the House against the Premier's habit of praising the House, and bribing it with the flattering but rather trite information, that the members were true Australians.

Mr. D'Apice then rose, and was well received. He began by indignantly repudiating the charge of wishing to bribe the House. He passionately assured them of his integrity, and told the hon. members that they might repose the utmost confidence in his upright intentions. At this point a lively bit of repartee took place between Mr. P. Power and the Premier, who, on continuing his speech, dealt with some of the speeches of the Opposition, but had not time to treat them all. He next quoted some figures, and made some calculations sufficient to convince the hon. members that, financially, Federation would not cause Australia any great loss. Time prevented him from continuing his speech, and so he had to cut it short and conclude with an appeal to his audience to vote for what would save Australia, and what was undoubtedly for her interest, namely, immediate Federation.

This ended the debate. The Chairman then put the motion to the House, and there was a clear majority in favour of Federation. Hence the Government retain office. The present Ministry formed the Opposition which threw the Manning Ministry out of power in the beginning of 1895, and have thus held office

for nearly two years. This, we think, is a record. We cannot remember any Ministry up to this holding office for so long a period.

On the result of the voting being announced, Mr. D'Apice proposed a vote of thanks to the Rev. Mr. Power, S.J., for having taken the chair during the debate.

The leader of the Opposition seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

J. E. D'APICE.

JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB.

President: REV. M. EGAN, S.J.

Committee:

L. LONERAGAN (Sec.), R. CRAVEN,
J. RYNN, P. DALTON,
C. DUFFY, D. O'SULLIVAN,
KEN. AUSTIN.

EARLY in November the second debate of the year began. The Armenian difficulty was then at its height, and we thought it our duty to cast oil on the troubled waters. The question, as first proposed, was "Whether England was justified in interfering?" But even the strategic ability of Mr. Charles Duffy, leader of the Opposition, could not get together men dashing and unscrupulous enough to join him in denying such a statement, and so the question became: "Should England interfere?" The leadership of the affirmative side, or—to give it the name with which it was constantly, though not quite constitutionally, dignified—the Government, was entrusted to Mr. Rynn, who led off with a concise (if somewhat prejudiced) statement of the question at issue.

Mr. Duffy, in a good opening speech, maintained that it was not the duty of England to do such a foolish thing, for she is isolated. The Venezuelan trouble rankles still in the breasts of Americans. Are the Germans more friendly through the Jameson raid? England should keep clear of a policy of disaster and defeat.

Mr. Loneragan, with the coolness of an experienced Parliamentarian, lashed the Opposition with bitter sarcasm. He considered that ingratitude was not one of the vices of the noble Armenians—a sentiment wildly cheered, for the youth of Riverview are enthusiastic for the triumph of virtue. Then he went on to say, or rather, promise, that such a man as Mr. Gladstone—— and that was all we could hear of that sentence. England had better send help; for Russia is near, and Russia is a young power, and, naturally, would very much like her share of TURKEY—a piece of logic which amused his hearers. As to England's not being able to put a large army in the field, the last speaker surely forgot that Australia would back her up, not to mention Canada or India.

Mr. Craven undertook the support of the Government, but did not consider that arguments of his were specially necessary; but, in any case, expressed himself in favour of action, and immediate action, on the part of England.

Mr. Pat. Makinson rose with the admission that Turkey deserved "something," but it was not England's part to administer the "something." If England held Turkey, there would be no peace the world over.

Mr. Duboisé wondered how such statements could—if he might express himself so—be hurled at them. England is bound in justice to interfere; she caused the whole trouble by her support of Turkey up to the present. England is the ship with spreading sails in the mid-ocean of Prosperity, and the waterlogged Armenian craft flies signals of distress in the distance. They must not be let go under, if England can lend a helping hand.

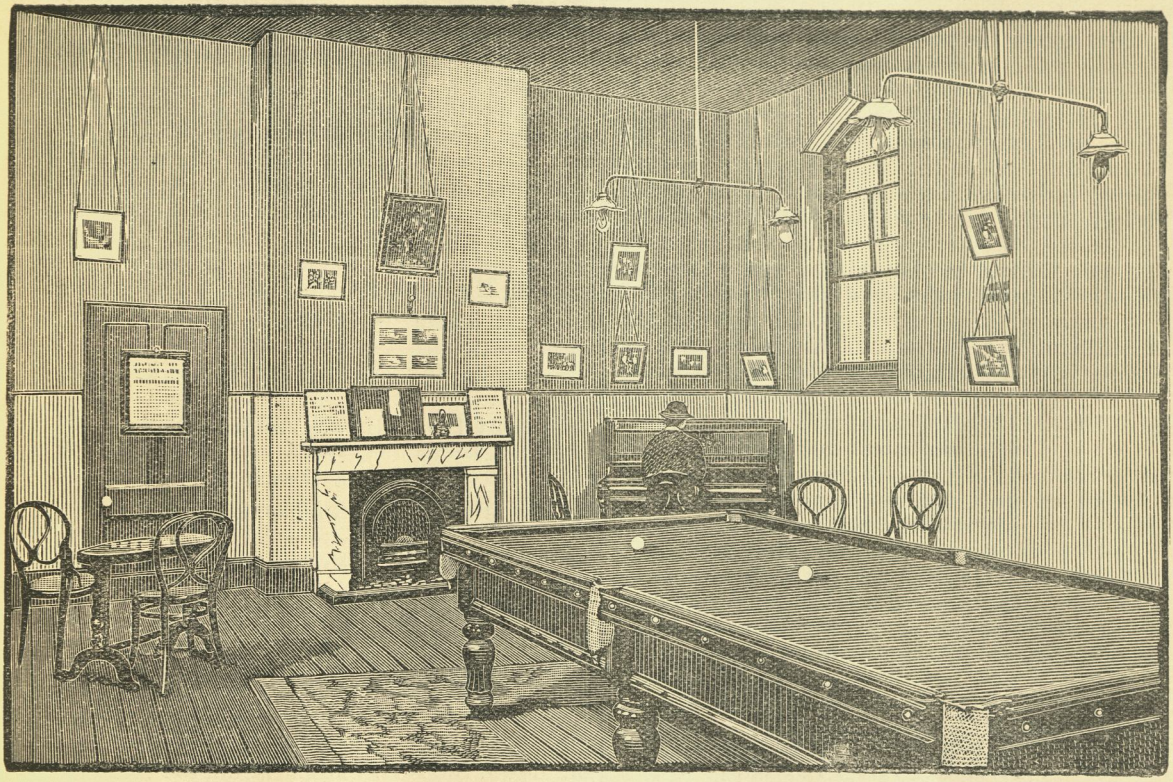
Mr. Austin, in a speech full of logic and determination, held that England surely should not interfere. Non-interference may seem un-Christian; but there are more general interests to be regarded. Europe should not be devastated for the sake of a few thousand Armenians. Reason, he thought, should be appealed to, not the feelings. When England is injured, and not till then, should the British bull-dog interfere.

Mr. Dalton went into the history of the matter, and by graphic details showed the unfitness of the Turks to be trusted with the destinies of a Christian people. From the time of the Crusades Turkey's policy has been aggression, with murder and rapine in the background. Checked at Lepanto in 1571, she was driven by inches from the heart of Europe. Her dependencies rebelled, were pitilessly crushed. Even in this century we have seen her doings in Greece, in Bulgaria, and in Crete. "Turkey stands before the nations a destroyer of the world's peace; therefore Turkey should be annihilated." Such was his comprehensive summary.

Mr. O'Sullivan began with an attack on Mr. Dalton, and maintained that there was an

Armenia at England's back door, which claimed her attention far more pressingly than the Armenia of the East.

Mr. Roger Makinson (who on this occasion made his maiden speech), thought that it would be unbecoming in Englishmen to stand by his doubts on this point. Then he proceeded to describe the treatment of their rebellious subjects by the Turks; the invitation, under the tender care of the Turkish equivalent for many policemen, to a moonlight excursion on the Bosphorus, in the middle of which they are politely but firmly



SENIOR PLAY ROOM.

without helping. If the unbelievers of Turkey were to get the upper hand how should our Indian possessions get on?

The Third Division was well represented, and provided good speeches.

Mr. Jacques Playoust was of the opinion that all thinking men were on his side—or, perhaps, he on theirs. England is strong. She could—he has it on the authority of some Australians—beat France and Russia together, but he hints requested to get out and walk. The argument on which he relied most, however, was that Turkey was so despotic as actually, two or three years ago, to forbid the entrance into the Ottoman Empire of OUR ALMA MATER! on account of its description of the doings of the Debating Club!

Mr. Guy Duffy led off with an attack, in vigorous language, on Mr. Gladstone and those who supported him. His declamation carried the House with him.

Mr. Jerome Burns proceeded, by apt illustrations, to support interference. England has vast interests, and, like a man with sums invested, must be careful not to be caught napping. As an American, he could promise the sympathy and support of the United States.

The affirmative side was further strengthened by the support of Messrs. Tom McKenna and McMahon, and the opposition, none the less, by Messrs. J. McKenna and R. McKillop.

Mr. Albert Walker—barely visible to anyone behind the first row of listeners—caused something in the nature of a panic by his unexpected introduction of the Chinese Question; for if England had anything to do with Turkey, she would come out of the struggle without winning many peacocks' feathers. And then China, having it all her own way out here, would, inevitably, do away with all the restrictions at present barring the entrance of foreigners into Australia, and would flood this poor country.

Summing up in the best speech of the debate (and many had been good), Mr. Rynn took on himself the task of showing the inconsistencies of the speakers of the Opposition, and was merciless in his home-thrusts.

Mr. C. Duffy considered that the arguments used by most of the Government side tended directly to prove the case for the Opposition; that is, of course, when they tended to prove anything. But, in any case, England's best policy was to stay quiet and not make a nuisance of herself. He resumed his seat confident in the good sense and the moral rectitude of such an attentive and highly intellectual audience.

THE CHOIR PICNIC.

THE Choir's second picnic this year was a great success. Those who had the pleasure of being present at it unanimously declared that "it was the best they had ever been to," and so say I. There was no lack of fun, and the swims in the morning and afternoon were greatly enjoyed. Fred. Gow "performed" on a snake while he and Dick Craven were strolling by the riverside. Perhaps the snake had been attracted by Dick, who is a "puer pinguis et nitidus." I don't find fault with the snake's taste.

The day was a little hot, and, of course, we got a bit sunburnt. All the better for us. I think it is only right to mention that Dick Craven made the mustard; and, to tell the truth, it was the best mustard I tasted this half. Of the games we played, cricket took most. Hide and seek was proposed, and played, but after a short time abandoned on account of its being so hot. At last, after a good swim, we had refreshments, and rowed home, singing songs and in high spirits, after the most enjoyable picnic of the year, and, I might say, of any other year. Three cheers were given at the wharf for Mr. Forster, and then, after pulling up the boats, we betook ourselves to the playroom.

But one thing might be added. About that cheese! We certainly brought it with us; but, on reaching the wharf, it had totally disappeared. No one knew anything about it, and it was proposed that we should get some "Sherlock Holmes" to find it. Various suggestions were made as to who would unravel the mystery quickest. I cannot say.

CECIL LONERAGAN (III. Gram.)

"OLD" RIVERVIEW BOYS.

ANNUAL RE-UNION.

(From the *Australian*, Brisbane.)

TAKING advantage of Exhibition time, when a large number of the "old" scholars of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney, are almost sure to be in the metropolis, an annual re-union has been agreed upon by them, and, for the third time, was held this year in Shaw's capacious dining rooms, on the night of the 13th August. Including guests, about forty sat down, the Rev. Father Ryan, the Rector of the College, being present, having come specially from the South for the occasion. Needless to say, he was heartily greeted by his old scholars, the lusty cheering lasting some minutes. Letters of apology for non-attendance were read from several "old" boys, and from Fathers Gartlan and Dalton, at Sydney. Mr. J. Jennings occupied the chair, and Mr. Dawson Corrigan (*alias* Phadrig Crahore) the vice-chair.

When the less ethereal portion of the entertainment had been concluded to the satisfaction of all concerned, the toast list was entered upon. The speeches were very good; the style, enunciation, gestures, and complete command of the several

subjects, together with the historical facts and figures dealt with in the course of delivery, all showed that it was not for nothing that they spent their years at St. Ignatius' College. The following is the toast-list :—"The Queen," the Chairman ; "The College," Mr. J. Lynch ; "Masters and present Students," Mr. Dawson Corrigan ; "Our Guests," the Chairman ; "Kindred Institutions," Mr. E. J. Sydes ; "The Press," Mr. J. Davidson ; "The Ladies," Mr. J. Walsh ; "Our Next Merry Meeting," Major Lyons. The respective toasts were responded to by the following :—Mr. A. Shewcroft, Rev. Father Ryan, Messrs. C. Ball, J. McKenna, C. Lennon, J. McCaffrey, and Barrister Blair. Major Lyons' speech was a very fine one, and called for special commendation from all. Melody was sweetly discoursed throughout the evening, Messrs. Vallely, Sydes, Blair, Shewcroft, and Corrigan taking part, the latter singing a song specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Shewcroft, the air of "Old Folks at Home" having been borrowed for the composition. Major Lyons gave a mirth-provoking "Sermon," and the story of Phadrig Crahore was told by D. Corrigan with great gusto. "Auld Lang Syne" brought to a close this very enjoyable, recreative, and happy re-union ; a re-union which we hope to see held year by year with an increasing muster of the products of our excellent Southern College.

CHORUS, "ONCE MORE WE MEET."

Air, "Old Folks at Home."

(Words by Mr. A. Shewcroft.)

When thus at times we meet together,
Friends once again :
Old memories around us gather,
Joyous, yet mixed with pain,
Joy – for the glad past still is present,
All our life through,
Pain – for the future, howe'er pleasant,
May part us, friends, from you.

Chorus :
Though the world may strive to sever
Bonds so strong to-night,
Oh! comrades, let these mem'ries ever,
Our hearts in love unite.

Through all our days our Alma Mater
Shall guide our way ;
And that from us no time may part her,
Is what we always pray,
And if at all in life's probation
Hopeless we feel,
Rememb'ring her, fresh inspiration
Upon our hearts shall steal.

Chorus.

Not memory alone shall bind us—
What's past is done—
But happy hopes shall happy find us,
The future shall be won.
For wider sympathies, my brothers,
And men more free
Are coming. Broader then than others
Let Alma Mater be.

Chorus.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD NORTH WALES.

WHILE I was at St. Beunos, N. Wales, in the early fifties, the new church at Pantassaph was completed and handed over to the care of the Capuchin Fathers. This church has a history which we think will interest our readers.

The Lord Fielding of that day—now the Earl of Denbigh—was a leading figure among the High Church Anglicans. He was an earnest and fervent Ritualist, as is evident from the following fact related of him.

It is said that on one occasion he was present at a "Communion Service" in an Anglican Church. After the service was over he saw the clerk with a napkin wipe on to the floor all the crumbs that remained on the Communion plate. Lord Fielding, who then believed in "Anglican Orders," was greatly shocked. He waited quietly till all had left the Church, then went down on his knees and carefully collected every crumb he could find and reverently consumed them. Almighty God rewarded his *bona fides*, and gave him and Lady Fielding the grace of conversion. Not long afterwards they were both solemnly received into the Holy Catholic Church.

Some time before they became Catholics, Lord Fielding resolved to devote some of their great wealth to the service of God. With that intention, and with the sanction of the Protestant Bishop of St. Asaph—Dr. Vowel Short—Lord Fielding commenced building a church at Pantassaph. After his conversion, he felt, of course, that he could not in conscience hand over the church to the Protestant Bishop, and so, when the church was completed, he made it over to the Catholic Bishop of the diocese. The Capuchin Fathers, in compliance with Lord and Lady Fielding's wish, were invited to take charge.

Just before the church was completed, Dr. Vowel Short wrote to Lord Fielding, reminding him of his promise. Lord Fielding replied that when he made the promise he was a *bonâ fide* Anglican; that since, he realised the fact that the Anglican Church was in gross error, and that now he was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and could not, in conscience, keep the promise he made in ignorance.

Lord Fielding justified his action thus: "If, my Lord, I had been a Turk and had promised to build a mosque for the Moslems—if, before the mosque was finished, I had become a member of the Anglican Church, would your Lordship hold me bound, when the mosque was finished, to hand it over to the Moslems?"

When the time came for the opening and blessing of the church there was a great gathering of clergy and laity present. The ceremony was really grand. The Welsh attended in crowds. Such a solemn scene had not been witnessed in Wales for centuries. Lord and Lady Fielding, of course, were present; and here we may note that Lady Fielding was fully as fervent as Lord Fielding himself. She was the daughter of Colonel N——, the wealthy proprietor of the great slate quarries, near Bangor, North Wales; and her rich dowry contributed largely to the erection of the beautiful church which was blessed and opened that day. It was truly a "red letter" day for North Wales.

About that day twelvemonth, we were all assembled in Pantassaph Church. It was no longer a day of rejoicing, it was a day of mourning. The church was draped in black; crowds again thronged there. The mournful dirge for the dead was sung, and the solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated. Lord and Lady Fielding were again present—but Lady Fielding was present *in her coffin*. These plaintive ceremonies were for the repose of her soul—"*Consummata in brevi explevit tempora multa.*" Almighty God called her away early in life to bestow upon her the reward of her piety, her virtue, and her generosity.

We reverently laid her mortal remains in the rich vault prepared for her within the church which she and her pious husband had just erected. Indeed, she required no special monument, the church was her monument: "*Si quæris monumentum circumspice.*" May she rest in peace.

At that time the Faith had nearly died out in North Wales; it was dying out, in fact, from "starvation." There were no longer any priests to "break the bread of life" to the few remaining Catholics; no priests to keep the Sanctuary Lamp alight. A few years of such spiritual destitution and not a Catholic would be found.

But now, thank God, a brighter day was dawning for the remnant of the old British Church. St. Beuno's College was gradually gathering in some converts in St. Asaph and round about the College. The Capuchin Fathers were hard at work in the new church sowing the "good seed." The Mission of Holy Well, which was never closed even in the dark days of persecution, was now bearing fresh fruit under the protection of St. Winifred. All this, with the recent appointment of the new bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Mostyn (himself a Welshman), gives an assured hope that "God has visited His people," and that the old Faith, like the returning-tide, is about to cover again the whole country, every valley and hill and ruin of which bear ample testimony that North Wales was once truly Catholic from end to end.

The numerous miracles—well attested—that have recently taken place at St. Winifred's Well have attracted attention, even in the public papers, and are evidence that Almighty God has not forgotten the old British Church, which, in the early days, gave so many illustrious saints to our altars.

Should these lines meet the eye of the Most Rev. Dr. Torregiani, Bishop of Armidale, New South Wales, perhaps they might inspire his Lordship to give us some of his recollections of old South Wales; that country where he lived so long, and which he served so faithfully.

J. Dalton, S.J.

CHOIR NOTES.

Our Choir has been very active this term, under Mr. Forster's direction. We may note the entertainment they gave us on August 15th, when they certainly showed that there was more in them than that "bee-like kind of buzz" with which they were credited on another occasion.

On Sunday, November 1st, Feast of All Saints, the Choir, assisted by the College orchestra, rendered "Bordesé's Petite Messe Solennelle." Stanley Fraser was organist. The several parts were well sustained.

THE BUSH FIRE.

(AN ECHO OF PATERSON.)

THROUGHOUT the bush around the camp could not be heard a sound;
The sun shone fiercely down upon the parched and dried-up ground.
The birds flew gasping here and there, their mouths were open wide;
Their trembling little tongues hung out, from thirst quite black and dried.

The grass was brown: it was just then the middle of the drought,
And three of us were trying to find some water round about.
We ambled slowly through the gums, and not a word we spoke,
The beating of our horses' hoofs alone the silence broke.

We were just coming to the plain, the grass was dry and long,
When suddenly we smelt the smell of bush-fire very strong.
Our horses, too, knew what was up, they stopped and pawed the ground,
They'd often seen bush-fires before upon the country round.

One moment we stood listening—one moment, and no more,—
Yet even as we stood we heard afar the awful roar
Of the bush-fire fast devouring, with fierce and fiery flame,
The long, dry grass and fern-trees as swift it onward came.

Already in the distance we saw the fiery red,
When Wonga Jack, the stockman, turned his chestnut mare and said:
"The bush is burning, burning, lads, like mad we'll have to ride;
I know a place of safety, lads, upon the other side
Of Murrumbidgee River, 'bout five good miles from here;
With horses like the ones we ride we'll get there never fear."

We turned about the way we'd come and galloped straight ahead,
Through scrub and over fallen logs we swiftly onward sped.
Amid the tangled, thirsty grass, the fire came on behind,
But ever as we felt despair we always kept in mind,
Our horses all were thorough-breds and stayers all by breed;
Unmatched in courage and in wind, as they were in their speed.

At last the welcome waters of the river came in sight,
We urged our tiring horses, and we rode with all our might,
'Till we reached the flowing stream and galloped down the bank,
And jumped from off our horses and in the water sank.

Old Wonga Jack was first to speak: "We're saved, my lads, at last;
Look at our foaming horses though; by George! we've done it fast."
The river put the bush-fire out, and we escaped all right,
But to this day I shudder when I think of it at night.

R. O'CONNOR (*Juniors.*)

SOCIAL.

President: REV. E. McC. DOWNING, S.J.
Committee: G. GARVAN, J. E. D'APICE, W. McLAUGHLIN.
Hon. Secretary: J. E. D'APICE.

THE Socials and Concerts this half were quite up to the Riverview standard, and "that's saying something." One noteworthy feature was the revival of farces. This mode of enjoying an innocent hour of jollity had quite gone out of fashion for some time past. Why, we know not. We are inclined to think that it was in no wise due to the lack of histrionic talent, but rather to the fact that, now-a-days, public examinations make such a heavy demand on both time and energy. The welcome given to our first endeavour in this direction clearly demonstrated, as a mathematician would say, that our mirthful spirit is not completely torn asunder with the stress and strain of this century of "keen intellectual competition." Alas! we are inclined to throw up our hands in horror as we think of the school-boys of future generations, for if things go on in their present course, "*après nous le déluge.*"

Another feature of our Socials and Concerts —which we notice with some gratification—is, that we have begun to rely more upon ourselves for furnishing the items of our entertainments. This is as it should be; for one of the most important functions of such entertainments—apart, of course, from their primary *raison d'être* —is to develop latent talent, and thus be a means of education.

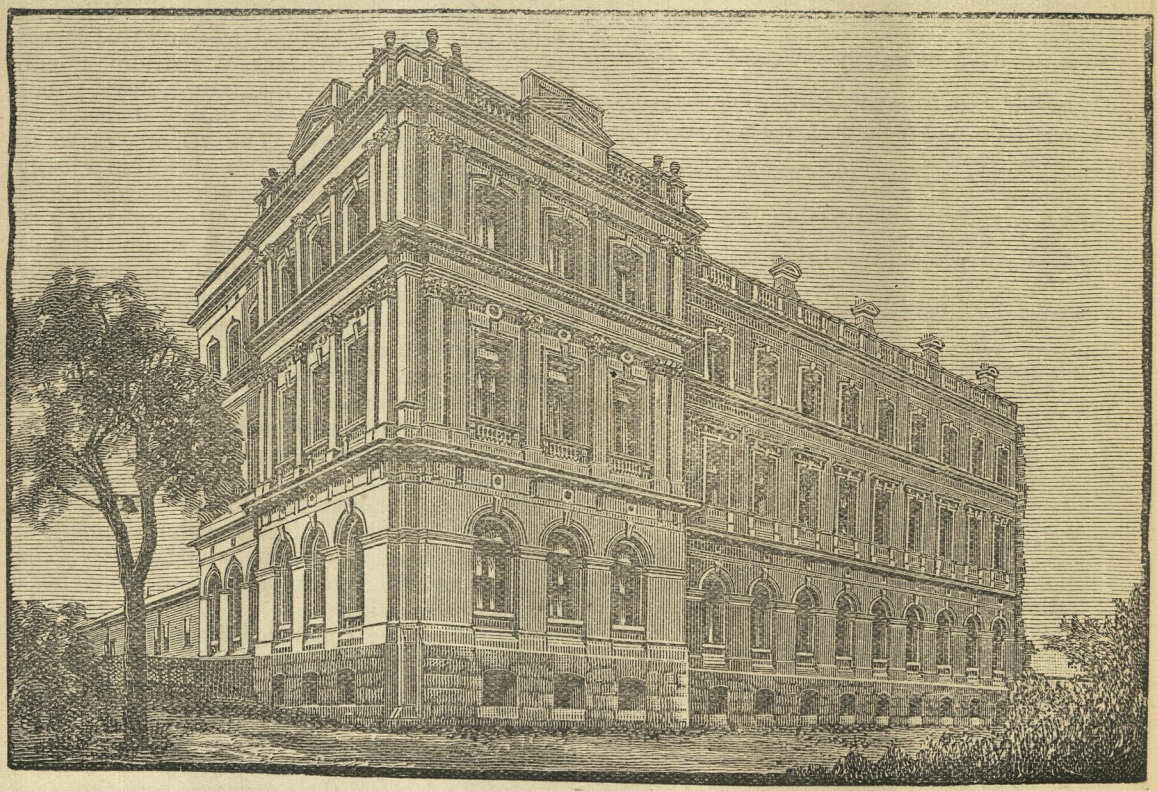
Let it not be concluded from this that we have lost our appreciation of either the kindness or the talent of our kind friends of the past; nor let these flatter themselves that they are thus relieved from all further labour towards making our social re-unions a success, when exigencies demand their generous services.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 1.

ST. IGNATIUS' DAY—31st JULY, '96.

This was the first entertainment of the half, and its marked success presaged well for its successors. Our reverend Rector kindly undertook to interest and arouse us in an instructive way. We sat in leisure and at luxurious ease in the "reserved" seats of the Microcosm, while scene after scene of the "City of the Cæsars" glided gently by, amazing and dazzling us in their sublime grandeur.

Entering Rome by the Flaminian Way, we passed through the Porta del Popolo (constructed by the Roman Censor, C. Flaminius, 220 B.C.), the gate through which the Roman cohorts passed to conquer Britain. This was interesting to us patriotic young Australians. Once we got into the city, scene crowded on scene in such rapid succession that all that survived was a bewildering sensation of colossal piles of wondrous architectural grandeur and artistic beauty. Ancient and modern erections seemed to blend in one harmonious whole. In the struggle for the "survival of the fittest," the scenes that made most enduring impression were the Piazza del Popolo, the Bridge and Castle of S. Angelo, the Vatican, the Corso, the Capitol, the Mamertine Prison, the Forum Romanum, the Arch of Titus, the Colosseum, the Catacombs, the Pantheon, and, last though not least, that marvel of marvels, St. Peter's. Our reverend *cicerone* spent some considerable time in trying to get our small heads to grapple with the astounding dimensions of this mighty pile. To do so, he had made extensive calculations, using as units of measurement objects familiar to us; for instance, we were inclined, after the spirit of the age, to be somewhat incredulous when we were told that no less than sixty Riverview Colleges could be comfortably packed up inside St. Peter's. This gave us some *small* idea of its vastness.



EXTERIOR OF THE COMPLETED PORTION OF THE COLLEGE.

We were somewhat rudely recalled to that world of frolic and fun, in which the average school-boy is wont to live, from the dreamland

of ancient grandeur in which we were rapidly losing our bearings, by a few comic scenes possessed of wondrous risible potentialities, if we are to judge by the "shouts of laughter" which greeted them.

And then Rev. Mr. Baker, who had executed all these wondrous scenes by means of a magic lantern, had a novelty in store for us, for suddenly we found our football team complacently smiling down at us from the great white sheet. This little act of thoughtfulness was thoroughly appreciated.

A few musical selections were given as an interval during the lecture. C. Loneragan made his *début* as a pianist, and acquitted himself creditably. F. Loneragan was, as ususal, in evidence with his violin. Rev. Mr. Forster played some very pretty airs on the violin.

Among our visitors was Very Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., who was making his annual visitation.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 2.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION B.V.M.—AUGUST 15th.

This entertainment was given solely by the College Choir, under the personal direction of Rev. Mr. Forster. From a musical stand-point, it was a decided success, and gave evidence that there is much latent musical talent among present Riverviewers, which only needs kindly encouragement and care to draw out and develop.

> "A few can touch the magic string,
> And noisy fame is proud to win them.
> Alas! for those that never sing,
> But die with all their music in them."

These appropriate lines headed a programme of great artistic merit, designed and executed by Rev. Mr. Forster. C. Duffy "opened proceedings" by declaming, in good style, a neat little prologue, in which he told us that this was but a trial attempt of his companions, and, consequently, expected us to condone their shortcomings. At the sound of the bell up rose the curtain, and revealed the stage decorated after the fashion of a musical club-room.

P. Dalton cleverly executed a piano solo, "L'Adieu"; and was followed by A. Gow, who who was well applauded for his violin solo, "Kuyiwiak." Next came a novelty in the shape of a Dialogue Français, "Scène du Grondeur." The different characters were sustained by M. Perraud, P. Dalton and A. Duboisé. No doubt our French contingent enjoyed the scolding match very much, but some of the small folk declared that, so far as they were concerned, it was "*vox et praeterea nihil*." These, consequently, had to be content with the comical "get-up" and gestures of the characters, which were strictly "*comme il faut*." C. Loneragan then recited "The Dying Fox." The Choir, with A. O'Connor and R. Craven as leaders, then sang "The Old Rustic Bridge," to the accompaniment of the orchestra, under the baton of Mr. Lewis. This item was received with thunders of applause, and was repeatedly *encored*. B. Stratton (a small boy of the Third Division) danced gracefully the Highland Fling. "Nazareth" was then played by the Orchestra, which we must say has made great progress under Mr. Lewis. The other items on the programme were a comic song and dance, by G. Garvan, and "Studies" on the violin, by Mr. Forster. During the intervals, Mr. Forster gave a sort of *mélange délicieux*, which consisted of tunes on the mouth organ, concertina, and mandoline. He also gave us a pretty exhibition of club-swinging, which was appreciatively applauded. A pleasant evening was concluded with "God save Ireland."

Owing to the illness of C. Pery, two items were omitted—viz., a duet, "The Wind and the Harp," C. Pery and A. O'Connor; and a dialogue, "An Unwilling Witness," C. Pery and R. Craven. We trust to have the pleasure of having these items on the next favourable occasion.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 3—"JUNIORS' HOLIDAY."

29TH SEPTEMBER, '96.

"A Microcosmic Revival—the side-splitting Comedietta, 'The Birthplace of Podgers.'" Such was the heading to the programme presented by the College Dramatic Club on the 29th September, the play-day given on account of the good results obtained at the last Junior Public Examinations. It was a great source of pleasure to the older boys to see the boards of the Microcosm once more occupied by members of the dramatic club. It was quite a year since we had a farce. The only fault found with this farce was that it was much too short—a good failing in matters of this kind, as it shows that they have not outrun their welcome. Rev. Mr. Downing somehow managed to steal from his prefecting the time necessary to get up this display, and, when we take into consideration the necessarily hasty manner in

which it had to be put on the stage, we must certainly pronounce it a success.

The cast was as follows:—Tom Cranky (a working-man), Gerald Garvan; Mr. Erasmus Maresnest (a literary enthusiast), J. E. D'Apice; Edmund Earlybird (an interesting young man), G. Austin; Mortal Podgers, W. McLaughlin; Alonzo Lexicon, R. Godsall; 1st. Photographic Artist, J. Slattery; 2nd. Photographic Artist, W. McLaughlin; Two Boys, R. O'Connor, A. Vincent; Amelia Maresnest (a spinster of doubtful age), H. McMahon; Penelope Lexicon (the ancient authoress of "Despair," and other poems), S. Fraser; Mrs. Cranky (a working-woman), Denis O'Sullivan.

The plot of the farce is too well known to need repetition. Suffice it to say that the tendency to deify supposed greatness and the enthusiastic hero-worship so common now-a-days, afford ample scope for the satirist; and this play is a fair specimen of such satire directed—though, perhaps, not very successfully—in the right direction. The contrast so rudely drawn between the grim realities of the workingman's life and the dainty, unfeeling dilettanteism of the hunters after the relics of famous people, is certainly very effective. As usual, the comic borders very closely on the touching; and if some of the situations are very ridiculous, others are not wanting in pathos.

While all those who took part in this farce deserve praise for the manner in which they acted, considering it was the first public appearance of most of them, we think W. McLaughlin, R. Godsall, and H. McMahon are deserving of special mention. G. Garvan rather overdid his part. He was the "common labouring man"; but a labouring man has traits of nobility too, and a representation which omits them altogether tends to become too merely caricature to be good acting. But Gerald deserves praise for the willing way he throws himself into any part given him.

The college orchestra, under the baton of Mr. Lewis, gave selections before and after the farce. A Walker played a "Gavotte" on the violin, and C. Pery and A. O'Connor sang a very pretty duet, "The Wind and the Harp." C. Duffy, a promising reciter, introduced the actors, and demanded the kind indulgence of the audience for their defects, in an appropriate prologue written for the occasion. Rev. Fr. Ryan (Rector), congratulated the actors on their proficiency as exponents of the histrionic art.

Three hearty cheers for the Rector, and one for Mr. Downing, concluded the entertainment.

[On reading over the above we find that J. E. D'Apice, with becoming modesty, omits his own name from the number of those who deserve special praise for the way they acted in the farce. Though we approve of this modesty we think truth would suffer unless we added his name to the list, for we were present at the entertainment and saw his personation of Mr. Maresnest with our own eyes, and thought it very good.—Eds. O.A.M.]

GENERAL NOTES.

Some of our reporters seem to be sleeping partners. Two or three, whom—*honoris causâ*—we will not name, did very little to keep us posted in current events.

In general we have a strong objection to nocturnal warblings of the telephone bell, but last July we made an exception. At no less 'witching an hour than 11.30 p.m. our dreams were disturbed by a tingling sensation from the region of the cottage. We woke up and wondered what it could be. Then it flashed across us—the Junior results! So it turned out to be. Next morning, at breakfast, Father Murphy read out the list, and what a shout was there, my countrymen!

The Gymnasium—so long desired—was finished very soon after our re-opening last July. Quite recently the electric light has been put in, and it is a very favourite resort after tea. The muscle-development going on is something alarming.

Father Kenny, Superior of the Australian Mission, was on visitation in the early part of August. He had but lately returned from his visitation to the mission in the Northern Territory.

We are very glad to see our old boys coming up to see us so often.

On August 22nd, it was suddenly announced that the whole school was about to be photographed by a special artist from Sydney. We repaired to the side of the building facing the garden, and proceeded to pack ourselves into a reasonably small space, every one trying to get

a good place, and to look his best (which no one ever quite succeeds in doing to his satisfaction). There was the camera about twenty paces in front, leering horribly at us with its one gaunt eye, like the Cyclops, seemingly intent upon examining all and everything about us. One or two witty boys began to speculate on the probability of the camera getting cracked by certain visages. We hope, at any rate, it didn't hear their jokes. America's Stars and Stripes waved proudly on the morning wind, the flagstaff being Jerome Burns, who showed that he was not afraid to stick up for his country and her colours, which fluttered so gaily from his cap.

Joe O'Brien, writing from the Transvaal, under date August 8th, says: "Of all the evils which young men can fall into in South Africa —and they are very numerous,—there is only one which I cannot work against, and I ask your advice. It is the *dust*. Now we are having our two months' dusty season and, close down—get under a blanket, or whatever else you do, you cannot keep it out. There are oftentimes here when we cannot see twenty yards. I am glad I am working inside. When Jack comes home sometimes I go to clear him out, thinking him to be a Kaffir; but when he replies in a rather vigorous style I can see that it is only the dust."

And Jack O'Brien: "I speak the Kaffirs language very fairly now. I am starting to pick up Dutch. Anyone who can speak these languages need never be afraid of coming to this country."

A very hot discussion was overheard in the Refectory between two 3rd Divisioners, the point in dispute being: "If possession is nine-tenths of the law, what is the other tenth?" Who would credit babes with such wisdom?

Another pair: "Why didn't Homer and all these old fellows write in plain English?" "You little fool, sure hardly anyone knew English then!"

From the *Catholic Press*, August 29th:— "Narrandera. The old boys of Riverview will be glad to learn that one of their number (Mr. T. J. Quirk) is practising, with much success, as a solicitor here, and, by his ability and many fine qualities, winning the esteem of all with whom he comes in contact."

Freeman's Journal, August 29th: "Of our new solicitors, we may mention that Mr. W. H. Sheridan (son of Mr. Philip Sheridan, J.P.) obtained his educational equipment in St. Ignatius' Jesuit College, Riverview, and entered upon his professional studies with Messrs. Iceton and Faithfull, of Sydney. Mr. P. O'Donnell, who passed his final with the above, was a fellow student of Mr. Sheridan, at Riverview."

By the way, I went for a ramble over the new hen district, under the able guidance of its proprietor and active manager, Brother Doyle. I was agreeably surprised by its dimensions. Imagine the side of a hill, cleared of bush, and formed of a rough series of terraces, with rocks lying here and there, and grass plots and newly-planted fruit-trees, and the whole peopled with cocks and hens and chickens, and ducks and turkeys, in every stage of fowl-development from the egg upwards. Such is the scene that presents itself. Fifteen acres of hens!

There is a charming variety of these feathered and comforting animals. With admirable volubility Br. Doyle pointed out to me Brahmaputras, Orpingtons, Hamburgs, Minorcas, etc., a third of which I can't remember. Wild cats made themselves troublesome for awhile, seeming to take very kindly to the ample provision of young chickens scattered over the side of the hill. But now the hen-yards are punctuated at judicious intervals with dogs of a business-like turn of mind. Certain condiments, too, of a poisonous nature were sprinkled about; so the wild cats have grown much less enthusiastic about young chicken.

S. Sheldon, an old Riverviewer, who went to study in England, passed his final medical examination last December, and is now practising in the Sydney Hospital.

We are glad to see that P. Clifford still wields the willow, and makes big scores, at Cooma.

Dick Dalton and Gregan MacMahon are sustaining the fame they won on the boards of

the Microcosm by their success in amateur theatricals.

Our Sacristans, Jack Slattery and Stanley Fraser, deserve great credit for the care they have taken of the altar. The flowers were particularly good. During September and October, especially, there was a great wealth of beautiful wild flowers, very tastefully arranged. We believe S. Fraser is chiefly responsible for this.

J. E. S. Henerie's literary activity is by no means decreasing. We constantly see articles and poems by him, or about him, in the magazines.

"If we win the Shield again this year, we shall all go to town and see the Cinematograph!" said our small boy. (By the way, it is amusing all the contortions this word Cinematograph went through before it was quite nationalized amongst us. It is a rather formidable-looking business to tackle at first sight. Circumlocutions were preferred for a long while. For example, "Aren't we going to see the—eh,—you know, to-morrow?" But, since our visit, the word, or rather, our tongues, have become quite acclimatized.)

Well, sure enough, we won the Shield, and went in to see the Cinematograph. The whole of Riverview turned out, armed cap à-pie with shining white collars, blameless neckties, dainty hats, and all the other infallible marks of a high civilization. We trickled down to the wharf, gathered there in a vari-coloured drop, until the steamer came along. Then we melted into her, flowing gently all around her deck, and lodging especially at bow and stern. So we sailed—a gallant sight. From Lime-street we got to the "show," into it, and through it, with breathless rapidity. It was like the Eleusinian mysteries. You went into darkness, and came out wondering and wiser—and initiated. It is a wonderful invention. We saw "Baby fed," and other highly instructive scenes, and, last of all, the Paris express came rushing at us in a rather uncomfortable way. There was a sort of commotion amongst the audience, and an inclination to clear out of the way, in spite of the reassuring knowledge that it was all only an image. It illustrates very well how panic-inclined we are when assembled in crowds. I don't think it would have taken very much to make that audience rush for the door—a good startling train-whistle, for instance, at the critical moment would have been enough.

"Parse everything": "Everything is a noun." "If everything is a noun, what's the use of parsing?" asked Dan O'Sullivan.

The amount of poetry written this term has been wonderful. Several journals—mostly of a strictly private and confidential nature—came into existence, which might be well described in Cicero's words: "*Quædam bestiolæ unum diem vivunt.*" For the most characteristic thing about them was—1st, that they were short-lived; 2nd, that they were deservedly so.

Before the cricket season began, the blasting on the ground, under Pat, was to be heard every day like distant artillery. Pat, a fine specimen of an athletic Irishman, makes the rocks skip in style, to the tune of his exceedingly voluble tongue. Inch by inch we are gaining on the wicked, old earth that so strongly objects to being levelled into cricket creases.

A Little Word from Father Dalton:—"The old Riverview boys, where are they? What are they doing? This question suggested itself in connection with the ordination of an old Riverview boy, the Rev. Michael A. Flemming, on Nov. 30, 1896. He was ordained by his Eminence Cardinal Moran in St. Mary's Cathedral. Riverview is about to commence her eighteenth year. Some hundreds of pupils have come and gone—where are they? What are they doing? On looking over the list of names, we find Riverview represented in all the learned professions—at the Bar, in the Medical profession, in the counting-houses, in Government offices, and in stations up country, in the ranks of engineers, surveyors, &c., &c. But what most consoles Our Alma Mater is not only the number of her pupils who live good practical Catholics, but also the many who have dedicated themselves to God's service in religious Orders, as well as amongst the Secular clergy. Riverview is represented amongst the Passionists, amongst the Jesuit Fathers, and largely amongst the Secular clergy. The Rev. S. Burke, D.D., Professor of Divinity in Manly College, claims Riverview as his Alma Mater. So does Rev. Henry Fitzgerald, of Queensland; also, Rev. Edward O'Brien, New South Wales. The three first ordained from Manly College

THE ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE RIFLE TEAM.

WINNERS OF THE SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE SHIELD IN THE RECENT N.S.W. RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING.

Corporal E. Cox (Wagga). Cadet F. Miller (Armidale). Corporal F. Loneragan (Mudgee). Corporal Flanagan (Macleay).



Cadet J. McGurn (Grafton). Color-Sergt. J. D'Apice (Sydney). Inst. H. Williams. Sergt. C. Byrne (Cooma). Corpl. P. Power (Brisbane, Q.)
Cadet W. McGurn (Grafton). Cadet R. Godsall (Toowoomba, Q.).

were Jesuit boys (two being from Riverview). Another great consolation for Our Alma Mater is the thought that of the eight or ten of her pupils who have died, all died at home, and all died holy deaths."

FATHER FLEMMING came to visit us on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He gave Benediction that evening, and said the boys' Mass next morning.

FATHER FLEMMING is an out-and-out Jesuit boy. About 1879 the Jesuits introduced him to the world of letters, and they educated him till he went to Manly in 1889, where he pursued his studies until his recent ordination. No less than six Flemmings passed through Riverview. Three had preceded Michael in 1880, and two more accompanied him when he arrived in 1883 from St. Kilda's. We heartily wish him every blessing in his holy vocation.

WE feel great pleasure in recording that J. Henry Keating (O.R.), whose brilliant career we sketched last Christmas, has just succeeded in passing his "Third year of Laws" in the University of Tasmania, securing his L.L.B. degree. We may mention that, having resided for the last two years at Lefroy, distance from Hobart precluded his attendance at lectures, and, consequently, he passed his second and third year examinations purely on private study.

ON Sunday, September 6, Father Dalton preached for the first time for three months. We were all glad to hear him again.

BIRD-NESTING was much in vogue in the 2nd Division this half. Some handsome collections have been made. We believe P. Makinson, H. M'Hugh, and D. Prendergast have the largest numbers.

PHOTOGRAPHY has been going through certain vicissitudes. In the 1st Division there are two or three very persevering and promising "artists." The worst feature about photography is that it necessitates the spending so much time in a dark room. Now a dark room *may* be very healthy and well ventilated, but the chances are, it isn't.

BUT in spite of all difficulties, Jack Slattery and Arthur Makinson have been very persevering in their efforts to chronicle the features of the age, as reflected in the faces of our footballers and cricketers. Jack took two splendid photos. of the 3rd Cricket Team, and deserves praise for his others. We wish both artists equal success.

WE have to chronicle the appearance at Riverview about the middle of October of two new puppies: one a collie, the other Mount St. Bernard. They immediately gained a position in popular favour, from which they have never been dislodged. They are great friends—soft shaggy friends, and Tiger has taken them both under his wing, and growls and objects strongly if you pat either of his protégés too familiarly.

WE note that an ex-student of Riverview, Mr. G. E. Flannery, acted as Assistant Secretary to the Federal Convention at Bathurst.

FRIDAY, October 30th.—Father M'Killop, Superior of the Northern Territory Mission, visited us to-day. Owing to ill-health, he has been recalled for a while from his distant and lonely post. He and his little band are doing good work living in a seedling of civilisation, planted in the heart of savagedom. The Mission is on the Daly River. Ninety miles have to be done right through the bush to reach the nearest railway station, and *en route* one has to keep a look-out for wild buffaloes—not to mention snakes and mosquitoes, compared to which our snakes and mosquitoes are nowhere—a mere flea-bite, so to say.

ON November 27, Frank Punch looked very grand carrying about that new bat which Mr. Downing presented him with. In fact, he looked rather formidable all that day and the next. One would think he had fears of an attack on his person, and thought it safe to carry about a weapon. If so he was wise in choosing the weapon he has shown he can handle with most effect.

WE acknowledge, with thanks, an article by "Lynette," entitled "The Desert's Lovers," recounting some of the adventures of an old Riverview boy in Western Australia. Unfortunately it arrived too late for this issue. We hope to publish it at midsummer.

THE CLASS-CHAMPIONSHIP COMPETITION, 1896.

The poet that wrote on the pleasures of hope said nothing of the pleasures of "hope deferred," which, judging by our recent experiences, "maketh the heart beat," as the proverb meant to say. He had not had, however, "the advantages of an education at Riverview," of which we shall soon hear so much on Speech Day, and never knew the excitement of the Riverview Class-Championship. Sunday, 13th December, however, like everything else, came at last, and saw us all gathered awaiting in the study hall the advent of the Rector and community, on whose arrival the Prefect of Studies was to announce the results of the championship competition. Trusting to anonymity (anonymity is like "mobled queen"), we may say that he was less tantalising than usual. He kept us in suspense only whilst he briefly reported that the interest in the examination throughout the whole year had been well sustained, although the work presented to the examiner in two of the subjects was somewhat inferior to that of previous years; that the Greek composition sent up by James Ryan, of Senior class, deserved very special honourable mention, as well as the papers in both Christian Doctrine and Arithmetic presented by Patrick Griffin. Some of us fell into the trap laid for us in this special praise of Patrick Griffin, and thought he therefore need not be reckoned for in the championship. This tended to heighten the excitement and pleasure caused by the Prefect of Studies then announcing that the championship for 1896 had been won by the Junior class, the first place and Championship Gold Medal having been obtained by Patrick Griffin, of that class. The second place and silver medal were secured by James Rynn, of Third of Grammar class. We append the detailed marks of the first six in the competition.

Names.	Class.	Christian Doctrine.	Greek.	French.	English.	Arithmetic.	Total.
Patrick Griffin ..	Junior	80	61.75	68	59.54	81.6	70.19
James Rynn	iii Grammar ..	53.1	70.6	71.63	76	58	65.88
Mark Perraud ..	iii Grammar ..	48	72.6	88	51.85	56	63.3
Patrick Dalton ..	Junior	62.6	75.25	72.5	60.91	30	60.26
Jacques Perraud ..	Junior	60	68	83	58.18	25	58.83
Michael Kelly ..	Junior	37.1	78.75	75.5	50.45	48.1	57.8

[Marks in all the columns are percentages.]

THE KEATING PRIZE.

This prize, annually presented by "Past" Riverviewers, consisted this year of Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," in four vols., handsomely bound in full calf by a London firm. The work was supplied by Messrs. Angus and Robertson, of Sydney, sufficiently early to allow of its being "on show" in one of the college museum cases. This seems to have whetted the already keen edge of the appetite of the competitors, and was one of the causes of an unusually tough struggle. The competition, according to the regulations, was limited to boys of the junior and upper classes, representatives of which were allowed each to make his choice of one of the following subjects of examination:—Classics (including Ancient History), English and one other modern language, Mathematics, Natural Science with one mathematical subject, the usual condition of qualification for entrance being required that the candidate had spoken in all the debates of the year, and had obtained honours in at least one. In classics very creditable work was presented by Patrick Dalton, Patrick Griffin, and Albert Walker, of the junior class. The only competitor in the second group of

subjects (a member of the sub-senior class) presented very good work in English and English Literature, whilst in Mathematics Michael Kelly, of the junior class, sent up work of which it is high enough praise to say that it showed he did well in not being deterred from competing in that group by the new and rather stringent rule of the College examinations. This rule prescribes that "mathematical papers presented for examination for the 'class championship,' 'Keating,' or other 'special' prizes shall not obtain, for the correct answers alone, more than 60 per cent. of the total possible marks. The other 40 per cent. is assigned to 'improved methods' of solution and work." Three competitors from the senior class, three from the sub-senior, and five from the junior, faced the examination, and almost to the finish the result was difficult to foresee. In the last paper, however—of Latin "unseens"—Percy Power, of the senior class, put the matter entirely beyond doubt, and carried off the Keating Prize of 1896. The excellence of the Latin sight translation presented by Percy Power in this examination deserves a word of special commendation, and enables us to congratulate him on being the winner of a well-deserved and highly-coveted prize. Patrick Dalton, of the junior class, obtained second place.

SENIOR AND MATRICULATION HONOURS EXAMINATIONS.

As we go to press the results of these examinations come to hand. All our pupils, we are glad to say, have passed, one of them (John E. d'Apice) passing in all the nine subjects presented by him for examination, and qualifying for Matriculation Entrance at the University to the Faculties of Medicine and Science, and to the Department of Engineering. He obtained also Honours in Latin and Mathematics at the Matriculation Examination, Peter Gittings, also from Riverview, obtaining Honours in French.

EXCHANGES.—We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following exchanges—*Clongownian*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Torchbearer*, *Newingtonian*, *King's School Magazine*, *Cooerwell Magazine*, *St. Patrick's Annual* (Wellington).

SPEECH DAY.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15TH.

(From the Sydney Papers.)

THE annual distribution of prizes took place at St. Ignatius' College on December 15th, the Cardinal-Archbishop presiding. His Eminence, who was accompanied by the Right Rev. Mgr. O'Brien, the Very Rev. Dr. O'Haran, the Very Rev. Dr. Carroll, V.G., and the Very Rev. Dean Slattery, was conveyed to and from the College in the Government steam launch, in which were also His Excellency Admiral Bridge, the Hon. J. N. Brunker (Colonial Secretary), the Hon. J. H. Young (Minister for Public Works), the Hon. A. J. Gould (Minister for Justice), Sir George Dibbs, the Hon. D. O'Connor, M.L.C., Mr. W. J. Lyne, M.L.A., Colonel Bell (U.S. Consul), Mr. W. McMillan, M.L.A., and others. There was a very large attendance of visitors, including several members of the *élite* of the city and its surroundings, as well as distinguished visitors from other parts of the colony. The clergy were very numerously represented. Among the Jesuit Fathers present were:—The Very Rev. Father Ryan (Rector of the College), the Rev. Father Dalton, the Very Rev. Father McKillop, the Rev. Fathers McInerney, Gartlan, Sturzo, and Leahy. We also noticed the Very Rev. Arch-Priest Sheehy, the Very Rev. Father Slattery, O.S.F., the Rev. Fathers Collins, Macdonnell, and many others.

A musical and dramatic programme was carried out in a manner reflecting great credit on all engaged in it. In particular, the young gentleman who took the part of Arthur in the scene from "King John," which was played in character, showed dramatic talent of a very unusual kind. It was, in fact, hard to realise that the part was filled by a genuine boy, and not by an emotional actress. The programme was as follows:—"Nazareth" (Gounod), Orchestra. Scene from King John (Shakespeare,)—Hubert, J. E. d'Apice; Arthur, C. Gavan Duffy. "Beth Gelert," Guy Duffy. "Ave Maria" (Luigi), Orchestra. "An Invalid" (dialogue)—Mr. Asthenes, R. Godsall; Mr. Gay, J. Slattery; John, J. Macdonald. "Ring out Wild Bells" (Blockley), Part Chorus. "Serenade," written for the occasion (C. Reginald Toms), Orchestra.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PREFECT OF STUDIES.

The Prefect of Studies, in his annual Report, recorded the success of the College in the Senior and Matriculation Honours Examination (1895), in which examinations all the candidates passed, and three out of the four successful Riverview pupils qualified for Matriculation entrance, and for entrance to the Faculties of Medicine and Science, and to the Department of Engineering at the University. One of the pupils of the College obtained first-class honours in Greek and Latin, with second-class in Mathematics, and won the Cooper Scholarship for Classics (value £50). Another, who was awarded the Watt exhibition upon the results of the Senior examination, obtained first-class honours in Mathematics, and second-class in Greek and Latin. The other two pupils won honours also in Classics and Mathematics. In the recent Junior Examination all the thirteen candidates presented by Riverview for examination passed successfully, eight of them obtaining Matriculation Passes. One of the pupils, James Heritage, obtained "A" in five of his seven subjects, and was "*Proxime*" for the Geometry Medal, Arthur Dignam winning the University Medal for Greek, which Riverview this year carried off for the third time. After this very creditable record of the successes of the College in the Public Examinations, and after reporting on the work of the College classes, the Prefect of Studies passed to a criticism of the Junior Examinations which is likely to attract public attention. He referred to a paper, read at a meeting of the Teachers' Association, in which the Head Masters of the Sydney and Brisbane Grammar Schools concur in condemning the Junior Examination as prejudicial to Secondary schools and education, and as—in the words of the paper referred to—"encouraging a general acquiescence in a low standard of intellectual work." With this judgment of these "highly competent judges" the Prefect declares himself in full agreement, and quotes the following striking passage, as expressing his feelings towards the Junior Examination, from a critic of the Melbourne University Pass Matriculation Examination :—"It is no 'leaving examination.' It would, in fact, be a contemptible examination to set before a German or an English boy of the higher forms in his last term at any of the better schools. Nevertheless, in some way it has been borne in upon the mind of the average parent that schooldays properly end at the passing of this Rubicon. The truth is, on the contrary, that the most telling and profitable portion of a school education is precisely that which follows this examination. It is exactly the couple of years of higher work in the sixth form which makes the University or professional career tolerably secure. Thanks to the exaggerated [esteem of this lower examination] parents have come to think it rather a luxury than a necessity for their children to continue at school after that mediocre 'success' has been achieved." The Prefect then indicated that the Junior Examination, as at present constituted, is injurious to the Universities, to Secondary schools, and to Primary ("Public") Schools—to the University, as students are passed too early from College to the University, to "seek in vain in its halls for the education they should seek in the schoolroom," and thus retard and lower the standard of the University classes ; to Secondary schools, by introducing at the middle of their curriculum an examination, unfortunately now regarded as a "leaving examination," and thus withdrawing pupils at too early a stage from the best influences of the Secondary school, and gradually extinguishing the Senior classes and the Senior Examinations ; to the "Public" or Primary schools, because the Junior Examination, "whilst of too elementary and inferior a character to be a proper leaving examination for Secondary schools, is too difficult and high to be the leaving examination of the Primary schools, which are thus left without any leaving examination, and without any reliable test of their work." Having indicated a few striking statistics to show that the Junior Examinations are injurious to both Secondary and Primary education, he concludes with the rather startling proposal to lower the Junior Examination to the level of a Primary school "leaving examination" by "rejecting from its programme Greek, Latin, French, and all but the ordinary subjects of the 4th or 5th standard of the Public Schools—a proposal, in fact, so far as Secondary schools are concerned, to practically abolish the Junior Examinations."

SPEECHES.

THE VERY REV. RECTOR said, before asking the Cardinal to distribute the prizes, he had first to thank his Eminence for presiding. He need not say that his Eminence's presence was always a source of pleasure and an encouragement to them. (Applause.) It was a guarantee of the lively interest he took in Secondary education. His Eminence took a lively interest in everything temporal as well as spiritual that made for the progress of this young country. (Hear, hear). He had recently taken the chief part in establishing the Irish Rifle Corps, and it was only the other day that his able, scholarly, and statesmanlike address had been delivered at Bathurst, and had made a profound impression throughout Australia. If there was anything more than another in which his Eminence took an interest it was the great work of education. Hence he was found almost every Sunday laying the foundation-stone of a school or blessing the completed building. This also was why he was here on the present occasion. As they were about to celebrate his (the Cardinal's) silver jubilee, he (the very rev. speaker) hoped that when his golden jubilee occurred his Eminence would be present, fresh and vigorous, to enjoy the blessings of Federation, which he had done so much to promote. Next, said the speaker, it was his duty, on behalf of the staff of the College, and all who felt an interest in it, to thank his Excellency the Admiral for his condescension in coming here. In former years, they had been honoured by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen's representative on land. This year, they were honoured by that of her representative on the seas. Admiral Bridge was not only a man of action, but a ripe and cultured scholar. He was as capable of wielding the pen as he was of directing the movement of a fleet. With the voice of all concerned, he again thanked his Excellency. They were also honoured by the presence of members of the Government and the Opposition. and by that of a representative of the great Republic of the United States. There, too, like Saul among the prophets, was the noble form of Sir George Dibbs. The success of the College in the University examinations during the past year had been well sustained. In sports, also, the students had acquitted themselves well, as might be seen by the trophy for Rifle shooting (to which the very rev. speaker pointed), and which had been won by them three times at Randwick. He would now invite the Cardinal to speak.

THE CARDINAL'S SPEECH.

HIS EMINENCE said it was with very great pleasure he accepted the invitation of the Venerable Rector. First, he congratulated the President, and all the friends of the College, on its having been able to hold its own during the years of serious depression. This was a great sign of its vitality. Not only had the College been able to hold its own with regard to the muster of students, but it had won prizes, and secured the applause of all who were interested in Secondary studies. He congratulated the students on the site of the College. From the days of the Academy of old to our own time, no young State had had so many and such flourishing educational institutions. Perhaps, since the days of the Academy, no more beautiful site than this had been found for studies. When this grand Greek edifice was completed, it would be one worthy, not only of Sydney and New SouthWales, but of the whole of united Australia. He (his Eminence) wished further to congratulate the students on the admirable staff of professors they had to prepare them for their future course. He had been much struck a week or two ago on reading a report of the Universities in India. It had been found necessary there to make a regulation that no professor should be recognised unless he passed a special examination. One exception had been made, that, namely, of the Jesuit Fathers. (Loud applause). At Calcutta and Madras the special reason given for this exception was that not only was the merit of the Fathers so notorious to the public and to all the teaching staff, but the results of their teaching were so apparent that it would be an insult to subject them to such an examination. (Applause). It would be useful for them to bear in mind that many persons pursued their studies and obtained degrees of B.A. or M.A. with much satisfaction to themselves and their friends, but that such titles did not always prove that those persons were capable of imparting their knowledge. A man might have a fine voice and excel as a singer, but yet might be inefficient in imparting a knowledge of music. A friend of his (the Cardinal's), who had a fine, strong voice, had gone to a trained teacher to ask how he should cultivate it, or what branch of the art he should study. The answer given him was that he should study to become an auctioneer. (Loud and continued laughter.) He was not fit

for music, but he might excel in some other branch. He (his Eminence) would address a few words of advice to the students. They would look upon him with filial affection as the children of a spiritual father, as he looked upon them with paternal love, and would so receive the word he addressed to them. (Applause.) He would advise them to be earnest and industrious in all the pursuits of life. If an army went into the battle-field careless and undisciplined it would be sure to meet with disaster. In like manner, if students neglected their opportunities they could not expect success. He would tell them, too, to be straightforward and true in fulfilling every duty. He trusted that no student would go forth from these walls except with the determination that nothing devious should occur in his career. Whether they were wealthy or in poverty, if they were straightforward in their sphere of life they would be respected. They must be unselfish. It was sometimes said that it was easy to be so. No such thing ; selfishness was hard to lay aside. There was a sort of imperishable remnant of Paganism in selfishness, and it was only by diligent practice that it could be overcome. They should extend the effort all round. They should be considerate, not only towards the feelings of others, but towards their prejudices, and even their errors. There was an old maxim that the true citizen knew his own rights and defended them, but he must also respect the rights of others. Let them always be faithful to the banner of their Alma Mater. There was no stain on that banner. Every student should hold the honor of that banner as dear to him as life itself, and strive to see wreath after wreath added to it. He would say one word more. Let them be true patriots, and love their native land. Australia had need of patriotism. There were some who were disposed to live in a fools' paradise. It was said no danger could arise for these beautiful shores so long as we had our Admiral here, and lived under the ægis of Great Britain. This was to live in a fools' paradise, and to know nothing of the world around us. If Australia was a great land, the more would unscrupulous neighbours be tempted to secure the prize. There was need to reflect on the words recently spoken by a distinguished statesman—a warning given by a diplomatist of some 25 or 30 years' standing, a countryman of his (his Eminence's) own. He alluded to Lord Dufferin. He (who was second to none as a diplomatist) had told the people of the Empire that nowadays they must not rely upon the conscience of their neighbours. Their only security against aggression was their strength and skill to defend their independence. Those who went forth from these walls had shown their disposition, and had shown, by their skill, their ability, if necessary, to resist invasion. His Eminence concluded by congratulating the students on the success of the past year, and wishing them a happy vacation.

Admiral Bridge next addressed the meeting. The honour referred to by the Rector, said his Excellency, had been conferred on him. He was very glad to be allowed to come here and show his sympathy with Secondary education—not that personally he had had much experience of it. They would understand that when he told them that he had completed his first voyage before he was 14 years of age. But during the time that he had been in command on the Australian station he had been brought face to face with some results of Secondary education. He could see that there was some break in the matter. None of the candidates had succeeded in passing the examination for the Royal Navy. Many boys, however, had received a high education, but there was some special course of preparation required. It must be borne in mind that the Admiral had nothing to do with the form of the examination. The Admiral was merely the channel for the examination papers brought from home, which he placed before the candidates, sending home the results. In concluding his speech his Excellency paid a graceful tribute to the Cardinal, as one whose personal character accorded with his exalted position.

The Hon. J. N. Brunker said he sympathised with every institution which was inculcating patriotism among the natives of the country. He had read the recent magnificent deliverance of the Cardinal, who was doing so much to improve the minds of the young men. Some people thought that the children of the colony were being too highly educated, but he held that a people could never be too highly educated. He would take the opportunity of referring to one who was not present, but for whom he felt a very high esteem. He referred to Bishop Murray, a worthy and esteemed divine, who had done more to introduce institutions for the diffusion of education into the part of the country which he (the speaker) represented than had been done for 50 years before he came there. Enlightenment, said the

speaker in conclusion, was real strength and true power.

THE HON. J. H. YOUNG paid the kindliest of tributes to the power for good which was disseminated from such great scholastic institutions as Riverview College. Under their present efficient staff and teachers, and guided by the excellent law and course of studies which were preserved in that College, there was little wonder that young men were turned out from it with an education that fitted them to adorn the highest place which their native land was capable of giving them. He thoroughly agreed with the compliments the previous speakers had paid to the efficiency of instruction in that beautiful college. (Loud applause.)

Mr. W. MCMILLAN, in a brief address, insisted on the necessity of two qualities. No man, he said, had attained or could attain to eminence except the man distinguished by love of work and moral courage.

Afterwards his Excellency the Admiral, at the suggestion of the Cardinal, rose to request that the Very Rev. Rector would grant the students a prolongation by a week of their holidays—a request that was graciously acceded to. The Cardinal then proceeded to perform the great work of the day, the distribution of prizes. Afterwards, votes of thanks to the Cardinal and the Admiral, spoken to by Sir George Dibbs and the Hon. J. H. Young, were carried by acclamation.

PRIZE LIST.

James Ryan—Special Christian Doctrine Prize.
Patrick Griffin—Class Championship Gold Medal.
James Rynn—Class Championship Silver Medal.
Arthur Dignam—University Junior Medal for Greek.
Percy Power—The "Keating" Prize.
Percy Power—College Classical Gold Medal.
John d'Apice—Debate Gold Medal.

MATRICULATION HONOURS CLASS.

John d'Apice Imperatorship, Christian Doctrine, French (*ex æquo*).
Peter Gittings—Latin and French (*ex æquo*).
William Baker—English Essay and Mathematics.

SENIOR CLASS ('97).

*James —Ryan*Imperatorship, Latin, Ancient History, English.
Percy Power—Christian Doctrine, Greek, French, English Essay.

SUB-SENIOR CLASS.

James Heritage—Imperatorship, Christian Doctrine, Greek, Latin, French, English, English Essay, Geometry, Arithmetic, Irish and Australian History.
James Macdonald—Ancient History and Chemistry.
Arthur Makinson—Trigonometry.
James Donovan—Business Correspondence and *insigne meritum*.
Francis Loneragan—Violin (excellence).

JUNIOR CLASS.

Patrick Dalton—Imperatorship, Greek, Latin, Geometry (*ex æquo*) and Piano (*ex æquo*).
Stanley Fraser—Christian Doctrine and Piano (improvement.)
Jacques Perraud—French, English Essay, Special Essay.
Albert Walker—English and Debate (improvement.)
Robert Godsall—German.
Patrick Griffin—Geometry (1st Division), Algebra, Arithmetic.
Archibald McKillop.—Geometry (*ex æequo*).
Richard O'Connor.—Instrumental Music and "*insigne meritum*."
Michael Kelly.—"*Ob insigne meritum*," and Shorthand.
John Slattery—Drawing (improvement).
Thomas Breen—Writing and Piano (excellence)
Charles Byrne—Piano (improvement), and Writing (improvement)

SECOND GRAMMAR.

Stewart Corser—Imperatorship, Greek, Latin, French, Chemistry
Evelyn Cox—Christian Doctrine.
Charles Gavan Duffy—English and English Essay.
Louis Anivitti—History, and 2nd Division Special Essay
Robert MKillop—Book-keeping
James Punch—Diligence and application to study

THIRD GRAMMAR.

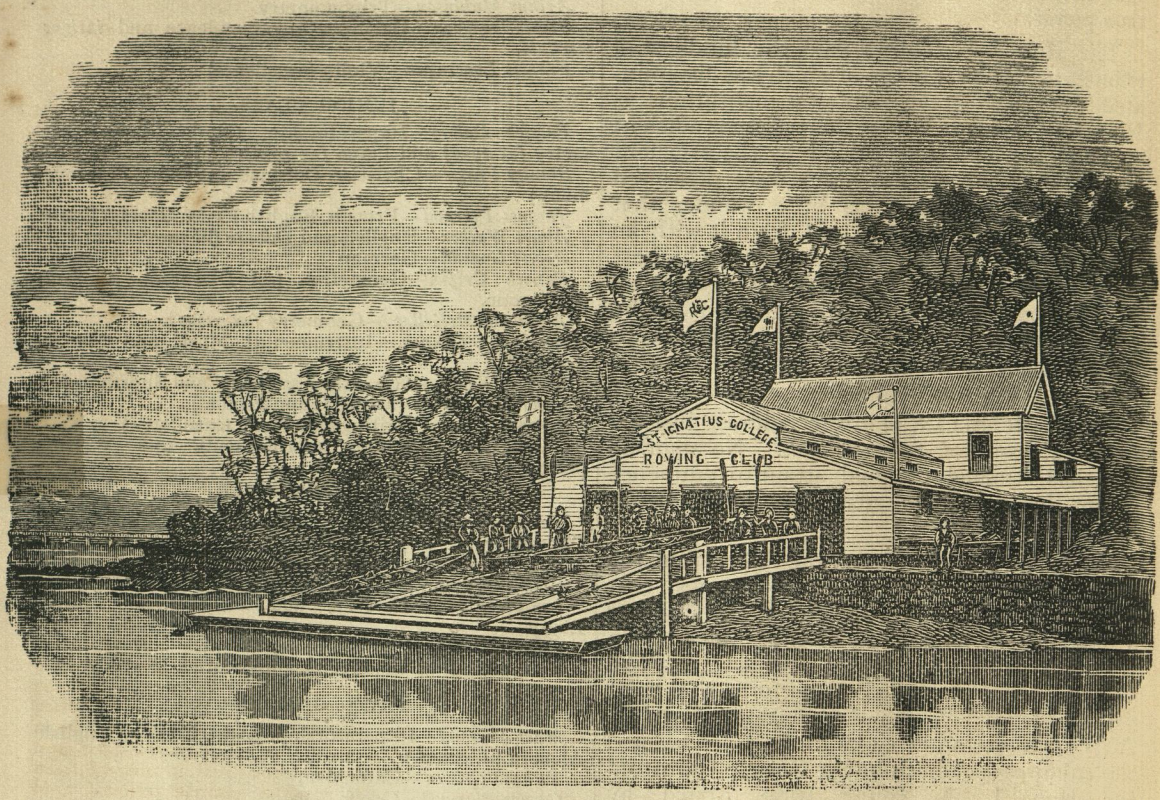
Mark Perraud—Imperatorship, Latin, French, English Algebra (ii. gram.)
Richard Craven—Catechism
George Playoust—Greek
Patrick Makinson—English Narrative
James Rynn—History, and 2nd Division Debate (excellence), Geography, Geometry (ii. gram.) Arithmetic (ii. gram.)
Guy Gavan Duffy—Algebra
Virgil Power—Arithmetic
Cecil Loneragan and Sydney Rorke—*Ob insigne meritum*.
Francis Miller—Drawing (excellence)
Cecil Pery—Writing (improvement), Piano (excellence)
Bernard Corser—Writing (excellence)

RUDIMENTS.

John Cutbush—Imperatorship and Geography
William Miller—Catechism
Charles O'Brien—Latin
Hugh McHugh—French and Writing
Thomas O'Mara—English Narrative and Writing
Christopher Flanagan—English, Arithmetic, History.

ELEMENTS.

John Lentaigne—Imperatorship, Catechism, Reading and Geography.
Jerome Burns—Grammar, Poems, Arithmetic.
Alexander McKillop—Spelling and Tables
John Mort—Writing (improvement)
Victor Macken—Diligence and application to study
Alphonsus Cox—*Ob insigne meritum*



SENIORS' BOATSHED.

GAMES.

ROWING CLUB.

SECOND HALF, 1896.

President : Rev. Thomas Gartlan, S.J.
Hon. Sec. and Treas.: Rev. E. Downing, S.J.
Captain : J. E. d'Apice.
Committee : T. Breen, G. Garvan, F. Punch, F. Loneragan.

We have much pleasure in stating that this Club has in no wise suffered from the spirit of depression which is abroad—a spirit more destructive even than the proverbial schoolmaster—but continues to advance and flourish. True it is that crews of the Club have not of late been distinguishing themselves in races, as in the proud days of old; nevertheless, it is not because we have not many energetic and enthusiastic oarsmen. How, then, does it happen that Riverview has of late won no battle on the deep?

The first reason is, that last March, when Riverview sounded a defiant note, no enemy (we shall not venture to assign reasons) dared dispute the supremacy of the Lane Cove with her doughty champions. Another reason is that that precocious philosophic spirit that tends, in a literal sense, never dreamt of by the poet, to make "the child the father of the man," has "caught on" at Riverview, We have, in a word, begun to enjoy the pleasures of rowing in a more philosophic (euphemisms are fashionable now-a-days) manner, and, really, do not see the use of overtaxing—in getting ourselves into that abnormal state of physical condition, called training—those energies which we have to reserve for higher spheres of activity. We have begun to taste the real delights and advantages of a quiet row upon the tranquil bosom of the Lane Cove, at a rate that relaxes the tension of our heavily-taxed minds, without over-straining our muscles, and permits us to dwell upon and drink in the beauties of Nature, leaving us in a fit state to face the ordeal of the study hall. Rowing at Riverview has become a recreation—not a species of professional training.

During this half we have begun to make good use of our grand eight-oar racing boat, which for some time had been "mellowing" upon the skids, accumulating

the dust of ages. We must congratulate its crew upon their improved form, especially T. Breen, F. Loneragan, and G. Garvan, who give great promise of being one day expert oarsmen.

During the same period the boats in both the Senior and Junior sheds have undergone a complete overhauling, and may now be certified as "seaworthy." The slip at the Junior shed has been all but re-made, so extensive have been the repairs it has undergone.

The boats of the Junior shed have been in great demand for shooting expeditions on water, which may be said to have been most successful, especially if you take a bird's-eye view of them. All the trophies from these expeditions belonged to the genus *rara avis*.

The environments of the Senior shed continue to grow more beautiful day by day. Art seems to have entered into rivalry with Nature to enhance the spot.

FOOTBALL.

President: Rev. E. Downing, S.J.

Hon. Secretary: P. Power.

Committee: F. Punch *(Captain)*, T. Breen, J. E. d'Apice.

The second half of the season '96, opened with very good promise, which, on the whole, was fairly realised. The result of the matches played during the first half of the season showed that we were no "muffs" at the king of games; and the energy and confidence thus infused did much to fill our comrades with enthusiasm for the game. The consequence of this was that the practice was very keen, and all hands were only too ready to aid in it. We had none of that friction between the team and "the rest," which we had, in duty, to censure in previous editions of Our Alma Mater. We think that this season a tradition long desired has been established with regard to practice, and which we trust may live long.

After the re-assembling last July, we missed much some of our "representatives" who did not return after the holidays—notably, T. Dillon (captain), A. Dignam and B. Norris. F. Punch, however, has proved himself well fitted for the captaincy, and we have found good men and true for the other vacancies (no disparagement to the old members of our team is here intended).

We gladly record that F. Punch and T. Breen have been almost unanimously elected as the worthy recipients of the two honour caps presented by Rev. Father Rector to the two best players of the season.

REMARKS ON 1st FOOTBALL TEAM, 1896.

T. Breen—Splendid full-back, tackles very well, relieves excellently; good goal-kicker.

J. Punch—Wing three-quarter, tackles splendidly, runs strong and dodgy.

F. Loneragan—Centre three-quarter, feeds his wings well, runs and kicks well.

F. Miller—Wing three-quarter, runs fast, and tackles well.

S. Fraser—Five-eighth, good scoring man, rather selfish fast runner.

D. Austin—Scrum-quarter, gets his passes out well; a very plucky player.

F. Punch—Captain of the team; splendid wing forward, always on ball, great worker; energetic captain.

C. Flanagan—Wing forward, good scoring man; good in open.

J. O'Sullivan—Centre forward; weight 13 stone, uses his weight to advantage; good place-kick.

J. Perraud—Very good forward, hard worker; improved greatly.

G. Garvan—Very good forward, hard worker; good in open.

F. Deery—Good forward, good in line-out; good drop-kick.

E. Cox—Very good forward; good scrum man.

D. O'Sullivan—Good forward, good in open, tackles well.

P. Griffin—Good forward, tackles very well, hard worker.

J. d'Apice—Wing forward, runs well in open; very energetic player.

MATCHES.

St. Ignatius' College v. Newington College.

On the 8th August the College A team defeated Newington College A team by 3 points to *nil*. The match was played on a perfect afternoon at Stanmore. Newington kicked off, and almost immediately Riverview got a free kick. Breen tried for the goal, but failed to score. Austin relieved his side by a good kick. Newington brought the ball well down the ground by a dribbling rush. Long punts were then exchanged, and Loneragan obtaining possession, punted into touch, well into Newington 25. Newington smartly relieved, and Austin getting the ball by a clever intercept, started a passing rush, in which F. Loneragan and J. Punch were conspicuous. Deery obtained a mark, and kicked well into Newington 25. Half-time. Score: *Nil* all. Soon after the commencement of the second half Austin got the ball by intercepting very smartly, and passed to D'Apice, who by a strong fast run scored about two yards from the touch-line. O'Sullivan's kick at goal failed to add to the score. The Newington backs, notably Bowman and Maiden, now got in some very good defensive work, collaring and kicking into touch in first-rate style. No further score was made, leaving Riverview victorious by 3 to *nil*. For the losers, Bowman, Maiden, and Dickie played very hard to avert defeat; while for the winners, Austin, J. Punch, Breen, and Fraser put in excellent work. We must thank Mr. Sefton for his able umpiring.

St. Ignatius' College v. North Shore Grammar School.

Play opened by an excellent kick along the line by Byrne, a performance which F. Punch repeated a few minutes later. Byrne securing from a North Shore rush, relieved very well. Osborne almost immediately got the ball, and scored first try for the school by a smart run. Armstrong kicked the goal. Score: 5—*nil*.

Half-time. The second spell opened with a sustained attack on the school line. However, they managed to get the ball away into touch. It was soon brought back, and after a great deal of scrumming on the line F. Punch fell across the line on the ball, thus getting first try for the College. O'Sullivan's kick, though an excellent one against the wind, did not increase the score, which was now 5—3 in favour of North Shore. After some open play in the centre of the field, J. Lyne did a very good run along the touch line, and scored second try for the School. He also got the goal by a nice kick. About five minutes afterwards he got the ball, and with a splendid drop-kick potted a field goal, making the score 14—3 in favour of the school. No further score being made, North Shore were left victorious by 14—3.

St. Ignatius' College v. King's School.

King's School Firsts met our Firsts at Riverview, and won a well-contested game by 8—*nil*. O'Sullivan kicked off for the College, and then punts were exchanged. King's got on a good passing rush, but Fraser collared Barton close to the college goal line. The College then started a dribbling rush, and brought the ball into the School's 25. Much scrumming near School line ensued. King's rushed the ball down the field and obtained a free kick. Barton took the kick, but failed to score. Shortly afterwards the College ball was kicked into King's 25. F. Loneragan neatly intercepted from a passing rush by King's School and passed to Fraser, who sent it on to Byrne, who crossed the line, but was recalled.

From a scrum on the College line, Fuller got the ball and passed out to Barton, who, having an easy run, scored between the posts. He added the two points by a good kick, thus making the score 8-nil in favour of King's. Time was then whistled.

St. Ignatius' College v. Stanmore Institute.

On the 5th September the Firsts had a very enjoyable match against the Stanmore Institute team, but suffered defeat by 8-6. In the first spell, Moulton, for the Institute, got a try, from which Hicks got the goal. Just after this Breen, the College full-back, did a very neat piece of play, relieving excellently. Miller, securing the ball from a scrum, ran round and scored first try for the College. Shortly afterwards Perraud, smartly following on, picked up and passed to Garvan, who crossed the line. From neither of these tries was any goal kicked. Half-time: Score, 6-5 in favor of the College. Some time after play had been resumed Hadley did a good run, and scored for the Institute. No goal resulted, and, no further score being made, the Institute won a well-contested game by 8-6.

St. Ignatius' College v. University.

A TEAM from the University journeyed to Riverview and won a well-contested match. Sinclair scored the first touch for the 'Varsity, Austin, soon afterwards, by a very clever run, got a try for the College. Curtis then scored second try for the visitors, and Busby added the two points by a good kick. Time was then called, the University winning by 8 points to 3.

SECOND DIVISION.

III. FOOTBALL TEAM.

Committee: F. Gow *(captain)*, DAN O'SULLIVAN, J. RYNN.

The III. Football Team for the season, 1896, was a small but a very good one. Although not playing many out-side matches, the team showed excellent form on many occasions when playing the II. fifteen, and in scratch matches.

F. Gow, *Captain.*

REMARKS ON THE TEAM.

H. McHUGH—Back for the team; collars very well, makes use of his kick, and a most consistent player.

FRED Gow (captain)—Plays centre three-quarter; best man in team, makes use of his pass, runs, tackles and kicks splendidly.

J. RYNN—Wing three-quarter, passes well, runs well, and gets in his kick, and can play splendidly at five-eighths.

H. DALY—Wing three-quarter, passes and runs well, and gets in his kick, and is a fine collarer.

DAN. O'SULLIVAN—Centre forward, one of the best men in the team; tackles well, and is always on the ball.

B. CORSER— Scrum quarter; a very useful man in getting the ball out to his three-quarters.

A. FALLON—A very good man, but was unable to play his best on account of a serious injury to his leg.

Other forwards, such as R. CRAVEN and P. MAKINSON, were very good.

J. RYNN.

CRICKET.—1896

President: REV. E. McC. DOWNING, S.J.

Captain: F. PUNCH.

Committee: F. PUNCH, F. DEERY, W. McLAUGHLIN.

WE believe (cricketers, as a rule, are not great at geography, political or physical) that the spring-tide is followed by the neap-tide. Last season was certainly our springtide at Riverview as regards cricket. A high-water mark was reached which, to use a trite saying, "has rarely been equalled—never excelled." Our six brilliant successes in seven school matches was a record to be proud of.

Curiously, however, our springtide has not been succeeded by a neap-tide. But, then, we forget—don't "exceptions prove the rule," as grammarians say. True, so far, our season has not been as brilliant as its counterpart of last year, but it has been more than usually successful. As yet we have played four school matches, have won two, and lost two. In the first one that we played, and lost, we were minus our captain, F. Punch, who has shown splendid form during this season. The mystery of the S.G.S. match has yet to be explained. Our innings was a simple fiasco, eight men for eight runs, including the century-getting Punch. Surely the cricket deity must have been awfully wroth against the Riverview champions that day. Can it be that our captain neglected the customary libations (not those that help to produce wet wickets)? And then the last two wickets—the mere tail of the comet!—produce

thirty-nine runs, just to show us what might have been! Cricket, also, has its anomalies.

In the great Public Schools' match with Mr. Macarthur's team, we had two representatives, F. Punch and W. McLaughlin. W. McLaughlin got the bowling average—three for 31.

We missed, of course, our "demon" bowler, W. Fraser, our crack wicket-keeper, T. Dillon (now playing senior cricket), and, tho' last, not least, our energetic captain and brilliant bat, H. Manning. But, while we continue to have as good as we have, we can endure the loss—at least, stoically.

The hard work done at the "nets" cannot be too highly praised, and F. Punch, our captain, deserves special mention for his energy and unselfishness.

FIRST ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

Name.	No. of Innings.	No. of N.O.	Highest Score.	Total.	Average.
F. Punch	20	4	126	583	36.7
A. Gow	9	2	28	117	16.8
J. Punch	22	5	64*	281	16.5
S. Fraser	10	5	22	72	14.4
D. O'Sullivan	6	1	25	71	14.2
T. Breen	23	3	43*	236	12.4
W. McLaughlin	20	1	44	233	12.2
F. Deery	23	2	51	234	11.1
F. Loneragan	15	1	35	106	7.5
H. Douglas	4	1	14	22	7.3
J Perraud	13	0	7	28	2.1
J. McDonald	5	0	3	6	1.2

* Denotes Not Out.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
W. McLaughlin	236	19	647	81	7.3
F. Loneragan	50	9	81	11	7.9
J. Perraud	239	41	474	54	8.7
J. McDonald	17	2	90	9	10
T Breen	8	0	45	0	—

REMARKS ON THE TEAM.

F. PUNCH—Captain of the Team.—Captains very well, excellent bat and field; very energetic.

W. MCLAUGHLIN—Very good bowler, good bat, fields well.

F. DEERY—Very good bat and field, change wicket-keeper for the team.

T. BREEN—Very steady bat, excellent field, good catch.

J. PUNCH—Very hard hitter, with a variety of strokes fields well.

F. LONERAGAN—Good bat, good change bowler, giving great promise, wicket-keeper of the team.

J. PERRAUD—Good fast bowler, destructive on bad wickets, bats and fields fairly.

A. Gow—Very promising bat, fields well, rather inclined to be lazy.

J. MCDONALD—Good change bowler, good catch, fair bat.

H. DOUGLAS—A promising bat, very energetic in the field.

D. O'SULLIVAN—Good steady bat, sure, but rather slow in the field.

S. FRASER—Slow bat, very good ground field.

We are extremely grateful to Jim O'Sullivan, who officiated as umpire for us during the season. His decisions were very fair, and no one could find fault with him, which is saying a good deal for an umpire. We must also express our thanks to J. Donovan, our scorer, for the trouble he took in keeping the batting averages and bowling analysis during the whole season.

THE COMBINED SCHOOLS' MATCH.

ON the 2nd December the Rushcutter's Bay Oval was occupied by a match between twelve players selected by Mr. A. H. Macarthur and a team from the great public schools. A large and fashionable attendance witnessed the play during the afternoon. In consequence of the rain, play did not start till after noon. and as there was every prospect of the bad weather continuing, the schools on winning the toss elected to bat first. Their small total (68) can be excused on account of the bad state of the wicket. The water was lying on the pitch during the early part of the play. Two of the school batsmen, White and Punch, had really hard luck in getting out. Each of them played the ball which dismissed him, but instead of going off the pitch, the ball stuck in the mud and water and got back on their wicket. They both shaped well for 5 and 3 respectively, and showed signs of playing well. With such little mishaps the school team was disposed of for 68. T. Howard did the best thing on such a wicket, and hit freely, especially to leg. His score of 29 was top for the schools. J. Wilson, of Central Cumberland Electorate Eleven, and P. C. Charlton, a member of the 1890 Australian Eleven, bowled throughout the innings. Mr. McArthur's team, consisting of first and second electorate players, with P. S. Waddy, who played for Oxford University against the present Australian Eleven, had no difficulty in overtaking the opposing total, and when stumps were drawn had lost ten wickets for 170. The want of an experienced guiding hand in working the bowling and fielding of the school team was evident Howard, though he bowled very well, taking four wickets for 51, was kept on too long. McLaughlin bowled excellently for nine overs, taking three wickets for 32. He had several of the batsmen completely puzzled, but was taken off next over. The last wickets fell slowly, and were rather expensive. In all there were six bowlers tried. The ground fielding and catching of the school team was excellent. Campbell brought off three fine catches. Punch well upheld the reputation of his college; he fielded excellently, and made two good catches, Perhaps the catch of the day was the one by which he dismissed F. Martin off Manchee. On the whole, we did our share of the work, not, we are sorry to say, in batting, but in fielding and in bowling. There were no men in this team equal to our representatives last year—Dillon as wicket-keeper, Fraser as bowler. Manning also, as he has shown lately, deserved his place as one of the best school bats last year. We feel sure that if the match were re-played on a fine day the schools would give a better account of themselves. Mr. Macarthur did everything to make the match a pleasant one.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

St. Ignatius' College *v.* N.S. C.E. G.S.

This match was played on the concrete wicket of the North Sydney Grammar School, on October 17th, and was our first school match this half. Unfortunately, we had to do without the service of our captain, F. Punch, who is the mainstay of the team in batting. He was unable to play on account of ill-health. N.S.G.S. winning the toss decided to bat first, and were all disposed of for 118. White got 60, not out, by fine cricket. McLaughlin took seven wickets for 60; and Perraud two for 34. In response, we put up 91. J. Punch, with 48 not out to his credit, batted well. T. Breen, 10; F. Deery, 11; and A. Gow, 11, were the only others to reach double figures. At the fall of the fifth wicket we looked like winning, but the last five wickets fell rapidly. In the second innings, we did better, we had eight of our opponents out for 78. White was again to the fore, and batted finely for 35 not out. In this innings, McLaughlin took four wickets for 30, and J. McDonald three for 24. Scores:—

N.S.C.E.G.S.—*1st Innings.*

Armstrong, run out	1
Hopkins (11), c McLaughlin, b Perraud	12
White, not out	60
Clarke, c Fraser, b McLaughlin	4
Holteman, c Perraud, b McLaughlin	0
Bland (1.), c Breen, b Perraud	4
Sullivan, c J. Punch, b McLaughlin	0
Levick, c J. Punch, b McLaughlin	4
Dent (1.), c J. Punch, b McLaughlin	14
Holdsworth. c Breen, B. McLaughlin	0
Lyne, c and b McLaughlin	11
Sundries	8
Total	118

Bowling analysis: McLaughlin, 7 for 60; Perraud, 2 for 34; Macdonald, 0 for 15.

St. Ignatius' College—*1st. Innings.*

T. Breen, ht on wkt, b Dent (1.)	10
W. McLaughlin, c Clarke, b Holterman	0
F. Deery, ht on wkt, b Holterman	11
J. Punch, not out	48
F. Loneragan, c Holdsworth, b Dent (1.)	0
A. Gow, ht on wkt, b Armstrong	11
S. Fraser, c Holterman, b Dent (1.)	0
G. Austin, c Bland, b Armstrong	2
G. Garvan, run out	7
J. Perraud, c White, b Holterman	0
J. Macdonald, c Hopkins (11.), b Holterman	0
Sundries	2
Total	91

N.S.C.E.G.S.—*2nd. Innings.*

Armstrong, b McLaughlin	9
Sullivan, c J. Punch, b Garvan	2
Clarke, b McLaughlin	10
White, not out	35
Lyne, C. McDonald, b McLaughlin	2
Dent (1.), c Austin, b McLaughlin	9
Bland, b Garvan	7
Hopkins (11.), run out	0
Holdsworth, not out	0
Levick, b Garvan	0
Sundries	4
Total	8 wickets for 78

Bowling analysis: J. Perraud, 0 for 22; McLaughlin 4 for 30; Garvan, 3 for 24; McDonald, 0 for 3.

On the same day St. Ignatius "B" team defeated N.S.G.S. "B" team at Riverview by 5 runs. The home team batted first, and made 127, of which D. O'Sullivan got 39, H. Douglas 19, and H. McMahon 12. N.S.G. then went in and made 122. Gould II. not out 35, Wilson 25, and Keater 20 were the chief scorers. For N.S.G. Wilson III. bowled the best, while for the College, McMahon took four wickets, Anivitti two, and Douglas two.

The King's School Match.

On the 31st October our "A" team tried conclusions with King's School "A" team at Parramatta, and won the match after an exciting game by 14 runs. The school, on winning the toss, batted first on a wet wicket, and were all out for 74. Verge, 14, was the highest scorer. Perraud bowled excellently, taking six wickets for 26 runs. We got 88. F. Punch played finely for 41 not out. Breen 10 and F. Deery 10 were the next highest scorers. Wills-Allen was the most destructive of our opponents with the ball—he secured eight of our wickets. In their second innings King's School were all out for 78. J. Perraud again bowled excellently with six for '19. The kindness and attention of the masters and boys added much to the enjoyment of our trip. Scores:

King's School.—*1st Innings.*

J. Futter, b Perraud	10
Manchee, st Loneragan, b McLaughlln	0
Body, st Loneragan, b McLaughlin	3
Barton, st Loneragan, b McLaughlin	3
Wills-Allen, c Breen, b Perraud	12
Verge, c F. Punch, b Perraud	14
Riley, c Deery, b Perraud	0
D. Jones, c O'Sullivan, b Perraud	11
F. Futter, c F. Punch, b Perraud	2
N. Jones, c Breen, b Garvan	8
E. Body, not out	6
Sundries	5
Total	74

Bowling analysis: McLaughlin, 3 for 33; Perraud, 6 for 26; Garvan, 1 for 10.

St. Ignatius' College.—*1st Innings.*

F. Punch, not out	41
T. Breen, c Body, Wills-Allen	10
J. Punch, b Wills-Allen	0
F. Deery, b Manchee	10
A Gow, c Riley, b Wills-Allen	6
F. Loneragan, st Jones, b Wills-Allen	4
McLaughlin, st Jones, b Wills-Allen	1
Fraser, c and b Wills-Allen	6
O'Sullivan, b Wills-Allen	6
J. Perraud, c and b Wills-Allen	3
G. Garvan, run out	0
Sundries	1
Total	88

Bowling analysis: Wills-Allen, 8 for 39; Manchee, 1 for 23.

KING'S SCHOOL,—*2nd. Innings.*

Manchee, c Fraser, b McLaughlin	1
J. Futter, c Deery, b Perraud	16
Wills-Allen, b Garvan	15
Verge, c Punch, b Perraud	9
F. Body, b Perraud	13
D. Jones, b Perraud	0
Barton, b McLaughlin	7
Riley, C. Perraud	4
F. Futter, c Breen, b McLaughlin	1
N. Jones, b Perraud	0
E. Body, not out	0
Sundries	12
Total	78

Bowling analysis: McLaughlin, 3 for 26; Perraud, 6 for 19; Garvan, 1 for 23.

On the same day, St. Ignatius' College "B" team defeated King's School "B," at Riverview, by nine wickets and 16 runs. King's School went in first and made 50. McDonald took five wickets for 19, and Annivitti two for 14. The College, at the call of time, had lost one wicket for 66. Douglas got 33; d'Apice, 15, not out; and Kelly, 15, not out.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE V. NEWINGTON COLLEGE.

On the 7th November our "A" team visited Stanmore, and defeated the Newington College "A" team by 119. F. Punch, on winning the toss, decided to bat first on a very good wicket. We occupied the creases all the morning and part of the afternoon, putting up a total of 208; of which F. Punch got 126, run out. He played a very fine innings; his score included thirteen 4's and eleven 3's. He went in first, and was run out while the last man was in. McLaughlin, with 36, was the next highest scorer. Newington College were then dismissed for 89, Campbell, with 26, being top scorer. Newington then followed on, and had lost no wickets at the call of time for 41 runs, Dansey and Hardie being each 19 not out. There was a notable laziness on the part of our fellows in the field during Newington's second innings. Neither McLaughlin nor Perraud were bowling. The Newington masters and fellows, contributed much to the enjoyment of our trip and helped to make the match a pleasant one. The following are the scores:

ST. IGNATIUS'—*1st Innings.*

F. Punch, run out	126
T. Breen, c Campbell, b Hardie	4
F. Deery, c Campbell, Hardie	2
J. Punch, c and b Howard	4
A Gow, c Hardie, b Robson	12
W. McLaughlin, c and b Best	36
Loneragan, c Howard. b Robson	8
Douglas, c Campbell, b Robson	1
Fraser, c Caldwell, b Robson	2
Perraud, c Howard, b Hardie	2
Garvan, not out	0
Sundries	11
Total	208

NEWINGTON COLLEGE—*1st Innings.*

Campbell, b McLaughlin	26
Phillips, b McLaughlin	8
Caldwell, b Perraud	4
Robson, b Perraud	0
Howard, st Deery, b McLaughlin	0
Wilson, c Punch, b McLaughlin	0
Dansey, not out	21
Fox, b McLaughlin	0
Hardie, b McLaughlin	18
Hawkins, c Garvan, b Perraud	3
Best, st Deery, b McLaughlin	4
Sundries	5
Total	89

ST. IGNATIUS "B" defeated Newington "B" at Riverview on the same day, after a very exciting game, by three runs. The home team batted first, and the wickets fell rapidly. At one time the score was 7 for 16, and then 9 for 30, but the last wicket carried the score to 51. Cox got 12, not out, and A. O'Brien, 16. Newington replied with 48, of which Webb made 20. St. Ignatius' College then went in, and when stumps were drawn had lost 8 wickets for 64. For the home team, McDonald took 5 for 19, Makinson 4 for 19, d'Apice 1 for 3. For the visitors, Simmons took 6, and Webb 4 wickets.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE V. SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

This match was played on the turf wicket at Riverview, and resulted in an easy win for the visitors. We can't account for the total collapse of our men in batting except that when the first couple of men got out the rest got frightened, and imagined they were out before they took a stroke at all. This seems to be the only possible way to account for such a failure. F. Punch and McLaughlin went to the wickets first, and after staying there some time had to retire, both batsmen being the victims of Hill. When these two got out the wickets fell rapidly. At one time there were four wickets down for 1, then five for 2, and later eight for 8 and nine for 16. At this stage it looked as if we would never reach the 20. But O'Sullivan and Fraser, the last men, batted pluckily, and before the fall of the last wicket had carried the score from 16 to 47. Hill was the most effective with the ball, taking five wickets for 10 runs. Howard also bowled well, but he had too much break.

With the small total of 47 to get, Sydney Grammar went to the wickets. Browne and Delohery went in first, and both batted well. Our opponents had passed our total before the fall of the first wicket, which fell when the score stood at 53. Browne batted well for 34, and Delohery made a dashing 21, his score including four 4's. With the match in their own hands, Sydney Grammar School batted confidently (which our fellows did not do), and had lost nine wickets when stumps were drawn for 281. Howard made 114 not out, this being the top score of the day. It was a fine innings, and kept our fellows busy on the field, Howard's score included fourteen 4's and one 5. Stephen was next highest scorer with 36 to his credit. None of our bowlers did remarkably well, but McLaughlin can be somewhat excused, as this was his first match after a sickness, and a week or more in bed takes the strength out of anyone. Loneragan bowled best with two wickets for 33 out of a total of 281. He bowled 22 overs. Scores:—

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.

F. Punch, b Hill	0
W. McLanghlin, c Delohery, b Hill	0
T. Breen, c Garnsay, b Howard	1
J. Punch, c Sharp, b Hill	0
F. Deery, c Farrar, b Hill	0
A. Gow, c Woodburn, b Howard	3
F. Loneragan, b Howard	3
Douglas, c Delohery, b Hill	0
D. O'Sullivan lbw, b Powell	24
Perraud, run out	6
S. Fraser, not out	9
Sundries	1
Total	47

Bowling analysis: Howard, 3 for 26; Hill, 5 for 10; Powell, 1 for 3; Farrar, 0 for 7.

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Browne, b Loneragan	34
Delohery, b McLaughlin	21
Gould, b McLaughlin	0
Howard, not out	114
Sharp, b Perraud	3
Woodburn, c Breen, b Loneragan	6
Stephen, st Deery, b McLaughlin	36
Garnsay, b Perraud	18
Hill, b Perraud	4
Powell, b McLaughlin	0
Farrar, not out	7
Sundries	38
Total, 9 wickets for	281

Bowling analysis: Perraud, 3 wkts for 82; McLaughlin, 4 wkts for 108; Loneragan, 2 wkts for 33; Breen, 0 wkts for 20.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE *v.* Hunter's Hill Borough C.C.—The cricket season was opened on Saturday, the 11th September, by a match against Hunter's Hill Borough, which resulted in a drawn game. The college on winning the toss elected to bat, and were all disposed of for 83, out of which F. Punch got 46. W. McLaughlin, with 8, was the next highest scorer. H.H.B. then went to the wickets, and when stumps were drawn had lost six wickets for 59. The bowling honours were shared between J. Perraud and W. McLaughlin, who got three wickets for 23 and three for 27 respectively.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE "A" *v.* Paddington Electorate "A."—On Saturday, 19th September, the Paddington Electorate "A" team visited Riverview, and won rather an easy victory over the College boys. This loss is somewhat excused by the fact that the College was without the services of two or three good men on account of there being shooting practice at Randwick, and that the visiting team comprised such good players as M. A. Noble, V. Trumper, Hogan, Callaway, and other senior men, who were rather good for schoolboys. "Sammy" Dillon (our captain last term) kept wickets for the visitors. The College batted first, and only reached the small total of 36. T. Breen 13, F. Punch 6, and A. Gow 6, were the chief scorers. Paddington Electorate then went to the wickets, and at the call of time had lost five wickets for 176. M. A. Noble 53 retired, V. Trumper 51 retired. Alderson 25 not out did best for the visitors. For the home team the bowling was done by Garvan (two for 50) and McLaughlin (one for 56), while Hogan captured six and Alderson three of the College wickets.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE played a draw with Nondescript C.C. on 26th September, at Riverview. The College closed their innings when they had scored 174 for the loss of only one wicket. F, Deery 10, F. Punch 101 not out, and T. Breen 43 not out, were the only three of the home team who batted. Nondescript not having much time left, went in, and lost two wickets for 26—Hickson 6, Paten 12 not out, and Rutter 6. For the visitors, R, Manchee obtained the only College wicket which fell, while McLaughlin got the only two of the visitors' wickets for 9.

ON Tuesday, 29th September, a mixed team of the College A and B teams met and defeated Hunter's Hill Veterans at Riverview. The visitors went to the wickets first, and were all disposed of for 69. This small total was mainly due to the fine bowling of W. McLaughlin, who secured eight wickets for 28 runs. J. Perraud got one for 9, and J. Macdonald 1 for 7. At the call of time the College had lost four wickets for 154. For the home team the principal scorers were F. Punch 28, T. Breen 34, F. Deery 21, and W. McLaughlin 39.

THE Press C.C. journeyed to Riverview, and suffered defeat at the hands of the College A team, on the 3rd of October. The Press batted first, and reached the total of 58, Davis 26 and Shannon 9 being the principal scorers. The College then batted, and had lost four wickets for 157 when stumps were drawn. F. Punch retired with 50 to his credit. McLaughlin got 15 and J. Punch 64 not out by very fine cricket. The bowling honours for the College were divided between J. Perraud and W. McLaughlin, who got five for 16 and four for 30 respectively. For the visitors, Davis and Moody got one wicket each.

ON the 10th of October St. Ignatius' College A team defeated a team from St. John's College University by one wicket and 70 runs. St. John's were all out for 77. Fitzpatrick 24, L. Veech 9, and W. Farrely 9, were of most service to the visitors. The College replied with nine wickets for 147. S. Fraser 22, McLaughlin 44 not out, Austin 19, and F. Punch 12 not out, batted best for the College. With the ball the most destructive were McLaughlin five for 28, Macdonald four for 21, for the home team; and L. Veech with five wickets, Blaney with two wickets, for the visitors.

A TEAM from David Jones' visited Riverview on Saturday, 24th October, and after an exciting game defeated the college A team by 10 runs. F. Punch, the College captain, was not playing owing to ill-health, and his place was taken by F. Deery. The home team went to the wickets first, and were all disposed of for 76, of which A. Gow got 28 and J. Punch 11. David Jones then went in, and made 86. Batty 14, and Townsend 15, were the two principal scorers. The College then went again to the wickets, and had made 27 without the loss of any wickets, T. Breen being 18 not out, and J. Punch 7 not out. For the home team McLaughlin took three wickets for 41, Perraud six for 36, and Garvan two for 7.

ON Saturday, 14th November, St. Ignatius' College A team defeated a team from the P. and O. Company. F. Punch won the toss, and elected to bat first. The College closed their innings with two wickets down for 151. F. Punch got 40, W. McLaughlin 44, T. Breen 32 not out, and J. Punch 20 not out. The P. and O. Company then went to the wickets, and in less than half

an hour were all out for the small total of 5 runs. This was mainly due to the fine bowling of McLaughlin and Perraud, who each took five wickets for 2 runs. Each bowler was hit for a brace, and these 4, with 1 bye, were the only runs scored by the visitors. In the second innings they did not do much better, their total only reaching 19. McLaughlin and Perraud were again destructive with the ball, securing in the two innings ten wickets for 9 runs and nine for 10 respectively.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE *v.* St. Andrew's College, University.—This match was played at Riverview, and won by the home team by 42 runs. The visitors took the field first, and got the home team out for 119 (T. Breen 24, A. Gow 13, D. O'Sullivan 13, not out). St. Andrews then replied with 77 (Faulkner 33, H. D. Wood 13). With the ball for St. Andrew's, Klein took 4 wickets, Gibson and Faulkner 2 each; while, for St. Ignatius', Loneragan took 5 for 1, and J. McDonald 4 wickets.

A TEAM of ex-students visited Riverview on the 22nd of November, and tried conclusions with the College "A" team. The home team were got out for 88, F. Punch 16, H. Gow 11, D. O'Sullivan 12, were the only ones to reach double figures. The ex-Students then on going to the wickets put together 102. H. Manning was responsible for 40. For the home team, Perraud secured 5 wickets for 35, and Loneragan 3 for 33. T. Dillon took 4, S. Condon 2, McMahon 2, and Manning 1 of the College wickets. McMahon (University), and T. Dillon (Paddington) kept wickets excellently for the visitors.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. David Jones and Co. —This match was played at Riverview on the 5th of December, and won by the College by three wickets and 53 runs. David Jones' batted first, and put up 65. McLaughlin took six wickets for 44; Loneragan, four for 18. We then went to the wickets, and had passed our opponents' score before the loss of the fifth wicket. When time was called, we had lost seven wickets for 118. A. Gow being not out 14; J. Punch, by dashing cricket, made 44; F. Deery batted well for 18; and D. O'Sullivan got 25. For the visitors, Quelch got, not out, 16, while, with the ball Townsend and Taylor, did well, getting respectively three and two wickets.

We thus ended our cricket season with a win.

JOHN E. d'APICE.

SECOND DIVISION.

3RD ELEVEN.

REMARKS ON THE TEAM.

C. PERY—(Captain). Best man in team; splendid bat, excellent field, and very good bowler.

F. GOW—Splendid bat, excellent field, and very good bowler.

D. O'SULLIVAN—Very good bat, good field, and good bowler; is coming on very well.

J. RYNN—Splendid bat, very good wicket-keep, and good change bowler; the kind of man we want.

D. PRENDERGAST—Very good bat, hits very hard and a splendid out-field.

L. LONERAGAN—Good bat, plays a steady game; fair field.

B CORSER—Good bat, plays well at times; is a splendid long-stop.

A. O'CONNOR—Good bat, fair field; should practice more.

B. GORMLEY—Good bat, good field; plays a safe game.

H. DALY—Fair bat, good wicket-keep, and good field.

C. O'BRIEN—Good bat, fair bowler, and fair field.

E. LONG (1st emergency)—Good bat, good field.

M. PERRAUD (2nd emergency)—Unsteady bat, good bowler, and fair field.

MATCHES.

ST. IGNATIUS' III. ELEVEN *v.* St. Aloysius.—The visitors batted first and made 47, and lost four wickets for 20 in the second innings. The St. Ignatius' 3rds made 104, and thus won by 57 runs. C. Pery making 34, and D Prendergast 33. C. Pery also got most wickets.

ST. IGNATIUS' III ELEVEN *v.* Ovietoes.—The visitors went in first, and made 24 runs; the 3rds responding with eight wickets for 162, and had an easy win by two wickets and 138. C. Pery made 50 not, and J. Rynn 46 not out; both batting very well.

ST. IGNATIUS' III ELEVEN *v.* Australian College.—The home team batted first, and made 52 runs. The visitors total amounting to 65, and thus won by 13 runs. B. Corser batted well for 22, not out, for our side; J. Rynn bowled best.

ST. IGNATIUS' III. *v.* St. Vincent's.—We won the toss and went in first, losing five wickets for 95, when we closed our innings. The visitors made 57, and we thus won by 38 runs. Gilligan for St. Vincent's, hit out merrily for 24. On our side, J. Rynn 34, F. Gow 29, and C. Pery 11, not out, played good cricket.

BILLIARDS.

SECOND DIVISION.

Committee: C. PERY, A. FALLON, J. CUTBUSH.

First Round.

D. Prendergast (15) beat A. McKillop (10)
C. Pery (scratch) beat P. Dalton (25)
L. Lopes (35) beat A. Duboisé (40)
E. Long (55) beat A. Walker (65)
V. Power (75) beat G. Playoust (35)
A. Cox (80) beat J. McKenna (70)
B. Gormley (50) beat J. Cutbush (50)
D. Craven (15) beat B. McMahon (4).

In this round D. Prendergast, E. Long and B. Gormley showed best form. The highest break was that of E. Long, 22.

Second Round.

L. Lopes (35) beat V. Power (75)
C. Pery (scratch) beat E. Long (55)
A. Cox (80) beat D. Craven (15)
D. Prendergast (15) beat B. Gormley (45)

There was some very good play shown in this round. L. Lopes and C. Pery both won their heats easily, the latter making a break of 27, the highest throughout the tournament.

Semi-Final.

D Prendergast beat A. Cox
C. Pery beat L. Lopes.

The winners both played a very good game, and a close finish for the final was anticipated.

Final.

C, Pery beat D. Prendergast.

The final was played amid much excitement, C. Pery eventually winning by 57 points. The winner played a good game all through the tournament, and thoroughly deserved his win

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

FIRST DIVISION.

Committee: F. DEERY, F. LONERAGAN, J. E. D'APICE.

WE are glad to be able to report a great success in the tennis tournament. The entries this year were not up to those of last, there being only 15, as against 22, but the play was much more even. There were hardly any walk-overs, whilst last year there were a great number. Some very exciting games were played, though some failed to come up to their proper form. The winner turned up in S. Fraser, who played steadily and surely, but not brilliantly, all through.

RESULT OF HEATS;

First Round.

T. Breen (½ 15) beat P. Gittings (½ 15), 6-4, 6-2
S. Fraser (¾ 15) beat A. Makinson (¾ 15), 6-5, 6-1
J. E. d'Apice, (scr.) beat F. Loneragan (¼ 15), 6-5, 6-2
E. Cox (½ 15) beat F. Deery (¼ 15), 6-4. 6-5
J. McDonald (¾ 15) beat J. Slattery (30), 1-6, 6-3, 6.3
P. Power (½ 15) beat J. Punch (¾ 15), 6-2, 4-6, 6-3
A. Douglas (¾ 15) *v* W. McLaughlin (retired).
J. Heritage (15), a bye.

Second Round.

S. Fraser (¾ 15) beat J. d'Apice (scr), 3-6, 6-5, 6-5
A. Douglas (¾ 15) beat T. Breen (½ 15), 6-3, 6-4
E. Cox (½ 15) beat J. McDonald (¾ 15), 6-1, 6-3
P. Power (½ 15) *v*, J. Heritage (15) retired.

Semi Final.

S. Fraser (¾ 15) beat E. Cox (½ 15), 6-5, 6-4
P. Power (½ 15) *v*. A. Douglas (¾ 15) retired.

Final.

S. Fraser (¾ 15) beat P. Power (½ 15), 6-4, 6-4.

J. E. D'APICE, Hon. Sec.

HANDBALL.

SECOND DIVISION HANDBALL TOURNAMENT.

First Round.

D. O'Sullivan...	scr.	beat	R. Makinson ...	20
P. Dalton ...	12	,,	A. McKillop ...	12
L. Loneragan ...	scr.	,,	B. Corser	4
F. Gow	scr.	,,	H. McHugh ...	3
S. Barker ...	20	,,	T. O'Mara ...	20

Second Round.

D. O'Sullivan...	scr.	beat	P. Dalton... ...	12
F. Gow	scr.	,,	S. Rorke	20
			L. Loneragan, a bye.	

Semi-Final.

F. Gow	scr.	beat	L. Loneragan ...	scr,
			D. O'Sullivan, a bye.	

Final.

D. O'Sullivan beat F. Gow

Won by D. O'Sullivan.

In this year's hand-ball tournament there was some falling-off from last year's, but still there was great interest taken in the games played. D. O'Sullivan deserves special praise for the way he won the final, as his rival got 12 ahead at the start. Gow showed great perseverance all through.

CADET CORPS.

OUR corps is still progressing satisfactorily, although it has suffered considerably by the loss of some of the non-commissioned officers and more advanced privates. Monday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings are, as usual, devoted to drill. In Rifle shooting we must congratulate our comrades on their great success this year. Though there were only four of last year's team left, we managed again to win the Schools' Challenge Shield. Our total this year (516) was only two points behind that of last year, and the ammunition this year was far inferior to that of last. It may be remarked that 520 is the highest total put up since the new conditions of the Schools' Shield have come into force. We are glad to state that the Prize Rifle Meeting on our own range was not allowed to fall through this year. Some very handsome prizes were given, and some good shooting done. Our Rev. Rector offered a gold medal for the highest average in matches and practice throughout the year. It was won by Percy Power.

In order to fill the vacancies which occurred during the year, the Officer Commanding was pleased, on the 14th October, to make the following promotions:—

Cadet C. Byrne to be Sergeant. Cadets Loneragan, Power, Cox, and Flanagan to be Corporals.

On 12th September, we competed in a match with a team from J Co., Ashfield, 2nd Infantry Regiment, on the College range, and were defeated by six points; distances, 300 and 500 yards, seven shots each range. Scores: St. Ignatius', 417; J Co., Ashfield, 423.

September 26th, St. Ignatius' College Rifle Team *v.* St. Leonard's Rifle Club, on the College range. Eight men a side; ranges, 300 and 500 yards, seven shots each range. Scores: St. Ignatius', 400; St. Leonards, 374.

RIFLE MEETING FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.

PRIZE WINNERS:

UNDER 14 YEARS HANDICAP, 200 YARDS—Seven shots:
1st prize—H. McHugh 23 hdcp. 2 .. 25
2nd ,, —J. McKenna 17 ,, 8 .. 25

LANE COVE RIVER HANDICAP (2ND DIVISION), 200 YARDS—Seven shots:—
1st prize—R. McKillop Scr. .. 30
2nd ,, —A. O'Connor 28 .. 1 .. 29

CHAMPIONSHIP (2ND DIVISION), 200 AND 300 YARDS—
1st prize—R. McKillop 29 .. 23 .. 52
2nd ,, —A. O'Connor 23 .. 16 .. 39

THE TYRO HANDICAP, 200 YARDS—Seven shots each.
1st prize—A. O'Brien 32 .. 2 .. 34
2nd ,, —L. Anivitti 27 .. 3 .. 30

RIVERVIEW HANDICAP (1ST DIVISION), 300 AND 500 yds.
C. Byrne, scratch .. 30 .. 0 .. 23 .. 53
J. McGuren ,, .. 22 .. 0 .. 26 .. 48
F. Miller, hdcap, 1 .. 23 .. 1 .. 23 .. 47
P. Power, scratch .. 26 .. 0 .. 20 .. 46

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP, 300, 500, AND 600 YARDS
P. Power 26 .. 29 .. 28 .. 83
F. Loneragan 23 .. 23 .. 16 .. 62
J. McGuren 25 .. 19 .. 15 .. 59
W. McGuren 25 .. 19 .. 14 .. 58

HIGHEST AVERAGE FOR THE YEAR'S SHOOTING, at Ranges: 200 300 500 600 yards
P. Power .. 30 23·96 25·12 26·5
Gold Medal, presented by Father Rector.

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