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.*

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EDITORIAL.

"THE Powers are incensed," "Federation," "The Convention," "Free Trade!" Such, and a hundred others, are the subjects which the Editors of our great journals—and small, for that matter—have at their disposal for their first page, to lend an air of dignity to the over-commonplace account of brawls and squabbles, of quotations of stock and market produce, and such like sundries that fill up the remaining pages. We (the Editors) wish it were our good fortune to have some such stirring themes to move our hearts and quicken our pens, but the streams of eloquence already expended on these and kindred topics on our playground and in our debating clubs, have washed them bare of anything that might excite public enthusiasm.

Not only have we not these to stimulate our budding literary aspirations, but there has been scarcely anything, even in our own little inner world, to break the monotony of last term. And yet monotony is, perhaps, too strong a word to use in reference to our school life. To outsiders, indeed, it might appear monotonous. But the sober grey that strikes the casual observer is found, on closer inspection, to contain more and more varied elements than we gave it credit for at first. A school-term is like Newton's wheel. It shows its bright colours only when revolved slowly before us with the gradual lapse of time, but when reviewed rapidly, as it must be, after it has passed, it presents them blurred and undistinguishable in a mass of white.

The Easter vacation was, indeed, a welcome break in our eremitical life—doubly welcome because an additional day's freedom had been granted in honour of the Cardinal's Jubilee. We were in fine spirits as we came up after our couple of days' outing, though on more than one juvenile face was a thoughtful look, begotten of contact with the great world, a superabundance of "lollies," and the anticipation of renewed work. Then, many were glad that the time for the almost universally beloved football had come round, and the more ambitious looked forward to doing something to relieve their feelings on the score of a not over successful cricket season. These latter have, up to the present, every reason to feel satisfied, as our three first matches of football, including one against Sydney Grammar School, resulted in a win for Riverview. "Keep it up, and show them the game," as some of our enthusiastic Second Divisioners would say.

We were glad to have this year one more convincing argument that "the fight is not to the strong, nor the race to the fast." Our veteran pioneer, Father Dalton (even though encumbered with a pair of crutches) is making a great stand against old Time. He completed his 80th year on Friday, the 12th of February.

But, to return to our simile, we will keep you no longer over the uniform grey, lest we weary you, but pass you the lens, and let you pick out the colours and tints for yourself.



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

THE DESERT'S LOVERS.

BY "LYNETTE" [OF *The Australasian.*]

"THERE'S no peace," said the Water Finder, pulling the rug from his eyes, and staring up at her. "Your boss blazes away all day, and at night you take up the running. Confound you!" He turned on his side and drew the rug over his eyes again. What he addressed was a great sardonyx-colored moon. So pure and dry was the atmosphere, so flawless and far off the vault above her, that the Water Finder thought she must be heaven-abandoned and so horribly near to the earth that by getting on his camel and standing upright he might pluck her down, and stamp the light out of her, and bury her in the hot sand, and so stop the ache in his eyes. You are liable to these petulant fancies when you have travelled for months over the shadowless, lifeless, soundless immensity of West Australian sand desert, with never a thing to break the level of the sky line, no sound in your ears but the scream of the hot wind, in your mouth and nostrils the flying red sand, your finger nails split to the quick, your hair and eyelashes falling. This Western desert has lovers by the score, albeit she freezes them, scorches them, starves them off her unyielding bosom, and kills them when she may. Yet they swear by her fiercest moods, love her, and in the midst of great cities long for her. She tinctures their philosophy, their religion, their relation to their kind. All her phases are those of repulse. The water her lakes yield is salt and sunken. The only permanent life she tolerates is what helps to guard her solitude—the pest of flies. Her foliage is part of her defence—spinifex, porcupine grass, and mulga scrub. Every spine and leaf and twig is edge on, pointing upwards. Nothing leans or grows close, lest a vestige of shade should be cast. The desert's lovers are a hardy, brave, patient, and loyal crew. They are a detachment of the legion that never was 'listed, and when the time comes for them to march under colors, side by side, for one object, they will be grim foes for the long 'listed legions to encounter.

The Water Finder was leading his party towards Kurnalpi after an exploration enterprise. He had been travelling since daybreak, seeking a spot marked, on a rough map he carried, "Permanent Water." He had had his doubts about its permanency, and thirty miles in his rear had halted his men and camels whilst he pushed ahead. The camels had been five days without a drink, and could ill afford to travel on in doubt. The men were at their last water bags. At noon he reached the mapped "soak." There were less than three gallons in it. This the old bull camel he rode sucked up, then padded forward once more. The Water Finder was anxious now, but hopeful that he might come on a Government condenser in one of the salt lakes. Twice in that long day's ride the dull red depressed patch that marks the salt lake (the water is below the surface) glistened before the traveller, and above each depression gleamed the mirage, with its mockery of rippled water and inverted trees. The sun dropped lower and lower, till he burnt a hole in the forehead of the horizon, then slipped behind the world. There followed a bare fifteen minutes of twilight, but before the night rushed in the Water Finder stood on the edge of a miniature lake—a lake containing at least 10,000 gallons—a lake of delicious rain-water, the result of a local thunderstorm. Not without cause had the Water Finder been called by that name. The camel knelt; the rider got off and unstrapped his water-bags and the two 10 gallon casks which he would carry back filled. He belled and hobbled the camel, ate and drank, then spread his rugs on the hot sand and lay down. The wind dropped, the temperature fell suddenly, the plague of flies was stayed, and a silence great as that which wraps a dead world hung over the plain. The gem-like moon rose as if out of the ground. The Water Finder slept.

The Water Finder woke in the white light of dawn, and his wandering glance crossed the sheet of water, then became fixed. "It's a charred sapling," said he presently, "but why didn't I see it last night?" He sat up and began to roll his swag. The "charred sapling" stirred and lengthened itself upwards. The Water Finder did likewise, and went forward to meet it, but grunted disgustedly and came back. It was no spear-armed warrior, but an old gin, that followed whining and holding out her hands. She was nude and gnat-like, her face a mask of dry skin. Age and slow starvation had made horribly manifest every bone of her skeleton. Probably the oldest of her tribe, she would therefore be the last to be fed, and then only when an extra lizard or grub was wrung from the grudging desert. The sight of her

spoiled the Water Finder's appetite for his tinned "dog" and biscuit. He gave her food, and started to pick up his camel. Its tracks led zigzag through the sparse scrub, but its bell was silent. The Water Finder followed briskly, then in an instant his body and glance stiffened. He was staring down at the prints of a man's strongly-shod feet mixed with camel hoof tracks, the impress of the camel's knees, then beyond again the record of the broad hoofs, unshackled now, and leading west. Written in sand, the bushman's eye read of the robbery of his camel. The Water Finder was at that moment a murderer by intent. He cursed the robber very fully, without pause or repetition, and when he had finished there was a slight foam on his white lips, and his knees shook a little. Turning, he faced the gin. She was still eating what he had given her. Showing all her displanted gums in an awful smile, she gave the Water Finder the history of the previous night. The other white fellow had come here for water. She had tracked it for him. Then he had seen this fellow asleep, and had crept on his knees to where the two big casks and the water-bags were—(the Water Finder staggered: in the first faint light he had not missed this part of his outfit)—and had drawn them behind him to the edge of the water, and had filled them. Then he had gone away to where the camel was shaking its bell, and had taken the chain from its legs and the bell from its neck, and loading it, he had ridden away to where men go when they find this. She took from one fleshless armpit a small nugget of pure gold. The other white fellow would return by-and-bye to a certain piece of ground a long way off, and put pegs in and begin to dig. What would this white fellow give her for the nugget? She had stole it from the other fellow, who was no good. She omitted to confess that she had also stolen the camel-bell and hobbles for future personal adornment.

Now all was plain to the Water Finder. The robber was a lucky prospector on his way to Kurnalpi to apply for the ground he had pegged, not caring whether the man he robbed perished in the desert. He gave the gin his pipe, lest he should be tempted to smoke, and some tobacco, and started to walk back to the main camp. There was plenty of food, which the thief either did not see or did not want, but the Water Finder took only biscuits and a billy of water. The sun, the wind, and the cloud of flies rose together. The day grew older and hotter, and the Water Finder tramped in his tracks of yesterday. Through the leather his feet tingled above the burning sand. The water in the can grew sickly warm. The afternoon swooned away and fell into the half light—the only hour in all the twenty-four that the desert lovers dread to be alone, realising how

> Terror born of twilight-tide makes mad the laboring brain.

Now, it came to pass that at noon of this same day the camel which the prospector had stolen knelt in obedience to his rider's wish to dismount. And as he knelt and chewed his cud, whilst the prospector drank billy tea and dozed, there came to him a memory of a few days agone of a camp where there were others of his kind, especially a cow camel, which he greatly loved. There also dwelt Aph Mahomet, who had known him from his calfhood. And the young man who had ridden him for the past three months—he, who rarely spoke except to give an order, and who knew how to pull on a camel's nose-ring scientifically when one turned obstinate—where was he? North Star—that is what his name in Hindostanee signified—flapped the flies off his face with a vast lower lip, and hoisted himself up, determined to find the key to his doubts. "Hoosha!" yelled the prospector, starting erect. "Hoosha!" North Star bellowed and began to trot. "Come back, you ———! Hoosha! Oh, Lord in heaven, I'm done for! Hoosha!" The prospector shouted and ran; the camel bellowed and galloped. One might as well have chased an express train; but still the prospector stumbled forward, shouting, and presently dropped on his knees and shrieked on God to send the brute back. It carried all that was rightly his and all he had wrongfully taken—the water-bags, his gold, the two casks—nothing left but a little food and about a pint of tea in a billy. He was a hundred miles or more from Kurnalpi, and he dreaded to think how many from that patch of fresh water where he had robbed a sleeping man. He threw himself face downwards among the spinifex and wept and repented.

North Star kept up a good pace. When he rolled up to Aph Mahomet, riderless, and carrying over twenty gallons of water and a foreign swag on his sides, there ensued joy, consternation, and a hurried council. One of the ten-gallon casks was divided among the camels—a sip each; the men drank from the water-bags,

the tents were struck, and the party, spreading out to a mile in width as it advanced, moved forward to find its leader. Early in the night the left flank met him, still tramping, but talking to himself and dizzy, for he had been travelling due east with all the afternoon's sun frying his spinal marrow. He submitted to be doctored, and slept stirless as an image on a tombstone for some hours. But the precious rain patch would not stay. Before dawn the Water Finder was at the head of the team and forcing the pace somewhat. Long before sunset men and camels were encamped by the lake.

"I reckoned on finding her still here," said the leader to his second in command, nodding towards the gin, who squatted on his rug with the camel-bell suspended to her neck-bone. "Knew she'd stay till she'd eaten all I left. Take her with you and track down the thing that stole my camel. I want to kick him."

"Oh, let him alone till you catch him in Kurnalpi."

"He'll never get there. We have his water-bags."

"Well, wait for him here."

"He'll not reach here either. He's a wretched bushman, as I could read by a dozen signs. When the camel bolted he struck back here, travelled during the night, lost his head, and then his tracks."

"Well, leave him to the flies. Gosh! don't they clean up a skeleton nicely if you only give 'em time enough!"

"Yes, but I'd enjoy kicking him now or some hours hence, he'll be so nice and weak. Pick your men and cows to-night."

The search party, minus the gin, returned to camp on the evening of the second day. The thing which the Water Finder wanted to kick was strapped on to Aph Mahomet's camel. It was alive, but raving.

"Extraordinary vermin, those flies," remarked the search leader, jumping from his camel and making a record trip to the Water Finder's tent, where the whisky was. "They'd started on him already, and——"

He went into details.

"The old nigger left us a few miles out. She saw some tracks—her tribe's, perhaps—and started to follow them."

The sick thing recovered, and went with his rescuers into Kurnalpi. They returned him his gold, then turned their backs on him. An hour later he stood before the Warden and applied for the lease of a certain piece of ground "out back." The official heard his description of the place, looked at his sketches, and said, "You are some hours too late. The lease of that patch was granted to two men who came before me this morning. It seems a native woman guided them to the find. They had her here with them. She wore a bell on her neck. No, I don't fancy you could overtake them. They were riding very good brumbies. I'm sorry for the march that's been stolen on you, but as the law stands I can give you no relief."

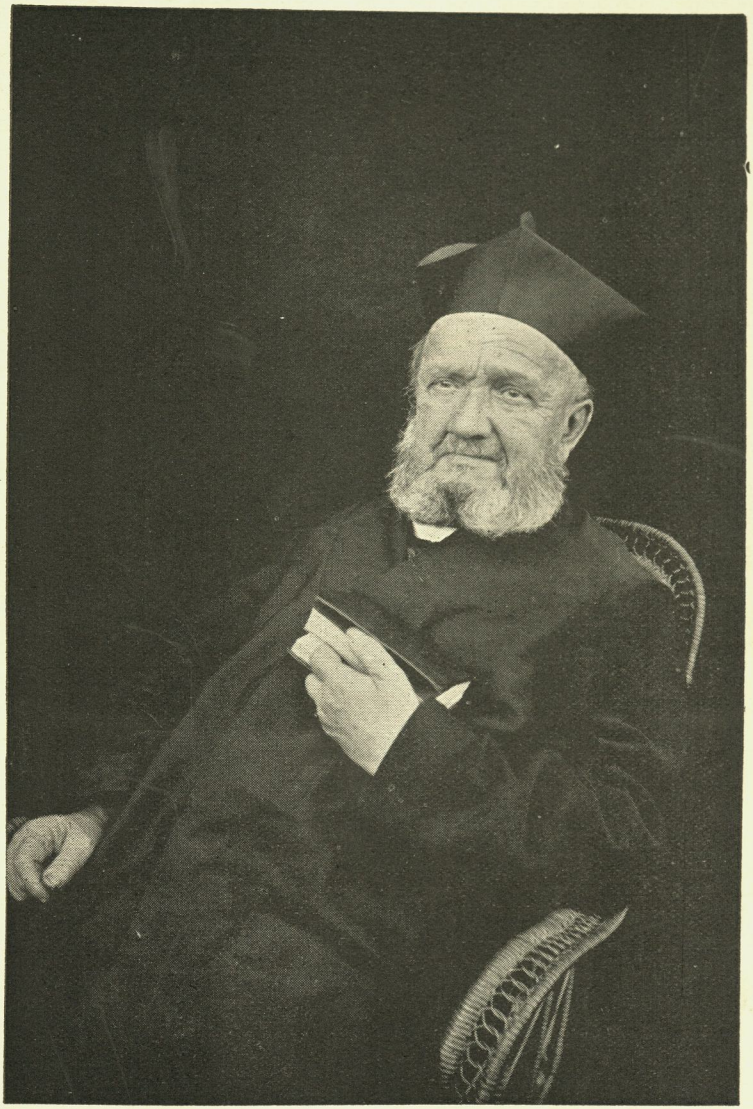
[*Note.*—I am indebted to Mr. Percy Vincent O'Brien, C.E., Resident Engineer of North Coolgardie (and formerly a student at the Riverview College), for the descriptive and incidental portion of this sketch.—"LYNETTE."]

AN OCTOGENARIAN CELEBRATION.

FEBRUARY the 12th was a day of unwonted rejoicings at Riverview, for on that day the venerable founder and erstwhile Rector of Riverview, Rev. J. Dalton, S.J., celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday.

The numerous congratulations that Father Dalton received on his innings, "80, not out" (to use a cricketing metaphor, for which Father Dalton himself is responsible), show that in the course of his long life he has managed to win for himself many and true friends. In these congratulatory messages, a feature which gave intense pleasure to Father Dalton was the great number of them that came from old pupils of his own. It shows that they still treasure up kindly remembrance of one who is thus described in a former number of OUR ALMA MATER:—"Though Father Dalton is a rigid disciplinarian, his great kindness of heart and never failing good-humour make him a general favourite. He identifies himself thoroughly with the interests of his boys, and, by this means, wins their confidence and affection." We are glad to add that time seems to show that the confidence and affection he has managed to win can bear its crucial test.

Though, latterly, Father Dalton has aged perceptibly, his weight of years does not seem



FATHER DALTON, S.J.

to have much impaired his energies or lessened his courage. They certainly have not caused him to identify himself less with the interests of his pupils, past or present; or to rejoice less when he hears of any proud achievement of theirs in the sterner battlefield of life, or, its mimic counterpart, the College playground. There is scarcely a match of any importance at which Father Dalton is not an interested spectator, having hobbled down the steep and rugged path that leads to Riverview's arena, upon his trusty and docile "ponies." (his pet name for two inseparable wooden companions and supporters of the last few years).

Here we think it appropriate to give a short sketch of the life of Riverview's Grand Old Man, as it may interest some of his many friends.

Father Dalton was born in Waterford, Ireland, on February 12th, 1817, when Wellington's praises were still in the mouths of men, and the battle of Waterloo but as a thing of yesterday. He began his classical studies in his native town, and completed them with distinction in the Irish Jesuit Colleges of Clongowes and Tullabeg. Many are the interesting and amusing anecdotes which Father Dalton can tell of these far-off days—of what, to us, seems a rough-and-ready age. In the year 1836 God called him to Himself, and he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, and, after the ordinary probation, was admitted to the vows of religion. For the next eight years, he was working energetically in the grand work of education in the principal colleges of the Order in Ireland; and we may add, that this has been the crowning work of Father Dalton's long and useful life.

In 1847, Father Dalton went to France, not to escape the great famine, as some may prematurely guess, but to pursue the philosophical studies of the Society. Having completed these, and another brief period of scholastic work, we find him, in 1854-58, going through a full theological course in the Jesuit Seminary of St. Bueno's, North Wales. He was ordained priest at Maynooth by Dr. Murray, then Archbishop of Dublin. After his ordination, we again find Father Dalton at his favourite work of education, and for four or five years he had charge of the discipline of the students of Clongowes Wood College. In 1861, he was appointed Rector of St. Stanislaus', near Tullamore, which position he held until 1866; when, in obedience to the order of the General of the Society, who had called upon him to take charge of the Jesuit Mission in Victoria, he left his fatherland and sailed for Melbourne in the s.s. *Great Britain*.

The first twelve years of his life in Australia, were spent in Melbourne. During this period he successfully controlled the working of St. Patrick's College, and engaged, with equal zeal and success, in missionary labours at Richmond (a suburban district which had been handed over to him, for the Society of Jesus, by the late Archbishop Goold). Four years after his arrival in Victoria, Father Dalton effected the purchase of an estate of seventy acres at Kew, and at once began to build the College of St. Francis Xavier.

In 1878, at the invitation of Archbishop Vaughan, he came to Sydney. Immediately on his arrival, he was appointed Superior of the Jesuits in New South Wales and Victoria, and he may justly be regarded as the founder of the Society of Jesus in New South Wales. The Jesuit Mission of St. Leonards, the large day-school of the Society in Woolloomooloo, since transferred to Surry Hills, and now known as St. Aloysius' College, Bourke-street, and the beautifully situated College of Riverview have all been established by Father Dalton. "The mere acquisition," says the *Town and Country Journal* (January 12th, 1889), "of the fine estate at Riverview for educational purposes is a strong proof of Father Dalton's keen business faculties, and the success of the college he has founded there affords striking evidence that his early training, ripe scholarship, and long experience admirably fit him to be the head of a great public school."

When Riverview was opened in 1880, it could but provide scant accommodation for ten or twelve students of limited size. Since, however, the number of its resident pupils has increased by leaps and bounds, until, in 1892, it reached its high-water mark, and the then Rector, Rev. J. Ryan, S.J., gave a holiday in honour of the 150th boy. It can still boast, notwithstanding the cloud of depression that has been for a considerable time overhanging our fair sunny land, of 110 resident students, with ample room and verge enough for an increase of numbers.

We conclude with a right hearty wish—a wish which we feel assured will find response in many a heart,—that Riverview's "Grand Old Man" may, God willing, live long to see even a fuller harvest of his labours in Christ's vineyard.

KILLARNEY.

BY AN OLD RIVERVIEWER.

IT was my good fortune this summer to go to Killarney on a little business. I don't deny that I was willing to go there even without business, but it is always nice to be able to think that one is doing one's duty, while at the same time enjoying life. "*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*," says Horace, and I quite agree with him in this. Horace was not always wrong.

I, therefore, went on duty to Killarney, and, in this case, I found virtue its own reward. It was toward the middle of August when business called me to that favoured spot. The weather was most propitious, a thing not at all the habitual case in Kerry. Now, Killarney is pretty at all times, but it can be very unpleasant in wet weather. The big hills around it have a way of catching the clouds, and keeping them hanging about their summits, that makes it very unusual to have many clear, bright days in succession. I was there for ten days, and during that time there was only one wet day. Most of the time it was beautifully clear, and the Lakes were as bright as the sky.

It was my first visit to Killarney, and I had heard so much about the Lakes that I was all eagerness to get a glimpse at them as soon as possible. On reaching Mallow and taking the branch train to Killarney, I expected to see the big mountains rising up around me at once, but, to my surprise, we jogged on through a flat, uninteresting country with no hills of any height till we got almost to Killarney itself. Just a little before we got to the town the hills appeared, but not at all the towering hills that I expected. A native of the place pointed out to me the various hills that came in view—"The Paps," "Mangerton," "Torc," &c.,—and in a few more minutes we were in the station. On leaving the station, I expected to find myself in full view of the lakes, but not a sign of their presence was to be seen as we drove up through the town.

This was very disappointing to me. Here I was in Killarney, and not a sign of anything like a lake to be seen! I was kept busy all that evening, and some one told me that the lakes were too far off to visit unless I had a couple of hours to spare. Then I paused, and a feeling came o'er me that saddened the joy of my mind. "I might as well be in Tullamore," quoth I to myself, "for all the lakes I am likely to see here." But this was a rash saying, and one that took not into account the charity of the inhabitants of Killarney. The next day a friend, whom I had never seen, sent for my use a nice carriage and horse, with driver and all complete, and, in one of the intervals between duties, I was able to visit in state the Lakes, or, at least, the Middle Lake and part of the Lower Lake as well.

The road we took led us out by Mr. Herbert's domain. The road outside the town is lovely. The trees, mostly ash trees, are laden densely with a rich abundance of soft, green leaves that bend the branches down towards the earth by the mere weight of their luxurious growth. My guide, philosopher and friend—a man of deep botanical research—assured me that it is only in Ireland and England that this peculiarly rich, soft foliage is to be found, and he gave me some very good botanical reasons for this fact. The trees from either side of the road stretched out their branches till they met in the middle, thus forming an arch of living green to shade the traveller on his way. Soon we arrived at the gate of Mr. Herbert's domain, and, entering through the gate, we drove through long winding avenues, beautifully kept, with the lake spread out before us in all its beauty. After a drive of nearly two miles, we arrived at last at the famous "Muckross Abbey," surrounded by the ancient oaks that lived and flourished when Muckross was in its youth, filled with holy and learned monks, who spent their time in prayer and study. Often did these old trees re-echo to the sound of the midnight bell, followed by the solemn chaunt of the Matin song; often, in their young days, did the procession of the Blessed Sacrament wend its way beneath their branches. But soon a time of sorrow came, and fire and sword laid waste that peaceful scene, and left but the crumbling ruins of that grand old monastery to tell us of the past. But, even in its ruins, Muckross is still beautiful. The lake still smiles as calmly as before, the mountains are still bright with the heather, and in those silent graves around calmly repose the bones of the martyrs.

Inside the ruins of the old conventual church lie the tombs of its founders—the McCarthys Mor, the O'Sullivans Mor, and the O'Donoghues, with many other ancient families,—waiting the blast of the last trump to rouse them from their peaceful slumbers amid the ruins of "Irelough."

One of the curiosities of the place is a great old yew tree that grows in the very middle of the

cloistered courtyard, planted there, no doubt, by some venerable abbot of former times, but which now has grown much too big for its surroundings, and thrusts its branches through the windows of the old abbey. There is a tradition that whoever plucks off a branch of this tree shall die within a year. Of course, I did not believe this one bit, and I asked my friend to pull off a branch just to prove that it was all nonsense; but, to my surprise, he seemed to half believe it, and actually would not do so. I twitted him in vain on his superstition, he would not do it, and so I am unable to say if there be any truth in this tradition or not. As for me, I look on it as vandalism to go about, as some people do, destroying old monuments, and, therefore, on principle, could not pluck a twig myself. It is strange how superstitious some people are! My friend was a doctor, and ought to have got over all that sort of thing, and yet, I do think, he was afraid to try the experiment, even for the sake of science.

After seeing the abbey thoroughly, we once more continued our drive through the lovely, mazy roads of the domain, winding and rewinding in endless curves—now by the lake-shore, and now again through thick groves of arbutus and other semi-tropical trees, with exquisite views of mountain and lake, till we came to Brickeen Bridge, and paused on its solitary arch to view as fair a scene as eye could covet. Under the arch of Brickeen Bridge the waters of the lower and middle lakes mingle in peace, and the view is simply wondrous fair. Thence we drove round the top of the middle lake to the "Meeting of the Waters" on the other side, and went to view "the Old Weir Bridge," with its rapids and all its other charms that far excel its namesake of Wicklow. But stern duty now began to assert its claims on me, and we had to drive back to the town, sadly and in haste, wending our course close under the Torc Mountain, and viewing its famous waterfall as we passed.

The next day the carriage came for me again, and this time I took another route up over the hills to the west of the lakes, from which I had a splendid view of all the lakes at once, then down towards the foot of Ireland's highest mountain, Carrantuohill, to where

> Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink,
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the waters meet the land.

On our way we passed by the estate of a man whose name is well known to geographists, Mr. Macgillicuddy, the proprietor of the Reeks. I could not but think that he might boast as well as Horace:

> "Exegi monumentum ære perennius
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius,"

for as long as the Reeks stand so long the name of Macgillicuddy will be high in the land.

Entering into the estate of the Earl of Kenmare, we had a lovely drive round by the lake shore to Ross Castle, which of course we visited, and from which we gazed at Innisfallen's ruined shrine:

> Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
> In memory's dream that sunny smile
> Which o'er thee on that evening fell
> When first I saw thy fairy isle.

After this we drove through the delightful wilderness of Ross Island, and on through the never-ending domain, where rabbit and pheasant strayed fearlessly over the green sward and through the fragrant thicket, till duty once more demanded my presence in the town.

The next day was Sunday, and I was still more fortunate than before. His Lordship the Bishop most kindly invited me to take a drive with him, and, with a splendid team of dapple greys, we spent five full hours visiting all the points of special beauty. Needless to say, his Lordship is an authority of the highest class on all the traditions, historical and mythical, of the lakes. We drove far up the Long Range, passing by the Eagle's Nest on the Kenmare road, through the Tunnel, and on to the police station, from which point there is the best view of all the lakes together. Then back we came through the woods of Derrycunnihy, visiting Glena Cottage, viewing the rock of the Colleen Bawn, and gazing on the spot where each May Day at dawn the O'Donoghue rises from the enchanted lake to visit once more this sublunary world, while fairies strew flowers in the path of his milk-white steed.

> "For when the last April sun grows dim
> Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
> Who dwells, bright lake, in thee.
> Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
> Young plumed chiefs on sea and shore,
> White steed, most joy to thee;
> Who still, with the young first glance of Spring
> From under that glorious lake doth bring
> My love, my chief to me."

During my stay I paid many more visits to the lakes, and each time returned more and more convinced that if Killarney is not alto-

gether Paradise, it would at least come in for honorable mention, if not for second prize. But no description can show the real beauty of the lakes, the glory of their ever-varying colors, as cloud and sunshine combine to form new reflections on their surface; the mountains vested in a many-colored robe of rock and fern and heather bloom; the ivy-clad ruins of other days; the lordly castle and the trim cottages of its present possessors; all these must be seen, not read of, to form a just idea of Killarney. For the poet truly says:

"Wild tracts of forest ground, and scattered groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us; and as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood
They ceased not to surround us; change of place,
From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new."

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.—OUR VISITS TO WESTRALIA.

No. V.

[BY AN OLD JESUIT BOY.]

INEXORABLE, all-devouring Time rolls by. It is truly said by an old rhyme-maker, "That we take no heed of time but by its flight." However, "here I am again," as the clown says in the pantomime, writing another of my rambling letters from the "Land of the Black Swan"; or, if you like it better, the "Land of the Six S's: to wit, Sand, Salt, Sore-eyes, Sin, Sorrow, and Sir John Forrest. And this reminds me that a certain gentleman had a correspondence with a Sydney young lady, which led to the following lines:—

THE SIX S'S.

She—

"What keeps you in the land of Sand,
With beauteous Sydney close at hand?
Wilt linger, midst its horrid Salt,
Until you've grown both blind and halt?"

He—

"No, dearest, ere the time of Sore-eyes,
I hope to make a splendid gold-rise.
Still, having entered far within
The land, whose synonym is Sin,
I'll gladly hail the fair to-morrow
That parts me from this world of Sorrow!
And wave my fond adieux to Sir John,
Who rails won't lay a single furlong,
'Twixt Coolgardie and Esperance Bay,
To bring the traffic 'long this way."

I seem to hear the distant hum of voices. It is a disturbance in the Editorial staff of OUR ALMA MATER! I hear: "What right has he to purloin other people's productions, and send them to us for publication?" "Horrid plagiarism," and grumblings to like effect. But, gentlemen, I say, patience, whilst I explain and admit that I am a follower of the great Autolycus, and, like him, "Lettered under Mercury" as regards literary matters. Likewise, "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." Indeed, choice expressions, rare old lines allure me as clothes' lines did this arch-rogue and Bohemian, who sang:—

"The white sheet, bleaching on the hedge,
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
With heigh!—the sweet birds, oh, how they sing."

And then again, anent plagiarism: allow me to give these amusing lines from Kipling:

"When 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing, by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!"

"They knew 'e stole, 'e knew they knowed,
They didn't tell or make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer, down the road,
An' he winked back—the same as us."

I quote these lines with an especial pleasure, as divested of the formal H: "'Omer and me" sounds like kinship, and is so flattering to my artistic vanity. But, "Tell me, oh Muse of the man," had I not better leave these Homeric regions—say to the Separators, and continue the tale of my own wanderings in the golden West since the date of my last letter?

Some time ago, I started from the Norseman with one companion, and wended through the bush and across the lakes and we pitched our camp on the south-west bank of Lake Cowan. It was a very solitary spot, no human habitation being within several miles, and the absence of all animal life very much accentuated this stillness and sense of loneliness. Now and then, very big emus stalked across the dry lake in their solemn manner. And just at day-break, or (as my kinsman would say), "When dawn, the rosy-fingered, had dispersed the fumes of night," one very big specimen of these birds, accompanied by a smaller one, was seen from my tent, as I lay in my bunk, inspecting our condenser with the most curious regard—for, I must tell you, we had to provide ourselves with one of these indispensable articles, being out of bounds as regards buying water.

We had no rain whilst we camped there, and we took no umbrellas with us; but that did not bring the rain, as it used to in Sydney.

One night, my companion met with aborigines on his way back from the township, and as they had a corroboree, and promised to repeat it on the following night, he urged me to go and see it.

Accordingly, I might be seen wending my way along the pad which we had worn across the various branches of Lake Cowan that lay between our camp and the bush surrounding the Norseman township—a weary stretch of about four miles. This was in the gloaming, and as the quickly falling shades of evening came around me, the sky, which was cloudless, assumed a dark, solemn blue color, and the stars twinkled overhead indistinctly. It grew very dark as I struck the heavily-wooded, stunted bush, with its thick undergrowth, but, taking a star for a guide, I pushed ahead for a mile or two, then saw bright fires, and so stumbled on to the natives' camp.

It was a wild and picturesque scene! Some little distance from their mi-mi's a line of ti-trees was on fire, and this lighted up the surroundings in a weird fashion. As I stumbled my way through a passage they had cleared to their camp, half blinded by the glare of the burning ti-trees, I was gruffly accosted, in very fair English, in these words: "Come on, white-fellow." I stared in wonder! When, in most imperative tones, the aboriginal sang out: "Here, white-fellow, come on, sit there;" and he pointed to a spot near to where he was squatted. Now, let me explain, the natives break themselves up into several groups, each group has its own fire, with the mi-mi at the rear. Each group consists of about four; the fire in their midst is very neatly made, but very small; the sticks are carefully selected, only three or four of them, and are laid across one another, and around this they sit. As my "friend" said, when I remarked this to him: "White-fellow, bally fool, him cut tree, burn him, then sit out in the cold. Black-fellow, small fire, him nice and warm." This aboriginal said: "Me very hard up; young fellow very sick," and he pointed out a poor boy, the veritable sick black indeed. I sympathised with him, and enquired when the corroboree would begin; but to my dismay was told, "None to-night. No-tink to-night." It appears a native died that morning.

"Mind dogs," said he, as two ugly specimens gathered round my legs. "All right," replied I, and I spoke to the dogs, when, in a surprised tone, he said, "You no afraid dog?" I played my trump card, as no one but the fifty blacks or so was present, and replied, "Me afraid of nothing." "Welly good," said he. I went to another fire. Three blacks and a fine-looking gin were seated at it, and they broke a loaf of bread amongst them, and dipped each piece in a billy of tea, and then passed the latter on to the next group. The gin, when her portion was consumed, lighted a cigarette, and smoked it with evident gusto. So you see civilization has set in amongst them.

I fear from "Old Riverview's" charming letter in your last issue that he would here rather warmly interject "Your so-called civilization." But is the air of the famed Isles of Aran really so untainted as he pictures it? I thought one Raleigh, in the reign of Queen Bess, of great renown in history, polluted the atmosphere of the old country to a large extent with the horrid Virginian weed, and that the air reeks with it ever since. And is it not highly probable that when Sir Walter's pipe was put out by the famous bucket, that he crossed over, say to Inishmore, and had a quiet pipe there? Perhaps he took across a pipe of something else too to comfort himself with. I wonder could "Old Riverview's" antiquarian friend give any aid in this enquiry?

But why have I thus wandered from the simple, primitive home of the natives in this almost virgin forest, wrapped as it is in the solemn, still night, and high over which the Southern Cross has risen, in its cold and indifferent fashion, whilst in it is the poor native woman—the untutored, debased descendant of our great Mother Eve—the worse, I fear, for our boasted modern civilization—squatted on the ground, with her cigarette all but finished, and its smoke almost in the welkin?

I turned to another fire, at which sat three elderly natives, and at once they sang a wailing monotonous chant, which I took for a dirge. This was very sad in tone, and set me thinking. Here are our black brethren, and here most probably is solemn, inevitable Death! Here was one of life's mysteries before me. The whole scene was strange, perplexing, and incomprehensible beyond expression. I thought of our great Spanish poet, and how problems

such as these pressed on his mind ere he renounced the world for the cloister:

> Calderon's great drama, poet's gleam
> Of insight, tells us "life's a dream!"
> Hope lures us on with dreams so bright,
> But at the flooding of the light
> They, ghost-like, flit like mists of night!

At any rate, here in the West we have no limelight to enable us to pierce ever so little into the mystic blackness of the future. But as your Reverend Rector's friend of Kempis—whose work he so earnestly begs us to read—says: "The day will come when the Master of Masters will come, and He will bring candles and search Jerusalem; and things now hidden in darkness shall be brought into the light," or words to this effect.

I started homeward, but the moon did not rise till late, so I had to work my way as well as I could through the darkness. I often asked myself why I made this journey, and looking back at the natives' fires, used the words of Goethe:

> "Why didst thou lure me to your garish pleasure,
> Your pomp of light?
> Was I not happy in abundant measure
> In the lone night?"

However, all things come to an end, and the end of this adventure was a sound sleep, from which I was awakened by the jeering of the crows, who collected in a salmon gum-tree near my head, and I am convinced were aware of my night's escapade, and were making merry thereat at my expense—indeed, crowing over me.

A batch of newspapers reaches us, and we have a feast, as we so enjoy reading the Sydney news. But they are full of Federation, which is in the air, or perhaps in the clouds. It is not near enough for me to make sure which region it is in.

What a boon Federation is to word-lovers! Talk, talk, is the great thing now; and it little matters, it would seem, what you know of a subject, provided you command a large stock of words. As Thackeray tells us, "Always to be right, always to trample forward, and never to doubt, are not these the great qualities with which dullness takes the lead in the world?"

Talking of talk reminds me of the veteran statesman of the Victorian era, the G. O. M. Gladstone. What an amusing blunder he made in Scotland some few years back, when his marvellous memory so singularly failed him. I quote his words from the *Standard*:—

"I have come back not only to a land of beautiful natural characteristics, not only to the

> Land of the brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,

but to that which is better still—to the land which is described by one of the latest, and certainly not the least, of your writers of beautiful songs. I mean the late Lady Nairn, and from her time it will be remembered to the latest of posterity as the 'Land of the Leal.' (Great cheers.)" Now let me quote a stanza or so from this poem:

> There's nae sorrow there, John,
> There's neither cauld nor care, John;
> The days are a' fair
> In the Land of the Leal.
>
> Oh! dry your glistening e'e, John;
> My soul longs to be free, John,
> And angels beckon me
> To the Land of the Leal.

Surely the most Scottish of Scotland's Scotch sons could not in his wildest moments of patriotism think that the fair poetess had in her mind Scotland when she wrote this poem. The veritable Macgregor, with his foot firmly planted on his native heath, could scarcely claim "Caledonia stern and wild" as the "home of the just made perfect." Let us trust that when this great man has, in the course of nature, to answer "Adsum" to the final call, that the music to greet him shall have more of a celestial character than that of the bagpipes and the pibroch.

Here Father Gartlan exclaims, "What of mining? I thought a cobbler's last was what he should stick to. Would it 'overtax' you to tell us something about it?" True; but a man must Pa-hi-hi* a bit, at least every white man does so, say the Samoans.

Well, in the mining world just now there is a "slump." The British public—a great milch cow—is a little off its supply of the precious fluid at present, and here in the dry west we have no nice purling crystal streams to insinuate into its pint, and add quantity, if not quality, to the contents, as is the mode in the more advanced eastern colonies. Indeed, the old cow requires some such stimulating stuff as "spondulix" put in her feeding box to freshen her up, as it were. But most of the mischief should not be blamed to this colony, in my

* Pahihi, in English is Talk rot.

opinion. The London broker and his merry men are very greedy, and the imported expert often a sham. A few instances in support of my opinion.

A plant, &c., was erected north of here at a cost, including carriage, &c., of £200,000, under the direction of a blooming home expert, who knew everything by instinct, who never considered he was in a new country, little tested as to its gold-bearing formations. This plant is unsuitable, won't save the gold, but splendid results are obtained from the same ore sent to South Australia for treatment.



PRIVATE APPROACH TO COLLEGE FROM WHARF.

Again, a moderate mine in the Norseman was floated in London for £250,000, absurdly over-valued, but the London brokers divided £125,000 amongst them as commission.

A good mine here, the wettest one on the field (each day thousands of gallons of water must be pumped from it), got a new manager the other day, who, to his consternation, found a dry mill being erected, costly to work—the quartz must be dried for it—and the over-abundant water running to waste.

At one time we used to get very disturbed at travellers' tales of rich finds and promising goldfields, as they were related with their rich embellishments, but now such things pass us by as the idle wind does, and we only smile at them. At the same time we get rather uncharitable feelings within our breasts towards our quondam friends. I could, perhaps, illustrate these feelings by a story. An English tourist visited Scotland, and being a very enthusiastic lover of the rod, he fished a famed stream there, but got as a guide one of the taciturnest of taciturn gillies, and how can you beat them? Our friend could get nothing out of him but "yea" or "nay," yet he fetched him thus. He said, "I think I will leave here and go higher up the stream, as near a village there I am told that the salmon are much finer and very much larger." "Hoot, sar," said the gillie, "I hae my doots o' that. I ken it's no the fush that are bigger—they're bigger leers there."

A Pope, one Alexander, says:

"Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream."

But he is a Pope with whom I often take the liberty to differ, for I think Homer sometimes nods. Perhaps it is a family failing, as I was just now in the land of nod, and had a vivid dream. I heard a regular wooden sound which grew closer to me, and by-and-bye a rather ungraceful rapid jerk was made. I looked up, and there was Father Dalton seated. After his usual kind greeting, he relaxed into one of his merry smiles, so well known to his old friends. He never beats about the bush, but comes at once to the point, so he said, "Tell me now, Richard, do you ever do anything in the West?" Seeing a puzzled look on my face, he added, "Have you any business to attend to? For if so, you need not write for ever." I am dull in seeing a joke or taking a hint, so whilst I was considering what he meant (?) he vanished. I have slung my pen, but I run after him in spirit to say, "Dear Father Dalton, accept my sincerest congratulations on a certain event which took place last February," and emboldened by the fable of the mouse and the lion, "I trust and pray that the Master of Masters will send His choicest blessings on you and His abiding peace to your community."—Yours all abroad,

R.A.N.

DR. RIZAL.

In *The Graphic* for February 13th, 1897, is a picture of a melancholy scene—the execution of Dr. Rizal for supposed complicity in the late rising in the Philippine Islands. Dr. Rizal is standing arms bound, with his back to the soldiers, who are awaiting the word to fire. Two Fathers are standing near him, and the square is filled with spectators.

Rizal's career is interesting to us, as he was educated by the Jesuits at the College at Manila. After leaving college his intention was to pursue his studies in Europe; and his master in science, Father Faura, S.J., foresaw the danger to his faith, and warned him of it. To Europe, however, he went, and in the Universities there lost his faith—became a Protestant and a Freemason, and later on a Materialist. He returned to the Philippines, and soon after the insurrection broke out, was accused and found guilty of complicity in it. *The Graphic* sums up his history in these few words:—"Dr. Rizal was a native of the Philippine Islands, and was well-known in many European capitals. He was tried by court-martial on a charge of taking part in the insurrection, and though he stoutly denied the accusation, was condemned to death. He was shot in presence of a large crowd at Manila." The Jesuit Fathers visited the condemned man in the prison chapel, where (according to Spanish custom) he was placed to prepare for death; but he refused to listen to them.

His old master, however, had not forgotten him.

Father Faura was very ill at the time, but overcame his weakness, and visited Rizal. "You are a prophet, Father," said Rizal to him as he entered. "You remember the warning you gave me before I went to Europe?" And the memory of that warning, the earnest exhortations and earnest prayers of his old master at length brought Rizal to repentance: he returned to the faith he had forgotten so long, and began with all earnestness to employ well the little time still left him to prepare for death.

On the morning of the execution he rose very early and began to pray. He made his last confession, signed a recantation of his errors, and appeared calm and resigned in the face of the dreadful ordeal that was before him. He begged God's pardon for his sins before all present. Prayers were recited till Mass at 3 a.m., at which he received Holy Communion, and then heard a second Mass. He then set out for the place of execution, and strengthened himself with the thought of Christ's Journey to Death. He said to his counsel: "The Jesuits taught me nothing but what was good and holy. In Spain and other foreign countries I went astray." As he entered the square, he said: "How terrible it is to die," and with words of pardon and the Sacred Names on his lips, he fell pierced with bullets.

His old master returned to his bed of sickness, to die a few days afterwards.

May the souls of both rest in peace.

RIVERVIEW.

A LETTER OF FATHER PROUT.

SOME months ago a discussion took place in the old country as to the identity of Father Prout. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in an article in one of the magazines, gave the facts as to how Father Prout acquired his name.

Admirers of Father Prout, the *littérateur*, will be interested in the following letter of Father Prout, the *real* Parish Priest of Watergrass Hill, who enjoys the somewhat unique honor of having made his name famous by lending it to another man—or rather letting another man borrow it.

The original letter is amongst the MS. collections in St. Aloysius' College, Sydney:—

"October the 13th, 1819.

"REV. DEAR SIR,

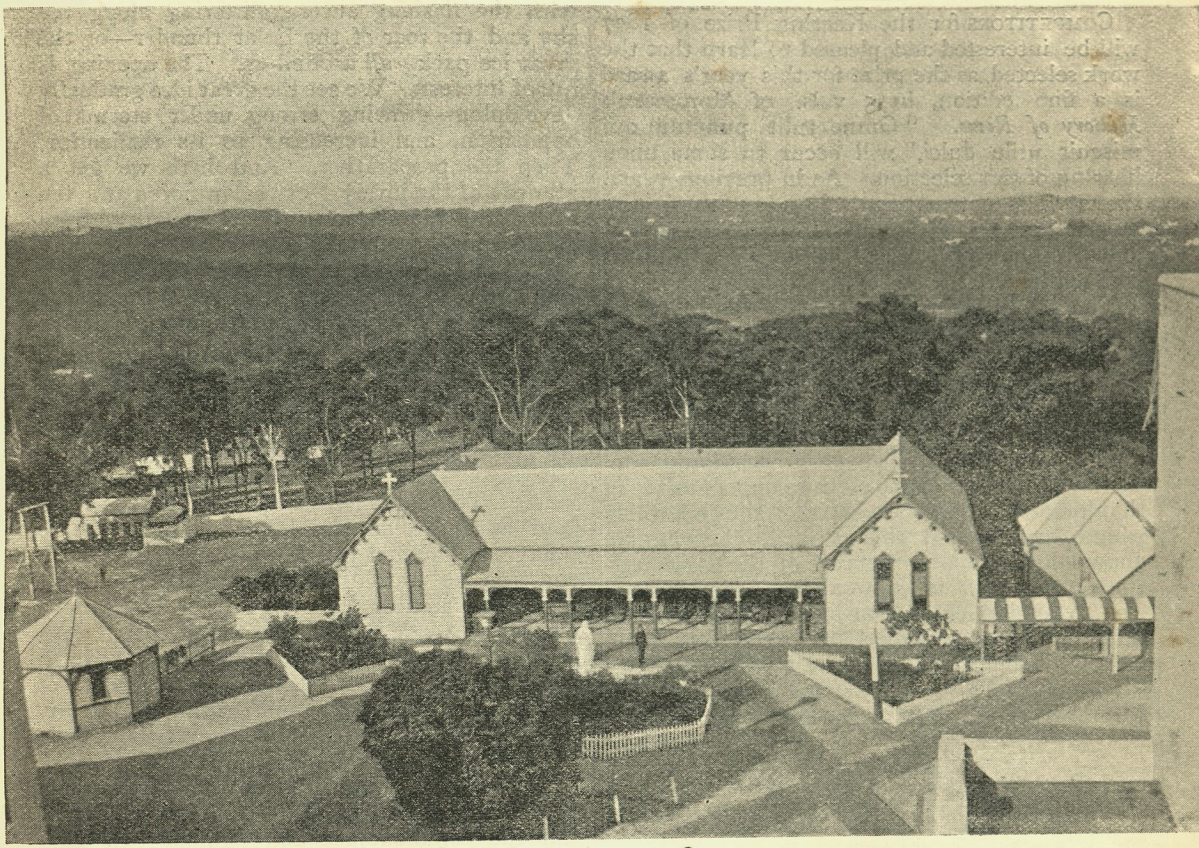
"I do suppose you're working in ye vineyard of the Lord, and of course I could not have the pleasure of your company, but next Sunday I expect the pleasure of yr. company tete to tete to take a bit of pot-luck at W. G. Hill, where you will do me the honor of waiting, and I will join you at the hour of 3 o'clock, as I will have 2 Masses in Glinville, and will have dinner on the table at half-past 4 or 5 o'clock. Of all things, I hope you will not forget to call on his Lordship for Dinnis. Don't say for me, for he may be offended with me as not applying myself.—I remain, with esteem and respect,

"Your most humble and most obedt. servant,

"D. PROUT, P.P. of W. Grass Hill.

"The Rev. Mr. Terry, officiating

"Carew's Lane, Cork."



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VIEW OF COURTYARD FROM COLLEGE ROOF.

THE little view given above is from a photo. by Mr. Forster. Our roof, with its wooden walk, is a fine vantage point for splendid and varied views, and hence for photographers. In the centre, above, are the 2nd Division playrooms and library ; before them, in the foreground, the statue of the Sacred Heart erected by the boys ; to the left of the statue, in the clump of trees, at the top of a long pole, is the jet of electric light which illumines the mazy dances of the 3rd Division during their gambols after tea ; to the right is another pole—one of the many that support Bro. Doyle's electric wires, which some think give the College the air of a great railway station or telephone terminus. The many-sided kiosk to the left, which appears leaning to one side (remember you are looking *down* hill), is the shop, which during business hours presents a much more lively scene than in the quiet picture above. Behind it is the 2nd Division gravel and swing. In the distance, through the trees, may be seen the white glimmer of the "Farm," while the hills of North Shore and Greenwich form the background. Far away on one of these hills, an acute observer may discover the Noviciate "Loyola." In the immediate foreground on the right is an angle of the College building (on the roof of which we are standing), and on the left a little bit of the 1st Division library building.

THE KEATING PRIZE.

COMPETITORS for the Keating Prize of 1897 will be interested and pleased to learn that the work selected as the prize for this year's award is a fine edition, in 5 vols. of Mommsen's *History of Rome*. "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci," will occur to some upon hearing of this selection. As in previous years, the work is entrusted to a London firm for the special binding, which has hitherto helped to enhance the appreciation of an already much coveted prize.

The competition this year is likely to be exceptionally keen, the present Senior, Sub-senior and Junior classes containing all of them more than one likely winner. It is understood that the date of examination, as well as the regulations for this year's competition, will be published immediately after the vacations.

We must not miss this opportunity of thanking the "Past" students for the generosity which has enabled this Prize to become an annual award. As the roll of the Past continually receives new members, it may be well also to remind these that in this respect, as in others, they are expected to prove themselves worthy of the traditions of the Past.

IN THE LIBRARY.

TO read a story of Polar adventure during the heat of an Australian summer is, we think, particularly refreshing. The pleasure of revelling, in imagination, amidst endless fields of the coldest of ice can only be thoroughly appreciated by one who is groaning under 102 deg. in the shade. But when we get a book which, besides this pleasure, affords us all the excitement, all the daring speculation, all the terrifying difficulties, the lion-hearted courage, the glorious success of one of Jules Verne's novels, and at the same time tells of events that are not fiction, but fact, and events not merely narrated at second hand, but told with extraordinary vividness by the man himself who has gone through them—such a book is indeed a treat. And such a book is Nansen's "Farthest North."

The first thing that strikes one about Nansen's book is the vividness of the whole narrative. As we read we live up in the long, dark, Arctic night, on the boundless waste of ice, with the flashing aurora glittering along the sky and the roar of the Polar thunder—of the great ice pack—all around us. The opening is full of interest. We see the great idea gradually developing—growing strong under storms of opposition, and increasing to its realization. Then the preparation. And here we get a glimpse of the lovely Norwegian fiords and the life along these fiords. The *Fram* grows from being a conception into being a reality—a compacted world of thought. Every inch of her, from bow to stem, from the keel to the crow's nest, is carefully planned. Her interior fittings are adjusted with the nicest foresight.

So the days slip by; the *Fram* and all the preparations are completed, and at last—Northward ho! She steams out of Lysaker Bay—out through the fiord, and along the coast of Norway. And now the interest becomes intense. There are so many possibilities. The man has his plan, simple and definite, before him. He has told you his plan too, and both you and he watch the trial of the plan with breathless anxiety. Norway is on the right—the great Arctic Sea ahead till we reach Hammerfest. Then eastward along the northern coast of Europe. All the time the scenery of sky and land and water, and the life of the thirteen men on board, are kept constantly before us.

The story excites our interest by stages. First, we are all eagerness to get away into the Arctic Sea, away from Europe and civilization and the commonplace and familiar—away to the grim solitudes of the north. Slowly, amidst almost insuperable difficulties, threatened constantly with a whole year's delay by the closing of the ice, we at last cross the Kara Sea and get near our first destination, the New Siberia Islands. With what a feeling of exultation we steam north—ever north—with Nansen, when, after crossing the Kara Sea, he gets free from ice.

Our next desire is to get frozen in. That comes too. Then the first pressure of the ice and the behaviour of the *Fram* in the hour of trial.

"All at once in the afternoon (October 9th, 1893), as we were sitting idly chatting, a deafening noise began, and the whole ship shook. This was the first ice-pressure. Everyone rushed on deck to look. The *Fram* behaved beautifully, as I had expected she would. On pushed the ice with steady pressure, but down

under us it had to go, and we were slowly lifted up. These 'squeezings' continued off and on all the afternoon, and were sometimes so strong that the *Fram* was lifted several feet."

Then comes the Polar night and the long, long wait. Then, too, we begin to pine for change. Here it is that the book differs from other books. The delay is not skipped over. The long waiting and watching is painful, but we read on with interest, because we know that the change will come, and when it does the triumph will be all the greater for this long wait. Spring, summer, autumn, winter pass. The long Arctic night passes, with the naked moon circling and circling ever round the sky. Bear encounters, sledging and snow-shoe expeditions, scientific experiments, feasts and celebrations of various kinds on board, are the events that fill up the time; and still we are drifting slowly north and west—across the Polar Sea, that is—from the north of Siberia towards the Atlantic Ocean and the Greenland coast.

But are we to sail thus near the Pole and sail past it without investigating it? The ship cannot stir; her fate is linked inseparably with the ice she is frozen to; where it drifts she will drift, and it will not drift nearer than some 400 miles of the earth's pole. But Nansen will make a dash for the Pole—will leave the ship, that one black speck of refuge on those endless fields—and commit himself, with one companion and a couple of sledges and kayaks, to the polar waste. So they set out—Nansen and Johansen—and off they go. And so we leave the *Fram* drifting, and are off on the wildest and most venturesome of sledge journeys—so wild and venturesome as to take one's breath away to think of it.

What a life they led! What difficulties had to be overcome! Away they sped northwards, these two lonely men afloat in mid-ocean, ever northwards, as in a fairy tale—all for love of the Pole. But it was not to be reached this time. Difficulties increase; the hummocks become more and more impassable; rough ice everywhere; and while still over 200 miles from the Pole, Nansen turns round and sets his face resolutely southwards.

Now our anxiety is to get home—to reach the haunts of men and the well-known waters of Europe once more.

And first for land. But no land is to be seen. Day after day passes; surely it will be there to-morrow. But no; month follows month, and still no land. However, one day it does appear, and then what rejoicing! But another long winter has to be spent in the most miserable of huts on the most miserable of beds, with the most miserable of food and means to support life. And so step by step, till they reach the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition in Franz Josef Land; thence to Norway; and we read with interest how the telegrams were despatched which told us ourselves but the other day that Nansen had returned safe.

The book gives us ample knowledge of Nansen's character and personality, for he tells quite simply the thoughts and self-communings which led to each step he took in the expedition. He is a scientist who stands in awe and admiration before Nature and her wonders, who devotes his life to the absorbing study of her laws and her phenomena, who finds his supreme delight and his greatest triumph in penetrating a little further into her secrets. But, whilst painstaking and accurate (as all scientific investigators must be), he is full of a spirit of adventure. With bold intrepidity he strikes into lines of thought and modes of solution which frighten other men, so that some whose names are famous for adventuresome daring condemned his great scheme as a piece of mad folly. The only answer which he offers to all their objections and criticism is the simple but complete one of unparalleled success.

A FALLEN NATION.

WHAT shall be done unto a wicked realm
Whose people have forsook their God, and gone
In spite of other days, false ways upon;
And to the base delivered up the helm
Of power? Say, shall they not the great o'erwhelm,
And lay the throne and kingly state in dust?
Where shall the altar be, and those who trust
In its weak strength, when godless men do 'whelm
The tide of reason? In blind destruction's ways
Who shall be guide when all must rule, and who
Shall save a sinking State, when each one's view
Is blinded by ambition's furtive rays?
Alas, this day! all these are without cease
In *thy* sinking state, O treacherous Greece!

J. E. S. HENERIE.

SODALITY OF B.V.M.

Director: Rev. J. McInerney, S.J.
Prefect: Patrick Griffin.

Assistants: 1st, Percy Power; 2nd, Fred. Deery.
Hon. Secretaries: W. Baker and P. Power.
Members of Council: Jas. Punch and Arth. Makinson.

The Sodality, we are glad to say, is in a flourishing condition, and is doing good work. It is to the untiring energy of our Director that we owe these happy results.

On February 23rd the Sodality met to elect the office-bearers for the year. Our Council had previously selected P. Power and P. Griffin as candidates for the Prefectship, and W. Baker, A. Makinson, and Jas. Heritage for Councillors. The result of the election was—Prefect, P. Griffin; Assistants: 1st, Percy Power; 2nd, Fred. Deery; Councillors, W. Baker and A. Makinson.

On Saturday, March 28th, four new members —Chris. Flanagan, Louis Anivitti, James Ryan, and Thomas Breen—made their solemn consecration, in presence of the masters and boys, at evening devotions in the chapel. Very Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., Super. Miss., officiated, assisted by Father Director.

We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to return our sincere thanks to the Rev. Mr. Forster for having artistically illuminated the frontispiece of our "big" Register. All admired the beauty of the design and the exquisite finish of the illuminating. At the head of the frontispiece are inscribed in old Gothic characters the words:

"Beati 'quorum nomina scripta sunt in Libro Vitae.' (Phil. iv. 3).

"Faxit Omnipotens ac Misericors Deus ut quorum nomina in Libro hoc scripta sunt, ne unus quidem 'deleatur de Libro Viventium,' sed omnes et singuli 'cum Justis scribantur in Libro Vitae.'" (Pslm. lxviii. 29).

God grant that each Riverview boy whose privilege it has been to inscribe himself in this our Sodality Register as the "*Servus Perpetuus B.V.M.*" may thereby have received from God a sure earnest that "his name shall be found written for ever among the Just in the Book of Life."

On April 5th our Director gave us an instructive lecture on the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Having read for us Ranke's account of that event, Father McInerney then refuted the false and grossly exaggerated statements made by Ranke and other Protestant writers, who even maliciously assert that the Holy See and Bishops of France connived at or approved that foul deed. Impartial historical criticism has long since demonstrated—

(1) That the Catholic Church was in nowise the motive or even the occasion of that massacre.

(2) That neither Pope nor Bishops of France had any previous knowledge of that crime, nor any share in it.

(3) That deed of tyranny was a mere political *coup d'état*, devised chiefly by Catherine de Medici, who was by no means a good Catholic nor a conscientious ruler. By that treacherous act of proscription she hoped to crush the Huguenot party, by procuring the death of Coligny and a few—but only a few—of its leaders. She, moreover, hoped thereby to put an end to the unceasing conspiracies of the Calvinists, and to secure at length for her son, Charles IX., the peaceful possession of his throne.

(4) Fully persuaded that the Huguenots were again engaged in a formidable plot, Charles IX. did, in a moment of weakness, yield to Catherine's request, and did order the assassination of the proscribed Huguenot leaders. But, contrary to his express orders, more blood was shed than ever the king, even in his moment of fear and weakness, seems to have sanctioned.

(5) It is true that Gregory XIII., having been falsely informed that the King of France had escaped from another foul conspiracy at the hands of the Calvinists, did order a "Te Deum" to be sung at Rome in thanksgiving for the preservation of Charles IX. But having soon learnt the facts, that same Pope forthwith condemned the massacre as a barbarous crime, dictated by an inhuman and most wicked policy.

(6) That the number of those who perished in that unjustifiable act of proscription has been grossly exaggerated.

Thus has modern research, while revealing to us the circumstances and real motives of that Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, vindicated the Catholic Church from the groundless calumnies hurled at her by prejudiced historians.

Tyrannous as that political crime was, it pales into insignificance when compared with the thousands of martyrs and victims sacrificed to Protestant intolerance, under the names of

liberty and *freedom of conscience* during three centuries in Ireland, Scotland, and England alone, to say nothing of Germany, Sweden, and other Protestant countries.

Our Sodalists highly appreciate the fruit they derive from these "literary meetings." In them doubts are cleared up, erroneous ideas are dispelled, and the mind is imbued with those sound Catholic principles that will help us to valiantly fight our battle in after-life.

We hope the Sodality will go on increasing in numbers, and that the zeal and enthusiasm that now pervades our little band may never flag or wane.

W. J. BAKER, Hon. Sec.

SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

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

THE Sodality numbers at present twenty-two enrolled members, with six candidates. On February 26th were elected the new office-bearers. Bernard Corser was elected Prefect, with Albert Walker as First Assistant, and Aloysius Fallon as Second Assistant.

On Friday evening, May 28th, the following candidates were elected to membership: Robert Douglas, James Rynn, Thomas O'Mara, Lucien Woden, and Gilbert Makinson.

On June 13th, the above were received into the Sodality by Rev. T. Kenny, S.J., at the 7 o'clock Mass in the Oratory. All the members were present.

SENIOR DEBATING CLUB.

15TH YEAR.

President: REV. A. POWER, S.J.

FROM REPORTS BY THE *Honorary Secretary*. JAMES RYAN.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

ON Friday, February 26th, a meeting of the Committee was held to discuss the subject for next debate.

Members present: Percy Power (senior, '97), James Heritage (senior, '98), Arthur Makinson (senior, '98), Robert Godsall (junior), William Baker (senior, '97), James Ryan (senior, '97).

Much discussion—no result. Meeting adjourned.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH—SECOND MEETING.

Subjects narrowed down to four, of which one was chosen by four votes to two.

Percy Power was chosen Premier; James Heritage, Leader of Opposition; James Ryan, Secretary.

The first debate was fixed to open on Sunday, 14th March.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3RD.

The following notice published:

"At our next meeting (March 14th), Mr. Percy Power will propose that:—

'The ever-increasing artificial aids supplied by modern inventions are injurious to the mass of mankind.'"

Government:	
Percy Power	C. Byrne
J. Ryan	A. Duboisé
M. Kelly	L. Anivitti
P. Griffin	J. Macdonald.
Opposition:	
J. Heritage	C. Flanagan
R. Godsall	S. Corser
P. Rogers	H. Douglas
A. Makinson	W. Baker.

FIRST DEBATE.

First meeting, Sunday, March 14th. At a quarter-to-six the Seniors' Library was crowded for the first debate of the year. Father Rector, Father Murphy, and several members of the Community were present.

At 6.50, Rev. Mr. Power took the chair. He called on Mr. Ryan to read the rules.

The President, in opening the meeting, referred to the fact that the Club is entering on its fifteenth year of existence, having been founded in 1882. He took occasion to call attention to some of the rules, especially Nos. 4 and 5, relating to interruptions.

Mr. Percy Power was then called upon to open the debate. With his usual free and graceful style, Mr. P. Power soon had his listeners interested in the subject. He requested everyone, but particularly the members of the Opposition, to carefully examine the wording of the question, for therein, he thought, lay, to a great extent, the point of the discussion. The hon. gentleman then dilated on the nobility of self-reliance. He held that this noble trait in man was fast becoming lost through the facilities

afforded by modern inventions. In the course of his speech, he alluded to the curse of bad literature with which the press was now teeming, thanks to the improvements of modern times on the invention of printing. He also showed that the strained relations of labour and capital at present existing were attributable, in the first instance, to modern "improvements.'

Mr. Heritage (the Leader of the Opposition) rose amid cheers. He vigorously attacked the arguments of the Premier, which led to a somewhat lively passage-of-arms between the leaders. Mr. Heritage then proceeded to sound the praises of the steam engine. He affirmed that it was the noblest work of man. The hon. gentleman gave some statistics very much to the point, which created a marked impression on his audience. He referred to modern invention as the origin of the great increase of prosperity, intellectual and agricultural, in all civilised nations. He mentioned several inventions to support his arguments, among which were the spinning jenny, steamboats, and threshing machines.

[In the report submitted to us by the Hon. Secretary, we find that Mr. Ryan has, with becoming modesty, omitted all mention of his own speech, which followed that of Mr. Heritage. We, who had the pleasure of being present, can testify to the excellence of Mr. Ryan's speech, both as to matter and manner.—EDS. O.A.M.]

Mr. Godsall once more showed that he does not lose his head when standing before a critical audience. The speech he made was quite impromptu, but for all that was not lacking in good reasoning argument. He was convinced that modern invention had been the source of blessings innumerable for the human race.

Mr. Kelly failed to understand how the Opposition could maintain, in their audacity, that modern improvements have aided man in his journey through life. This gentleman, in his speech, showed his power of clear reasoning, for he demonstrated, to the satisfaction of his audience, that manual labour was being displaced, and that hence the tendency of modern times is to migrate from the country and form huge cities, so that the resources of a country are left undeveloped, and agriculture is neglected. He evidenced the number of unemployed in every large city, and dwelt on the miserable existence dragged out by these poor wretches.

Mr. William Baker supported the Opposition. He argued on much the same lines as Mr. Heritage. He was persuaded that, instead of thwarting labour, modern inventions served to increase employment. He pictured what would be the case had Napoleon arisen in an age that was ignorant of guns and cannon. His genius would have laid Europe at his feet, and no power on earth would have been able to cope with him.

Mr. Anivitti was enthusiastic in his attack on inventions. He graphically told the horrors of modern warfare, and the state of unrest that pervades the great nations of the earth through their fears of an outbreak of hostilities. He contrasted with this state of things war as she was in the time of Nelson or Blake. He also dwelt on the fact that it is asserted on scientific authority that modern inventions are responsible for the short life that is allotted to men now-a-days.

Mr. Douglas then rose, and proclaimed himself a colleague of Mr. Heritage. He attacked Mr. Anivitti, and thought his arguments were absurd. He dealt with the labour question, and showed that modern invention deserved nothing but praise for the way they had effected labour. He showed that so far from preventing the opening up of a country, modern inventions only helped to accomplish this work. He became really enthusiastic when his arguments brought him to the subject of games—cricket, tennis, etc.,—but he did not quite prove that these were *modern* inventions.

Mr. A. Duboisé spoke for the Government. He held that men were less strong now than they used to be, and this he attributed to the laziness they are enabled to live in, thanks to the artificial aids of modern invention. He quoted Ruskin as his authority for this statement. With regard to bicycles, he had, he said, litttle praise to bestow.

Mr. Rogers was a member of the Opposition. He took as his inventions to be praised, gas and balloons.

As this speech was the last for this meeting, Father Rector then took an opportunity to address a few words of praise and encouragement to us. He congratulated us on the way each of the speeches had been delivered. He thought the subject we had chosen for debate was a very appropriate one, and one whose discussion would prove very interesting. He remembered, he said, that he had been present in 1882 when the Club held its first meeting.

He was glad to be able to say that the Club had made wonderful advancement since that time.

The meeting was then adjourned.

On Monday night the discussion was continued.

Mr. Flanagan was the first speaker. He supported the Opposition. He argued that the motive power of steam must be beneficial, because it would not have been universally accepted unless it first proved itself useful and successful. He referred also to a number of other inventions which aided in the advancement of Australia.

Mr. Macdonald was one of Mr. Percy Power's colleagues. He dwelt principally on the disadvantages of spectacles and bicycles, electric light and typewriting. He considered the modern system of examinations a modern, "artificial aid," and strongly condemned it.

Mr. Makinson attacked each member of the Government in turn. He brought forward a large number of inventions, including the steamboat, to prove that modern inventions have benefited us.

Mr. Griffin, as a member of the Government, thought we could do very well without inventions in their present prevalent condition. He dwelt on the horrors of modern warfare. He affirmed that the tendency of modern "improvements" was to make men vain and irreligious. Atheism, he said, was the natural outcome of the new ideas of the nineteenth century.

Hereupon the House adjourned.

On Tuesday night, March 16th, after Mr. Corser's speech for the Opposition, the Leaders rose to sum up. Mr. Heritage, for the Opposition, made a good speech, which was, however, spoiled to a great extent by being half read. Mr. Power then made the closing speech, but seemed a little disheartened.

The vote was then put, and the Government was defeated by a large majority.

We beg to thank the members of the Community who kindly encouraged us by their presence during the debate.

JAMES RYAN, Hon. Sec.

WHAT I DON'T LIKE.

NOW, I have not the least intention of giving a list of the disagreeables that it stands to reason I don't care for: therefore, I'm not going to tell you that I don't like the strap, that I never yearn to be given penals, or even that study has no particular attractions for me. Because when you know that I am only a common or garden school-boy in one of the lower classes, and not one of those favoured ones translated to the Senior (or even Junior) regions of Valhalla, you will, no doubt, take all these for granted.

So I shall content myself with mentioning a few of the other things I don't like. To begin:—I don't like the "weeklies," or, rather, what follows them; for however nice green peas may be, V.P's (which, unlike most other species of that very useful vegetable, flourish best on cold mornings) are very often not at all easy to digest. But, above all other don'ts, I don't like to hear the morning bell when I am just wondering whether it is 4.30 or 5 o'clock, and am turning over on my pillow for another sleep.

As I have no wish to weary my readers (if I have any) with more of my grievances, I will imply what I don't like by telling you a thing or two I do like.

I am not going to dwell on the sports at Riverview—the cricket, tennis, swimming, and boating,—nor yet on the picnics, concerts, and other amusements which we have here. No, I shall not dwell on these things, for, as we say in the debating clubs, my learned colleagues will be sure to do that. And so "I'll just tell, in simple language," how I amuse myself when at home. Riding either on a horse or bicycle is my favourite amusement, and, though I much prefer the former, I can always manage, when a horse is not to be had, to knock plenty of fun—and varnish—out of my iron steed.

One of the pleasantest bicycle trips I have had was when we went up last holidays to X——, a small village fifty or sixty miles out of Melbourne. There were three of us bound that way, and we agreed to go together. So, after a good breakfast, we oiled our machines, and having allowed Dick, who had just learned to ride, time to run into everything it was possible to run into—including a couple of stray dogs, some inoffensive passers-by and myself—we got him on and started. Once away, Dick got (*i.e.*, after his start, kept) on well enough, and gave

us very little trouble for some time: his chief difficulty was the getting-on, but this small defect in his skill was amply compensated for by the lightning-like rapidity with which, on various occasions, he got off.

We made the best of the tram-roads while they lasted, and, in a very short time, found ourselves on the other side of Malvern station, on the road to Dandenong. From there on the surroundings became more and more country-like: green meadows sloping away down to the silvery little creeks, that wound their way through fields of golden corn, began to take the place of cramped-looking little houses and yard-wide gardens, with beds of red and yellow flowers, all in squares and circles. Keeping straight along the Dandenong-road, with a strong wind at our back, we soon put the Caulfield Racecourse far behind us, and, working hard, reached Dandenong in a very tired and hungry condition. Only one thing happened between Malvern and Dandenong. About half-a-mile from the latter place, Dick got a rather nasty fall. It happened in this way. As we turned a corner some little larrikins noticed us, and, after having advised us to "get off and shove," one of them saw how wobbly Dick was and shouted to him: "Look out, son, or you will get a fall." Dick, being startled, lost his head and his balance together, and, pulling the handles all sorts of ways, came to the ground with an awful bump. Poor fellow! he did not get much sympathy, either from us or the larrikins. We told him he was an idiot, and they—well, they asked him to do it again, and advised him to try Beecham's Pills.

We had lunch at Dandenong, and after that, much refreshed, we started off towards Cranbourne, the next place of importance on our road. As the road now was smooth and hard as a billiard-table, we determined to make the most of it, especially as we knew it to be the last good bit we were to get this trip. We had not gone more than a mile when we came upon a single cyclist battling up the hill against a strong head-wind. Now, although the sky was cloudy and rain seemed imminent, the air was oppressively hot, and the poor, perspiring, dust-covered traveller looked completely done-up. As we coasted down towards him, the poor man collected all his remaining energy to shout: "Hi, boys! How far to Dandenong?" Then we—yes, I must admit my share in the cruel, shameless deed—answered: "Oh, perhaps, about fifteen miles." A look of despair came over his countenance, and he nearly fell off his machine. Fifteen miles! and most likely up to this he had kept up his courage with the thought that he was within at least a mile or a mile-and-a-half of a drink—and now, fifteen miles,—oh it was too bad! We left him sitting on the side of the footpath, and hastened on, striving, by increasing our speed, to root out from our minds the thought that if he committed suicide we should be the cause of his death.

We got to Cranbourne very soon after, in a rather exhausted state, and stopped there ten minutes to get our breath and refreshments, and then began the last and only disagreeable part of our journey. Scarcely had we gone a couple of miles, when the rain, which had been threatening so long, came down at last—and once it started, it did rain. To make matters worse, the roads—never very good here—were by this time quite unfit to ride on, so we had to take the advice which, only a short time ago, we had treated with such contempt—namely, "to get off and shove." It was pleasant, you may imagine, and still seven miles to go.

As we tramped through the mud and slush, Dick, who was bringing up the rear, trying to make his bicycle hold him up, suddenly exclaimed: "I'm sure if Sir Walter Scott were here now, he would write a new poem—'The Lay of the Last Cyclist.'" Then, without giving us time to consider the immense possibilities of the subject, he began:—

> The way was long, the wind was cold,
> As up the hill his bike he rolled;
> His dirty shoes and knickers gray
> Seemed to have known a better day;
> His tie that once had been his joy,
> Was scarcely fit for a gutter boy;
> The last of all the lot was he,
> He limped a bit--he'd hurt his knee.

We were in no mood to listen any longer, and so, after a great deal of trouble, made him keep quiet. There is no more to be said as to our journey up, as from this on nothing sprung up, except jets of dirty water from the ruts and puddles which covered the road; and when at length, wet, weary, and covered with mud from head to foot, we reached the place where we were to stay, we ate a tremendous supper and at once went to bed, and slept till ten or eleven next morning.

We spent a very pleasant week up there, shooting, riding, and fishing. The shooting was good, and the rabbits plentiful. But some long-visaged, glass-with-care looking people

raised their hands in horror when they saw us going out alone. They looked so put about that my brother went so far as to inform them that we were insured, and, even if we had not been, Dick and I were so used to firearms ("fire-irons" we thought he said) that there was positively no danger—either to us or to the rabbits.

All too soon the week was over, and we had to go back to Melbourne again. We made the return journey in the train, and reached the Flinders-street station at about twelve. We hailed a cab, and after the mild amusement of disputing for about half-an-hour with the cab-man as to whether he should or should not carry three boys, three bicycles, and corresponding handbags for the modest sum of half-a-crown—or, as he expressed it, "two and a 'bender'"—we got home, after what all three of us agreed was one of the pleasantest little trips we had ever had.

C. GAVAN DUFFY,
II. of Grammar.

THE EXAMINEE.

HEATHEN, OF COURSE, AND *not* OF RIVERVIEW.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO BRET HARTE.)

WHICH we sometimes remark,
And it gives our heart pain,
That with "cribs" kept quite dark
And tricks sad and vain
The Examinee is familiar;
And the same we do hope to make plain.

Yung Trik was his name—
I insinuate not,
In regard to the same,
'Twas deservedly got;
Yet his visits were painfully frequent
To his master, who gave it "red-hot."

It was May, Ninety-odd,
And the fields were still green,
Which the look of the sod
Might have led him, I ween,
To think that the same verdant color
Were transferred to th' examiners' een.

Which we had an exam.,
And Yung Trik took his stand;
It was Euclid—the same
He did not understand;
Yet he smiled, as he sharpened his pencil,
With a smile that was pensive, though bland.

Which the brains they were jogged,
And with faces aghast
More than one prop. was "cogged"
By the gay and the fast.
But the pages that came from that examinee,
And the figures he drew, were alarming to see,
Till he finished and broke the time record,
Then chuckled with innocent glee.

But the President's eye
Rested long on Yung's sleeve,
And he thought, with a sigh,
"There are boys who deceive.
That there bulge in his coat it is normal
Is a word that is hard to believe."

Then he softly approached,
And in words that were mild
The subject he broached
To that over-smart child:
"Allow me a brief introspection
Of your garments." Yung dolefully smiled

Which the search it *was* brief,
But effective, I guess;
While the youth, in his grief,
Was o'erheard to confess
That his method of Euclid-made-easy
The same it were wise to suppress.

On his cuffs, which were long,
There were props. forty-four—
Which was coming it strong—
But I state the just score:
And his nails they were covered with ex's,
Which numbered two dozen or more.

In his sleeve were a Tod.,
And a Casey, and Hall,
And—the same it was odd—
New and clean were they all;
These, and more, as he went on disgorging,
That bulge became sensibly small.

Then the President spoke,
And his language was free:
"Too strong is the joke,
By a long chalk, for me.
We are ruined by high competition."
And he went for that examinee.

O'er the sequel a veil
I would willingly draw,
But on wings of the gale
Came the voice of the law,
And the sound was of re-verberation,
While the penitent murmured Choctaw.

Which this moral 'twere kind,
Now my tale it is done,
To bring to the mind
Of each Euclid-crost son:
All beating of records is dangerous,
They are sure—to kick back—as a gun.

T. J. H.

SOCIAL.

President : Rev. A. Power, S.J.

FIRST ENTERTAINMENT.

February 12th.

On Friday, February 12th, we celebrated a great event—Father Dalton's 80th birthday. In the evening we had a very pleasant concert, for the success of which Mr. Forster is responsible. Mr. Forster, too, was responsible for the very neat and tasty programme. In the centre, on the left, was a lifelike sketch of Father Dalton, sitting in state, with his "ponies" across his knees. Above, below, and all around were quotations in Latin and English, and on an opposite page was the order of the concert. For this, and the programmes for the other entertainments, we wish to thank Mr. Forster very kindly.

When the audience had assembled (amongst our visitors being Rev. Father Kenny, Superior of the Australian Mission) the drop-scene rose, and discovered a handsome trophy of flags, supported on the big drum as a foundation, and surmounted by the fine steel engraving of Father Dalton which we are all familiar with.

Then forth stepped Tom Breen, and gave us a dashing overture, which was well received.

Mr. Delaney then sang the "Scout," Mr. Forster playing the fine descriptive accompaniment.

The next item was a recitation by Mr. Lawrence Campbell. Mr. Campbell is a great favourite with Riverviewers. You see, Riverviewers know a good thing when they get it, and so always give Mr. Campbell an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Campbell's recitations always give evidence of the minutest study of the piece, and he displays a very nice judgment in the use of his powers of voice and gesture, and always captivates his audience. The only thing one could find fault with on this occasion was the choice of pieces, which might have been more appropriate to the occasion and the audience. He gave as encore his delightful little *jeu de geste*, "The House That Jack Built." It is a piece to make one feel like a 3rd Divisioner (or even younger) once again. His gravity, his wonderfully perfect yet simple gesture, the lightness, liveliness, and vigour of his delivery invest the dear old nursery rhyme with quite a new interest. Like Scipio and his friend picking shells on the sea-shore at Liternum, it does us good to feel like little children—*repuerascere juvat*.

Next came a duet, "The Larboard Watch," by Mr. Delaney and Mr. Higgins, which was loudly applauded. Louis Loneragan then made his bow for the first time on our stage as a flutist. He was rather nervous, but got through his "Ave Maria," by Gounod, like a man. Mr. Higgins then sang the "Lament of the Irish Maiden." Then Mr. Campbell recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and as encore a light society sketch, and as third encore the "Peep Show." This little piece he does very well, and in the style that is heartily appreciated by the younger portion of Riverviewers—with a good deal of lively acting. By special request, Father O'Dempsey gave us "The Irish Brigade." His song was evidently much appreciated, as he got a deafening encore, to which he responded with the "Kerry Dances." The final item was a chorus, the beautiful French anthem, "O ma Mère, O Compagnie," sung by Mr. Delaney, Mr. Higgins, and Mr. Forster.

At this point in the proceedings Percy Power mounted the stage, and read a sonnet written for the occasion, which we subjoin :

"*Quam pulchri super montes pedes annuntiantis et praedicantis pacem.*"

It is related of one of the Fathers of the Desert that, once upon a time, he was very weary travelling in the performance of a self-imposed penance, and was on the point of giving up through fatigue, when of a sudden he heard somebody walking behind him, and, turning round, perceived it was an angel, numbering his footsteps and writing them down in a book which he carried. He was consoled and strengthened, and continued his way in joy.

Thy steps are numbered too, o'er craggy wold
And thorny slope of life's dark desert drear ;
Unheard some fall except on angel's ear,
Who lingers by thy path with pen of gold.
But many more, we hope, as yet untold,
Enlink'd with those thou'st left behind thee here,
Shall, graven on thy children's heart, appear
To witness for thee, when the days of old
Are laid before the Judge. Hope then the day
That brings thy heart the tidings of release :
Distant may it be—but still we pray
'Twill light thee to the land where troubles cease,
For "beautiful upon the mounts are they,
The paths of messengers and ministers of peace "

SECOND ENTERTAINMENT.

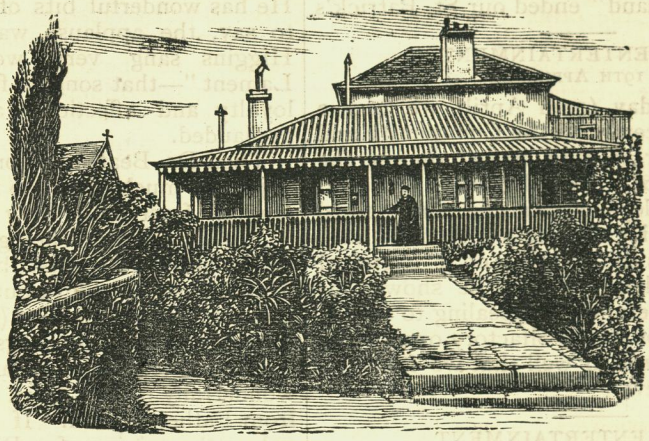
17th March.

St. Patrick's Day is always a *grande fête* here. After exercising and diverting ourselves in various ways during the day (amongst the items being a paper-chase, a row up to the Groves, &c.), we assembled after tea in the theatre, and learned from the programme that we were to be treated to a concert and a farce.

After the overture by Mr. Forster (who is always in requisition on concert evenings), Charles G. Duffy recited the "Memory of the Dead." We have often heard Duffy before, and he recites very well. He articulates remarkably clearly, speaks slowly and impressively; but we think he could gain a good deal in power with more careful preparation. Then Amby Gow played very well a violin solo, "Life Let Us Cherish," by Farmer. He is a promising performer. This, we think, is his first solo in public.

Mr. Higgins gave us a reading from Aubrey de Vere, "St. Patrick on Cruachan," which was very beautiful and very appropriate. Father O'Dempsey sang "Adieu to Innisfail," and in response to an encore, "The Irish Brigade." His singing is much appreciated by our audiences. Then Dick O'Connor gave evidence of his progress on the clarionet in his solo "Simple Aveu." We think we remember the first (or some of the first) tootlings that issued from Dick's instrument when he began a good many months ago; and while very encouraging, they were not always such as to be included under the heading of music. But now he can play very well for an amateur. Stanley Fraser recited "My Other Chinee Cook," and had evidently studied and prepared the piece very carefully.

The farce was called "The Rival Lodgers." The drop-scene now went up, and discovered



THE COTTAGE.

the room in the lodging house, which is so well-known as associated with "Box and Cox"—for such were the names of the rival lodgers. Willie Baker was "Box," R. Godsall was "Cox," J. Slattery was "Mrs. Bouncer." The acting was good all through, but the second half of the piece was undoubtedly the more successful. At the beginning either the audience or the actors seemed not to have quite warmed to the piece, but very soon the connection was established, and the laughter was unceasing. Willie Baker is a new actor, but a very good one. He threw himself thoroughly into his part. Godsall we have seen and appreciated before, and he quite

supported his reputation. The chief fault one could find was that both rather overdid it a little, especially in the *violent* scenes. At times there was a little too much boisterous shouting. But the dicing scene was capital, and done most naturally. Godsall should make more use of his facial powers, which on one or two occasions he showed he could work with great effect. The get-up was very good, as all Mr. Downing's are. He, too, is responsible for coaching the actors.

Jack Slattery managed to get up a very notable and appropriate croak, which suited "Mrs. B." excellently, but which we hardly expected was to be found in Jack's vocal *répertoire*. He was a fine old woman.

"God Save Ireland" ended our St. Patrick's concert.

THIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

19TH APRIL.

On Easter Monday (19th April) we had a pleasant little concert with the Community and the twenty boys or so who stayed during the recess, as audience. Mr. Delaney and Mr. Healy, from St. Aloysius', assisted, and helped to make the evening a success. Not the least enjoyable part was the novelty of a chemical display by Mr. Baker, in which he showed us some striking experiments appealing to all our senses—not least of all the olfactory one. We liked the experiments so well that we found he gave us only too few.

FOURTH ENTERTAINMENT.

30TH APRIL (FRIDAY).

We had this evening one of the best entertainments we have had for a long time. Dr. Beattie came and gave us some readings.

Proceedings began with a brilliant overture by a very youthful Riverviewer, Harold Hunter. With many a nod and beck and wreathed smile he made his way to the piano, and being mounted high in air on the stool, rendered very nicely "Chime again, Beautiful Bells," and got a hearty clap. Youthful excellence is much appreciated here.

Then Father Rector introduced Dr. Beattie, and we settled down, feeling sure we were going to enjoy ourselves; and we were not disappointed. Seldom have we risen from a more satisfactory treat.

The first piece, the "Isles of Greece," was singularly appropriate. We thought moodily of poor Greece as we listened spellbound to Byron's thrilling and indignant words. Need I say it was given with wonderful power and feeling. There was no bombast—no empty affectation—it was solemn, serious, touching, reverent.

But we are not to be left to our serious reflections on poor Greece. After striking this solemn note, and setting us thinking and brooding, Dr. Beattie turned to divert us for a brief hour with the gay side of life, and right well and inimitably he did it. And first we enjoyed the ludicrous scene painted so well by Wilkie Collins, in which Major Namby's rather too vigorous and public way of transacting his domestic affairs so shocks and offends the poor single lady who so pathetically tells the tale. Dr. Beattie's Major was excruciatingly funny. He has wonderful bits of side-play. Needless to say, the applause was strong. Then Mr. Higgins sang very well "The Maiden's Lament"—that song so full of tenderness and loyalty and affection — and he was heartily applauded.

Then Dr. Beattie, whom we now had got to enjoy so much that we felt in the midst of a regular feast and very happy, gave us a "Charity Dinner," being the annual dinner of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top Boots to certain South Sea Islanders. In this was one of the best (if not the very best) of the many good things of the evening—the speech of the Frenchman. The mimicry was wonderfully droll. Then came a rousing song from Father Lynch. If Father Lynch at all values the opinion of a Riverview audience, he must have been well pleased with the very hearty reception he got. When the last chorus of "Marching through Georgia" had died away there arose deafening applause, which refused to abate until he gave as an encore "Killarney." Then came Dr. Beattie with a very original and diverting rendering of the "Cruise of the Nancy Bell." The story was told in the singular minor key indulged in by the elderly naval man whose striking personality and wonderful history form the subject of the piece. Dr. Beattie's next item was "Love in a Balloon." This ludicrous and impossible sketch was very well done. Few can knock so much fun as Dr. Beattie can out of such a piece.

This was the last item, and very sorry we were that the end had come.

Father Colgan proposed a vote of thanks, and the boys hinted their approval by three vociferous cheers, which were repeated after

Dr. Beattie had said a few words of acknowledgment.

FIFTH ENTERTAINMENT.

27TH MAY (THURSDAY).

This evening Mr. Meikleham gave us a clever exhibition of conjuring. For one very amusing part of the performance the only apparatus required were a bottle, two candles, and a towel. The bottle being placed on its side, a small boy was requested to seat himself upon it and cross his outstretched legs, and to him in this unstable posture were given two candles—one in each hand, the right one alight, and he was required to light the other from it. The struggle between his desire to hold the wicks of the two candles together for the few necessary seconds and the imperious law of Nature, which impels us to maintain our equilibrium, produced a ludicrous series of spasmodic and highly-unconventional movements. We enjoyed very much two or three 3rd Divisioners attempting it, but the boys' enjoyment seemed very highly strung indeed when Frank Punch and Jacques Perraud accepted the invitation to try their hand at it.

Father Lynch and Father O'Dempsey favored us with songs, and Mr. Forster did very good service at the piano, playing two solos, and also supplying our magician (Mr. Meikleham) with music of the required weirdness and potency to keep his attendant sprites in order.

CONCLUDING ENTERTAINMENT OF THE HALF-YEAR.

FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI, JUNE 17TH.

Surrounded as we are with the tumult of preparation for the Jubilee rejoicings, we were hardly surprised to see on the programme for this evening's performance "Lecture on the British Empire, by Mr. Downing, S.J. Illustrated by limelight views by Mr. Baker, S.J." The words were traced in bold characters on the large square sail of a Japanese vessel, which was the design supplied us by Mr. Forster on the programme.

Easter examens are going on just now. They are not bad as a change from ordinary school work, but an hour's jollity in the microcosm is not bad either as a change from examens. So with gaiety in our hearts and chairs on our arms, we trooped in after tea, to discover the magic lantern, with its inseparable attendants, a huge gas-bag and an ether saturator duly attached, pointing with the most deadly precision at the centre of an imposing expanse of white canvas. The apparatus was under the able control of Mr. Baker, and though we had some vague notion that the thing might possibly blow up (what grounds there are for this apprehension we know not), we felt that the instrument was in the hands of one who knew his business. And so it proved. The performance went off without the least hitch, and how infinite the possibilities of hitch are those only know who have undertaken the working of a dissolving view lantern.

The overture, "Ave Sanctissima," was played by a select little orchestra of four—Mr. Forster flute, A. Gow first violin, E. Long second violin, C. Loneragan piano. Mr. Higgins sang "Harbour Lights," and after the applause had subsided Bobbie McKillop went up on the stage, and with his back to the white screen and his face to the foe (it was a warlike piece), recited a portion of "Dundee's Funeral March," by Professor Aytoun. This was Bobbie's *début* as a reciter, and a very creditable one indeed. He shows markedly the salutary effects of Mr. Campbell's training.

Then the electric light was extinguished and the limelight turned on, and we started on our journey through the British Empire, under Mr. Downing's guidance. Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, were stepping-stones to India, to Delhi, to the cities of the Ganges, and to many noteworthy scenes in the Asiatic portion of the British Empire. Thence, *via* Singapore (stopping a moment at Hongkong) to Australia, where views of Sydney and Melbourne led to vigorous outbursts of patriotic feeling on the part of the audience.

From Australia *via* Tasmania and New Zealand to British North America, then to Jamaica, and at one wide leap to Windsor Castle. Then came a fine picture of the Queen in state-dress, and she was received with enthusiastic cheering. Mr. Downing kept us *au courant* with the interesting events connected with each place we visited.

Views of our last two football teams, and two comical sets of a highly risible caste, brought our entertainment to a close at 9.15; and thinking of the great, great British Empire, we went off to bed to dream dreams, in which the Queen, the Himalayas, the Sydney Post-Office, the Hokitika Road, Windsor Castle and Tom Breen in football costume, combined to form a panoramic conglomeration of a delightful and utterly indescribable nature.

PEACE.

No moon is up to-night; then let us take
Our boat and oars, and on the placid lake
Row softly from the pier.

No breeze is up to-night; now let us lie
Afloat on waters where the starry sky
Is mirrored deeply in the unseen mere.

Now is the time of night when one would seem
To poise between two heavens in a dream,
The real sky above, the mirrored sky below.

At such a time of night, O friend, be true;
We'll need each other's light, shall I and you,
When on life's darkened streams we go.

On such a night as this the earth is fair,
And full of love and poetry, aye, and prayer
And music, though no wave is curled.

Surely a night like this is made by God
To rest the weary worker who has trod
The busy thoroughfares of the day-time world.

F. R. (OLD RIVERVIEWER.)

AN OLD SCHOOL.

CONTRASTS are the spice of life, and to contrasts we are going now, far away from your palatial rooms up the River—miles away to the country school. It may be interesting to compare life in a country school with that in a splendid institution like Riverview. For boys are boys always; the difference is one of degree.

The school no longer exists; in its place is a neat little "structure," neatly kept, in a word—like its mistress—prim. But at this time—and I am not telling of sixty years ago—there was a draggled and decidedly unornamental look about it. It was not kindergarten, you may imagine. There were sixty of the "kinder," but not a trace of the "garten," for aestheticism had no part in the training there. But their training was not less stern and salutary for that. The genus "boy" is, as a rule, stoic—fortunately for himself, and can accommodate himself easily to his surroundings. And so in those days we were happy.

The building was a wooden one, raised on wooden supports some feet from the ground, its floor holey, with seats along the side, all under the eye of the master. There was only one master, and how he managed to make the young idea shoot in such stony ground, I fail to comprehend. But he did, and his unpromising school of materials was not at all worse than others of its class.

The neighborhood was not select. The background was a hill covered with trees and scrub, with a creek at its foot, developing later into a swamp. In front was the courthouse, and outside the fence the lockup and the district pound. The creek ("Welshman's," as it was called) was our happy hunting-ground. Through the ti-trees we scrambled, wild, for the time, as our aboriginal "countrymen," and played "Kellys." This game was our own. We idolised the Kellys, especially him of the real nail-can helmet and ploughshare breastplate, and their exploits we knew much better than more orthodox, if less trustworthy, history. It was wild fun, careering on madly, bread and butter in hand, splashing up the yellow mud, pursued by Superintendent This and Sergeant That. Nor was the excitement of the unexpected wanting, for the unwritten law never went into details, and it was a matter of private judgment whether a man who had been shot was dead or not, or whether a dead man might not arise and assist with added zest at the execution of his own slayer. And the creek was to be dreaded, too; for had not the ghost of Hunt's boy been seen sitting, like the famous Fraser's Ghost, on a rail over the hole where he had been drowned, and fishing with a ghostly line; and did not the Graces—three of them, appropriately enough—see the flash of the bunyip's solitary eye as he dragged his slimy length through the pools.

There was rough material to be had then at school. Jack MacNeil was not a story-book lad. Many of us might have been classed in that catalogue, but he was the worst of all—that is, for downright mischief. He was small, wiry, and brown, though his brownness was not all perhaps derived from the sun. Nor was his mischief of the pardonable kind, for we should then have had some sympathy with him, but we rather feared him. As for his work—his progress in "lessons" and "sums," the bugbears of our miserable youth, was proportionate to the time he spent in school—not that the time he spent in school reckoned up many hours, for, as we put it, he "wagged it" oftener than not. He was never known to answer a question, of a literary nature at least. He seldom spoke,

but when he did say anything, it was sure to be "against the Government." Jack had a brother, Jim, in most ways his antipodes, and his girlish ways won for him his opprobrious nickname of "Lizzie."

For the day most famous in our records of these times, in mine at least, we were indebted to the pair of them. As our little brains were knotting themselves in struggles with fractions and dates, one of the more sensible of us kept watch that the door might not shut with the wind, and from him the word passed up that Jack was coming to school. This was about eleven o'clock. And as we looked we saw Jim bringing him on by the arm. How Jim got him so far is to this day unexplained, but no sooner had they got to the fence than Jack rushed off in the direction from which he had come, leaving Jim behind him. The master got wind of the affair, and from his look we saw that he had made up his plans on the instant. As soon as it was practicable he dismissed classes, telling us (now dancing with delight) not to go home till he came back. The last we saw of him was as he strode along the street through the township, and then getting into the wilder parts, he started at a run. Jim was with him, and he retailed the story to us later. Jack was a good runner, and he had got a good start, but with Jim as his guide the master was confident of soon finding him. All the maize paddocks and cabbage gardens, the orchards and scrub they searched—and these last two were the most likely places for Jack—but there was no sign of him. But at last, as they turned a lane and came more into the open, they saw him half-a-mile away, scudding along full sail through an oat crop, for his quick eye had caught them first. Off they started through the hedges and over the ploughed fields, taking a short cut, with Jack always in sight.

He had come to sandy ground, and he thought to escape them now. He was not blessed with "nerves," which is, I suppose, another way of saying he had plenty of nerve, and so he dropped into the biggest rabbit burrow he could find, working his way down. Unfortunately for him, his hat stayed on the edge of the hole and betrayed him. But how was he to be got out? For this difficulty was not one to be settled by the slate ruler or the cane. Poking down the hole was no use, so in the end the poor quarry was smoked out, and seeing his game was up, walked back submissively to the school, for that day—and perhaps the only time—our hero.

The next morning our astonished eyes saw yards of cane by the master's desk, and Jack, when things had been got into swing for the day, was called up and asked to "hold out." As a result, only two of all the half-dozen or so sticks were left intact—a confirmation of our superstition that resin was "the best thing out" in such emergencies. Personally though, I found it of slight (if any) help in my own difficulties.

Another time as we came out of school we saw a sleeping figure lying in what had been a brick kiln. That he was asleep was evident from the noise he made, but we concluded from signs about that he had been spending a holiday too. None of us knew him, and so Jack prepared a "bunger" for instant use as an antidote. He had built up a small mound of sand and carefully fixed the explosive and was motioning us all away to a safe distance, when one of the fellows who happened to know him came up. "Look out, he's a Jaw P.," he cried, and started off as fast as he could. Fortunately for the poor magistrate and for ourselves, there was an immediate stampede, and the "bunger," though nothing was wanting but the application of the match, remained unfired. This kind of mischief occupied us more then than it disturbs the peace of elderly people now-a-days, I suppose; for that was the Pre-Examination Age, when we were quite satisfied with even a "cut" for a prayer-book as a prize for what we thought a good year's work.

But things change, and now the school is the centre of a thriving town. The ti-tree has gone, sad to say, a new police station is in place of the old, the pound has disappeared for ever, and the hill behind been cut up into eligible building lots, close to the station, within half-an-hour of the city, and with an unfailing water supply.

G. P. D.

Woollahra.

EXCHANGES.—We acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges: *The Raven*, *Clongownian*, *Beaumont Review*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Dial*, *Cooerwull Magazine*, *King's School Magazine*, *Torch-bearer*, *Sydneian*, *North Point Annual* (Darjeeling), *Tamarack*.

AT MOSS VALE.

THE Fitzroy Falls are in the midst of perhaps the prettiest pieces of scenery in New South Wales. All tourists on the southern line make it a point to see these Falls. The district is a favorite resort for Sydney picnicking parties, and, as in the Blue Mountains, the trail of nineteenth-century civilization is over all. There are two "look-outs," one just beside the Fall on its right, but to get to the other you must go a long way round on the same side till you find yourself nearly opposite the Falls. This look-out is on a big rock which juts out, and has wire ropes round its edges to protect the careless sightseer. From this place you can see, too, the Twin Falls at the bottom of the big falls. Often rainbows shine in the midst of the falls when the sun is bright. From the point where you stand you would take the Twin Falls to be about two feet in height, but their real height is fifty feet or thereabouts. Ladders lead to the bottom; they are only of wood, and they have been there a long time now, exposed to all sort of weather, so they are no longer safe, and people are forbidden to use them. Down in the valley, away from the sun, everything is beautifully fresh—a scene that Kendall delights in picturing. The shooting about here is good, but it has one drawback—the places are too thick and scrubby. Dingoes can often be heard in the daytime howling their dismal howl.

As you stand on the look-out, a great gorge stretches before you, which splits itself into two, like a fork of a tree, and then runs along either side of a tableland. There is nearly always a mist hanging over this gorge, but on a very clear day you can see for miles away. Of course, there is abundance of wild flowers here, and they help to give that strange perfume that haunts our memories of the bush. The Falls are a great place for ferns. The tree-ferns there grow to an enormous size in the rich, black soil

Merila Vale is another very pretty, but out-of-the-way, place. For all that, it is well worth the trouble of the journey. Just before coming to the path that leads into the valley you have to travel through thick scrub on a bad bush-track. After half-an-hour of this, suddenly you come to the edge of the cliff. Before you is a gorge with all kinds of trees in it, and on the other side the cliff. Always over these gullies large hawks are flying, "on pinions majestic." The wild cockatoos are everywhere, flying about in flocks, making their funny scream. The distance across is about a mile-and-a-half. The road down into the valley is cut out from the side of the cliff, scarcely leaving room for two vehicles to pass one another. There are two very sharp turns too, round which it would be very awkward driving a four-in-hand; it is bad enough with one horse or a pair. But the road has been very well laid down, so there is no fear of its being washed away by a heavy rush of water, like some of these mountain-roads. Of course it is very steep, but it is at the same time smooth.

Down this valley is a great variety of trees which, strange to say, do not grow on the table-land above. Then there are different kinds of vines clinging round the trunks of trees, and intertwining themselves among the leaves and branches, forming a sort of roof. This valley is the place for shooting. There are kangaroos, wallabies, pigeons, pheasants, satin birds, parrots, and cockatoos. There is a good place for fishing, too. Further up the valley there is a diamond creek, where some valuable stones have been found. The soil, too, is very rich. Fruit grows well, also vegetables and crops. As may be expected, few people live in the valley, because it is so hard to get at. People nowadays are not so fond of living for months on a station or farm without seeing any new face or anything novel, as people are said to have been in the early days. The "Terrible Hollow," to which Starlight's gang used to take their stolen cattle and horses, is supposed to be somewhere about Moss Vale. It is not known for certain where it is, because there are so many of the gullies and ravines alike. There are many other very pretty places about there, such as the "Macquarie Pass," and you have a lovely view from the look-out over "Kangaloon Valley." You can see over miles and miles of flat country, with rivers winding their way like so many monstrous silver snakes. The climate of Moss Vale is very healthy. It is very cold in winter; and in summer, when the heat wave rolls over New South Wales, Moss Vale gets its share of it. But, then, hardly any place has avoided the last two heat waves. However, the scenery about there makes up for any drawbacks—at least in my opinion.

A. H. O'CONNOR,
II. of Grammar.

"ON THE FASHIONS."

I ONLY propose to speak of our own little fashions, nor do I presume to criticise the great fashionable world which lies over the Lane Cove River and to the other side of Tambourine Bay. Were this the theme, I would leave it to be treated of by some friends of mine who know much better how to do "the block" than I. For instance, there is Jack Robinson. You should see him on a Sunday afternoon in one of the fashionable resorts of our playground. Probably you will find him reclining against the basin stand which adorns the gable end of the brick building, his arm gracefully passed through a cloth, which, upon inspection, you will find to be a roller towel. Can he be the same individual whom, ragged, perspiring, and battered, you saw emerge from the scrum during the football match before dinner? Jack sleeps near me in the dormitory, as indeed he does in the study sometimes. But no tales out of school. Well, on Saturday nights I can observe his elaborate toilet preparations for the morrow. His bed upon these occasions presents the appearance of the counter of a haberdashery store upon a busy day. I see him working away as he gets his studs, one by one, into the obstinate holes of his well-starched shirt-front. Then I watch him selecting from his stores the necktie which he thinks best suits his complexion, and long before judgment has been finally given I am in the land of dreams. Then there is Bill Jones, too, who certainly could tell us much about the fashions. Bill, curiously enough, looks to better advantage on Wednesdays than on Sundays. According to him, Sunday is "stale." We borrow the word from his own small but expressive vocabulary. But just as stale bread can be quickly converted into hot buttered toast, so Bill's hard, dejected look disappears when it is announced that they are "up" for him. We see him then no more till 5.25, when he returns fresher than ever, and carrying a goodly basket of fruit. I never could make out why my friend Jones always gets the toothache on Tuesday. This Tuesday toothache of his lasts till 1 o'clock on Wednesday, and must be the result of his having eaten so many lollies since Sunday. It is no joke for him, poor fellow, for when Wednesday comes he must go to face the dentist. Yet Bill is a brave fellow. He looks jolly enough for a wedding party when going in on the boat, and when he comes back in even better humour than he started in, one could never imagine that he had gone through the ordeal of the dentist's chair. We do not follow Bill Jones upon his Wednesday excursion to town—we leave him to the admiration of the passers-by upon his way to Elizabeth-street, and confine our observations to within the College boundaries.

Hats are not at present worn in the study-hall. If you have never studied at Riverview, dear reader, I must state for your enlightenment that at no remote period it was fashionable to wear one's hat in the study. As to how this custom was introduced, antiquarians are divided in opinion. Some hold that it originated in times when the college was not so advanced towards completion as it is at present. Others believe that it was a last relic of the hedge-school, which we read of in Carleton's works. This ancient usage, like many others, has had to yield to the onward march of civilization. At the beginning of a term, eighteen months ago, the rules were read out for us, and there was a new clause: "Hats are not to be worn in the study." Then the tyranny of habit made itself felt. It was asked how a chap could study without his hat. He might as well try to do so without his head. Even our light summer studying costume was not thought complete without a hat, though it excluded many articles of dress which, in a drawing-room, would be thought more necessary; and in winter you might have seen a boy, who had been all a play-hour without his hat, looking for it before he went into the study. Draughts were now discovered blowing from all the points of the compass, and it was declared impossible to remain long in the study without either a hat or a cold in the head. The Prefect of Studies managed to keep the boys from the infirmarian's hands by allowing those who were afflicted with sneezing-fits to wear caps. However, it turned out that there were more reasons for wearing a hat than that which induced the miller of the riddle to wear a white one. It was found out that, under the tropical glare of Brother Doyle's electric lamps, the shade afforded by a straw hat was indispensable for the eyes. Some of our leaders of fashion at once got pretty, green shades. We are sorry to say that these articles never took. They were soon supplanted by a home-made article, which immediately became popular. This contrivance was at the same time simple and ingenious. A stout exercise

book-cover was cut and bent into the proper shape. Two holes were cut in it, one at each of the upper corners, and a string passed through these, and bound round the wearer's head, completed the costume. Though these rough and ready shades became soon the rage, it must be confessed that their appearance was by no means elegant. They reminded one irresistibly of (can we use the suggestive word in these halls of learning?) blinkers. Yet the exercise-book shade had its many advantages. It was an excellent help for talking, as it came down right over the face, and rendered quite unnecessary the vulgar practice of holding the hand in front of the mouth when having a private chat with your next-desk neighbor. Then, for a siesta in the study, it was unequalled. Not only did it keep the strong light off the eyes, but it made it impossible for the presiding prefect to know whether you were asleep or not, if only you took care not to emit any nasal sounds, nor to fall over on to your desk, which latter calamity you can generally prevent by a soft book under your elbow. We should not have space here to treat of the many varieties of shades and caps which ornament our study-hall, and we must touch on some other points before we have done.

Cushions, we see, are not used quite so much as they were in the study in times gone by. Perhaps it is that rowing is not so much practised now as it was, for the crew were always fond of cushions; or perhaps it is that boys think that good warm gloves are more required nowadays. There was a boy some time ago who had been missing his lessons badly for a considerable time. It ended in the boy having a long and, we think, not pleasant interview with his master. During the next study hour our friend got the loan of a cushion, and kept it, too, for several weeks; and, do you believe, as long as he kept that cushion he never missed his lessons once again.

Overcoats on a cold winter's morning are still fashionable in the study place. We are glad of this, for a few weeks ago we were afraid that they would fall into disuse, as we saw one or two of our most fashionable friends without them. The mystery has since been explained to us in private. It appears that a gentleman called here late one night and went away very early in the morning, and took one or two of these boys' coats as his own. I never could find out anything more about him than that he had a well-to-do uncle residing somewhere in Sydney.

To close this article, we can inform our readers that clean shaving is now the fashion among us. We heard this statement contradicted some days ago by someone who said that it was the correct thing to wear a moustache. We challenged him to point out any evidence in his favour, and he was unable—at least, to our satisfaction. We recommend our friends to take note of their shaving days, so that they may know when they want to shave again, and if they are not business-like enough for this, let them shave once a week like that famous stoker who always washed every Saturday night whether he wanted it or not.

GENERAL NOTES.

Father Ryan, S.J., our Rector of the past seven years, has been appointed Rector of Kew College, Melbourne. Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., Superior of the Australian Mission, will for the present hold the office of Rector of Riverview. Need we say that we wish Father Ryan every blessing in this new position, and that we feel very grateful to him for all he has done for us during the period we have been under his rule, and especially for the kindly and fatherly spirit he has shown towards each one of us.

The half-year has slipped by very quietly, without many stirring incidents to break the monotony. The following little paragraph from a previous Alma Mater is *àpropos* still. "We think the 'old fellows' ought to be more mindful of the school journal, and make it a point to send the editors news about themselves and other old Riverviewers." We hear about a good many of our Past, but there are a good many more whom we would be glad to hear about and do not. Why do they not write to us?

During Christmas vacation, several of our fellows distinguished themselves, each in his particular branch. The newspapers told us of the doings of F. Punch, W. McLaughlin, J. Macdonald, in cricket; P. Power, in shooting, and many others.

Our vigorous divers managed to break one of our spring boards, so we had a new one rigged up last February.

Our stage acquired a new curtain for break-up day; in the old one, envious time had made

rents which refused to yield to the gentle persuasions of needle and thread and patching.

EARLY in March, the Sodality Register was on view with its frontispiece beautifully illuminated by Mr. Forster.

MARCH 17th included, besides other items, a paper-chase. A member of our staff, who happened to be standing by looking at the preparation of the scent, espied, amidst the rough material which lay awaiting its turn to be shredded into the bags a large pictorial sheet, which, on examination, turned out to be a rather interesting document—viz., an illustrated prospectus, to inform all whom it concerned that Riverview estate, Lane Cove River, was for sale on Saturday, 23rd February (1878). It gives six large, rough but very creditable views of our surroundings; the centre one being Sydney as seen from Riverview estate. Of course, in the picture of Riverview itself the College is conspicuous by its absence, as are also the boatshed and baths; but you can see the Cottage and the old wharf, and also the steps that lead down to the baths. We intend keeping this in our archives for fifty years or so, and, when age has lent sufficient enchantment to the view, to reproduce it (by a new process which shall then have been discovered) in OUR ALMA MATER.

THE paper chase to which this document was so near being sacrificed, was a very interesting one, we believe. The hares hit on a very original plan for throwing the hounds off the scent. They scattered none until they had penetrated the bush some couple of hundred yards from the road; so the hounds had a lively if rather exasperating time of it looking for the least trace to indicate the direction their quarry had gone.

FISHING has been been rather slack this year. Some of the 2nd Division used to be very enthusiastic anglers. Tom O'Mara and Albert Walker, and a few others seem to be the only ones this term who tried to get the gentle denizens of the Lane Cove on a string—nor were they over-successful. Some big crabs, though, rewarded Tom's efforts. Tom is also one of the enthusiastic boaters of the 2nd Division. Albert Walker and others like to pull bow, with Tom stroke: the boat gets along so fast with so little effort on the part of bow. To get to the other side of Cockatoo Island in half-an-hour isn't bad going. This row to Cockatoo is a very favourite spin on Sunday morning before dinner.

ON Wednesday evening, April 14th, Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., Superior of the Australian Mission, opened the boys' Retreat. It was made this year with, we think, particularly great recollection. There were four lectures and an instruction every day.

AGAIN, this year, Mr. Delaney came from St. Aloysius', and managed our ceremonies. They were carried out very well, the Altar of Repose being very tastefully decorated. The singing was better than usual.

ON Easter Sunday, April 18th, at the close of the Retreat, eight little boys made their First Communion.

WE appreciated very much the extra day's vacation at Easter. Those who stayed at the College amused themselves in various ways. Amongst other things, they had a cricket match with the Community, and a pleasant concert on Easter Monday evening, at which Stewart Corser played well an interesting little piece on the piano.

THE Easter Exams. brought their usual amount of incident. The result reading is a pretty exciting half-hour for everybody.

FOR the Class Championship an unusually large number qualified on the Easter Examination for entrance to the final competition in October, the number being 66. According to regulations, it is likely that this number will be considerably diminished by the June exams. Last year only 37 survived the Easter and June exams. to present themselves at the final. The chance of diminution this year is all the greater because we do not think some of those concerned realised the danger or took measures to meet it.

ON the other hand, in a few cases there is a likelihood of addition to the number by the "reinstatement" that the June exams. afford. In ii. Gram., for instance, C. G. Duffy and R. McKillop should be ashamed of themselves if they do not in the June exams. get on to the list of champions for their class in the Final. The

same may be said of R. Craven and J. McKenna in iii. Gram. Competitors will be interested and alarmed by the rumour that an unexpected and formidable competitor is likely to turn up in a former silver medallist named M. Perraud.

It is an understood thing that in one respect at any rate the competition this year will be a severe one, as the Prefect of Studies is said to have made up his mind to set hard papers, so high is the ideal he has been led by previous exams. to form of competitors for the Class Championship.

On May 6th Father Milz, S.J., and a lay brother visited us, *en route* for the Northern Territory Mission. Father Milz is Superior of the South Australian Mission, and is on visitation to the Daly River settlement.

A column of our cadet corps, consisting of privates Prendergast, O'Sullivan, Daly and Tarlington, bringing two field guns, and led by Instructor Williams in person, made an attack in force the other day on our enemies the rats, who had strongly entrenched themselves in the fowl yard. After a lengthened engagement, in which our sharpshooters did great havoc among the enemy's foraging parties, the latter retired, leaving 15 of their number on the field. No quarter was given to the wounded.

May 11th.—Classes stopped at 11 o'clock today, the boys having asked and obtained a holiday from Father Kenny, who has been on visitation here.

We must not omit to say a word of farewell to Jack d'Apice, who left us last Christmas, and who was always so willing a helper in anything connected with our socials and with Our Alma Mater. As joint-editor he worked willingly and vigorously. He was also prominent as a debater—his speech always threw life into the dullest proceedings, and he carried off the Debate Gold Medal on Speech Day. In the field he distinguished himself as a footballer, and was our most enterprising tennis player. He passed his Senior in November, and is studying at University. We wish him every success.

George Dow visited us towards the end of May. It is a good while since he was here. He is in Sydney with the Adelaide University crew, in which he is pulling No. 7, and he looks very well. A few years ago he graduated here on the waters of the Lane Cove River.

Mr. Thomas Kelly, of Rockhampton, our first University B.A., has been elected a Fellow of St. John's College. He is the youngest Fellow on the Council.

Mr. George Flannery, who is a rising young barrister, lay for some weeks in a very critical state, and caused his many friends great anxiety. At the Easter Encampment he caught a very severe cold, which brought on severe internal inflammation, necessitating a very dangerous operation—so dangerous that it was considered advisable to administer the Sacraments of the Church beforehand. The operation was successful, and George is now out of danger. May he live to adorn the Bench.

Our old friend, Richard Snelson, Singleton, an invalid of many years, is still lingering between life and death. The last accounts report the end very near.

Bernard McBride has been on a long visit to Queensland, where doctors sent him for change of air. He met a number of his old schoolmates, and is loud in praise of the hospitality and kindness he met on all sides.

From *The Raven*, December 18th, 1896:—"William Page is still at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, studying for the medical profession. During the summer he played for the Hospital Cricket Eleven, and although he did nothing with the bat he appears to have kept up his bowling form, and succeeded in obtaining the best bowling average af the team."

From *The Star*, 4th March:—"The death occurred on Tuesday night, after a very short illness, of Mr. Alfred James Lawler, eldest son of Mr. John Lawler, the well-known city furniture manufacturer. Mr. Lawler only took to his bedroom on Sunday, and though Dr. W. E. Warren and Dr. M'Donagh did all that medical science could do for him he passed away quietly at 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, fortified by the last rights of the Roman Catholic Church. The deceased young man was in his 29th year. He was educated at Riverview College by the Jesuit Fathers, and during his college days was one of the finest cricketers of St. Ignatius. His

remains were followed to the grave at Waverley Cemetery yesterday afternoon by a large number of friends, and committed to their last resting place by the Rev. Father Lawler, O.S.F., of St. Francis', Paddington."

Our garden is growing apace under Father Tuite's direction. From the foot of the College it extends to the edge of the plateau riverwards, then flows over and down the descent—not *en masse*, like a Niagara, but in rivulets of flowers and borders and pretty shrubs, that wind in and out and eddy round the great rough rocks. It is constantly reducing new stretches of those rocks under its gentle green sway.

Harry Manning performed very well for University II. this year both with the bat and ball. He got such scores as 85, 60, 50, etc. W. McLaughlin has been bowling with great success in Rockhampton since he left us at Christmas. He was selected to represent Rockhampton against Charters Towers. W. Fraser has been doing wonderful things with the ball this season. He is the terror of the country batsmen, and in the intercountry match between Wagga and Tumut he got nine of the Wagga batsmen for 32. Frank Punch played for North Sydney Electorate II. while on Christmas vacation, and in the two innings he had, scored 59 and 58, not out.

I. O'Donnell has played once or twice with the Wallaroo this season with success, and his brother Jack is playing for University. D. Dalton has been playing splendidly for University this season. He is commented upon for his brilliant kicking and all-round play. E. Fitzpatrick was elected Secretary for the University III. Football Club this year, and his energy is highly spoken of.

III. DIVISION NOTES.

Several new books were added to the Third Division library during the last term. Amongst them we noticed Miss Turner's "Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Misrule," and the "Little Larrikin." We are told by the small librarian of this division that the last-named book bids fair to become even more popular than Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," which has been hitherto the most sought-for book in the library.

In the Third Division Football Match last term, the St. Aloysius' small boys proved themselves too strong—perhaps too big—for our small boys, and we were beaten by 3 points to nil.

The Third Division, who were debarred from taking part in the sham fight on the morning of Corpus Christi, organised and carried out one in the afternoon. A detachment, under Captain Ricketts, defended the Third Division playroom. The attacking force, under General Guy Duffy, eventually dislodged the defenders. A court-martial was afterwards held on two of the attackers for disobeying orders, and they were ordered to be shot.

The Third Division had a lantern show all to themselves in their playroom on the evening after Corpus Christi, when Mr. Baker worked off the surplus gas of the preceding evening. Several views of London, yacht pictures in Sydney harbour, chromatropes, &c., were thrown on the screen.

If we may judge by the enthusiasm displayed by the Third Division for chemical experiments, Riverview has a great scientific future before it. "Flare-ups" of the sugar and potassium-chlorate type are most in demand.

There is in the infirmary a pretty young cockatoo. It is becoming a great pet, and every visitor is greeted with "Pretty cockey" and a number of salaams. Cockey sometimes leaves his cage to take a walk about the verandah, visit the wards, etc., and see how things are getting on. A few days ago the infirmarian was alarmed by hearing unearthly screams of "Pretty cockey," the tone being ludicrously at variance with the sentiment expressed. On rushing out the infirmarian saw the big white dog capering down the rocks with cockey in his mouth, the latter screaming and protesting "Pretty cockey! pretty cockey!" Tiger, the big black dog, attracted by the noise, came swinging down after them with his great tail flapping rythmically, and after all came the infirmarian, who, after a hard chase, managed to rescue poor cockey without losing a feather. Since that the white dog is chained, and now cockey, during the course of his perambulations, takes revenge by coming to within a foot or so of the farthest that doggie can reach and placidly looking at him.



VIEW OF LANE COVE RIVER FROM THE COLLEGE. 258 (cut down)

GAMES.

ROWING CLUB.

President: Rev. T. GARTLAN, S.J.
Hon. Sec. and Treas.: Rev. R. GOLDING, S.J.
Captain: T. BREEN.
Committee: J. PUNCH, R. GODSALL, R. O'CONNOR.

DESPITE the fact that Riverview, for the nonce at least, does not try conclusions with other schools for the supremacy of the river, rowing is by no means dead at Riverview, as he who dares to challenge this statement may discover for himself by a visit to our shed during the fashionable boating hours. All hours assigned—or rather permitted—by regulation for this grand exercise and its attendant muscular development are not fashionable, and it would seem that, as there are times for "doing the block," so also the devotees of rowing have their pet hours. The great reaction that resulted from our representatives being driven too hard during training in former years is, we are glad to say, working itself gradually out, and many are again beginning to look upon a few hours on the river as a pleasure rather than "hard graft"; still, perhaps, rowing is not yet held in such universal esteem as it deserves as a means of relaxation for the brain awearied with scholastic din, and as a "bracer" for muscles unstrung from want of exercise.

We had a visit some weeks ago from the South Australian University crew, among the number being our old friend and former school representative, George C. Dow. George rowed No. 7 in the boat, and was much admired for his style. But what gave us greater pleasure was to hear that George upholds the credit of his Alma, not only in rowing, but in other departments also.

We were glad to see that our former "coach," Mr. A. Goodyear, is still to the fore in the rowing world of Australia. In the last intercolonial contest he had a Westralian crew, who made a really tough struggle with Victoria for first place. We wish him better luck next time.

We trust that the great improvements which are being made in our floating stock will call forth correspondingly new energies on the part of the members of the club.

The boats of both sheds are being completely overhauled. Perhaps in the Junior shed this is more appreciated, both because the boats needed it more, as they get somewhat more vigorous handling, and because they are more used. Even the Junior boys, however, can hardly be said to make proper use of the rowing material at their disposal. The majority of them, with some honourable exceptions, seem to think a loaf on the river

is the proper enjoyment to be derived from boating, and as a result they soon get very tired of it. Whereas the real way to get both pleasure and profit out of water locomotion is to peel off and settle down to a good long steady pull, and not be satisfied if by force or fraud or argument you manage to secure the steering ropes for yourself and get others to do the propelling.

CRICKET.

President: Rev. R. Golding, S.J.
Captain: F. Punch.
Committee: F. Punch, T. Breen, J. Punch.

Although Shakespeare says somewhere that it is not with our stars but with ourselves the fault lies when we are not successful, yet most men think good luck a great help; and if Shakespeare saw a few cricket matches, he too, we are sure, would be converted. We think that we are justified in grumbling a little with fickle Fortune over the results of some of our school matches last half. We are selfish enough to wish that F. Punch had made some of his brilliant long vacation scores for us. But in spite of a little ill luck, we showed that we had a good, strong batting team. The two Punches, Deery, Breen, and A. and F. Gow can all be tough customers for a bowler. With the ball we were weaker. We had often splendid bowling from Breen and Perraud, but then, if our first attack was not successful, we had not good reinforcements to fall back upon. Our batting averages are much better than last half. F. Punch is again first with 27·2, and A. Makinson, J. Punch, and A. Gow are above 23, and nearly all our team have made good double figures in one match or another, Our captain was as energetic as ever, both by word and example.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

St. Ignatius' College v. Newington College.

This match was played on our turf wicket on March 6th, and was our first school match this half. F. Punch, on winning the toss, decided to bat first on a good wicket. Our innings closed for 122. F. Deery got 58 by fine cricket. F. Punch also batted well for 22. J. Punch, 10, was the only other one to reach double figures. Newington College were then dismissed for 158; Best, with 38 not out, being top scorer,. In the second innings we made 26 for the loss of no wickets For Newington College, Browne bowled well, getting four wickets. J. Perraud bowled well for our side, getting six wickets at a cost of 69 runs. A. Makinson got three for 29. Scores:—

St. Ignatius' College.

F. Punch, l b w, b Brown	22
T. Breen, b Brown	2
J. Punch, hit wkt, b Robson...	10
F. Deery, b Brown	58
A. Gow, b Brown	0
F. Gow, caught out	5
A. O'Brien, b Wilson...	0
H. Douglas, b Best	9
A. Makinson, b Wilson	2
J. Perraud, run out	4
E. Cox, not out	0
Sundries	10
Total	122

Newington College.

Campbell, b Breen	8
Fox, b Perraud...	25
Dansey, b Makinson	5
Robson, b Perraud	3
Hardie, c F. Punch, b Perraud	18
Cowlishaw, c F. Gow, b Makinson... ...	2
Moore, b Perraud	10
Brown, b Perraud	14
Best, not out	38
Davies, c A Gow, b Perraud...	1
Wilson, c Douglas, b Makinson	22
Sundries	12
Total	158

Bowling Analysis: Perraud, 6 for 69; Breen, 1 for 47; Makinson, 3 for 29.

On the same day our "B" team defeated Newington "B" at Riverview. The home team batted first, and made 103, of which J. Macdonald got 35, M. Kelly 24, C. Byrne 18. Newington then went in, and made 53, Bowman making 21, Glasson 15. For Newington, Glasson bowled best; while for Riverview, Anivitti took 6 for 22, Macdonald 3 for 26.

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

On March 14th our "A" team defeated N.S.G.S. at Riverview by 105 runs. F. Punch won the toss, and decided to bat first. The College team was disposed of for 159 runs. F. Deery batted splendidly for 57. A. Gow also made 37 by good play. F. Punch 14, T. Breen 12, were the only others to get double figures. N.S.G.S. were then dismissed for 54 runs. Bland and Sevick each 14 were the chief scorers. For the visitors, Armstrong got six wickets; and for the College, J. Perraud bowled splendidly, getting five wickets at a cost of 15 runs. T. Breen got four for 35. Scores:

St. Ignatius' College.

F. Punch, c Rundle I., b Armstrong ...	14
T. Breen, b Holdsworth	12
J. Punch, c Hopkins, b Armstrong... ...	1
F. Deery, run out	57
F. Gow, lbw, b Armstrong	9
A. Gow, c Rundle II., b Armstrong... ...	37
Douglas, c and b Armstrong...	2
Cox, c Kater, b Holtermann...	10
Fraser, b Armstrong	1
Makinson, not out	6
Perraud, c Blaxland, b Holtermann ...	4
Sundries	6
Total	159

N.S.C.E.G.S.—*1st Innings.*

Bland lbw, b Perraud...	14
Rundle II., b Breen	2
Hopkins lbw, b Perraud	10
Armstrong, c Deery, b Breen	1
Sevick, b Perraud	14
Holdsworth, run out	3
Wilson, b Perraud	0
Holtermann, c and b Breen	0
Rundle I., c Breen, b Perraud	6
Blaxland, not out	0
Sundries	4
Total	54

Bowling analysis; Perraud, 5 tor 15; Breen, 4 [illegible]

N.S.C.E.G.S.—*2nd Innings.*

Bland, c F. Gow, b Makinson	21
Blaxland, c F. Punch, b Makinson	11
Hopkins, c F. Gow, b Breen	19
Armstrong, run out	35
Sevick, not out	2
Total, 4 wickets for	88

Bowling analysis: Makinson, 2 for 28; Breen, 1 for 34; Perraud, 0 for 15; F. Gow, 0 for 11.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. KING'S SCHOOL.

On 27th March we played a draw with King's School "A" team at Riverview. The wicket was very damp, but got better towards the afternoon. F. Punch won the toss, and sent King's School in. They occupied the creases all the morning and most of the afternoon, putting up a total of 242, of which Verge made 115 not out, after a faultless but very slow innings. When the College went in it was very late, and when stumps were drawn had made 51 for the loss of two wickets. Scores:

KING'S SCHOOL.

Verge, not out	115
Jones, b J. Perraud	0
Waddy, run out	10
F. Body, b Breen	54
Riley, c Makinson, b Breen	23
J. Futter, c Deery, b Breen	5
Evershed, b Breen	0
E. Body, c and b Perraud	1
Futter, c Fraser, b Breen	0
Middleton, not out	29
Dight (did not bat)	0
Sundries	5
Total	242

Bowling Analysis: Perraud, 2 for 79; Breen, 6 for 73; Makinson, 0 for 35.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.

F. Punch, b Dight	12
J. Punch, b Middleton	30
F. Deery, not out	7
Breen, not out	0
Sundries	2
Total, two wickets for	51

On the same day St. Ignatius' "B" team also played a draw with the King's School "B" at Riverview. King's School went in first, and scored 114. "Mack" batted very nicely for 50. Parbury 19, White 10, were the others to reach double figures. The College, at the call of time, had lost three wickets for 58, McDonald making 33, O'Brien 14. Anivitti and McDonald bowled best for the College.

ST, IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

This match was played at Riverview, and resulted in an easy win for the visitors. The Grammar School batted first, and at the beginning it looked as if we would have an easy win. Three of their best men fell for 7, but the others batted up well, the most remarkable being the last three men, who put on 90 runs between them. The eighth wicket fell for 90 runs, but the last wicket did not fall till they had brought the score up to 180 runs. Breen was the most effective with the ball; he bowled 24 overs, and got 7 wickets for 85. Our batsmen then went in, but failed to reach the score of their opponents, and were all dismissed for 81 runs. J. Punch (26) and F. Gow (18) were the only ones to make double figures. Scores:—

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Browne, b J. Perraud	0
Plomley, b J. Perraud	12
Darnsey, b Breen	2
Delohery, lbw, b Breen	11
Woodburne, c. Perraud, b Breen	4
Vickery, c Deery, b Breen	20
Hill, c and b Breen	12
Powell, lbw, b Breen	2
Drummond, b Breen	30
Harris, not out	42
Farrar, run out	26
Sundries	19
Total	180

Bowling Analysis: Breen, 7 for 85; Perraud, 2 for 51; Makinson, 0 for 16; F. Gow, 0 for 9.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.—*1st Innings.*

F. Punch, c Delohery, b Drummond	1
J. Breen, b Hill	9
F. Deery, b Drummond	0
J. Punch, c and b Drummond	26
A. Gow, b Hill	1
F. Gow, b Darnsey	18
E. Cox, b Drummond	8
H. Douglas, h.o.w., b Drummond	3
S. Fraser, b Drummond	0
J. Perraud, not out	7
A. Makinson, b Darnsey	4
Sundries	4
Total	81

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.—*2nd Innings.*

F. Punch, b Powell	13
T. Breen, b Darnsey	0
J. Punch, h.o.w., b Farrar	7
F. Deery, b Powell	0
F. Gow, b Farrar	4
A. Gow, not out	28
E. Cox, b Powell	0
J. Perraud, b Farrar	1
H. Douglas, c Delohery, b Darnsey	5
A. Makinson, not out	15
S. Fraser (did not bat)	0
Sundries	7
Total: eight wickets for	80

OTHER MATCHES.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. Nondescripts C.C.—The cricket season was begun on Saturday, the 13th February, by a match against the Nondescripts, and resulted in the defeat of the College team. The College batted first, and scored 121, out of which J. Punch scored 31; F. Gow, with 22, was the next highest scorer.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. The Press.—This match was played at Riverview on the 20th of February, and resulted in a draw. The Press batted first, and made 144. Shannon made 36, Musgrove 24. The College then went to the wickets, and at call of time had lost

two wickets for 96. J. Punch made 40 not out, F. Deery 38 not out. For the College, A. Gow bowled best, getting four wickets for 13 runs. Musgrove got the two wickets for the Press.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. Zingari "I" Team.—On Saturday, 27th February, the well-known Zingari "I" team visited Riverview. The Zingari team won the toss, and batted first, remaining at the wickets nearly all the afternoon. L. Lloyd made 30, Hensley 41 not out, Docker 40. When the College went in it was very late, and the light was bad, but when time was called they had only lost one wicket for 37. T. Breen made 12 not out, J. Punch 11. For the College, Breen bowled excellently, getting seven wickets at a cost of 44 runs.

A team of ex-students visited Riverview on the 7th March, and tried conclusions with the College "A" team. The home team batted first, but were not dismissed till they reached the high score of 260. F. Punch made 59, T. Breen 48, A. Makinson, retired, 27, E. Cox 26 not out. The Ex-students then batted, and succeeded in making 104. J. Docking made 34, F. McDonald 24, Rankin 17. For the College, T. Breen bowled best, getting five wickets for 28.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. Mr. McLenehan's Team.—On Wednesday, March 17th, the College "A" team played a team captained by Mr. McLenehan, which was composed of some of the best North Shore cricketers, including Duff, Hogan, Clarke, and others. The College team batted first, and scored 193, of which F. Punch contributed 57, retired, A. Gow 22, J. Punch 20. Mr. McLenehan's team then, on going to the wickets, put together 68. The top scorer was Hogan 27, who retired in order that the last men might get their innings Duff 13 was the only other to reach double figures. For the College, T. Breen took six wickets for 32, and J. Perraud three for 29.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. St. Andrew's College.—This match was played at Riverview on 20th March, and won by the home team by 5 runs after a very exciting match. Riverview batted first, and scored 52. F. Punch 9, and J. Punch 9, were the top scorers. St. Andrew's then went to the wickets, and were all disposed of for 47 runs, chiefly owing to the fine bowling of Perraud, who took six wickets at a cost of 18 runs. Cargill and Tange 7, Savage 7, were the highest scorers, while Tange, who took five wickets, and Cargill, who took three, were the best bowlers for St. Andrew's. In the second innings St. Ignatius' College lost five wickets for 79. J. Punch was top scorer with 40; the next highest was F. Punch with 26, not out.

On Thursday, 25th March, St. Ignatius' College "A" team defeated a team from St. John's College University by four wickets and 137 runs. St. John's were all out for 55. Sinclair 12, Ward 7, and Tozer 7, were of most service to the visitors. The College then batted, and had lost six wickets for 192 when stumps were drawn. F. Punch was top scorer with 55 retired. The next highest scorers were F. Gow 43, A. Gow 33, T. Breen 18. For St. John's, O'Donnel took two wickets and Fitzpatrick one. For Riverview, J. Perraud bowled best, taking seven wickets at a cost of 26 runs. T. Breen took two for 26.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. Stanmore Institute.—This match was played on Saturday, 10th April, at Riverview, and resulted in a bad defeat of the College. The Institute won the toss, and batted first, on a rather poor wicket. Their innings closed with six wickets down for 203. J. Punch was the only one to reach double figures with 14. For the Institute, Whittingham took five wickets; and for the College, T. Breen took three wickets for 93.

J. E. HERITAGE.

SECOND DIVISION.

Committee: J. RYNN (Capt.), B. CORSER, C. O'BRIEN.

The "Thirds" this year, although small, and composed of a great many new fellows, were a very good little team. The committee was composed of J. Rynn (captain), B. Corser, and C. O'Brien. In the report submitted, whilst the batting and fielding all round is praised, the following are specially mentioned:—J. Rynn and B. Corser, very good bowlers and bats; C. O'Brien, good break bowler; E. Long, wicketkeeper; F. Phiffer, good field and change bowler.

MATCHES.

Waverley Alert on March 13th. The Thirds went in and made 99—J. Rynn 55 not out. F. Phiffer 12, A. O'Connor 10. Waverley Alert lost three wickets for 124. For us B. Corser bowled best.

On the 27th March we played a team from St. Aloysius' College. Visitors made 103, we made 55 for three wickets. For St. Aloysius', Oxenham made 45, for us, C. O'Brien 15, A. O'Connor 11 not out. J. Rynn secured six wickets.

On April 10th we played the Woodford C.C. The Thirds closed their innings with 113 for five wickets. B. Corser made 48, J. Rynn 36, A. Marmion 15. Rynn bowled best. The Woodford got 68 for four wickets.

FOOTBALL.

FOR the first half of this football season we can boast of having had a very good team. Out of the six matches which we have played, four were won by us, and in the other two we were by no means badly beaten. We were fortunate in having Punch and Breen, the recipients of the honour caps of last year, again with us. We had Fraser again, too, doing many a lightning run with an extra year's quickness and vigour. We had our veteran forwards, Perraud, Deery, Flanagan, Cox, and Griffin; while J. Punch still dodges through the enemy's ranks in a most inexplicable way. We had good new players too. We regret that one of them (Alf. O'Brien) has at present the loan of Father Dalton's crutches. Byrne and Douglas could make a good race against Frazer; and who would have thought that Dick O'Connor and Dan O'Sullivan would have grown so much in size and improved so much in football in so short a time. According to the impartial testimony of a Union umpire, the combination in our play has rarely been surpassed. We are much indebted to our captain and committee for the energetic way in which they kept up the practice matches. We expect to hear that our captain has been distinguishing himself in another club when we get the Gunnedah papers.

St. Ignatius' A v. University 3rd.

On Saturday, 1st May, the College defeated the 3rd University by 12 points to 3. Early in the game Fraser secured the ball, and after running more than half-way

dodged Fitzpatrick, the 'Varsity full-back, and scored first try for College. Soon after Breen received a pass from Byrne, and potted a field-goal, making the score 7—nil in favour of Riverview. After a considerable period of very even play, Breen passed out to wing three-quarter Byrne, who scored between the posts by a short, but very dodgy run. Breen's kick at goal was successful, and raised the score to 12—nil. After this the 'Varsity rallied, and from a pass by McEvoy Burge scored first try for them. Not long afterwards Clifford picked up from a passing rush and passed to Gibson, who scored second try to University. Sinclair, as centre three-quarter, played excellently for the 'Varsity, and on the winning side Miller's game at full-back was almost faultless.

St. Ignatius' A. v. Sydney Grammar School.

(From *The Referee.)*

On last Saturday, May 15th, St. Ignatius' defeated the Sydney Grammar School by 15—nil. The points for the College were obtained by Fraser, who secured two tries, Byrne, who got one, and Breen, who got goals from each try. The school showed superiority in the scrums, but the College boys appeared to excel in the open. All the College tries were obtained by very creditable runs. Brown at one time was very nearly getting across, but was collared by the St. Ignatius' full-back Miller. For the Grammar School Jones, Brown, and Woodburn played best, while Cox, Breen, and Fraser did excellent work for the College.

Mr. Bode, of the Grammar School, who was kind enough to act as referee, performed his duties in an able and impartial manner.

St. Ignatius' v. King's School.

(From *The Cumberland Argus.)*

This interesting game was played on the schoolground. Teams:—St. Ignatius': Miller, Byrne, Breen, Punch, Frazer, O'Brien, Veitch, Cox, Perraud, Punch, Flanagan, Deery, O'Sullivan, O'Connor, and Douglas. King's School: Verge, Parbury, Barton, Riley, J. Futter, F. Futter, Body, Elkin, Harrison, Jones, Doyle, Mack, Bossley, Blackwell, and Dight.

Although the game was close and fast throughout, it was not full of many exceptional incidents. The ball was kept very largely in neutral ground. College were more frequently on the defensive; but they defended well, and relieved the line time after time. They were always on to the ball, and gave the School scorers little opportunity. Riley was the first to gain an advantage for School by kicking out in St. Ignatius' 25. The Futters and Barton got on a passing rush; but O'Brien intercepted, and the ball went back, Futter kicked out near St. Ignatius' line, but the pack, with Punch at the head, brought it back to neutral. Elkin broke the scrum with the ball on his toe. Douglas stopped him. O'Brien, Frazer, and Punch took it near School line, but School got a free for taking the ball out of the scrum. Verge returned the kick out near St. Ignatius' 25, and School, getting another free for off side, Bossley had a shot for goal, and St. Ignatius' forced. J. Futter and Body dashed through an opening in the scrum, but Punch stopped them in time. Cox sprinted along the line, but his pass was mulled just as he was looking dangerous, and School forwards rallied. Barton very cleverly intercepted a pass, and ran strongly, passing cleverly to Futter, who sent it to Riley, who was taken in his 25. Riley again beautifully picked up a pass from Barton and took the ball to the line; but Frazer relieved a tight corner by kicking out. The Futters and Barton did some pretty passing rushes, and Doyle was doing well in the line out. Futter ii. took it to St. Ignatius' 25, where Body passed to Futter, and he had a pot at goal, St. Ignatius' again forcing. Futter ii. rushed through the scrum like a Trojan, and, his brother marking, gave Barton an opportunity to make a fine attempt at goal. College again forced. College backs were passing cleverly and cleanly, and Body, Barton, the Futters, and Riley were making incessant attempts to get through to the line. Still there was no score up to half-time. In play again, the Futters and Barton were once more storming the College line; but the defence was too good, and, getting a rush on, the College forwards carried play to School territory, Riley stopping the rush. The Futters once more brought it back, and Frazer relieved by a good kick out. J. Punch negotiated an excellent run, but had the bad luck to knock on. Body came through with a strong dribble until Frazer intercepted, and a fine passing rush between Punch, Breen, and Byrne located play near the School line. College men were over-anxious, and earned the penalty of a free, which brought School relief. The Punches and Breen effected a clever passing combination, and Harrison and Doyle were conspicuous in the forward work. The Futters, Barton, and Riley moved along like machinery to the line, where the last-named was thrown out, and Parbury, through standing in too close, let a pass sail over his head, giving College a good open show, which Frazer lost by kicking out. In neutral ground Breen passed out to Punch; but Riley dashed in, and, surprising Punch, got possession of the ball and made a bee-line for the goal, dodging the full-back cleverly and planting it between the goal posts. 3—0. Verge kicked a goal. 5—0. Body distinguished himself by a good dribble into St. Ignatius' 25. School backs were getting in frequent rushes, but College defended bravely. Futter ran magnificently, and Parbury, taking well his pass, took it to the line; but Miller stopped him and kicked it to the 25. Futter fed Barton, who ran splendidly and passed to Riley, who was taken by Punch. Frazer had another show through Parbury missing, but Verge and Body closed in on him just in time. Barton missed Futter's pass, and Frazer punted out in School territory. Blackwell, Body, and Futter brought it out of danger by a fine rush to half-way, and shortly after the whistle went.

Mr. Corr refereed with all-round satisfaction.

St. Ignatius' College v. Newington College.

On the 5th of June the College boys were defeated at Riverview by Newington College by 11 points to 5. The game started with some open play, in which Riverview had slightly the best of it; then Newington got on a good passing rush, in which Litchfield was very prominent, but the rush was stopped within the St. Ignatius, 25. Shortly after this Fraser picked up, and got well away, but was brought down by the Newington full back. Play now remained some time in Newington quarters, but Jefferies securing the ball, brought it into neutral ground, and then did a long kick across the St. Ignatius' line. Miller forced. After the kick-off Newington brought the ball back into St. Ignatius' 25, and made a very hard attack. J. Punch was prominent in the defence. Bowman got a pass, and was nearly across, but was collared, and immediately after Litchfield got the ball from a scrum just outside the line, and falling across

scored first try for Newington. Rabone easily added the extra points.

Soon after the kick-off St. Ignatius' did a good rush. Punch kicked across their line, and Newington were compelled to force. Riverview then made a hard attack, but Maiden kept relieving his side splendidly with long drop-kicks into touch. Half-time. Score—5 to *nil*.

Soon after the commencement of the second half Breen intercepted a Newington pass,and running strongly scored. Breen got the goal, making the score 5—5. After this Petersen got in a good run, but was collared by J. Punch. Then Maiden was awarded a try. The score was now 8—5. Shortly afterwards Litchfield scored, and soon after this the whistle blew, leaving Newington victorious by 11—5. Mr. Buchanan, of Newington, was umpire.

St. Ignatius' v. North Shore C.E.G.S.

On Saturday, June 12th, the College defeated North Shore Grammar by 39 points to 3.

Armstrong kicked off for the Grammar School. Give-and-take play ensued, varied with scrums and a free kick to the school. Then Douglas picked up, passed to Fraser, on to Breen, on to J. Punch, who did a good run, and scored near the right-hand corner. Goal disallowed, as the ball was not brought out straight. The next score was obtained by Breen, who had got the pass from Fraser. This time Breen made no mistake about the goal, and the score became 8—nil. The School then attacked, but Miller relieved nicely. Very good passing rush by College Forwards, but Armstrong intercepted and saved a pretty sure score. Lyne then collared Breen in nice style. After this Gow, the College scrum-quarter, takes a mark right in front, but Breen misses. Shortly after Gow got ball from a scrum passed to Breen on to Byrne, who scored in the left-hand corner. Breen's kick was a very good one, and was successful. After an interval of open play Frazer got the ball out to J. Punch, who did a splendid run and passed to Perraud on to F. Punch, who scored, Score, 16—nil. After some even play Flanagan got the ball in the line out passed to Cox, on to Perraud, touch. Breen got the goal. After this Lyne got in some good defensive work. Then Murnin, Fisher and Kater made a determined attack, but Miller and J. Punch save the try, and J. Punch relieves by a kick out of bounds.

Half-time. Score, 21—nil. On resuming play Deery passed to Fraser, who scored a try. Soon after Lyne kicks over College line, and the ball is forced. Then Breen intercepted a pass and secured a try. 27—nil. Armstrong scored a penalty goal for the School by a splendid long drop-kick. Score, 27—3. Lyne and Kater relieve successively. Holtermann good run, collared within St. Ignatius 25. F. Punch picks up and runs across, try. 30—3. Gow secured ball from a scrum, ran round scrum, dodged through backs—try. College then attack very hard, but School defend finely. Fraser to Byrne—touch. Dribbling rush; F. Punch picks up—touch. Even play followed till time was called, leaving Riverview ahead by 39—3.

For the losers, Armstrong, Lyne and Fisher played very well, and Parton at full-back brought down his man time after time.

Mr. Bray gave every satisfaction as umpire.

PERCY POWER.

SECOND DIVISION.

BY A. FALLON, CAPTAIN.

At the close of the Cricket season it was said by more than one of the leading members of the Second Division that the "Thirds" would have a very bad team this year, but they did not turn out so bad after all. Of course they are not as yet to be compared with the 3rds of last year, but still they passed all expectations, and they are growing. We have had a fair number of matches this year—more than in preceding years.

The Manly Pirates came up on Saturday, May 22nd, but partly because they did not all turn up, and partly because those who did come were a little too small, the game resulted in an easy win for the Thirds by 30 to *nil*. The Pirates played well, considering the odds. For us the following did well: T. O'Mara, W. O'Brien, J. Ryan, and R. Douglas. On May 23rd we tackled the Seconds, but they were too good for us, and beat us by 21 to *nil*. On June 5th the Manly Wentworths played us, and although the Wentworths had a far stronger team, we made it a very even game in the first half, the visitors scoring 5 points to 3. But in the latter half our fellows were disheartened on account of two of their number being disabled, and they allowed their opponents to score several times. When time was called the scores were 20 to 3.

Cadet Corps.

The Cadet Corps has its drill as usual on Mondays' Thursdays, and Saturdays. A great deal of marching is done; but we see some who, in spite of that, have not yet acquired a soldier-like bearing. Rifle drill and physical drill with the rifle have occupied many mornings of late.

Down at the rifle range, last half has not been a busy time; but we expect next half to hear the roar of musketry almost every day when Cadets will be practising for the shield. We have great hopes of success again this time, for we expect to have six of our veterans back—Power, Byrne, Flanagan, J. and W. McGuren, and Godsall. R. McKillop and W. Tarlington are the most promising among our recruits. We have many coming marksmen in the lower divisions.

We are preparing, too, to meet our country's enemies at close quarters as well as at 500 yards. Ten of our cadets have been taking lessons in single-stick from Instructor Williams twice a week. They are making rapid progress, and have been promoted to the single-stick after a good drilling in sword exercise. Now and again a little loose play is indulged in, and the blows of the ash sticks do not always fall on the guard and basket helmet. Some of our fencers will do better when they find by experience that a blue mark is not always a mortal wound; but it must be said for them that they seem not to like to strike at their opponents as if they really wanted to kill them, and not merely to break their sticks. Perfection will come with time and practice. Among the most advanced are H. Douglas, C. Flanagan, A. Thynne, and Dan O'Sullivan.

APPENDIX.

PRESS CRITICISMS OF *OUR ALMA MATER.*

We give a few extracts from the many kind notices of our journal sent us from various quarters, and thank all those who have offered our youthful efforts encouragement :—

"Our Alma Mater."—There is in the pages of the periodical that infallible indication of a refining influence which works upon the manly youth, and stamps in turn his utterances and doings, his tastes and his aspirations. The fine *esprit de corps* which marks the letters of old alumni to their former teachers can be nothing else but an outcome of the *esprit* of the College which formed it. St. Ignatius' is a good augury for the future influence of Catholic society in Australia.—*American Ecclesiastical Review*, 1897.

"Our Alma Mater" is the magazine of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview. It is a remarkably good instance of a well-edited and well-supported school magazine, and gives abundant expression to the numerous interests of the scholars, whether in the field of learning or that of sport.—*Town and Country Journal*, Jan., '97.

"Our Alma Mater."—The periodical is most interesting, and evinces a degree of journalistic skill in the preparation of its news items, articles, notes and comments, &c., which is highly creditable to all concerned in its production.—*Clunes Guardian and Gazette*, January 5, 1897.

Varied and interesting.—*St. Arnaud Mercury*, Jan. 6.

The last number of "Our Alma Mater" is well up to the standard, the articles being interesting and brightly written. The magazine contains a very complete record of the doings of the College, and needless to say a kindly eye is kept upon the progress of ex-students.—*Goulburn Evening Penny Post*, Jan. 7.

The journal, which is in its eleventh year, contains a large quantity of original reading matter, well written and well edited, as well as the usual College record of literary achievements. A special feature, too, is the section devoted to games, from which we gather that the College is as successful in the field of sport as in the field of letters. The illustrations are exceedingly good.—*Taranaki Herald*, Jan. 14.

"Our Alma Mater" reflects credit on all concerned.—*Advocate*, January 9.

"Our Alma Mater."—This excellent annual, edited by the students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, has entered its teens, the number which reached us a few days ago being the thirteenth. In no more forcible way does the *esprit de corps* of this splendid college exhibit itself than through the medium of "Our Alma Mater," for in no other way could those links which bind the past to the present, and form the real life of a collegiate establishment, be given such "bold advertisement." "An Ex-Riverviewer in the Transvaal," for instance, marks the ever-widening influence of that beautiful spot on Lane Cove which has given educational nurture to so many during its comparatively short life. "Our Alma Mater" is bright with such contributions from without, as it is vivid with sketches of College doings during the past year.—*Freeman's Journal*, January 9.

So far the ablest of our College chronicles.—*Australian*, January 8, 1897.

The publication continues to be one of which the editors and the school may be justly proud.—*Evening News*, January, 1897.

"Our Alma Mater."—It is evident, from a perusal of the magazine, that there is an active and vigorous student life at Riverview, and that every opportunity is afforded for the physical, mental, and moral development of the students. They evidently take a warm interest and pride in their "Alma Mater," and this loyal and patriotic spirit is faithfully reflected in their excellent magazine.—*N.Z. Tablet*, May, 1897.

The publication is neatly printed, and contains a deal of useful and interesting reading.—*Richmond Australian*, January 16, 1897.

Like its predecessors the production is in every way creditable to its young editors. . . . . Full of interest, particularly to those who have given thoughtful consideration to the important question of secondary education.—*Tamworth News*, Jauuary 5, 1897.

Contains quite a budget of interesting and entertaining information.—*Geelong Times*, January 2.

The publication is very creditable, being readable, newsy, and well got up..—*Evening Echo*, Ballarat, January 4th, 1897.

"Our Alma Mater."—It is full of matter which is interesting not only to the collegian, but to his friends and to strangers. Judging from the reports, there are some good debaters in the College, and some keen oratorical contests take place.—*Tasmanian News*, January 8th.

"Our Alma Mater,"—The December number of this magazine contains ample proof that in intellectual, literary, and physical prowess the Collegians are still in the front rank. Old "boys" must find the publication a never-failing source of pleasure. — *South Australian Register*, January 4th.

"Our Alma Mater" contains a record of the doings of present and past scholars during the last year, together with much interesting and promising literary matter contributed by students of the College, The frontispiece gives an excellent view of the College, and there are portraits of distinguished scholars.—*Advertiser*, Adelaide, January 5th.

The issue is neatly got up, while the letterpress is excellent. In addition to a large amount of information in connection with the College during the past years, there are one or two excellent articles on various subjects which are well worth perusal.—*Fiji Times*, February 14th, 1897.

"Our Alma Mater."—From the first page to the last every item is interesting, some of the articles being exceedingly well-written. . . . Altogether, the number at present to hand is a capital one, and quite up to the reputation the little journal has already gained.—*Maryborough Chronicle*, January 4, 1897.

"Our Alma Mater."—Papers, marked by ability, are contributed by students, and there are other productions by past students who have distinguished themselves in the walk of life they have chosen. —*Mount Alexander Mail*, January 5, 1897.

Our Alma Mater.—Back numbers may be had. [June and December, 1895, only in bound volumes; price, 4/-.]

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