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A. M. D. G.

"OUR ALMA MATER."

EDITED BY

STUDENTS OF ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE, RIVERVIEW, SYDNEY.

VOL. I. No. VIII.—NEW SERIES.] JUNE, 1898. [THIRTEENTH YEAR

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Best No. 3	2 6	30 0

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Old Jamaica Rum, per gal., 24s.		

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Key Gin, largest size, 15 bot.	4 3	62 0
A.V.H. Gin, 15 bot.	4 3	59 0

SCHNAPPS.

Wolfe's, quarts	4 0	47 0
" pints	2 0	47 0
Peters', quarts	3 3	38 0
" pints	1 9	40 0
Henkes', quarts	3 6	39 0
" pints	1 9	40 0

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	Per Bottle. s. d.	Per Case of 1 doz. s. d.
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Melrose Drover	3 3	37 0

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Anderson's W.P.S. Port	6 0	66 0
" R.S. Port	5 0	55 0
4 Diamond Port	5 0	55 0
3 " "	4 6	50 0
2 " "	3 6	35 0
1 " "	2 6	25 0

Draught Port, Imperial quart, 3s., 4s., 5s.

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4 Diamond	6 0	65 0
3 "	5 0	55 0
2 "	3 6	36 0
1 "	2 6	25 0

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CHAMPAGNE.

Pommery & Greno, qts.	10 0	110 0
" pts	5 0	115 0
Heidsick's Dry Monopole, qts.	10 0	110 0
" pts.	5 0	115 0
George Goulet, qts.	9 6	110 0
" " pts.	4 9	115 0
Perrier, Jouet & Co., qts.	10 0	109 0
" " " pts.	5 0	114 0
Jules Reval & Co., qts.	7 0	70 0
Moet & Chandon, qts.	10 0	105 0
" " pts.	5 0	109 0
Pol Roger, qts.	10 0	110 0
" pts.	5 0	115 0

AUSTRALIAN WINES.

(RED.)

Special Port	2 6	28 0
No. 2	2 0	21 0
No. 3	1 6	15 0
Sweet Red	1 0	12 0
Claret, Special	2 0	21 0
Claret, No. 2	1 6	15 0
Burgundy	2 0	21 0

(WHITE.)

Reisling (Altar Wine)	2 0	21 0
Sherry, Special	2 6	28 0
Sherry, No. 2	1 6	21 0
Hock	1 9	20 0
Muscat	2 6	25 0
Carmichael's Porphyry	2 0	21 0

ENGLISH ALES.

	Per Bottle s. d.	Per Doz. s. d.
W. Younger's Monk Brand qts.	1 0	9 0
" " pts.	0 9	6 0
Foster's qts.	1 0	9 3
" pts.	0 9	6 6
Bull Dog qts.	1 0	9 9
" pts.	0 9	7 0
McEwan's qts.	1 0	9 6
" pts.	0 9	6 9
Jeffrey's qts.	0 9	7 6
Henderson's qts.	0 9	6 6
3 Bottles of any of the above Brands	2/6	
Revolver	0 9	7 6

GUINESS'S STOUT.

	Per Bottle.	Per Doz.
Bull Dog qts.	1 0	9 9
" pts.	0 9	7 0
Burke's qts.	1 0	9 3
" pts.	0 9	6 6
Foster's (Bugle Brand) qts.	1 0	9 6
" pts.	0 9	6 6
Boar's Head qts.	1 0	8 9
" pts.	0 9	6 3
Blood Wolfe qts.	1 0	9 0
" pts.	0 9	6 6
Dagger Brand qts.	0 10	8 6
" pts.	0 8	6 0
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2 " Rum
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3 " Guinness's Stout
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New Boys should present themselves earlier in the day for classification.

5th July, 1898.

A. M. D. G.

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

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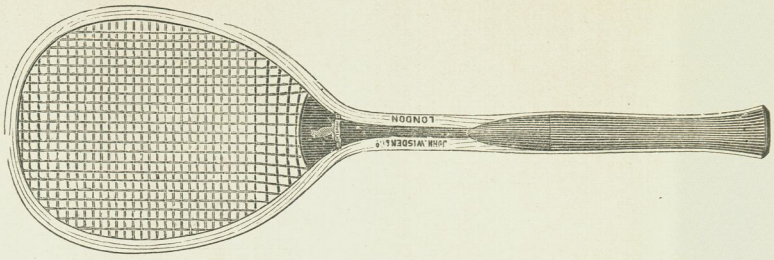
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OUR ALMA MATER.

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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SUB-EDITORS:
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ALBERT WALKER.
FITZROY MARMION.

Vol. 1—No. VIII.—NEW SERIES.] JUNE, 1898. [Thirteenth Year.

EDITORIAL.

IT seems as if Mid-winter Vacation comes particularly suddenly upon us. There are no lengthy preparations for Speech-Day displays, nor do Class-Championship Examens give us distant warnings of the end. We dash into this vacation as a train, supplied with the newest of modern brakes, rushes into a station. It comes on at lightning speed, head in the air, as if it were going to pass by so small a hamlet in contempt, and then, with a sudden change of mind, it stops almost rudely. The passengers thrust forward in their seats, jump up, and hastily get their properties together. There is a hurried search for some lost umbrella, and trunks and portmanteaus are thrown from the van like cargo from a sinking ship. The porters are shouting the name of the station in the harsh dialect of the district, and the engine pants and wheezes, and snorts and boils with anxiety to get on again. Travellers must step quickly out to meet their friends who wait upon the platform. It is something after this manner that we Editors hurry to collect our luggage, as we swiftly pass the suburb of Examens, and then we give ourselves a hasty brush, to look respectable before we go to greet the many friends who have been waiting to hear from us the news of the past six months at Riverview.

Old Riverviewers will be anxious to see in our pages if things are greatly changed since the generations, that they knew, occupied the school-rooms and play-grounds of St. Ignatius' College, for it does not take thirty years for a new generation to rise up at school. The ex-student who left only three or four years ago, finds, on re-visiting his College, that the great majority of the faces that he meets are new. If it be longer, perhaps he will know none, but yet he takes interest in those who now uphold the honor of the College which he bravely battled for in years gone by, in mental struggles or on the field of sport. The wooden walls and iron roof may have grown to more mansionlike proportions, since he was at school; but he will remember that it is the spirit that was in the child that animates the man. Present Riverview, with all its friends, will be eager to see, set down in print, their efforts at debate, their scores at cricket or honorable mention of their names in our foot-ball columns. Those of our friends who had not the good fortune to be present at the Regatta in March will, we hope, be glad to read of it and even see, though it should be on paper, some of its most interesting scenes. One who has been now for some time an old and venerable figure in Riverview life, and who has seen many scores of boys come and go, has given us a list of the Riverview ex-students who have departed this life. It is, we would say, what interests him most, of

the things of earth, to follow the careers of our students who have gone forth to fight the battle of life, and when he hears that the career of any one of them is ended on earth, we do not think that he forgets to pray earnestly for his eternal rest.

These are some of the subjects with which we hope to make the following pages interesting to our readers. We are afraid lest in our hurry or forgetfulness something may have been forgotten. Yet had we filled many pages more we should still feel that we were only touching on the points which stand out in boldest relief in the life and labour of a term at college. How many hopes and fears and hours of work do we crush into the small compass of five lines, when we give some new speaker's maiden speech at the debate. We hope the cricket scores we give have been well earned by careful practice. We are sorry that science is not able to take exact measurement of each one's work at football, both in matches and in practice. We shall give next time a list of the prize-winners for success in mental work ; but how many days and hours of patient work go by unnoticed! This must be so, we fear, in a great measure, for even minute histories only throw a superficial light on a great dark current of human thoughts and doings, but still we think that more of the good earnest work done at Riverview might be moulded so as to be shown in the pages of OUR ALMA MATER.

JOY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

What of the battles I would win?
Alas! their glory is unheard;
The wind of song wakes not their din,
Wandering in shadowy vales unstirr'd.

—And the great sorrows that I dream'd?
Not thus unscathed I thought to rise
High in the dateless dawn, redeem'd
And bare before Eternal eyes.

—And is it then the end of dream?
O heart that long'd for splendid woe,
Our shame to endure this dread extreme
Of joy we scorn'd so long ago!

—C. BRENNAN.

FATHER FINN, S.J.

WHEN we have been wandering over the vast sultry regions of non-Catholic literature — regions teeming with tropical splendour of bird, beast, and flower —it is with a sigh of relief we come on a well-written book with the true Catholic spirit, and feel that indefinable sense of comfort and satisfaction which is, in our minds, inseparably connected with the idea of *home*. The books that are written by an author who looks out on the ways of men from the point of view of an enlightened Catholic, whose mind is not tinged with the brilliant but refracted and coloured rays that hurt our eyes in so many writings called history—the history that for "three centuries has been conspiring against the truth,"—these books we read with an exulting sense of freedom and open-heartedness. Here, we say to ourselves, is an author we can *fully* sympathise with.

The Catholic is not, on account of his Catholicity, without admiration and love and reverence for the great names, either of English literature—where all the great writers, with few exceptions, are non-Catholic—or of the literature of Greece or of Rome, where all is pagan. The beautiful and the sublime will enthral him wherever it is found. But when, to the beauty and sublimity, there is superadded the pervading sense of an entire sympathy with the author, because that author is a man who *really* knows what the Catholic Church is, *really* understands her position, her claim, her promise, her sincerity, her reality, and one who is not, as the legion of modern writers all around us are, in ignorance of these things —when we meet books of intellectual excellence written by such men, then is our satisfaction still greater, still more complete. Would that such men were not so few!

In the wide field of story-telling—so wide, now-a-days, all the world agape for stories, men and women toiling, night and day, to satisfy the want—Catholics, too, have an important part to play ; important just on account of the universal thirst for story-diet. If diet is good, life and vigour ; if diet is poisonous, vitiation and death. Is it wonder, then, that we are glad to find a Catholic writer of stories for boys, who can take his place with the best?

The qualities we praise in Father Finn



FATHER FINN, S. J.

are, that being a Catholic, he writes, in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, racy and interesting stories—stories that boys like to read. For it is by his boy-audience, of course, he is to be judged. To us in Australia, his books offer the further interest of giving us some idea of what American boys are like. We know America, by report, a good deal, but it is good to go and live awhile on the playgrounds, and amidst the pleasant din of the young gentlemen born under the Stars and Stripes. Father Finn is credited by reviewers and critics with "discovering" the American boy. Which means, I suppose, that he discovered the secret of setting down his own fair and true idea of him truly and fairly on paper. This is the gift of authorship ; to be able to mint into alphabet-moulds the treasures which the hard-working soul has dug from common daily life. Noble they whose mintage passes current with men!

Boy-life is a hidden world that few are competent to write about at all, fewer still to write about in such wise as to interest boys. For it is not only sufficient to know boys. Everyone knows boys—a good many to their cost, rather than otherwise. It is necessary to see the romance of boy-life; or, if you like, its poetical side. A country may be very uninteresting if you travel always along the valleys and in the shadows of the mountains. But, don't forget there are mountain-tops, up in the streaming sunlight. If you take the trouble to go up, you may change your views completely about the country. Now, I am always delighted when some one comes and takes me up there, and shows me the golden landscape—and so is every school-boy. The love of the ideal is latent in young hearts as well as in old ; and a tale of school-life, no less than a tale of chivalry, may have the magic touch of imagination that makes us stop and listen.

It is not my purpose to go through Father Finn's tales, and recommend or criticise them. I think all my readers know his stories too well to need either. Instead of that, I shall give some details about Father Finn himself, which lovers of his stories will be glad to have.

Father Finn is, as anyone who reads his books must immediately guess, a true American. He was born thirty-nine years ago, in St. Louis, Missouri ; and, during his very young years—those years in other boys' lives he has described so well—was very fond of reading stories, being specially fond of Dickens ; so fond of reading that games and sports occupied little of his time up to the age of fourteen. An anecdote is told of him, that one day, during his twelfth year, whilst anxious friends were trying to induce him to give up his books and go out and take recreation, the Rev. John Van Krevel happened to call at his home, and was requested to use his persuasive powers to induce little Francis to go out. Father Van Krevel walked over to the young book-lover, and, patting him on the head, said : "Let him alone ; he's all right. He'll be a great story-writer some day."

However, when, at the age of fourteen, he went to live in St. Louis University, his companions were not so tolerant of his book-reading propensities, and he became one of the leaders of athletics in his college. He entered the Noviciate of the Society of Jesus on March 24th, 1879, and took his vows on March 25th, 1881.

He taught at St. Mary's College, Kansas, until 1883, when he went to Woodstock College, Maryland, where he spent one year in the study of philosophy. The scholastic year of 1884-85 was passed at St. Mary's, Kansas, and 1885-86 in St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. He then returned to Woodstock and gave two years to the completion of his philosophy course After two years of teaching at Marquette College, Milwaukee, he went back again to Woodstock and devoted the next four years to the study of theology, of which the last year was made at St. Louis. In 1893 while at Woodstock he was raised to the priesthood. Teaching at St. Mary's and Marquette filled out the time until September, '96, when he began his tertianship at Florissant. From Florissant Father Finn went to Cincinnati where he has since been engaged in teaching at St. Xavier's and lecturing upon literature to the post-graduate class.

Father Finn began writing in 1884 with a short story called " Charlie's Victory." "Ada Merton" appeared the same year. In 1885 he wrote "Tom Playfair," but did not publish it until 1891 when he brought out also in book form "Percy Wynn" which had appeared serially in 1889. The year 1892 saw " Harry Dee," which was followed the next year by "Claude Lightfoot." Next came " Mostly Boys," and " Ethelred Preston," and lastly " That Football Game"

which reached its fourth thousandth in three months.

That Father Finn's popularity is not on the wane may be judged from the fact that "Tom Playfair" is now in its thirteenth thousand. "Percy Wynn" in its twelfth, "Claude Lightfoot" in its ninth, "Harry Dee" in its eleventh, "Mostly Boys" in its sixth, and "Ethelred Preston" in its fifth.

"Father Finn is about 5 feet 9 inches tall, and well developed. Hair black and straight and beginning to 'lose ground.' An expansive prominent forehead, deep-set gray eyes, large straight nose and well-formed mouth, altogether a pleasant face belonging to an interesting talker who delights in entertaining children and bantering his friends."

Besides being a first-class story writer, Father Finn is much praised as a literary critic, his lectures at St. Xavier's winning high commendation. He has written several plays, of which only one "Bethlehem" has been given to the public.

Father Finn very courteously answered some questions we put to him (you know one feels like asking him questions and having to deal with him in general after reading his books), and we give our readers the benefit of his answers. If you see in our questions any intimation of personal ambition on our part to get at the secret of Father Finn's success and to turn it to account we hereby refute such insinuation by giving the whole matter publicity.

"Father, how and when did you first start writing?"

"I began writing for publication at the suggestion of a brother scholastic (now Father John Weir, S.J.) about thirteen years ago. The first thing I wrote was "Charlie's Victory," a short story. I wrote it at one sitting. In the beginning I had a knack of writing a short story at one sitting, which in these later years has left me. Up to the year 1891 my writings were confined to the pages of magazines and were published anonymously. My pen name was "Neenah." In May of '91 I published my first book, "Percy Wynn," under my own name."

"Do you find writing hard work?"

"I find it very exhausting work. It requires my complete attention. This completeness of attention makes it difficult, almost impossible for me to do any imaginative work during the school year. My time for writing is during the last part of the summer vacation. The first part I give to taking a good rest. If I succeed in getting this I find writing delightful, and think nothing of making five or six thousand words a day. I write rapidly and correct at leisure, sometimes re-writing the entire story. Some of the happiest incidental details fill in naturally in this re-writing."

"About the plots, Father?"

"The plots come in a flash, like death, like a thief in the night, when they are least expected. I find that so long as I have one plot in my head, there is no chance for the entrance of another till I have, as it were, exorcised it by committing it to paper. Then there are a few days or weeks or months of vacancy, when all of a sudden, a plot swoops down and enters into possession to the exclusion of everything else."

"Have you written much this year?"

"During the past year I have written but one story, a long short story of about twenty thousand words. I have been carrying about in my head for over a year and a half the plot for a new story which I hope to take in hand the coming summer. It is very gratifying to me to learn that I may count among my friends the young 'Britishers under the Southern Cross.' Talking of young Britishers, the most beautiful, the noblest letter I have received thus far from my young friends of the English-speaking world (and letters of this kind have come fast and thick for some years) came from an English boy."

The name of Father Finn's latest story is "The Teacher Taught."

EXCHANGES.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following:—

The Beaumont Review, *Blue and White*, *Castleknock College Chronicle*, *Clongownian*, *Cooerwull Magazine*, *Dial*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *King's School Magazine*, *Mangalore Magazine*, *Mungret Annual*, *North Point Annual* (Darjeeling), *Newingtonian*, *St. Peter's School Magazine*, *South African Catholic Magazine*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *Sydneian*, *Torch-bearer*.

A GLANCE AT EXAMINATION PAPERS.

TO know a people thoroughly the traveller must visit them at home. Hence an attractive feature in exhibitions now-a-days is the peaceful foreign village whose inhabitants, we are told, are about their ordinary avocations just as if they were at home. Come then, reader, and see Riverview students working at examinations in composition at home. This is a bundle of English essays for the Midwinter Examens. Here are three or four to look over while I am giving marks to the rest. The boys have no idea that you will ever see them, so don't look for very great polish; besides, they have had only an hour and-a-quarter for the examen, and they got no previous warning of the subjects they were asked to treat. This one is Arthur Makinson's, on the lines:—

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

"Because God, though he has allowed yon lordling to possess thee as his chattel, and to scourge and even slay thee, at will, as his dog, and thus to convert thee into a brute beast as far as thy body is concerned, has nevertheless preserved thy soul within thee and given thee to rule thy master in the spirit, even as he rules thee in the flesh; so that while he makes merry as that golden litter bears him along the short smooth road to Hell, thou mayest live in the hope of the eternal glory that awaits thee. Thank God, therefore, unhappy man, that thine own lot has been assigned to thee rather than his, and while his pampered body rules thy brutish one, over his brutish spirit do thou rule supreme; and pity him in this his petty reign of a few short years, when thou thinkest of the eternal slavery that awaits him, while thou shalt reign in everlasting glory."

This other is an essay on "War, its pros and cons." You see, he divides his subject cleverly. The good effects of war are its effects on morals, on patriotism, and on health. Its disastrous consequences have to do with finance, loss of life, and the brutalising of character. In the first paragraph we have: "War arouses all parties to action and suspends pleasures. It directs the money of the country to the maintenance of soldiers, which otherwise would be spent on festivities and wine, things which inflame the passions and destroy morality. What was it that brought about the ruin of mighty Rome. Was it war? By no means. While Rome was a struggling state in the midst of powerful neighbours her morals were of the best, but when the comparatively peaceful times of the emperors came, Rome became the school of that sensualism which eventually led to her destruction." I think that writing is very like Archie M'Killop's. This next boy writes on "Men are but children of a larger growth." His definition of childishness is good. "It really consists in the love of, and seeking after little things." Later on he explains "One man is an enthusiastic stamp-collector, another an antiquarian who cares for nothing but old wooden spear-heads of the stone age, and yellow crumpled parchments." In the last sentence he says: "Men and women are continually squabbling over nothing; like Shakespeare's fairies, they are everlasting children." The author is Charlie Duffy. Read this one now. Perhaps you have seen enough. You wouldn't make a Public Service Examiner. Look, I have thirty more to get through yet. Well, wait a minute. I have got some things which will make you laugh. The Term's Examinations always produce one or two "good ones." One small boy likes Macaulay's 'Virginia,' 'because there's so much blood shedding in it.' Another is asked the meaning of 'booth,' and, mixing his ideas a little, he says 'that it is a kind of building where the Salvation Army meets.' Another, in the Catechism paper, says that 'detraction is going about putting tales upon people.'

A WARNING NOTE.

"HANG him first, try him after." Poor Jack, we'll admit, now, that it was hard luck to get "four" for spelling "indexe" and "focuse," and to have your feeble defence of "Please, sir! 'tis in Morris," swept ruthlessly aside, with a "Nonsense, sir! don't screen yourself behind silly pretences."

We've had a look since at Morris (McMillan's Primer of English Grammar), and here is what he has: "Foreign words,

if naturalised, form their plural regularly by adding s to the singular, as 'indexes, focuses, funguses.'" Poor Jack!

We expect Jack, and fellows like him, to thank us for warning them off some other pitfalls in the little text-book that Morris and the Sydney University have provided for them. Here is one: "Singular nouns, ending in s, z, x, sh, soft ch, j (all containing an s sound), form the plural by the syllable es; as gas-es, box-es, church-es, judg-es." Is "judg" the singular of "judges?" Small blame (and few socks) to Jack if, but for this friendly warning, he were to write it! Moreover, is Jack puzzled to find the j in that word? We'll help him by saying it is not the j at the beginning of the word, of course. Here is another: "Words used with nouns (or pronouns) to join them to verbs, adjectives *and other nouns* are called Prepositions." What would Jack be called if he called *and* a Preposition in the sentence": "John and James are playing"; or in the sentence: "Two and two are four"?

We could give many other instances, indeed we could inflict an article upon the ALMA on the subject, but it is enough to say not poor Jack, but poor master! who has to educate boys and yet teach them such text-books.

A PROJECTED EXCURSION.

OUR Choir began to think its services of some moment a few weeks ago, and decided to ask for an extra excursion. To call it a picnic, with such short notice as was given to our universal providers, would be erroneous, if not an injury. On the previous evening, the weather foreboded ill, but, nothing daunted, every chorister thought to get his picnic attire in good order for the morning.

Like the darkness that o'erspread the sky, when the lowering thunder clouds obscure its vision, did the angelic host appear on the morning, with drawn faces and with a I-think-its-going-to-be-wet kind of a look. About breakfast-time, however, it cleared a little. All the points of the compass were adverted to, according as they appeared light or dull at that moment. We understand that the person in charge almost lost his coat in small pieces. "Oh! please, sir (feeling himself dragged by the arm to get nearer to the given point in the horizon indicated)! look there, sir; the sky is quite clear." "Fairly clear, yes! But look there, Fred!" "Yes, I saw that; but it will be quite blue there soon." He had scarcely begun to think that everything looked too blue, when another of the troop would require his attention—as well as his person—in quite the opposite direction. And, whilst giving quite a lecture on rain and wind in particular, and astronomy generally, he would clearly prove that Fred knew nothing about it, and was quite out: that that was not the direction to look, to tell the weather.

After waiting half-an-hour—a long half-an-hour—the boats were manned, or, rather, "boyed"; each boat taking a fair amount of etceteras. This was considered by the two thoughtful Prefects in charge a wise provision. For should any boat leave its course or run ashore at any place, her occupants would have sufficient to support life till help came. However, the sequel proved that even this wise precaution was unnecessary.

The first boat had only got a hundred yards beyond the Lane Cove Bridge, when there was a sound overhead as of a violent moving of furniture, and, simultaneously, the clouds began to leak. In a trice, all boats were securely fastened under the bridge, which proved ample shelter for the small flotilla. And so it became our turn to have the laugh against old Jupiter.

In this moored, and apparently, unenviable condition, we spent an enjoyable half-hour—a very short half-hour. After we had supplied the peaceful residents of Hunter's Hill with quite a variety of select songs, causing the welkin to ring whenever a chorus was indulged in, echoing from shore to shore—a very startling amendment was proposed. As it was clear we had gone our distance for that day, it was equally clear that it would be a pity to run the risk of having the etceteras spoiled by the rain whilst returning to the College, not to mention their unusually burdensome presence as so much ballast in the boats. Forthwith, by unanimous consent, very energetic negotiations (diplomatic, too), were entered into regarding the provisions. These were freely passed round, and as freely disposed of, seeing that a common good in general, and an uncommon one individually, accompanied this removal. And thus did

they find their last resting-place, much to the satisfaction of all.

The weather having somewhat cleared, we did likewise, regaining the wharf after a sharp pull for ten minutes with boats, if not hearts, much lighter.

MR. THOMAS B. CURRAN, M.P.

THE *Freeman's Journal* prints the following sketch taken from the London *Echo* of May 12th :—

"Among the younger members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Mr. Thomas Bartholomew Curran, M.P. for North Donegal, is one of the pleasantest, the breeziest, and the ablest. To the appearance of a benevolent Hercules he adds the distinction of being the infant Nationalist. He is still the youngest of Ireland's sons at St. Stephen's, but having seen much of the world in both hemispheres, he is anything but an infant in experience and knowledge. His father is the well-known member for South Sligo, who made a fortune in the Antipodes, and in doing so weaved a romance into his life. The son is akin to the father in energy and devotion to his country. He was born in Sydney, and educated at the University in that city. On coming to England he went to Oxford, where he did very well, but he is proudest perhaps of the gold medal for debate which he won at his Australian College.

Mr. Curran is fond of telling playful stories at the expense of Parliamentary procedure. He is known for a wag, though scarcely for a mad one. He is a delightful mimic, and can, and does betimes, imitate the speech and manner of every noticeable member of the House of Commons. As a comic singer he is as diverting as Mr. R. J. Price himself, and might with the greatest ease achieve wealth and fame as a lion comique. But he contents himself with being amusing to his friends, which is at least the benevolence of his genius. Mr. Curran is rarely to be taken seriously, and it is in that light we take him and like him best.

He depends, it is believed, entirely on his own resources for a livelihood and narrows these resources in their turn into the hard and usually unremunerative groove of journalism. At the time of his election for Kilkenny Mr. Curran was the youngest member of the House or Commons and its baby. At that time he was only twenty-two years of age, and now he is only twenty-eight. In the shuffle of seats which usually precedes a general election in Ireland Mr. Curran passed on to North Donegal. His maiden speech proved one of the "hits" of its class. He looked with his cherubic lineaments just the ideal parliamentary baby. His ingenuousness commanded the ready sympathy of the House. He modestly claimed at the hands of honourable members that "indulgence" which he sweetly said "the House of Commons never hesitates to accord to a young member about to address it for the first time." And he added as a further ingenuous plea for consideration "When I say that I am the youngest member of this honourable House I offer a further reason for claiming its indulgence." But the speech was so intrinsically good in what Mr. Gladstone would have called "its subject matter," that the House was both delighted and astonished. Mr. John Morley, in particular, shed his emotion, and driven to Scripture for a simile, congratulated the House that 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings' they had listened to so much wisdom. Mr. Curran is a follower of Mr. Healy whom he idolizes as a genius and true patriot, and has undertaken to 'whip' for the hon. member for Louth and his party. He is reading diligently for the English Bar."

It is a strong proof of the esteem and affectionate remembrance in which Mr. T. B. Curran holds Riverview, that amongst all the praises and honours he has earned he is "proudest of the Gold Medal for Debate which he won at his Australian College." We hope that our present aspirants to debating honours will glance at these words, and strive the harder for so coveted a prize. The writer in the *Echo* is confused or makes a slip, when he says that Mr. Curran owes his education to the University of Sydney. Looking at the prize list of Riverview, '89, we see T. B. Curran, Gold Medal for Excellence in Debate ; Prize for Declamation. He went from Riverview to Oxford.

The *South African Catholic Magazine* says, of Riverview and OUR ALMA MATER : "The College has a superb position, and its mile-and-a-half of water frontage, thirty boats, and everything to match, will inspire our young athletes with the same envy that the Magazine caused at our editorial office."

SOME UNPROFESSIONAL VIEWS ABOUT THE UNIVERSE.

[*Astronomy*: BY MISS CLERKE, PROFESSOR FOWLER, AND PROFESSOR GORE.]

THE earth, it appears, is a huge joint getting roasted by the Sun, and turning round at just the proper rate to prevent its getting burned or overdone. There is something very fascinating about the independent self-reliance of the heavenly bodies. The moon looks quite saucy, racing round the earth, with not a thing to keep her up there—racing round without even an atmosphere to float in. The moon circumventing the earth, keeping her face towards our globe with unswerving fidelity, as towards her liege lord; the earth careering round the Sun, rolling and dancing gaily *en route*, and the Sun rushing round—no one knows what; but, as *he* too rotates and is moving *somewhere*, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he, too, has a centre to move round—a fine old body it must be, wherever it is; such is the mazy dance going on in this corner of the Universe—a dance, infinitely interesting to us, living as we do, on one of the motes that take part in it.

It is quite alarming to read about the dangerous nature of the Sun, and our proximity to him. Sirius, and Canopus, and the rest are frightfully big and dangerous too, but then, though we are approaching some of these stars, we have made no sensible progress within the memory of man, so there is no cause for immediate alarm. But we are only 90 millions of miles, or so, from the Sun, and his own diameter is nearly one-ninetieth of this, viz: 865,000 miles! It is well for us his intentions are friendly.

It is a curious thing that we think so little about the Sun; it is with quite a shock of surprise that we read all the wonderful things MISS CLERKE tells us about him. The Sun is master of the situation in the Solar system, and keeps his eight children in great order. It appears they are really and truly his children, he gave them their substance and being. But, though he let them go, and though he is past his prime (Solar M.D's. give him only five or six million years more—he is evidently sinking) he still in his old age keeps a tight rein on all their movements, in spite of the millions of miles that separate them from him.

Gravity! That's how he does it; only one thing, seemingly, can hold its own against gravity. That is swiftness of motion. Get up a certain speed and you can defy gravity. And some of the more advanced gases seem to have almost entirely emancipated themselves in this way. Gravity alone can control gases and weld them into anything like a stable community, (as in the case of our atmosphere). Still some gases can manage, under favourable circumstances, to get up the seven miles a second necessary in order to depart from our planet, and in this way hydrogen has long ago left us.

"A gas is now known to consist of ultra-microscopic molecules all exactly alike in weight, shape, and structure." These molecules, according to the latest information by cable and otherwise, are in a constant state of distraction, rushing about at a most absurd speed—the lighter the gas the greater the speed. Oxygen and the graver sort, only do about three miles a second, but hydrogen holds the universe record with 7·4.

By the way, I often wonder where the hydrogen went to? After all there can't be such utter vacuity in stellar space, where "never creeps a cloud." Seems as if there must be a good deal of rubbish and scrapings, and runaway gas, and planet dust, and other things there, not to mention sundry asteroids and meteorites.

So just stop and think about gravity. No one knows what it is. The more *mass* a planet or star has, the greater its force of gravity. Hence, small establishments of a few hundred miles diameter can't afford to keep an atmosphere. It simply runs away. Hence, the moon is utterly unprotected by any warm clothing of air. Poor old moon! What a staid moon it is! What a contrast between the demure conduct of our dear old satellite and the shocking behaviour of Phobos—one of Mars' little moons. "It rises in the W., sets in the E., and courses across the heavens in eleven hours, during which interval it accomplishes one entire cycle of its phases and gets through half another! It isn't more than three thousand miles from the surface of Mars. Besides, it is the only known example of a satellite going faster than its primary."

It is a little astonishing to wake up to the fact that instead of being on a solid founded

earth, as our ancestors thought, we are adrift in space on an insignificant terraqueous globe, adrift—except that we are tied to the Sun's apron strings. No doubt he is a very respectable star of the upper middle-class, and we feel proud to belong to him, especially since scientists have calculated for us the profuse way in which he supplies heat and light to all and sundry—but we have to trust a great deal to his prudence, and hope he knows where he is going to. We must await further developments, and these will take millions of years, I suppose, to come about.

Careful investigations show that there are not much more stars than there are inhabitants on our globe—only about sixteen hundred millions, in fact. It is quite mortifying to be told this, when we used to enjoy the luxury of revelling in the thought of infinite stars scattered through infinite space. But it must be so, otherwise, the heavens would always be as bright as at noon-day. Here is what the "ASTRONOMY" says:— (p. 543.)

"As the surface of a sphere varies as the square of its radius, and light inversely as the square of the distance (or radius of the star sphere at any point), we have the diminished light of the stars exactly counterbalanced by the increased number at any given distance. For a distance of, say, ten times the distance of the nearest fixed star, the light of each star would be diminished by the square of ten, or a hundred times, but the total number of stars would be one hundred times greater, so that the total starlight would be the same. This would be true for *all* distances. The total light would, therefore, by addition, be proportional to the distance, and hence, for an infinite distance we should have an infinite amount of light. For an infinite number of stars, therefore, we should have a continuous blaze of light over the whole surface of the visible heavens. Far from this being the case, the amount of light afforded by the stars on the clearest nights is, on the contrary, comparatively small, and the blackness of the background, 'the darkness behind the stars,' is very obvious."

Of course, there are sceptics who won't swallow this, and won't be put off with a few hundred million suns; and hence, some say that the others are so far away that the light hasn't yet reached us. (But, when did it start?) Others say we don't see them because there is no ether out there to carry the light. Others say there is dust and other things to blur and shut out the light of the really far off stars (that is those that take more than a few thousand years to transmit their light to us). Professor Gore inclines to think that, perhaps, these 1,600,000,000 stars are just one independent little bunch in space, and there are similar other bunches having no connection with the systems next door, separated from us by unfathomable chaos and blackest night. It is a puzzling question, no doubt, but once you get beyond the Milky Way the ground is somewhat treacherous, and it is bad to be too dogmatic.

Professor Darwin says: "Each of these millions of stars has its history, and there are among them representatives of every stage of evolution. If they were not, even with the telescope, mere specks of light, we might see the whole process before us, and study them like the objects in a museum." So there will be something to occupy the first few moments of post-mortem existence rummaging the celestial museum. Here, for example is a splendid specimen—still nebular with glowing photosphere, etc., all complete. There beyond is a young nebula of the bronze age (celestial of course), here is a fossil satellite quite used up—not fit to make asteroids of. Here is a most charming and valuable coloured sun—there quite an anomalous planetary system with all the moons going the wrong way, and so on; every variety from nothingness, or the extremest tenuity, through nebular swaddling-clothes, solarity, planetdom to lunacy; like the cases that show the berry as it grows on the tree, and then all its transformations till it is served up as fragrant cocoa or what not, or the rough block hewn from a primeval forest, all along till it becomes a shapely polished H.B. pencil, price one penny.

Of course I take for granted, what every self-respecting person knows, that "the matter which now forms the sun and moon and planets, existed in primitive times as a globular nebula of highly rarefied gas in slow rotation." (Prof. Darwin, Century Magazine, 1885.)

One more question. What will the final result be? Will it be a universe filled with old moons, effete suns, cosmic dust, battered meteors and such rubbish? *Nous verrons.*

P. '98.

AN IRISH FIRESIDE STORY.

(FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH IN THE "GAELIC JOURNAL.")

IT was the night before the 1st of November, a night on which, as ancient legends warn us, the denizens of the fairy raths, and spirits indeed in general, walk abroad and make it safer for mortal men to stay at home. There was company assembled round the fire, at the cottage by the rath.* John of the Rath himself was seated in the chimney corner, dressed in the old knee-breeches costume and wearing a check-coloured cap. He was telling a long ghost story, which was not yet coming to an end, when someone remarked that the midnight hour was going to strike. It was a fearful story. There was no spirit or 'puca'† that ever haunted a cemetery, or with more solitary tastes wandered alone, but seemed to be brought into that tale. When at length it was finished, the listeners felt as if all the 'good people' of Ireland were crowded together in the old rath outside, and from thence were moving round the house, and even passing to and fro in the darker corners of the room.

"I wish I was at home," said big Dan, one of the party, and there was a certain tremble, one would think, in his voice.

"The road is the same as when you came here. I suppose it's there yet," said the tailor.

Now this tailor was a man who had nothing for legs but two stumps—save the mark. Yet he was a good tradesman, and had other advantages besides. He could make good use of his hands and of his tongue too. A blind man, to hear him speak, might easily imagine that he was some hero who could do battle with any rival. He was always boasting that no ghostly apparition would ever frighten him. In fact he did not believe in the very existence of these horrors.

"The road is the same," said big Dan, in reply to the tailor's attack, "but the time isn't the same. I wouldn't care if I were only past the churchyard."

"Ah, the people in the churchyard have something else to think of besides looking-out for you," replied the tailor.

"Even so," said Dan, "you would be afraid yourself to pass the churchyard at this hour."

"Not I, upon my word," said the tailor.

Dan expressed his unwillingness to believe his opponent, and the tailor responded that his veracity did not depend on Dan's belief.

"What's the use in all this talk," said Dan. "How will anyone ever know whether you tell the truth or not?"

"If I had as good legs as you have, I would soon show you that I do speak the truth," answered the tailor.

"Perhaps if you had," returned Dan, "you would not have half so much to say."

"I'll tell you what you will do," put in the man with the check cap. "You, Dan, take the tailor on your back and carry him to the corner of the churchyard, leave him there, and let him stay there alone for an hour. Then you can go back and take him home. That will let us see whether he is afraid of ghosts, or not."

Dan declared himself willing.

The tailor was decidedly dejected at the proposal, but, after all he had said, there was no drawing back, and he was forced to assent. He still hoped, however, that Dan would not have the courage to carry out this design, and indeed, we are afraid that he would not have been brave enough, but that he encouraged himself with reflecting that, with the tailor on his shoulders, he would not be alone, and that when he had deposited his friend at the appointed place, he could make a good run for it, if things came to the worst. The hope of humbling the tailor's pride too, lent Dan new courage for the task.

The tailor was lifted up on to the big man's shoulders and off they went.

* * * * *

While the story telling and the dispute, which arose from it, were occuping the party at the cottage by the rath, let us see what was taking place in the churchyard. There happened to be two sheep-stealers, a father and son, living in that neighbourhood, and on that night they had arranged to come and steal a sheep from John of the Rath himself. In the dead of the night they left their house and set about their calling. There could be no safer place, they thought, to skin and cut up

* The raths are ancient forts of earth, protected by a circular mound. In fairy stories they are said to be the chief residences of the fairies or 'good people,' *daoine maithe*, as they are respectfully called in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland.

† A spirit which is supposed to assume various forms. cf. Puck in English.

a stolen sheep than in a quiet corner of the churchyard.

"Now," said the old man to his son, "you are the youngest; so you go and fetch the sheep, and I'll go and wait for you in the churchyard." The young man went off on his errand, while his father went to a lonely corner of the cemetery, where he lay down on the grass, and was soon dozing. Presently the sound of some one coming woke him up. He listened and heard footsteps, and the puffing and blowing of a man labouring under a heavy load. It must be the younger man with the stolen sheep. But it was not the man with the sheep; it was big Dan coming with the tailor. In a few moments the pair arrived at the churchyard enclosure, and Dan putting the tailor sitting on the wall, proceeded to let him gently down to the ground on the farther side. The elder sheep-stealer was lying on the ground inside. He stretched up his hands, "Is he fat?" said he, taking the tailor into his arms. Dan, terrified at the voice below, hastily dropped the tailor, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. In a very few minutes he rushed into the house again, and scarcely had he got into that place of safety when he fainted. Cold water soon brought him to his senses, and the first word he could utter was "the ghost!" Everyone was frightened. "Where did you leave the tailor?" asked the man of the check cap. "Oh let me alone," gasped Dan. "It snatched him out of my hands."

Now to return to the churchyard, and follow the fortunes of the tailor. When the thief felt that it was a man, and not a sheep, that was handed down to him, he too got such an unpleasant start, that he flung the tailor on the ground, and without a word ran for his life. But of all three, the most frightened was the tailor, when he felt himself in the clasp of the ghost and abandoned by Dan to his fate. He lay half stunned for awhile, but after a short time he came to himself again. The man was coming now with the sheep, and the tailor, who did not know at all how long he had been there, naturally thought that this was Dan coming to rescue him, as had been agreed. The poor tailor had been meditating on all he had said of his courage in the presence of ghosts, and how slowly the time seemed to pass in that horrible place, when he heard a voice from the fence, "Are you there?" it said in a whisper.

"Yes!" said he, "what kept you so long?"

"I couldn't catch him," said the other.

"You couldn't catch him. What do you mean? What a nice business it is, to leave me four hours lying here on a cold night."

"Four hours!" said the younger sheep-stealer, "you know it is not two hours since we left the house. Don't bother me. Here, take this!" and with that he dropped the dead sheep over the wall. Down came the sheep on the tailor, and the tailor shouted "Oh!" His cry put the sheep-stealer to flight, leaving his sheep and the tailor behind him.

Meanwhile, at the house by the rath, big Dan had got over his fright sufficiently to relate his adventures coherently. When he had told his tale to the best of his ability, the man of the house, he of the check cap, rose, put on his great-coat and took his stick. "Where are you going?" asked Dan, but without a word in reply he walked out the door. Dan jumped up and followed him; so did they all. He was going to the churchyard. When they came near the wall that enclosed it, they heard someone groaning inside. John of the Rath got over the wall, and the first thing he laid his hand on was the dead sheep. He lifted the sheep, and found there was something under it. "Who's this," he asked.

"It's I," said the tailor.

"And who are you?" said John.

"Dermot Coll."

"Who is Dermot Coll?"

"Dermot the tailor, you know."

"Oh, you're the tailor, are you?" said John.

"I am indeed, or I must have been put an end to if I am not the same man as I was," dolefully responded the tailor.

"And whose sheep is this here."

"I don't know in the world, except that some one threw it down on me and I am nearly murdered and smothered by it."

John lifted up the tailor, while two more of the party took up the sheep, and they directed their march to the cottage by the rath. When they got there, John found that the sheep was his own. He shook his head, and repeated a proverb known in Irish as in many other languages: "A merry evening and a sad morning."

SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

1898

Director: REV. G. KELLY, S.J.

EARLY in the Term, a meeting of the Officers and Members of the Sodality was held for the purpose of electing officers for new year, to replace those who did not return to the College after the Mid-summer Holidays. Ballots having been taken, P. Griffin was again elected to the office of Prefect; F. Deery and A. Makinson were chosen as first and second Assistants; and A. DuBoisé and S. Corser were appointed Members of the Council.

A ballot was afterwards made for the selection of candidates, and as a result, the following were invited to attend the meetings of the Sodality:—Messrs. J. McGuren, A. Thynne, M. Gleeson, N. Veech, R. Douglas, D. Prendergast, P. Makinson, P. Dalton, W. Tarlinton, P. Rogers, J. Allan, C. Gavan Duffy and J. Rynn.

The usual weekly meetings were held during the Session.

During the Month of May, news was received of the death of Francis Dynon, of Melbourne, who was received into the Sodality on June 1st, 1892, and of C. Lennon, of Brisbane, who was admitted in June '88, both happily fortified with the Holy Sacraments of the Church.

Requiem Masses were offered for the repose of the souls of the deceased Sodalists by the Director, and on the occasion of the weekly meeting held on Friday, May 24th, the office of the dead was recited by the Sodalists.

SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

President: REV. W. O'MEARA, S.J.
Prefect: A. WALKER.
1st Assistant: F. MARMION.
2nd Assistant: C. LONERAGAN.

AS several of our members were promoted to the 1st Division at the beginning of the year, it was necessary to hold elections for office-bearers and members.

The members elected were: John Kennedy, Edward Collingridge, William Craven, Frederick Rorke, Sydney Hogan, Brendan Duffy, John Lentaigne, Harold Hunter, and Emile Fesq.

The following candidates were also chosen: Hubert and Leslie Barry, James and Patrick Gleeson. Victor Macken, K. Prendergast, John Mort, George MacFarlane, William Ricketts, and George Fesq.

On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the newly elected members were solemnly received by the Rev. Fr. O'Brien, S.J. The Oratory Chapel was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and after the solemn reception the celebrant delivered an appropriate address on the duties of members of the Sodality. All the members and candidates approached Holy Communion.

The four meetings of the month have been regulated thus.

1ST FRIDAY	...	Office of the Holy Angels
2ND ,,	...	Instruction by the President
3RD ,,	...	Rosary of the Holy Angels
4TH ,,	...	Reading of Rules &c.

Great interest has been shown by the members in observing the Rules, and in the recitation of the office. The candidates have been earnest in their attendance at the meetings, and show an anxiety that their probation should be shortened.

On Friday, the 20th May, the Rev. Fr. Dalton, S.J., was invited to attend our meeting, and to deliver a discourse on the Holy Angels.

The Rev. Father's instruction was a panegeric on the Holy Angels. He described their goodness, their charity, and their continual anxiety for mankind, and especially for those who band themselves together to do honour to them. Sodalists should have particular devotion to the Queen of Angels, and should ask the assistance of their Angel Guardians in all difficulties. He could instance many occasions in his past life, when he had been greatly helped by recourse to his Guardian Angel. The members were delighted with this excellent instruction, and they showed the effect of it in carrying out all that Father Dalton recommended.

We trust that the same spirit of piety, which animates each member of our Sodality, may always keep up the zeal and enthusiasm which were conspicuous during the half-year.

SENIOR DEBATING CLUB.

President: Rev. A. Power, S.J.
Hon. Sec.: P. Griffin.
Committee:

A. Makinson — C. Duffy
P. Dalton — P. Griffin
H. Douglas

First Debate.

Early in March the following notice was published:—

On Monday, 28th March, at 6 p.m., after (*a*) the Reading of the Rules by the Hon. Sec., and (*b*) the Address from the Chair,

Mr. A. Makinson will move,—

"That the Influence of the Newspaper Press has been Beneficial to Mankind."

Mr. C. Gavan Duffy will lead the Opposition.

Speakers:

Premier: Mr. A. Makinson, King Division.
Secretary for Lands: Mr. Hugh Douglas, Thursday Island.
Secretary for Mines: Mr. Corser, Maryborough.
Postmaster-General: Mr. Robert Douglas, Torres Straits.
Secretary for Public Works: Mr. M. Gleeson, New Zealand.
Attorney-General: Mr. W. McGuren, Grafton.
Colonial Treasurer: Mr. Coen, Goulburn.
Minister for Justice: Mr. Byrne, Young.

Opposition:

Mr. C. Gavan Duffy (Leader)	Melbourne
Mr. Griffin...	St. Peters
Mr. Dalton...	Orange
Mr. Rynn	Bligh Division
Mr. Deery	East Sydney
Mr. Allan	Tasmania
Mr. DuBoise	Hunter's Hill
Mr. O'Sullivan	Newcastle

This debate, on the whole, was not so lively as some previous debates, but there were good speeches made and good things said during it all the same. Of the newcomers (five in number) Robert Douglas made his mark very distinctly, and a quick retort of his to Duffy brought down the House. M. Gleeson and J. Coen made very promising maiden speeches.

Mr. A. Makinson (Premier) opened up the subject in his cool, incisive way. He described the rise and progress of the Press during this Century, and the social and moral revolutions which its influence has brought about.

Mr. Gavan Duffy opened for the Opposition. Though he has figured with honour in the Prize Oratory Debate last year—so far, indeed, as to carry off the medal—this is his first regular and strictly constitutional appearance as a full-blown Senior Debater. He treats the subject under four heads, and accuses the Press of evil influence under the divisions of Literature, causing stylistic deterioration; of Politics; of Morality—advocating low standards of public morality; of Religion — being anti-Catholic and anti-religious for the most part. Modern journals can never mention Voltaire without prefixing 'glorious' immortal or similar epithet to the "atrocious scoundrel's name!"

Mr. S. Corser followed for the Government. He had some good points, but hardly did them justice in delivery. He maintained that where the Press is free, Justice is purely and satisfactorily administered. Witness the Dreyfus case. How would that trial have been conducted in England?

Mr. P. Griffin dealt with the leading article as the really distinctive and representative part of the modern newspaper. He arraigned it on three counts. 1st. It does men's thinking for them—does all the mastication, and nearly all the digestion as well; 2nd. Makes them narrow-minded by the one-sidedness of its views (and men generally read only their own newspaper); 3rd. The Press is becoming a despot—all the more dangerous and less responsible because cloaked in anonymity.

Mr. Robert Douglas spoke well and clearly for Government. The newspaper is the means by which the ordinary man is educated after he leaves school. Those who formerly had to go without ideas, now—by the newspaper—could think and talk of what the highest and greatest in the land talk and think about. He quoted Father Hecker—"that Catholics are marvellously slow to understand the power of the Press as the *real* producer of great revolutions in the mind of man."

Mr. P. Dalton dwelt mainly on the impossibility of truth and religion being served by the great mass of newspapers, since they are written in so many cases by men ignorant or

contemptuous of the fundamental principles of religion and truth. The nocturnal, hasty, ill-compounded lucubrations of a feverish-minded man become the matutinal, slowly-digested meal of thousands of poor thought-starved souls. Is this *régime* healthy?

Mr. M. GLEESON, from New Zealand, spoke out boldly and well. The task the Opposition set themselves was to find flaws in the great institution of the Press. What institution has *not* its flaws? Believe not those who throw all the light on the flaws and, beetle-like, batten thereon, to the neglect of the great overwhelming good that enshrouds, and should outweigh, these minute faults.

Hereupon an adjournment was moved and carried, and Father DALTON, amidst much din of applause, addressed the House, and besides other warmly-received remarks, hinted that he fully expected that on the benches of the new Federal Parliament some of those he had this night listened to would take their places, to thrill with their eloquence the representatives of Federal Australia. (Loud applause.)

On Tuesday evening, after tea, the House resumed its sitting. Messrs. J. COEN (a new-comer), JAMES RYNN, and C. BYRNE made the best speeches. The first-named, especially, delivered himself very well of his short oration.

Next meeting was on Thursday. There were four speeches, and very lively all through.

Mr. HUGH DOUGLAS began in his free, swinging style, and lashed out at the Opposition, and, needless to say, was received enthusiastically, as he always is.

But the greatest ovation was accorded to our popular captain (Mr. DEERY). After the cheering had subsided he made a short but pointed, and telling, and well-delivered speech.

Mr. JAMES MACDONALD followed, and was much cooler and clearer than usual.

The next speech was a surprise. The President having invited visitors to speak, Father MURPHY, the Prefect of Studies, rose, amidst breathless expectation, and made a very clever speech, in which he first gave strong arguments for the Government, and won their rapturous applause, and then by even stronger arguments for the Opposition, sent the other side of the table into a frenzy of clapping, but gave the weight of his support to the Opposition. He was surprised at the position of the respective leaders. The Premier, an aristocrat, supporting the Press; the leader of the Opposition, descendant of a great democrat, attacking the Press. For (1st) a Democracy is the rule of the ignorant, unless the people are educated. The only means to educate them is the Press. They must be supplied with the latest facts. (2nd.) The quotation from Father Hecker (made by the member for Torres Straits) is a strong argument for Government, but it refers to a hypothetical case. *If* the Catholics *did* realize the importance of the Press, and did secure the control over it, *then* the Press would be a great engine for good.

But the question is not what it might or ought to be, but what it has been, and is.

Since the "Reformation" the sources of thought and philosophy are poisoned in England and English-speaking countries, and the Press supports and disseminates what is wrong and anti-catholic. Where the prevailing thought is anti-catholic and wrong, the exponent of it cannot be beneficial.

Friday was the closing night. Mr. DUFFY'S summing up speech was better delivered and more forcible than his opening speech. He was severe on the Opposition to the verge of being unparliamentary. He reviewed all the speeches of the Government, and ended with a telling peroration. He spoke for a quarter of an hour, and was frequently cheered, but seemed to have the House against him. This was made more evident by the vigorous applause that greeted the rise of the PREMIER. After having devoted a certain time to refuting the arguments of Opposition, he proceeded to deal with the argument brought forward in the speech of Father Murphy. His refutation was not very clear.

The voting resulted in the motion being carried by a majority of 9.

The usual vote of thanks to the Chair and to the visitors having been proposed, the PRESIDENT announced that the next debate would take place in May.

SECOND DEBATE.

ON Sunday, May 15th, Mr. A. Makinson moved—

"THAT AUSTRALIAN SYMPATHIES SHOULD BE WITH SPAIN IN THE PRESENT WAR."

Father Rector, Father Murphy and the Community were present, and two old mem-

bers of the Club, Messrs. Percy Power and Godsall, from the University.

Mr. Makinson, in his opening speech, called in question the motives of America. It was not a disinterested love of justice, but a desire to extend her Empire, that induced America to declare war. If England or Germany held Cuba, instead of a weak foe like Spain, there would be no question of America's interference.

Mr. Duffy thereupon attacked the Premier but declared that he reserved his main arguments until his summing up. He concluded by reading McKinley's message to Congress at the beginning of the War.

Mr. Griffin spoke more extempore (and better) than usual. He too dealt with America's motives, and tried to show that the construction put by America on the incident of the "Maine," was a farcical one.

Mr. Macdonald against Spain, appealed to our consanguinity with America—the land full of Irish and Scotch Blood—to our hatred of cruelty and oppression—our English sympathies—our pockets—our interests in the future and our patriotism.

Mr. R. Douglas distinguished himself by his cool, clear, forcible style, and quick incisive power of repartee. Several short, and some brilliant, passages of arms took place during the debate, in which he made his mark.

Mr. Dalton delivered well a carefully written speech. He dwelt, not merely on the justice of the question (the point so far mainly discussed), but on the qualities of Americans, and various other reasons calculated to make us sympathize with the U.S. —all those reasons, in a word, which make an Anglo Saxon alliance desirable.

Mr. Deery made a very short speech in behalf of Spain. In answer to the Hon. member for Rockhampton, he pointed out how large a percentage of blood that is neither Scotch, Irish, nor Anglo Saxon there is in the U.S., and how fallacious it is to say the Americans are of same blood as we.

At this point the President invited the visitors from the University to speak—both having been formerly distinguished members of our club.

In response, Mr. Percy Power spoke for a few minutes, not, however, to the subject of debate—but of the debate itself, praising the speeches and pointing out the advantages of being lively and personal in argument and retort.

Mr. M. Godsall in a short but amusing speech, censured one or two things said by the previous speaker, and made some happy remarks, which provoked the House to much laughter and applause.

Mr. M. Gleeson spoke well and vigorously, and won several rounds of vigorous applause.

Mr. Rynn was lively. He was charged with misquoting an adversary, and admitted the impeachment, at least, to the extent of having exaggerated, but urged in excuse the irresistible plea that he only wanted to make a pun.

Mr. Hugh Douglas was as usual vehement, and roused the House in a short time. "As a Scotch-Irish Queenslander (loud applause), he appealed to his hearers to vote on the side of justice—the side of America."

On Monday, 16th May,

Messrs. Allan and Corser for America, and Mr. Coen, for Spain, continued the debate. After the third speech, an adjournment was moved and carried.

On Wednesday 17th,

The debate was concluded by the summing up speeches.

Mr. Duffy's consisted chiefly of criticism of arguments on the Government side. He dealt especially with the Premier.

Mr. Makinson delivered a more formal and prepared speech, which seemed to make a good deal of impression. He brought out strongly one point of contrast between Americans and Spaniards—that whereas in Cuba and Spanish dependencies, the native population is still as numerous, or more numerous than of old, in America the Indians are almost extinct.

The voting was as follows:—

For America 19.
,, Spain 15.
Majority of 4 for America.

After usual votes of thanks, and a few words of encouragement from Father O'Brien, the debate adjourned for this Term.

JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB.

President: Rev. W. O'Meara, S.J.

Committee:

A. Walker (Hon. Sec.)
C. Loneragan
R. Craven
F. Marmion
R. McKillop
J. Playoust
V. Power
J. Brunton

The inaugural meeting was held in the First Division Library on Friday evening, 25th March. The programme submitted by the Committee was an elaborate one, and, to judge by the frequent and loud applause bestowed on each contributor, it was also a popular one. The Rev. Father Dalton was present, although at some inconvenience, and the members of the Club testified their appreciation of his presence by a right royal welcome. As the Prefect of Studies, accompanied by the Revs. A. Power, E. Downing, P. Baker, J. Healy, and P. McCarthy entered the Hall, the 2nd and 3rd "Divisioners" gave a round of loud applause. The President formally opened the proceedings by briefly recalling the history of the Club, and stated that, as this was the tenth anniversary of its formation, the Committee had resolved to mark the event by producing a special programme of music, song, and speech, the items of which were :—

Overture	Rev. J. Forster, S.J. (Flute) M. Gleeson (Violin) C. Loneragan (Piano) E. Long (Violin)
Recitation—"The Voice and the Pen"	G. Gavan Duffy
Duet (with Orchestral accompaniment)	R. Craven P. Gleeson
Recitation—"Orange & Green" ..	V. Power
Violin Solo	M. Gleeson

President's Address on "Eloquence."

Speeches of Committee.

Advantages of Debate... ...	G. Gavan Duffy
Oratory	J. Burns
True Eloquence	A. Walker
Demosthenes and Eloquence...	R. McKillop
Debates	J. Playoust
The Art of Speaking	F. Marmion
Eloquence	J. Brunton

Time did not permit of the usual vote of thanks to the members who assisted the Committee in making the first meeting such a success. They desire now to thank Mr. Forster, M. Gleeson, and C. Gavan Duffy for contributing to the programme. But C. Duffy is not on the programme! Well, his younger brother was suddenly called home to Melbourne, and, like a hero, the ex-member of the Junior Debating Club resolved to fill his brother's place at two days' notice, and delivered his speech and gave his recitation. The speeches of the Committee had the desired effect of rousing the enthusiasm of debate in the breasts of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions, for promises to speak at next debate were freely made during the interval of recess.

Second Meeting.

The Committee, after careful consideration of Federation and the coming war, decided on the question of debate. C. Loneragan was appointed Premier, with power to form his Ministry, and A. Walker, after much pressing, to fulfil similar offices for the Opposition. The Government were to bring in a bill appointing Sydney the Federal Capital of the Commonwealth, for our young debaters considered that Federation was a foregone conclusion. The two leaders prepared the following list of speakers :—

Ministry.

Premier: C. Loneragan.
Chief Secretary: J. Playoust.
Minister for Lands: J. Burns.
Minister for Education: J. Brunton.
Minister for Agriculture: J. Gleeson.
Attorney-General: S. Rorke.
Postmaster-General. H. Barry.
L. Barry (Willoughby).
S. Hogan (North Shore).
G. Rorke (North Sydney).
R. Blake (Sydney).
A. McKillop (Goulburn).

Opposition.

A. Walker (Leader).
F. Marmion (Westralia).
J. Kennedy (Albury).
R. McKillop (Goulburn).
R. Craven (Waverley).
V. Power (Central Queensland).
P Gleeson (New Zealand).
W. Ricketts (Randwick).
F. Carr (Brisbane).
B. Gavan Duffy (Melbourne).

Excitement had been at fever heat during the two days preceding the debate, and on Monday evening, the 9th of May, the Junior study was the scene of the greatest enthusiasm. The President briefly announced the subject,

and urged the members to finally give their votes to the side which produced the better speeches. During the debate, Rev. Father Dalton, Messrs. Golding, Power, Baker, Downing, Forster, McCarthy, and several members of the Senior Debating Club honoured the proceedings by their attendance. This urged the debaters to greater efforts, and the several speakers did honour to the Club.

He had statistics, too, and the Government looked very sad.

Mr. PLAYOUST hurled glowing words of eloquence at Melbourne and Adelaide, and showed that Sydney would make the best capital; and although he had not written his speech (being unable through a sore hand), he delivered it without hesitation.

Mr. MARMION came all the way from Westralia to oppose the bill, which would mean



'SPES ALTERA TROJÆ'—OUR JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Mr. C. LONERAGAN, in an elaborate opening speech, brought forward a bill for making Sydney the capital of the Commonwealth of Australasia. His arguments were sound, and told on the audience.

Mr. A. WALKER opposed the bill as the true friend of New South Wales. This seemed a paradox, but in a logical speech he showed that New South Wales would be ruined as a colony if Sydney were the Federal Capital. "ruin" and civil war for Australasia. He affirmed that Ballarat should be the capital, and gave such good reasons, that if a vote had been taken then, the Government were doomed.

Mr. BURNS, however, in an able manner, roused the feeling for Sydney again, and placed New South Wales on a pedestal of honour by stating how much that colony had done for Federation.

Mr. B. Gavan Duffy, from distant Melbourne, rose up in great indignation against the selfishness of New South Welshmen in general, and Sydneyites in particular. The only thing they could boast about was the harbour. Now, Melbourne was *the* city for the capital; and the young orator's voice rose and fell in true cadence as he endeavoured to vindicate Melbourne against the supposed attack of the Chief Secretary. Carried away by excitement he almost brought himself under the charge of being personal. But afterwards, in fear of giving offence, he showed, by the help of "Webster's," that his words were quite within bounds.

Mr. Rorke, in reply, showed that Sydney had other claims than having a "fine harbour." He defended Sydney, as was but right, for charity begins at home. He instanced the fact of His Holiness appointing the Archbishop of Sydney the first Cardinal in Australasia, as evidence of the just claims of Sydney.

Mr. Kennedy, by a witty onslaught on Sydney, proved that this city is no good for anything. The best place for the capital was Albury, which is a true Utopia.

Mr. J. Gleeson supported the Government. Were the hon. members going to disgrace Australia by rejecting the bill? If so, they would lose their good name as enlightened members of the human race.

Mr. R. McKillop began a humorous speech by an attack all round, and shattered some weak arguments of the Opposition. (Applause, *ironical*, of course, as he was on the Opposition). But he righted himself by stating that he meant, by "the Opposition," those opposed to him.

Mr. H. Barry called upon the members to make the best city the capital, and then showed that Sydney was the best city.

Mr. V. Power, as representative of Queensland, showed that Ballarat should be the capital, and in detail proved how much this would benefit Queensland and New South Wales.

Mr. L. Barry made a stirring speech for the government, and, as this was his first speech, the Ministry will doubtless give him a portfolio for his able assistance.

Mr. Craven went, in detail, through the speeches of the government, and in an able manner, endeavoured to cut them to pieces.

Mr. Hogan called upon the 3rd Division to vote *en masse* for the government. His speech was well delivered, and gave great promise of effects to come.

Mr. Ricketts said the Government had only one idea amongst its members, and that was 'Look at our beautiful harbour." Well he would give them a new and a better one. "Make Melbourne the Capital."

Mr. G. Rorke, although suffering from a severe cold, said he would risk his health, in order to support Sydney. Any one had only to look at the Harbour to see why Sydney should be the Capital. The speaker was by no means nervous, and gave out his speech in grand style.

Mr. Carr, from Brisbane, defended Melbourne against the attacks of the Government. Mud was in Port Phillip, but it was that flung there by the hon. members.

Mr. Blake wanted to know why so many people and boys came to Sydney for educational, and commercial purposes? He said his first speech was torn up, at the instigation, most likely, of the hon. members of the Opposition, but he would write twenty more speeches, if necessary, for the sake of Sydney.

The enthusiasm was well sustained during the five nights of the debate, during which the above members spoke. Applause was freely bestowed, and the keen thrust, and the quick parry of the opposing sides, were quickly perceived; so that the last night witnessed great excitement about the concluding speeches of the leaders. Both spoke calmly, logically, and to the point. Both had voluminous notes of opposing arguments, and brushed them aside as straws, to the satisfaction of the members.

Mr. Walker again called on patriotic New South Welshmen to save their Colony from destruction, for, to make Sydney Capital, was to destroy New South Wales. This summing up was certainly the best speech he has yet delivered.

Mr. Loneragan was unfortunate in his friends, for, by their continued and genuine applause, they limited his time, and finally he was forced to cut out parts of his arguments.

Rev. Father Dalton addressed a few words to the members, and said he had sympathies with both sides. He was pleased

with the able speeches of the members, and if he liked, he could name some of the members present, who, when Federation came, would grace the benches of the Federal Parliament.

THE PRESIDENT then put the motion to the meeting—"That Sydney should be made the Federal Capital," and after the votes had been taken, declared the numbers—For 33, Against, 23. Majority for the Government, 10.

The second meeting of the Club was concluded by the passing of a vote of thanks to the Community and visitors, which was responded to by the Rev. Mr. Downing, S.J.

THE ACADEMY.

ONE Wednesday evening of late, there was more than usual excitement at the notice board. Evidently there was something startling posted up; and something, too, that seemed to bewilder the little crowd assembled there. "The Riverview Academy, I say!" remarked one of the bystanders. "That's something new," said another, but no one could exactly tell what an academy really was. "The Riverview Literary Academy," said this interesting little notice, "will hold a meeting at 6.45 this evening." But then, was not the whole place an academy? Was it not just as much an academy at six in the morning as at six in the evening? Could not a boys' college be called a young gentlemen's academy just as correctly as a girls' school a young ladies' academy?

It was to be at 6.45. That was something in its favour; for an academy must be something very dreadful indeed, if it were not welcome when it came to abridge the evening study-hour consecrated to the doing of exercises. This was the prevailing opinion at a quarter-to-seven, for it was with general satisfaction that the boys of the Big Study heard the order to lay aside their books, and proceed to the Senior-Division Library. When all had taken their places there, several members of the Community came in, and Father Murphy, the Prefect of Studies, took the president's chair.

Father Murphy opened the proceedings with an address, in which he set himself at once to solve the great question of the evening. He said that once in ancient Greece an assembly of philosophers, by abstract proofs, argued against the possibility of motion, when one of their number rose, and by the simple argument of walking showed the fallacy of their reasoning; so to explain what was meant by an academy, the most effective way was to hold a meeting of the academy, and thus "*solvitur ambulando.*" This was a meeting of the Academy, in which an address was being delivered on what constituted an academy. We found then that, like Monsieur Jourdan who had been unconsciously talking prose all his life, we had been taking part in an academy fully five minutes before we realized the dignity of our position. The President continued, that an academy was a society or club, whose members met together for the advancement of some branch of learning or art. There had been many kinds of academies since that first great learned assembly which gave its name to the rest. We had heard of academies of literature, of history, of science, of music, and of painting; the one which he revived that evening was a literary academy. He said "revived," for, should it grow one day to be an honour to the College, it ought to be known that he could not claim to be its founder. Father Keating, shortly before he left, had formed a literary academy at Riverview, and he (Father Murphy) was only continuing what Father Keating had begun, and would no doubt have made a success, if he had remained a little longer among us.

The Academy then renewed, said Father Murphy, was called a literary one, because it was intended that literary merit should be aimed at in the work prepared for it; it was not meant to be literary in the restricted sense, that papers might not be read at the meetings on subjects other than literature, for papers upon history, biography, science, geography, and he would go so far as to say on athletics, would be admitted. The meetings of the Academy were, in future, to be held about once a month. Another important point remained yet to be made clear. It might be asked, who were to be members of the Academy? It was to be conservative, the Upper Classes, including the Juniors, were to constitute the main body of its members. As Father Keating had intended the Academy to be closely connected with the debate, all active members of the Debating Club would be allowed to join it. The dux of each class, too, would share this privilege,

and, in fine, any boy might hope, as a reward for special good work, to attend a sitting of the Academy.

Having next put before us the great advantages that a literary society of this kind would bring, not only to those who would be incited to labour to produce good compositions, but to those too who merely came to listen, and so profited by the studies of others, the President again reverted to the text: "*Solvitur Ambulando*," and said that, in order to illustrate how the Academy meetings would be carried on, he would show us, for a few minutes, the Academy at work. When a meeting of the Academy had assembled, someone would deliver a lecture or read a paper on one of the subjects mentioned. He himself would now treat briefly this subject:—"The Perfect Lyric." Fr. Murphy then defined lyric poetry, showed how it was distinguished from epic, and briefly enumerated the favourite themes of lyric poets. Illustrating his subject by examples, he read, with comments, two pieces: Barnfield's "Nightingale," and Herrick's "Blossoms," but admitted that, though very beautiful, these pieces were not perfect. It was Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark" which surpassed all lyric lays of old and modern times, and did not reach—for human things are never faultless—but came very near perfection.

The rapt attention with which Father Murphy's reading of Shelley's masterpiece, and his explanations to throw light on its beauties, were listened to, speaks eloquently for the future of our little Academy.

In conclusion, the President said that nothing that Horace ever wrote approached in beauty this gem of Shelley's.

This last remark introduced us to the last, not the least useful, item on the general programme of an Academy meeting, for it was made in that tone with which Father Murphy, in examining a class, often puts forward some atrocious fallacy, so that the tranquil faces may show the guilty consciences. This was a challenge, and meant by him to draw the Senior Boys into hot discussion. We could see that they were anxious to take up the glove, but the summons was sudden, and they were looking about for their arms to strike a blow for old Horace. There was a pause, and then the bell for supper proclaimed a truce. Alas! we went out from this intellectual treat to the baser refreshments of bread and butter, and tea.

THE POET'S GIFT.

MINE is old time—from its first opening day,
When beamy light illum'd the new made sky,
And pour'd a stream upon this earth to die,
Thro' days' young round, in new made grandeur play,
Ere coming night should steal the charm away.
All that on Earth's wide space one doth espy,
The past, the present that so soon will fly,
And all its recollections hence convey.
The onward path, where new found things will come,
The joys, and sorrows, of each new made home.
The beaming hopes that on the vista shine;
Memorials strong of all that hence have flown,
And with impressions clear of what I own,
Dreams of Eternity, that will be mine.

J. E. S. HENERIE.

AN AMERICAN ON THE SPANISH FOE.

[Seeing that the interest which is being taken at present in the war between Spain and America is so great that our daily journals appear to think that no item of war news can be read too often, we are tempted to re-produce in full an article, which none of our Australian readers will have seen even once before. It is a word in praise of Spain, too, and this, as lovers of fair play, we fear, will, in this country, be a further claim to novelty We take the following article from the *Dial*, a brother school magazine, edited by the students of the Jesuit College of St. Mary's, Kanzas, U.S.A. It appears over the modest *nom-de-plume* of "Harry," and is entitled "Our Spanish Foe."]

A FEW years ago we, who had time to speculate about such things, gazed across the ocean at the strained relations between European governments and at that very dangerous and unstable thing called the "balance of power," and we wondered if war would end this century as it ended the last, and, if so, what nations would be involved. And lo! the war-god, instead of passing us by, has stopped at our own door, much to our surprise, and thus given us another occasion of meditating on the eventuation of unlikelihoods.

And, of course, we are not the only nation involved, since it takes more than one to make a quarrel. And who is our adversary? Spain, whose glorious career as a great nation ended years ago in the discovery of the continent we inhabit. Spain is our adversary, and as we do not desire to be considered nationally as a bully, we hope she will prove worthy of our enmity.

From recent hints dropped now and then concerning the country of Spain and the type of character which it produces, we shall be

disappointed if the land of the Dons proves a weak foe. It is a strange fact that up to late years Spain has been a country about which very many people knew little or nothing. Tourists in Europe always found Spain out of the road ordinarily taken by travellers. London, Paris, and Rome have been the great objective points of European travel; so that while we have been kept very well informed on England, France, Italy, and other parts of Europe, until very recently we have been able to glean no very great deal about a land whose history is the most romantic, whose architecture is the most interesting, and whose scenery—excepting possibly Italy—is the most beautiful in all Europe. Even Irving gives but an inadequate picture of modern Spain. His writings stir our admiration for the Spain of the Moors and their Christian conquerors; and he leaves us under the very false impression that Spanish beauty died with the Arabian ascendancy, and that the main interest of an outsider in Spain must necessarily centre in the broken pleasure-houses, which the conquered Moslem reluctantly left behind when he returned, after seven centuries, crestfallen to Africa and the deserts of the Nile.

That this is not true recent evidence, of a kind not calculated to be over-favourable to Spain, has abundantly proved. Her cathedrals are among the grandest in Europe. Her cities combine oriental caprice with mediæval quaintness. Her history (a glorious old history) is written all over the land in towers and fortresses and battlements, that excite the young blood of the romantic and whet the appetite of antiquarians. We all of us have heard of the Andalusian sky, and we think only of heroes and saints when we mention Seville, Granada, Cordova, or Valladolid. Travellers, who praise grudgingly, tell us that, throughout parts of Spain, there is in the scenery of mountain and valley and waterway a vivid freshness and a prodigal lavishness of verdure that suggest to the beholder the first morning in Paradise when creation sparkled in its newness.

But when the learned traveller leaves the scenery and the Churches, and begins to treat of the people, he ceases to be sweeping in his praise. In fact, at the start, he is a little nonplussed, and does not know exactly what to say. The men are gentlemen, even to the peasant. They possess a native pride that is rather manly than otherwise; they are simple, obliging, entertaining, and, in their habits and customs, picturesque. They have a natural refinement which, given the scope that a little education and wealth afford, surrounds itself with ornaments of grace and good taste. They give public encouragement to literature, and their senate is renowned for its eloquence.

The American traveller acknowledges all this but is not satisfied. He wants something which he calls "progress." The country is all right—but it has lagged behind a century or two. There are no elaborate systems of railroads; commerce is stagnant for want of enterprise and push; the farmer is content to turn up the glebe with a wooden ploughshare. The country is not worked; the prison system is unprofitable to the state; the government is Roman Catholic and inalert; it is scarcely rich enough to maintain on land and sea a military force adequate to a second-class power. All this the American traveller sees and deplores. All his life he has been jumbling together the, by no means synonomous, terms of might and justice; and now, when he contemplates Spain with all her fine possibilities unworked, he concludes with cocksureness that something must be wrong, to account for this lack of national power and this absence of modern wealth and ingenuity. Poverty is a crime with him, as it was with the ancient pagan; and not only an evil in itself, but the offspring of sin somewhere. Spain is poor; where is the curse that has fallen upon it and keeps it poor?

The American traveller with a fine instinct, which three centuries of prejudice have bred in him, turns immediately to the Catholic Church. It is wonderful how quickly Protestant gentlemen and infidels can track down to its source the poverty of a hamlet or a nation. Ruskin could do it in a minute, so could Macaulay; and from Ruskin and Macaulay down to our American traveller—and the range is great—every scribbler who chanced to notice the phenomenon has ascribed it to the same cause. How they acquired this deductive ability it is hard to say: it looks like intuition.

It certainly is true. These shrewd writers may have unconsciously received light for their conclusions from the Bible. For the Bible says that the Kingdom of Christ is principally composed of the poor. Suppose we acknowledge that Spain is poor because

it is steadfastly Catholic, what follows? Does it follow that the Catholic creed is a false creed, or that Spain is unhappier, as a nation of individuals, than America, or England, or Russia, or Germany? In the minds of modern travellers in Spain all this evidently follows, since they neglect no opportunity of aspersing and sneering at the Church, and of commiserating with the Spaniards for the dreadful incubus they imagine they see pressing down their nation.

We read in Newman's "Saints of the Desert" the following saying of Abbot Anthony: "The days are coming when men will go mad; and when they meet a man who has kept his senses, they will rise up against him saying, 'You are mad because you are not like us.'" The days predicted by the good abbot are here. If men do not dance through life to the harsh music of factory whistles, the rumble of traffic, and the shriek of locomotives, they must needs be mad. They are unprogressive, and under some pious delusion.

"Be not solicitous for the shadow of a great name," says a'Kempis, "for this begets distractions and great darkness in the heart." These words were written before the world had issued from the peaceful serenity of mediævalism, and in the light of succeeding events they contained a foreboding of disaster for the oncoming ages which has been fully realized. Where is there greater darkness of heart than in the nations of to-day, whose policy is strong for progress and "the shadow of a great name?" Worldly ambition flows in the blood of modern men, worldly success dazzles them; God is receding further and man is becoming all-sufficient.

God save Spain from the progress of the northern nations! Long may she continue undefiled by modern smoke and undeafened by modern uproar! Still may her children be raised in quiet cities and hamlets under the shadow of stately and holy minsters, where the chime of bells and the sound of sacred song fill the clean air in the golden sunlight of her days, and the pure starlight of her eves! May they continue to sit, generation after generation, at the feet of pious parents who, instead of pointing out a banking house or dry goods store, will direct their thoughts heavenward and recount to them the deeds of a Teresa or a Loyola!

The white light of our prosperity in these northern climes hurts our eyes. We are sick of it—sick and tired nigh unto death. For the Spanish peasants' literature of blue sky, white cities, fabrics of airy Gothic, legends of knights and saints, and, above all, for his simple, unquestioning faith, we are ready to exchange places with him even though we must follow a wooden ploughshare all the rest of our life.

What if they have beggars! We have tramps, and half our tramps, if squeezed into Spain, would inundate the kingdom. They are lazy! So are we, only our laziness differs in kind. They are lazy in the service of mammon, while we are lazy in the service of God. They are unclean in their habits! That is a lie. The Spanish people as a whole are scrupulously severe on this point; and if exceptions are found, they are not found either in the abundance or in the degree in which they can be seen in England and America. Probably there is not a single village in Spain which can be compared for grime and dirt and indigence to a half hundred English and American coal-mining towns.

So let us not find fault with Spain for being unprogressive. The longer she stays ignorant of the modern whirligig style of living the better it will be for her. And this truth is confirmed by experience within her own boundaries. Barcelona has been called the "Chicago of Spain," because its people are infected with that fever for gain and traffic which characterizes "progress;" and the very detractors of Spain admit that the people of Barcelona cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the "lazy" Andalusians for nobility of heart, integrity of character and agreeableness of manner.

So, if Spain is our foe, she is a foe worthy of our arms. We may expect her to try our might and resources before the present war is over. If she loses Cuba, and we have no doubt she will, it will be owing to the rapacity of some of her progressive government officials. It will be a misfortune to her, but misfortunes are sometimes blessings; and if the event helps to kill off some of her rising "progressive" spirit it ought not to be deplored by Spain as an unmitigated evil.

"BEATI MORTUI QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR."

AS it is now nearly twenty years since St. Ignatius' College was opened, a list of the old pupils who have passed away will have an interest—it may be a sad one—for the readers of our OUR ALMA MATER. All died at home, with their friends, and we have every hope that, through the mercy of God, they died the death of the Just. The death of some of them was most edifying. Last year, the Rev. Father Meagher, P.P., of Singleton, sent us a very consoling account of Richard Snelson's holy death, after a long and painful illness; and this time we publish in another column an account of the death of Frank Dynon, who died holily after a short illness. "*Requiescant omnes in pace.*"

The following is the list of names:—

CHARLES DE LAURET, Goulburn.
FRANCIS FARRAHER, South Coast.
FRANCIS MAHER, Sydney.
JOHN O'RORKE, Brisbane.
EDWARD PAGE, Brisbane.
CLARENCE PARKER, Sydney.
ARTHUR RUDD, Wagga.
FRANCIS KENNEDY, Wellington (N.Z.)
ROGER MOLONEY, Kangaloon.
ALFRED LAWLER, Sydney.
MATHEW CRAIG, Melbourne.
MATHEW TOOHEY, Sydney.
RICHARD SNELSON, Singleton.
WILFRED HARRINGTON, Maryboro' (Q.)
FRANCIS DYNON, Perth.
CHARLES LENNON, Brisbane.

If any name has been omitted we shall be very glad to supply the omission in our next issue.

FRANK DYNON.

GRIM and unrelenting death has claimed as one of his latest victims an ex-Riverviewer, in the person of Francis Dynon. After mid-winter vacation, 1887, Francis Dynon entered St. Ignatius' College, and, during his student days amongst us, secured for himself many warm friends. Prominent as he was in athletics, and particularly on the football field, the consequence naturally was that he formed amongst his school-fellows many personal attachments, that his unvarying gentlemanliness and his many agreeable social qualities conserved and strengthened. His end was in keeping with a life that had been subjected to the beneficent spiritual influences constantly operating within the walls of our Alma Mater. In April last he visited Tasmania in the capacity of a business representative of the firm of John Dynon and Sons, of Melbourne and Sydney. After a short stay in Hobart, he proceeded to the mining centres on the famous "West Coast of Tasmania," and returned to Hobart very ill. For a time he bore up bravely against illness, but, eventually, he felt forced to go into Fairfield, a private hospital. It was too late! From the very moment of his entrance delirium seized him, and the lady in charge knew that her patient was not only past the aid of all human skill, but was also a stranger in a strange land, unable to give any account of his friends or their whereabouts. She noticed, however, that the sufferer was wearing a scapular and a medal, and, though not a Catholic herself, she knew something of the significance of the badge and index of his sonship of the Church, and promptly telephoned to the Palace of the Archbishop of Hobart. Almost immediately the Rev. Father Gilleran (Administrator of St. Mary's Cathedral) was upon the scene. At once grasping the situation, he set to work and discovered the identity of the sufferer, and the address of his relatives in Melbourne. To the latter he cabled intelligence of the approaching demise, and then the "Fairfield" nursing staff positively fought with death, but neither their skill and patient attention, nor the unremitting care and attention of Drs. Scott and Wolfhafen (two of Hobart's foremost practitioners) could do more than slightly delay the end. A brother and sister of the sufferer arrived from Melbourne some forty hours before Frank Dynon passed away. The Revs. Father Gilleran and Father O'Reilly, of St. Mary's Cathedral, attended him constantly during his illness, the former administering the last rites of Holy Church. Frank died on the 9th of May, in the twenty-third year of his age, and on the following day was interred in the Catholic private compartment in Cornelian Bay Cemetery; the service at the grave being conducted by the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Co-adjutor Bishop of Hobart, assisted by Fathers Gilleran and O'Reilly. Our quondam schoolfellow's death was a serenely happy one. The several non-Catholics who were in attendance at the bed-

side, accustomed as they are to such scenes, aver that no more edifying spectacle could have been witnessed than the perfect calmness, nay, even joyful resignation with which Frank awaited the summons of his Maker. On one of the most beautifully-situated promontories in the wide world stands Cornelian Bay Cemetery, and there lie Frank Dynon's remains, almost 'neath the shadow of the tomb of the late Dean Woods, of Hobart, a spot where numberless devout Catholics of the city on the Derwent daily offer up pious supplications for the eternal repose of the soul of one who was most beloved among the Australasian priests. Those faithful children of the Church, we may be assured, will not fail to remember, in their charitable offices, the soul of the stranger whose bones have found a resting-place in such consecrated soil, and will join with his friends and his school-mates, far and near, in devoutly praying that the soul of Frank Dynon may

Rest in Peace.

THE "KEATING" PRIZE.

A HANDSOME Edition, in 6 vols, of Ruskin's Modern Painters, with the original Plates, is the work presented this year for the Keating Prize, by the ex-students of Riverview. It is almost like gilding refined gold, or painting the lily, to attempt to enhance the beauty of this work by special binding, yet competitors will be glad to hear that it has been transferred to the tradesmen's hands to re-appear in the now traditional binding of the Keating Prize. The Prize, we understand, will be awarded this year for English Literature, together with the Literature and History of Greece or Rome, the usual conditions being required of active membership of the Debating Society and of the Academy. We are desirous of taking this opportunity of renewing the appeal to the ex-students to secure by their contributions the continuance of the award of this Prize. They would themselves, we are sure, be amongst the first to regret the discontinuance of this tribute to Fr. Keating. They will, therefore, not be displeased to be warned that without their practical co-operation and contribution it will become impossible that it should be permanent. Has the "Union" done nothing yet in this matter? We are bound in this connection to make special grateful mention of the zealous labours of "Tom Kelly" in this cause, and of the generosity of "Cris." Brennan, who has three times this year sent in no small contribution to the Keating Prize Fund. To those two ex-students is mainly due the continuance of the award.

NOTES ON OUR EX-STUDENTS.

SINCE our last number appeared, the members of the Riverview Ex-Students' Union held a re-union in the shape of a very successful "smoking" concert.

MR. GEORGE FLANNERY'S old school-mates will be greatly pleased to learn that he has quite recovered from his long and serious illness. He is back again in the Law Courts in his "wig and gown." May his present gown, in due time, be changed to a silk one.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON has, we hear, finally adopted the profession of Naval Engineer, and has gone home in that capacity on board one of the great ocean steamers. Wherever his lot may be cast, on land or sea, "Jack Davo" (his pet name at school) will always carry with him the respect and esteem and the best good wishes of his old masters and of his school-mates. He was a universal favourite, and deservedly.

MR. JOHN FITZSIMONS has been, for four or five years, filling an important position in a large insurance office here in Sydney, and filling it so successfully that he has been promoted to a still more important position in the Company's offices in Melbourne. Before leaving for his new home, Mr. Fitzsimons got a grand send-off from the citizens of Balmain, who entertained him at a complimentary dinner, given in his honour at their Town Hall. The Mayor of Balmain (Mr. G. C. Murdoch) presided, and fully a hundred guests were present; among them, many fellow-students of Riverview, and many representatives of the various departments of sport with which Mr. Fitzsimons was identified. Mr. T. F. Kelly, President of the Riverview Ex-Students' Union, made the eulogistic speech, after which the toast, "Our Guest," was heartily responded to. We wish Mr. Fitzsimons every success.

BERNARD MCBRIDE and FRANK MAKINSON passed the Intermediate Law Examination last month.

WE are glad to have something elsewhere from the pen of MR. C. BRENNAN, even though it is shorter than we could wish. Looking back at the first copy of the incipient ALMA MATER, we find that the editors were C. Brennan, S. Burke (now the Rev. Dr. Burke, of Manly), and H. Fitzgerald (now Father Fitzgerald, of Brisbane).

THE muse has not forsaken MR. J. E. S. HENERIE. We thank him for the sonnet which he has kindly written for this number.

WE were pleased to see CHRIS. FLANAGAN early last term, looking right well. Chris. laboured hard last year to make our athletic sports a success, and, in spite of weather and all other obstacles, managed to give us a very pleasant holiday.

WE congratulate the ex-captain of our cricket team, JAMES PUNCH, on his brilliant batting last cricket season in Second Grade matches. His highest score in these matches was 105, and he also made 98, 78, 58 and 55 (not out). In out-side matches, he scored 135 (not out) on one occasion, and 69 on another.

ALTHOUGH our own Rowing Club has no victories to record of late, yet it seems as if our College by the river is showing itself a nursing mother of oarsmen: HARRY MANNING rowed bow-oar in the victorious Sydney University Eight, on June 4th, at Adelaide. We have recorded Harry's successes in the cricket field before: it gives us pleasure to see him making his name on a new element.

IN the Club races connected with the University Rowing Club, E. B. FITZPATRICK has been distinguishing himself. He stroked the winning crew in the annual Freshmen's Fours race. Last year, another of our ex-students, JOHN D'APICE, was stroke for the crew who won this same race.

THE fame of Riverview is being manfully kept up on the football field by I. O'DONNELL, who plays five-eighth for Wallaroo, and by J. O'DONNELL, who is one of the Wallaroo forwards. We are proud to see Wallaroo leading in the Competition.

GENERAL NOTES.

DURING last Summer Vacation, Mr. Forster shot a mopoke at Wentworth Falls, and it has been stuffed, and installed beside the black cockatoo in our little museum. When the dead, but life-like, bird was introduced to "Joe" the parrot, he got into a state of dangerous excitement, and used language and gestures which betrayed vehement mental perturbation. We can easily excuse his fears when we think what a jar might be given to the nerves of a brave man by the sudden appearance, at his window, of an Egyptian mummy staring at him through two glass eyes.

OUR friend "Joe" is acquiring a considerable vocabulary of the English language. When the windows are open his soliloquies often enliven the monotony of the longer study hours.

WE received the following letter from a correspondent who interests himself in "Joe's" education :

Dear Sir,—Can you tell me why "Joe," the parrot, is so affected by the rattling of a box of matches? The rattling of other things, such as chains and keys, he doesn't mind, but a box of matches (especially at first, before he got somewhat used to it) made him dance and scream in a most awful way. Does the sound remind him of some obnoxious thing in his own past life, or that of his ancestors, as a rattle-snake or some such thing? —Yours truly, SANITATOR.

[Can any of our parrot-fancying readers supply the answer? Editors, O.A.M.]

THE new black ink, introduced this term, has given satisfaction to everyone, especially to the Matron, who superintends the ablutions of our very small boys, as it can be removed from their hands and faces much more easily than the old violet ink.

WE have had some violent storms—atmospheric of course—at Riverview during the last six months. In February, the veteran post, which held the central electric lights in the courtyard, was blown down. It had been very sensitive to draughts since its underclothing of bushes had been taken away. Bro. Doyle has supplied its loss by electric lamps affixed to the corners of the adjoining build-

ings. He has also erected two new lights in the 2nd and 3rd Division playgrounds respectively, which, to one approaching the College at night, give the idea of out-posts. We do not wish to dull the edge of public expectation by dwelling on the enterprises we expect to see soon accomplished by this increasing electrical activity. Next century, if the cricket grounds are not lit up after tea, we hope at least that handball and tennis will be quite *en règle* during the last play hour.

READING of the Americans entering Manila Harbour it suggests itself to us, if we can compare great things with small, that every large place like this should be provided with a "Burglars' Search Light."

THE construction of the railway between Riverview and Burns' Bay has thoroughly opened up the country beyond the Engine House; and what was once a barren wilderness will soon be one of the most productive districts in the neighbourhood. It is proposed to lay out the Riverview Zoological Gardens in this locality. Aviaries well supplied with birds, tasty sheds for the larger animals, and basins and fountains to add freshness to the scene would make this a most fashionable resort for visitors on Sunday evenings.

ON March 16th, Father Rabbitte left for Europe by R.M.S. Ormuz. We hear that he is now attached to the "Jesuit Mission Staff" in Ireland.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was heartily welcomed and passed off merrily. A varied display of green ribbons and green leaves of all sizes, with an occasional sample of the genuine shamrock, showed that we were loyal still to old Ireland, for most of us the land of our ancestors. During the day there was some hard training on the river, in view of the coming regatta. The 2nd Division had a paper chase which resulted, as usually is not the case, in the capture of the hares near Chatswood. Many valuable books, chiefly Greek and Latin translations of Ritchie's and Morris's works, were distributed through the uncultured bush. After tea we all went to the Theatre, where Mr. Baker had prepared everything for a magic lantern entertainment. We were treated first to some music, for which we were grateful to Mr. Forster and M. Gleeson. We have an acquisition for our musical soirées in M. Gleeson. When the strains of music had died away, and the electric light had been turned off, we found ourselves, very appropriately for St. Patrick's Day, in view of the streets of Dublin. Father O'Brien acted as our guide through Dublin, and interspersed his descriptions of the lime-light views with anecdotes of Dublin celebrities. As we waited outside the Four Courts, he told us of Lord Norbury's heartless joke on one occasion, when condemning a man to death for stealing a watch.—"My friend, you have grasped at Time and got Eternity." We had a hurried view of Killarney, and Clonmacnoise where many Irish kings are buried, and then the scene was changed to the home of the Gael in Scotland. From the Highlands we went to Edinburgh, and finally we took Sir Walter Scott's advice and saw Melrose Abbey by moonlight. Variety lends a charm to magic lantern exhibitions. The next scene was our cricket captain, Fred. Deery, making a drive for six. Then came Jack Fenton, double life-size. Then there was poor old "Farmer," the horse, waiting patiently to have his photograph taken, with five 3rd Divisioners on his back. These local pictures did not want any explanation beyond the remarks and loud laughter with which they were greeted. But what evoked most mirth were scenes from "The Village Blacksmith." The demure look of the blacksmith's "boys" going to church, and their attire and head-gear, seemed to tickle the audience in a most unaccountable way. We wish we could reproduce all these scenes in the ALMA. As we cannot, we think the best thing for the reader is to come and see Mr. Baker's next display.

THERE was a large crowd up for the Regatta on March 19th. Four steamers, as full as to be able to hold no more, steamed away from the wharf, after the conclusion of the races. The *Sydney Mail* had a good account of the Regatta, illustrated with photographic views, and the *Evening News* had a graphic, chatty description of it. But about the Regatta we publish an article elsewhere, from the pen of our Special Correspondent.

ON March 27th, at about a quarter-to-eight, a.m., a laughing jackass (whether in

pursuit of breakfast or not, we cannot state) flew boldly through the glass of the window of the Senior Boys' Billiard Room. The whole pane of glass was carried into the room and some of the pieces were found near the opposite wall, thirty feet away. When somebody entering, in a more prosaic fashion, by the door, ventured to remonstrate with the bird, the latter made matters worse by dashing for another window, but, this time it struck on an open patch where the thoroughfare was unimpeded. Why a sober old bird like the jackass, who has the wide Australian Bush to roam, and a protecting passport from the Government, should come to Riverview to help to run up glaziers' bills we cannot explain.

About Easter, an old friend, the Influenza, called just to keep up acquaintance, but two or three fine days made him hasten his departure, and the Infirmarian felt quite lonely again down at the Hospital by himself.

On account of the shortness of the time between the opening of schools and Easter, the Prefect of Studies decided to hold no Easter examinations. Unless there is great slaughter at Mid-winter, a good number of champions will be left standing to contend for the Class-Championship medals.

The three last days of Holy Week were devoted to the annual retreat. Father Nulty gave the lectures. The Retreat was very well kept by all.

During the three Easter holidays, the boys who remained at the College, with the help of the Community, got up two enjoyable cricket matches.

Football came in immediately after Easter.

We had another storm after Easter. The corrugated iron was blown off the roof that shelters the 2nd Division lavatory, and Mr. Kent's room. Next morning Sergeant Williams mounted to repair the breach and got a bad cut on the hand from a flying sheet of iron.

One morning in May, Father Rector, before beginning Mass, asked us to pray for the souls of two ex-students, who had recently departed this life : Charles Lennon, of Brisbane, and Frank Dynon, of Perth. R.I.P.

After the splendid meeting in Sydney to do honour to the memory of Michael Dwyer and of the other Irish patriots of 1798, we had the pleasure of a visit from several distinguished sympathisers with the cause, who had come to Sydney for the occasion. Among them was Dr. O'Donnell, who spoke so eloquently at the meeting. Messrs. Jagueurs, Winter, Walshe, and Waldron also visited the College.

Though only five in number this year, our Juniors seem to think that they have been able for the examiners, and that when the results appear, though it will probably be found that they have not plucked the examiners of much with which to plume themselves, yet neither, they hope, will the examiners boast of having plucked them.

Early in June, Father Murphy held a meeting to reconstruct our Literary Academy. Father Keating held one meeting of the Academy, which he was organizing at the time that he left. At this meeting, E. Kelly read an essay, on which George Dow and Bertie McEvoy made short critical speeches, and P. Meagher and W. Fallon gave readings.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart, came as a most welcome break in the midst of the examinations. We had a beautiful day, so that even those who had been stricken by influenza appeared again in public, and the able-bodied of both First and Second Divisions were eager for a paper-chase. This time the hares (H. Douglas and D. O'Sullivan), though they arrived looking as if they had run through some rough country, came home long before the hounds. In the evening, a base-ball team came up, and a match was played, in which several of the higher Division joined.

The first speeches of the competitors for the Oratory Gold Medal, presented by a generous friend of the College, Mr. Beardmore, of Rockhampton, were to have taken place on the evening of June 15th, but, unfortunately, that morning one of our most redoubtable orators was discovered in the Infirmary, and another competitor was too hoarse to say even "Mr. President and gentlemen," so the Oratory Debate has been postponed. We recommend the orators to practise their speeches at home, with their younger brothers and sisters for audience. We hear that the postponed debate will take place soon after the holidays.

THE day of our break-up, June 21st, will be the 20th Anniversary of the day on which the purchase of Riverview, by the Jesuit Fathers was arranged. On June 28th, 1878, the purchase was completed. June 28th was, that year, the Feast of the Sacred Heart. "*Quod felix faustumque sit.*"

ON June 20th, Father Duffy, S.J., arrived here from Melbourne to give retreats in this colony. Though 84 years of age, Father Duffy is as hale and hearty in mind, and very nearly as active in body as when he returned from the Crimean War, over forty years ago. Father Duffy was chaplain to an Irish regiment in the war, and having gone through the rigours of that terrible winter, he despises all minor hardships. We have now at Riverview the two Grand Old Men of the Irish Jesuits, Father Dalton and Father Duffy. May they remain long among us. —Every Riverviewer will say. Amen.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURENCE AT RIVERVIEW."

JUST at 9.45 p m. the other night, one of the students in the Senior Study, suddenly rose from his place and without any apparent licence from the presiding authority, proceeded to open the window and was heard to say, though not distinctly, "Is there a 'cog' of Xenophon in this press?" It was evident now that the unfortunate youth was walking in his sleep (an awful example to those who use the Study Hall as a dormitory). "It's on the top shelf," he said, stepping on to a desk and then on to the window-sill and leaning forward. Another second, and all knew that he would be precipitated into the garden beneath, and his stores of knowledge perhaps scattered for ever. Everyone was horrified—the suspense was awful to bear. But, you ask, did he fall? Did he fall? Well, that is neither here nor there. We could not swear that he did. This fact, however, cannot be denied: that if he had fallen and had his head or neck been the first part to reach the ground, he never would have eaten lollies again. Talking of lollies, let us hear what Mr. J. Smith, 6 Eucalyptus Street, Dentiststown, N.S.W., has to say:— "About six months ago I felt excessively bad. A feeling of drowsiness came over me whenever I tried to apply myself to work. I suffered acutely from pains in the palms of the hands, and when the lights went out the change made me quite giddy. My appetite was quite gone; in fact I never had the courage to open another tin of jam at supper. The doctors could do nothing for me. They ordered me late milk suppers and fresh fruit, but it was no use; life had become a burden to me. Reduced to this state I luckily met a friend who advised me to give up all inferior lollies, and eat none but those supplied by Griffin and Corser. I took his advice and I am now quite well.—Yours etc., John Smith." Messrs. Griffin and Corser's Lolly Stores, late Deery and Baker's are in Playground Place, Riverview, only half-a-minutes' walk from Government Cottage. Caramels a speciality. —Advt.

AT OUR REGATTA.

FIRST race 2.30 p.m., by the card, so about that hour, in mood like that of Horace, when he sang:

> "Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
> Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
> Portare ventis." . . . .

—for how easily we emancipate ourselves from the shackles of grim-visaged care—I betook myself to the Senior boatshed, *via* the Second Division cricket ground, now sad in its desertion. Bright as my thoughts, far brighter the day, a perfect autumn day—an Australian autumn day—cool, clear, and delightful.

Carrolling, light as lark, words somewhat to this effect:

> "A rollicking son of song am I,
> Sorrow and cares to the wind I shy,"

I go down, down the steep, rock-hewn, weather-crusted steps, grim-walled by beetling crag and gnarled gum-tree; fringed with fern and trickling rivulet, until, emerging from cloisteral gloom into meridian glare, I find myself standing in front of the boatshed, on the floating pontoon, that rises and falls at the bid of the restless sea.

Not many persons are yet in evidence about the shed. The perennial photographer—the excrescence of our age—a few crews, and a few racing-gigs, that sit uppishly upon the water, as if conscious of their peculiar importance in the afternoon's proceedings, are all that, as yet, mark the day and the hour. Duggie's crew, for the College Fours, is just putting off for the starting point at Longueville. "Ease her off, boys, gently, gently"; "that will do—ready, boys—half forward—go," cries the dainty little cox, in a voice that he must have borrowed or hired for the occasion, and, as a man, they catch the water, clean and hard, and forward shoots the mettlesome gig. What poetry there is in the movement of a racing gig, under the united effort of a good crew. The balance, the rhythm, the level flash of the blades on the feather, the bright gleam of the blades, fringed with a lacework of sparkling diamonds on the finish, the rattle of the oars in the rowlocks, the free and dashing motion, in faultless time, of bodies clad in white, slashed with blue, the even, unchecked and unsplashed progress of the graceful ship, and the long, deep swirl of angry water as the



OUR REGATTA—SENIOR EIGHTS, NEAR LONGUEVILLE.

(From the *Sydney Mail.*)

oars sweep through—these possess a poetry and a music of their own, and a charm for me!

I had just turned around to scan the boat-shed, which was looking a real "toff" in its new coat of white, with blue trimmings and gold buttons, framed in a halo of bunting, when my ears were assailed by an unearthly booing, like some weird and ghostly echo of that yell of frantic joy that went up from time to time during the afternoon, from hundreds of brazen throats, when some victorious crew, in the agony of victory, shot past the winning post—only more so! more so!

I turn suddenly around, and, looking Sydneywards, I descry a huge black column rise heavenwards, behind the jutting headlands, and presently, two huge monsters, sending forth masses of black smoke and dismal bellowings round the Longueville Point. As they draw near, they take form and shape—they are two steamers, laden to the water's edge with the good Sydney folk. And in a moment, with the bewildering spontaneity of the transformation scene, the river, sparkling in the rays of the evening sun, land-locked by gum-clad hills on either side, is alive with a multitude of promiscuous crafts—grotesque heralds of the aquatic carnival.

And now behind me, from the water's edge, as if the mermaids were arevelling, the sound of sweet music arises; it is the band of the Permanent Artillery Forces playing-in the pleasure-seeking crowd. I take a boat and row, in unison with the music, gently around, an oar's length from the rocks, towards the wharf. I am just in time to watch the steamers disgorge their mighty burdens—the crowd is even larger than at previous regattas. It is a record attendance in an age of records, some thousands of persons. And now I stand out for the mid-stream, that I may see the panoramic splendour of Riverview on Regatta Day. I had heard much of the effect, I was not disappointed. On leaving the wharf proper, the crowd divided into three distinct streams; one swept around to the right, attracted by the magic of sweet music, romantic walks and a good view of the river; the other, pushed manfully forward along the broad, shady path that debouches upon the Second Division Cricket Ground, from which a charming view of the river, framed in gum-trees and ferns, may be had; while the third, a hardy, mountaineering set (to judge by their choice), turned to the left, and climbed the steep—very steep—rock-hewn steps that lead to the garden plateau. The fairer sex are in strength, and lend variety, colour, charm and the sweet music of merry laughter to grace the joyous occasion. Nor do they confine their wandering to the quaint mazes of the garden and the romantic paths of the College grounds—where, flitting about, they resemble so many large and choicely-tinted butterflies among the flowers and shrubs,—but they even crown the College buildings with an aureole of prismatic light.

And now a large white swan, with wings tipped with gold, comes gliding gracefully by, and, as it draws nigh, my poetic eye, disillusionised, beholds in it but a steam pinnace, bearing His Excellency, Admiral Pearson, who is accompanied by his charming daughter and Flag Lieutenant. They are met at the wharf by the officials of the Regatta, and conducted to a nook sacred to the goddess Nobility. I am told that His Excellency evinced the greatest interest in the several items of the programme, but particularly in those restricted to the College students, for he knows that grit and muscle are important factors in the building and sustaining of empires.

I now row landwards, and climb up to a point of vantage—a square wooden platform some twenty feet above the water, which had already nearly its complement of interesting and interested youngsters. What a prodigious amount of views the schoolboy suddenly acquires on regatta days: I really think all examinations should be held on those days—only for the examiner's sake. A fellow who cannot open his mouth in class, simply bubbles over with knowledge, and ideas ooze forth on all sides. From here we have a splendid view of the course, and are just "in at the finish," while below us the juveniles are being boated for the fray, and their remarks are decidedly good.

Suddenly we hear a simultaneous shout of "Here they come! here they come!" We turn around and see two specks in the distance, but we can tell, by the rapidity with which they come into view, that they are going it "for all they're worth." "Dark Blue or Light Blue"? "No, it ain't!" says some really bright youth. "Go it, Duggy"! "Good boy, Duggy"! "Get your legs into it"! Such are some of the sapient remarks that greet the Douglas crew as it shoots past the winning post about ten lengths in front

of Byrne's. There is a claim for a foul, but someone suggests that we would discuss that matter later on at the dinner-table.

The band strikes up, we discuss the race, make winged puns on the foul, try—vainly try, to answer six distinct questions asked by six different boys all at once, and at the same time to keep the "weather eye lifting" for the first appearance, round yon distant point, for the Maiden Fours. Hallo! here they are; six boats, very close together, too; hope they they wont get running into one another. Very solemn and very quiet they look in the distance, those struggling six; a struggle is always so solemn and serious, and always has attractions for us. On they come—on, and they bring with them, like the roar of a Southerly "Buster," a tumult of cheering. Suddenly, just as they spurt for home, one of the gigs swerves around, and, in a twinkling, three of the boats are all-of-a-heap; while these are eloquently discussing who is to blame, and indulging in personal remarks, two other boats shoot ahead, and the dark maroon of the Glebe Rowing Club leads and wins.

Another stentorian roar of "Here they come," and on come four boats across the rippling waters. This is a mighty struggle —the contest of the Third Division champions. On come the Light Blue and the White and the Pink and the Dark Blue, amidst much vociferation from enthusiastic, sound-lunged friends on bank and wharf. "Go it, Light Blue"—to wit, S. Hogan and J. Brunton, and they "go it" and win.

The struggle for the Weir Trophy is uninteresting from the spectacular point of view, for the "Nuggety" Daly, collaring his opponent (ex-champion Bannister) at Longueville, leaves him nowhere at the finish.

The Treble Sculls race is exciting and briskful of incident. It partook of an international character, if we may so differentiate the Scotch and Irish. The coxes are determined to watch each other closely all the way, and so rigidly do they execute this determination that the boats embrace, not only once but several times in the course of the race. Curiously, these affectionate manifestations on the part of the boats have a very different effect on their occupants, who apparently think they might be reserved for a more suitable occasion. The race ends in a win, by a quarter-of-a-length, for McKillop's crew, while the blade of McKillop's oar rests upon Gleeson's knees.

Then follows the classic event of the afternoon, the Senior Eights, for the Riverview Gold Challenge Cup. Three boats sweep round the Longueville Point, and on they dash, driven by mighty champions of the oar. The pace is a "cracker." "'Varsity leads! Hooray! Yes! No! No! Glebe wins! No! by Jove, 'Varsity spurts again! Pick her up, Balmain, you're gaining"! Glebe wins, hooray! 'Varsity dies hard, and Balmain is game to the finish. So terrible was the struggle, that the losing crews were too exhausted to cheer the winners in the customary fashion. 'Tis the pace that kills, and still the world grows faster.

So race follows race, the intervals of excitement made enjoyable by pleasant conversation, sweet music and gorgeous scenery—for Nature disports herself in gay theatric pride at Riverview—until about 5 p.m., when the cheer that hails Balmain, the victors in the last event, dies with the day, and the great crowd begins to flow back to Sydney, with the tide.

Steamerful follows steamerful. Flags and bunting are lowered to salute King Night, and the fragile racing-gigs are safely housed, and sleep peacefully in the wooden cradles after the feverish excitement of Regatta Day. The stars look down upon the deserted Lane Cove, and see themselves reflected in its unbroken surface and wonder, for all day they trembled for their looking-glass, which was the dancing-floor for revellers.

The hearty laugh and merry shout is now upon the height, where some excited youth narrates to a crowd of applauding youngsters his impressions of the day. But soon it dies out there too, when with tinkling of silver-voiced bell the kindly time of rest is ushered in—when more kindly than after a Regatta?

THE MAGNUS CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The President and Committee of St. Ignatius' College Rowing Club take this opportunity of tendering their sincere thanks to Dr. Randolph E. Magnus for his beautiful and valuable Challenge Trophy, to be known as the "Magnus Trophy" for Maiden Fours. They sincerely trust that it may be ever productive of a competition worthy of it and the generosity of the donor.

They also present their heartiest thanks to Messrs. Holdsworth, Macpherson & Co., for their handsome trophy for the Maiden Pairs.

GAMES.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE ROWING CLUB.

President: Rev, T, Gartlan, S,J,

Hon Secretary and Treasurer: Rev, E, Downing, S.J,

Captain: H, Douglas,

Committee: C, Byrne, F, Deery, A, Thynne,

THE REGATTA.

CLUB EVENTS.

COLLEGE FOURS—1 MILE.

W. M Guren, 10st 4lb.; A. Makinson, 10st, F. Deery, 11st 3lb; H. Douglas, 9st 7lb; A. Walker, 6st (cox) 1

H. Daly, 9st 7lb; A. Thynne, 10st; M. Gleeson, 12st 7lb; C. Byrne, 10st 4lb; C. O'Brien, 8st 7lb (cox) 2

At the half distance a foul occurred, and Walker's crew, getting going first, won easily.

COLLEGE PAIRS—1 MILE.

D. O'Sullivan, H. Douglas (stroke), A. Walker (cox), rowed over,

TREBLE SCULLS—1 MILE.

J. M'Donald, J. M'Intosh, R. M'Killop, Randall M'Killop (cox,) 1

V. Power, F. Cullinane, J. Gleeson, A. Walker (cox,) 2

Won by five feet after a good race,

COLLEGE PAIRS (UNDER 10).

J. Fenton and G. M'Farlane (stroke) 1

L. Hogan and F. Brunton (stroke) 0

T. M'Farlane and B. Duffy (stroke) 0

Brunton's crew at once fouled Duffy's, and the other won easily,

COLLEGE PAIRS (UNDER 12).

S. Hogan and J. Brunton (stroke) 1

C. M'Donald and F. Rorke (stroke) 2

R. Blake and G. Fesq (stroke) 3

OPEN EVENTS.

MAIDEN FOURS.

(From Gore's Creek to College Wharf).

Glebe R.C.—E. H. Wenden, 10st 2lb; A. R. Hopkinson 10st 2lb; E. Strom, 10st 5lb; C. C. Farron, 10st 5lb; J. Reid (cox).. 1

Balmain Enterprise R.C.—A. Downey, 10st 2lb; N. Mercier, 11st; J. Hughes, 11st; A. Smellie, 11st; C. Smith (cox) 2

Balmain R.C.—J. M. Murray, 9st 3lb; A. J. Wheeler, 10st; A. Swain, 10st 10lb; J. C. Smith, 10st 6lb; R. Goodyear (cox) 3

Sydney R.C.—G. W. Holmes, 9st; H. A. Smith, 10st; H. R. Bethell, 11st; A. Stokes, 10st; F. Bowden (cox) 0

Mercantile R.C.—P. Griffiths, 9st; — Buchanan 10st 12lb; A. J. Mulhall, 11st 12lb; A. J. Rush, 11st; H. Evans (cox) 0

North Shore R.C.—D. M. Morgan, 9st 12lb; R. Neil, 10st 12lb; A. R. Thompson, 11st 12lb; W. B. Clarke, 10st; H. S. Bland (cox) .. 0

SENIOR SCULLS.

(Same course as last).

Mercantile R.C.—J. J. Daley, 10st 1

North Shore R.C.—J. L. Bannister, 13st.. .. 2

CHALLENGE EIGHTS.

(Same course as last),

Glebe R.C.—W. J. Middleton, 10st; A. O. Lloyd, 10st 4lb; R. Parkinson, 10st 4lb; J. W Scott, 10st 6lb; G G. Higgs, 11st 8lb; H. G. Williams, 11st 6lb; L. J. Richardson, 10st 8lb; J. M'Gregor, 10st 4lb; A, Sewell (cox) .. 1

University R.C. - R. P. Hickson (bow), 10st 5lb; A. G. Purves, 11st; J. B. Jones, 11st 7lb; A. L. Vivers, 11st 13lb; A. C. Millard, 11st 10lb: D. Cowan, 11st 13lb; C. T. Russell, 11st; N. F. White, 11st 10lb; E. M. Mitchell (cox).. 2

Balmain R.C.—K. Nixon, 10st 3lb; J. Curran, 10st 11lb; Jas. Fitzsimons, 10st 10lb; G. O'Connell, 10st 12lb; R. Taylor, 12st 7lb; C. O. Bloore, 11st 7lb; E. Davis, 11st 5lb; John Fitzsimons, 10st 8lb; L. Quist (cox) .. 3

MAIDEN PAIRS.

(Same course as last),

Balmain R.C.—C. S. Carrick, 10st 2lb; C. Degotardi, 12st; R. Goodyear (cox).. 1

Enterprise R.C.—A. Downey, 10st 2lb; A. Smellie, 11st; C. Smith (cox) 2

Leichhardt R.C.—J. L. Wiseman, 10st 10lb; G. C. Eastes, 11st 4lb; C. Smith (cox) .. 3

Glebe R.C.—A. Dickey, 10st; W. Morrison, 10st; J. Reid (cox) 0

Glebe R.C.—E. H. Wenden, 10st 2lb; W. J. Middleton, 10st 5lb; G. Reid (cox) 0

Mercantile R.C.—O. G. S. Lane, 10st 7lb; A J. Rush, 11st; H. Evans (cox) 0

DISTRIBUTION OF REGATTA PRIZES.

On Saturday, May 14th, the prizes won at our Annual Regatta were given away by the President of the Club, Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J., at the boathouse. For many reasons, not sufficiently interesting for public mention, we decided not to hold, this year, the usual concert, which hitherto graced that occasion. The company, which was exclusively rowing—but thoroughly representative as such, was conveyed to the boat-house pontoon in the specially chartered steamer "Warnung." The boathouse was tastefully decorated with bunting for the occasion, and the prizes, displayed in the Committee room, made a goodly show; especially conspicuous was the latest addition to the valuable trophies held by our Club, the "Magnus Challenge Trophy" for Maiden Fours.



OUR REGATTA.—STARTING THE MAIDEN FOURS—GLEBE (WINNERS) IN THE FOREGROUND.

Proceedings began with a characteristic speech by the Rev. President, He was especially happy in his remarks, and a continuous peal of laughter greeted an unbroken flow of wit and humour. He first of all apologised for doing his own business, which he fully intended to shuffle on to Mr. Deloitte, whom he declared was unequalled in "sugaring" such an occasion. He then passed on to the Press, friendly and hostile. He thanked the Press sincerely, the friendly portion for the able assistance it had ever given to the Regatta Officials, and thanked still more sincerely the hostile portion (which, by the way, was confined to one paper of another colony) for teaching us by its jealousy and pique that we have something really to be proud of in the Lane Cove water-way. This paper, remarked the president, asks the rhetorical question "What would not Melbourne rowing men do, if they had such a place as Riverview for holding a regatta." "Now," said the president "I would like to know *what* could they do, unless they kindly took possession of grounds which did not belong to themselves, and turned the college into a training school for intercolonial rowing exponents, a proceeding which, I think, could only meet with approval from the junior students, who are always anxious for vacation."

He then returned thanks to Dr. Magnus for the trophy, and told some amusing incidents connected with its selection, which the doctor had kindly entrusted to him. He also thanked those other gentlemen who had helped to make our Regatta such a success, especially Messrs. J. Fitzsimons and F. Donovan, both ex-Riverviewers, who are now great guns in the professional and rowing worlds of New South Wales.

Then came the distribution of prizes. The Glebe heroes were especially triumphant as they received the grand "Riverview Gold Challenge Trophy for Senior Eights" and medals. Mr. Williams, on behalf of the Club and crew, expressed in a spirited manner, how proud they felt at having won that coveted trophy, and declared the intention of the Club to do its best to retain the privilege next year.

After the distribution the visitors adjourned to the College for refreshments and passed a pleasant hour or so watching the College Team trying conclusions at the noble game of football with the S.G. School. Later on, the officials of the Regatta and the leaders of the N.S W, rowing world were entertained at dinner by the college authorities.

We cannot tell what a gloom was cast upon the little rowing cosmos at Riverview when it was announced that Mr. J, Fitzimons had received orders to proceed to Melbourne. But as the poem says, even the darkest cloud has its golden lining, the lining in this case being that removal meant advancement, and what better could we wish than the promotion of our best friend. May his sojourn in Melbourne be a happy and prosperous one.

Our duty would be but incompletely performed if we forgot to thank Dr. Kelly of Melbourne for his great kindness in undertaking at great personal inconvenience to coach our crew for the School Race, It was a pity that his professional exactions prevented him from bestowing all the time he so generously intended to give. Dr. Kelly is, by the way, one of the first, if not the very first, who was enrolled as a Jesuit pupil in N.S.W. and he has not yet forgotten his old masters.

THE SCHOOLS' RACE.

Somewhat, perhaps, elated with the remarks of a favourable nature that appeared in the Sydney press on the form and style shown by our boys in the College Fours at our own Regatta, some enthusiasts got possessed of a strong desire to try their steel in the All Schools' Race, on the Parramatta. The authorities kindly sanctioned this desire of the boys, and the chosen ones entered into a kind of partial training.

The time at our disposal was rather short, and was rendered still shorter, from a coaching point of view, from the fact that the free-time of the boys on the ordinary work-day was not, unfortunately, the off-hours of the two professional gentlemen who so kindly undertook the coaching of our crew. In fact, these gentlemen were compelled, in the words of the song, "to steal a few hours" for the undertaking, so the amount of work done under their personal supervision was practically *nil*. One, perhaps, of the greatest drawbacks of this patchwork was, that they had no opportunity of really obtaining an intimate knowledge of the crew. Rowing experts will appreciate this difficulty.

As we anticipated, for as the time for the Race drew nigh our state of unpreparedness, like the shades of the Classics, assumed proportions greater than the natural. We got well beaten. Our crew lacked condition spirit and did not really understand their boat—a by no means easy thing. As a friend kindly remarked after the race "your boys rowed very well indeed, but they wanted length, it's length that wins." With which remark we thoroughly agree, but in a fuller sense than intended, the chief want of length being in the time that circumstances allowed for preparation. Time does tell in those matters. The afternoon, however, spent by the whole muster of Riverview on the Parramatta, for we all were there in the "Birkenhead," was most pleasant, barring the cloud of despondency that rested on young hearts for a moment after the defeat—but it rested lightly, and soon was completely dissipated by mirth and fun. The defeat was hardly a disappointment.

CRICKET SEASON, 1898.

President: Rev. J. Healy, S.J.

Captain: F. Deery.

Committee: F. Deery, H. Douglas, A. Makinson.

Owing to the loss of almost the whole of last year's team, we were expecting a series of defeats during the remainder of the season. And this we felt the more since we had begun our season so successfully However, we were agreeably surprised to find that our *novi homines*, as we thought, had a very practical knowledge, indeed, of the game. Two of them (W. Tarlinton and A. Thynne) proved themselves formidable adversaries to their opponents. W. Tarlinton, by his swift and well-pitched bowling, not unfrequently sent the bails aflying in mid-air; and A. Thynne distinguished himself by his skill with the bat. On one occasion, he and H. Douglas made 85 runs between them before they dissolved partnership; he also made a somewhat similar stand in the Sydney Grammar

School match. It was during this season, too, that F. Deery established a very enviable record, that of being the first to score a century on our turf pitch. We think, then, that we have by no means lowered the colours of Riverview in the cricket-field, and we may honestly congratulate ourselves on so successful an ending to a season so brilliantly begun.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Innings.	No. of Runs.	Not Out.	Highest Score.	Aver'ges
H. Douglas ..	8	152	2	65*	25 3
F. Deery ..	9	154	2	107*	22·
D. Prendergast	8	132	1	35	18·8
W. Tarlinton	5	69	1	34*	17·2
A. Thynne ..	4	5	1	23	16·6
N. Veech ..	6	29	2	17*	7·2
J. Rynn ..	8	50	1	18	7·1
J. Macdonald	4	28	0	23	7·
D. O'Sullivan	4	14	2	8	7·
S. Corser ..	4	16	0	9	4·
A. Makinson..	7	23	1	7*	3·1
H. Daly ..	4	8	0	4	2·

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Avgs.
Douglas ..	27	3	64	7	9 1
Tarlinton ..	69	14	181	18	10·
Veech ..	26	1	116	10	11·6
Macdonald ..	31	1	150	11	13·6
A. Makinson..	36	0	151	10	15·1

REMARKS ON THE TEAM.

F. DEERY (Captain)—Very pretty bat, with a variety of strokes; very neat field, and a good wicket-keep.

H. DOUGLAS—Batting much improved; excellent field, fair bowler

A. MAKINSON—Fair bat, good bowler, medium field.

W. TARLINTON—Good bat, very good bowler, neat field.

J. Macdonald—Very good bowler, fair bat, good field.

D. PRENDERGAST—Very good bat, fair field, inclined to take it easy.

D. O'SULLIVAN—Improved bat (too careful), good bowler, very good field.

J. RYNN—Very good off-strokes, a sure catch, medium bowler.

A. THYNNE—Very steady bat, medium field.

N. VEECH—Improved bat, good change bowler, very sure field, but lazy.

S. CORSER—Very good bowler, poor bat, medium field.

H. DALY—(Emergency), fair bat, good wicket-keep.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

RIVERVIEW IST V. C. E. GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Riverview, after a closely contested game, won by 11 runs. The following are the scores:

C. E. GRAMMAR SCHOOL C.C.—*1st Innings.*

Hargrave, c Rynn, b Tarlinton	0
Holterman, b Tarlinton	0
Holdsworth, c Deery, b Douglas ..	4
Rundle, c O'Sullivan, b Douglas ..	5
Hobson, run out	4
Fisher, c J. McGuren, b A. Makinson ..	14
Boydell, c Tarlinton, b Douglas.. ..	1
Mermen, c Rynn, b Douglas	0
Lyne, b Makinson	10
Kater, not out	6
Hickson, c Deery, b Makinson	1
Sundries	8
	53

BOWLING:—H. Douglas, 14 runs, four wickets; A Makinson, 5 runs, five wickets; W. Tarlinton, 26 runs, two wickets.

RIVERVIEW C.C.—*1st Innings.*

J. McGuren, c Hobson, b Holterman ..	3
J. Rynn, b Holdsworth	2
F. Deery, b Holterman	4
H. Douglas, c Hobson, b Holdsworth ..	5
A. Makinson, c Kater, b Holdsworth ..	3
W. Tarlinton, b Boydell	13
D. Prendergast, c Mermen, b Boydell ..	6
A. Thynne, b Boydell	10
D. O'Sullivan, not out	4
H. Daly, lbw, b Boydell	0
N. Veech, c and b Holterman	5
Sundries	9
	64

BOWLING:—Holterman, three wickets; Holdsworth, three wickets; Boydell, four wickets.

C.E.G.S. C.C.—*2nd Innings.*

Hargrave, b Tarlinton	16
Holdsworth, c Tarlinton, b Veech ..	50
Holterman, not out	6
Rundle, not out	5
Sundries	4
Two wickets for	81

BOWLING:—Tarlinton, one for 17; Douglas, none for 11; Makinson, none for 12; O'Sullivan, none for 18; Veech, one for 17; Rynn, none for 6.

RIVERVIEW C.C.—*2nd Innings.*

Douglas, not out	12
Deery, b Holterman	5
Tarlinton, st Mermen, b Holterman ..	1
Rynn, b Holdsworth	0
Prendergast, c Hargrave, b Holdsworth	25
O'Sullivan, b Holdsworth	0
Sundries	2
Five wickets for	44

BOWLING:—Holterman, two wickets; Holdsworth, three wickets.

On the same day, Riverview II. were defeated by C. E. Grammar School II. by 67 runs. C.E.G.S.: Abraham, 26; Reid, 18; Dent, 17, were the chief scorers in 106 runs. Riverview, 39; W. McGuren, 8; M. Gleeson, 6. For C.E.G.S., Turton and Dent were the most successful bowlers. For the College, S. Corser, eight for 58; Coen, one for 2.

RIVERVIEW C.C. *v.* NEWINGTON C.C.

After a very exciting match, Newington won by 3 runs.

NEWINGTON C C.—*1st Innings.*

Campbell, c Rynn, b Makinson	57
Phillips, c O'Sullivan, b Tarlinton	8
Dansy, c Makinson, b Tarlinton	19
Brown, c Veech, b Makinson	9
Best, b Tarlinton	0
Mackay, lbw, b Makinson	0
Pountney, b Tarlinton	1
Tatafu, b Tarlinton	9
Finan, not out	17
Wilson, b Veech	6
Reid, b Macdonald	11
Sundries	13
	150

BOWLING:—Tarlinton, five wickets for 34 runs.
Makinson, three ,, 31 ,,
Veech, one ,, 20 ,,
Macdonald, one ,, 34 ,,
Douglas none ,, 18 ,,

RIVERVIEW C.C.—*1st Innings.*

Deery, b Finan	3
Prendergast, b Campbell	22
Rynn, c Mackay, b Brown	18
Makinson, run out	1
Douglas, b Brown	44
McGuren, b Brown	0
Tarlinton, b Tatafu	7
O'Sullivan, b Tatafu	0
Macdonald, c Campbell, b Tatafu	0
Thynne, b Brown	23
Veech, not out	7
Sundries	22
	147

BOWLING:—Brown, four wickets; Tatafu, three wickets; Campbell, one wicket; Finan, one wicket.

On the same day, Newington II played a draw with Riverview II. Newington II. made 119: Harris, 52; Young, 26, being chief scorers. Riverview had lost eight wickets for 107: Parker, 30; Gleeson, 20. For the College, Corser obtained four wickets for 29. Daly four for 15. For Newington, McVicar bowled best, taking four wickets, and Harris two.

RIVERVIEW *v.* SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

After an enjoyable game, Grammar School proved superior, and won by 73 runs. Riverview were at the creases for three hours.

RIVERVIEW C.C.—*1st Innings.*

Prendergast, c and b Garnsey	6
Tarlinton, b Garnsey	14
Deery, lbw, b Powell	7
Douglas, b Drummond	6
Rynn, run out	4
Makinson, st Farrar	6
Thynne, not out	17
Macdonald, c Gow, b Farrar	23
Veech, c Campbell, b Farrar	0
Corser, b Drummond	1
Daly, b Drummond	4
Sundries	7
	95

BOWLING:—Drummond, three wickets; Farrar, three wickets; Garnsey, two wickets; Powell, one wicket.

S.G.S.—*1st Innings.*

Deholorey, b Tarlinton	1
Woodbourn, c Rynn, b Macdonald	2
Garnsey, c Corser, b Tarlinton	1
Harris, b Tarlinton	11
Gow, st Veech	34
Farrar, b Mackinson	43
Brown, c Corser	6
Drummond, c Deery, b Rynn	47
Powell, st Makinson	0
Campbell, not out	11
McKenzie, thrown out	2
Sundries	10
	168

BOWLING:—Tarlinton, three wickets for 48 runs.
Makinson, two ,, 17 ,,
Macdonald, one wicket 47 ,,
Veech one ,, 26 ,,
Rynn one ,, 4 ,,
Douglas one ,, 11 ,,
Corser none ,, 3 ,,

RIVERVIEW I. *v.* I. ZINGARI C.C.—This match ended in a draw. Zingari scored 161: Holdship, 51; Hughes, 37; and Sheridan, 34, not out, being the chief contributors. Riverview lost two wickets for 40: Mr. Healy, S.J, 24; F. Deery, 7; A. Makinson, 7, not out. In the bowling, W. Tarlinton obtained four wickets for 26; Mr. Healy, four for 62 for the College. Cowlishaw got the two wickets for Zingari.

RIVERVIEW I. *v.* David Jones' C.C.—This match was won by Riverview by eight wickets and 156 runs. David Jones C.C. made 69; Roberts, 13, and Tipper, 12, being chief contributors. For the College, F. Deery, 107, not out; H. Douglas, 65, and Mr. Healy, S.J., 26. In the bowling, Mr. Healy, S.J., obtained four wickets for 12; and J. Rynn, three for 14. Townsend obtained the wicket for David Jones' C.C.

RIVERVIEW *v.* Hunter's Hill C.C.—Riverview won by 89, making 149: D. Prendergast, 35; W. Tarlinton, 34. Hunter's Hill C.C., 60: Tipper, 11; Salter, 8. Bowling: S. Corser, six for 21 for the College. Hume, four for 61, for Hunter's Hill.

RIVERVIEW *v.* University C.C.—The latter won by 98 runs, making 136: Purcell 37 (retired); Punch, 33 (retired); Lehore, 12, not out. Riverview, 38: Prendergast, 16: Deery, 7. Bowling: McLeod, seven wickets for 15 runs for University. Veech, four for 24; Macdonald, two for 37 for the College.

RIVERVIEW *v.* University III.—University III. won by 28 runs, making 107: Dight, 14; Jordon, 12; R. S. Godsall, 7. Riverview, 79: Mr. O'Meara, S.J., 22; Mr. Healy, S.J., 17. Bowling for the University III., Robson got eight wickets. For the College, J. J. Macdonald, seven for 25.—N.B.—Five of the original first team were absent.

FOOTBALL.

President: Rev. J. Healy. S.J.
Committee: M. Gleeson, H. Douglas, F Deery.
Captain ; M. Gleeson.

We were expecting a very good football team this season. The team, however, on the whole, did not come up to what we expected. Of course we were very unfortunate in our matches, owing to the fact that on almost every Saturday one or two members were indisposed, yet our defeats were mainly due to that want of good condition which is so necessary to every football team, no matter how good certain individuals in it may be. A meeting was held at the beginning of the season, and certain proposals were agreed to which would have done a great deal to improve our condition, had they been carried out. But alas ! after a week or so all good resolutions are forgotten and we seek our ease and comfort. To see us, one would think we were no longer boys at all, but well advanced in years, for our principal occupation is sitting on the seats, basking in the sun, and then having undergone such hard training we feel greatly astonished at losing match after match. Let us hope that we shall put our shoulders to the wheel for the latter part of the season and show the football world what Riverviewers can do when they set to work in earnest. We have presented C. Byrne with an honor cap in recognition of his brilliant play during this season. Our second eleven have been very successful this season having lost only one match.

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

(Cumberland Argus.)

For the first few minutes after the kick-off there was not much to note, though St. Ignatius' were early obliged to force. F. Body was prominent among the School forwards, and after some good work by him, Darcy-Irvine availed himself of a chance to dash forward. He was stopped on the line. F. Futter struck the key-note of the game—unselfish passing on the part of School. The defenders were driven back upon their goal line ; and in the hard fighting, after a dribble by Darcy-Irvine, Verge took a smart mark. The ball appeared to go just inside the post, and so the boundary umpire gave it, but Mr. Corr allowed the defenders the benefit of his own doubts, However, a few seconds later, Barton was seen on the left wing racing southwards, and he crossed safely. Verge made the score 5—0. Body sent a pass to Verge ; Futter received it next, and sent it on to Darcy-Irvine on the right. The three-quarter lost it. Another try, Futter being the hero. A very pretty piece of attacking work, started by E. Body, who passed out to F, Body, resulted in Verge and Futter handling next in turn, and the centre three-quarter going over again. 11—0. Gleeson was seen in a dribble northwards Waddy got possession, and kicked, and Daly replied. Douglas was prominent in the attack: J. Gleeson in defence ; but the passing tactics of the School could not be withstood, and Futter went over again, Verge added two points. 16—0. A few minutes later the attack told once more, and a favor being taken by Barton he raced in again. 19—0. The visitors neglected to avail themselves of the benefit of a rather strong wind blowing across from the S.W. Rynn following on pluckily, baulked an intended pass of Verge's ; and St. Ignatius' encouraged, rushed things on to the north-western corner. F. Body here came to the rescue, however, and dribbling at the head of his compeers, he took the play back towards the centre of the ground. Gleeson followed Rynn's example and went for Verge early, whilst the latter was about to kick this time. He got possession and was within a few yards of School s line when Waddy (he of the cool nerve), took a hand in things going on, and stopped the assault; then School repeated the passing measures, and the scrum-half, sending on a mandate to Futter, the latter led Darcy-Irvine along. Manning took a pass on the line, and could have scored no doubt, but hearing a call to pass on, he sent to Jones, who got down with the try. Verge put the ball over the bar (24—0), and the whistle called the half-time halt.

In the second-half St. Ignatius' commenced the scoring, Byrne obtaining a try after a pretty run. Gleeson put the oval over, 5—24. In some passing work, a little later, Barton missed a take, and Corser was at work for the other side in an instant. Griffin relieved the pressure on St, Ignatius' lines, and his side obtained the benefit of a free. Waddy showed pluck in defence ; Darcy-Irvine and F. Body rendered good service for School ; O'Brien put in an effective protest, and Douglas led a sally on the part of the visitors. The K.S. lads rushed the game into the north-west, and in the heat of the moment St. Ignatius' erred, and School was allowed a free. Barton put the ball over the bar, 27– 5. A locked scrum excited much interest over in the west ; and St. Ignatius, after a very hard fight, got the ball, When School attacked next Gleeson relieved cleverly. and Rynn got close up to the local players' line. Gleeson got a mark, but his kick was a listless one, and he was evidently not able to go the whole pace. Within a few minutes Barton and Futter had each scored a try again, one being from a line-out in College's twenty-five. Byrne (the most talented perhaps of the visitors), took the ball from School, but in a few minutes Futter had obtained it back again, and he sailed and wriggled and twisted through the opposing host in front of him, and one more try was credited to T.K.S. Waddy stopped the next effort on the part of St. Ignatius': and once more Verge's chance to go forward, in possession. This time, still gripping, he just got to the line. He was allowed the kick and raised the points to 41. Barton took a cool mark near the north-western twenty-five flag, and in a few seconds more Futter secured another chance and went through the defenders with ease.

The whistle went—King's School 44, St. Ignatius 5.

Riverview v. Sydney Grammar School.

Sydney Grammar School defeated Riverview on the latter's ground, by 12 points to 5. The weather was very wet, and the ground slippery, so it practically made the game a forward one. Brown kicked off for S.G.S. Douglas quickly sent the ball up the field and followed on; Manning, however, stopped the rush. Gleeson again sent it towards S. G. School's 25, but Grammars got a free, and that relieved their position. Veech secured, and did a good run, passed to Rynn ; who kicked out of bounds near half-way post. Grammars now rushed it into Riverview's 25, and Manning and Harris nearly got over. Gow marked near our

goal, but the kick failed, and Thynne forced. Manning started again, and soon got it into the Blue's 25. O'Brien relieved, and Brown kicked over the line, Coen forced. Close made a dashing run for Grammars, but was stopped by Byrne. Close soon got the ball again, and, passing to Harris, a try was secured; the kick failed. Score—S.G.S., 5; Riverview, *nil*. A lot of loose play on the slippery ground followed this, till Veech sent the ball up the field, and Gleeson, following on, kept it a-rolling; then Byrne, dashing out, secured the ball, and, making a brilliant run, scored. Gleeson converted Riverview, 5; S.G.S, 3. Give and take play ensued. Duffy was conspicuous by the game way he dropped on the ball; Thynne relieved well. Byrne got the ball and dashed away again, but was collared near the line. Harris secured and passed to Manning, who passed to R. Harris—a try being the result; no goal, however, was kicked. Half-time—Grammar, 6; Riverview, 5 In the second half, O'Brien collared and Douglas followed on well. Gleeson kicked off. It was not long before Manning passed to Close, who dashed away, but was collared by Byrne. We soon put it into Grammar's 25, but Manning saved, passed the ball to V, Harris, who, after a brilliant run, secured a try, goal, failed—Grammar, 9; Riverview, 5. Gleeson, Veech, and Corser followed on well, but again Grammars put it into our 25. O'Brien, Rynn, and Duffy relieved smartly. Towards the end, Brown secured a try, goal failed, and soon the whistle blew. Grammars, 12; Riverview, 5.

The best players for Grammars were, Manning, Harris, and Close. For the College, O'Brien, Rynn, Byrne, in the backs; Douglas, Gleeson, and Veech, in the forwards,

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Riverview A. v. C.E.G.S.

Riverview met C.E.G.S., and, after a splendid game, defeated the visitors by 8 points to 7. Riverview kicked off, and play soon began in earnest. Shortly after starting Rundle kicked a magnificent goal from a free kick. Score—C.E.G,S., 3; Riverview, *nil*. Play now continued between the two 25s, till Rundle marked at half-way, and kicked another splendid goal, C.E.G.S., 7; Riverview, *nil*. O'Brien, from a pass, made a dashing run, and scored for the College. Gleeson converted. Score—C.E.G.S., 7; Riverview, 5. Byrne then made several attempts to score but was stopped. C E.G.S. were passing very well, and seemed to have the best of it in the scrum. Fisher made a good run, passed to Abraham, who ran to our 25, but was collared by Byrne. Half-time, C.E.G.S., 7; Riverview, 5. C.E.G.S. kicked off. Fisher followed on well. Douglas ran up to the centre and kicked well up the field. O'Sullivan displayed that same energy in following as in the preceding half; he was always on the ball and first down the field. C.E G.S. forced. C, Byrne from a pass did a very good run, and scored, Deery failed at the kick, Score—Riverview, 8; C,E,G,S,, 7. Byrne made another dashing run, and was taken near the line by Mermen, The ball was in the School's 25 for some time, but Riverview failed to score, C.E.G.S, rushed it down the field, and were passing well, but the pass was intercepted by C. Byrne, who kicked it into C.E.G.S.'s 25. C.E.G.S. forced. The ball now came to our 25, but C.E G.S. failed to score. Rundle took the ball at half-way, and made a third magnificent kick, but was unsuccessful, the ball going over the post. There was great excitement, many thinking it was a goal, but Mr. Baker gave it no goal. There was a great deal of exciting play till the finish, and when the whistle sounded, R. C. had won by 8 points to 7.

For Riverview, Byrne and O'Brien were best in the backs; Gleeson, O'Sullivan, and McGuren in the forwards (especially O'Sullivan) who showed good form. For C.E.G.S., Abraham, Fisher, Mermin, and Kater played best.

Riverview B v. C.E.G.S. B.

The College met C.E.G.S. B on our grounds, and, after a good game, won by 16—*nil*. The C.E.G.S. were rather hampered by the loss of four men the first half, which were supplied by us, but in the second they had a full team. For the College, Makinson (2), Parker, Tarlinton scored tries; and Douglas, Tarlinton, and Makinson showed best form. For the C.E.G.S., Barton, Dent, and Pattinson played well.

Riverview A v. Newington.

Newington met Riverview on the latter's ground, and, after a very pleasant game, Newington won by 9 to *nil*. Newington kicked off, Brown did a good run, but was collared. O'Sullivan was very conspicuous by fast and continual following on. Best relieved neatly. Coen kicked to Newington's 25, but Tatafu relieved: Best passed to Brown, who ran into our 25, but O'Sullivan relieved. Newington soon after this had to force. McVicar did a very dodgy run, and was collared near the line. From a lot of loose play in the centre of the field, Best secured and passed to Wise, who ran to our 25, and Wilson nearly scored. Ula passed to Brown, who passed to McVicar, and he nearly scored for Newington. Brown now did a series of dashing runs, but did not score. Ula passed to Brown, who dashed in. Best converted, Newington, 5; Riverview, *nil*. Byrne and Gleeson nearly scored, but the ball going over the line Tatafu forced, Half time whistle now went. Newington 5, Riverview *nil*. At second half, Gleeson kicked off, and the ball was in Newington's 25 for some time. Best saved them repeatedly. Gleeson nearly kicked a splendid goal from half-way. Brown and Best now did a series of good runs, but failed to score. Best secured from a scrum, and kicked a very neat goal Newington, 9; Riverview, *nil*. Byrne did two or three good runs, but failed to score. The ball was alternately in the two 25s. A very hard tussle now ensued, but when the whistle sounded Newington had won by 9 to *nil*.

The chief feature of the game was the play of Best, which was almost faultless. All Newington backs played well, Brown especially; W, Brown and Ula played well in the forwards. For Riverview, Byrne and Rynn played well in the backs, and so did Coen; in the forwards, O'Sullivan and Gleeson played an excellent game. Veech and McGuren also played well.

Riverview B v. Newington B.

The College had to play ten men of Newington, with substitutes procured from the Thirds. The game was rather one-sided, and Riverview won by 23 to *nil*. Tarlinton (2), Makinson (3), Parker, and Daly scored, Daly, Makinson, and Douglas showed best

form. For Newington, Wall, Barry (sub.), P. Gleeson, and Finan played well.

St. Ignatius' A v. University III.

This was the first match of the season, and some of the team were not in their best form; however, they played a good game, but were defeated by the University by 27 points to 5. The tries for the University were obtained by Sheridan (2), Coen., Dehlorey, Shortland, and Connell. Fox kicked two goals and Shortland one. Sheridan a goal from a free. Amongst the 'Varsity, the most conspicuous were Sheridan, Shortland, and Fox. Clifford also played well. For the College, Byrne was most conspicuous, as well as Veech, Rynn, Gleeson, and O'Sullivan. Douglas was best of the forwards in following on and in energetic play.

St. Ignatius' A v. Premiers.

The College team did not play at all up to form, and received a beating, which was to be expected from their play. At half-time, neither team had scored. After half-time, the game was more willing. Guer got a touch for the Premiers. Matthews converted: 5—*nil*. Shortly after, Byrne did a good run and scored; the kick failed—5—3. No more scoring was done, and when the whistle sounded, Premiers were 5 points, College 3 points. For the winners, Punch, Connell, and Guer played well. For the College, Douglas, McGuren, Byrne, Gleeson, and Daly were the most conspicuous.

St. Ignatius' A v. Ex-Students.

This was a very good game, and, after a very exciting hour's play, the College came out victorious by 31 points to 8. Daly ran and collared well, getting two touches, and was ably backed up by Byrne, who got three. Douglas, as quarter, played a good game, considering that it was his first time in that place. Among the forwards, Gleeson, Deery, O'Sullivan, and Corser were most conspicuous. For Ex-Students, J. O'Donnell and F. Punch played well. The touches were obtained for the College by Byrne (3), Daly (2), Deery, Gleeson, and Macdonald. Gleeson kicked two goals. J. O'Donnell got the touches for Ex-Students.

Riverview A v. Technical College B.

Riverview A defeated Technical B by 8 points to 3. This was a very evenly-contested game. Deery scored a touch and kicked the goal. Gleeson scored in the second half, the kick failed. This game was played by the College with more combination than any other. It is hard to say who played best, but if we could pick a forward and a back, we would take Gleeson and O'Brien. All the others played very well though. For the Technical team, MacMahon played a faultless game, and was ably seconded by Wallace and Moore.

Riverview v. Stanmore.

Riverview played a good game with Stanmore, bnt were beaten by 9—3. We had five of our fifteen playing, the rest were seconds. It would have been a better game for both sides had we had our full team. Millgrove secured a try, Trimell secured one also. Fox kicked a neat goal off a free kick. For Riverview, J. Macdonald kicked a penalty goal. For Stanmore, Millgrove and Fox played well. For Riverview, Douglas, O'Brien, Daly, Campbell, and Veech did good work.

SECOND DIVISION FOOTBALL.

President: Rev. J. Forster, S.J.
Committee: Jas. Gleeson (Cap.), F. Cullinane, P. Gleeson.

"Our Thirds," had quite a variety of results in the last half. The first match against the King's School Thirds was lost, 15 points to nil. On May 21st the challenged team "were afraid" to appear. May 28th saw a very exciting game with the Newingtonians, neither side scoring.

After squatting on June 11th for a photo, we all imagined we looked so well that we gave our opponents, Macleay F. C. a considerable amount of exercise, winning by 24 points to nil. Thus we rose on stepping stones of our defeated selves to higher things till we almost contemplated playing the Firsts and creating quite a revolution in the state of affairs.

CADET CORPS.

The physical exercises with the rifle occupied a good deal of the time of drill at the first part of this half, but when the new comers and backward ones had become fairly proficient in this, the cadets practised the attack formation aud learnt how to form an extended line. They have been firing volleys of blank of late, and some of these, the Instructor says, would not disgrace the best of our Colonial Forces. They sounded as one rifle and not as twenty. The learning to work by sections, one supporting the other, will be a good preparation for the Sham Fight which we hope will take place next term.

Not much rifle shooting has been done last term. The chief object in the practices that were held was to find out the most promising recruits for the team. P. Toohey, J. Coen, W. Campbell, and W. Chadwick, have done best of the new men up to this, and M. Gleeson, N. Campbell, and H. Douglas may help too with the remains of our last years team to form, we hope, a winning team for the Shield this year. Some of our junior boys are doing well, especially A. Walker, A. Polin, J. M'Donald, and M. Pelletier.

OMISSION.

The name of Michael Fay, Sydney, was inadvertently omitted from our list of deceased ex-students, given in this number.

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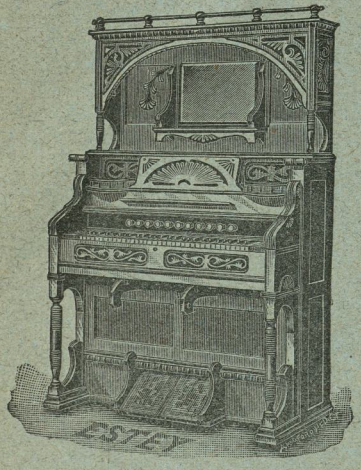
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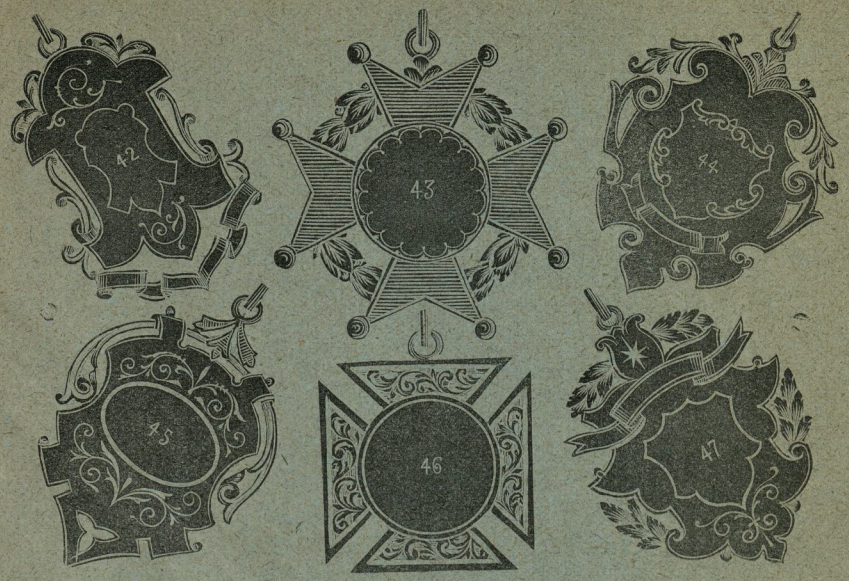
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