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PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

CLUB DIARY.

DURING the dinner on March 17th an initiate to the Order was introduced in the person of Friar the Hon. Gilbert J. D. Coleridge, who was welcomed by the Prior, Sir William Treloar. The guest of the evening was Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart., who opened a conversation on the topic of The City Beautiful. Referring to London, Sir Philip said that he felt it was becoming, not the City Beautiful, but the City Ugly. One only had to reflect what a delightful thoroughfare Fleet Street of the eighteenth century must have been, with its picturesque houses and quaint signs, to realise the dead level of uniformity to which our street architecture had sunk. He compared London with Vienna and Paris, and also with Chicago, than which, he considered, no city on the face of the earth was more dreadful to look upon. Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., regretted the lack of repose in London architecture, and he considered unpretentious old Gower Street beautiful in contrast with garish Oxford Street or the Strand. For the picturesque, open spaces were not necessary. It was glimpses of light and shade, of beautiful buildings seen through narrow streets, which gave the most striking pictures. He spoke emphatically in favour of the preservation of ancient and beautiful houses. Friar F. Frankfort Moore spoke enthusiastically of the beauty of certain cities in the tropics, and Friar Carruthers Gould drew the thoughts of the Friars back to London, which might not be so picturesque as Caracao or Martinique, but was at least free from the smells of the former and the volcanic eruptions of the latter. He thought that there was cause for congratulation in the improvements which had lately been made in the street architecture of the Metropolis, and especial credit was due to the architects of commercial buildings. An eloquent speech from Friar Gilbert Coleridge, who advocated the increase of open spaces planted with trees, was followed by remarks from Friars R. N. Fairbanks, Alfred Miles, William Senior, and A. G. Browning.

OWING to the indisposition of Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., who was to have been the Club guest on March 24th, it was decided to have a house dinner with no guests. Friar T. Heath Joyce occupied the Prior's chair. Mr. H. A. Hinkson was introduced as a new Friar. The Prior proposed the health of Friar Arthur Spurgeon and congratulated him upon taking over a business post of great importance in succession to Sir Wemyss Reid, regretting at the same time that Friar Spurgeon's new duties compelled him to relinquish the honorary secretaryship of the Club, which he had raised to a position of unique distinction in literary and artistic circles. Friar Carruthers Gould seconded these congratulatory remarks. In acknowledging the toast Friar Spurgeon advanced some valuable recommendations as to the future of the Club. On this evening a record was established in the fact that each of the twelve Friars present contributed a speech.

BISHOP WELLDON was the guest of the Club on the last evening of March, when Friar C. Arthur Pearson acted as Prior. The topic of conversation was "Public School Training." Bishop Welldon defined the uses of public school training in the formation of character through games and the culture of the intellect through organised study. While appreciating the study of the classical languages as a means of mental training, he deprecated the compulsory writing of Greek and Latin verse by boys who could not write verse in their native tongue. He advocated a narrower range of subjects in the school curriculum, with a fuller attention to English literature. Languages, he considered, should be taught colloquially. He concluded by stating that the true test of the effect of the public school lay in the consideration of whether a boy plays his part nobly in after life. Professor W. A. S. Hewins spoke in favour of modern education relating to the modern conditions of life, and Sir John Gorst spoke strongly on the curse of examinations. He contrasted the training of the public school man with the training of the naval officer, and maintained that the object of the schoolmaster should be to teach research and the application of knowledge. This point was taken up by Friar Richard Whiteing, who argued that cultivated intelligence is everything, and that we were, perhaps, laying too much stress upon character. He did not approve of educating a boy to the extent that he became like one of Mr. Wells' Martians, all brain and no body. To educate practically, that was what was

wanted. In our educational systems we were fatal snobs, as in everything else. We bring a boy up on those wretched classics ; we teach him French and German through grammar only, and with such imperfect result that when he goes to Paris he is not able to ask for a cup of tea in French. Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M.P., gave his illuminative views on the subject and was followed by Mr. G. H. Wells, M.A., and Mr. Sidney Low, who, in a lengthy speech, argued that good form and character were not the monopoly of the public schools. Friar A. MacCullum Scott brought the conversation to a close.

SELDOM have the Friars heard a finer discourse than that which fell from the lips of Lord Avebury, in his after-dinner speech on April 7th. Lord Avebury's subject was "The Study of Nature," and he dealt with it in an entirely free and unrestrained manner, passing from topic to topic with delightful ease. Friar Senior, who was in the chair, had referred to the Club Guest as a politician, and Lord Avebury declared that the study of Nature was of far more importance to humanity than the study of politics. It had always astonished him how much time was devoted to party politics, and how little people knew about Nature. The ignorance displayed by many well-to-do people was often deplorable. There were some who still believed that a badger was an animal which had legs shorter on one side than on the other, so as to enable it to run along the slope of a hill, and he had once been gravely told that when a salmon wished to swim up stream it always went tail first. He had asked his gardener once if there had been frost during the night. The reply was, "Yes, sixteen degrees." "Are you quite sure it was that?" Lord Avebury asked. "Yes," was the response, "but the degrees were not all together." But in spite of the discountenance given to science by the public schools and universities, many more people were working at that branch of study than there had been formerly. In consequence, the working tools of the mechanic to-day and the scientific instruments we now possessed were far better than our parents had. The world had changed its opinions regarding science, but no one suggested that science had been attacked for that reason. Progress in science had inevitably led to changes of opinion on matters of religion, and it was illogical to argue that those who upheld such opinions attacked the foundations of religious belief. The study of Nature had done much to brighten, purify, and ennable life. It had an important and abiding influence on our children, because

all children loved the study of Nature. He hoped, therefore, that it would be more and more adopted in the schools throughout the country. Friar Charles Garvice having spoken of the joys and inconveniences of life in the country, Friar Richard Whiteing remarked that men were passing from the study of the planets and the earth to a very curious introspective scrutiny in an attempt to discover new possibilities by evolving an understanding of hidden powers belonging to man himself. It was beginning to be understood that there were certain influences which, if comprehended, might bestow on man new faculties. Friar Davenport and Friar Carruthers Gould followed, the latter referring to the popularising of natural history and to the increased kindness to dumb animals shown among the English people. Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll referred to Tennyson's knowledge of natural history, and reviewed the subject from the standpoint of a man of letters, who, in pleading his ignorance of Nature, admitted that he had passed with honours in Natural Science at his university. Others who contributed to the conversation were Dr. Waddell and Friars Alfred Miles, Kenrick Murray, and Robert Leighton. The Prior made one of the best speeches ever delivered by him in the Club. He had many friends in the community of Nature, he said, and he knew that soon, when he went among them, he would be "greeted by marsh marigolds, shining like Spanish doubloons," and that later, in the autumn, there would be "glorious convolvulus globes, crimsoned like Venetian glass."

THE customary Shakespeare celebration was held at the dinner on April 13th. Friar A. E. W. Mason presided over a large meeting, and Mr. Bram Stoker was the Club guest. In a lively speech Mr. Stoker told many amusing anecdotes of his early associations with Shakespearean representations, and he gave an interesting account of the origin of Hamlet, showing that the poet was an expert workman who never invented anything if he could find it elsewhere. Shakespeare, as a manufacturer of plays, could indeed give points as a mere adapter to many gentlemen in the room. Friar Osman Edwards having spoken of Shakespeare on the stage in Japan, Friar Alfred Miles recited an original "Ode to Mary Shakespeare on the anniversary of the birth of her son," which was received with great appreciation. Later in the evening Friar Lacy recited Eric Mackay's verses to Mary Arden. The Shakespeare-Bacon theory was lightly examined by Friar Haldane

McFall, who also mentioned the work of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. This reference caused Mr. Alfred Sutro to regret that Mr. G. B. Shaw had appeared on the scene as a barnacle. He, Mr. Sutro, was awfully sick of Bernard Shaw, and did not see what Shaw had to do with Shakespeare. Shaw might be a brilliant writer, but to bracket him in any way with Shakespeare was an impertinence. He remembered Shelley's attitude towards Milton when he wrote that he was impelled to go on his knees in reverence to the great poet. That was the true line to take. Other speakers were Mr. Mostyn Piggott, Mr. J. B. Mulholland, and Friars Aaron Watson, Frankfort Moore, Harold Spender, and Carruthers Gould, the last of whom made what the Prior signalled as the best remark of the evening when he said that to speak of Mr. George Bernard Shaw in connection with Shakespeare was like flashing an advertisement of Beecham's Pills on the monument of Nelson.

AT the weekly dinner, on 28th April, Friar Alexander Paul acted as Prior, and the guest of the Club was Mr. J. W. Benn, M.P., who opened a conversation on the Municipal Life of London. Recent progress in administration, he said, was greatly due to the municipalising of certain boroughs. If London was to be made a convenient as well as a great city, public interests necessitated that the means of communication, lighting, housing, water and sewers should be under the control of the community. Such services could not be carried out by private enterprise. The majority of troubles in London arose from the fact that London was divided against itself. Those unacquainted with the inner working of the London County Council did not appreciate the difficulties that it had to contend against. To a great extent, these had been surmounted successfully. Notwithstanding the recent cry against high rates, the London County Council had done good service. The discussion was carried on by Mr. M. Barnes, L.C.C., Mr. Edwin A. Cornwall (Chairman of the L.C.C.), and Friars F. Carruthers Gould, Robert Donald and Alfred Miles. Mr. Cornwall agreed with Mr. Benn in saying that there should have been no such thing as the London County Council. If the old City had possessed the wisdom and courage to make the City Corporation the centre of Government, London to-day would have possessed a municipality worthy of its name, enjoying the glorious historical traditions associated with the old body.

ANNUAL LADIES' BANQUET.

THE Annual Ladies' Banquet took place at the Hotel Cecil on May 5th, when the Prior was FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING, and the Guests of the evening were: Mrs. J. R. Green, Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, Mrs. Alice Meynell, Madame Albanesi, Mrs. G. C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggan), Mrs. James Stuart, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Miss L. Kemp-Welch, Miss Emma Frances Brooke, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Miss Winifred Graham, Miss Florence Balgarnie, Miss Alice Corkran, and Miss Henriette Corkran.

The Sub-Priors were Friars T. Heath Joyce, William Senior, Arthur Spurgeon, Gilbert Coleridge, Cyril Davenport, and G. B. Burgin.

There were present the following Friars and Guests:—

THE PRIOR—Mrs. Henry Lucy. FRIAR A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK—Mrs. St. John Adcock, Miss Lilian Quiller-Couch. FRIAR CHARLES BAKER—Miss Gertrude Baker, Miss Baker. FRIAR HENRY J. BROWN—Mrs. H. J. Brown, Mr. C. P. Merriam, Mrs. C. P. Merriam. FRIAR A. G. BROWNING—Mrs. Browning, Mr. Hervé Browning. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. G. B. Burgin. FRIAR GILBERT COLERIDGE—Mrs. Gilbert Coleridge, Mr. Alan Mackinnon, Miss Violet Hunt. FRIAR DUNCAN CROSS—Mr. W. Gay. FRIAR F. J. CROSS—Miss Bridgman. FRIAR CYRIL DAVENPORT—Mrs. Cyril Davenport, Mrs. Granville Matthey. FRIAR LOUIS FALCK—Mrs. Falck, Miss Violet Falck, Mr. Arthur Polak, Mrs. Polak, Mr. Osborn Walford, Miss Flora Walford. FRIAR FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Foster Fraser, Major Tenant, Mrs. Tenant. FRIAR REGINALD GEARD—Mrs. Geard, Mr. Houghton Townley, Mrs. Houghton Townley, Mr. Holmes Kingston, Mrs. Holmes Kingston. FRIAR LIONEL GOWING—Mrs. L. Gowing. FRIAR J. A. HAMMERTON—Mrs. Hammerton, Rev. J. C. Grant, Miss Grant. FRIAR JULIUS HOMAN—Mrs. Homan, Miss Homan. FRIAR CLIVE HOLLAND. FRIAR LINDLEY JONES—Mrs. Lindley Jones. FRIAR ATHOL JOYCE—Mr. R. L. Hobson, Mrs. R. L. Hobson, Miss L. Dayrell-Reed. FRIAR T. HEATH JOYCE—Mrs. Heath Joyce, Mr. William Ash, Mrs. William Ash. FRIAR LANCASTER—Mrs. Lancaster, Mr. F. Rice-Oxley, Miss Laughton. FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mrs. Leighton, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Martin, Mr. G. Haven Putnam, Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, Mrs. Ralph Hall Caine. FRIAR DUPPA LLOYD—Dr. Alderson, Mrs. Alderson. FRIAR A. E. W. MASON—Mrs. Humphrey, Miss Humphrey. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. Delbanco, Mrs. Delbanco, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mrs. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Plowman, Mrs. Plowman. FRIAR G. MOULTON

PIPER—Mrs. Moulton Piper, Mr. Walter B. Slater, Mrs. Walter Slater. FRIAR G. RICKS—Mrs. G. Ricks. FRIAR ALGERNON ROSE—Mr. W. E. Horn. FRIAR WALTER RUNCIMAN—Mr. Runciman, Mrs. Runciman. FRIAR SAUNDERS—Mrs. Saunders. FRIAR WILLIAM SENIOR—Mrs. Senior, Mr. Power, Mrs. Power, Mr. Port, Mrs. Port. FRIAR W. N. SHANSFIELD. FRIAR ALFRED SPENCER—Mrs. Alfred Spencer, Miss Abathell, Mr. Paul Lurcott, Mr. Lurcott, Mrs. Lurcott, Mr. Gamage, Mrs. Gamage, Mr. Patrick Riddell, Mrs. Patrick Riddell, Mr. G. W. Thompson, Mrs. G. W. Thompson. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss Pattie Cockshott, Miss Cockshott, Miss Edith Tattersall, Mr. Edwin Bale, Mr. Alfred Gibson, Mrs. Gibson, Mr. W. G. Rayner, Mrs. Rayner. FRIAR STEWART—Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Thompson Hutchinson, Mrs. Hutchinson. FRIAR AARON WATSON—Mrs. Herbert Watson, Mrs. Watson. FRIAR WELLCOME—Mrs. Wellcome. FRIAR FARLOW WILSON—Mrs. Snudden. FRIAR PHILIP WILSON—Mrs. Philip Wilson.

The loyal toasts to the King and Queen having been honoured, the Roll Call of Welcome was read by Friar F. J. Cross. Madame Edith Hands and Miss Kate Cherry sang songs at intervals during the evening, and a violin solo was played by Miss Gertrude Baker.

“Sovran Woman.”

FRIAR THE HON. GILBERT COLERIDGE, proposing “Sovran Woman,” said: In my present somewhat forlorn and unprotected position, I am reminded of a story. It was in the old coaching days, before railways, and in the days of pocket boroughs, and a young man was asked to go down into the country to contest a constituency. He took his seat in the coach along with his political agent. There was a fair passenger on that coach, and that young man made himself exceedingly pleasant to that young lady; and he did not talk any politics at all. At last the political agent plucked him by the sleeve and said, “Sir, don’t you think you had better think about what you are going to say?” He replied, “Oh, no! Don’t bother me about that now. It will be all right when the time comes. I will trust to the inspiration of the moment.” The agent shrugged his shoulders, and the coach rumbled on. At last they came to the momentous meeting, and this young man was introduced by the chairman to the audience with all manner of laudatory expressions, and his fitness to represent the constituency was stated in glowing terms. At last he rose to make his speech. “Gentlemen,” he said, and then he fingered his watch chain. “Gentlemen,” he said, and then he looked up to the ceiling. At last someone said “Hear, hear.” (Laughter.)

Then there was another pause. At last his eyes dropped, and he faced his audience. He said, "Gentlemen, I cannot make a speech, I am no speechmaker, but I will tell you what. I am a jolly good hand at a 'View hallo!' and I will give you that if you like." And they said, "Please do." (Laughter.) And he gave them a splendid "View hallo!" and he sat down. That was a hunting county, and that candidate was elected by a thumping majority. (Laughter.) I should like to make the same kind of speech, but I am afraid the cold grey eye of our worthy Prior—no; I won't call him "worthy:" I don't like the term: the term "worthy," somehow, has become associated with mayors and corporations, and our Prior is of more influence than many mayors and many corporations—(hear, hear)—and I am sure the address associated with his name (if I recollect right it is "No. 5, John Street") is more widely known than the address of many aldermen—(hear, hear)—the cold grey eye of our good Prior—I will call him "good Prior"—bids me proceed. We are called White Friars, but when I look round on this brilliant assembly it is borne in upon me that the name is a misnomer.

FAIR PENITENTS.

Every well-regulated monk was taught from his youth up to regard woman as *anathema maranatha*. She was the glittering cloak under which Satan hid all manner of wiles. She was the fair semblance which covered a multitude of sins. Converse with her was regarded as sin, and was only allowed under the seal of holy confession. Now, confession is good for the soul: we all know that. But I never yet heard it argued, or even stated, that confession was good for the soul of the confessor, unless indeed the penitent was fair. When I look around me I see so many fair penitents—(laughter)—that, speaking for myself, as a newly-fledged friar, I may say, on my own behalf and on behalf of my brethren, that we are ready and willing and anxious to hear as many confessions as can be crammed into the space of an evening. (Laughter.) I repeat, the name "White Friars" is a misnomer. Our name should really have been, the Monks of Thelema, because at their symposia, all religious hypocrites, all usurers, and all pettifogging attorneys were rigidly excluded, and gallant ladies and faithful expounders of the Scriptures were bidden a hearty welcome. (Hear, hear.) I hope there is no lady here objects to my use of the word "gallant." I have used it in the proper sense. I listened carefully to the roll call. I did not hear the name of

Mrs. Grundy—(laughter)—and from the little I have heard of that lady in recent years, I should imagine she has been created a peeress in her own right. (Laughter and hear, hear.) I am a most inappropriate person to propose this toast. It should have been some sprightly bachelor, whose eyes are more accustomed to gaze on the galaxy of unappropriated and unapproachable beauty that surrounds me. (Laughter.) As for me, I am a mere satellite which revolves around and basks in the light of that constellation which deigns to light me through the dark places of the Universe. (Laughter and applause.) “Sovran Woman,” that is my toast. What a topic for a poet or a philosopher, or even a sprightly bachelor! Sovran she was, sovran she is, and sovran she ever will be!—and I count it a truism to say that without her kindly aid not one of us would have been present here to-night. Without her no philosopher ever taught and no poet ever sang. Without the somewhat drastic ministrations of a Xanthippe I suppose that Socrates would have remained a mere man, and would never have become the great philosopher that he was; and but for that thorn in the flesh, of which we hear so much, I suppose that St. Paul would not have travelled so far from home, and converted so many Christians, and I take it that those epistles of his would have been still more incomprehensible than at present. (Laughter.) But to those who follow the flowery paths of fiction, she is doubly sovran—first of all, because she is the very embodiment of romance in her own sweet self, and, secondly, because she alone understands romance. She takes novels seriously. A man never takes novels seriously—except those he writes himself. (Laughter.) Those he takes very seriously indeed. That is to say, we are all wax in the hands of woman. In the words of Tom Moore—

“Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.”

She rules us in childhood, she rules us in middle age, and when our steps begin to falter towards that bourne whence no traveller returns, she lends us a helping hand. (Loud laughter.) I am sorry I should have made a joke. (Laughter.) I really was perfectly serious in saying it. (Laughter.) No; you must not laugh, ladies and gentlemen. I am serious. (Renewed laughter.) I sometimes think with melancholy pleasure upon the poet, Heine, when, stricken with paralysis, tottering through the streets of Paris, then roaring with revolution, into the quiet chambers of the Louvre, and sitting in tears at the feet of the “great goddess of beauty, our dear Lady of Milo.” (Applause.) That is a thought that I think

must comfort us all, and is a thought that I think is worthy of being remembered. Gentlemen—I am speaking to gentlemen now—we may boast of our strength. When I look round upon the stalwart forms about me I think we must all be pupils of Mr. Sandow—but if I may be permitted to quote the epigrammatic words of one of our most clever and most epigrammatic of lady writers, who, I think, presents the position of man and woman in a golden nutshell, I should say it was summed up in these words: “There never was a man yet so strong but he met his Delilah, and it is only by the mercy of God that Delilah has occasionally a conscience.” (Laughter and applause.)

A Hardy Annual.

MRS. JAMES STUART, replying, said: Ladies and gentlemen—I should like, first of all, in the name of the women present, to thank Mr. Coleridge for the extremely kind terms in which he proposed this toast, and especially to thank him for having spared us most of those hoary-headed jokes about woman, to which we are painfully accustomed. (Hear, hear.) I should like to thank the members of the Whitefriars Club for their extreme hospitality, and their hospitality, if I may say so, has gone beyond the menu and has extended to the mind. You have given us the opportunity of meeting here to-night men and women whose names are a household word, and we thank you very much for it. In ordinary life, in social life, in private life, in public life, on boards of guardians, and on committees—and by the bye, I heard it plausibly maintained the other day that Job’s comforters were the first committee known, on the four-fold ground that, as we are told in the Bible, they made an appointment to come together, they were very depressing—(laughter)—they accomplished nothing, and they went away a failure—we are used, in this rough and tumble way, to meet many ordinary people, and it is a great privilege for us to come for a few minutes aside and to meet a gathering such as we have met to-day. It is said that when a speaker asks himself a question in public, it is pretty safe to assume that he has prepared himself with an answer, but when I proceed to ask myself in what terms I can adequately respond to this toast, I find it extremely difficult to know what to say, and, therefore, I have to thank you in very bare terms for it. I may spare you much watering to-night of that extremely hardy annual, the woman question. In one form or another of its varieties it is nearly always with us. If other opportunities fail, there are the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* in

which the hardy annual readily springs up. But I would like to thank you not only for the pleasant gathering you have given us here to-night, but for the hard work, the spade work, which many men whom we delight to honour have done to make England such a good place for us women to live in. (Hear, hear.) Some of them are with us to-night. Many of them are still living; some, perhaps, have passed over to the silent land. We think of them all, and thank them for all they have done to make this world so good for us. (Hear, hear.) One is constantly hearing all sorts of prophecies of what will happen if women's progress goes on in the way it is doing, and there are anticipations of the time

When the girls make Greek iambics
And the boys make currant jam.

It is curious that a woman is always sure of some jealousy if she is fond of literature, because of an idea that if one is fond of one thing one must necessarily dislike another and different thing, and yet, to take a commonplace, one may like mint sauce with lamb without necessarily disliking bread sauce with fowl. So, in the same way, we women tremendously enjoy the privilege of meeting you here to-night. We don't care for the ordinary commonplace things of ordinary life. As I stand here to-night I cannot help thinking—you will forgive my saying it—what a tremendous power the men and women of the Press have—those who write the books which tell (and there are so many of them here) and paint the pictures which tell. Think of the grey lives of so many. I do not mean the women who can be comforted by a soup ticket or a blanket, but the lonely women of the world, the women who are cultivated, but have so few opportunities to enjoy this world. It is such a splendid gift for the men and women who write to be able to weave, if I may say so, a few strands of gold into the midst of the drab warp of life. (Hear, hear.) Since I have mentioned the woman question, I think we do not realise how much it is at rest in the last few years. Happening the other day to open a book by a worthy Nonconformist minister, written forty years ago—a man whom not even his worst enemies would accuse of making a joke—I found that his opening sentence was this deliciously naïve remark: “In order to understand the sphere of woman we must first consider the needs of man.” (Laughter.) I have the luck to live in an old abbey, and one likes to people it sometimes with the spirits who lived there many centuries ago, and one of the rules which the occupants of the abbey were bidden observe was this. It has always struck me as a very wise rule,

When anyone came to them to be comforted or advised, the inhabitants were told to listen patiently, gently, kindly ; they were to exhort the applicant gently, charitably and wisely—"and soon to leave off." (Laughter.) Along the course of the centuries—I think six centuries—this wise old rule against loquacity comes to me to-night. It may be only this, that we meet as ships that just approach each other on the ocean and then pass on, but we can all be the happier, and, I think, the better, for this meeting together. It will be, I think, like the scent of roses and lavender all through our lives. (Applause.)

The Malignant American Husband.

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, acknowledging the toast, said : I know perfectly well that the reason an American woman has been asked to reply to this particular toast lies in the popular superstition that in an American democracy woman is the only sovereign. Max O'Rell established an order of precedence for us years ago when he declared that in entering a drawing-room, or in going through life, the French wife walked beside her husband, the English wife a little behind, and the American wife well in front, the malignant American husband, I take it, being supposed to stand, or cower, upon any scrap of territory in the rear, that he may chance to find unoccupied by a woman. (Laughter.) Far be it for me to confess that we are not as valiant wives, or that we are better disciplined than Max O'Rell fancied, but at all events fear of complete subjugation has not prevented American women from cheerfully adorning their brows with British coronets—(laughter)—nor have the risks been sufficient to deter an occasional plucky Englishman from leading his American cousin to the altar. I suppose the trembling bridegroom murmurs to himself as he meets her in the chancel : "For Britons never will be slaves !" and perhaps his bride overhears him and takes heed, for, so far as I can judge, he remains true to his principles. In the face of all this, does it seem a truism to assert that, in our day and generation, "sovran woman" is pretty much the same on both sides of the Atlantic ? The chastening influence of much commingling and many international marriages has, perhaps, deprived us of a fraction of our liberty, and given our British sisters a fraction more ; until, in point of "sovereignty," either self-arrogated or chivalrously awarded, there is little to choose between us. There is a plantation story—I wish I could give it you with a black instead of a white accent, but I am not gifted in dialect—which

says that a certain darkey servant, wishing to enter the holy bonds of matrimony, asked his master to purchase him a licence in the neighbouring town. The master, being in haste, did not ask the name of the happy woman, but as he drove along he reflected on the many tender attentions that he had seen John lavish upon Euphemia Wilson, the cook, and, concluding that there could be no mistake, had the licence made out in her name. "There's your licence to marry Euphemia," he said to the servant that night. "You're as good as married already and you owe me only two dollars." The darkey's face fell. "But Mass' Tom, Euphemia Wilson ain't de lady I'se gwine to marry. Dat wan't nothin' mo'n a little flirtation,—Georgiana Thompson, the la'ndress, is the one I'm gwine to marry." (Laughter.) "Oh! well, John," said the master, amused and irritated at the same time, "there's no great harm done. I'll get you another licence to-morrow, but it will cost you two dollars more, of course." The next morning the darkey came out to the carriage as it was starting for town and leaning confidentially over the wheel said: "Mass' Tom, you needn't git me no udder licence; I'll use the one I'se got. I'se been t'inkin' it over in de night-season, an' to tell you de troof, Mass' Tom, the conclusion o' my jedgment is, dat *dar ain't two dollars worth o' dif'rence between dem two ladies!*" (Laughter.) There are, seemingly, and ever have been, so many kinds of women, from Boadicea, or Pocahontas, or Lucrezia Borgia, to the "Sweet Alice," who, when Ben Bolt praised her, "wept with delight," or "paled at the sight of his frown." (Laughter.) There is the female politician, the platform and club woman, the athletic one, the short-haired one, and the romantic one with ringlets; but "to tell you de troof, Mass' Friar, dar ain't two dollars worth o' dif'rence between dem ladies!" (Laughter.) Under a thousand disguises, and in the midst of a thousand vagaries, if you strip women to the heart you always find—woman!

WOMAN'S DESIRED EMPIRE.

There are all sorts of women, but "sovran woman" still lives, old-fashioned, indestructible, eternal. She is unhappily not universal, but she is commoner than, in our cynical moments, we permit ourselves to believe. If, in the strictest secrecy, you should examine her as to her hopes, her ideals, her ambitions, her dreams, you would find in most cases that the empire she most desires is, after all, just the heart of a good man. (Hear hear.) The subjects she best loves to govern are a flock of little future rulers and 'sovran

women," fair-haired and dark, curly-headed and smooth. However, "the sweet safe corner of the household fire, behind the heads of children," modest expectation though it be in the midst of the so-called New Woman, does not come to all of us. Our gallant President—God bless him!—has been very earnest of late in urging woman not to forget, in her crowd of other responsibilities, her highest and most sacred duties and privileges. The matter became so much discussed that at length it roused the ire of a certain spinster who lived in a state where "sovran man" was lamentably in the minority. "Dear Mr. Roosevelt," she wrote to the President; "if you would talk a little less about children and provide a few more husbands, the question of race suicide would soon settle itself!" (Laughter.) But, justly, or unjustly, it is the mother who is "sovran woman," and if she is really that, she will see revealed in the shining eyes of her own children the tired hungry faces of other people's children, and feel their need of her beneficent aid, their right to her inspiring touch—children or women who have been dragged through the heat and mire and dust of life; children born without love and nourished in fear and despair. In such a woman the "heart of her husband may safely trust," but that is not enough. The "sovran woman" must be something more splendid even than that. She must be the priestess of high ideals, the guardian of fine standards. The heart of motherless childhood must be able to trust in her, and the heart of the nation too. Mother of children, yes, that is much; but she must be the mother of soldiers, of statesmen, of scholars, of kings and queens, and, if it be the will of God, even of saints; for the saints must be mothered, and none but the "sovran women" are worthy. (Applause.)

"The Club."

MRS. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, proposing "The Whitefriars' Club," said: I feel weighed down with the honour laid on me to-night of proposing the toast of the honourable Club of the White Friars and its gifted President. If I try to understand the circumstances which have placed me in so distinguished and perilous a position, the most reasonable explanation I can offer, if you will allow me a historical allusion, goes back to the siege of Nottingham 250 years ago. Mrs. Hutchinson told of that siege, how the women used to go about in bands of forty to put out the smouldering fires lighted by the firebrands of the enemy. The story lay in MSS. till the nineteenth century, when it was edited

by a descendant of Mrs. Hutchinson. He had inherited all the priggishness of his great ancestress. Pondering much on this tale, it seemed to him so extraordinary as to need a note. "This incident," remarks the astute gentleman, "is very remarkable, and seems to indicate some use to which might be put the nervousness and timidity of the sex." (Laughter.) In the new century we have improved on the methods of the Hutchinson family. Now I am called, by virtue of the well-known absence of humour in woman, to quench the flames of wit of the Whitefriars Club and to give the Friars a moment's repose in the pure common-place, from their own explosive brilliancy. I only wish, for company's sake, we were still allowed to do our work in bands of forty—forty shouting as one. (Laughter and hear, hear.) My present solitary position reminds me indeed of a discussion I once heard on the terrors of shyness. "It's like the madness of a wild animal tamed," said the man. "No," said the lady with emotion, and she held one of the greatest places in England, "'tis like a tame thing driven wild." (Hear, hear.) You will all admit that it is an interesting experience to bring together in our toast the Whitefriars Club and its President of to-night. Together you make up the sum of History—the Club bearing witness to its ceaseless motion, the Chairman to its infinite repose. The records of your Club give, as you know, a view of the progress of the world at breakneck speed. What cave-dwellers lived in England before one of your members invented Bradshaw, and forced it down the throats of hostile Railway Companies? In what archaic world did the Press fight the stamp-duties, sending out the unstamped papers in coffins by the back door, while from the front door news-boys fled from pursuing policemen with bundles of waste paper? Did not one of your company discover the short note, which will soon, to a hasting world, carry all politics and knowledge in a few capsules? (Laughter.) Then comes your last invention. If I now wish to know what my neighbour's member is saying in Parliament for a penny, I must buy that steady old Conservative paper, the *Freeman's Journal*. Even if I pay 3d. to read the record in London, I must still add my penny in Dublin to find out what the *Times*, in its discretion, conceals, for fear of my spiritual hurt. (Laughter.)

THE OUT-OF-FOCUS DISEASE.

For the English Press now watches over the English people with all the care of the Inquisition. (Hear, hear.) The papers are our safeguards against the slipping through of any fact dangerous to

our political faith. They follow the fine practice of the Tudor kings in Ireland, who printed for the people a nice selection of the Statutes—not all of them, to be sure, but only those “which it is convenient for our subjects to take note of”—a sort of printing which Elizabeth paid for out of compulsory monies, but which we, modern men and women, order for our free pennies. Perhaps, after all, the progress of man is like that of another Royal personage, who marched up the hill with his 20,000 men, and “when he got to the top of the hill he marched them down again.” But this immense and ceaseless activity of man, from valley to summit, and from the peak down again to the pit, covers that deeper calm, which the Prior has portrayed in his very remarkable and profoundly interesting novels—the changeless abyss where the submerged lie. Friar Richard Whiteing should have been a historian. He has shown his power in that admirable history of the Swant family—and the story, even if he does not write it more fully, will assuredly be written some day—from the 72,000 peasants slaughtered by King Harry, the most popular king that ever sat on the English throne, to the holocausts of our own time. To a coming age it will seem as strange and old a tale as that of Tiglath-Pileser laying his foot on the necks of those kings stretched in the dust before him, and will be recorded in the schools for the wonder and horror of mankind. The subject, however, is not one for after-dinner talk, lest we, too, get the “out-of-focus disease,” and find ourselves cast, just as if we were of the greatly-gifted, like Mr. Defoe and Mr. Whiteing, on a desert island. But even in that case we at least should have one benefit of Heaven denied by Friar Whiteing to his islanders. You remember that on his way to the final boat-wreck, he passed by Paris, and was there suddenly overcome by a fit of Anglo-Saxon criticism of the Latin races, so that no Latin wanderer was allowed on his fair island. Here he planted a true Anglo-Saxon community, with just a mixture, for the sake of the women’s eyes, of aboriginal blood. Now, as we all know, the Anglo-Saxon, when he is active at all, is inclined to do mischief. So these simple folk had to seek virtue in negations—in having no commercial basis, no possible Empire, and the like. Thus that for all their charm and singing of hymns to Queen Victoria, when a live English lord got among them the author had to hurry him away, and alas! he had even swiftly to kill him for fear of his getting back by any accident. Why, I asked myself when I saw this excellent man so sadly thrown away, why wasn’t there a Celt or two on that island? It would not matter where he came from—

the poet carrying on his spear the silver bowl for gifts ; or the chief with the wound on his head sewed with gold thread to match his golden hair, his red and white cloak with the golden brooch, his white kingly shirt with the gold embroidery at the skin, his white shield and gold-hilted sword ; or the saint who launched his coracle on the illimitable wave in the face of the everlasting storm, to pass over the edge of the world to the Void where Space and Time were not ; or the Irishman of to-day, still miraculously holding to the ancient faith of his people in the ultimate liberty of man, braving still all calamity, and in the great Dispersion still calling the whole world to liberty and brotherhood. Any one of them would do. I am sure that if any of them had been on the island, the English lord could have gone back—to the salvation of his soul. (Laughter.) I am sure also that Mr. Whiteing would never send this Club to a desert island to make a spiritual living without its Irish members. I have the honour to propose the toast of the Whitefriars Club, and of its distinguished President. (Applause.)

Sex in Literature.

THE PRIOR, in response, said : When we contend that there is no sex in literature, we are not paying a sort of oblique compliment to ourselves by suggesting that if women persevered long enough they might finally level up to us. (Laughter.) I for one hold that there is sex in literature—(hear, hear)—and there are certain qualities which distinguish the feminine mind in its perfection that literature would be the great loser by it if it had to go without. A delicate felicity of ideas is an attribute which we can only hope to assure at second-hand. One of the unerring guides to literature is that a writer should have an unerring woman spirit. (Hear, hear.) When I listened to Mrs. Green, and to the other ladies we have heard to-night—for there is no possibility of discrimination—I felt there was sex in oratory—(hear, hear,)—and that if we do not look out pretty sharp, we men, the sceptre will depart from Judah. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) All the things we should have predicted, and did predict before we were enlightened by the event, about the speaking of woman, have not come to pass. They are so supremely logical and so supremely self-possessed ! and with logic and self-possession you can go pretty well anywhere as a public speaker. (Laughter.) I rather envy Mr. Coleridge the ease and facility with which he accomplished his very difficult task. It is exceedingly hard nowadays to say anything amiable about women without being suspected of a sort of political reference.

Their favourite professors—for now they have their professors—are shaking the world with their lectures for women. There is a philosophy for women, and the whole body of doctrine in modern teaching is being adapted to their imperious demands, if not to their needs. Most of you know the lecturer for women nowadays—the man who is holding large audiences at most of the great women's club at the West End, whose lectures are really like those of Politianus at Florence in the days of the Renaissance, who is filling the halls of the London University with women writers, taking notes with gold pencils in gilt-edged notebooks and hanging on the teaching from those lips which they themselves have inspired. His latest dictum is that woman—modern woman—must look for her rocks ahead to the great political movement of the day, and that is Imperialism—that if she does not watch it her interest in that movement will finally unsex her and deprive her of some of her most charming attributes. I do not think that there is anything in it at all; but I do say this, it makes it exceedingly difficult to say anything now of a complimentary nature without being suspected of a political reference. Talk to her of her most charming attribute of pardon, and she will probably turn round to say, if she has gone through much teaching of the kind, "Oh, I see you are in favour of retaliation." Her too great absorption in these merely ephemeral questions of the day has sometimes that depressing effect. Talk to her even of the *entente cordiale* and one is accused of being in favour of alien immigration. In like manner, when I have said I looked forward to the time when there would be more and more Frenchmen coming to England introducing those French words which give a grace to life, I have been told I am an out-and-out supporter of dumping. (Laughter.) This is the result of enlarging the horizon of women's activities in these ephemeral things of to-day, and I think it is the less necessary to enlarge them, because their own sphere is so very large, that their triumph—their ultimate triumph—will be in this, that they will level up to them in the sphere of the great spiritual interests. (Applause.)

Presentation to Mrs. Spurgeon.

At the conclusion of the usual toast list, a pleasing ceremony took place in the presentation of a diamond brooch to Mrs. Arthur Spurgeon.

FRIAR WM. SENIOR, in making the presentation, said: To me has been entrusted the honourable duty of asking Mrs. Spurgeon's

acceptance of a testimonial from the Whitefriars Club. To the strangers present I may explain that Mrs. Spurgeon is the lawfully wedded wife of our late Secretary, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, who, by a nice turn in the wheel of fortune, came into a position which necessitated his resigning the Hon. Secretaryship of the Whitefriars Club. For seven years Friar Arthur Spurgeon has served this Club loyally and well. Friars do not require to be told of the affectionate esteem in which we have always held him, in which we still hold him, and in which we still intend to hold him. He has performed the mystic rights appertaining to his office with seriousness and dignity. He has, by counsel and example, guided the younger brethren in the path in which they should go, and he has, to those of us who are aged, been a very tower of defence. Our gratitude, therefore, to Friar Arthur Spurgeon—as the saying is—goes without saying. The appeal has been splendidly responded to, from our old friend, Harrison Weir, who to-day celebrated his 81st birthday, to the very youngest of the friars ; and the result is, as ladies tell me—I am no judge of these things—a very beautiful diamond brooch for Mrs. Spurgeon, and, in order that there shall be no domestic quarrels, a little waistcoat trifle for Mr. Spurgeon in the shape of this cigarette case. (Laughter and applause.) I beg you who are guests of the Club to understand this is not a present to Mrs. Spurgeon as compensation for any robbery we may have perpetrated in depriving her of her husband. (Laughter.) It is rather, I think, as a bribe that she shall still continue to give him his freedom on Friday nights so that we may enjoy his presence with us. (Hear, hear.) I have said my say as to Friar Spurgeon. I have wished the guests to understand when we speak about our affectionate esteem for him, it is a real meaning and not mere empty words, but by all the rules of the noble game of mutual admiration, I think we should look at the other side of the question. It is not for me to suggest even that Friar Spurgeon has gained anything from the Whitefriars Club, but is it not possible that Mrs. Spurgeon, who is to be the recipient of this jewel to-night—is it not possible that she may have reason to be grateful to us for depriving her, once a week, of the society of her husband? (Laughter.) You know the ideas about the position of womankind, and even the domestic relations, are not what they used to be. If our distinguished guest, Mrs. Wiffin, will pardon me, over the Atlantic, in the country of advanced thought, see how easy it is now to get a divorce. I don't say there is anything wrong in that ; it may merely be the keen instinct which leads to

an expression of admiration for that sound business principle, reduction on taking a quantity. (Laughter.) We have not got quite so far as that in this country, but we move. The latchkey trade, I am told, in London is in a most prosperous condition, and I myself have heard some of the emancipated say it is possible for husband and wife to have too much of each other. (Laughter.) That may be so; I do not know; I reserve the working out of that question for my old age, and if I should make the discovery that it is really so, I shall only have another regret to growl over in my declining years, that I did not discover the truth at the beginning rather than towards the end of my career. (Laughter.) I am too old a hand to pursue this delicate question any further. (Laughter.) I leave Mrs. Spurgeon to settle this matter for herself, whether she is grateful to the Whitefriars Club for the freedom it has given her once a week and whether for these seven years she has not been eternally saying in her heart of hearts that Friday is the maddest, merriest day of all the seven. (Laughter.)

Leaving his place FRIAR SENIOR then made the presentation with the words: It only remains for me now to ask Mrs. Spurgeon's acceptance of this gift free and hearty from the brethren of this gracious order, and you may depend upon it that our unanimous feeling to-night is "God bless you both." (Applause.)

"A Little Domestic Incident."

FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON, who was received with applause, said in acknowledgment: On this auspicious occasion I am sure you will agree with me, this being the annual Ladies' Banquet, that it would have been eminently fitting and proper that my wife should have responded for herself. I believe on one occasion only in her history has she made a speech in public—she has made many in private. (Laughter.) On that occasion, I believe Friar Senior was again the culprit, for I think it was five years ago I had the honour, as Hon. Secretary of the Whitefriars Club and as Chairman of the Reception Committee of the London Institute of Journalists, to take a party of some 250 journalists, White Friars and others, to Paris in connection with the Paris Exhibition. We had a great reception from the French journalists, and I believe on that occasion we did something to cement the good feeling which has existed since. But on coming back across the Channel, Friar Senior enveigled my wife to the cabin and there presented her with a beautiful diamond ring; because of the little services I

had been able to render in connection with that visit. I promptly retired to the deck and left her to face the crowd, and I am informed that she made a very eloquent speech. (Hear, hear.) It was something like this—having been in Paris for three days she had caught the true Parisian sentiment—“I think it is very amiable of you all.” (Hear, hear.) I am told that the result was very effective. I wish she would get up and say just what in her heart I know she thinks. She is indeed very grateful to you all for this expression of your kindness and of your goodwill to her and to me. You have paid me what I may call a rose-ringed compliment in asking her acceptance of this gift, because you appreciate as you do, and I say it with all modesty, the few services I have been able to render the Whitefriars Club in my capacity of Hon. Secretary during the past seven years. Friar Senior asked me to take this position seven years ago, and during the whole of that period he has been a loyal and true comrade. Nothing could have pleased me more than for him to have been selected to convey that valuable gift to my wife. In connection with my retirement from the Secretaryship, it is gratifying to me to know that to-night, on my left, we have Friar Heath Joyce, who also for seven years served the Club in the same capacity. I know no one rendered greater service to the Club during those seven years than his amiable wife, and I believe, in fact I know, that she still has the affection of all the members of the Club for what she did during those seven years. This is really a little domestic incident intruded upon this brilliant gathering, and I think I ought to apologise to the distinguished guests for what I have said with regard to this act of great kindness by the members of the Club. Permit me to say it has been one of the great satisfactions of my life to belong to the gracious order of Whitefriars. We have now a Club of which all literary London is honourably proud. I know Mr. Putnam, of New York, will be pleased to learn they are endeavouring to establish a Whitefriars Club in that city on the other side of the Atlantic, and if they succeed in gathering together a band such as we have in our Whitefriars Club, New York will have reason to be satisfied that the Whitefriars Club in London ever existed. (Hear, hear.) We feel that we are doing in our Club good service to the cause of letters and science and art. Above all, as I have said on many occasions at our public gatherings, it is the true spirit of comradeship which has been the inspiring force and the ruling star of the Whitefriars Club; and that comradeship has

existed even to this evening. The kindness shown by the Whitefriars to me personally and to my wife will ever be remembered, and I thank them from the bottom of my heart, and I thank you all for the reception you have accorded us both. (Applause.)

The Prior welcomed M. Taunay, who had arrived during the speech-making, observing that he and those with him in France thought of the *entente cordiale* long before it came into the minds of the statesmen, and even now, a good understanding between the two people was more a matter for the Press than it was for the statesmen. He wished they could find some means of making the occasional interchange of good offices a kind of institution ensuring other meetings between distinguished French journalists and themselves.

A conversazione in the Grand Hall followed the dinner, and the proceedings closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

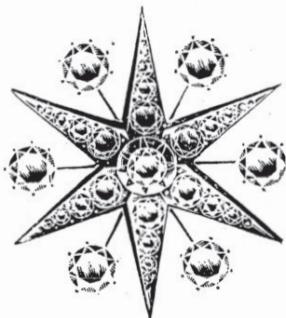
CLUB NOTES.

THE Committee, satisfied with the results of the programme of the session just closed, are desirous of preparing a programme not less alluring for the Autumn session. It is thought that valuable suggestions might come from individual Friars as to the choice of guests and the selection of subjects for after-dinner conversations. The honorary secretaries therefore invite and will be pleased to receive from members lists of topics for discussion, and the names of prominent public men who would be likely to add to the attractions of our weekly dinners.

ON April 28th a circular letter, signed by Friar F. Carruthers Gould, was addressed to the Friars, intimating that there was a general feeling among the members of the Club that Friar Arthur Spurgeon should not be allowed to retire from his office of honorary secretary without some practical mark of our great obligation to him for the indefatigable and invaluable services which he has rendered to the Club in maintaining its vitality. It was suggested that the Friars should contribute to a fund with the object of presenting to Mrs. Spurgeon some token of our appreciation of the sacrifices which her husband has made in the

interests of the White Friars. The subscriptions were to be limited. In response to this letter the Friars displayed remarkable promptitude and unanimity, with the result that the presentation was made at the Ladies' Banquet. The token took the form of a diamond star, convertible into a brooch, pendant, or hair ornament, supplied by the Goldsmiths' Company, of Regent Street. Some few donations were received after the brooch had been selected, and a supplementary gift was made to Friar Spurgeon himself in the shape of a silver cigarette box. Friar Robert Leighton, who acted as treasurer, desires that the following Friars will take this notification as a grateful acknowledgment of their donations:—

A. St. John Adcock, Chas. Baker, W. Gurney Benham, Chas. Braid, Henry J. Brown, A. G. Browning, Shan F. Bullock, G. B. Burgin, J. Bloundelle Burton, Winston Churchill, M.P., Sir Ernest Clarke, Edward Clodd, Chas. H. Cook, Herbert Cornish, Frederick J. Cross, C. Duncan Cross, J. M. Dent, Louis H. Falck, George Manville Fenn, Ernest Foster, Geo. E. Fox, J. Foster Fraser, Douglas Montagu Gane, Wm. L. Gane, Chas. Garvice, J. R. Geard, F. Carruthers Gould, Lionel F. Gowing, Rev. C. H. Grundy, J. A. Hammerton, Cecil B. Harmsworth, Anthony Hope Hawkins, W. H. Helm, Joseph Hocking, Clive Holland, Julius Homan, Robert Hovenden, Edward William Janson, R. L. Jefferson, T. Heath Joyce, T. Athol Joyce, W. G. Lacy, W. J. C. Lancaster, R. E. Leader, Robert Leighton, Angelo Lewis, R. Dupper Lloyd, Frederic S. A. Lowndes, Edward P. Mathers, Arthur Mee, F. Frankfort Moore, W. Robertson Nicoll, G. H. Overend, Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., W. R. Paterson (Benjamin Swift), Chas. E. Pearce, C. Arthur Pearson, Max Pemberton, G. H. Perkins, G. Moulton Piper, George Ricks, Walter Runciman, M.P., E. T. Sachs, W. M. Saunders, Rev. S. N. Sedgwick, Wm. Senior, W. N. Shansfield, Joseph Shaylor, Clement K. Shorter, Walter Smith, H. Wood Smith, Harold Spender, J. M. Tuohy, Sir W. P. Treolar, Harrison Weir, Henry S. Wellcome, A. Moresby White, J. Farlow Wilson, Philip Wilson, Henry Frith, J. Dalgety Henderson, Richard Whiteing.



THE Annual Pilgrimage will take place this year on Saturday, the 24th of June. Friar Browning has kindly consented to act as Prior for the day. We shall leave Paddington about 9.45, arriving

at Oxford just after 11, and proceeding by boat from Oxford to Goring. The river between these two places contains some of the most exquisite of the scenery which has given the Thames a world-wide fame for beauty. Messrs. Kingston and Miller have undertaken the catering, which is synonymous with saying it will be excellent in every respect, and the service will be all that can be desired. Full particulars will be sent to every Friar in due course.

THE Committee have been approached by the representatives of the late Friar Irving Montague, whose widow is in distressing circumstances of illness and poverty. Any Friar who may wish to offer monetary help may do so by addressing Friar F. J. Cross on the matter.

END OF VOLUME II.

(An Index, kindly prepared by FRIAR ALGERNON ROSE, will be issued with the next number.)