

McGill Football Club.

WE understand that certain members of the McGill Football Club are playing on city teams this year. We do not intend to inquire into the reasons which have led them to do this, but we do say that there can be none strong enough to justify them in such a course. We find it difficult to find words to express our opinion of the soldier who fights against his father-land. What then shall we say of the man who engages

in the mimic warfare of football against his Alma Mater. We feel sure that such conduct would not be tolerated in an English university. We find it hard to imagine the state of such a man's feelings when he lines up against the old colours and hears the yell of Old McGill. Perhaps are they not unlike those of the deserter on the field of battle.

Monte Cassino.

WE have fallen into the habit of using the word "medieval" in a bad sense. It is often made to mean narrow, reactionary, stupid. When I say, then, that the number of medievalists in the University is probably small no one will feel offended. The number of medievalists in the University is probably small because it is small in every modern community. The true medievalist must, however, possess certain accomplishments. Like the poet he must be born. Like the poet he must have power to reproduce not the ideas only but the feelings of an age alien in spirit to our own. He must be able to put out of his head our modern utilitarian standards of comparison. He must have a child-like zest in romance. He must take delight in deeds of chivalry. He must have points of attachment with social ideals which flourished long before "quixotic" had become an epithet of reproach. Finally he must have mystic fervour himself or sympathy with those to whom fervour and religious rapture were the guiding impulses in life. I shall not venture to administer medieval *novelism* in unadulterated form to readers of the "Fortnightly" but shall try to disguise it under the sugar-coating of a travel sketch.

The town of Cassino is not medieval. It was Roman and is anything you like. A brief reference to Baedeker's Southern Italy will make you erudite in its classical history. "We see, on the right, the colossal remains of an *Amphitheatre*

which, according to an inscription, was erected by Ummidia Quadratilla at her own expense. The foundress is mentioned by Pliny (vii. 24) as a lady of great wealth, who even in her old age was an ardent admirer of theatrical performances. . . Opposite, on the bank of the Rapido, lay the villa of M. Terentius Varro, where, as we are informed by Cicero (Phil. ii. 40) M. Anthony afterwards indulged in his wild orgies." How easy it is to be erudite with Baedeker at one's elbow!

Cassino is half-way between Naples and Rome, among the foothills of the Apennines. It lies on the east side of broad, rich valley of the Gargliano, just where the Rapido streams down from the mountains. The people of the region are poor in spite of the fertility of the bottom lands about them. Italy is now paying the bill of national unity and national development. The land tax is heavy, and the *dazio consumo* or *octroi* duty at the town gates comes in the end out of the town's folk. Even when one sees Cassino, as I did, on a fair-day the general aspect of poverty is painful. But poverty is always mitigated in Italy by a cheerfulness and patience such as one seldom finds in the north among the well-to-do.

Above the narrow streets and stucco-faced houses of Cassino rises the Mount. It is 1500 feet high and steep without being craggy. The town is half a mile from the railway station and the traveller has already seen the hill in good