

MUNGRET  
ANNUAL

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**CHRISTMAS, 1897.**

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# THE MUNGRET ANNUAL.

**NO. 1.**

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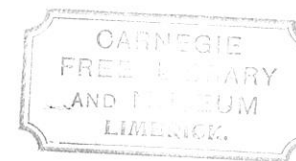
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## DEDICATION.

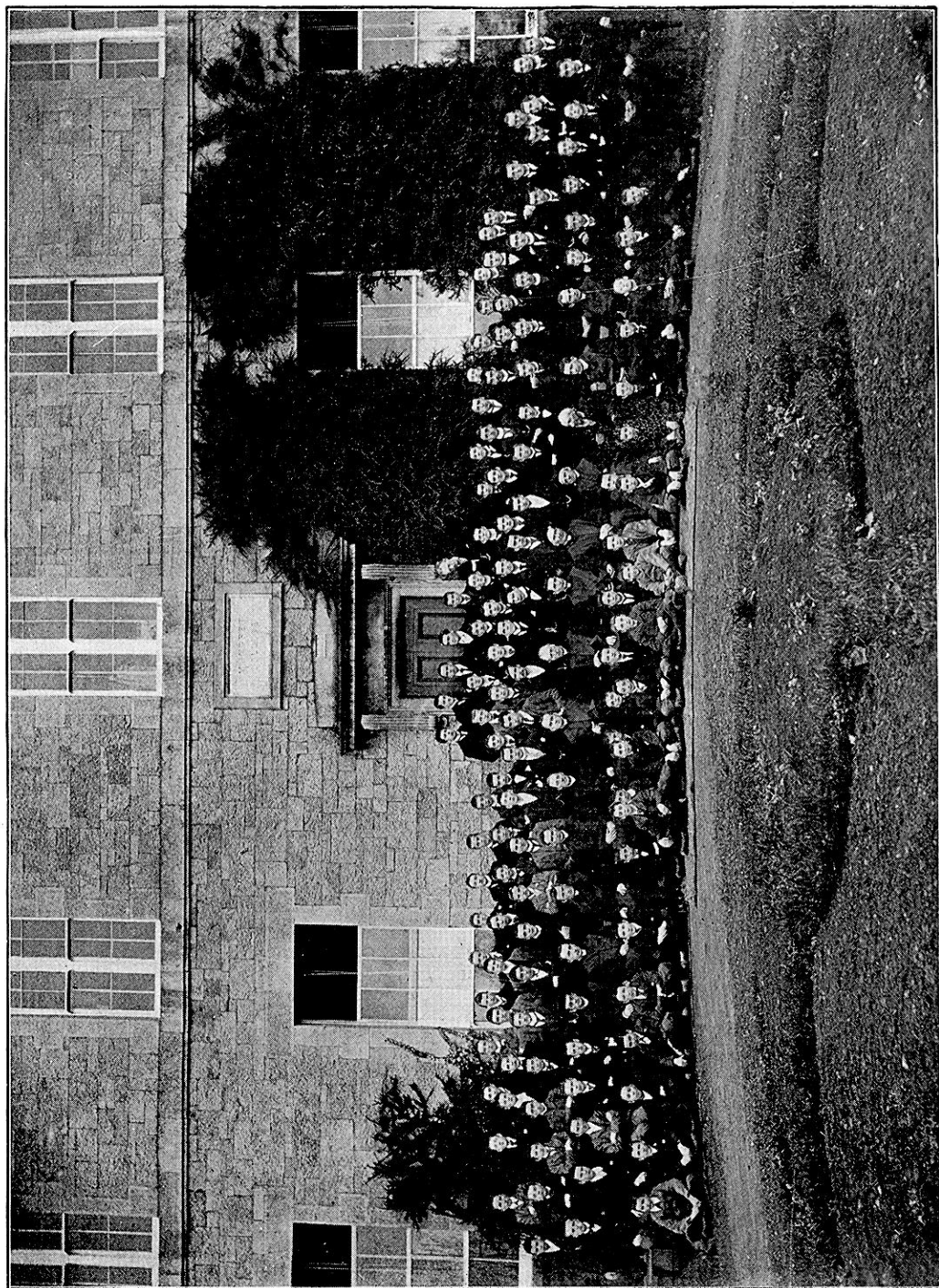
What rhyme can you build,  
Trembling hands unskilled  
In the lofty poet's art,  
That may fitly show  
The deep debt we owe  
To the Master's spear-riven heart?

How could human skill,  
Though rare genius fill  
With sounding words of praise  
Every ringing verse,  
Set in language terse,  
Fitting tribute of homage raise?

A mere cymbals' clash  
Is such effort rash  
To sing what the angels sing :  
Every earth-born note  
Still earthward must float,  
And more harshly than brass shall ring.

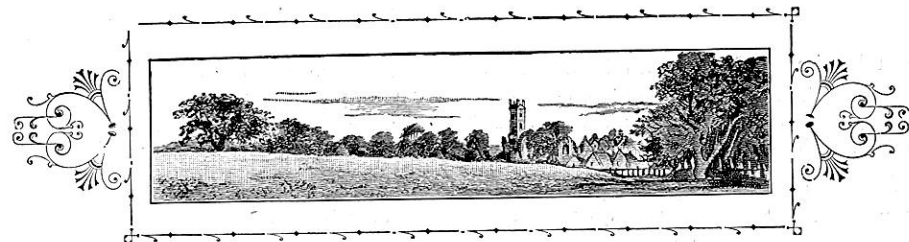
But upward shall soar,  
As if angels bore  
On their flashing wings of gold,  
Every word that's placed  
At His feet Who graced  
Fishers rude with rare speech of old.

Not for us, O Lord !  
But for Thee each word  
Of this lowly work be done ;  
Let it heaven-ward strive,  
Earthly fetters rive,  
'Till its brief-measured sands be run.



MUNGRET COLLEGE, 1897.—PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

Photo. by Guy, Linerick.]



# THE MUNGRET ANNUAL

Christmas, 1897.

## EDITORIAL.

**A**MONG the widely-scattered alumni of our College, a feeling has long prevailed that some active steps were needed to preserve and keep vigorous the bonds of mutual sympathy and love that bind Mungret to her former children and them to each other. The want is evident, but how satisfy it. A reunion such as Maynooth, Castleknock, and Clongowes, have established is impossible for us—at least a thoroughly representative one—owing to the fact that so great a proportion of our past students are scattered broadcast over the globe. A Magazine, jointly conducted by the *Past* and the *Present* is then our best and only resource.

The initiative in such a work must come from home, and so we, leaving as it were the peaceful retirement of our College privacy, make our first appearance before a critical public. Tremblingly have we undertaken a task, which nothing but

the knowledge of the immense advantages that are likely to accrue could have induced us to venture upon.

Many are the benefits which, we trust, will arise from this little paper of ours. For the present students it will be a means of profitable connection with the past, whose high example will encourage them on to the battle of life.

And could we think ourselves the humble means of conferring on the Past themselves, the smallest benefit, of cheering perhaps for them a tedious, thorny way, with the sunshine of smiles, such a consideration would be a reward meet indeed to recompense the editing of this paper. And is this too much to expect? If even the hearing of a musical strain that we loved in boyhood, is oftentimes sufficient to fill the mind with the memories of distant days, and the heart too with the joys of guileless youth, what may not our message from a beloved home do for



our absent brothers. Surely with it memories will be awakened—memories teeming with the pleasantest recollections; happy times that are past will for a while be lived over again; dearly beloved faces will appear, repeopling the home where they first were known. Again, who is not the better for recalling the high ideas and generous aspirations of his youth? His dreams may not indeed have been realised: he may not have been in the strife the hero he had hoped: still the high ideals of boyhood are not false, and the remembrance of them is always elevating. The sight of this little journal may bring back to the mind of many a Mungret student thoughts and desires formed in his College home, thoughts of which even the remembrance must rouse him to still nobler efforts in the world's battle.



No one can be more keenly alive than we are ourselves to the numerous defects which our utmost care cannot banish from this literary attempt. We frankly own that, notwithstanding all the good results we fondly look forward to, we should never have undertaken it were we not convinced that our past friends were able and willing to aid us in carrying it through. Their more matured judgments bear them far above their younger friends here, who have barely put on wings, and cannot yet be expected to soar very high. On their aid, therefore, we principally rely.



May we not even hope that with the useful and interesting articles, such as they can write from all parts of the world, our humble little Annual may yet prove attractive to the general reader. But let not our fond expectations betray us into presumptuous thoughts. What the future may bring, we leave to the future to decide.

Meanwhile, to secure at least the primary ends of our publication, the editors have done their utmost to make the articles on local topics as fair and honest a picture of present Mungret life as possible.



Our earnest thanks are due to the past students for the warmth with which they entered upon the suggestion that has here taken practical form.

Finally, to all the past alumni of Mungret, whether at home in our own green isle, or far away beyond the seas, we send the kindest of greetings, and the most loving of wishes for their welfare. From their old *alma mater*, where their joyous voices were once heard, and where many of their boyish feats are still remembered, a greeting of brotherhood is sent forth. May our message of love find each and every one of them as happy and as prosperous as ever a fond mother could wish her children to be.

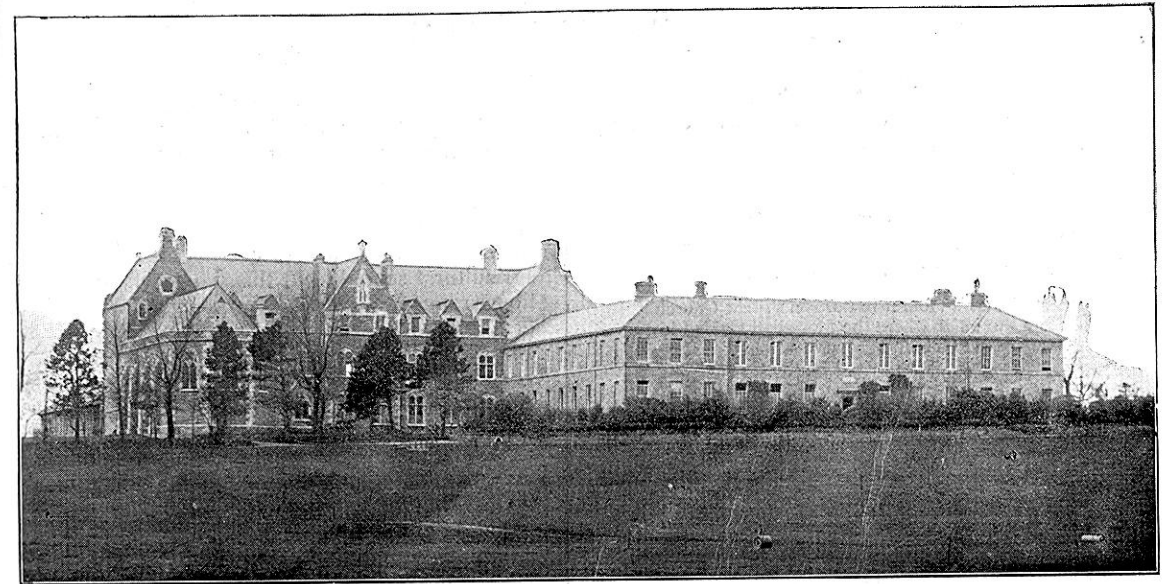


Photo by Guy, Limerick.]

VIEW OF COLLEGE FROM THE CRICKET GROUND.

## MUNGRET.



"The present meets the past;  
The future too is there."

**F**OREMOST among the centres that in ancient Erin radiated forth the light of sanctity and learning, was the Monastery of Mungret. The first authentic mention that we find of Mungret is in the Tripartite Life, where it is related that St. Nessan was installed first abbot by St. Patrick.

The story of his election to this high dignity is so beautiful and touching, and withal so exquisitely told by the gifted author of the "Legends of St. Patrick," that we cannot refrain from inserting it here. Those of our readers who are already familiar with De Vere's beautiful little poem,\* will be all the more ready to pardon our doing so, as we shall keep as far as possible to the poet's own words:—

A local chieftain had invited St. Patrick to a great banquet, which he had prepared in the Saint's honour on Knock Cae,† the hill which

"Ascends  
Westward of Ava, girt by river's twain,  
Maigue lily-lighted and the Morning Star."

\* "St. Patrick at the Feast of Knock Cae"; or, "The Founding of Mungret."

† The hill is situated some five miles S. E. of Limerick, and about four E. of Mungret.

Here St. Patrick witnessed an heroic act of charity performed by a young shepherd, Nessan, who, though not yet a Christian, gave liberally from the little he possessed to some destitute travellers, who had appealed to St. Patrick, and were referred by him to Nessan.

"Gladly, then,  
That shepherd youth gave them the wether small:  
With both his hands out-stretched, and liberal smile,  
He gave it, though with angry eye askance  
His mother grudged it sore."

The Saint, who had previously foretold that for Nessan "the Blessing was reserved," now informed him of the reward prepared for his noble sacrifice:—

"Like a palm one day  
Shall rise thy greatness."

The mother he forgave, and—

"He blessed her hoary head,  
Yet added mournful: 'Not within the Church  
That Nessan serves shall be his mother's grave.'"

Finally we are told of Nessan's installation as abbot of the recently-founded Church—

"Then Nessan he baptized, and on him bound  
Ere long the Deacon's grade, and placed him later  
Priest o'er his Church at Mungret."

Soon, by Nesson's great church, a mighty monastery arose, known over Europe as a centre of sanctity and learning—

"Centuries ten  
It stood, a convent round it as a star,  
Forth sending beams of glory and of grace  
O'er woods Teutonic and the Tyrrhene Sea."

The story closes with the touching episode—

"Yet Nesson's mother in her son's great Church  
Slept not; nor where the Mass bell tinkled low:  
West of the Church her grave—to his—her son's  
Neighbouring, yet severed by the chancel wall."

The Psalter of Cashel states that the Monastery had within its walls six churches, and, exclusive of numerous scholars, as many as fifteen hundred monks. St. Munchin, nephew of Bloid, King of Thomond, is the next important name mentioned in connection with Mungret. Under his fostering care it attained its greatest celebrity, and thus, though not its actual founder, he may in reality have a better claim to the name than St. Nesson. The precise date of St. Munchin's rule is much disputed. Though some hold that he was the immediate successor of St. Nesson, O'Curry, whose name adds weight to the statement, declares that his instalment as abbot did not take place until 600 A.D.

Mungret had, after St. Munchin, a long succession of Abbots. The names of Rihill, Constans, Rebachan, and many others are recorded by the Four Masters. But, though the Monastery flourished for ten centuries, it did not escape the trials of those fierce and warlike ages. Five times, we are told, it was sacked and burned by the Danes, and its inmates ruthlessly murdered. On two subsequent occasions it was almost totally destroyed by fire, while it was twice sacked and burned by native Irish princes. But its recuperative power was astonishing: on each occasion rising triumphantly from its ashes, it continued even to the twelfth century to vie in celebrity, as a seat of learning, with the famous monasteries of Lismore, Clonmacnoise, and Bangor; and it was not till Henry's greedy and sacrilegious hand had snatched away roof and sod, and dispersed the helpless monks, that ancient Mungret fell to rise no more.

The ruins of the venerable old abbey are still to be seen in the College grounds, mute but eloquent witnesses of bygone days, and of a glory that has vanished. But if these ivy-clad ruins are monuments of a noble past, they are no less, as we shall see, the pledge of a glorious resurrection.

There has been a constant tradition amongst the peasantry that the fame of ancient Mungret would one day from "ruin rise restored." If the sacred walls of the old monastery were to crumble away, its spirit was yet to live. The prophecy has been

fulfilled. Hundreds of years have passed, and a new Mungret has risen, and is flourishing on the site of the old. Priests and scholars are once again sent forth to sanctify and civilize the world.

That portion of the present building known as the old wing, was originally erected as an agricultural school; but this scheme failing, the house remained idle for some years, in the hands of Government trustees, of whom the late Lord Emly was the principal and most influential.

In 1881 the building was leased by the trustees to Dr. Butler, late Bishop of Limerick, on condition of his establishing a college, in which some of the physical sciences should be taught as part of the curriculum. This College continued only for a year.

Meanwhile, in Limerick, Fr. Ronan, S.J., had at last realized his long-cherished idea of founding a college for the training of Irish youths for the Foreign Missions. In the September of 1880 eight young lads assembled in a house adjoining the Jesuit College of the Sacred Heart; and this small but zealous band formed the nucleus of the future Apostolical School of Mungret. Within a year their number had increased to twenty. Fr. Ronan now required larger buildings and grounds to meet the demands of the increasing numbers. Providence so arranged that Mungret was placed at his disposal. The trustees agreed to hand over the College and grounds to the Jesuit Fathers, on conditions similar to those granted to Dr. Butler the previous year. Accordingly, in 1882, they entered into possession of Mungret, with Fr. Ronan as first Rector. The Apostolical School was transferred thither from Limerick, and at the same time Dr. Butler entrusted to the Fathers the care of his Diocesan Seminary.

The latter school contained lay as well as ecclesiastical students, and was the beginning of the present Lay School of Mungret.

As long as the Fathers were tenants of the trustees, and even to his lamented death, Lord Emly proved a never-failing friend and patron of the College, and Mungret owes to him a debt of gratitude which her children can never forget.

All connection with the trustees and government is now severed. The buildings and grounds were bought out in fee-simple in 1895.

The number of Seminarists, Apostolical Students, and Lay Boys quickly increased, and the existing buildings were soon found to be too small. Funds were also required to establish more permanent foundations for the education and support of the Apostolical Students. Accordingly, in 1884, Fr. Ronan went to America upon his crusade of charity, and his mission was almost miraculously successful. He traversed

the whole of the States from end to end in eighteen months, receiving everywhere from the American bishops, priests and people warmest approval of his great and noble undertaking, and much more substantial support. In that short space of time he succeeded in collecting a sum which more than answered his expectations. In 1886 the splendid new wing which now towers above the old building was erected at a cost of £13,000; it is 170 feet long and three stories high, built in the perpendicular Gothic style. It contains wide and airy corridors, spacious

very greatly increased. The present number of Apostolical students is 42; that of the Lay Boys 78, making a total of 120 scholars. It may be added that the College never showed more vigour and promise than it does at present—the Lay School is quite full, and numbers of applications have to be refused merely from want of accommodation.

The Ecclesiastical and Lay sections of the College are kept entirely apart. They have separate dormitories, study-halls and play-grounds; they meet, but do not mingle in the



Photo. by Guy, Limerick.] THE CHAPEL—FROM THE ORGAN GALLERY.

lecture-halls and class-rooms, and a lofty and magnificent dormitory. To this was added a beautiful Gothic chapel, erected with moneys left in the hands of Dr. Butler and Lord Emly for charitable purposes by the late Earl of Dunraven.

Some time subsequent to the death of Dr. Butler, in the year 1888, the distinguished Prelate who now occupies the See of Limerick, established a seminary of his own within the city, to which he transferred from Mungret the Seminarists who were studying for his diocese. The number of Lay Boys was in consequence

class-rooms. Fusion is permitted only on a few occasions during the year for purposes of friendly rivalry on the play-ground.

The course of studies followed is that of the Royal University of Ireland, and the classes in the College range from the "Third of Grammar" to the B.A. The full curriculum requires seven years. The average age at which the B.A. is taken by the students would be about 21 or 22 years. Some remain for the M.A. The degrees are taken in the Mental and Moral Sciences, and either in the Honours or Pass Course, according to the abilities and requirements of the different



students. In the Matriculation and First Arts, the Pass and Honours Classes are completely distinct, thus securing thoroughly efficient teaching for both. This course insures a thorough training in science, literature and philosophy. Very special attention is always given to the ancient classics, and the course as taught in the College approaches very nearly the old *Ratio Studiorum* of the Society of Jesus.

Thus, side by side, the Secular and Ecclesiastical elements have grown up, flourished, and borne fruit. The influence of the two schools on each other has proved highly beneficial to both. In the Lay School the results are immediately apparent; all acknowledge the high and rare excellence of the spiritual training imparted by Mungret to the Lay Boys. Of this there can be no better index than the large percentage of ecclesiastical and religious vocations among those who have been for some years resident in the College. The strikingly unworldly tone among the Lay Boys, and the spirit of work for which they are remarkable, are also no doubt due in great part to the presence and influence of the Ecclesiastical students.

The spirit of friendly emulation which springs from the system entails results wholesome for either school, but more so for the Apostolical students, who are naturally expected to strain every nerve to be outstripped in nothing by the Lay Boys. We may add, too, that in this, despite all their efforts, they are not invariably successful. The presence of the Lay Boys also imposes on the Ecclesiastics the necessity of constant self-restraint and self-respect, which must needs have an influence highly beneficial in their formation. These, however, are only some of the advantages which appear on the surface; the more important and more far-reaching benefits are less apparent on a cursory examination, but are well known to those who are intimately acquainted with the peculiar circumstances and working of our College of Mungret.

Furthermore, by "their fruits you shall know them." The best and most unerring commentary on the nature of the training imparted by Mungret to her children would be an examination into the lives, characters and work of those whom she has already sent forth.

The Lay Boys of her early days were not numerous, as we have said; hence her past Lay students are not yet sufficiently numerous nor sufficiently advanced to speak of them in the present connection.

Those who entered Maynooth from the College while she still had charge of the diocesan students of Limerick, were declared to be, as a body, among the most pious and edifying of the

College students. Yet the spiritual tone of Maynooth is not, we suppose, to be surpassed by any College of its kind.

The above instance is quoted only as it happens to be near home. It is by no means the most striking. In the different Ecclesiastical Colleges at Rome, Aix, Montreal, Cincinnati, Emmitsburg, etc., the Mungret students have consistently won the same golden opinions, and given the same high promise; nor was it in the Washington University alone that a Mungret student earned the reputation of "*primus in pietate et doctrina*."

The thorough efficiency of the teaching is more than proved by the results of the University examinations. These are public and well known facts, and it is unnecessary to go into details here. Suffice it to say that, although her students are placed under many disadvantages, which prevent their showing in examinations the full value of the training they receive, Mungret has gained a very high place among the University Colleges of Ireland.

Though the College has been but a very short time in existence, her alumni have already made her name famous in Theological Colleges at home and abroad. The American College at Rome looks back to a Mungret student as the most brilliant that ever studied within its walls. Nay, two others may bid fair to get a second and a third place in that same honourable list. In Maynooth a Mungret student was during his course the leader of a class numbering nearly ninety\*; and of his nine companions, four were always distinguished prizemen in Theology and Sacred Scripture.

About forty Mungret pupils have already been ordained priests, and a considerable number besides are engaged in the work of teaching in different American colleges as Jesuit Scholastics. If we may judge from the positions they occupy in their different dioceses and provinces, and from the opinions entertained of them, and more than once publicly expressed by their ecclesiastical superiors, the fruit has even more than fulfilled the promise of the flower. One well-known prelate will ever insist on introducing to strangers the Mungret priests of his diocese as "Fathers —, —, from the Jesuit Fathers of Mungret," wishing thus to bestow the highest commendation, and to give the most solid guarantee of great worth. Though seven years have not passed since the first Mungret student has been raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood, and though there are not more than twenty Mungret priests working in the States,

\* Rev. M. J. Carroll, now a priest in the Diocese of Limerick.

yet they are already regarded in several dioceses of America as men possessing an exceptionally high spiritual and intellectual training. Two are brilliant and successful professors in the College of St. Paul, Minnesota; two others have been employed by their respective bishops as secretaries and are men in whom their ecclesiastical superiors place very special confidence; a fifth, though not five years a priest, was specially chosen by his bishop in '95 to represent him, when he was himself unable to go, *ad limina Apostolorum*. Almost all the others have already attracted notice by their zeal, energy, self-sacrifice, and other priestly virtues. Of those in the Society of Jesus, not to speak of many others who are distinguished and successful masters, one, though not yet a priest, has proved himself one of the most brilliantly successful masters in all the States.\*

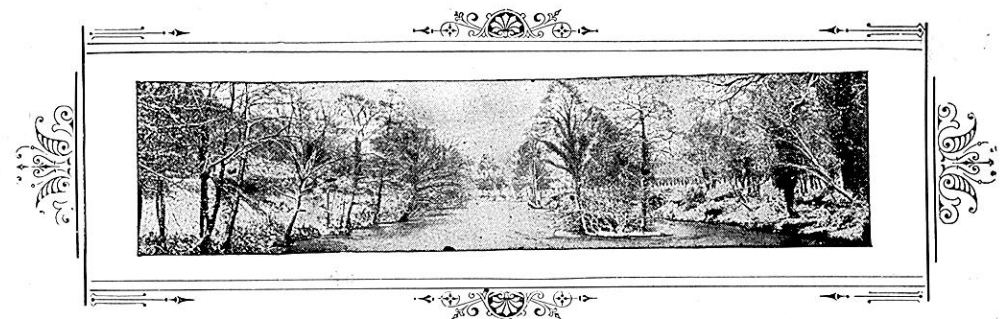
Three priests have already gone to their reward. Of these, one, though not three years ordained, was, perhaps, the most promising young ecclesiastic in the Diocese of Nebraska. The other two, after a couple of years working as holy and zealous priests, died martyrs of charity.

\* Rev. T. Shealy, S.J., of the Jesuit Province of Maryland.

All this, and more, is true, and still Mungret does not yet reckon sixteen years from her foundation. What, then, may we not hope for, when so much power and energy have had time to mature into vigorous manhood? Surely, such a splendid beginning is but the youthful efforts of a giant, whose strong right hand will yet be a mighty power in the cause of sanctity and truth.

Is not the old tradition on the way to fulfilment! Death is written, indeed, on the old monastery, and around it—death on its moss-grown walls, and death on the graves with which it is girt. But the spirit of ancient Mungret has not died: even as the spirit that once vivified the saintly ashes that lie buried there, it still lives in triumph. It is even now moulding to shapes of beauty and of power the young body it has informed, and will yet in it display all its former power and vitality. Living still "in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword," let Mungret, then, continue on her brilliant career; let the flame that had been obscured for centuries reassume all its ancient brilliancy; let her again be the bright beacon that she was of old, "sending forth beams of glory and of grace,"—the nurse of sanctity, the home of learning, the mother of Apostolical zeal, and Christian perfection.

J.E.





THE LATE LORD EMLÝ.—1812-1894.

### In Memoriam.

Shall we not speak of him,—recall a face  
That, year by year,  
Looked kindly on us from his well-loved place  
Among us—here ?

A father, beaming to the laugh and song  
Of his own hearth,—  
So seemed he, mingling with our noisy throng,  
Sharing our mirth,

Or gathering us, like some clan-feasting chief  
Of long ago,  
Under the spacious roof or summer leaf  
Of old Tervoe ;

A father, battling in the court, the mart,  
The judgment hall,  
Lest on beloved ones some stroke or smart  
Of wrong should fall.

So seemed he, ever prompt to guard the right,  
To plead the cause  
Of the young work, ill-matched with fraud or  
Of partial laws. [might,

How pleased, while aided by his winning word,  
His generous gold,  
The old walls, by undying Faith upstirred,  
Rose from the mould ;

And he, calm zealot of each better part,  
Each work of God,  
Saw thence the light of faith and science dart  
Once more abroad !

Surely for him, while these unbroken stand  
Forth viewing still  
The restless river, the green pasture land,  
The far brown hill,—

For him, while Shannon broadens to the West  
Past Dysert's tombs,  
Past where the lone isle of St. Senan's rest  
Wave-shattering glooms,

A place of memory still green and rife,  
Shall Mungret keep  
For ever, while young hearts throb to their life,  
He sleeps his sleep.

For ever new-anointed hands shall rise  
To pray him rest,—  
Not here alone, but from far sanctuaries  
Of East and West,

Where bloom old deserts in the flowers caught  
From student days  
Sheltered within the home of prayer and  
He helped to raise. [thought

## MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

WRITING from the South, as we term the southern half of the United States, the first thing that just now occurs to one to speak of is the climate. The papers are raging with yellow fever in Louisiana, much more than is Louisiana herself, and New Orleans used to have a bad name in Ireland. I remember, before I came to America, having been comforted by my friends with the statement, "New Orleans is the Irishman's grave." Well, I have since lived thereabouts several happy years, and have not yet owned in it even a grave. I have been through the South, from Missouri to Mobile, and from Georgia to Texas, and I can say with truth that its climate, though not so bracing, and not always so pleasant, is as healthy as that of Ireland. The hot season is longer than in the Northern States, but never so oppressive. Sunstroke is practically unknown in the South. The thermometer scarcely ever shows more than 86° in the shade, and, owing to the dryness of the air, 90° in the South is not more severe than 75° in Ireland. The Gulf Stream, it must be remembered, is our next-door neighbour, and its effects on the South would be even more noticeable than on Ireland, were not the equator a close neighbour too.

"But, then, what about your yellow fever?"

It is not ours; it is an intruder. It comes in from the Central American States when the quarantine officers are napping. It has occurred only about as often as an Irish rebellion. When it stays it does less damage than smallpox, and it disappears before the breath of the first wind from the North. The terror it inspires in non-Southerners is not much better grounded than that of the English traveller in Ireland, who expected to see a blunderbuss aimed at him from behind every hedge.

So much by way of introduction. Let us be "marching through Georgia." I select Georgia as "the subject of my story" because certain incidents that occurred during my stay there are likely to prove interesting, and because the College in which I lived frequently reminded me of Mungret. It looks out from the summit of a gently sloping hill over a wide-extending plain. It is three miles west of Macon, a city of much the same size as Limerick, and a mile south of it flows the Ocmulgee, a river as

large, though not so imposing, as the Shannon. The State of Georgia is about the size of New York, but the population, half of which is negro, is not yet quite as large as that of Ireland. Except in the larger cities, there is scarcely any Catholic population.

So much are the sons of Ireland identified with the Catholic Faith, that the terms Irish and Catholic are synonymous. This was brought home to me before I was a day in Georgia. Arriving in Macon, I called for a buggy—every conveyance that is not a railway-car or a wheel-barrow is a "buggy"—and I told the driver, a "coloured gem'man," to take me to Pio Nono College.

"Dar' ain't no Nono College 'round heyar, sah."

"Isn't there a college at Vineville?"

"Oh, yas, sah, de Irish College!"

And when I asked him on the way why he called it the "Irish" College, he replied, "'Caw, sah, dey is aw Irish up dar."

I told him this was not so. There were Americans, French, German, and even English.

"Yas, sah, but dey is aw Irish. Yous aw done jined de Irish Chu'ch."

Pio Nono College having become a Jesuit Novitiate, the name was changed to St. Stanislaus, and, to advertise the fact, an arch was erected over the main entrance on which the new name was painted in prominent characters. The intelligent natives at once concluded that the "Irish College" was now the property of Mr. Stephen Stanislaus, who was presumed to be the "boss" of the whole concern, and vendors of eggs and poultry would frequently call on their way to market to ask "Mr. Stanislaus" to "sample their wares". And so it remained the "Irish College."

In the rural districts around us there was not a single Catholic, white or black. Most extraordinary notions were prevalent about Catholics and their faith. They worshipped idols several times a day, and whenever and wherever they had the power they delighted in feeding their cattle on good fat Protestants. This doctrine was preached from a "white" pulpit in our neighbourhood. The particular breed of cattle named was pigs!

When we passed near their houses the negro mothers were on the look out lest we should



kidnap their children, for we were supposed to be medical students. When they passed our grounds and saw us robed in gown and cincture, they were greatly puzzled, never having seen the like before, and one was overheard to say, with a sigh of relief, "Gosh! dey wear pants, anyhow!" But we soon became better known by white and black, and their ignorant prejudices were dissipated.

Having come to know the neighbourhood, we were on the look-out for lost sheep, chiefly black ones. One negro told me his grandfather was "Irish," and he himself was inclined "dat-a-way," but was not as yet quite "contracted and disposed to it."

"But," he said, "yous aw should see Josh Brown; he's Irish, you bet." "You mean Catholic?" "Yas, sah, dat's what he says. I reck'n Josh's a Ca'h'lic f'om away-back. He talks religion in de forge ovah yondah. Yas, sah, he's a blacksmith, an' I tell you, sah, he kin talk. White gem'men argufy wi' Josh!"

This was a very high testimonial to a negro's respectability and attainments, so we determined to interview "Josh."

We met him coming out of his forge one evening. He was a man of fine proportions, in spite of the absence of a part of one of his legs. His features were regular and pleasing, and, unlike negroes generally, his forehead was high and broad, and did not recede; but his face was as black as night. Change his colour, and he could pass as a good type of Caucasian. Even his accent or manners would not betray him, for he spoke and acted like his white neighbours, and his moral tone would certainly not suffer by comparison with theirs. We told him we were informed he was a Catholic.

"Yes, sir," he said, doffing his hat, and holding it out at arm's length; "I believe in the Holy Roman Catholic Church!"

Expressing our pleasure at the news, we asked where he went to church.

"Sir," he answered, "I don't go to church. I was never in a Catholic church in my life."

"And you say you are Catholic?"

"Yes, sir, I have been a Catholic seventeen years."

We explained the inconsistency of his position. He admitted it.

"But," he added, "to go to a Catholic Church I have to expose myself to the contempt and the slights of the whole white congregation, and I don't think the Lord expects me to do that. They look down upon me as a 'nigger,' and would despise me as an intruder, and neither there nor elsewhere do they want my company. So, sir, I say my prayers—the Catholic prayers—and worship God in my own house, and I trust he hears me."

When we tried to show him his mistake, he interrupted us with a story:—

"Shortly before the War—[the American War of Secession is always referred to as 'the War']—I was walking one Sunday with my wife in the streets of Atlanta. As we passed an Episcopal Church we heard the organ playing and the choir singing. We stopped to listen, and my wife was so attracted by the music that she went just inside the door to hear it better. I called her back, but she did not hear me, and I walked on. As she entered the door the preacher was ascending the pulpit. He saw her, and immediately called to the clerk:—

"Take that impudent negress and teach her not to dare enter the company of white people. Give her thirty lashes."

"And he gave them. She came to me bleeding and crying, and I swore a solemn oath never to enter a white man's house or a white man's church. Was I wrong?"

"You didn't swear not to enter God's church when God Himself commanded you to enter?"

"Well, no, sir, but you see—"

Not waiting to see, we explained to him that, with Catholics, there was no distinction of class or colour in church matters, and that, believing in the Catholic church, he was bound to become a Catholic in reality; and we invited him to the College chapel for the following Sunday.

"Are there any Irishmen there, sir?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of them; I'm one."

"Then, sir, I'll be there. Irishmen were the only whites that ever treated me as if I had a soul. They would speak to me, and instruct me as a fellow man. It was an Irishman taught me to read, and it is owing to Irishmen I am a Catholic. Sir, I will attend your church next Sunday."

It is but just to Catholics of other nationalities to add that Irishmen were nearly the only Catholics that had come in Brown's way.

Sunday morning arrived, and at the hour appointed, a large sable figure stalked up the avenue with great dignity, and Brown entering the chapel knelt down, stowing away his wooden leg as best he could.

After Mass the Father Superior interviewed him, and was astonished at his thorough knowledge of the Catholic religion and his quick intelligence. He talked with ease and directness about what he knew, and never about anything else. His manner had much more of the unconscious tone of independence of the American white than the unconscious servility of the American negro. As he was thoroughly instructed he was told to prepare for baptism in a few weeks; in the meantime I ascertained his history.

He had been born a slave in Virginia, and his master was a Doctor Griffin, a brother of Gerald Griffin, a name that should be dear to Mungret men, who have within easy reach the scenes immortalised by his pen. Doctor Griffin, himself, taught him to read and write, contrary to the wishes of his American wife and the laws of Virginia, which forbade, under heavy penalties, the teaching of reading or writing—not to say arithmetic—to any coloured person. This law was not peculiar to Virginia. But Dr. Griffin's tuition stopped there. He gave no religious instruction. Brown, like all negroes, felt the need of some religion, so he attended the services of the nearest negro conventicles. He "sat under" Baptists Northern and Southern, Hard-shell and Soft-shell; Methodists North and Methodists South, Methodists Episcopal, Non-Episcopal, and Afro-Americans; Seventh-day Adventists, Moravians, and Presbyterians of every variety. He shook with Shakers and quaked with Quakers, and even once had his feet washed *gratis* at a gathering of Feet-washers, whose religion consists exclusively in "washing one another's feet."

But he "found salvation" among none of them. The most devout at these meetings were the loudest shouters, and the favourite preachers were they who screeched and jumped most frantically. Brown grew tired of shouting and being shouted at, so he read his Bible at home on Sundays, and observed the Christian law as best he knew how to. Only one thing he had in common with his neighbours—a thorough-going hatred of the "Irish" religion, and if half the atrocious things he had heard about it were true, he would have been quite justified.

One day, however, while working as a railroad blacksmith, his boss, who happened to be an Irishman, talked to him about religion. There was a warm controversy, which resulted in the Irishman lending Brown Challoner's Catechism and Reeve's History of the Bible. Brown slept none that night. "I commenced Challoner at sun-down, and at sun-up I had him read through." He then took up Reeve, and when he had finished he re-read both, verifying the Scriptural quotations in his Protestant Bible. He was surprised to find that some of the books referred to were omitted. He borrowed a Catholic Bible and some other Catholic books from Irish acquaintances, and found that the omissions from the Protestant Bible and the alterations of texts were quite arbitrary. Finally he got together the Catechisms of the principal Protestant sects, compared them, one by one, with the Catholic Catechism (Butler's), and ended by burning them, throwing in the Protestant Bible, as "lagniappe."

"I found," he said, "more sense and truth in one page of the Catholic Catechism than in all their religions put together."

When he returned the books to his Irish friends, and told them the result, they made him a present of the whole collection. He had them bound, and, owing to his constantly circulating them, had to repeat the process several times. When I saw them they were tastefully bound in calf, but the leaves were in rags. "I'll keep them as long as I live," he said, "and whenever my eyes fall on them, I offer a prayer for all Irishmen." About the same time somebody gave him a newspaper cutting of a sermon on the Church by Fr. Damon, S.J., a famous American preacher. Finding it to express his views accurately and precisely, he read it as a profession of faith every Sunday.

When he had become thoroughly converted, as he thought, great zeal began to stir up within him. He would spread the light of truth among his brethren; so he became a Sunday-school teacher—teaching Catholic doctrine at Methodist Sunday-schools. But the preacher detected him, denounced him as a "wolf in sheep's clothing," and he had to quit. He tried the Baptists next, but they also expelled him as a dangerous heretic, and finally he confined his propaganda to his forge, where, hammer in hand, he boldly preached and stoutly defended Catholic truth from behind an anvil. I found him once engaged in controversy with a white gentleman, while the hoof of a mule was reposing in his apron. In spite of the difficulties of the situation, he reduced his educated opponent to silence. In fact, to anyone who attacked the Catholic religion from a Protestant standpoint, Brown was a dangerous adversary. He knew his ground, had a quick, logical mind, and his practice for years in debating with all comers had made him ready of thought and speech.

He was baptized in due time, and when, soon after, his wife followed his example, he obtained a list of devotions as practised in Irish Catholic families, drew up an "order of time" for the same, and he and his wife continue to practise them faithfully to this day.

Catholics, white and coloured, are numerous in his neighbourhood now, many of whom owe their conversion to his word and example. They all respect and esteem him as a model Catholic. Had he lived in the days when to be a Catholic was to be a saint, his brethren in the faith would have done no less.

The first white converts in the district owed their conversion to Brown. There was a young man of twenty who used to amuse himself occasionally by chopping logic with "Uncle Josh." Having travelled somewhat, he had few



anti-Catholic prejudices, being rather inclined to think there was something good in the Catholic religion, since every liar he knew had a fling at it. However, he tried to take a fall out of Josh on the subject. But for once declining discussion, Brown produced his Challoner, Reeve, and the "Faith of our Fathers."

"Take these, Master Willie," he said, "and read them, and when you know what you're talking about I'll argue with you."

When "Master Willie" had read the course prescribed, he had no longer a desire for argument. He was convinced, but for various reasons was unwilling to join the Church just then. Brown introduced him to us. There was no moving him. "But," he said, "you must see my grandmother. She is very old and cannot have long to live. She was never baptized in any church, and I should like to see her become a Catholic before she dies."

I had often heard the negroes speak of "ole Mrs. Reilly." She was rich, wicked, and wise, I was told, and very close in her business dealings, though she could at times be generous. Negroes she held in supreme contempt, all except Josh Brown and his wife. These were of the few "niggers" she would allow to have any claim to heaven, and she would relegate even them to a separate compartment labelled "coloured," as in railway carriages, and far away from "white folk's heaven." She would have naught to do with the hypocrites in the various churches around her, and she delighted to give the full length of a terrible tongue to any preachers who presumed to crack their wares at her door.

Nevertheless, the "Irish preachers" marched upon her fortress with a brave show of courage—the presence of her grandson ensured our safety from the dogs. Entering we saw a sharp-featured intelligent-looking old lady seated in an arm-chair. Her great age may be inferred from the fact that her husband had fought at the battle of New Orleans, which took place in 1813, and only a few years before their marriage. At the time I speak of, 1888, she was still in receipt of a pension awarded for his bravery.

She neither welcomed nor repelled us, but sat in her chair with a fixed expression on her face as if she had made up her mind to hear us out. We talked of the weather, the crops, her health, and finally her name. Her husband, she said, was of Irish origin. We told her the O'Reillys were a famous Irish family, to which O'Reilly, the Spanish Governor of New Orleans, and many other celebrities, belonged. She told some humorous stories of Irishmen she knew; we added our quota, and when leaving we were

invited to call again. Meanwhile her grandson explained away some of her objections to Catholicism, and our next visit found her disposed to receive instruction. Her grandson and another non-Catholic undertook to teach her the Catechism, and they did it so well that in a few months she was ready for baptism. She had only one difficulty. Baptism would wash out not only all the sins of her long life, but all the punishment due to them, and of so great a grace she was utterly unworthy. When with the thought of her unworthiness she weighed the other thought of God's mercy, all her difficulties vanished, and her prejudices along with them. She wished all negroes to be saved, and even prayed for them.

I thought the edge of her tongue had disappeared too, for so far I had seen no indication of it. But the day before her baptism it proved as sharp as ever. A swarm of grand-children, and even great-grand-children, hearing of the intended ceremony, swooped down upon her from the city to dissuade her; and one after another took up the note, rebuking her and reviling the Church.

"What religion would *you* have me join?" she asked. This was a bombshell in their midst. Belonging to different sects and sub-divisions thereof, they were all at one another's ears in a moment, each declaring that his or her's was the only genuine article. Then the old lady gave her temper full swing.

"Away with ye, ye gibbering hypocrites! Ye come here hovering around me like a flock of buzzards, waiting for my body to drop, to gorge on my property. Not content with wishing my old carcass in the grave, ye would give my soul to the devil, and ye dare to dispute, here before my face, about the worst devil to give it to. Away with ye, ye pack of rattle-snakes!"

Mrs. Reilly was baptized in her eighty-eighth year, and it was affecting to see the tears course down her furrowed cheeks as the cleansing waters flowed upon her head. She lived holly a few years, and died with the blessing of the Church. Nor did her grandson and the other non-Catholic who instructed her "unto justice" themselves become "cast-aways." They married, entered the Church, and are now rearing a large family of Catholics.

After Brown's conversion several scholastics devoted their walks to giving instruction to the negroes, old and young, who were willing to receive it. Contrary to Brown's theory, two of the most indefatigable and persevering were not Irish. One was an American—the negroes called him Mr. "M'Loch"—and the other a young Englishman, whose name they turned into something

like "Bamboo." They frequently walked miles under a hot sun to instruct an old negro or negress, and returned, time, after time, to find everything forgotten. As we were passing once the shanty of an old man of eighty, whom we had been trying for weeks to enlighten on the Trinity, he called out, hobbling after us:—

"Ques'on me, sah; ques'on me. I knows it au now, sah, right sma't."

"Well, how many Persons in One God?"

"Wall, sah, you see, dar is"—and he proceeded to count on his fingers—"dar is de Fadah, an' de Son, an' de Holy Ghost, an' Amen!"

It took over a year to instruct him, but he was finally baptized. If he was weak in knowledge, he was strong in faith. He wore his beads around his neck, and his scapulars outside his coat, and, to be an out-and-out, finished Catholic, he asked for a gown and cincture like "Massa M'Loch's!" He reached his ninetyeth year, and died in the faith.

The children were more easily instructed, and some of them were very intelligent, but, being utterly unaccustomed to Catholic ways of looking at things, their answers were sometimes startling. Here is a dialogue that took place at our Sunday-school:—

"What are angels, Ebenezer?"

"Dem's heaven's folk, sah."

"George Washington, is that right?"

"No, sah, 'cause dar is oder folk in heaven 'sides angels."

"Well, then, what are angels?"

"Dem's God's own folk, sah!"

"Augustus, what is the most necessary thing for baptism?"

"De watah, sah!" "Next?" "The priest, sah!" "Next?" "De baby, sah!"

I had some prints representing St. Peter Claver baptizing a very repulsive-looking negro. I thought it a very suitable prize for negro children. Before distributing to the deserving ones, I held the prints up to their admiring gaze. Pointing to St. Peter Claver, I asked who they thought that was. "I reck'n dat dar is a saint," said Ebenezer, "dar is a yaller rim 'round his head."

"And what is he doing?"

"He's Christ'nin' the devil, sah!"

The prizes were never awarded.

Though my store of reminiscences are not

exhausted, my time and space are, so I will no further tire my readers. A variety of incidents came under my notice during my stay in Georgia which would furnish to a Catholic "Ian MacLaren" still untouched material for an interesting and edifying book. Should these notes fail to inspire some still unknown genius with the desire of portraying negro life, perhaps they would suggest to him the nobler thought of saving negro souls.

The American negroes' ignorance of the Christian Religion is almost as dense as that of those who were the object of Claver's zeal and the occasion of his crown. Yet they are an intensely religious race. When you speak to them of Christ they will listen eagerly, and religion is the frequent subject of their conversation. They undergo no small part of the privations and sufferings that induced the poor of the Roman Empire to turn to Christianity for consolation. Yet there are in a civilized land eight million negroes outside the Church of Christ, and absolutely ignorant of its truths.

This ignorance is not to be laid at their door. They have not rejected the light. They have never seen it. While the various sects have expended millions, and are yearly expending immense sums in providing them with so-called Christian teachers, the Catholic Missionary has done for them practically nothing. Irish and Irish-American priests are doing noble work among the whites in America, but their hands are full. Anyhow, they have not reached the negro.

Yet, I believe if a Columbkille or Columbanus were amongst them, he would find opportunities. Is the race of the Columbas and Galls and Aidans dead in Ireland? Are there not in the cradle-land of apostolic men youths generous enough to emulate the example of the noble Spaniard, "the slave of the slaves for ever"? Such a man should be ready to endure the sufferings and toil of the apostleship of the heathen, without its glamour; contempt, and persecution from without and from within, sustained by no hope of a martyr's crown. He should be a man of unbounded zeal and unshakeable constancy, of warm heart and generous sympathies; a man who beneath dirt and rags and colour can recognise a soul and love it.

M. KENNY, S.J.



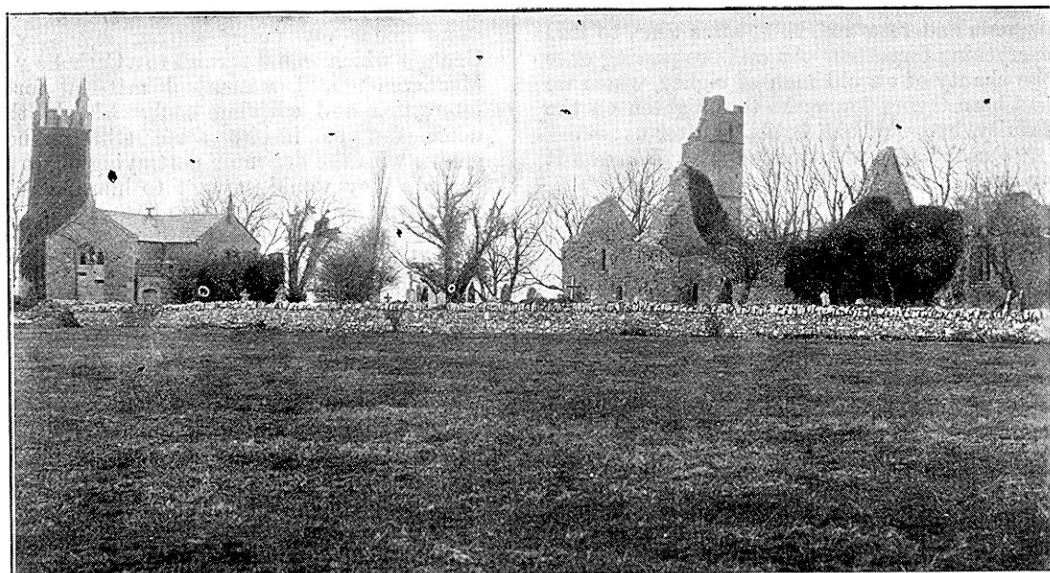


Photo by Guy, Limerick.]

RUINS OF MUNGRET ABBEY.

## MUNGRET—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

### I.—FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

Some three lustres since, when strolling by the verge of  
Shannon's waters,  
Where they greater grow, and grander, kissing Lime-  
rick's storied walls,  
By a dome to South that rises, saw I hid a crumbling  
ruin,  
And I asked a learned master, "What the story it  
recalls?"

With a voice that thrilled, he answered: "Ancient is the  
place and holy,  
"For ten thousand saints and doctors lend their dust to  
make its soil:  
It is Mungret, and as Mungret did our fathers venerate it,  
While yet Patrick walked in Erin, sowed and reaped  
with fruitful toil.

Munchin founded, Patrick blest it, Erin's princely chiefs  
endowed it,  
And the sons of kings and clansmen all commingled  
equal there.  
Wisdom sought they, like the wise king, in the earth and  
heavens sought it,  
And in tomes of ancient learning, and from God above  
in prayer;

Till their lore had waxed so wondrous, e'en when scholars  
peopled Erin,  
That it grew into a proverb; and so far had flashed  
their fame  
That from Gaul and Spain and Britain and the banks of  
Rhine and Tiber,  
Like the queen of Scripture story, knowledge-searchers  
hither came.

Human knowledge truly found they; found beside that  
higher, truer,  
And more holy mystic science far transcending worldly  
ken,  
Science of the All-Creator, and the teachings of the  
Saviour,  
And the Love of Son and Father, speaking thro' the  
mouths of men.

Love of Jesus zeal engendered for the souls that Jesus  
ransomed,  
And from Mungret swarmed apostles, great of soul and  
warm of heart;  
Home and country they relinquished, human loves and  
ties uprooting:  
To be worthy of the Saviour, chose for their's "the  
better part."

Forth they sailed in corraghs fragile; small their store,  
nor increase sought they,  
Treading close the Master's footsteps, every gain to  
them was loss,  
Save of souls. Of these they garnered goodly store in  
divers nations,  
And from Apennines to Iceland raised on high the  
Celtic Cross.

Came the Spoiler unto Mungret, burnt her buildings  
widely ranging,  
(For in letter, as in spirit, 'twas "a city on a hill"),  
Slew both doctors and disciples, razed her walls, her  
treasures ravished,  
Till remained of all her greatness but yon ruin standing  
still.

And, the wrong with insult crowning, yonder edifice  
they builded  
On that mount where saints unnumbered knelt and  
sanctified the sod;  
Builded high, to teach us wisely how to dig and plough  
and harrow  
Here, where sages once expounded all the mysteries of  
God.

Yet her story is not ended. Treasured still are words  
prophetic  
Her last Abbot dying uttered. It is thus the presage  
runs:  
*Mungret is not dead, but sleeping. She shall rise, the  
Master bidding,  
And the sun shall shine forever on the labour of her  
sons."*

### II.—TO-DAY.

Some few moons ago, God gave me to revisit Shannon's  
waters,  
And rehearse the scenes where boyhood had to man-  
hood swiftly flown;  
And my footsteps, instinct-guided, climbed the slope  
to West that rises,  
And I stood at Mungret's portals—not the Mungret  
I had known.

For behold! a pile palatial crowned the mount the view  
commanding  
From Bunratty to Camailthe, from Adare to Galty  
More;  
By it rose a church of beauty bearing high the Saviour's  
Standard—  
'Twas the same, the Celtic symbol that our fathers  
raised of yore.

Loudly pealed a bell, and tuneful. One, two, three! the  
air vibrated;  
One, two, three! and figures round me doffed the hat  
and bent the knee.  
Peal and prayer methought were saying: "Hail, O  
Mary! thou art blessed!  
Holy Mary, pray for Mungret! Mungret lives for  
Thine and thee."

Rose a hundred youths together; strong their frames and  
true their faces—  
Faces stamped by God to image that which artist never  
paints:  
Light in only pure eyes gleaming, grace to God-sent only  
given.  
Surely from such types were moulded ancient Ireland's  
manly saints.

Turned I to their guide and father, him who fills the chair  
of Nesson:  
"Mungret lives again in Erin; doth the Old live in the  
New?"  
"That," he said, "I may not answer; that is in the  
angels' keeping.  
But of Mungret's sons' achievements I will tell what all  
may view:

"They have lit the torch of science in the schools of many  
nations;  
They have shone where stars are brightest—in the  
sacred halls of Rome.  
They have borne the seed of Scripture to the shores of  
many oceans,  
And good tidings of rich harvests every wind and sail  
bring home.

In Columbia they have traversed more and farther than  
Columbus;  
Thro' their labours doth the Southern many a Celtic  
Cross illumine:  
In the heart of torrid Afric, in Alaska's ice-bound  
deserts,  
And where pest and plague have challenged, they  
unflinching faced their doom.

In one decade Mungret's children have fulfilled the  
Master's precept;  
Have gone forth, the earth encircling with God's word  
as with a chain.  
Ancient Mungret many countries to the Faith of Christ  
did conquer;  
Risen Mungret now has taken for her portion what  
remain."

M. K. (—'86.)





## SOMETHING ON SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.\*

THE voyage to South Africa is one of the finest in the world, and, with favourable weather, one may hope to be set down at Cape Town eighteen days after his departure from Liverpool. Cape Town is beautifully situated. It overlooks Table Bay, and is overshadowed by Table Mountain, which rises up in a sheer ascent almost from the very streets;—the many beauties of the town and its vicinity are well known, and we shall not dwell on them here.

Sailing eastward round the coast, Port Elizabeth is six hundred miles from Cape Town.

Viewed from the deck of the steamer the coast presents no bold features; it slopes gradually to the sea, and is skirted by long lines of breakers. Inland, however, the country rises up rugged and inhospitable. Mountains with overhanging peaks and precipitous sides abound. They are generally clothed halfway up with the dense African bush, while high upon the slopes wander flocks of sheep or goats looking like patches of light against the dark background.

The towns are few and far between, and communication is slow, though of late years much improved. The ox-wagon is, of course, the chief vehicle of transport, and it is a picturesque sight on the Karroo to watch the white canvas of the wagon-tent as it gleams in the sun and disappears in the distance, like a gliding sail at sea, stealing over the face of the waters.

The great drawback to the country is the scarcity of water. With a sufficient supply of water, the land could be made to produce almost anything. There are rivers, it is true, or what are called rivers, but for the greater part of the year their beds are dry, for the rains are only tropical downpours which never last long, and are followed by long periods of drought.

Going up from Port Elizabeth this mountainous feature of the country prevails. Gradually, however, it gives way to undulating tracts of dense bush, which, when viewed from an eminence, remind one of the heavy ground-swell in the Bay of Biscay after a storm. Further inland is reached the great Karroo, an immense tract of level, barren country, covered only with

the stunted Karroo bush, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach.

The scenery of South Africa is beautiful in its vastness. In England the scenery has what might be called a domestic beauty. It is neat and trim and old-fashioned; in Africa, it is vast, wild, measureless. It impresses one with a sense of littleness, and inspires a deep reverence for the Great Being who designed and fashioned it.

The Kaffirs, the principal portion of the native population, are not, as was once commonly believed in Europe, a stunted, half-pigmy race. They are generally tall and well-built, and their bearing is erect and manly. Their skin is of a dark copper colour. They are very numerous, far outnumbering the white population, the proportion being 386,800 whites to 1,335,000 Kaffirs. In Natal the Zulus, a branch of the Kaffir family, are in the proportion of nine blacks to one white man.

The Kaffir is naturally very lazy, and the beautiful climate in which he lives no doubt strengthens his slothful tendencies. His wants are few, and provided he has a hut to sleep in, and plenty of "mealies" (maize) he is fairly happy. His temperament is restless and nomadic, and wherever he goes he finds friends—or, as he calls them, "cousins"—among his own people. About religion he never troubles himself, his principal religious duty being to avoid the evil eye of the witch doctor, and recognize a few spirits, whose existence affect very little the tenor of his life. The great curse of the Kaffir is brandy, which is extremely cheap at the Cape. In the vine-growing districts of the Colony a very good brandy is manufactured, and its effects on the natives are most deplorable. Thus the Kaffirs who frequent the towns, looked at from a merely human point of view, are, for the most part, a very contemptible lot.

The Kaffirs of Cape Colony may be divided into three classes. There are those who live on the veldt, or in the bush, in kraals ruled by a chief, observing, as far as the English law will allow them, the habits and pagan traditions of their forefathers. These are called "Red Kaffirs," chiefly from the fact that their only article of clothing consists of a blanket dyed in red ochre.

A class of men very much inferior to these are the Kaffirs who live in the Colonial towns. Attached to all the important towns is what is called a Kaffir location, that is a certain portion of land set apart by the resident magistrate for the sole habitation of the Kaffirs who may choose to settle in the town. Here they build themselves huts in regular lines, forming a sort of street; the police and sanitary regulations are under the control of the Town Council. In some towns Kaffirs are not allowed to walk on the footpaths or to appear in the streets after a certain hour, usually nine o'clock.

The third class comprises those who act as farm servants. These wander about the country, from farm to farm in search of employment, and are seldom satisfied when they get it. They usually carry their household effects with them. These consist of a piece of matting to sleep on, a tin can or two, and a small bundle of nondescript clothing.

When treated with justice, kindness, and firmness the Kaffirs make excellent servants. I have known some of them attached to families for years, and loving and serving their masters with all the fidelity of old retainers.

The nomadic instinct is very strong in all the Kaffirs, and is one of the many difficulties which stand in the way of their conversion to Christianity. In some parts of the country, and notably at our Mission of Kieulands in Kaffraria—where the Kaffirs are very numerous and have an allotment of land with a fixed place of residence under a chief—they can be brought effectually under Christian influence, and, when properly instructed, make very good Catholics. But they require a strong and firm hand to keep them steady to their engagements. Without some such controlling force they get rid of their difficulties by suddenly leaving that part of the country, and the next time you hear from them, they will be visiting their "cousins" hundreds of miles away.

One little fact is worth mentioning. Kaffirs have an immense respect for men with long beards. The reason of this is probably because they are quite incapable of developing anything in that line themselves, if we except the patches of grizzled wool which here and there adhere to their faces.

Another difficulty that the missionary has to contend with is the baneful influence of many of his fellow whitemen. The Kaffirs very quickly assume all the vices of the white man, neglecting any good they may see in him, and it must be admitted that the lives of the adventurers and traders who have dealings with them, too often are not all that might be desired. The native, too, is quick of discern-

ment, and his confidence once lost cannot be regained. Thus the emissaries of the numerous sects, ranging from the Salvation Army and the Peculiar People to the disciples of John Wesley and the Anglicans, inspire the Kaffirs with distrust of all Christianity, partly by the distracting variety of their tenets, partly by the disagreement of the lives of the Sectarians with the doctrines they preach.

Tell a Kaffir an untruth once, break a promise you made him, and he will never again trust you. So it is with religion. Preach one thing and practice another, or say that white men practice it when they do not, then the Kaffir gets distrustful. He will say "Yaa baas yaa" to every word you speak, but in his inner mind he is laughing at you.

On the whole missionary work among them is slow and unremunerative. A good stock of patience is required, and needs replenishing frequently. There is very little prospect for years to come of bringing them into the Church in any great numbers. At the same time much good can be done, and is undoubtedly done by the Religious Orders and Secular Priests. Schools are erected, and religious instruction is given. In Natal the Trappists are doing splendid work among the Zulus. They obtain from the parents the complete charge of the children at a certain age. These children are thus removed from the baneful influence of Paganism. They are taught habits of industry, and are instructed in trades and the tilling of the soil, as well as in the Christian Doctrine. Finally, when they arrive at marriageable ages, Christian marriages are arranged for them, and thus the foundations of Christian families are laid.

Perhaps, however, the chief reason why Catholicity has not made more progress in South Africa is the want of missionary priests. The words of our Lord, "The harvest, indeed, is great, but the labourers are few," are most justly applicable here. The Secular Priests in town and country are as hard-worked and self-sacrificing a body of men as can be found anywhere. But they have districts under their charge, sometimes larger than an Irish Province, and their efforts are principally devoted to keeping the faith alive amongst the white people scattered far and wide over the land. A great number of these are Irish, who have emigrated to the Cape in the hope of making a fortune. Many succeed in this only at the cost of their Faith, and numbers are not only unsuccessful in their worldly prospects, but lose as well the precious gift of their Faith. All this must be attributed chiefly to the want of Catholic priests. In the large towns, however, the people are better off; and it is well to note that among the numerous

\*The writer, who is just now completing his theological studies in St. Beuno, N. Wales, has already spent five years in South Africa.

Catholic congregations at Port Elizabeth, or Capetown, or Kimberley the Irish element predominates.

As regards the life of the missionary at the Cape it has its bright as well as its dark features. On the whole, the bright features predominate. The climate is one of the finest in the world. It is rather warm in summer, but even then the mornings and evenings are magnificent. A secular priest usually has his house with a nice garden attached, and his little church and congregation to interest him. When he can get a priest to take his place, he sets out to visit the outlying districts of his parish on a journey of three or four weeks duration. This is done on horseback, and hundreds of miles will be traversed before the priest gets back again to his parochial house. His flock, though not numerous, is very much scattered, and many of them are very poor. So, usually, are the pastors themselves. I have known a holy priest who could not invite a brother priest to dinner from want of something to set before him, and another, whose name is held in veneration amongst the people, who never employed a servant but did

all the work of his house with his own hands, even the most menial offices. Many priests design and build their own schools, aided only by one or two Kaffirs from their congregation.

But if the priest's work is hard he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is keeping the faith alive in the midst of a growing population, and of bringing to the hearts of many, especially of his poor Irish exiles, the consolations and blessings of our holy religion.

In connection with this subject, I must not forget to mention a feature which shows itself prominent in the Colonial people—that is, their hospitality. Visitors and travellers are invariably received with open arms, and the Catholic priest is welcome everywhere.

Let us hope that in the near future the good natural qualities of the people may be rewarded by an increase of Catholic priests in the country. Great work has been done already, and great progress has been made, but what are a few Catholic priests among so many? Let us pray then, earnestly that the Lord of the Harvest may vouchsafe to send labourers into His harvest.

M. McMAHON, S.J. ('87).

## TRANSLATION.—HOR., OD., BK. III., OD. XXX.

EXEGI MONUMENTUM, ETC.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.\*

A monument I've raised to outlast the strength  
of bronze,

And loftier than the royal fane of Egypt's sands;  
Mine not the eating rain, nor North wind im-  
potent,

Shall e'er o'erthrow; nor yet the countless years  
that glide

In endless sequence thro' the ages' flight.

I shall not wholly die; but far my nobler part  
Escape the attending doom of every mortal  
thing;

And ever shall my fame to later days be new,  
Whilst up the holy height in solemn yearly state  
The priest doth climb beside the silent maid,  
Where rushing Aufidus rolls on his rocky race,  
And thirsty Daunus swayed the rustic throngs  
of eld,

(A prince from low estate made widely powerful).

The tale they'll oft recount how I, Ausonia's  
bard,

From native lyre drew dulcet Grecian strains.

Then, hear my boast—not vain, but merit's well  
won right,

And from Apollo's leaf, oh! Muse Melpomene,  
A fillet bind, to crown my brows withal.

CECIL BROADMEAD.

\* The translator, now a priest on the secular mission in America, writes:—"I have been too busy to write anything at present, but I contribute a poetical effort which I perpetrated some time ago—a translation of an ode of Horace, which always commended itself to me, both for the sentiment and the form, ever since the time our attention was called to it by the 'Dear old Party' (*sit venia nomen*) to whose quiet, humane, and sympathetic treatment of the classics I, for one, can trace a large share of the happiness of my life since. But avast there! I must stop, or I shall forget everything else in recalling those old times, happy indeed in themselves, but happier far in the seeds of happiness then sown, which have since sprouted."



Photo. by Guy, Limerick.

## THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

FROM THE PLAYGROUND.

HE saw deep into the human heart, who said "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Even when the object is far away, its memory ever breathes a fragrance of the delight which once it gave, and in after days of coldness and sorrow, amid, perhaps, the ruins of a cherished ambition, or the discontent of an empty success, the memory of some beautiful scene of boyhood's days is a talisman of joy. Furthermore, in schoolboy days the mind is very susceptible to outward influences. It is the bending twig that is yet to be a tree. In the moulding process of its early life it imbibes a permanent tone from the objects which daily meet its gaze. And even the matured man that has long been painted with the colouring of the world, and has lost much and perhaps the greater part of his youthful appearance, as well in mind as in body, even he carries with him still an inheritance of long ago, which he will never lose as long as he lives and thinks. Early memories cling through life. They have taken first possession of the mind, and they retain their priority when things of later date have left no more lasting trace than the rolling clouds of vapour that vanish in the air. Some of these memories are vivid as the dark night lit by the

lightning flash: some less distinct, like "the dim dream of faces beyond the dark deep." But, distinct or indistinct, they haunt us ever, and ever influence our imagination and our conduct.

If, then, every object of beauty that once takes possession of the imagination is a lasting heritage of joy, if the growing man is moulded into shape and stamped by his youthful surroundings, if memories of boyhood are lasting influences, of what paramount importance is the nature of the scenes amid which our boyhood is passed. They should be such as to supply the mind with an ample store of delightful impressions, to which it may turn in after days of sorrow or abandonment. They should help to mould the still waxen character into shapes of beauty and nobility. Theirs it is to leave memories—sleeping thoughts so frequently awakened—which will ever act as monitors pleading in the cause of Justice and of Truth.

In the hearts of many of her children has the scenery around Mungret gone as a bright beacon lighting them through foreign lands. And there is more than the "charms of nature" in its pleasant memories. As dim stars set off the glory of the moonlit sky, so too these bright visions of the past, these distant scenes of story



and of song, gain an enchanting halo from the long-lost faces they recall :

"The best charms of nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

This source of pleasure the Mungret student possesses in an unusual degree, as can be vouched for by anyone who has lived within her walls. Leaving her is leaving a home. Like every other College—nay, like home itself—she may have her passing clouds and gales. But unlike most other Colleges, she savours more of the warmth of the family than of the coldness of the school. In no other College, we believe, will be found the same genuine brotherly good-fellowship between scholar and scholar, or the same mutual and filial cordiality between master and pupil.

The beauty of bounteous nature, elevated and made attractive by the delights of generous and unselfish friendship, and by the filial piety which constitutes the charm of a Christian home—have we not here a fund of memories delightful and ennobling, a moulding element, a permanent support? And if sentiments of patriotism and religion are the noblest that can animate the human breast, then, too, we are here in the centre of scenery that must teach the young heart to vibrate to the melody so dear to the hero and the saint.

Let it be a play-day in Mungret,—a lovely day in autumn. We stroll into the playground, and find the boys engaged in a football match. See, it is all life and energy. Now, the ball soars into the air and again it is amongst the players. See how it is dribbled along, in and out amongst the enthusiastic boys, through a regular maze of evolutions. Now, it nears the posts. Now, a clever pass! Now, a good shot! It is a goal, and the air is rent with a joyous cheer. We will leave them, however, to their merry game, and turn our attention to the fair scene by which we are surrounded.

Away to the south, now bathed in the glories of an autumn noonday sun, rises "far Knockfierna's Mountain," looming like a giant watch-tower over the beautiful and fertile plains, and fronting the distant majestic Hills of Clare. To the west lies a noble ruined pile—the towering remains of Carrig-o'-Gunnell fortress. This castle was built on its rocky height by the O'Briens, between 1400 and 1500 A.D., and still remains a stately ivy-clad ruin, with the pride and sadness of our country's past engraven on its defiant front of rock—

"To the mind, what dreams are written on  
those chronicles of stone."

They are the monuments of the glory of our ancestors, and the witnesses to the wrongs they have suffered.

Before us, skirted by the pine-clad hills of Clare, the Shannon rolls its mighty flood to the ocean. With reason is the Irishman proud of that lordly river, pulsed out from the heart of his native land, a fitting stream to wind through the plains and valleys of the loveliest country of the globe. On to the west it pours its majestic flood, soon to be lost in the huge troubled ocean, even as these merry players and we who enjoy the sight shall one day too be launched into the mighty sea of life; unlike, however, the waters of our own great river, our human hearts can ever retain their own individual character, never to be absorbed or assimilated by the encircling element.

But we must not diverge. Such abstract moralising is unsuitable for a college play-ground on a lovely autumn day.

And now let us turn to view the superb and lovely hills of Clare! Lives there a Mungret student who owns not to their charms? There is none "with soul so dead." The whole scene is like the idealization of some great artist.

The heather and the rocks, the alternate broom and green of the hillside, the pine trees of Cratloe Wood, and the white gables of the distant houses, blend into one exquisite panorama that enthalls the mind of the gazer with a mystic spell, and leaves him in spirit where fairy elves "dance their ringlets to the whistling wind." There is plenty of life too in the scene. There the train winds its way along the base, and casts its fleecy, ever-varying wreaths into the air, bearing on its freight of human souls, and human thoughts, and human interests. And just now a passing vessel shows its masts stealing between the trees, while like fleeting specks of white you see the light yachts going on their merry course. The shadows slowly creeping along the sun-lit hill add to the appealing nature of the scene. The summit is now becoming enveloped in a cap of clouds, making the verdant meadows beneath all the more brilliant in their richness. Here we have truly the land of the "tear and the smile." But it would need a Wordsworth or a Gainsborough to do justice to the scene, men whose hearts can vibrate in unison with nature, and whose expression can rise to the realization of their loftiest thoughts.

On the Eastern horizon, "far in the hazy distance," rises Keeper Hill, and, only a few miles off, and round a little to the north, appear the chimneys, spires, and ship-masts of Limerick—the City of the Violated Treaty—whose grand old castle, with its blood-red war wounds, still watches by the Shannon's flood. Here it was that, in the "brave days of old," Sarsfield made his ever-memorable defence, when the very women stood in the breach and repelled "the proud invader."

Indeed, on every side of us is there something sympathetic to the Irish Catholic's instinct. But a few miles round to the South is Sangol's-well, now Patrick's-well. Here the verdant shamrock sod once felt the tread of our great national Apostle, and here he raised his venerable hands in ardent prayer to the Almighty, in solemn blessing o'er the land of Thomond. No wonder that such footsteps should sanctify the soil! No wonder that such a blessing should remain!

But thrice holy is the ground whereon we tread. Beneath us lie the ashes of the saints, and before us, within the precincts of our college home, stand those hallowed walls, too fast, alas! crumbling to decay, that mark the site of the far-famed monastery of Muingarid. Now it is called Mungret. The holy monks are gone and silent in their graves. The sacred chant has ceased; the scholars' tongues are dumb. Green grass grows in the church, and bats and owls find a shelter in the broken walls. The ruthless hand of Time has touched the stones and turned them hoary as the heads of aged men; and the ivy is steadily stealing o'er them as though to bury them from living sight. This struggle in the grip of age makes them all the dearer to us—pathetically dear. Pity, as well as distance, makes the heart grow fonder, and, in spite of decay, as Moore says,

"Around the dear ruin each wish of the heart  
Will entwine itself verdantly still."

The present remains, a mere vestige of the whole, consist of a church, divided into three equal portions, communicating by low arches. The eastern gable has a narrow pointed window, and

the large nave is lighted by similar windows. At the north-east angle of the western portion is a slender square tower. Somewhat to the east of this church are discernible the ruins of another church; while a little to the north is a massive, well-built edifice, about fifty feet long and thirty broad, with lofty walls and pointed gables. This is lighted at the east end by one narrow, circular-headed window, and is entered by a square-headed doorway on the west. Besides these ruins, the plough and spade frequently reveal foundations of the saintly past for hundreds of yards around.

But the old monastery is not alone in its desolation. The church of the spoiler is also a wreck. This is a pretty, though small, cruciform edifice, overrun with ivy, and built in the later English style, having an octagonal tower crowned with battlements and pinnacles. It was erected for the Protestants in 1822; for theirs had been the monastic lands since the pillage of the Reformation. What a part the irony of fate plays here! Was this church built by the power of might to upset the claims of right? And did it so soon moulder away in its vain attempt to be but a type of the utter insignificance of its founders when they try to tamper with the deep-rooted faith of our fathers!

"So shall the land for us be still the sainted Isle of old,  
Where hymn and incense rise to Heaven, and holy  
beads are told;  
And even the ground they tore from God in years of  
crime and woe,  
Instinctive with His truth and love, shall breathe of  
long ago!"

J. L. MACCARTHY, (B.A. Class).  
Captain of the Lay Boys.

## MUNGRET ANTHEM.

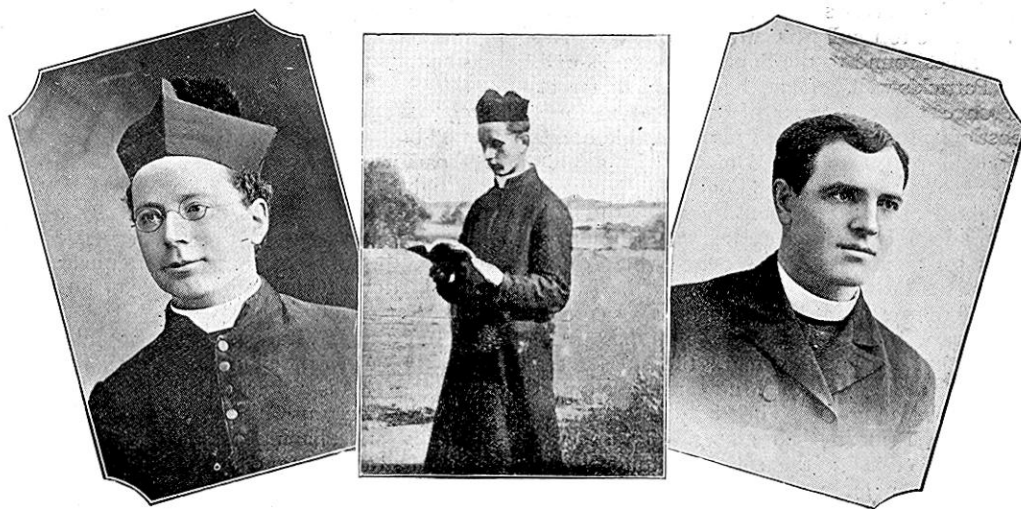
Hail, stately dome, that smiling stands  
Midst Munster's hill-girt plain!  
Within thy loved and hallowed walls  
Still Faith and science reign.  
Here heaven-descended Wisdom makes  
Her temple as of old,  
When saint and sage with words of fire  
Fair Mungret's glory told.

Full sweetly still thro' Shannon's vale,  
While evening shadows dim  
The low-browed hills that guard its flood  
Is heard the vesper hymn,  
As when ere Dane or Saxon smote  
Yon roofless time-worn tower,  
That now a storied witness stands  
Of Mungret's bygone power.

Let not the haughty statesman's might,  
Nor warrior's blood-stained prize,  
Allure thy sons to Fame's false shrine  
Where youth or honour dies:  
But Faith sublime and science meek  
Their young ambition guide,  
And saintly love and patriot zeal  
In Mungret e'er abide.

Oh! may our song of praise arise  
Like clouds of incense bright,  
And heavenward float where thy blest sons  
Stand clothed in vesture white.  
May they the Great White Throne before  
Our heartfelt hymns entone,  
And still as saints in prayer and praise  
May Mungret's sons be known.





REV. D. MURRAY.

REV. J. BRUEN.

REV. J. McDONNELL.

## BONUM CERTAMEN CERTAVI.

A TRIPLE TRIUMPH.

IT is with feelings of deep regret we announce—in this, the first number of our Annual—the death of three past students of Mungret College. All three were called away to their reward in the very prime of manhood and in the midst of a career of great usefulness and of still greater promise. Ever since their ordination, they had given themselves heart and soul to the work of the Apostolate on the American Mission.

Our sorrow—though deep and sincere—is not unmingled with sentiments of a very consoling nature, sentiments which we believe will be shared by all our young priests now serving the Church in so many lands.

We believe they will feel a legitimate pride that these noble young missionaries so splendidly illustrated in their lives and death the grand purpose for which the College was founded, namely, to give to the Church highly-educated, intellectual, holy priests, and to the nations apostles, generous, devoted, heroic in their zeal for souls.

We feel, too, we may indulge the hope that the glorious death of our two Martyrs of Charity gives a true indication of that sense of heroic devotion to duty, which fills the hearts of our priests wherever they are to be found throughout the world. As it is our intention to append a sketch\* of the all too brief career of the deceased, we shall content ourselves here with a short account of their holy deaths.

\*See Obituary.

Father Daniel Murray's death took place on the 19th August, 1897, in the city of Mobile, U.S.A. The deadly yellow-fever pestilence was then raging in Mobile as well as in many other cities of the Southern States. What would seem to us a chance visit led Fr. Murray to Mobile on the 9th of August. Seeing the need of his services, he nobly volunteered to remain—while thousands fled in terror from the doomed city—in order to bring the consolations of our holy faith to the death-bed of the plague-stricken. After a few days of generous devotion to the sick and dying, he himself was in the grasp of the terrible disease. His illness was a short one. He died on Friday, September 24th, in the most beautiful sentiments of piety and resignation—the glorious death of a Martyr of Charity. The students of Mungret College, past and present, will ever recall with feelings of pride and admiration the name of Father Daniel Murray.

The death of FATHER JOHN McDONNELL, which took place in Texas City in November, 1896, though, perhaps, less calculated to strike the imagination, was not less heroic.

For many months his health had been frail and his strength failing; yet in the ordinary course of things he might have lived on for a considerable time. The call of duty and his own great zeal quickly brought about the end. He dragged himself from his sick room to minister to a poor man who lay dying in a ward of the Texas Hospital. This man, we are told, not only had abandoned

all the practices of his religion, but had learned to speak impious things against the faith in which he had been brought up. For two long hours the holy priest prayed and pleaded with this poor sinner, and never ceased until grace and charity triumphed. The dying man made his peace with God, received the last sacraments, and breathed his last a few hours later with Fr. McDonnell still by his side. The effort was too great for the shattered health of our invalid, and the next morning a violent hemorrhage set in. Then three days of intense suffering before the end. We may give the closing scene in the words of one who was present: "Fr. McDonnell died on the 6th November, 1896, after having received all the consolations of our holy religion. A priest and eight nuns prayed at his bedside. When all was over the priest turned round and said to those present: 'May our last end be like to his, for he was indeed a holy man.'"

The following testimony has been communicated by an intimate friend of the deceased. It throws a flood of light on his inner life, and shows us the high ideal of holiness he had set up for himself.

"Father McDonnell once told me that he never failed to ask in his daily Mass that God would take him out of life rather than ever permit him to be unfaithful to any of his obligations."

Need we be surprised then that such a life was crowned with such a death, and that God gave to his faithful priest one of his grandest and most precious graces—to die the death of a martyr of charity? What better or fonder wish can we send forth by the first number of our Annual to the past students of Mungret College all over the world than that our end may be as noble and as holy as the end of Father John McDonnell.

We regret we have not sufficient materials at hand to

attempt a sketch of the life of Father James Bruen. We have learned enough, however, to convince us that his short missionary career was singularly beautiful and successful, and full of splendid promise—"A man amongst men," is the appreciation of his character by one of his most intimate friends. *Primus in doctrina et pietate* is the grand eulogium bestowed on him by his ecclesiastical superiors in the University of Washington. The kind friend who has sent the few notes we subjoin, has promised to furnish a complete study of the life of Father James Bruen. We look forward to this as one of the chief features of our next number.

While we take this opportunity of tendering our deep sympathy to the parents and friends of our deceased young priests, we cannot help feeling that they have good reason to rejoice as well as to sorrow.

The Irish Catholic homes that have given to the Church such generous sons and such noble types of the priesthood, may, indeed, rejoice, and offer their heartfelt gratitude to God.

We look into the future and we see a great army of our past students working in the vineyard of the Lord in every land and clime. When we remember how perfectly they are equipped for their Apostolic work, the high intellectual discipline they have undergone, the deep careful religious formation they have received—a formation scarcely less perfect than that bestowed on the younger members of religious orders—when we think of the fruit this discipline and this training has already borne during the short history of our College, may we not be pardoned if we indulge the hope that the new Mungret College, which has risen on the ruins of the old—the home of so many saints and apostles—is destined to render great and far-reaching services to the Church of Christ.



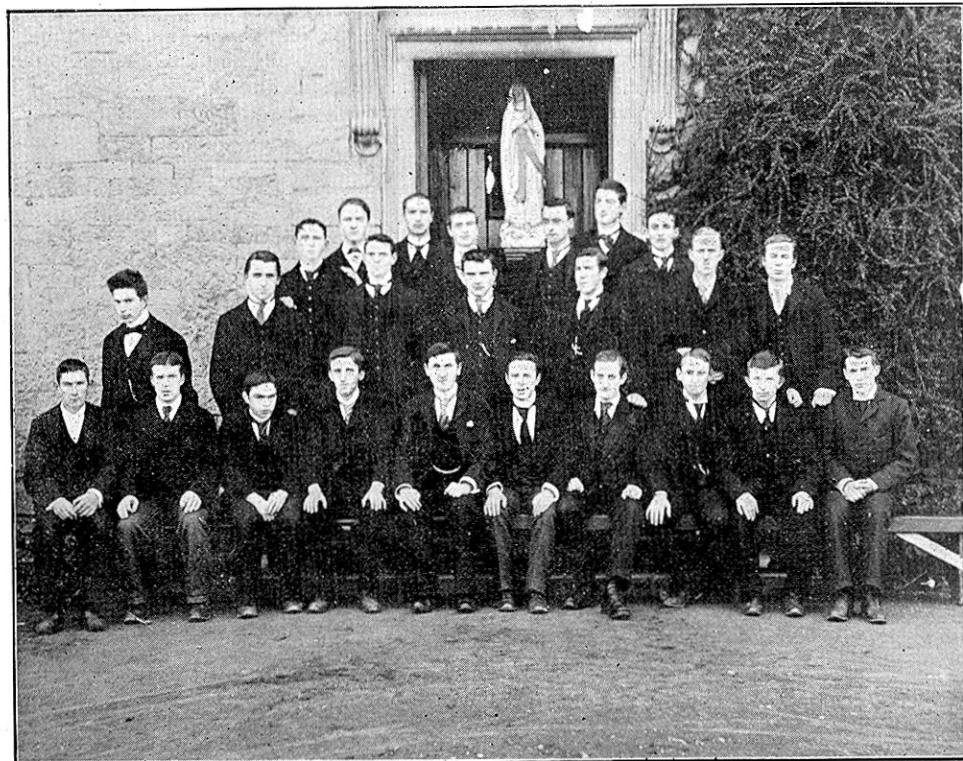


Photo. by Guy, Limerick.]

SENIOR APOSTOLIC STUDENTS.

## A STUDENT'S CHRISTMAS AT ROME.

BY AN OLD MUNGRET BOY.

WHAT a welcome visitor is old Father Christmas! Young and old are on the watch for his approach, and, though he comes frost-bitten and hoary with snow-flakes, his countenance beams with kindness and joy as he dispenses his gifts and his good wishes, and bids everyone to be merry and glad. How bright and pleasant appear those cold, dreary, mid-winter days in the cheerful glow of Christmastide festivity! Then it is that

"The earth is touched with light—  
The light that shone when Hope was born."

A Christmas spent in the Eternal City—abounding, as it does, in so many memorials appropriate to the religious spirit of the sea-

son—is calculated to produce on the new-comer impressions to be retained for a life-time.

The writer's first view of Rome, shrouded in the gloomy leaden atmosphere of a rainy November day, was not inspiring. Of all the poetry and romance woven round the Rome of his imagination, the little remnant which the dreary Campagna, bathed in the drizzling rain, had allowed to survive, was rudely changed into the dullest prose of reality by the vision of Rome on a rainy day—a vision of lustreless windows and dull yellow walls, and narrow tortuous streets running discoloured rain-water.

But no matter, the sun will shine gloriously bye-and-bye, and flood with southern light gardens and fountains, palaces and ruins. The

new-comer in time will take a happier mood, and the real poetry of the Eternal City will grow upon him. He has yet to become acquainted with its magnificent temples, its mementoes of a wonderful past, its treasures and triumphs of religion, learning, and art.

The Christmas vacation is brief, extending only from the 23rd December to the 2nd of January; yet during the intervening days there is ample opportunity, during the walks of one and a half hours in the morning, and three and a half in the afternoon to visit whatever is deemed interesting or worth seeing.

Not only throughout the various Roman churches, but in some other public institutions, and even in private houses, are to be seen many beautiful Christmas cribs, always on an artistic, often on a very extensive plan. These are admired by crowds of visitors—Romans as well as strangers.

The Roman student generally inaugurates the Christmas season by attending on Christmas Eve the Solemn Mass, celebrated according to the Armenian rite at the church connected with the Armenian College. The unusual hour at which the Divine Sacrifice is celebrated (four or five in the evening), not less than the magnificence and solemnity of the ceremonial and the peculiarity of the chanting, attracts a large congregation. On Christmas morning the early chiming of the bells proclaim the glad tidings of great joy. "A child is born to us, a son is given to us." Then, at the triple Mass of Christmas Day, when the organ peals forth its accompaniment to the triumphal strains of the "Gloria in excelsis Deo," and when the joyful melody of the "Adeste Fideles" is ringing in the heart, where can there be any lurking trace of sadness?

On this day the thoughts of the exile naturally turn towards home. Not the least glad feature, then, will be the distribution of the mails, after dinner, which is never later than 12 o'clock in the Roman colleges. The Christmas letters, with their tokens of affectionate remembrance from home and friends, call up treasured associations of the past, augment the gladness of the present, and give encouragement for the future. Then all prepare for the visit to St. Mary Major's; for all Rome, on the afternoon of Christmas Day, has, for a thousand years and more, gone to this noble and historic old church, to see the relics of the Manger of Bethlehem carried in procession.

St. Mary Major's, or Santa Maria Maggiore, one of the most beautiful of the Roman basilicas, takes its name from the fact that it is the largest of more than eighty churches in Rome dedicated to Our Lady. It is also called the

Liberian Basilica, from Pope Liberius who founded it in 352, on a site designated by a miraculous fall of snow which covered that particular spot of ground and no other, an event commemorated there every year on the 5th of August, when, during a solemn High Mass, a snowy mist of white rose-leaves is rained down from the cupola. This tradition, which gives to the church its third title, *Santa Maria ad Nives*, or St. Mary of the Snows, is very ancient. Before the procession begins there is time to view the magnificent interior. The nave, one hundred yards long, is lined by forty-two marble columns. A series of precious mosaics dating from the fourth century line the walls. The Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament on the right, and the Borghese Chapel opposite, are resplendent in precious marbles and alabaster, statuary, painting, and relief. The Borghese Chapel, said to be the richest in Rome contains over its magnificent altar of jasper and *lapis lazuli* the celebrated picture of the Madonna attributed to St. Luke. From the carved and panelled ceiling of gold to the renowned mosaic pavement of *opus Alexandrinum*, every feature presents elegance of proportion and beauty of detail.

Before 1870, the Pope always celebrated Midnight Mass in this church, as well as assisted in the procession. Since then, a Cardinal presides.

But meanwhile, Vespers are concluded, and now a movement in the vast throng, a crucifix and banners raised aloft announce that the procession has started from the tribune. Presently the *Te Deum* is intoned, and many thousand voices take up the response. The chanting of the hymn of praise by such an immense congregation is affecting beyond expression.

As they are borne along we see that the precious relics consist of three short pieces of common board—the largest, perhaps, about thirty inches by six. They are preserved in a splendid reliquary of silver adorned with statuettes, bas-reliefs, and jewelled work. It is an experience that suggests to the mind holy thoughts, and awakens generous resolves in the heart to stand in one of the grandest temples of the Queen of Cities and witness this manifestation of the triumphs of the humble Babe of Bethlehem, who, for our sakes, condescended to be wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.

In the evening, when Christmas mirth and festive enjoyment reign, when Christmas song follows Christmas tale, those whom, perhaps, the happy season makes all the sadder by its contrast—the poor and destitute—are not forgotten. The improvised bazaar, while it adds to the enjoyment of the hour will prove a



Christmas blessing to a few poor families of the city, and stay, for the festive season, the cruel pressure of wretchedness and want.

The Feast, whose dawning we hailed with welcome, is now over, but it has not passed away for ever. For if this Christmas Day awakened old and treasured memories by its presence, shall we not in the time to come, when looking back upon the past, find what we have this day seen and felt, enshrined among our dearest memories?

These brief December days glide by so silently and so swiftly that before we realise it we are on the eve of another year with all its bright hopes and promises. As the shades of evening close around the last day of the dying year, we mingle among the throng that repair to the Jesuit Church of the Gesù, there to witness the solemn ceremonies of the closing year, to hear the sublime *Te Deum* sung in thanksgiving for all the blessings of the past twelve months, and to lift our hearts with gratitude to God in unison with the mighty chorus of voices that praise Him for His mercies and His benefits.

New Year's Day is upon us, and the good wishes it brings of *buon capo d'anno* are still resounding in our ears when the Epiphany succeeds. In Rome the Christmas celebrations are prolonged till the Epiphany; it is then, indeed, that social festivity reaches its height. On this Feast, rather than on Christmas Day, gifts and feast-day cards are interchanged among friends, and everywhere are heard salutations full of heartiest greetings and the best wishes which the season can inspire.

The Epiphany is especially the children's festive day. The streets are thronged with merry troops of little ones accompanied by their parents; some are full of misgivings lest all the treasures of the toy-shop will have disappeared ere their arrival; others are rejoicing in the load of good things they bear home in triumph. Wherever there is a good emporium, the neighbouring streets are actually in a state of blockade.

All visitors to the Eternal City remark the confiding simplicity, as well as the winning manners and politeness of Roman children; to-

day we may see in their felicitations to each other, in their bearing towards their elders, those characteristics which give to childhood its engaging winsomeness, and to maturer age its chief attraction.

If we go this day to the Franciscan Church of Ara Coeli, which crowns the crest of the Capitoline slope, we shall there find, close to the Christmas crib, a platform erected from which children are reciting, with all the native grace and expressive vigour of Italian gesticulation, little speeches, sermons, and dialogues, in explanation of the mystery represented opposite. There is a procession with the miraculous *bambino* after vespers, when the thunders of a drum resound through the church, producing a novel and startling sensation. At the close, from the top of the church steps, broad and steep, a benediction is pronounced over the city, which stretches out below towards the Janiculum ridge, behind which the sinking sun is rapidly disappearing.

A chief centre of devotion at the Epiphany is the Church of St. Andrea delle Valle. During the novena preceding the  *festa*, solemn Masses are celebrated in the different rites—Latin, Greek, Syrian, Armenian, etc.—and spiritual conferences and sermons are delivered by distinguished preachers.

With Epiphany the Christmastide is over—an interesting, beneficent, joyous, happy Christmastide. This year's work is again resumed—hard continuous work, to which Eastertide will bring but the briefest relaxation, and which will not see an end until the chilly days of December and January will have given place to the sultry boiling weather of mid-July. Meanwhile, during these laborious hours of toil, we shall often in fancy

Hear the bells of Christmas Day,  
Their old familiar carols play;  
And wild and sweet  
The word repeat,  
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

JAS. VEALE ('95.)

North American College, Rome.



## A RIDE ON THE GLITTERING STEED.

"What friend is that which every day  
Makes labour light, gives zest to play?  
You're not surprised to hear me say—  
"My wheel."

FAST and furious, ours is an age of progress; and woe to the laggard—he is lost. The impetuous rush of modern life has become a race for existence. Its phases are diverse as the colours of the rainbow; and he is but a type of the whole, who skims along through this mad whirl of motion on the wings of the flying wheel.

East and West is the cyclist seen. Heat cannot daunt his energy, nor can cold freeze his ardour. He lives in the land of the tropics, through the length and breadth of America, and far away in that sunny clime beneath the Southern Cross. In Europe and Asia he is also at home. Corresponding to our familiar "wheel," the French have their "vélo," the Germans their "rad." The Italians and Spaniards, too, have been attacked by the athletic fury, and ride the "velocifero" and the "bicicletta." Even the Chinese use the "foreign horse," or "gaugma," as they call it in their figurative speech; while the Belgians have the "snelwiel," or, in more correct language, the "Gewielsnelrijctrap-pseudneusbrekergestel," which word, we are told, they never use when actually mounted. But, as they might exhaust our space, we must leave out the other interesting European and Asiatic names.

No wonder, then, that in these days of universal cycling—in these days of bicycle boats, bicycle lawn-mowers, bikes that won't go, and bikes that won't stop, with their necessary adjunct, the cycle ambulance—no wonder it is that we do a little wheeling in Mungret.

There is a saying, "the fewer the better cheer." Perhaps that is why we enjoy a cycle run so much in Mungret, not that the runs are rare, but our party is small, as yet a cycle club in embryo. At full strength, our numbers would be inside the dozen. But we do enjoy ourselves. A favourite run of ours is to Foynes, more than twenty miles distant, but we have gone to Glin, which is up to thirty. We are always accompanied on our rides by some of the Fathers of the community.

One of the pleasantest spins we had was to Foynes, on a splendid day last summer. It

was a trifle too warm, perhaps, but that was a penalty we were glad to pay for the smiling look of Nature. It was a day certainly preferable to that blustering one when we came back perfectly exhausted, and some of us, who were unluckily without mud-guards, a pitiful sight to see. I well remember what fun the non-cyclists poked at us as we carried back our loads of mud. Some suggested we had better lie down and roll it off; others to get scavengers to work, and so on. But the day I first mentioned was an ideal one.

To be brief, we mustered our little party, got on and went off—not off our bikes: we are better riders than that, though some a trifle rash, which rashness has had consequences at times. Owing to it, one gentleman has visibly increased his bump of locomotion; and another has had one rupture and three broken ribs—the former of his tyre, the latter of his front wheel—the lucky individual himself escaping *corpore intacto*. To return to our ride. We swept in grand style down the avenue, free from the thralldom of the class hall, and high in hopes of a glorious day. Our machines, like ourselves, were fairly representative of the cycling world, for, though without tandems or baby-carriers, we had roadsters, racers, and juveniles. The much-ridiculed "kangaroo-back" had also a few advocates amongst us, as well as the more stately "poker" attitude; and why not everyone his own fad, provided he is wise enough not to hurt himself or others by it? Soon we sped merrily along the roads, and, must we confess it, along the footpaths too, but never to the detriment of her Majesty's subjects, whether wearing the *baton* or without it. On we rode past Clarina to Ferrybridge, and over the muddy Maigue; and, as our conversation dwindled away into speed and we felt the soothing breath of the gentle breeze we created, the "poetry of motion" crept over us, and we listened with delight to the constant whirl of our machines. Truly, "there's a rhythm in the music of the wheel."

But presently someone in the rear guard rings, and on stopping, we find our company is one short. What has happened to the

owner of the yellow rims? We had twitted him that morning for sporting the orange colours and predicted a mishap. Was our joke to have a sequel of truth? Back we went and soon met an old woman who, on enquiry, told us there was nobody near except a young man around the turn who was mending umbrellas. What a hearty laugh we had at our orange friend when we found him with his wheel off mending a puncture.

We were soon again mounted and passing through Kildimo, left Lord Limerick's war-

it was an accident; others, that it was intentional; and then a philosophising member put in a bar: If, according to him, the action was intentional, there must have been a mental connection between goose and refectory—a clear case of "association of ideas." If the action was involuntary, it was indeed an example of the "survival of the fittest," the result of an impulse of nature by which one goose succumbed before—

But I diverge. We should be at Foynes long ago, taking a view of the broad Shannon

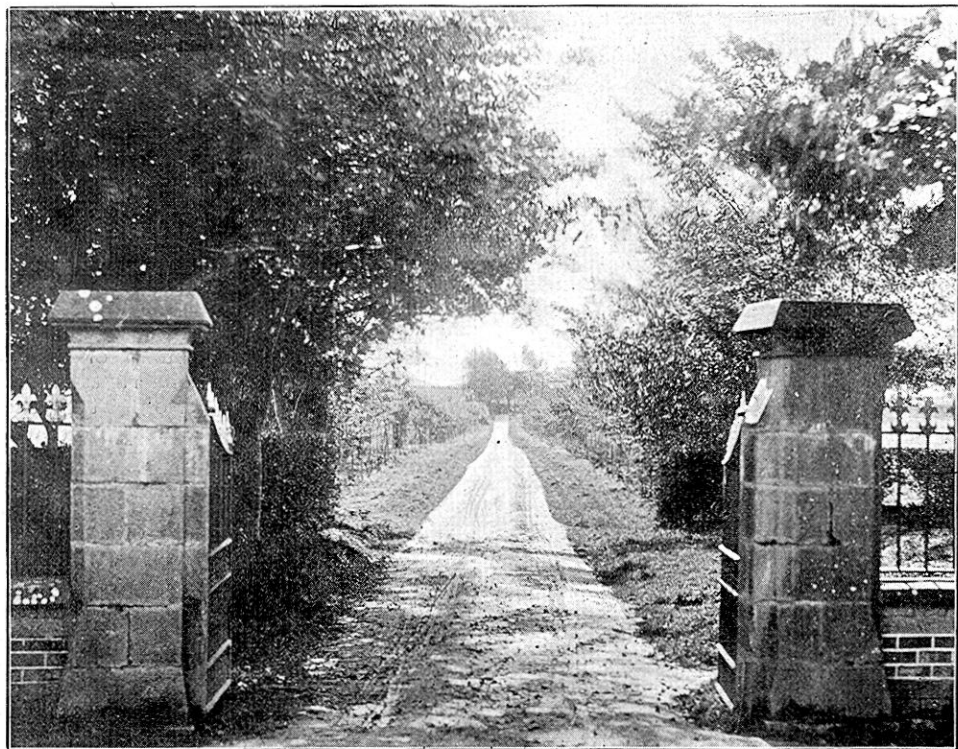


Photo. by Guy. Limerick.]

FRONT AVENUE.

like mansion behind and then approached Askeaton. It was here that we met some of those troublesome little imps who do a Zulu dance before your cycle to the war-cry of "ring the bell." They are generally satisfied if they extort from you this warning note.

But, though on this occasion we entered Askeaton town in triumph and without slaughter, the same cannot be said of our destination, Foynes. One of the party ran over a goose. A rather interesting discussion amongst ourselves was the result;—we omit what the owner of the goose said. Some held

from the height overhanging the town, or regaling our strength with a hearty lunch.

After about an hour's rest we are ready for the road again, and the second half of our journey is much the same and just as enjoyable as the first. Some new incident or other is sure to diversify it, if it be only a struggle for right of way on a footpath. Frequently our progress has been vigorously disputed by such authorities as goats tied in pairs, and stray donkeys. The unanimity of the former—one goat wishing to take the ditch side, and the other the road—has repeatedly checked

our progress, and caused no slight amusement. The donkeys, are more perversely obstinate, but consist, we are glad to say, in the fair land of Garryowen, almost exclusively of quadrupeds.

Mungret soon again looms on the horizon. Presently we are once more on the avenue, and a vigorous finish shows that if we are not all fresh, at least we all are anxious to appear so. The cyclist still is human, though wearing the wings of Pegasus. I have seen him

more than once, after a day's outing, throw his last ounce into the scale in a desperate attempt to look "scorchy." For, there is no denying it, our wheelman, like every other enthusiast, disdains to yield an inch to the criticism of the pedestrian. But usually we finish our rides as enjoyably in reality as in appearance, just fresh enough to continue, and just satisfied to dismount.

J. L. MACCARTHY.

## COSMOS ET HARMONIA, OR THE SPIRITS OF ORDER AND ACCORD.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

SOME time ago I was seated at the window of an old Augustinian Monastery in Belgium, thinking of the *alma mater* and her first Annual. Beneath my eyes lay the little Gothic church, misty in the shadows of the past, and crowned with a grey and fretted spire through whose foiled places played the sunbeams. In the distance stretched the Park of the Duc d'Arenburg, robed in varied beauty of open landscape, of pillared vista, and of sparkling fountain. Around me were the homes of a peaceful and happy people, who loved their God and country without the pomp and circumstance of other nations. But over all rested a silence like the silence of the tomb; no sound broke upon the stillness, no whirr and bustle was in the lowly streets.

Suddenly my thoughts were carried back to London, and the vision of the great city, throbbing with the pulses of life, its worshippers of the God of Wealth, its magnificence and its beauty, rose up before me. I was struck by the ordered movement in its crowded thoroughfares, and in a moment of excited feeling pictured myself two beings, directing the progress of that people. They were the spirits of order and harmony, spirits whose action and influence is visible in every nook and corner of this world; whose power is as apparent by the riverside and the lake's marge as in the going forth of the hurricane and the swell of the ocean. Verily, the world, called of old Cosmos, or Order, is pervaded by some subtle power or spirit that puts all things in harmony, that gives a unity of beauty with an infinite variety.

Such also is the life of man, who is a little world in himself, and such are the powers that rule him. The world with its wondrous order and harmony, is but a reflex of that which is within us. When we view with pleasure or delight the beauty that is around us, it is because kindred chords are touched and a thrill of sympathy passes through us.

This reflection was suggested to me by the news of Mungret's coming journal; for I saw that from the beginning her mission was to carry the gospel of order to us, and that now she was to carry the gospel of accord; she was to unite the past and the present; she was to link our voices and our actions.

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail  
Against her beauty? May she mix  
With men and prosper! Who shall fix  
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

It would be incongruous and unfitting to turn this essay into a dissertation on the mind and its development by education. Our work is a work of love, where we have tried to say a few nice things in praise of our *alma mater*. It is our wish to be bright and cheerful, yet to say deep realities that redound to the praise of Mungret; realities they are, however novel, new-fangled, or fantastic they may seem.

The soul of man is a hierarchy, composed of the faculties of intellect, imagination, will, and sensibility. As all power, intellectual or material, is only complete, fruitful, and lasting when it has order, so, if we wish to reap the full fruit of these faculties, they must be ruled by a law. "Order is heaven's first law." There must be a



subservience of imagination to the intellect, and of sensibility to the will. Union is strength, and union with harmony is perfection.

That order of mind in which true education consists, and upon which the edifice of all true knowledge is raised, has been given us beneath the walls of Mungret, at the feet of our dear mother. Cosmos, in its twofold sense of world and order, cosmos of ideas she has created within us. Nobly has she done her work, and may her work prevail. Our love, unsmitten of age, "leaps out with gladness exultant, to hail

a greater amplitude of grasp. But all this mental evolution is arrived at by order, union, and harmony. At first everything is enveloped in a mist; our images are blurred and confused, objects are not ranged in their several places. By degrees the mind distinguishes, weighs, judges, and sets things in their relative position. There is a consideration, a separation, and a judgment by which each object receives a separate existence in the mind. The clouds pass, and a clear vision of things in ranged order and relation is gained. From a chaos, where

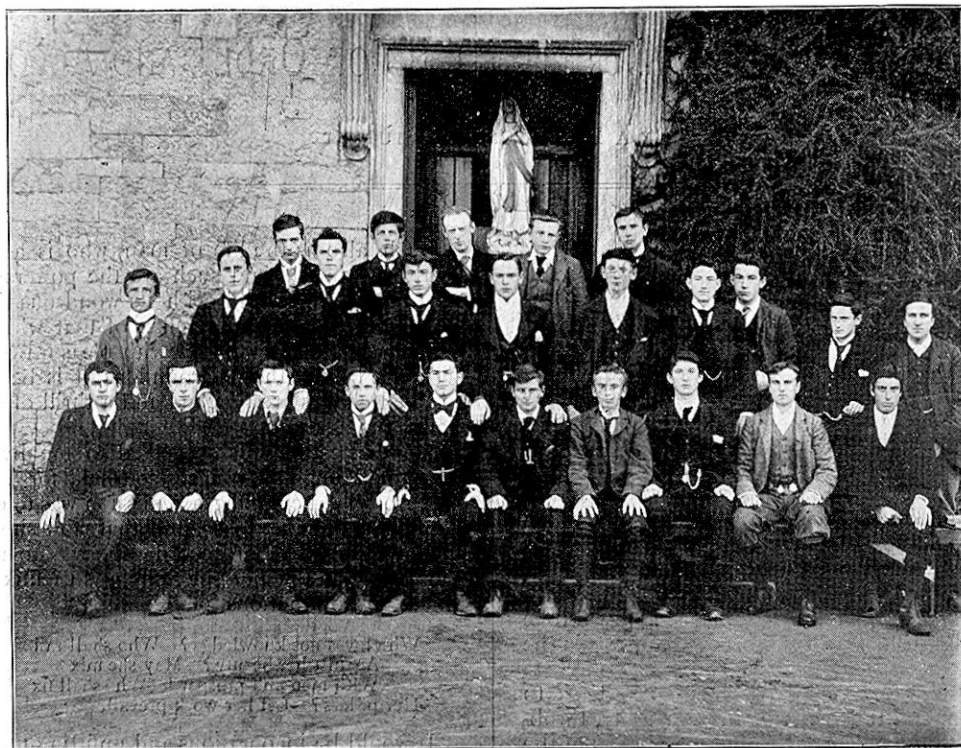


Photo. by Guy, Limerick.

LAY BOYS.—FIRST DIVISION.

her and greet her to-day." May the north-wind and east-wind carry her name on pinions of fire, for she is great, and she is good.

The business of education is not to store the mind with varied knowledge, but to give it "that freedom and disposition and those habits which enables it to attain every part of knowledge." True education consists in a development of the mental powers, that we may be able to grapple with any question and master it. It is a strengthening and a bracing of that faculty by certain healthful exercises, thereby conferring

dimness and shadows reign, we emerge into full light. The mind's retina has been wrought to such perfection and sensitiveness, that each object receives a correct and distinct image. When David went forth to combat Goliath, Saul, anxious to secure his safety, clothed the stripling in his own panoply. But the young frame, untrained to bear such armour, was encumbered by its weight and unable to wield the arms. The brass helmet and steel-proof cuirass were thrown off, and the spirited youth chose for his weapons a sling and five smooth pebbles

from the brook. Thus was Goliath conquered. Such is the story with which I wish to illustrate the process by which education is given—such the way in which order works her will. He who possesses voluminous but unassimilated knowledge, whose mind is stored with intellectual lumber, is like David clothed in the armour of Saul. When summoned into the arena to defend or impugn some doctrine, he is powerless before his adversary. His business through life was to fill the arsenal of the mind with every species of weapon without ever learning their use. Far otherwise is the story of him whose mind has undergone a right formation, who has order in the arsenal, where every weapon is in its appointed place, and who has learned the use of those weapons. At a moment's notice, neither perturbed or confused, lissome of hand and limb, in the strength of an unclouded brain, he descends into the lists.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

On changing the metaphor, such a mind is barren of fruit; it has abundance of seed, but is powerless to make it fructify; in the cultivated mind the seed germinates, and bourgeons into the perfect plant of honeyed leaf and flower. Thus has Mungret put order in the Individuals. Let us now say a few words on the spirit of accord, or the union of Past and Present, in a harmonious whole—

To know my spirit, a note  
Of this great chorus, one with bird and strain  
And voiceful mountain—nay, a string, how jarred  
And all but broken, of that lyre of life  
Whereon Himself, the master harp-player,  
Resolving all its mortal dissonance  
To one immortal and most perfect strain,  
Harps without pause, building the world with song.

Father Faber liked to imagine the Divine Fingers sweeping down the keys of the Creative Instrument, and see world after world rise to the music and range themselves in the deserts of space. And giving freer rein to the fancy, we may conceive each orb as the materialisation of each note, and reproducing the first music as it

travels round upon its orbit. The worlds, with which space is peopled, may produce, as they tread their mazes, the rapturous elements of harmony—

The deep pulsations of the world,  
Æonian music measuring out  
The steps of Time, the shocks of Chance,  
The blows of Death.

In our own days comes a poet to whom it is pleasant to consider creation as a harp, in which men are set as chords, and upon which the Master Himself plays. A beautiful and true image fulfilled day after day! The Divine Fingers touch our spirits, and lo! there rise up the elements of harmony or of discord. But every community and institution ruled by one principle and moving towards one end is a lyre in which each member forms a chord. The *alma mater* has her lyre where we were once set, and where each of us responded to the touch of the player. But, just as it had reached its perfection, and the thrilling tumult of music in absolute accord was produced, it had to be broken up. Those who composed it had to go forth, and others less perfect took their place. Then came a long process of training, annealing, and purifying before perfect harmony was heard. A great change is in preparation, a union of concordant parts is meditated. The children may leave the mother's presence and the influence of the Spirit that broods over Mungret, but their hearts shall thrill in sympathy, their actions shall be in harmony, and their voices sound together. It is a joyful and glorious thought to dwell on the union of so many scattered throughout the world, in the fret of city life, and in the gloom and silence of wild regions. It will be grand to hear the full diapason when the Past and Present will unite and sound in unison—

Then the music touched the gates and died;  
Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,  
Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing gale.  
Till, thronging in and in, to where they waited,  
As 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale,  
The strong tempestuous treble throb'd and palpitated.

P. C. ('89-'93).





# THE ALMO COLLEGIO CAPRANICA, ROME.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

THE visitor to the Eternal City who wends his way along the Corso, will, by turning to the right at the Piazza Colonna, enter a small square, wherein stands the Collegio Capranica. The building lies exactly midway between the present House of Parliament and the Church of the Pantheon. To the spectator it presents anything but an agreeable exterior. It is built in the form of an oblong, flanked at one end by a tower of medium size. With the exception of its windows, which are made after two different styles of architecture, and which are most strangely designated "Guelph" and "Ghibelline," respectively, the structure can lay no claim to architectural beauty. The walls are of a reddish-grey colour, and show evident signs of the wear and tear of time. The civil authorities have repeatedly refused to allow any improvement in the exterior, basing their denial on the ground that the College, being one of the most ancient buildings in Rome, they wish to preserve it as a monument of antiquity. The building is enclosed by narrow streets, and according to English ideas, no more inappropriate site could possibly be chosen for a house of theological studies.

The Capranica College is famed in ecclesiastical story. It takes its name from its founder, Cardinal Capranica, Bishop of Fermo. This distinguished ecclesiastic was the intimate friend of Pope Martin V., by whom he was created a Cardinal when only twenty-five years of age. We must go very far back to discover the date of its foundation. From a marble slab that lies beneath the bust of the founder just inside the huge portals of the college, the visitor will learn that the college was founded in the year 1457. Tradition handed down from time immemorial would have it that the college is built upon the spot where stood the house of Agnes, the youthful saint and martyr of the early Church, the story of whose life is so beautifully portrayed in Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola." For this reason St. Agnes is the patron saint of the college, and her feast, the 21st of January, is always a day of festivity. At the end of the corridor which leads from the entrance door to the main portion of the building is to be seen a magnificent statue of the saint holding in her hands the martyr's palm,

and having at her feet a little lamb as emblematic of virginal purity. This statue, and that of St. Alexander, which lies in a niche in the "giardino" attached to the college, were the models of the two statues that stood at the right and left of the Porta Pia, and were ruthlessly broken to atoms by the Piedmontese soldiers in the fatal 1870.

In the year 1800, when the French Army under Napoleon occupied Italy, the valuable library of the College was carried off to France by the Emperor. After his downfall some of the volumes found their way back to Rome, but were given to the Vatican library, where they still lie. During the years that followed the loss of the Temporal Power, the College, by a singular good fortune, escaped the general plunder of the religious house, owing to its being protected by the Law of Warrants. It was only, however, by a stiffly-contested lawsuit that the Superiors were enabled to maintain their rights.

Many strong reasons go to show that the Fathers of the Council of Trent, when drawing up their regulations regarding diocesan seminaries, based their rules upon those which were in vigour in the Capranica. It would require a large volume to give in detail the story of the College from its foundation down to the present day. The Capranica has had, indeed, an eventful and enviable career. I shall content myself by recording one incident which fully justifies its claim to have been the abode of martyrs. Such, indeed, they are not definitely pronounced to have been by the Church, but yet the cause for which they laid down their lives fully shows that they were entitled to the palm of martyrdom.

In the year 1527 an army of bigoted Lutherans, numbering some 13,000, led on by the Constable of Bourbon, entered Rome and commenced the work of devastation. The then Superiors of the Capranica, together with their students, threw aside their volumes of theology and philosophy, and buckled on the sword to defend the rights of the Holy See. Relative to this event, a very interesting item is to be met with in the archives of the College, which runs thus: "*Pro iis qui sunt ad muros.*" From the fact that a blank, extending over a

period of eighty years, occurs in the College annals after the date of that invasion, we are led to conclude that those from the College who took part in the war returned no more within its walls.

So far, no alumnus of the Capranica has filled the supreme dignity of Head of the Church, and in this connection Mdle. Belloc errs in her interesting life of St. Agnes. If, however, the merits of the college can be estimated from the number of its students who have been raised to the Episcopacy and Cardinalate, then, indeed, its name stands high. Until a few months ago the Sacred College of Cardinals counted four of its members as Capranica students. These were Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to the Pope; Cardinals Serafino and Vincenzo Vannutelli (brothers), and Cardinal Di Rende, Archbishop of Benevento.

The somewhat sudden and unexpected death of this latter eminent ecclesiastic a few months since deprived the Capranica of one of its brightest ornaments. Among the Italian Episcopacy the names of Capranica students are frequently to be met with, and the number of its alumni who are to be found amongst the ranks of the Apostolic Nuncios, and the officials of the various Congregations in the Roman Curia is legion. Two of the Monsignori who immediately attend upon His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, and are his daily companions, have been Capranica students.

All classes of society are to be found amongst our students. The scions of titled and aristocratic families, the children of the "borgnese" class, as well as "sons of toil," are here, and not the slightest preference is shown to one or the other; and so great are the number who seek admission that, in order to secure a place, it is necessary to apply months beforehand.

The number of students in the college each year is about fifty-two. At present all are Italians, with three exceptions—an Australian, a Portuguese, and an Irishman. They all study either theology or philosophy, and attend lectures at the far-famed Gregorian University conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. The results-sheet of the University fully proves how well the Capranica students hold their own, and more than their own, each year amongst the thousand and odd students of all nationalities that concur at this University.

The students are divided into 'cameratas' or groups, each 'camerata' taking its name from its patron saint. Thus we have the 'camerata' of St. Joseph, of St. John the Evangelist, of St. Tarsicius, and of St. Stanislaus Kotska. The separation between each division is rigidly in-

sisted upon, and the Superiors are inflexible upon this rule.

The College dress is simple in the extreme, and, at the same time, most ecclesiastical. With the exception of the English and the Capranica Colleges, between the students of which it may be remarked *en passant* there have always existed the bonds of most intimate friendship, every other ecclesiastical college in Rome has its own distinguishing dress. Some are dressed in bright scarlet, some in blue, some wear fancy sashes, and some wear the traditional "ferriolo." The two exceptions mentioned dress in sombre black, without any bright colours, and differ only in the quality of the material used. The dress of the Capranica students consists of the soutane, the "soprana" or outer garment, which is provided with "wings" instead of sleeves, shoes with silver buckles, and the customary hat peculiar to clerics of Southern nations. Our "soprana" corresponds exactly to the gown worn by the Jesuit Fathers in Ireland, with the exception that our "wings" extend right to the ground. The College is noted amongst all others in Rome for the neatness of its students in their dress; and, in order to further secure this neatness, a "review" takes place twice each year. The Superiors visit each student's room, inspect his various articles of dress, and should anything not come up to their standard, it must be renewed immediately.

The day is filled up with class, study, recreation and meals. The call is at 5.30 a.m., winter and summer, except on Sundays and Vacation days, when it is three quarters of an hour later. School commences at 8 a.m. each morning, and four hours is the average class time for all. Breakfast, consisting of coffee, milk and bread, is at 7.45 a.m. Dinner, consisting of soup, two courses of meat and vegetables, fruit, wine, and bread, varies from 11.30 a.m. in winter to noon in summer. Supper, consisting of soup, one course of meat and vegetables, fruit, wine and bread, from 8 p.m. in winter to 8.30 p.m. in summer. The supper hour changes with the *Ave Maria*, or Angelus bell, which changes according to the time of sunset. The food is strictly Italian. The Irish palate will not quickly accustom itself to the oil and vinegar and maccheroni, which are such indispensable requisites of the Italian table. However, in the case of foreigners, the Superiors make no difficulty in providing other food more suited to them.

Reading goes on during dinner and supper for half the time; talking is always permitted at breakfast. The wine is supplied in a sufficiently large quantity, and although it is not given in its entire purity, still so little water is added that it loses almost none of its strength.

Each student has his own room, and the College authorities supply all the necessary furniture. It depends upon the student's sense of the aesthetic and upon his purse as to how he may make it cheery and comfortable-looking. He may choose to keep it clean himself, or he may entrust it to a servant, recompensing the latter of course for his trouble. Most adopt this latter method. The one great drawback of the rooms is that the flooring is made of tiles, and as fires or other heating apparatus are totally unknown, it requires plenty of warm clothing to keep up the natural heat of the body during the study hours of the long winter evenings.

Outdoor games are completely unknown, partly for want of grounds, but chiefly because such amusements are considered out of harmony with clerical decorum. An Irish student very soon feels the want of a good game of football or cricket to which he had been accustomed in his own country. All manly and invigorating exercises are unknown in Italian colleges.

The philosophy course extends over a period of three years for those who wish to take the degree of doctorate in philosophy, and an additional period of four years is required for that degree in theology. Should any student desire to become "ter doctor," a further two years is necessary for the study of canon law.

As I am not treating here of college life in general in Rome, I omit all allusion to the manifold sources of intellectual improvement and enlightenment that abound on every side. I may be pardoned, however, if I mention that the Capranica students are especially favoured in this respect on account of the singular privileges which they possess. The latest instance of this occurred on the feast of the Canonization of the Blessed Anthony M. Zaccaria and Peter Fourier, on the 27th of May of this year. On that memorable occasion, a special tribune, quite adjacent to the Pontifical Throne, was reserved for the students, whilst no less than eight of our number were appointed as *ceremonieri* to the procession. Not a single important function or ceremony in ecclesiastical circles takes place in Rome without a special ticket of invitation being forwarded to the College.

Though the number of students is small when compared with other colleges, still a much larger percentage of them are always priests. For in the Capranica, as soon as a student has reached the canonical age, and has gone through a certain amount of study, the Superiors are always most willing to put him forward for the Order of Priesthood, and in several instances have ob-

tained special dispensations from age or study. The priests are permitted to say Mass in different churches of the city on Sundays and holidays; on week-days they celebrate in the College unless circumstances demand otherwise.

During my college career I have had experience of Irish Jesuit Fathers and Italian secular priests as Superiors, and whilst most gladly and frankly acknowledging the kindness, interest and true gentlemanly courtesy that were always manifested towards me by the Jesuit Fathers, I must say that for real warmth of feeling and tender affection, none have surpassed my Rectors of the Capranica. I have now spent three years in this college, and during that length of time not a single occasion can I recall of my being refused any request or permission. On the contrary, our Superiors are ever ready to make exceptions to the ordinary rules in favour of the "figli di San Patrizio" as they style us. Thus during the Sundays of Advent and Lent each year, we Irishmen here have been allowed by the generosity of the Superiors to attend the course of English sermons in the Church of St. Sylvester. During the summer vacation of this year, accompanied by my Australian friend, I was permitted to spend two months at Sorrento, one of the most charming sea-side resorts in Europe. The Superiors are unceasing, too, in their efforts to render the students contented, and in case of illness treat them with unceasing care and vigilance, such as could hardly be surpassed in one's home. The medical attendant is none other than Commendatore Lapponi, the physician of His Holiness Leo XIII.

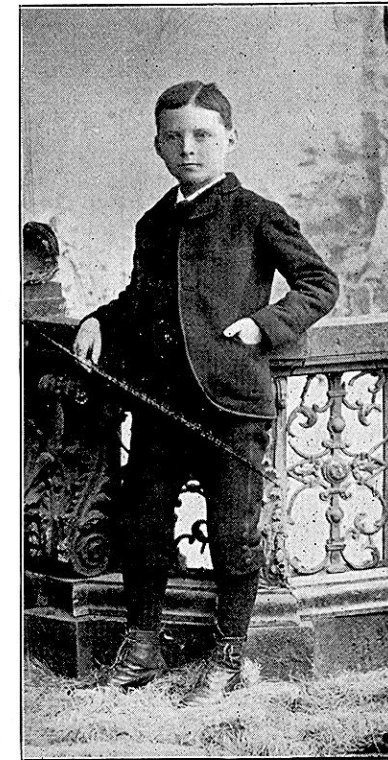
As for my companions, they are the very essence of kindness. They are as loud in their admiration of, and esteem for, the Irish character, as the Superiors themselves, and regard it as a special favour to count an Irish student amongst their personal friends. They are most courteous and obliging, and go so far in this respect that, were one not thoroughly acquainted with their character he might easily attribute their attentions to flattery. I do not wish to state that all Italians are such, but certainly, those whom it has been my good fortune to associate with in the Capranica, are all that I have said and much more.

We conclude with an earnest wish that this ancient and venerable institution may still continue to flourish under the ægis of its heavenly patroness, St. Agnes, which it still bears after four hundred and forty winters.

JAMES W. STENSON ('94).

## VARIA.

**UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.**—We are happy to be enabled to record the remarkable success of Mungret at the University Examinations of June '97. These successes were indeed great; still, in them Mungret by no means surpasses herself. She can point to many years during the past ten, in which her list of distinctions were even greater than they were



JOHN BITHREY.  
(TAKEN THE YEAR HE ENTERED MUNGRET.)

last year. We subjoin the report of *The Munster News* :—

It is with much pleasure we direct attention to the distinguished successes achieved by the students of the celebrated Mungret College at the recent Royal University Examinations. From every point of view the results were most gratifying, and when it is mentioned that amongst Irish Catholic Colleges, Mungret took the highest place, after the University College of Dublin, it will be seen how effective and thorough is the education imparted by the good and learned Jesuit Fathers who have charge of the Institution. The percentage of passes is the very best criterion by which to judge the thoroughness and efficiency of the teaching. In the examination

for the B.A. degree, and in the Second Arts course, every student presented was successful, thus securing for the College the almost unheard-of distinction of passing cent. per cent. in these two most important examinations. In the First Arts and Matriculation courses almost the same high standard was approached. These facts speak for themselves; and Limerick people may take a legitimate pride in having in their midst an educational institution of such eminence. The following were the successes achieved by Mungret at the recent examinations :—

**B.A. DEGREES.**—(Seven candidates presented themselves for the B.A. Degree. All passed.) James Tomkin, Thomas Redden, Thomas Eaton, Michael O'Malley, William Hughes, Patrick Daly, Joseph Carroll.

**SECOND ARTS.**—(Two students presented themselves, one in the Honours Course, and one in the Pass Course. Both passed.) Honours—John L. McCarthy. Pass—John Larkin.

**FIRST ARTS.**—(Fifteen presented themselves for examination. Eleven passed.) Honours—John Turner, Joseph Stenson, Hugh Floyd, Michael Bergin, Patrick Bresnahan, Maurice Redden, William Carroll, James Burke. Pass—John Moore, William Moloney, John H. Power.

**MATRICULATION.**—(Sixteen presented themselves. Fourteen passed.) Honours—John Bithrey, Michael Curley, Patrick Turner, Francis Fahey, Patrick Ennis, David Cronin, Joseph Heelan, Charles Cuffe. Pass—Henry Blackmore, John Moroney, Peter Irwin, James Clifford, William Cremenin, John H. Power.

**DISTINCTIONS.**—In First Arts, John Turner was called to Honours in Latin, and Joseph Stenson was called to Honours in English. In Matriculation, John Bithrey took an Exhibition and First Class Honours in Latin, Greek, and Physics, and Second Class Honours in English. Michael Curley took First Class Honours in Latin, and Second Class Honours in English. Francis Fahey took Honours in Latin and English.

The above was published in August. In the October Examinations, J. Bithrey took a First Class Scholarship in Ancient Classics.

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY.**—We always look forward to St. Patrick's Day as one of the pleasantest days of the year. St. Patrick's Day or '97 did not disappoint us. Shamrocks, we may assure our readers, were not desiderata in the College that day. Play-grounds, lawn, and farm-grounds were all laid under heavy contribution, and the emblem of Ireland's faith and nationality, the "dear little plant," appeared among the altar decorations of the chapels, in the refectories, among the stage decorations, and, above all, as a "seal on the heart's" of St. Patrick's children.

During the Solemn High Mass at 9 a.m., which was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Forristal, the Rev. T. Finlay, S.J., of the Catholic University of Dublin, delivered a panegyric on the Saint.

We shall have occasion to refer elsewhere to



the entertainment given in honour of our National Apostle. The day is, however, specially memorable in the College annals for the opening of our new and beautiful organ. An organ had long been a much-needed addition to our College Chapel, and, as we afterwards heard, had been many years in contemplation. The arrival of the loads of mysterious-looking pipes, and boards and tubes filled us with astonishment: how on earth were they to take shape?

debt of gratitude to the many kind benefactors whose munificence has enabled us to realise so great a boon. We have heard that the magnificent organ has been erected without any call on the College funds, or on the ordinary benefactors. This speaks volumes for the popularity the College has acquired, and for the many staunch friends it must have gained within the short period of its existence. We may add that the boys of both divisions did their part man-



Photo. by Guy, Limerick.] THE CHAPEL—FROM THE ENTRANCE.

However, they did so, but slowly. Not only order, but even harmony was educed from chaos, and the shapeless mass was actually a musical instrument in less than a month. The tones of the organ are excellent, and it has been the cause of a new impetus given to the zeal and efficiency of our choir. Rev. Mr. O'Mahony has assumed the onerous, but, we believe, not unpleasant, duty of organist.

Even we, the boys, must acknowledge our

fully, and that the organ is to a fair extent their gift. The past boys who were appealed to came forward also most generously, and in a substantial way testified their affectionate remembrance of their *alma mater*.

THE latest improvements have made our little Sacristy a perfect gem. It would be gilding refined gold to attempt any further perfection.

OUR Chapel also besides the new organ has received many important additions. A beautiful

stained-glass window has been erected in the eastern wall. It represents St. Aloysius in the usual position, clad in surplice and holding a crucifix, and St. Stanislaus about to set out on his journey to Rome. This window is the gift of two ladies, to whom the College is already very heavily indebted.

"CHANGE, SERIAL CHANGE," rules all nature with an iron sway. Succession seems essential to life, at least to life as we know it. In Mungret we are no exception to the universal rule; we, too, "change as all things change here." Many familiar faces are this year missed from amongst us, and new ones have



SOME OF OUR GRADUATES OF THIS YEAR.

WILLIAM HUGHES, B.A.  
MICHAEL O'MALLEY, B.A.

THOMAS EATON, B.A.

PATRICK DALY, B.A.  
JOSEPH O'CARROLL, B.A.

ANOTHER benefactor has presented a statue of the Sacred Heart, to match that of St. Joseph in the chancel of the Church. The former is modelled on the well-known statue of the Sacred Heart on the Church of Montmartre, overlooking the city of Paris. It is exquisitely finished, and is a very great addition to our already beautiful Church.

come to fill the places of the old. Of the B.A. class of last year all are gone except one. Three of the Apostolical students of that class have gone to make their theological studies for the priesthood: T. Redden to Montreal, Wm. Hughes and J. Carroll to the Propaganda, Rome. The two remaining Apostolical students are gone to different Novitiates of

the Society of Jesus ; P. Daly to Roehampton for the Zambesi Mission ; M. O'Malley to Florissant for the Rocky Mountain Mission. J. Tomkin, the only Lay student of the class, is gone to the Jesuit Novitiate, Tullabeg.

Or the other university classes of last year, nine Lay Boys (perhaps a greater number than usual) have not returned. T. Lloyd has gone to the Catholic University School of Medicine, Dublin. J. Larkin, H. Floyd, and J. Moore have entered different ecclesiastical colleges to prepare for the priesthood. P. Gannon has joined the Salesian Fathers at Buenos Ayres. M. Bergin, J. Hannan, C. Cuffe, and F. Davis have entered the Noviceship of the Society of Jesus in Tullabeg. Needless to say, we wish each and all every success and happiness.

A WELCOME VISITOR.—It was exactly 6.30 p.m. on the night of the 28th October ; the study was silent, solemn, and—warm. Suddenly the door opens, and in comes, slowly and solemnly—not the Rev. Prefect of Studies (report has it that he remained outside the half-open door to see and hear the fun)—but none other than the Rev. Fr. C. Walshe. What on earth is about to happen, thought we? Some looking up from their Virgils or Livys, half imagined that some old hero of classic story was before them. Several of the Senior boys, however, evidently understood the position, and sprang up. Soon a solid cheer made the study-walls almost stagger with astonishment. When silence was restored, Fr. Walshe began to tell us how strongly he disapproved of the whole business —(another cheer was evidently meant to express our most unconditional belief in the venerable Father's assertion)—but that Father Rector was so kind, etc., that he would *insist* upon our getting a half-day on Saturday. Not until supper time did we learn the full meaning of the episode : it was the 50th anniversary of Fr. Walshe's entry into the Society of Jesus. Fr. Walshe has now been in Mungret for five years, and his genial smile and kind and gentle manner have endeared him to all the boys. Most heartily do we wish him many a happy year in the Society, to which he plighted his youthful faith, and to which he has already devoted full half a century of faithful service. We notice that since that memorable night, a most unaccountable interest has been manifested by many of our young hopefuls in the ages of many of the Rev. Fathers of the College ; they seem also extremely anxious to discover the date of the

entrance of each into the Society. The explanation of this newly-awakened curiosity we leave to our readers' ingenuity to discover.

A PORTRAIT of Fr. Ronan ought naturally to have a prominent place in our first issue. Our endeavours to obtain one have been hitherto unsuccessful. We hope, however, to have one in our next number.

REV. J. B. René, S.J., to whose zeal and ability the Apostolical College owes so much for its early formation, has been lately appointed Prefect Apostolic of Alaska. A province twice as large as France, and a country which probably has a great future before it, gives Fr. René a wide field for the exercise of his Apostolical zeal. Most sincerely do we wish him every blessing and success in his noble work.

THE boys of both divisions were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to offer their most sincere congratulations and good wishes to Rev. Fr. M. Browne, S.J., and Rev. Fr. J. McDonnell, S.J., on the occasion of the taking of their final vows on February 2nd. The tradition of Father Browne's zeal and kindness is still fresh amongst the boys with whom he was connected for four years as Prefect of Studies and Fr. Director of the Sodality of the B.V.M. The members of the Sodality who knew him in Mungret united in sending him a letter of congratulation and a little diurnal as a small token of their gratitude and affection.

FR. McDONNELL, now editor of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," also received letters and tokens of affectionate remembrance from the Apostolical students, over whom he exercised so kind and indulgent a control as Fr. Director for four years.

REV. H. Moynihan, D.D., and Rev. W. Turner, D.D., paid a visit to their old *alma mater* last August. They had come to Ireland for a short vacation, to recruit their strength after the severe professorial duties of the year, and returned to St. Paul before the end of August.

WE offer our most sincere congratulations to Rev. W. Kenny, S.J., upon his recent elevation to the sacred dignity of the priesthood. Father Kenny also visited his old College home after his ordination. He intends to return to America next summer.

REV. James Stenson, whose name is still familiar to many of the present boys, has also been ordained priest in Rome (at the Collegio Capranica), not many months since. To him also we offer most sincere congratulations.

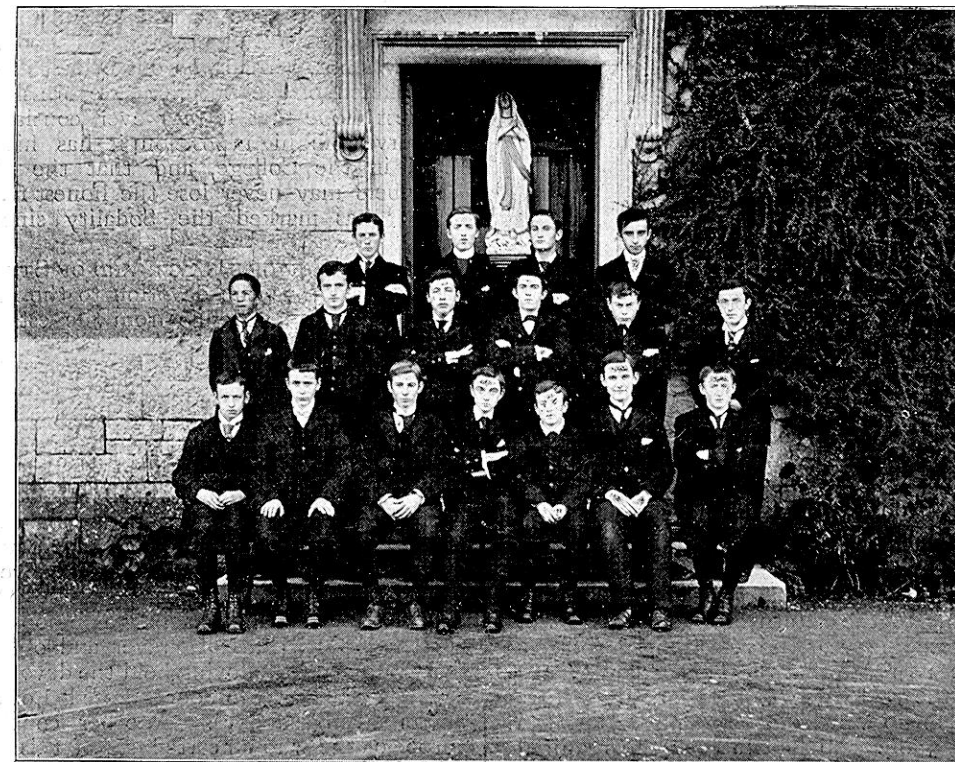


Photo. by Guy, Limerick.]

JUNIOR APOSTOLICAL STUDENTS

B.M.D.S.

## SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

<i>Prefect,</i>	... JOHN L. MACCARTHY.
<i>1st Assistant,</i>	... AUSTIN J. HARTIGAN.
<i>2nd Assistant,</i>	... WILLIAM MALONEY.
<i>Sacristan,</i>	... EDMUND O'NEILL.
<i>Secretary,</i>	... AUSTIN J. HARTIGAN.

The Sodality, we are glad to say, is going on splendidly, and bids fair to do as much good in the coming year as it has done in the past. Rev. Fr. Director is, we believe, mainly accountable for its present flourishing condition. It will, perhaps, be well to give here a brief review of the history of the Sodality from its establishment.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was canonically erected in Mungret, under the title and invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, conceived Immaculate, and of St. Aloy-

sus, and aggregated to the *Prima Primaria* at Rome by Fr. Anderledy, then General of the Society of Jesus, on the Feast of All Saints, November 1st, 1890. Fr. David Gallery was the first director, and for the May of the following year he wrote a sweet and simple little hymn, which was set to music by Fr. Robert O'Dempsey, then Prefect of Discipline, and now in Australia. Past students of Mungret will be glad to see it in print : "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

'Tis Mary's month, 'Tis Mary's month,  
The fields are clad in green,  
Bright flowers spring up o'er all the land  
To welcome Mary Queen.  
The birds are singing in the groves  
Their carols blithe and gay,  
All nature now with one accord  
Salutes the Queen of May.



'Tis Mary's month, 'Tis Mary's month :  
 Shall not our voices rise  
 In songs of praise to Mary's feet,  
 Beyond the starry skies ?  
 Shall we not gather virtue's flowers  
 Along life's thorny way,  
 And offer them with loving hearts  
 To greet the Queen of May ?

'Tis Mary's month, 'tis Mary's month :  
 The day is coming fast  
 When we, if faithful, all shall see  
 Our Mother's face at last.  
 In heaven above, where all is love,  
 Sweet Lord, we humbly pray  
 That we may meet at Mary's feet,  
 To praise thy name for aye.

Fr. Gallery was succeeded as Director by Fr. Michael Browne. By him the Sodality was directed for four years, and it owes to his assiduous care the deep root it has taken in the College. After four years Fr. Browne was removed for his tertianship to the universal regret of the Sodalists. As Director he was succeeded by Fr. Forristal, under whose watchful care the Sodality still flourishes.

Owing to the return of all the officers of the preceding year, no election for officers was necessary, so that the first general meeting of the Sodalists was held for the election of those who wished to be admitted into the Sodality, and who had fulfilled the required conditions. Of the nine who presented themselves as candidates, five received the necessary number of votes, and were received by Fr. Rector, assisted by Fr. Director, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, which is always a day of special devotion with the Sodality. The next reception took place on March 25th, when two out of the six aspirants were received.

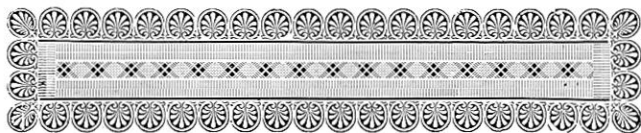
By the way, our Sodality has been remarkably prolific in religious vocations this year from among the Lay Boys. No less than five Sodalists, two of whom were officers, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Tullabeg on September 8th. Two other Sodalists have gone to America, one to join the Salesian Fathers, the other as an ecclesiastical student ;

while two or three others have gone to other Irish colleges to study for the priesthood.

It will not, perhaps, be out of place to end our sketch of the Sodality by expressing an earnest hope that it may ever continue to preserve the high position it has hitherto held in the College, and that the future members may never lose the honest fervour which has marked the Sodality since its erection.

**APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER AND OF STUDY.**—In the year 1892 the devotion to the Sacred Heart received new life from the establishment of the Apostleships of Prayer and of Study in the College. The Apostleship of Study is only a branch of the Apostleship of Prayer, by means of the promoters of which it is conducted. The devotion is very popular in the College, and may be said to comprise more than two-thirds of the boys, both Lay and Apostolic. The elections are held three times each year, and those who have obtained the requisite number of votes receive the decorations from Fr. Rector, assisted by the Director of the Apostleship. The popularity of the Apostleships of Prayer and of Study serves to show the loving hold the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord has upon Mungret boys. Another conclusive proof of the whole-heartedness of this devotion is the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament on the first Friday of each month. On each first Friday the great bulk of the boys approach the altar to receive Holy Communion. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for adoration, and the Sodalists, in twos or threes, kneel before it in prayer for half an hour at a time. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is then given at 6.40 p.m., and the adoration ceases. I think I cannot do better in concluding than utter a fervent wish that our College may ever preserve its good name in this respect, and never cease to pay this tribute of its devotion to the most Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord.

AUSTIN J. HARTIGAN (1st Arts)  
 Sec., Sodality B.V.M.



## OUR SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

"Come ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treason's stratagems and spoils :  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted."

—*Merchant of Venice.*

OUR concerts are not indeed held beneath the smile of Diana's radiance, nor is the power of our music enhanced by the bewitching loveliness of a Venetian summer night. Still, which of us is insensible to the charms of these pleasant reunions? Nay, "if such there be, go, mark him well," we say. He surely would be the one against whom Lorenzo's anathema might more reasonably be hurled.

"Let no such man be trusted."

### FIRST ENTERTAINMENT.

The opening performance of the year was given on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

#### PROGRAMME.

PART I.  
 CHORUS....."Let the Hills Resound".....*Richards*  
 Choir.  
 SONG....."To-morrow will be Friday".....*Molloy*  
 Master Jas. O'Connell.  
 RECITATION.."The Muster of the North".....*Davis*  
 Master T. O'Brien.  
 VIOLIN SOLO....."Wiegenlied".....*Hauser*  
 Master G. Horan.  
 SONG....."Banks o' Loch Lomon".....*Scotch Ballad*  
 Master P. Kelly.  
 ESSAY....."Play Day Ramble".....*Original*  
 Master T. Eaton.

PART II.  
 PIANOFORTE DUET.."Overture of Tancredi".....*Rossini*  
 Masters J. Falvey and E. O'Neill.  
 SONG....."The Mill Wheel".....*Volklied*  
 Master Jas. O'Connell.  
 RECITATION..."King Robert of Sicily".....*Longfellow*  
 Master C. Cuffe.  
 SONG....."The Little Hero".....*Adams*  
 Master E. O'Neill.  
 VIOLIN SOLO....."The Chase".....*Birch*  
 Master G. Horan.  
 SONG (in character).."O dem Golden Slippers".....*Bond*  
 Master P. Kelly.  
 CHORUS....."God Bless Mungret".....  
 The Choir.

Both of P. Kelly's performances were loudly applauded. E. O'Neill sings very nicely, but it is difficult to catch the words. T. Eaton's

"Play-day Ramble"—a humorous account of a walk to Castleconnell, undertaken by the Lay Boys of the Senior Division on St. Francis Xavier's Day—was most amusingly told, and was applauded to the echo.

### SECOND ENTERTAINMENT :

Given on the eve of the Xmas vacation. T. O'Brien, in the name of the Apostolical students, read an original piece, which we transcribe—

#### "GOD-SPEED TO THE HOME-GOING LAY BOYS."

Dear school-mates, think not my poor words are weak,  
 I for my Brother Apostolics speak ;  
 And bid you farewell when home returning—  
 Home ! that loved spot for which your hearts are yearning.

Not peaceful shades in Tempe's sylvan vale,  
 Not spicy Gilead, fanned by odorous gale ;  
 Not brilliant Paris, not resplendent Rome,  
 So loved, so honoured as the humblest home.

At home life's current ever purest flows,  
 Its balm affection sheds on human woes ;  
 At home—though winter scowl and storm the while—  
 Bright beams the sunshine of a mother's smile.

Blest home ! fond refuge of our age and youth ;  
 The nurse of scantity, the haunt of truth !  
 Where linger pleasing memories of the past.  
 Image of Heaven ! for which we hope at last.

We fondly trust no scars are left behind,  
 From all our strifes of sport, and of the mind ;  
 We fought our battles fearless, bold, and firm,  
 But still our truce is only till next term.

A truce from the dull class-bell's daily hammer !  
 A truce from Bradley and the Latin grammar !  
 A truce from spelling, parsing, and debating !  
 A truce from football, and a truce from skating !

For see ! dense clouds arise ; the frost is o'er,  
 And zephyrs liquify our own Loch More.  
 Farewell ! be yours this holy season's cheer,  
 And all the blessings of a bright New Year.

We are strongly of opinion that such original compositions should be encouraged. E. O'Neill sang with much better articulation than on the preceding occasion. The duet, however, of Jas. O'Connell and P. McDonough deservedly received the largest share of applause. M. O'Malley's



"Lecture on Natural History" was an inimitable congeries of absurdities. Where on earth he can find room in his head for sense, with such a seemingly inexhaustible supply of nonsense, we could never understand. He exhibited a series of illustrations, which were displayed one by one as he went on. They were, of course, in the same style as the lecture itself. It was justly considered one of the most humorous and original productions brought on the stage during the year. The selections from "Macbeth" were merely a repetition of what had been performed by the Apostolical students

The following was the programme :—  
PART I.  
PIANOFORTE PIECE... "Woodland Leaves"..... *Felice*  
Master E. O'Neill.  
READING..... "God Speed"..... *Original*  
Master T. O'Brien.  
SONG..... "Gathering Shells"..... *Thompson*  
Master P. Kelly.  
VIOLIN SOLO..... "Fairy Waltz"..... *Burns*  
Master G. Horan.  
SONG..... "The Green Shores of Erin"..... *Ponsden*  
Master E. O'Neill.  
LECTURE..... "Natural History"..... *Original*  
Master M. O'Malley.  
COMIC DUET... "The Gendarme's Song"..... *Offenbach*  
Masters J. O'Connell and P. McDonough.

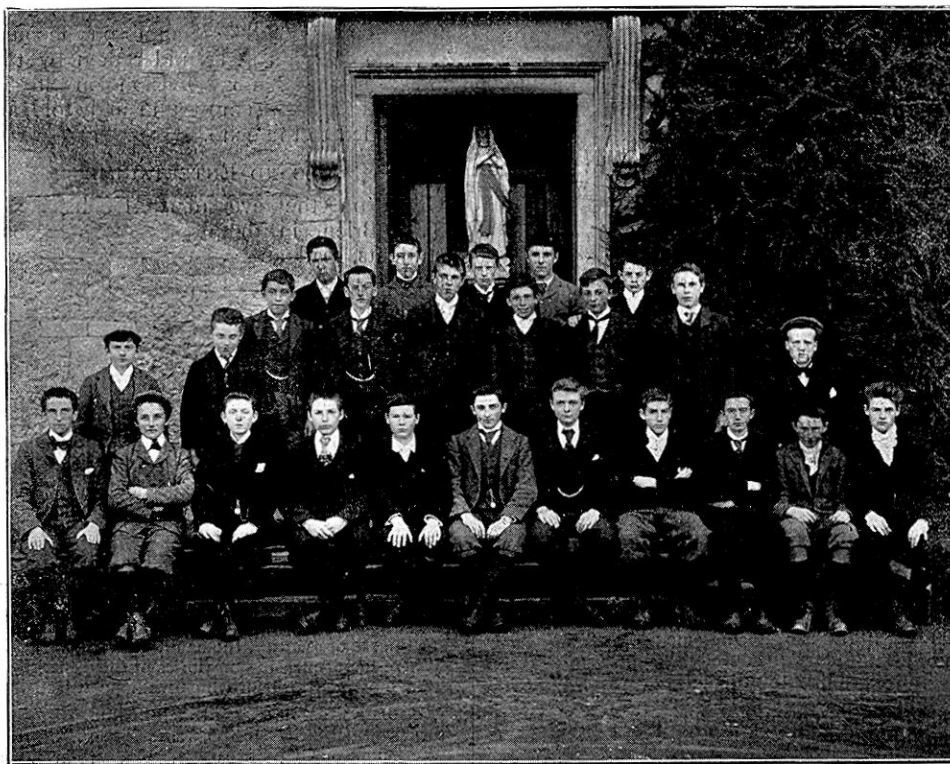


Photo. by Guy, Limerick.]

LAY BOYS—SECOND DIVISION.

on the feast of St. Francis Xavier in their own private entertainment. Then, as now, the genial face of Lennox appearing above his slashed and gilt court jacket did not add to the tragic effect of the piece. It was, however, on the whole, very successful. The excellence of F. Fahey's acting deserves special mention. The concert was conducted by Rev. Mr. O'Mahony, and the music was of the high standard of excellence which it has ever maintained under his management.

PART II.  
"MACBETH" (ACT III., SCENE IV.)  
Macbeth ... .. Master T. O'Brien  
Lady Macbeth ... .. Master J. Carey  
Lennox ... .. Master P. Turner  
Murderer ... .. Master P. Ennis  
PIANOFORTE PIECE... "Winter Shadows"..... *Felice*  
Master E. O'Neill.  
ACT IV., SCENE V.  
Macduff ... .. Master M. Curley  
Ross ... .. Master F. Fahey  
Malcolm ... .. Master J. Burke  
CHORUS..... "God Bless Mungret".....  
Choir.

## THIRD ENTERTAINMENT:

Soon after the Christmas vacation we became aware of the fact that many of our companions had been doing something more than eating plum-pudding during the holidays, and were already rehearsing for a performance of Cardinal Wiseman's drama—"Alexius; or, The Hidden Gem." This had been performed in Mungret the preceding Carnival. Though it had then been prepared and brought on the stage in the face of many disadvantages, it had proved a great success, and a general wish prevailed that it should

at least in place. M. Curley played the rôle of Alexius (the most important, and decidedly the most difficult part) with marked success. Again, he was well chosen—his voice, size, and general bearing seemed exactly to suit the character of Alexius; his distinct utterance and pleasing intonation did almost full justice to the exquisitely beautiful and touching sentiments put into Alexius' mouth by the gifted author of the play; his dress, too, was very appropriate, in fact, it seemed absolutely faultless. The last scene, treating of the closing days of Alexius' life and his meeting with Carinus, was ack-

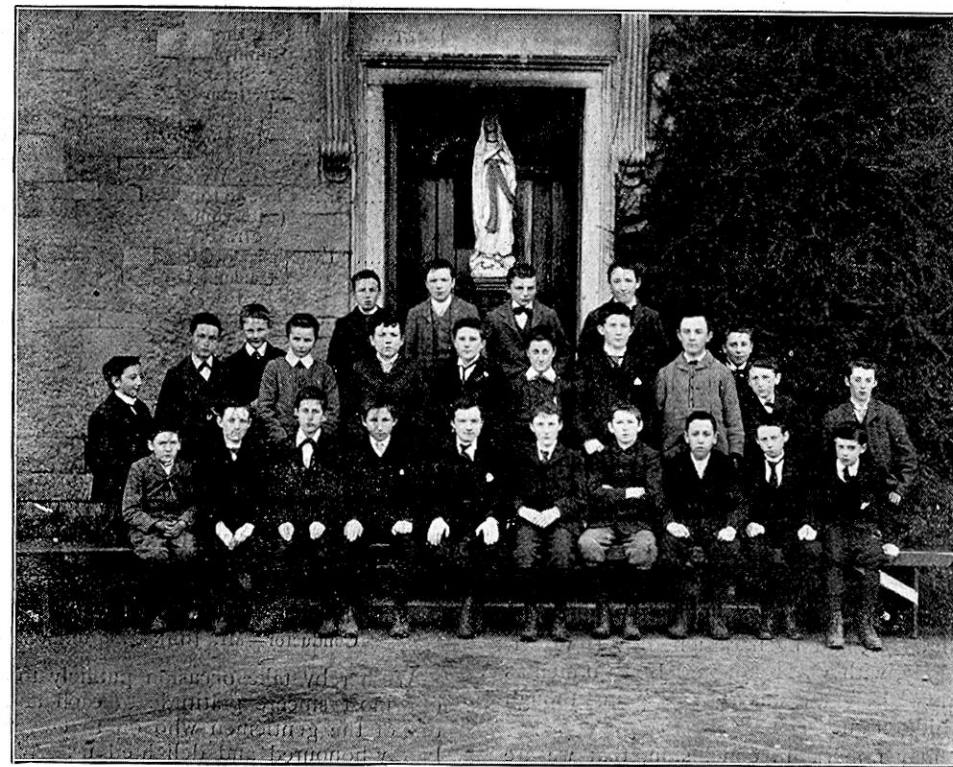


Photo by Guy, Limerick.]

LAY BOYS—THIRD DIVISION.

be again represented this year, and that more trouble be expended on the scenery and preparation. This was accordingly done, the result proving highly satisfactory. Many were not a little startled on hearing that D. Daly, the much-respected and certainly serious-toned apostolical prefect had been actually chosen for the principal part. Well, we must honestly say that his acting did credit to the perspicacity of the person who selected him—he hit off exactly the character of the dignified Roman Patrician; the solemn voice and dignified utterance were here

nowledged by all present, to be extremely touching; in fact, we know that some of the audience actually wept. Of the slaves, poor D. McGrath was most naïve. He had managed, too, to insert in his piece many topical remarks, all most appropriate, and some exquisitely ludicrous; we did not look forward to being so soon deprived of his sly, good-natured humour, and of the example of his irreproachable life. We sincerely hope to see him soon again amongst us, though we know that he himself, is looking forward to joy more lasting and less boisterous

than even a Mungret *séance* can afford. J. O'Connell played the rôle of the villain fairly well. Gannio (M. O'Malley), certainly looked disreputable enough; his acting was very amusing, but somehow, notwithstanding his rags, which perhaps, he had on in too great abundance, he scarcely succeeded in putting off O'Malley, and making us think only of Gannio.

#### PROGRAMME:

CHORUS..... "We are Singers"..... *Rossini*.  
Choir.

#### "THE HIDDEN GEM."

(A Drama in two acts).

##### Prologue:

Euphemianus, a Roman patrician	...	Master D. Daly
Alexius (under the name Ignotus), his son	...	Master M. Curley
Carinus (a boy), his nephew	...	Master J. Carey
Proculus, his freedman and steward	...	Master T. O'Brien
Eusebius, freed after Act I...	...	Master J. Larkin
Bibulus	...	Master Jas. O'Connell
Davus	...	Master P. Turner
Ursulus	...	Master P. McDonough
Verna	Black	Master D. McGrath
Gannio, a beggar	...	Master M. O'Malley
Robbers	...	Master W. Carroll
	...	Master J. Burke

SCENE - On the Aventine Hill in Rome, partly outside, partly in the Court or Atrium of Euphemianus' House, in the reign of Honorius, and the Pontificate of Innocent I.

##### Incidental Music:

I.—SLAVES CHORUS..... *adapted from Verdi*  
II.—QUARTET. "Cast thy burden."—*Elijah. Mendelssohn*  
FINALE..... "God Bless Mungret".....  
Choir.

The stage, on the occasion, was extremely beautiful. It had been designed by Rev. Mr. O'Mahony, with G. Horan and J. O'Connell as assistants. In fact, it was a perfect gem—though not a hidden one.

We may remark, in conclusion, that we are very strongly of opinion that such plays as "The Hidden Gem" should be of more frequent occurrence. The dress, scenery and dramatic power required are much less than what is necessary in order to make Shakespeare a success.

#### FOURTH ENTERTAINMENT—SHROVE MONDAY.

During the Carnival a grand vocal and instrumental concert was given by a number of kind friends from Limerick—all past students of Jesuit Colleges. The names of those who took part in it will be the best proof of its excellence.

#### PROGRAMME:

##### PART I.

GRAND PIANOFORTE DUET... "La Czarine".... *Ganne*  
Mr. John Spillane and Mr. J. F. Murray.  
SONG... "Across the Deep, Blue Sea" *Lord H. Somerset*  
Mr. Jos. P. Gaffney.  
COMIC SONG..... "I Can't Change It".....  
Mr. W. Hetreed.  
VIOLIN SOLO "The Shepherd's Dance" *Edward German*  
Mr. David Tidmarsh.  
DUET..... "The Moon has raised her Lamp".... *Benedict*  
Mr. P. Cronin and Mr. Jos. P. Gaffney.  
SONG..... "The Old Brigade"..... *Moore*  
Mr. James Gaffney, B.A.  
HUMOROUS GLEE... "The Chafers".....  
By the Concert party.

##### PART II.

DUET..... "I am the King of Spain" ..... *Wallace*  
Mr. P. Cronin and Mr. D. Tidmarsh.  
SONG..... "Speak to Me"..... *Campana*  
Mr. John F. Murray.  
SONG..... "The Storm Fiend"..... *Rockel*  
Mr. D. Tidmarsh.  
COMIC SONG..... "Is it Likely".....  
Mr. W. Hetreed.  
SONG..... "Close to the Threshold"..... *H. Parker*  
(with violin obligato)  
Mr. P. Cronin.  
SONG..... "I've Sharpened the Sword".... *C. V. Stanford*  
(Shemus O'Brien).  
Mr. Jos. P. Gaffney.  
FINALE..... "Huntsman's Chorus"..... *Weber*  
Concert Party.

#### CONCERT PARTY:

Mr. DAVID TIDMARSH.  
Mr. PETER CRONIN.  
Mr. JAS. S. GAFFNEY, B.A.  
Mr. JOHN F. MURRAY.  
Mr. JOSEPH P. GAFFNEY.  
Mr. W. HETREED.  
Pianoforte—Mr. JOHN SPILLANE and  
Mr. JOHN F. MURRAY.  
Violin—Mr. DAVID TIDMARSH.  
Conductor—Mr. JOHN F. MURRAY.

We hereby take occasion publicly to express our most sincere gratitude to each and every one of the gentlemen who on that evening so kindly honoured and delighted us. We would wish to express our special feelings of gratitude to Mr. Murray, to whose energetic kindness we owe so much, not on this occasion alone; also to Mr. Tidmarsh, who, we have heard, took a most active and interested part in seeing to the rehearsals in preparation for the concert.

#### FIFTH ENTERTAINMENT—SHROVE TUESDAY.

On the following evening (Shrove Tuesday) Professor Presto gave a fine exhibition of conjuring. Some of his sleight-of-hand performances were very ingenious and caused a great deal of mirth. His paper-folding was perhaps the prettiest thing he exhibited during the evening,

and in this feat he displayed to great advantage his wonderful dexterity and skill. The choir also gave a selection of songs, most of which were rendered in excellent style.

#### SIXTH ENTERTAINMENT—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

As was natural, the St. Patrick's Day Concert consisted exclusively of Irish music; anything not intensely national could scarcely be tolerated on that evening. The violin solos of G. Horan evoked thunders of applause. P. Kelly greatly added to his reputation; in response to an encore he sang the "Banks o' Loch Lomon'," premising, as an apology for its not being Irish, that it was very closely associated with a true Irish heart—"Loch Lomon'" was known to be the favourite air of a venerable father present). D. Toman dexterously managed to pay a pretty compliment in his song to one of the reverend fathers present. It was well received by the Father in question, as well as by the audience, and the little rogue was compelled to repeat the verses at least three times over. The Comedietta, entitled "Supper for Two," kept the whole house in roars of laughter. Its unparalleled success was all the more remarkable from the fact that none of the experienced actors of the house took part in it. Owing to the near approach of the dreadful examinations, Fr. Rector did not wish to distract any of the older boys from their more serious duties. It was resolved, however, to get up a farce from among the grammar classes. The young actors were almost startled by their own success. P. Kelly won laurels in this new field; Joe Byrne's and Eddy Molony's first, dramatic attempts were also loudly applauded.

#### PROGRAMME:

##### PART I.

##### Concert of Irish Music.

OPENING CHORUS... "Avenging and Bright".....  
Choir.  
SONG..... "Beautiful Isle of the Sea".....  
Master P. Kelly.  
PIANOFORTE SOLO... "Come Back to Erin".....  
Master E. O'Neill.  
SONG..... "Paddies Evermore".....  
Master P. McDonough.  
SONG... "The Exile's Return".....  
Master Jas. O'Connell.  
VIOLIN SOLO... "Fantasia on Irish Airs".....  
Master G. Horan.  
SONG..... "Erin, the Tear".....  
Master Jas. Burke.  
SONG..... "The Croppy Boy".....  
Master D. Toman.  
CHORUS..... "Let Erin Remember".....  
The Choir.

##### PART II.

##### Comedietta.

#### "SUPPER FOR TWO."

Mr. Thos. Quilldriver (Attorney-at-Law, a clever practitioner of peaceable disposition ...)	Master J. Byrne
Mr. Horatio Blazer (of more bluster than courage, on the way to join his regiment ...)	Master E. Molony
Joseph (waiter at the "Travellers' Rest," partial to tips)...	Master P. Kelly.

##### FINALE.

"God Bless Mungret."

Choir.

#### SEVENTH ENTERTAINMENT—EASTER MONDAY.

This was given by professionals from the city. The first portion was made up of some popular songs and declamations. The second and third portions were, perhaps, more interesting. A number of trained dogs were brought on the stage. These kept us amused, or rather fascinated, for more than half-an-hour; they were astonishingly clever, and performed some wonderful feats. Finally the Cinematograph was exhibited, and furnished amusement of a most instructive kind for the remainder of the evening.

#### EIGHTH ENTERTAINMENT—JUNE 8TH.

*The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Daniel O'Connell, The Liberator.*

We had another conjuring *séance*, given by the celebrated Herr Dobbler. It was conducted on altogether different lines from the first, and was quite new to all of us. Notwithstanding our having seen the other so very recently, Herr Dobbler's entertainment was an unqualified success. His variety of exhibitions seemed inexhaustible, and some absolutely bewildering.

Besides the public entertainments, which are always got up by both divisions in common, we have also, what we may call from want of a better name, Divisional Entertainments. These are half-impromptu *séances*, held in the recreation-rooms of the different divisions, and boys from the other divisions are never or very rarely admitted. Those in the Apostolical recreation-room were of very frequent occurrence during the past year. Some original poems were read on these occasions. Several interesting papers were also read from time to time. Space does not allow us to go into further details.

J. STENSON (2ND ARTS.)



## THE DELIGHTS OF SKATING.

FROST seems to have been once an object of dread in these islands. It was "A frost, a killing frost," that caused Wolsey's downfall, and the great Cardinal evidently speaks as if frost were the great terror of rising men of the time. Curious how the world changes! "Frost, frost, frost," is what our little world of Mungret longs for, and the more killing the better. Let it nip the bud of greatness as it may, or make more ruddy the faces of littleness, what matters it all when Lough More, with its broad expanse of fifty acres, lying just beneath us, is covered with clear, sparkling ice! And as we glide over its glassy surface, a "thousand different ways and circling poise," and ride and run, and frolic and tumble, what is ambition, or its cares or its dreams to us! Why, we wonder, is coldness so associated with what is unamiable? To us it is the harbinger of blessings untold. Skimming like swallows over the surface of Lough More on the morning of a full free day, with indefinite possibilities of half-evenings, prolonged recreations, etc., etc., as long as Jack Frost remains propitious! why, "if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this." And "Oh! to think of it!"—during the night study, aye, and to dream of it for many a week after! But oftentimes it is so provoking! Everything is ready for a magnificent day on Lough More, except two more degrees of frost. Oh! why are we to be tortured? Why put the cup to the lips of a weary traveller, and withdraw it before a drop is tasted?

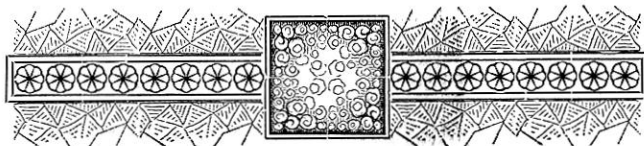
Our luck last year was not above the average—two full days in succession immediately before

the Xmas. holidays, and a week, all told, in January, was the sum-total of our skating days. Hockey on the ice was not so much patronised as in preceding years. The quality of the ice was good, and so fancy skating was much in vogue.

The "little boats keep near the shore," so do our young hopefuls, who amply exemplify all the beauties of skating under difficulties. They never venture to explore the vast expanse that stretches like a sea before them. They toss and tumble happily on the little space allotted them. But it is astonishing how quickly some attain proficiency. The present writer has been working with most edifying perseverance for two seasons to master the "outside edge," with but indifferent results; and here are little "Hop-o'-my-thumbs," whom it never seems to have cost an effort, sailing mockingly all around him. Still, even awkwardness and weight will be overcome by perseverance. The "ice is not broken" precisely, but a beginning has been made, and he hopes during the coming season to be initiated into most of the ordinary wonders of at least elementary skating.

The present year promises tolerably well; but let us not surmise: the weather is not a complaisant character, and does, we firmly believe, take delight in torturing boys. Still we do half hope that better times are coming. Now that Jack Frost is beginning to know us better, he is likely to seek more of our company. Let him come, just for one fortnight before Xmas, and remain—well, the longer the better; and we promise him as hearty a cheer as ever roused the echoes of old Mungret on a vacation morning.

T. EATON, B.A.



## ATHLETIC

## SPORTS.



*"Sunt quos curriculo pulverem olympicum  
Collegisse juvat."*

CONTRARY to our usual good fortune, Easter Monday and Tuesday were wet this year. The Sports were deferred for a fortnight in consequence. The weather continued rainy up to within a few days of the transferred date. A few days, however, were ample for our purpose; for, owing to the elevated position of our fields and the splendid nature of the soil, the ground was in perfect order after two or three days cessation from rain. Hurdles, poles, pavilions and shooting-galleries were prepared, and the grounds wore their usual gay appearance. Notwithstanding a slight but chilling breeze, which rendered top-coats desirable to many, the Sports must be admitted to have been a genuine success. They were, indeed, very pleasant days, all the more so as we had begun to suffer from the sickness of hope deferred.

How strange is the effect of the sight of gaudy colours upon the spirits! Some of our young philosophers gravely put forward an opinion that an over dull-coloured running suit lost Tom Falvey the 220 flat race! This, however, seemed fully disproved by Joe Hannan's brilliant success, though the colour of his suit—not of his cheeks, mind!—was anything but brilliant.

Many were the schemes adopted to increase the pleasure of the occasion. The "Aunt Sally" was a brilliant success under the able conduct of T. Falvey. The "Air gun" and "Penny-in-the-bowl fraud" were also much patronised.

The running was rather better than usual. The Interdivisional Contests for the "House Championship" between the First Club Lay Boys and Senior Apostolics were very exciting. The competition was extremely keen, and almost beyond their fondest hopes the Apostolics found themselves victors in both of these events. P. McDonough did the 100 yards in 10 1-5th secs., beating J. McCarthy by 2 yards; the latter, however, seemed somewhat out of form,

and will, it is hoped, do better next Easter. F. Hartin did the Mile in 5 min. 20 secs. This was the most interesting event of the Sports. Another exciting event was the half-mile contest for a gold medal, very kindly presented by L. Roche, Esq., Kilmallock. The race fell to Joe Horan, and we believe all were honestly glad. He runs splendidly.

In the jumping, there was no exceptionally good exhibition. T. Pey, J. Heelan, and J. Power, however, jump very nicely, and an interesting contest lasted for about 20 minutes. Joe O'Connor's long jump of 16 feet was unusually good for the second club. We believe, however, that with further practice he could have done better.

A startling College record was established in throwing the cricket ball. P. McDonough sent the ball the splendid distance of 116 yards 2 feet. Even he himself was surprised when the distance was measured.

Needless to say we were very glad to see Rev. Fr. Provincial honouring our sports with a visit. He very kindly came from town for the purpose on the second day. We hope to have an opportunity of welcoming him again next Easter.

### COMMITTEE.

J. L. McCarthy (Captain).  
J. Larkin (Sec.) P. Gannon.  
H. Floyd. W. Maloney.

P. Daly, Judge.  
M. Bergin, Time-Keeper.

*The Winners of the Final Heats were as follows—*

100 YARDS—Lay Boys.

1st Club—1, T. Falvey; 2, T. Pey. 10 4-5 secs.  
2nd Club—1, J. Hannan; 2, H. Keller. 11 2-5 secs.  
3rd Club—1, P. Fallon; 2, W. Maloney. 11 3-5 secs.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—1, P. McDonough; 2, P. Turner. 11 secs.  
Juniors—1, J. O'Connor; 2, D. Flanagan. 11 2-5 s.

440 YARDS—*Lay Boys*.

1st Club—I, J. O'Connell; 2, T. Pey. 64 1-5 secs.  
2nd Club—I, J. Hannan; 2, C. Cuffe, 66 secs.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—I, F. Hartin; 2, P. Turner. 64 1-5 secs.  
Juniors—I, F. Fahey; 2, P. Bresnihan. 66 1-5 secs.

## HALF MILE.

3rd Club—I, W. Malone; 2, Patk. J. Fallon. 3m. 40s.

120 YARDS HURDLE RACE—*Lay Boys*.

1st Club—I, T. Pey; 2, J. Power. 19 secs.  
2nd Club—I, W. Irwin; 2, J. O'Connor. 21 secs.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—I, P. McDonough; 2, F. Hartin. 20 secs.  
Juniors—I, P. Bresnihan; 2, J. Dinneen. 22 secs.

220 YARDS—*Lay Boys*.

1st Club—I, T. Pey; 2, Jas. O'Connell. 25 secs.  
2nd Club—I, J. Hannan; 2, W. Kelly. 26 secs.  
3rd Club—I, P. Fallon; 2, P. O'Dwyer. 28 2-5 secs.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—I, F. Hartin; 2, P. Turner. 25 secs.  
Juniors—I, F. Fahey; 2, D. Cronin. 28 secs.

ONE MILE—*Lay Boys*.

1st and 2nd Clubs } 1, J. Horan; 2, T. Lloyd. 5 m. 30 secs.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—I, F. Hartin; 2, M. Brady. 5 m. 30 secs.  
Juniors—I, P. Kenny; 2, F. Fahey. 5 m. 40 secs.

## ONE MILE (HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP).

1, F. Hartin; 2, J. Horan. 5 m. 40 secs.

## 100 YARDS (HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP).

1, P. McDonough; 2, J. McCarthy. 10 1-5 secs.

ONE MILE WALKING CONTEST—*Lay Boys*.

1st Club—I, J. Horan; 2, E. Horan. 7 m. 45 secs.  
2nd Club—I, E. Hanstock; 2, E. O'Neill. 8m. 40s.  
3rd Club—I, W. Malone; 2, P. O'Dwyer. 10m. 35s.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—I, P. Turner; 2, M. Brady. 8m.  
Juniors—I, P. Kenny; 2, D. Cronin. 8m. 40s.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL—*Lay Boys*.

1st and 2nd Clubs—I, T. Pey. 109 yds. 6 in.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—I, P. McDonough. 116 yds. 2 ft.  
Juniors—I, M. Redden. 76 yds. 1 ft.

## CRICKET.

WE cannot say that the cricket season of the past year was an unqualified success. The weather was principally to blame, for it caused the opening of the season to be deferred for several weeks. Once started, we found we had a great number of most promising players. The Interdivisional Matches did not come off last year, and the loss of this stimulus further damped the ardour of our cricketers. These matches are always the great events of the season, and strange as it will doubtless appear to those not initiated into our little microcosm, have immensely more interest concentrated on them than the out-matches themselves.

The preceding year had been the first occasion during many years on which the Lay-boys were victorious. What the result of an Interdivisional Match might have been last season, it boots not now to conjecture. Both sides were strong; the Lay Boys were decidedly stronger than they had been for many years. It is very unlikely

that Tomkin would, as he did in the Past-Mungret match, run up a score of 71, against Redden's cannon-like balls, but that he, McCarthy, Pey, Gannon and Larkin would severely test the mettle even of Redden's and Daly's bowling was extremely probable.

Concerning the bowling, we can scarcely give an opinion. We may remark, for the instruction of our uninitiated readers, that our present task is a *periculosae plenum opus aleae*. T. Pey's balls are certainly very swift, but they are also straight-forward—in fact, the perfect counterpart of the bowler. Gannon's were more tricky. Floyd's seemed of rather unequal value, often splendid, sometimes only indifferent. The present writer has ever been in dreadful trepidation when it was his duty to defend his wicket against Redden's bowling, and indeed, he has rarely done so for many overs. He may consequently be inclined to exaggerate. Daly's balls were often extremely puzzling.

In both the out-matches of this year we were successful. The first, that of Mungret v. Past-Mungret, was played in May.

Before the splendid bowling of Floyd, who was in excellent form on the occasion, the wickets of the "Past" fell in quick succession. For "Mungret," J. Tomkin and J. Larkin went first to the wickets. The former played splendidly for two long hours. Owing to the enormous number of "boundaries" which he hit, he came away quite fresh, even after his score of 71. We hardly believe it possible that James did not feel, at least *somewhat*, excited and pleased at the deafening cheers which greeted him. He gave no indication however. The report is that he retired to a clump of trees, and remained poring over Ueberweg's History of Philosophy, until it was time to take his place among the fielders. J. McCarthy, J. Larkin and T. Pey, also played well; but in fact it soon became quite clear that Mr. Stephenson had miscalculated the strength of his team, or, what is perhaps more likely, of the team he had to meet. Of the "Past-men," T. Roberts made a good stand in both innings, and also bowled well.

We need not say how sincerely and honestly delighted we all were to meet the Past boys; our only cause of regret was that more did not come; actually, the eleven was not complete. It would, we think, be much more satisfactory that three or four extra men be brought to guard against all emergencies.

The following are the scores :—

## PAST-MUNGRET.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
T. Roberts, b Gannon...	8	b Pey.....	5
F. Davis, run out.....	0		
P. Kerin, b Floyd.....	0	b Floyd.....	1
W. O'Keefe, c & b Floyd	0	c Falvey b Floyd.....	7
J. Bergin, b Gannon...	1	c Tomkin b Floyd.....	0
D. Barry, run out.....	2	b Pey.....	7
C. Edwards b Floyd...	0	b Pey.....	12
P. Hogan, b Gannon...	1	c Pey b Floyd.....	2
R. Stephenson, b Floyd	1	b Larkin.....	5
P. Ryan, not out.....	1	b Pey.....	0
M. de Prins, b Floyd...	1	b Floyd.....	0
		M. Purcell, not out..	0
Extras.....	3	Extras.....	2
Total.....	18	Total.....	41

## MUNGRET.

J. Tomkin, c Kerin b C. Edwards	...	71
J. Larkin, c Bergin b Stephenson	...	13
T. Pey, not out	...	34
J. McCarthy, not out	...	12
P. Gannon	} To bat.	
H. Floyd		
T. Lloyd		
W. Maloney		
J. Clifford		
T. Falvey		
J. Horan		
Extras...	...	6
Total for 2 wickets)...	...	136

The next match, which took place towards the close of the season, was played against a team composed of gentlemen who were past students of Jesuit Colleges. Again, it resulted in a very creditable win for Mungret. Appended are the scores :—

## MUNGRET.

J. Byrne, c Kelly b Howley	...	9
T. Pey, b Howley	...	15
J. Tomkin, st McDonnell b Howley	...	12
T. Lloyd, b Spillane	...	3
J. Falvey, b Howley	...	0
H. Floyd, b Spillane	...	1
J. Clifford, b Spillane	...	8
W. Maloney, b Spillane	...	2
J. Horan, b Spillane	...	9
T. Falvey, b Spillane	...	6
C. McDermott, not out	...	0
Extras	...	5
Total	...	70

## JESUIT COLLEGES.—PAST.

C. McDonnell, c Maloney b Floyd	...	7
M. Howley, b J. Byrne	...	0
Jos. Gaffney, c and b Floyd	...	3
T. Kelly, run out	...	3
J. Spillane, c Floyd b J. Byrne	...	0
Jas. Gaffney, c and b J. Byrne	...	17
R. Williams, c Pey b Floyd	...	2
L. Kelly, c Horan b Floyd	...	7
J. Egan, not out	...	0
M. Egan, st Tomkin b J. Byrne	...	0
M. Hetreed, b J. Byrne	...	0
Extras	...	0
Total	...	39



## FOOTBALL.

**F**OOTBALL. We fear that in football, at least, we are hiding our light under a bushel! We have never yet played a match against a visiting team. The Interdivisional matches, it is true, make up for the want to some extent, and certain it is, that zeal and energy are not wanting in the game during the year. We are not without great hopes, however, seeing that this year Fr. Rector has sanctioned our coming before the public in print, that he may further allow us to challenge some Association Club in Limerick. We are vain enough to believe that very few, if any, college club in Ireland could beat our Mungret Association team.

We have this year lost some of our best players. P. Gannon was decidedly the most efficient centre back, at least among the Lay Boys. T. Redden, as a forward, may, we hope, be replaced by M. Redden. J. Kelly bids fair to be able before many months to fill J. Larkin's place in the Lay Boys' team. Few, we fear, can replace P. Daly as a forward.

Our football season of the past year opened under many disadvantages. The day appointed for our opening match was heavy, misty, and disagreeable. Fr. Rector, as usual, kicked off for the First Club. After some half-hour's play, however, the rain descended in torrents, and it was impossible to continue.

The class matches are, excepting, of course, the Interdivisionals, the most exciting features of the football season. During the past season, "House v. First University" was quite the rage. Altogether, six matches were played, three in each of the first divisions. In the Lay Division the "House" were successful on two occasions, and thus secured their laurels. In the Apostolic Division the "First University" were the fortunate ones, scoring two successes, and thus a victory. The opposing teams were on all occasions pretty evenly matched, and hence the contests were very exciting.

Next comes the most exciting event of the season—the Interdivisional matches. The first match was played three or four days before the Christmas vacation. As the respective teams lined up, speculation was rife as to the probable winners. Both sides seemed confident of success. They were arranged as follows:—

**APOSTOLICS**—Goal—P. McDonough; Backs—J. Burke (centre), F. Hartin and W. Hughes; half-backs—W. J. Carroll, Wm. O'Connor, and J. O'Brien; forwards—J. Redden, P. Daly, M. Redden, P. Bresnihan.

**LAY BOYS**—Goal—J. Power; Backs—P. Gannon (centre), J. Nash, W. Walsh; half-backs—J. Clifford, J. Larkin, J. Tomkin; forwards—J. McCarthy, W. Maloney, T. Pey, J. Connell.

The Apostolics were victorious, the score standing at the call of time—Apostolics, 5 goals; Lay-boys, 1 goal.

It was Burke's clean, unerring kick that told most heavily in favour of the victors. It was in this match that Gannon's sure foot, and astonishing power of recovery, were first made conspicuously apparent. If J. McCarthy, with more activity than T. Redden, were able to play the same cool, steady, thoughtful game as the latter, the victors would not certainly have gained so decisive a triumph. P. Daly, however, was a host in himself, and would, we believe, even still ensure victory to the Apostolics.

The return-match came off late in the Spring Term, and proved even more exciting than the previous one. The arrangement of the field was practically the same as on the former occasion. The play throughout was characterized by unusual determination on the part of the Lay-boys' representatives. Gannon on this occasion at least rivalled Burke in efficiency as full back; in fact, neither the latter nor Daly showed at their best on that memorable day. Of the others, Larkin almost surpassed himself, and McCarthy's shots at the goal were exceptionally well-directed. How on earth McDonough in the goal managed to meet so many unerring shots no one could understand. It clearly was his cool, steady nerve that saved the Apostolics from a defeat.

The match ended in a draw largely in favour of the Lay Boys, the respective scores being—Lay Boys, 2 goals; Apostolics, 2 goals.

The second club's "Interdivisional" was more exciting than any of the preceding Junior Interdivisionals. It resulted in a hard-fought victory for the Apostolics. The scores were—Apostolics, 3 goals; Lay Boys, 1 goal.

The Lay-boys seemed superior in tact and combination. Their passing was unusually skilful. W. Irwin as centre back, and H. Keller amongst the forwards, played splendidly. They fell victims, however, to that failing not unknown among even our more experienced footballers—losing courage on the first success of their opponents. Of the Apostolics, C. Kelleher was decidedly the coolest and most efficient player. Poor Con! only a few weeks were to elapse before the beginning of his fatal illness—a more amiable, or more high-spirited boy was not in the field that day.

**T**HE Annual Handball Tournament in March created no small excitement. The players were pitted and handicapped as usual by the Captain and Committee. The final tie was contested by Larkin and Burke, against Floyd and Falvey. Floyd and Larkin took most of the play, and both played extremely well. Larkin and Burke had, however, a handicap of seven aces, and finally secured the medals.—T. EATON, B.A.

## Obituary.

REV. JAMES LYNCH, S.J., MUNGRET COLLEGE, JANUARY 1ST, 1897.

CORNELIUS KELLEHER, MUNGRET COLLEGE, JUNE 15TH, 1897.

REV. JAMES BRUEN, WASHINGTON, U.S.A., JUNE 4TH, 1895.

REV. JOHN McDONNELL, TEXAS CITY, U.S.A., NOVEMBER 6TH, 1896.

REV. DANIEL MURRAY, MOBILE, U.S.A., SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1897.

REV. JAMES LYNCH, S.J.—As the fairest flowers oft-times bloom, blossom, wither and die in some quiet dell unseen by mortal eye, yet rendering the world sweeter and fairer by their fragrance and their presence, so in the spiritual life how oft do we not discover that there has been one in the midst of us whose quiet unobtrusive presence scarcely made itself felt, and yet who has made us and the world better by his influence?

Such a one was the subject of this brief sketch.

James Lynch, the sixth son of Joseph Lynch, J.P., and of Belinda, his wife, was born at his parents' residence, Roebuck, Mount Nugent, Co. Cavan, in the month of December, 1852. The family was an old and highly-respected one in the county, and had clung loyally to and faithfully treasured the ancient faith through the dark ages of persecution.

His mother was daughter of J. Breen, M.D., Dublin. From both parents he inherited, not alone the rank which the world prizes, but something far more precious than gentle birth, a truly Catholic spirit. Up to his thirteenth year James enjoyed all the refining influence of a happy home, and to this may be traced in a great measure that delicacy of feeling and thoughtfulness for others which distinguished him in after life.

Believing his character to be now sufficiently formed to battle successfully in the little world of a public school, he was sent in 1865 to Carlow Lay College. Whatever hopes his parents may have formed, the boy himself had not at this time any settled determination to become a priest, and it was only some five years later that he entered the Ecclesiastical College. It was during the ensuing year that, the Holy Spirit speaking more intimately to his heart, he decided to consecrate himself entirely to God, and to become crucified to the world, its honours, and dignities by entering the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus.

This he did in the year 1871, when he began his religious life under the watchful guidance of that most kindly and zealous master of novices—Fr. Sturzo. Now, indeed, and to the end of his days, might it be truly said of James Lynch that his life was hidden with Christ in God. Naturally shy and modest, under the influence of grace Fr. Lynch became a man after St. Ignatius' heart, a man in whom the superficial observer could behold nothing remarkable, but who, to the truly observant, was all the more remarkable on this account. The greatest victory is to overcome oneself, and he who has thoroughly succeeded in doing this is enabled to keep under perfect control all peculiar personal characteristics, and with St. Paul become all things to all men.

This was ever Fr. Lynch's great object, to attain which he ever devoted himself with untiring zeal and devotion

to the duties entrusted to him, and by the faithful performance of them he was ever building, stone by stone, that temple, not made by hands nor seen by men, which was destined to adorn the Holy City of God throughout all eternity.

On the completion of the two years' novitiate, the young religious was sent to Roehampton to study Rhetoric for twelve months, and from this he went directly to Louvain, devoting himself for three years to Philosophy. Returning to Ireland, on the completion of his philosophical course in 1877, we next find him in Clongowes Wood College, where for three years he fulfilled the arduous duties of Prefect of Morals. In this position he was in direct and constant contact with the boys, attending to their discipline, regulating their games, and directing and participating in their recreations. Boys are quick to recognise and appreciate one who is truly devoted to their interests, and they appreciated fully Fr. J. Lynch.

In 1880 Fr. Lynch commenced his theological studies, spending two years in Louvain, where the climate and work proved too severe for his delicate constitution, and he was obliged to return once more to Clongowes, where he was ordained in the year 1882 by the late Right Rev. Dr. Woodlock. He left Clongowes Wood immediately after his ordination, and the next seven years of his life were devoted to prefecting or teaching in Tullabeg, Clongowes, and Belvedere.

It was on the 2nd February, 1890, he took his last vows. At that time he was minister at Miltown Park, and in July of the same year he was appointed minister of Mungret College; and in the following year we find him filling the same post in Galway, where he was stationed for the next four years.

The nature of the duties in which Fr. Lynch was employed during those years brought out in strong relief another beautiful trait of his character, or, rather it was still the same shown in a different light. Utterly unselfish and self-sacrificing in looking after the material needs of the Community, he spared no pains to make others comfortable and to provide for all their wants;—it may even be said with truth that it was this forgetfulness of self that led eventually, to his death. During the summer of 1895, many of the fathers at Galway were away giving retreats, and this caused a great deal of extra work to devolve upon him. The care of the house and the duties of the confessional were beyond his strength, and he fell seriously ill. He rallied sufficiently to be able to go to Dublin in the month of September, but here his life was again endangered by a severe attack of hemorrhage. When he had recovered sufficiently to travel he expressed a wish to come to Mungret in the hope that the pure, fresh air might restore him again to health. He came to

Mungret in July, 1896. It was too late, however, and despite all the efforts of medical skill, and all the delicate attention that religious charity could suggest, his strength gradually declined. It is difficult to speak at all of the last few months of Fr. Lynch's life. Whilst on the one hand each day was but a repetition of its predecessor, on the other hand, it is hard to say anything without appearing to exaggerate his truly heroic patience.

At first, Fr. James instinctively wishing to avoid giving trouble used to come to the refectory and to recreation, but his strength slowly but surely declining day by day, he was at last compelled to keep entirely to his room. What is to be said of these weary months which he spent either seated in his arm-chair, or, as was most usual, lying on the bed weak and prostrate, almost too weak to move without assistance? Who shall count the acts of patience, love and resignation practised by the sufferer, unseen, unnoticed and unknown, save by One who sees all and abundantly rewards? From the beginning to the end of his illness not one murmur, not one word or expression of impatience crossed the lips of Fr. Lynch; nay more, his delicacy of feeling and thoughtfulness for others were every day more clearly brought out. God was certainly perfecting a beautiful work in the soul of Fr. Lynch during the last few months of his life.

Once only did Fr. James manifest the slightest trace of irritation during his illness. One who had known him long and intimately was beginning to speak of the many kindnesses he had received at the hands of Fr. Lynch, when he was interrupted, almost sharply, with the words, "Now that will do; enough of that." He could not bear to hear himself praised. On Christmas day, 1890, he wrote the last letter of his life. It was addressed to his brother, Fr. Henry Lynch, S.J., who had gone to Australia in the autumn of that same year. In this letter, after wishing Fr. Henry a "Happy New Year," the writer adds most touchingly, "Before this reaches you I shall have left this world." It was too true. With the close of the year came the end. On the morning of the Feast of the Circumcision he himself said confidently that he would die that day. Had our Blessed Lord made known to him the glad tidings of great joy? Was it but the expression of the joy of his heart to go to his Saviour on a day so dear to the Society of Jesus? Who shall say? This much is certain: Fr. Lynch knew his release was at hand, and even the very hour.

Rev. Fr. Rector, who had anointed Fr. Lynch some days before, and to whom he was wont to make his confession, gave him Holy Communion early in that morning, and at half-past eleven Fr. James said to him: "You must have much to do; I will send for you when the end is coming." To please Fr. Lynch he did as requested, and went to his own room, which was nearly adjoining. About half-past one o'clock, Fr. James quietly said to the brother infirmarian who was with him, "Ask Fr. Rector to come now." The summons was immediately obeyed. Fr. Rector saw the end was indeed at hand. He had full time to read the usual prayers from the Ritual, and to give the blessing in *articulo mortis*. He then suggested various aspirations, which the dying man, in the most child-like way, repeated word for word. Then, thoughtful of others to the last, he whispered to Fr. Rector, "Sit down." Fr. Rector sat for some moments, then, kneeling at the bedside, the aspirations were continued. Thus, with the holy names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, Fr. James quietly sank to rest in the bosom of his God, like a child in its mother's arms.

With the old year the old life for him had ceased. His exile was ended; he had reached the eternal shores bright in the dawn of eternal day. The Society of Jesus had lost another child upon earth, but had gained a powerful advocate in heaven. R.I.P.

CORNELIUS KELLEHER.—Not half a year had passed after Fr. Lynch's death, when another pure soul was called away from amongst us. Cornelius Kelleher was an Apostolical student, little more than eighteen years of age. To him the beautiful Words of Holy Writ are indeed applicable: "*Consummatus in brevi, explevit tempora multi.*" He was born at Rathmore, Co. Kerry, on the 21st March, 1879, and entered the Apostolical School of Mungret in the August of 1895. Possessed of much natural ability and untiring industry, he soon gave promise of becoming a very learned as well as a holy priest. From his entrance into the College even to his early death, he was a model student. Among the most active in the playground, most attentive in class-room and study hall, and most recollected in the chapel, he soon won the esteem of all, whilst his peculiarly gentle disposition rendered him a universal favourite. His piety, ability, and winning manner seemed to mark him out as one destined for very great work in the ministry—but who can know the designs of Almighty God, or who fathom His thoughts? "His soul pleased God, therefore He hastened to take him out of the midst of the iniquities" of the world.

A slight cold, contracted about the end of March, 1897, rapidly developed into a sharp attack of pneumonia, to which he succumbed on the 15th June. He was holy in life, he was happy in death, and we humbly trust that, cleansed from his imperfections by his sufferings and his prayers, and by those of his fellow-students, he is now still happier in his eternal home. (R.I.P.)

REV. FR. J. BRUEN.—Fr. James Bruen was among the first of the Apostolical students who came to our College on its foundation in 1882. He remained till 1886, and then proceeded to the American College, Rome, for his theological studies. He was ordained priest towards the middle of the year 1890 for the diocese of Nebraska, and was the first of our students who had attained this dignity. Fr. Bruen, on his arrival in Omaha, was appointed to the Cathedral as assistant priest, and remained there from September, 1890, to October, 1892, winning golden opinions among all classes. What in modern parlance is called "personal magnetism," and which was known to the Fathers of the Church as christian charity, drew to him all who came in contact with him, and not only among his own countrymen, but among the Italians, Germans, and Bohemians, who are the principal elements in the Catholic population of Nebraska, his name was a power.

After leaving the Cathedral he was sent further West, to take charge of the parish of Kearney, which parish he administered for the space of one year, and was sent thence to the Catholic University of Washington, D.C., where it was the Bishop's intention that he should prepare himself by an extra course for teaching in the Seminary, which the Bishop projected.

Fr. Bruen was a man among men such as one meets, I fear, but once in a lifetime. The date of his untimely death in Washington was June 4th, 1895. The body was taken back to Omaha, and met at the depot by all the Catholics of the city and many non-Catholics, the Catholic and National Societies—Irish and Italian—attending in uniform with all their insignia. The funeral oration was delivered by a Fr. Enright, who had been his companion at the Catholic University.—R. I. P.

REV. FR. J. McDONNELL.—The Rev. J. McDonnell came to Mungret in the year 1883, at the early age of fifteen, and terminated a successful University career by obtaining his B.A. degree in 1890. He was prefect during the latter years of his stay amongst us, and his candid, unaffected manner, coupled with a piety, at once

sincere and unassuming, gained him universal respect and popularity. On leaving Mungret towards the end of the year 1889, he proceeded to the American College, Louvain, for his theological studies. He was ordained priest in 1893, and after a brief visit to his friends sailed for America, the scene of his future labours. For two years he was engaged in missionary work in Kansas City, a model of the gentle self-sacrificing priest. In the third year of his ministry the germs of a wasting disease gave unmistakable signs that his life could not be a long one, and after some changes of climate he was finally appointed Spiritual Director to the Sisters of the Incarnate Word of San Antonio. He died of a violent hemorrhage the result of overwork and fatigue.

The Sisters testified to his true and solid piety thus: "He seemed to grow holier every day, and was quite unlike a consumptive patient during his illness, always so cheerful, bright, and considerate."—R.I.P.

REV. FR. DANIEL MURRAY, the third deceased priest of our Apostolical School, was born in Midleton, Co. Cork, 1867. He received a preliminary classical education in his native town, and at the age of eighteen came to Mungret as an Apostolical student. Here he completed his classical and philosophical studies in four years, and obtained his B.A. degree in 1889. He then went to study Theology at the American College, Rome. Fr. Murray was ordained priest on Trinity Saturday, 1893, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, by his Eminence Card. Vic. Parocchi.

After a vacation, spent in travelling on the Continent, and in Ireland, he sailed for America, in the month of August. Bishop O'Sullivan appointed him assistant priest of the Cathedral of Mobile. Soon after he was transferred to St. Paul's Church, Birmingham, as assistant to Fr. P. A. O'Reilly. There he became known as a priest of great energy and zeal. As an organizer he had few equals. He organized a Total Abstinence Society, in four divisions, for men, women, boys, and girls. This society did an incalculable amount of good. Many lead-



## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION TO THE GREAT MOGUL. BY REV. FRANCIS GOLDIE, S.J. (M. H. GILL & SON, DUBLIN.)

The subject matter and style of Fr. Goldie's book will be found to be no less attractive than the title. The work has more than the charms of a romance. The scene is laid in the East, the natural home of story, and the subject is the history of the martyrs of La Salsette, the pioneers of Christianity in India. They were five in number, and were all under thirty-two years of age. But the central figure is Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva. The story of his life is related with the ability of the historian, the biographer, and the novelist. There is much incidental matter, too, of the highest interest. The character of Akbar, the Great Mogul, is excellently drawn, and a most thrilling episode is the description given of the awful doubt and fear, hesitation and uneasiness, which those feel who are just beginning to see that their religion is an empty ceremony, and who have not yet courage to follow the inspirations of Divine Grace.

The attractiveness of the book is not, however, its highest merit. The story it tells is most touching and inspiring—tells of self-sacrifice, most heroic and most complete, of generosity, of fortitude, which makes the heart glow with admiration and enthusiasm.

The book should be of special interest and profit to those who hope to one day aid in the work for which the martyrs of La Salsette so generously gave their blood. And we sincerely wish Fr. Goldie's beautiful history of the youthful martyrs all the success it deserves.

The book is neatly and appropriately got up by Messrs. Gill & Son, and contains many maps for references. The type is very good, and the book presents an exterior fit for any library.

THE LIFE OF ST. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP AND DOCTOR: A HISTORICAL STUDY. BY REV. PHILIP BURTON, C.M. (8vo., 472 pages. Third Edition, Enlarged.) M. H. GILL & SON, DUBLIN.

Of a work so well known as Fr. Burton's "Life of St. Augustine," little need be said to recommend it now in its third edition. It fully merits the approbation it has hitherto received. Very few pages need

ing citizens of Birmingham are prominent only because they hearkened to the voice of Fr. Murray. As an energetic, successful missionary, Fr. Murray will be remembered and his memory cherished in Birmingham. After three years of missionary work there, he was sent, much to the regret of the congregation, to Montgomery.

He was stationed there when the yellow fever broke out in Mobile. He happened to be on a visit to the Diocesan capital at the time, and volunteered to remain there and take his part in attending to the plague-stricken. It was during one of these visits that he contracted the disease.

On Sunday, September 19th, he sang High Mass and preached to a large congregation in St. Vincent Church. In his sermon he took occasion from the prevailing distressing circumstances to remind the congregation that they should be ever prepared to meet their Judge; that the time might be near at hand when they should have to render an account of their lives. That same evening he was stricken with the plague, and died on the following Friday, one of our martyrs of charity. (R.I.P.)

be read to see the writer's power in investing with interest dry historical details, and from a perusal of the whole work one will acknowledge the justice of the criticism given by the "Church Quarterly Review" of 1887, that a more interesting biography of the Saint could scarcely be pointed to, or one which better describes his circumstances and surroundings. The style is clear and simple, and we are presented with a most pleasing and vivid picture of the Saint's life and family, the countries in which he laboured, the friends, adversaries, and episcopal brethren with whom he came into contact. The internal history of that wonderful man is also clearly set before us from his early days to his final conversion to Christianity, and then through the entire of a noble and faithful life.

Apart from the great merit of the work as a biographical sketch, it furnishes a vast fund of most useful historical information. Thus we get from it an insight into the characters and conditions of the people of many of the African cities, into the excesses and vile mental and moral corruption of the public schools of that period. We obtain, too, from its perusal, a tolerably clear idea of the different heresies with which the Church had then to struggle.

Hence the book, eminently instructive as well from an historical as an ascetical point of view, ought to commend itself to a very large number of readers. The present issue, brought out by Messrs. Gill & Son, is printed in good type, and is well bound. We wish it every success.

THE CHILD OF MARY BEFORE JESUS ABANDONED IN THE TABERNACLE. 15TH EDITION. (GUY & CO. LTD., LIMERICK; BENZIGER BROS., NEW YORK.)

We are very glad to see that another edition of Father Daly's beautiful little book is being issued. The Child of Mary is now so universally known, and has so thoroughly recommended itself by its excellence, that any praise of ours is superfluous. A more beautiful or better chosen collection of prayers, suited especially for religious, for colleges and for schools, it would, we think, be difficult to find.

J. TURNER (2ND ARTS.)