

Mungret

Annual.



CHRISTMAS 1898.

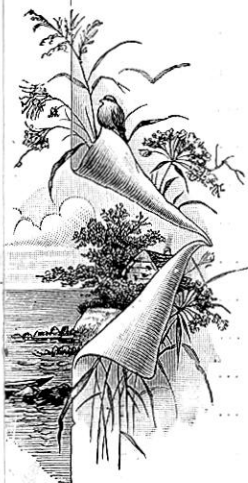


**CHRISTMAS, 1898.**



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# **MUNGRET ANNUAL.**



**NO. 2.**

**PRICE ONE SHILLING.**

GUY & Co. LTD.,  
PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS,  
LIMERICK.





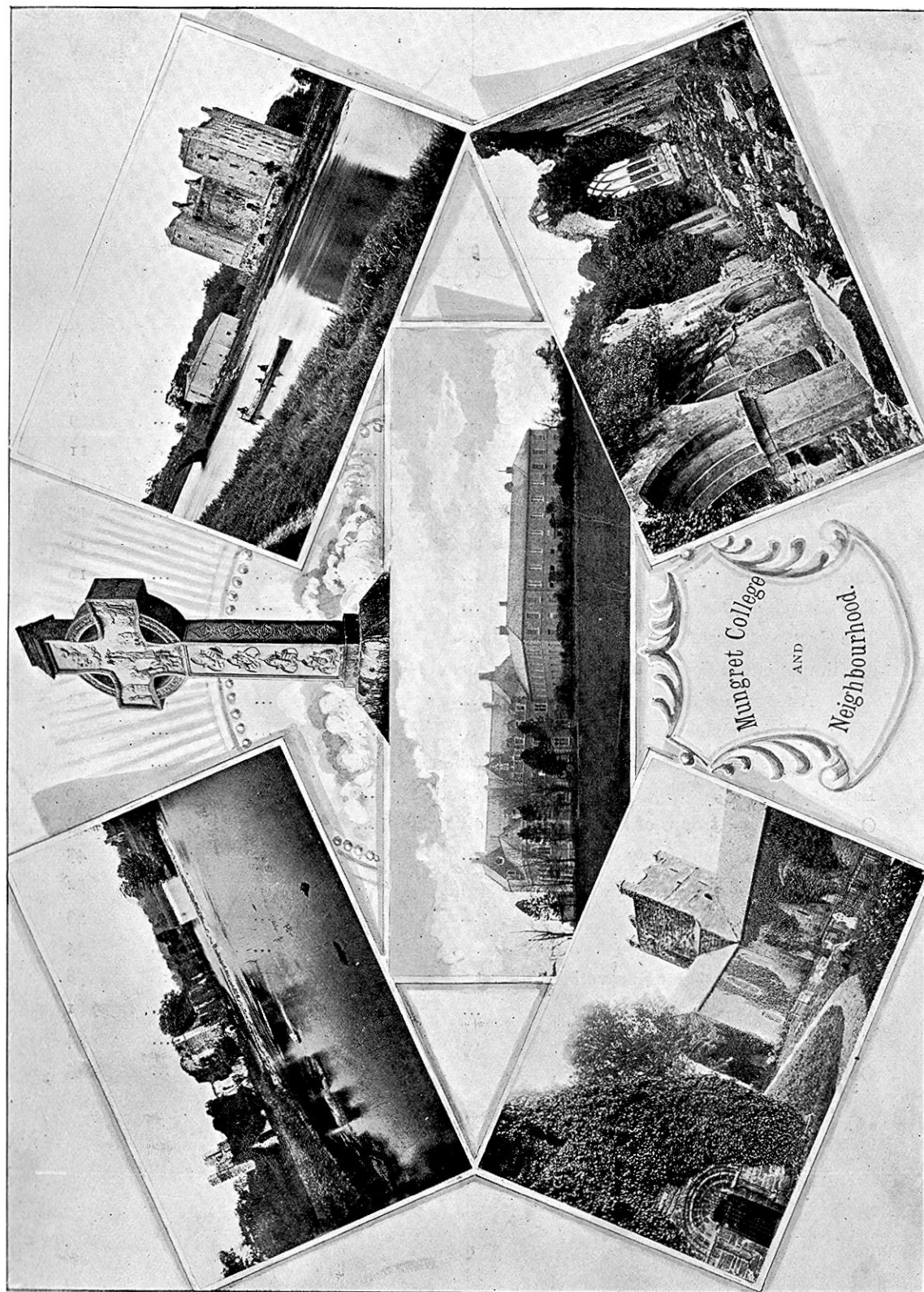


## CONTENTS.

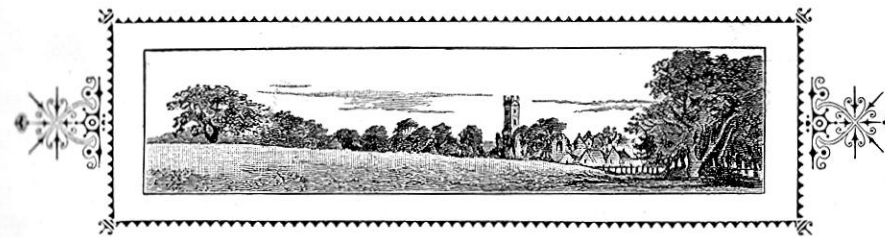
	PAGE
Editorial ...	5
Voices from Afar ...	7
Chahta-Ima—Priest, Poet, and Solitary ...	8
The Miracle of the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius ...	10
Memories of Mungret ...	15
Carrig-o-Gunnell ...	17
You'll Hear from That Boy Yet. Based on Fact ...	22
O Grave ! where is thy Victory ...	26
Oostaker—The Lourdes of Flanders ...	26
The Ghost of His Grandfather. A Reminiscence of Mungret ...	28
A Lotos Eater ...	31
The War and The West ...	31
A Glimpse of the Great Match ...	33
The Natural Virtues—One Requisite of a Priest in America ...	37
Equanimity ...	38
The Eve of the Christmas Exodus, or Mungret Ready to March ...	39
Our Past... ..	42
The Cruise of the Fram ...	46
A Pilgrimage to Genazzano ..	47
Moulding God's Man ...	51
Varia ...	52
Sodality of the B.V.M. ...	56
Our Social Gatherings ...	56
Athletic Sports ...	60
Handball ...	62
Cricket ...	62
Football ...	64
Obituary ...	65
Exchanges ...	65
Prospectus ...	66

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Frontispiece—Adare, Bunratty, Mungret College, Killaloe, and Askeaton ...	4
Mungret College from the Cricket Ground ...	7
Father René and Group of Indians ...	9
Naples ...	11
Shrine of St. Januarius ...	13
Grounds of Mungret College—Looking North ...	15
Grounds of Mungret College—Looking East ...	16
Carrig-o-Gunnell ...	19
The Church at Oostaker ...	27
The Grotto at Oostaker ...	27
A Glimpse of the Great Match—Wales v. Ireland :—	
An Anxious Moment ...	34
A Scrummage... ..	35
Snapshot of Grand Stand, showing Mungret College Boys ...	36
Lay Boys, 1898 ...	40
Our Past—Two Groups of Priests recently ordained ...	42, 44
Our Past—A Group of Lay Boys ...	45
Varia—John L. McCarthy, B.A....	52
Apostolic Students, 1898 ...	53
Views of Kilkee and Killaloe ...	54
Social Gatherings—Our Shrovetide Concert Party ...	58
Athletic Sports—three Snapshots ...	60, 61
Football Team, 1898-99 ...	64
Obituary—Rev. John Doherty, S.J. ...	65



SEE "MEMORIES OF MUNGRET," PAGE 15



# THE • MUNGRET • ANNUAL

Christmas, 1898.

## EDITORIAL.

"The present meets the past:  
The future, too, is there."

OUR Annual, published last Christmas for the first time with the design of uniting present Mungret with her past children to our mutual benefit, has been accorded a welcome which gladdens our editorial heart and mantles our editorial cheek with blushes, for modesty tells us that we have been praised by our own and by the public press far beyond our merit.

One characteristic fact, which relieves us of serious anxiety concerning the ultimate success of our enterprise, has been brought out by the publication of our first number. That fact long known to us at Mungret, though not to the world at large, is the singular devotion of past students of Mungret to their *alma mater*.

This appeared in the warmth with which most of them entered originally into the project. It was manifested still more by the tone of their literary contributions, and, above all, by the enthusiastic welcome which they accorded to THE MUNGRET ANNUAL.

All this has been most consoling and re-

assuring, and has served besides to make the labour of the editors a labour of love.

• • •

For the mere editorial success the advantages of THE MUNGRET ANNUAL are perhaps unique. Its principal contributors are devoted friends of the College, eminently able to describe their experiences, who are scattered over the face of the earth, and work in the midst of the most varied circumstances and conditions of life. No wonder that many have already predicted for our humble magazine a great future—a future, indeed, which we, for our part, scarcely dare to hope.

Though we know that our past students are ready to prove their attachment by greater sacrifices than the labour of penning an article will cost, still a word on the subject will not be out of place here.

Some seem to think that in the abundance of matter at our command their contributions are superfluous; many complain of want of leisure

some of want of matter, and a few, of ability to write such articles as we require.

The two last objections have little weight. When matter is solid and interesting, sufficient literary polish will rarely be wanting in any past Mungret student. And how many phases of life, striking episodes and incidents, will be found in our own country, in America, in Australia, in Africa, in the far East, which, though familiar to those who narrate them, will be quite new and interesting to most of their readers?

Want of leisure for literary matters is frequently a serious obstacle with zealous men who are employed in the work of the ministry and find themselves able to garner but a small portion of a mighty harvest. Opportunity, however, will seldom fail a good will; and besides, it is a work of zeal to disseminate wholesome and elevating knowledge among a class of readers whom it cannot fail to influence for good.

• • •

But besides the past students of Modern Mungret, a union with whom we are now working to accomplish, there is another past Mungret with the spirit of which we must still more emulously strive to unite, for in such a union a future is assured bright with all the glory and greatness of our country's best life.

The students of Modern Mungret embody the revival of a great university which had a European reputation in the golden age of Ireland's culture and Ireland's truest greatness; and Mungret, besides, is the centre of a locality consecrated by as many sacred and historical memories as any spot in Ireland.

If the conduct and character of a people or community are always influenced by the heroes of their past history, it surely does not become us to neglect such a fountain of the brightest and purest inspiration. Hence we shall strive in our Annual, from time to time, to bring our readers into touch with some of the grand memories of the historic locality of our College.

In this number we open a set of columns devoted to the work of our past students. This is of the highest importance for the primary end of the magazine, and we now appeal to past students, both lay and ecclesiastical, not to be niggardly of their knowledge. A letter to the old *alma mater*, from time to time, will not be much of a drain even on a busy life. For information concerning the doings and success of past students, in any field whatever, we shall always be most grateful. Clippings from local newspapers or extracts from foreign or colonial publications bearing on the same subject shall be welcome. Nor need modesty hinder anyone from telling of his personal success; for from the pleasure it will give to others charity commends it.

• • •

Many of our contributors are too modest to affix their names to the articles they send. Some have complained, and we think justly, that such an omission detracts very much from the interest of the article. We like to chat familiarly with old friends, hear their experiences, dive into their thoughts, and instinctively compare the present mature thinker and writer with the still unformed, perhaps romantic, boy we knew. All this clearly cannot be realized if we are not sure of the identity of the individual whose thoughts are before us. Let our past students pause before they deprive their old friends of such a pleasure.

• • •

To all our past students we again send kindly greeting and sincerest good wishes. And as our message of love circulates amongst them, may it draw them together and to us in spirit and in heart. It is our ambition and our prayer that our humble Annual may help to stir up in each of Mungret's children something of the spirit of Ireland's grand old past, for in that spirit is to be found the highest promise of a great future.

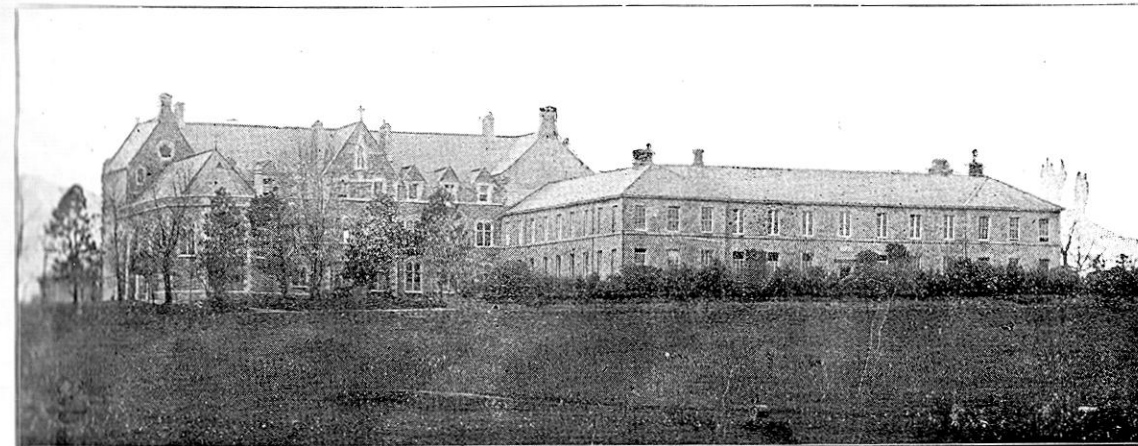
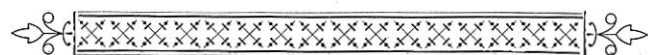


Photo. by Guy, Limerick.]

VIEW OF COLLEGE FROM THE CRICKET GROUND

## VOICES FROM AFAR.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

Voices from scenes afar, where glows the field,  
Rich harvest whitening for the reaper's hand,  
Greet thee, dear *Alma Mater*, back they yield  
Thy children's homage, and from many a land  
Eyes look with yearning love, to where doth stand  
Thy queenly structure as a jewel set  
In Ireland's academic coronet.

We see thee throned queen of the regal vale,  
Fronting the wild brown hills that bound the tide,  
Where lordly Shannon gleams with many a sail,  
The deep woods slumbering by his placid side.  
Smooth lawns and tangled meads, above, the pride  
Of all thy carven beauty looking down  
On field, and stream, and wood, and ancient town.

Hard by the glory-crownèd ruin lies,  
Shrining in peace thy dead saints' hallowed mould,  
Whence in new majesty didst thou arise,  
As rose the Phoenix in the tale of old,  
The lamp of learning high aloft to hold;  
With Faith and Truth to feed the sacred flame,  
Which burned so bright around old Mungret's name.

God guard thee, *Alma Mater*, evermore;  
God keep thee by His might, in lasting prime.  
Thy saints, whose lot it was to bear of yore  
Fierce persecution in an iron time,  
Shall shield thee; while thy sons 'neath every clime  
Keep bright the fire of Faith, in times grown cold,  
Till future Mungret's fame shall e'en outshine the old.

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



## CHAHTA-IMA.

## PRIEST, POET, AND SOLITARY.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

CHAHTA-IMA! Chahta-Ima! what a strange, yet what a sweet-sounding name, you say, yet stranger still and sweeter far was the story of the one who bore it.

Chahta-Ima (Choctaw-like) was the name given by the sons of the forest, who dwelt in the pine-woods of Louisiana, to one who for years ministered both to their temporal and to their spiritual wants, to Adrien Rouquette, the first priest of Creole birth after the cession of Louisiana to the United States.

Buried deep in the heart of the pine-woods, three miles from the old-fashioned village of Mandeville, in St. Tammany parish, lies the spot called by the Choctaw Indians, Chinchuba. Every inch of this spot is hallowed by some recollections of Père Rouquette. Last November, during a period of enforced leisure brought about by His Majesty "Yellow Jack," I visited Chinchuba, and for the first time heard in detail the history of Adrien Rouquette.

Let me describe the scene before me. Stand with me beneath a giant oak, whose trunk measures full thirty feet around. Near by are other giant oaks, but none to rival the one that is fondly called by the people "Le chêne du Père Rouquette." Close at hand is his chapel, a log-hut just large enough to shelter an altar and a would-be confessional. When the Indians were present the door was thrown open, and they knelt outside in awe and reverence, with no shelter from the burning sun of Louisiana but the shade of the giant oak. The pulpit was a fork in the oak tree, and as I stood on that fork my imagination played havoc with my intellect. I seemed to see before me stolid warriors and their toil-worn squaws, with their papooses hanging on their backs. Many and many a time had they stood there listening to the helpful words of Chahta-Ima. The missionary's room is under the same roof as the chapel. It is twelve feet long, twelve feet high, and five feet wide. What a palace! yet it sufficed for Chahta-Ima, for was he not, Choctaw-like, more at home in the open air than 'neath the protection of a roof. A small unpainted pine table still remains in the

room. A little unglazed opening on one side lets in a few feeble rays of sunshine. The surroundings and the story impressed me much, and some further research induced me to tell the story to others.

Adrien Rouquette was born about 1813 in New Orleans, in a quaint old house still standing in the Rue Royale, a street round whose every building cluster legends of the past, of the days when Bienville ruled the city, of the days of the sway of a descendant of the "Wild Geese," the iron-handed Irish-Spaniard, Don Alexander O'Reilly.

Adrien's childhood was spent on the banks of a stream called by the Choctaws "The Buchuwa." He here learned to love that solitude which was afterwards so dear to him, and to appreciate the noble simplicity of heart of the now few remaining children of the forest.

A few years of his boyhood were spent at the Jesuit College of Bardstown, Kentucky. He was afterwards sent to the Royal College of Nantes. Thence he went to Paris to study law, and there made the acquaintance of the intellectual lights of the French capital. Lamartine and Chateaubriand, Deschamps and Barthélemy were his friends. He listened to the burning words of Lacordaire and Ravignan, to the eloquent language of Berryer and Dupont. A brilliant career as an advocate was foretold for him, but he would have naught to do with it.

He yearned for the pine-woods of his beloved Louisiana. "Oh! for the clasp of a rude rough hand! Oh! for the glance of a copper brow!" The Indians might be uncouth and untaught, but they were honest and upright in their native wilds, great in their dignity of truth. He returned to Louisiana and studied for the priesthood.

A few years after his ordination, the Archbishop allowed him to devote himself to the scattered remnants of the once powerful Choctaw tribe. He built three small log-houses at the places where the Indians were wont to gather together, at Bayou Lacombe, Ravine aux Cannes, and Chinchuba. The last is the one I have

described above. It is preserved as a memorial of him, but the others have disappeared. His head-quarters were at Bayou Lacombe, where he established a small Indian village. He here petitioned to be admitted as a member of the Choctaw tribe. All night long the sachems discussed the question, and at dawn Adrien Rouquette, Chahta-Ima, was a Choctaw among the Choctaws.

In solitude he devoted his life to the Indians and to the muse. One instance of his devotion to the Indians may be of interest.

During the Civil War, New Orleans was in-

English and in French. They were praised by critics of both languages. Of his English poem on Catherine Tegahkwita, an Indian maiden, whose cause for beatification is now, I believe, before the Holy See, William Cullen Bryant, himself no mean poet, says, "I have looked over your poem with deep sympathy in the enthusiasm, both for nature and for religion, by which it is pervaded." Of his "Les Savanes," the eminent French critic, Sainte-Beuve, speaks in very eulogistic terms. Another work of his is "La Thébaidé en Amérique ou L'Apologie de la vie Solitaire et Contemplative."



FR. RENÉ AND GROUP OF INDIANS FROM ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

vested by the Federal forces under Admiral Farragut, and quinine, a drug almost a necessity in the South, was declared contraband of war. The Indians were suffering much from want of it, when Père Rouquette resolved to get through the Federal lines and procure some. Those whom he met tried to dissuade him, saying that Farragut was a stern, unyielding man, who would never grant his request. Grant it he did however, for he could not resist the entreaties of Père Rouquette.

Père Rouquette's poems were written both in

A Louisiana writer says of him, "From his earliest years he held the lute and the lyre in his hands, and in old age the language of poetry was natural to him. He lived in Bonfouca, in the magnificent pine-forest watered by those romantic streams, the Tchefuncta, the Bogue Phalia, and Bayou Lacombe."

He died in 1887. At his funeral an old wizened Choctaw woman walked in front of the funeral cortège, bearing aloft a cross of wild flowers gathered and twined by the few remaining Choctaw Indians.

Since his death the Indians seldom, if ever, visit Chinchuba, but they dwell in the dark recesses of the pine-forests, or in the almost impenetrable cane-thickets.

I hope I shall be pardoned if I give a specimen in English, and one in French, of Chahta-Ima's verse.

#### THE WILD LILY AND THE PASSION FLOWER.

Sweet flower of light,  
The queen of solitude,  
The image bright  
Of grace-born maidenhood.

Dark coloured flow'r,  
How solemn, awful, sad!  
I feel thy pow'r,  
O king, in purple clad!

With head recline,  
Thou art the emblem dear  
Of woes divine;  
The flower I most revere.

The lily white,  
The purple passion flower,  
Mount Thabor bright,  
The gloomy olive-bower.

Such is our life,  
Alternate joys and woes,  
Short peace, long strife,  
Few friends and many foes.

One example in French and I have done.  
The subject is one dear to every Irishman.

#### A L'IRLANDE.

Emeraude des mers, mystique diamant,  
Irlande, gloire à toi! gloire à ton peuple aimant.  
Erin, verte Hibernie, ô catholique Irlande,  
Malgré tous tes malheurs, si fidèle et si grande!

Pour emblème portant la harpe à ton côté,  
Ton cœur vibre toujours au cri de liberté;  
En tes saints amours toujours enthousiaste,  
Partout ton sang celtique est resté toujours chaste.

Avec la foi divine, Emeraude des mers,  
On trouve en tes enfants tous les talents divers.  
Salut, Ile des Saints! salut, terre bénie!  
Au souffle harmonieux qui toujours t'inspire,  
S'éveillera toujours la harpe de Tara!  
Dans tes pleurs, le front ceint d'une blanche guirlande,  
Tu seras toujours belle, enthousiaste et grande!

T. E. STRITCH, S.J. ('91).

## AN EYEWITNESS'S NARRATIVE OF THE MIRACLE OF THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

IT is a very common saying in Italy, and one with which all tourists are familiar: "See Naples and die." And I think that notwithstanding its dirty streets and dirtier inhabitants, its noisy thoroughfares, its impudent and pestering cabbies, its vast society of rogues whose sole occupation in life is to fleece the *stranieri* or foreigners, everyone who has been there will readily agree that it is well worth while to live and see Naples. The beauty of its bay is world famed. Its parks, public buildings, museums, churches, and palaces equal if they do not excel those of any other city in Europe, not excepting even the Eternal City. And then when one has exhausted the sights of the city proper, he can retire to Bagnuoli and enjoy its famous baths, he can cross the bay to Sorrento and refresh himself in this beautiful seaside resort, he can sail to Capri and explore the wondrous blue

cave, or drive to Pompeii and musingly recall the past in the silent and deserted streets of this "City of the Dead," and make the ascent of its dreaded destroyer, Vesuvius. But of all the sights and wonders of Naples and its surroundings that which makes the greatest and most lasting impression on strangers is beyond doubt the yearly recurring historical miracle of the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius, or San Gennaro as he is called in Italian.

Before I proceed to the narration of the miracle as I saw it, I will, for the information of some of my readers, tell briefly who this San Gennaro was. During the reign of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian, Januarius ruled the see of Beneventum. When the persecution burst forth he was one of the first sought out by the tyrants, and after undergoing every species of torture he won the martyr's crown by being decapitated along with several

companions. His body was recovered by the Christians and buried at Beneventum, whence it was afterwards removed to Naples, where it is venerated at the present day beneath the altar of the side chapel dedicated to the Saint in the Cathedral of Naples.

Along with the body the Christians preserved another very precious relic of the Saint—a small phial of the blood he shed in testimony of the Christian faith. It is this relic and the miracle connected with it which has made the name of San Gennaro famous the world over.

Italy before I had seen the miracle of which I had heard so much. In August 1897, my long-cherished desire was granted. I applied to my bishop for leave to travel, and having obtained it I set off with several companions for Naples.

After a few days sight-seeing we retired to Sorrento to enjoy the sea bathing. The approach of the 19th September, the date of the Feast of San Gennaro, on which the miracle happens, brought us back again to Naples. On the evening of the 18th September, the eve of the Feast, the Via del



NAPLES.

When I was studying Philosophy in Mungret I remember one day a discussion arose regarding the true nature of a miracle. Our professor told us that frequency of occurrence was not against the nature of a miracle, and as an historical example he cited the annual Liquefaction of the Blood of San Gennaro. This was the first time I heard about the miracle, and little did I then dream that Providence would so arrange events that I should be an eyewitness of the wonder.

In the summer of 1893 I went to Rome, and being so near Naples I determined not to leave

Duomo, in which the Cathedral is situated, and the façade of the Cathedral, were brilliantly illuminated and decorated in the fanciful Italian style. Arches of many coloured little lights spanned the street at intervals, and a continuous line of bright gas jets ran along on either side. The façade of the Cathedral was covered with frescoed canvas and paper, representing scenes taken from the life of the Saint. From an elevated stand near the Church, the municipal band discoursed sweet music to the numerous crowds who passed to and fro along the broad Via del Duomo.



Next morning, which was Sunday, we all rose early and hurried to the Cathedral, in order to secure a good place. We heard from some of the students, who had been there formerly, that the best place was to be had by going in by a side entrance to the sacristy, thence to the chapel of the Saint, it being impossible to get a near place from the body of the Church. To reach this side entrance we had to pass through a private garden owned by an old woman. Having made our arrangements with her previously, when we presented ourselves at the gate we had no difficulty in getting through. We were in high spirits in having succeeded thus far, because for the rest, our American pluck and the training at jostling we had learnt in the Roman churches would carry us through. Passing through a number of winding passages, we were ushered into the ante-room of the sacristy, where we had places assigned to us. We were not the first, several others had arrived before us, while more were continually streaming in, until at last there was scarce standing room. How long we remained there I could not tell, but it seemed, in our impatience, several hours. At last those who were nearest the sacristy door passed the word that the procession was about to start. At once there was a rush for places by the door leading out to the sacristy. Some Civic Guards, who were there to keep order, tried to keep the people back, but in vain. Thanks to our Roman education, most of us got in the front line, ready to move out close after the procession. Very soon the master of ceremonies gave the signal; the procession moved slowly out, followed by the immense and animated crowd.

When we came to the chapel where the relic was to be exposed, we tried to get as near as possible the centre of the gate at the altar rails, in order to get a good place around the altar when the people were allowed to pass through. Meantime the relic was brought forth, candles lighted, and the gilt bust of the Saint set up in a conspicuous place near the altar. This was the signal for a burst of invocations from the people who thronged the nave of the chapel and the centre of the church. The name, "San Gennaro! San Gennaro!" was heard repeated in imploring accents. The ceremony of the exposition of the relic now began; the gates were thrown open, and there was a rush for places around the altar. I happened to be far back this time, so giving up the gate entrance as impossible, while the attention of all was rivetted on the relic, I slipped unnoticed across

the marble altar rails, and by dint of pushing won a good place at the altar steps.

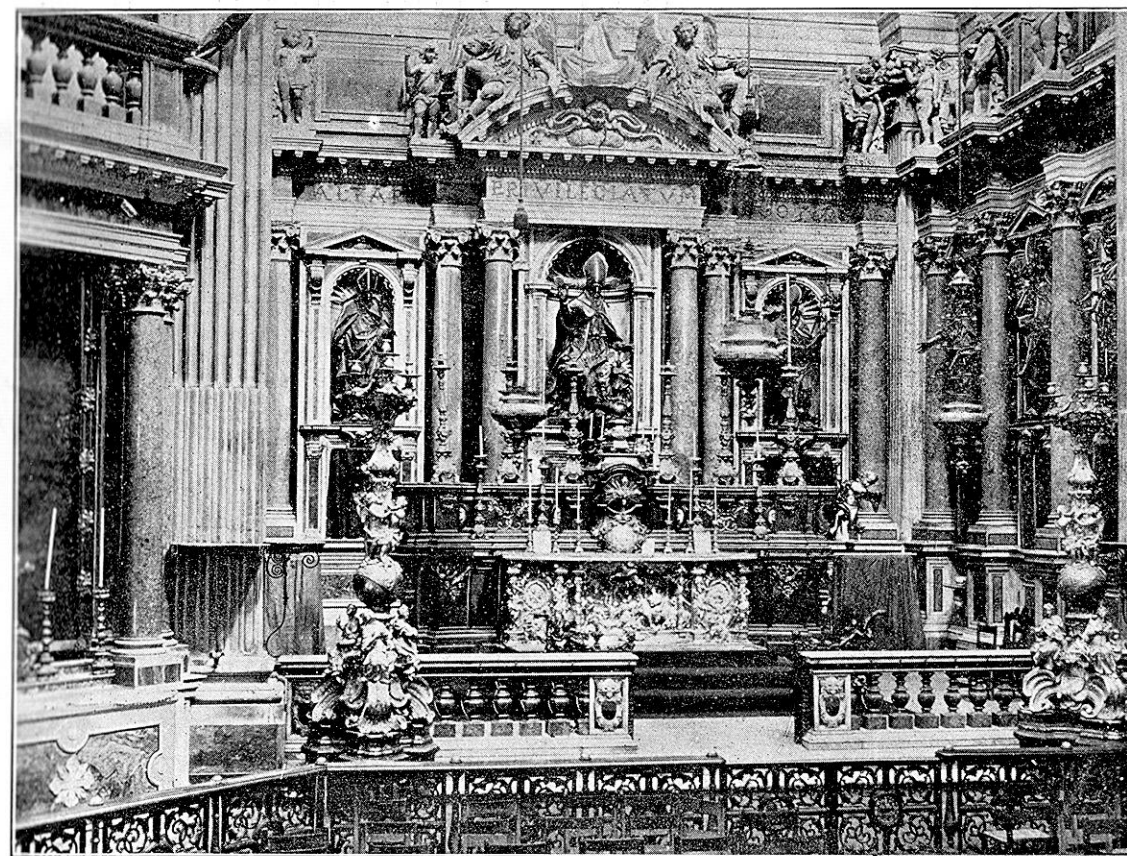
While preliminary prayers were being recited I had an opportunity to turn and observe the crowd who were packed against the railings erected to keep them back from the altar. There was a sea of anxious faces all directed towards the relic. Every age, sex, and condition of life was represented. The poorer inhabitants of Naples however seemed to be in the large majority. Quite close to the railing I noticed a group of women and a few men belonging to the lower classes; these seemed to be particularly interested in the relic. They stretched forth their hands and uttered appealing cries to the Saint; tears were running down some of their faces, and all wore a look of hopeful expectation and deep reverence. I learned afterwards that these were a family who claim to be descended from the Saint. Owing to this real or imaginary connection they had the privilege of being nearest to the rails, and of being the leaders in the popular liturgy of litanies and other prayers recited in the Saint's honour. Their familiarity with the Saint gave them more privileges, among others that of gently scolding him when the miracle did not happen or was delayed. They used to call him such pet names as "*faccia gialla*," or "yellow face," a name no doubt derived from the yellow colour of the gilt bust of the Saint.

I now turned my attention to the reliquary. The officiating bishop was holding it high above his head, so that all could see it. It was of a circular, drum-shaped form, with glass at both sides. Inside could be seen two phials—one, tube shaped; the other an ordinary flat little bottle. The tube-shaped one contained nothing, but had its sides slightly discoloured, which could be caused by dried blood; the other was almost filled with a very dark red solid substance. The reliquary was provided with two handles—one above and one below—to facilitate its being turned round and round. Having exposed it on high for some time the bishop proceeded to move slowly from the Epistle to the Gospel side of the altar, and back again, turning the reliquary from time to time, while an assistant priest held a candle behind, so that the very first motion of the blood could be plainly seen. At the Epistle side stood the Mayor and other public officials in the capacity of authentic witnesses of the miracle, and at the Gospel side was a Monsignor in the same capacity. I was very close to the reliquary, so close that I could touch it with my hand, and as the Bishop turned it round before my eyes there

was not the slightest movement visible. Up and down the Bishop went, at intervals stopping to recite the Credo or Litany and other prayers, while the congregation from below kept up a regular fusillade of prayers and piteous cries.

This went on for a half-hour, an hour, an hour and a half, and still no apparent change in the phial. More prayers and Credos and Litanies, and still no move. The Bishop became anxious, the people impatient and

but the Saint remained obdurate. One would think that Heaven itself should open before this assault of fervent faith and devotion on the part of the thousands there assembled. A short consultation was held by the bishop and the attendant priests, the result of which was that they decided to carry the relic in procession to the High Altar and begin the Solemn High Mass, hoping that through the all-powerful intercessory help of the Holy Mass God would be moved to work the miracle.



SHRINE OF ST. JANUARIUS.

afraid. It was a bad omen for the fortunes of the fair city of Naples. This delay was almost unprecedented, the liquefaction usually taking place about half an hour or an hour after the exposition. Two hours had now gone by, and the blood was as solid as at the beginning.

The people redoubled their cries and prayers, hands were raised in supplication; "San Gennaro, San Gennaro," was heard on every side,

Before starting the procession however, they gave the relic to be kissed by those who were inside the altar rails. The movement this caused among the people was mistaken by the crowd who thronged the church for the excitement consequent upon the occurrence of the miracle, and the word flew from mouth to mouth that the miracle had happened. This mistake was however soon rectified, and the people remained in the church awaiting

patiently God's own appointed time for the working of the miracle. The procession started for the High Altar, and I tried to follow, but in spite of my utmost efforts I was left far behind in the body of the church. Imagine my disappointment. For two long hours I had kept my place, though almost fainting, owing to the excessive heat, expecting every moment that the miracle would take place under my very eyes, and now all this exertion had gone for nothing. In despair I had turned, and was making my way out of the church, when an unusual commotion in the crowd attracted my attention. I turned again, and looked towards the High Altar. The procession had just reached the steps; I saw a priest wave a white handkerchief; a sigh of relief passed like a wave through the immense congregation, followed by a burst of enthusiastic thanksgiving and joy; the cannon of the city forts fired a salvo; the great organ pealed forth the *Te Deum*, the congregation joined with their thousand voices in this grand old hymn of praise and thanksgiving—the miracle had taken place.

It was a sublime moment. A thrill of something never experienced before ran through my whole being. I trembled in the immediate presence of the supernatural.

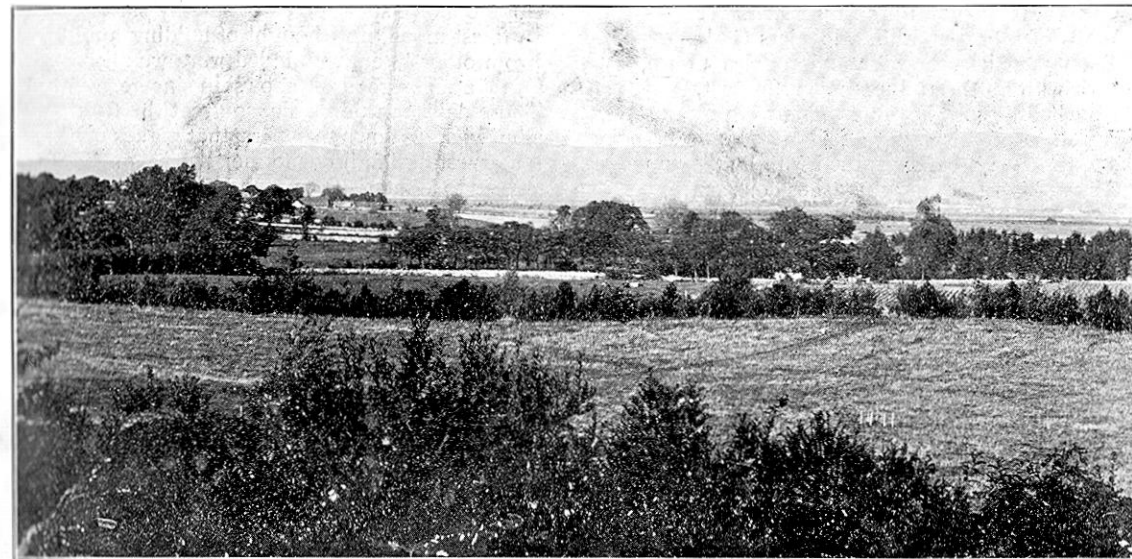
The people now surged towards the High Altar, where at the rails the Bishop was exposing the relic. I made my way slowly, and at last gained a place at the rails. Soon the Bishop came towards me, and I could see, as he came nearer and nearer, that there was something stirring in the little phial. At last he came in front of me, and, fearing that he would allow me only a cursory glance, I told him that I was a stranger who never before had the opportunity of witnessing the miracle, or probably never would again. This had the desired effect. He moved the reliquary slowly round and round and up and down before my eyes, an attendant holding a candle behind all the time. The solid dark red mass which I

had seen a short time before was now a perfect liquid, filling about two-thirds of the phial, moving with every motion of the reliquary. Having reverently kissed the relic, I withdrew, adoring the Omnipotent Power Who holds the laws of nature thus under control, and Who deigns to interest Himself in the paltry affairs of this miserable little world of ours.

As the miracle occurs every day during the octave of the feast, some of our number went to see it the next morning. The liquefaction took place in a few minutes after the exposition. I went again the next day, and witnessed a curious phase of the miracle. From the very first the blood moved around in the phial, but more like a jelly than a perfect liquid; gradually, however, it became thinner and thinner, until in a short time the whole mass was liquefied. With regard to the miraculous character of the liquefaction, there can be no doubt in the mind of the candid inquirer. The tradition which asserts that the phial contains the blood of San Gennaro comes down uninterruptedly from the very age of the martyrdom of the Saint. Moreover, the analysis of competent scientists has proved that the substance contained in the phial is human blood. Considering again that the liquefaction takes place only on the feast-day of the Saint and during the octave, it is apparent that it transcends all natural causality.

For everyone, unbeliever and Christian alike, the liquefaction is a strange and naturally unaccountable fact. For the Christian who believes in a Lord and Master of Nature, it is a miracle, that is, a manifestation of supernatural power in the visible elements of our creation. The unbeliever sees and goes away puzzled and wondering; the faithful believer sees, and goes away wondering, adoring, and pouring forth praise and thanksgiving to the All Powerful and All Merciful Lord Who deigns to reveal Himself to His poor creatures in so touching and human a manner.

JAMES NUNAN, D.D.



GROUPS OF MUNGRET COLLEGE—LOOKING NORTH.

## MEMORIES OF MUNGRET.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

'Twas Springtime in those good old days that  
were,  
Her smile hung o'er the fields and wimpling  
streams,  
And to her queenly train each chequered bow'r  
Sang liquid notes. And we were of the Spring,  
Lusty and blithe and free, e'en as  
The roe that sniffs his native mountain air,  
Careering where he wills—so with her flush  
We coloured in the sport, and with her voice  
Our merry laughter echoed in the dells;  
Drinking, unconscious, thro' those vacant hours  
The deeper, truer draughts of spirit-life,  
Ne'er learned in the lumber-land of books:  
The life of our dear Isle, deep-welled of truth  
And beauty and the sacred lore of saints.  
Now, where the storied Cratloe Woods run down  
To meet the Shannon's tide, or swooning bow  
Their heads above Bunratty's castled ruin.  
Now, where that "loveliest village of the plain"  
In sylvan grandeur smiles—Oh, sweet Adare!  
Or mid the varied glory of that loved  
Retreat in Castleconnell's peaceful bow'rs;  
Or where the wooded mound of sacred green,  
Under the hill and by the silent flood,  
Tells to the prayerful pilgrim of the seat

Of Kings,—Kincora of great Brian's pride.  
Now, where the list'ning groves of Curraghchase  
Away amid the peasant roofs enjoy  
The purest voice in all the choir of song  
Within our time, the Voice of Eire's Faith,  
Her golden years—her sainted ones of yore—  
Too great to catch the tawdry modern sense  
De Vere, the singer unto nobler days.

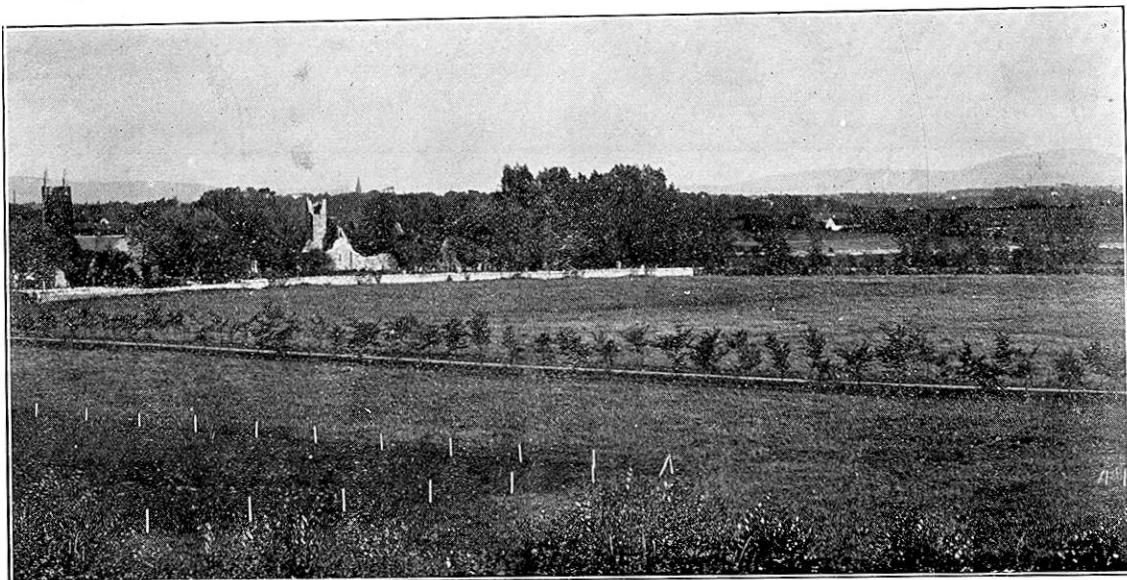
But oftener did we muse along those ways  
Thought-laden with the glory of our dead;  
Where Thomond and the perjured Treaty Stone  
And Sarsfield's lofty spirit still survive:  
While old St. Mary's bells their silver notes  
Send forth from out the flood.

Yes, oft we've mused  
Mid every broken arch and rent of ruin  
That mark in Limerick's ancient battlements  
The Saxon tread, that with'ring tread of worse  
Than Danish hordes,—the tread of Strongbow's  
men,  
The tread that's burnt deep into our plains.  
And oftener still, while playing in thy shade,  
Oh, dear old Mungret and thy martyred shrine!  
Thou relic grand of our own Patrick's years,  
And lovelier far in death than all that gold



Of tyrants builded to their priestless creed—  
Walls of a barren faith, a loveless God—  
Thou chronicle, the firebrand could not burn,  
Writ with all the ruthless wrongful past,  
And holding out in thy prophetic store  
A golden promise of the golden years  
To come—a promise clothed with living stone  
Grown high from out thy ashes consecrate,  
And Apostolic with thy primal fire,  
Already crowning all thy blessed height—  
Another Mungret dowered with thy strength  
And glorious name

And so we passed the Spring,  
Amid the riches of those dreamful fields,  
Where robber hands have long to leanness  
grown.



GROUNDS OF MUNGRET COLLEGE—LOOKING EAST.

And so the courses of our blood ran strength,  
Nor choked nor confined in the stranger's mould.  
The starved exotics of the law-propped school  
Can never taint the breath while these are left  
To give the mother-milk to thirsting lips.  
What seeds of noble passion then were sown!  
What visions bright and schemes of wild romance,  
And hope outstripping all the cares of thought!  
Then, too, the ties, that bear no rust of age,  
In friendship's youthful fire were finely wrought.  
We felt the pressure of the brother's hand—  
No formal measured rite.

O fondest dreams!  
That make us live with all our former selves,  
With all the best beloved of those bright scenes  
That flow'ed around the morning heart of life.  
The noon is brighter, happier, for those school-

Boy hours we spent together side by side,  
In freest mood, nor thought of holding aught  
From others' ken, so minded were we all  
Of th' ampler good of fellowship sincere.  
Those days can never die, so great the fruit  
They yield us down the years, that makes our life  
A harvesting of all our former good,  
Giving to Winter's fellest moods the while  
The freshness of the Summer's cheerful mien.  
Then all was new, for life itself was new,  
And faith had wings where'er the fancy fled.  
When lo! into the fever of those days  
A blessed spirit stole, and cunning snatched  
Each pause and pensive rest to hold devout  
Communion with the soul and make it think  
Full oft of what the future years might bring.

This was the twilight of a glorious morn,  
That creeping softly o'er the ardent mind,  
Like fragrant mists upon the garden bloom,  
Cooling the freshness wild to mellow tint,  
Did soften all the passions that it fed.  
Oh, blessed memory! Lord, how good Thou art!  
We then were weaned scarce from the world's  
career,  
E'en as the fishers by the sea, whilom of  
Galilee—tho' led as by the hand  
Of grace into a land apart, we scarce  
Knew why or how—when Jesus came and spake  
To us in whisperings so silent, meek,  
And called us to Himself—all breathless first,  
As little children playing run in sweet  
Surprise into their mothers' arms—so we  
Into the arms of love.

We felt the word,  
And turning knew Him for the Lord.  
Oh, joy! how we did gaze on that dear face,  
Our souls more captive than our sense in bliss.  
How light did stream from out those sacred eyes  
To open clear the purpose of our being!  
What power, what virtue in those lips to wake  
Within the soul harmonious numbers sweet!  
Loved voice, forever calling in our vales—  
Erin responsive ever to her Lord  
Gives Him a virgin and a levite race—  
The prize of Patrick's wrestling on the mount.

And in that solemn hour when duty warred  
With all the powers of sense—when patriot fires  
Aglow with brave aspirings, and the ties  
Of nature's adamant that bound us fast  
To home and hearth, and all the fleshy threads,  
Forsooth, of love to which mankind is heir,  
Were leagued against the higher call of grace,  
And faith would hold us closer to the earth—  
God's Holy Spirit came and breathed, and all  
The chords of sense, struck to a higher key.  
And catching up our little loves in His,  
Made them His own—God's love was all in all—  
Duty then was love, and friendship love,

And fatherland was love—the love of God  
That giveth all a meaning and a power—  
How wonderful is God in all His ways!  
How beautiful the ways of Christ's sweet Heart!

Oh, Blessed Lord! in quest of aught that we  
Hold dear—Who doth not use His Lordship's  
right  
Divine (for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's),  
But wins it with a tender, pleading suit,  
In lover's guise—by plighting all Himself.  
“My child, give me thy heart and I shall give  
Thee mine,”—God's own betrothal to the sons  
Of mortal men!

And He, well pleased that all  
Our powers to Him were consecrate—tho' we  
But rendered Him what was His own withal,  
And by His grace—received the vows we made,  
And, smiling God-like, gave them back again,  
And bade us keep them pure for His dear sake,  
Making them live in holy deed and noble  
thought  
And word—

We heard the sweet behest love spake  
And here we stand and wait upon the Lord.

T. J. SHEALY, S.J. ('86).

## CARRIG-O-GUNNELL.

“River of chieftains, whose baronial halls  
Like veteran warriors watch each wave-worn steep;  
Portumna's towers, Bunratty's regal walls,  
Carrig's stern rock, the Geraldine's grey keep.”

—Aubrey de Vere.

CARRIG'S stern rock and ivy-mantled ruin  
has ever been our favourite walk.  
Facing the Shannon, some few miles to  
the south-west of Limerick, a stupendous rock  
rises sheer above the plain, and on its summit  
stand the ruins of a grand old castle—(the  
whole bears the title of Carrig-o-Gunnell). The  
castle in its prime was handsome, though very  
irregular, as it had to adapt itself to the shape  
of the rock, and in many places the natural  
crag forms part of the walls. It was a noble  
pile in those bygone days when its chiefs pos-  
sessed the vast domains around, when the poor  
and the stranger met a *cead mille failthe* at its  
hospitable gate, and the great hall resounded  
with the clang of battle-axe for war preparing,  
or rang to the joyous strain of some bardic song.  
To-day, shorn of all its beauty, weary after the

long and dreadful battle which the forces of  
nature have for centuries waged against it, it  
stands desolate and abandoned. Bowed down  
by the weight of the thousand weird memories  
which cling with the ivy to its ruined walls, it  
would long since have sunk away were it not  
sustained aloft, clasped in the iron arms of the  
rock. Far up on the pinnacle of the cistled  
keep I am perched this autumn evening. My  
companions are below. The lazy ones are still  
climbing among the elm trees up a steep incline  
which leads to the entrance on the land side.  
A few of the more light-headed and fleet-footed  
have gone to chase a hundred rabbits into their  
burrows on the green slope of a neighbouring  
hillock.

In the centre of the inner court, where  
the grass grows high among the fragments of



shattered rock and ruined masonry, stands the remnant of a round tower, some eight feet high, its spiral staircase of stone still intact. A precocious youth is striving to convince some dubious comrades that the huge fragment of tower is upside down. Two of the older and wiser heads, who have visited the castle many a time, and ken its every cosiest nook, are seated beneath the overhanging ivy on the old stone bench, near the main entrance. Meanwhile, my own climb up the seventy steps to the giddy height of the watch-tower is being rewarded by a superb view of land and river.

The broad and winding waters of the Shannon are easily traced up past Tervoe's wooded shore to where the turreted towers of the ancient city are reflected on its placid bosom. There is shipping in the harbour. You can see the masts and rigging of the vessels tapering from the water's edge till they are lost against the dark background, where Camailthe lifts its rounded dome some two thousand feet and more.

Away to the south, the eye roams with delight over an extensive, picturesque, peaceful panorama. There are mountains in the distance—Galteemore, which rears its summit, wild and high, far away in the Vale of Aherlow, once belonged to the lords of Carrig. Slieve-Reagh stands out boldly to the right. Ard-Patrick is capped with a fleecy cloud, which develops into a darker and denser mass over Seefin and the Black Mountain, twin summits of the Bally-houra range.

Between my castled-crag, on Shannon side, and those lofty peaks lie a hundred thousand acres of Limerick's richest and loveliest plain. In the foreground is a church, nestling amid the trees. The handsome chateau, on an eminence to the right, is the home of Lord Limerick. To the left, over the outskirts of Lord Emly's demesne, the College is distinctly seen. About a mile from the church are the well-wooded parks of Clarina; and further on, the splendour soft and sweet of Adare's lovely vale. Thro' the heart of that pleasant scene the winding Maigne comes rolling on to pour its tribute of waters into the bosom of the mighty river.

Away beyond the Maigne rises the far, fairy hill Knockfierna, and at its feet, among the woods of Curraghchase, is the beloved abode of Aubrey de Vere. Over the tree tops you may often catch the glitter of the sun on the spire of Rathkeale. But not this evening. The dark cloud which we saw lowering over Seefin is fast expanding and casting its sombre shadows over the smiling plain. Some isolated fragments have joined themselves to either wing of the heavier mass. The whole now appears like some huge vampire suspended over its sleeping

victim. At its approach the rabbits fly for refuge into the bowels of the earth, and the hunters themselves come racing for the shelter of the castle walls. Our two wisecracks will be caught hobnobbing on the old stone bench. Across the river to the north the woods of Cratloe are still beautiful with colour and shade, a glorious sun bathes the land with gold and gilds the incoming tide. Up from the west where the Shannon's banks are a mile and more apart, there comes dancing over the gilded waters a white sail. There is a heavy swell between Pilot and Grass Islands, where the Bunratty river and the Maigne flow in on opposite sides. On comes that snowy sail over the crested wave. Past Grass Island, where the waters are calmer, then on once more. See! that sudden squall will bring her foul of the beacon light on Battle Island. 'Tis a steady hand that grasps the rudder, and the little bark obeys it well as she rushes swiftly past the dangerous point, and heads for the south channel by the Scarlet tower. Even while I gaze, the snowy whiteness of the sail is dimmed into an ashen hue; the waters are darkened; the gulls come circling and shrieking over the carcass towards the castle.

Overhead, the sky is now black as night; below my companions have disappeared. My heart within gave one big throb, and then stood still in fear. At that moment the storm burst in all its fury, one tremendous flash of blue lightning quivered for several seconds on the vast sheet of darkness; then, seeming to rend it asunder, the whole mass broke up into great sweeping clouds, that rolled themselves down on the earth and dissolved into torrents of rain.

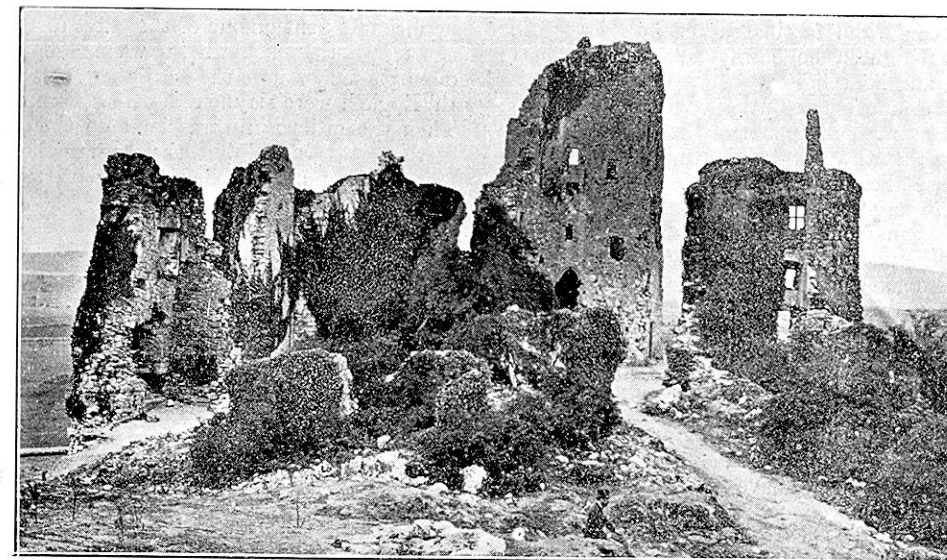
The war of the elements was on in real earnest. Heaven's artillery now flashed, now thundered; great masses of cloud came whirling and wreathing over the battlements around me; then the tempest sent its sheets of rain rattling against the stout old walls. I waited no longer. Deafened by the thunder, frightened by the electric fire which leaped around me as I descended, half-blinded by the mist which came in through every loophole and window, I at last reached the base of the tower. But where are my companions? Where am I to look for shelter? The ruthless foe who blew that castle to fragments must have been a practised hand, so well 'tis done. The little birds, which a few moments since were chirping and gambolling among the leaves of that big ash, have now found a cosy nest where the ivy grows thick on the ruins of the once great hall hard by. Ask the neighbouring folk to explain a circular opening in the face of the cliff, close to the outer base of the donjon tower, and they will

tell you that a fox has its den in the caverns of the castle.

The birds have their nests, the foxes have their holes, man alone can find no shelter in the home of his forefathers.

" 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;  
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;  
And there the fox securely feeds,  
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds:  
While, ever and anon, there falls  
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.  
Yet time has been, that lifts the low,  
And level lays the lofty brow,  
Has seen the broken pile complete,  
Big with the vanity of state."

Of that bygone time, when the broken pile on Carrig stood complete, I have found some inte-



GARRIG-O-GUNNELL.

resting records among the State papers in the College Library. Their perusal may give you pleasure, gentle reader, and perhaps inspire you with a desire to view in person the historic spot. In the latter event, should your visit like mine be disturbed by an unwelcome storm fiend, turn to the right at the foot of the old tower stairs, take some twenty paces across the green sward, pass in under a ruined ivied archway, then to the right again along a narrow passage which opens into a lofty spacious apartment. Roof there is none, and the tempest will rage through the shattered casements, but over in the rocky wall to the left is the entrance to a gloomy, winding, dungeon-like cavern. There you will find shelter. There also I found my companions on that autumn evening.

In tracing the history of Carrig-o-Gunnell you may stray with Gerald Griffin through the pleasant bye-ways of legend and romance, or plod along the safer, though more dusty highway of the State papers. I chose the latter route and encountered much bad spelling on the way.

Between four and five o'clock, on the morning of Tuesday, March 23rd, 1535, Maynooth, the Geraldine stronghold, was captured by the troops of Henry VIII. The fall of their chief fortress sealed the fate of the Geraldines. Early in 1536, Silken Thomas and his five uncles were carried to England to be executed at Tyburn. By this fell swoop, the race of Kildare was well-nigh exterminated. Gerald Fitzgerald, a little boy

of thirteen years, in saffroned shirt and bare-headed, like the wilde Irish, escaped into Munster, and found refuge with O'Brien, King of Thomond.

Burke of Clanrickard, McCarthy Reagh, and James of Desmond rallied with the Dalcassians round the youthful Geraldine. Lord Grey, the Deputy and Butler, Earl of Ossory, to quell this new revolt, "advanced forward toward O'Brien's own country. On August the first we arrived at a manor of th' Erle of Desmond's, called Loughgur, situate in an island of fresh water, where that night th' army foraged on the corns, and took the castell and island. At that time Donough O'Brien, O'Brien's eldest son, who hath married the daughter of me, th' Erle of Ossory, came and desired no other recompense of his service against his father, than the King's gratius

favor and the keeping of a castle within three miles of Limerick, called Carrick-o-Gunnell, which hath been in possession of the O'Briens this 200 years and more."

Was Carrig built by an O'Connell or an O'Brien? Did the white and black flag of the Templars ever float above its turrets? We cannot say. From this letter, however, it is evident that it belonged to the Dalcassian clan since about 1300.

Conor O'Brien, king of Thomond, had three sons. Turlough and Donald would have been playmates of the little Geraldine while he remained in their father's home; Donough, whose treachery is here recorded, must have been their senior by many years. The corrupt wizards of Dublin Castle had cast their golden chains around him; beguiled by the luxury of the English court and fascinated by the beauty of Ossory's daughter, he betrayed his father, his country, and his religion.

We have a letter of Butler's, written the previous year to Allen, Master of the Rolls. After declaring that the people of Munster "have a cankered, malicious rebellion rotid in them," he adds, "to my great cost and charge I keep O'Brien's son from joining his father." Little wonder then that Allen himself, when writing to the king's commissioners in 1537, should say—"Finally, because the nature of Irishmen is such that for money we shall have the son to war against the father, and the father against the child, it shall be necessary that the king's grace have always treasure here, as a present remedy against sudden rebellion." "Because I have married your sister," says Donough to Lord Butler's son, "I have forsaken my father, my uncle and my country to do the king's service. If it would please the king's grace to win and give me the castle of Carrig-o-Gunnell, I will put in pledge not to hurt any Englishman, but only the wilde Irish who are the king's enemies." His wish was granted. "The next day," writes Butler, "we marched to the said castell, and after the deputy had wonne the same we put an English ward of soulders in it, which done we resorted to this cite of Limerick." This was on Thursday, August 4th, 1536.

"On Friday we marched with all tharmy towards O'Brien's Bridge, and by the conduct of said Donough and his friends we were brought to it by a secret and unknown way on this side of the water, where never English host, nor carts came before."

"On Saturday the gunners were shotynge at the bridge and its castell all day, but the walls were twelve fote thick and the Irish had one big piece of iron which shot bullets as big as a mannes head. By Sunday morning the shote

was spent; the castell, however, yielded to an assault."

While breaking down the captured bridge, we are told that the Mayor of Limerick and some others fell into the water. "Albeit, thanks to God, they were saved by swymmyng."

Donough returned on Tuesday, only to find the Dalcassian banner floating once more above the towers of Carrig. On Wednesday he set out with Butler to Waterford for "another batry-piece and more shots." They returned on Sunday, the 14th.

"On Lady Day," says Butler, "we marched with all tharmy once again into Caryck-o-gunnell, which was fortified and manned by the gunners of Desmond and the O'Briens, who wold nowise redelyver the said castel, but defend it to their beste. Whereupon the ordenaunce was bent on one of the gates of the base courte, whereat such a batry was made that the deputy's men wanne the base court. Several of th' English were slayne and others sore hurted. Then the ordenaunce was bent on the dungyn of the great castell, but the Irish galloglasses, harnessed in mail, sallied forth with their big battle-axes, and again diverse of th' English were slayne and others sore hurted. Nevertheless, in the dead of night several of the Deputy's retinue entered a tower of the castell, keeping the same until it was day, when others of tharmy entered, and so did win the hole garrison, with all that wer within to the number of 46." The prisoners were slaughtered without mercy. Some gentlemen only, of the O'Briens, were taken to Limerick, and had their doom commuted into "execution for highe treasone."

The Deputy had no longer money sufficient to pay his troops. Four days after the fall of Carrig the army broke into open mutiny. Loughgur was abandoned, and Grey retired on Clonmel. Donough and his hundred English soldiers, whom Lord Grey describes as the most unruly he had ever seen, remained to garrison Carrig-o-Gunnell and to war on the 'wilde Irish.' Ever and anon during the next six years, now by day, now in the dead of night, Donough and his lawless troop sallied forth from their eyried fortress to plunder, ravish, and destroy. Their route was easily traced. Here, the fences were broken and the cattle taken; there, beside a charred and smouldering pile, lay weltering in its gore, the corse of a peasant, his right hand still clutching the broken weapon with which he had striven to defend his wife, his child, his home. A letter among the State papers, bearing date 1539, contains a piteous appeal to Henry against Donough and his garrison.

King Conor died in 1539, and was succeeded by his brother Murrough, uncle to Donough.

Henry VIII had tried to subdue the Irish chieftains by a costly army, and had failed. The artful monarch now endeavoured to secure their allegiance by high-sounding titles which cost him nothing, and by donations of civic and monastic property which did not belong to him. Many preferred their ancient titles, founded on the possession of centuries, to the new ones, based on usurpation and tyranny. Others bartered faith and liberty, and are supported on the sacrilegious gain even to our own day.

Murrough O'Brien stretched forth eager hands to the *dona ferentes* of the British monarch. On May 15th, 1543, at the Court of Greenwich, amid a scene of unparalleled grandeur, he was invested with the earldom of Thomond, and created first Baron of Inchiquin; having previously requested that the laws and customs of Ireland should be put away for ever, and that there be brought into Ireland some learned men from Oxford and Cambridge, not infected with the poison of the Bishop of Rome, who might preach the word of God in Ireland.

Donough was made Baron of Ibrickan, was to succeed his uncle in the earldom of Thomond, and had his greed for British gold once more satiated.

Murrough returned with letters-patent entitling him to all the lands of the clan, Carrig included, and to the spoils of many monasteries. It was a treacherous gift, and brought into Thomond all the horrors of an intestine war. The people saw the lands which had for ages belonged to the individuals of the clan now become the exclusive property of the chief. They saw their monasteries looted, their sanctuaries violated, and the sacred deposit of their faith attacked. The annalist tells us that they were seized with "abomination, hatred, and disgust." Early in 1551 the renegade Inchiquin passed to his eternal reward. The succession of Donough to the earldom was the spark which fired the smouldering revolt.

Donald, the second son of Conor, had grown into a bold, warlike man, dexterous in hand and kind of heart—"the favourite of his people," say the Four Masters. At this crisis they came and implored him to be their king, to govern

them as his fathers had done of yore. Donald yielded. For three decades of years the fair land of Thomond became one wave of war, one scene of contention. With each rise and each fall the fortunes of Carrig-o-Gunnell varied.

In the spring of 1553 Donough was attacked and slain in his castle at Clonroad. The old regime triumphed for years, till Sussex came with a powerful army, and restored the earldom to the son of Donough.

Donald fled to the North with his son Teige-an-Tsuisain—Teige of the dishevelled hair. Teige died in exile, but Donald returned to continue the struggle. His efforts, however, were fruitless. It is recorded by the Four Masters that "a fortnight before the festival of St. John, in the year 1577, the President came into Thomond with a great multitude of English, and proceeded to behead the chieftains and rebels of the district adjacent to Limerick. Among these was the son of Murrough, the son of Mahon, the most renowned and noble of the heirs of Carrig-o-Gunnell and Aherlow." The castle was soon after confiscated, and passed, at the Restoration, into the hands of Richard Boyle, Archbishop of Dublin.

My tale, gentle reader, is now well-nigh finished, and the old castle also.

It was the evening of Tuesday, August 27th, 1691. The English batteries, which all day long had poured a raking fire into the old city by the Shannon, were now silent. Along under Cratloe the watch-fires were already faintly twinkling in the Irish horse camp. Wafted by the evening breeze, a score of British ships were coming slowly up on the broad tidal flood. The noble pile of Carrig's stern rock was still aflame with the glow of the setting sun. Its embattled walls, proudly towering to the sky, shone as molten gold. Then suddenly, thro' the stillness of that autumn evening, there came a deafening roar. The castle was shaken to its very base. A thousand timbers were hurled high into the air. The stout old walls lurched forward and heaved and then collapsed in one mighty ruin. Ginkle had ordered it, for "to give the Irish their due, they can defend stone walls very handsomely."

J. C.





# "YOU'LL HEAR FROM THAT BOY YET."

BASED ON FACT.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

"AND you did not know John Ryan?"  
"Well, no, sir, except as far as a little business."

"Business! Why, that scarcely takes you within the pocket of a man. But did you get within his heart? Did you know him in his home? see him in the setting of his loved ones? I tell you, Mr. Arno, his very look would be memory for you through life. There was virtue in the shake of his hand."

"Indeed, Mr. Davis, I heard many people talk about him."

"Now, Mr. Arno, you cannot paint for me a man you did not know. I do not want dead canvas. He must be living for me, breathing for me, speaking to me. To do this you must begin within—down in the soul. You cannot do this—no man can do it, unless he knew him, loved him. I know it. I'm sick of things done to dollar bills."

"But, sir, I may grow into that knowledge under your instruction."

"Do you think you will be able to feel the heart throbbing in this little picture of him if I tell you something of the story of his life?"

"Certainly, I do. Already you communicate to me some of your own enthusiasm."

"Take it then, and study it, and make it live, even as I speak to you. I shall not dwell on his strength of character, his full-hearted, prosperous career, his many-sided benevolence. I shall pick out one chapter of his life. Yes, one—to me the loveliest and the dearest—one chastened, softened by the temper of sorrow, and showing John Ryan in the sympathy and delicacy and even noble weakness of his nature."

"I shall be glad to hear it, sir."

"When his brother died in the old land, leaving two lovely children, a boy, Willie, and a girl, Maggie, doubly orphans, John Ryan's heart went out in pity. He crossed to Ireland, brought them here, and made them the care and joy and hope of his life. Everything was for them, everything was centred in them."

"After some years he thought of sending Willie to college. Maggie was attending daily the convent which was quite near their home—and, indeed, all the sweet refining ways and the graces of virtue so characteristic of the good sisters seemed to flow from them to her, and fit her as a garment. Mind well, everything I

say—you cannot know one in this group without the others."

"The day came for Willie's departure to St. John's. It was a sacrifice for all three. Mr. Ryan actually lived in the light and presence of those two children. Dear Maggie dreamed and smiled, and loved on from one of Willie's letters to another. Oh! she was a little angel! John Ryan, as I told you, was a strong man—his feelings were strong, his ideas and hopes were strong, and he knew not what failure meant. Naturally he set the highest store by the virtue of his own blood. Willie was to win honors in college—in fact lead his classes—be to him his pride and glory, and succeed to his name and fortune."

"All this was a foregone conclusion. If he himself had succeeded so well in business, why not Willie at his books? Years passed by however and no honors. The uncle bore up patiently, but Maggie who was sensitive to his every mood knew that it was a keen sting of disappointment to him. How she prayed for Willie's success, and asked the good sisters to make novenas."

"Mr. Davis, Willie must have been a dull boy."

"Dull? not a brighter or better boy in a generation. Have you ever been to college? Do you not know that some boys, rarely do justice to themselves in the class room. When I was at college in Washington we had a young Kerryman with us, the brainiest fellow in the house, and he scarcely opened his mouth in the class. But we, whenever we got an idea, used to hit the professor in the eye with it. True, they laughed at this boy once, and our people are awfully sensitive, I suppose he thought his Kerry brogue the greatest misfortune in the world. How foolish we can be at times!"

"Poor Willie was misunderstood. He was misunderstood, and I bless God for it."

"But how can you say this?"

"You'll learn—You'll learn—meantime be patient"

"Graduation year came. Willie promised that he would strive more than ever; and he was always a faithful worker. There was no doubt about his doing something that year. Maggie was sure of it; good Father Tom, the whole-souled friend of the family, had every hope; even Willie's professor was somewhat

confident; and of course Uncle John was satisfied, or made himself satisfied for their sake Maggie's wits were lovingly active in putting aside sweet surprises for graduation day—several costly souvenirs were in readiness."

"June 24th, the Commencement! It is already the 19th, and yet no letter. What anxious suspense in that home! It is the breakfast hour—the servant enters with the mail. Their eyes catch the handwriting of Willie. It is a breathless moment for love and interest such as theirs. The uncle opens the letter in haste and with manifest emotion. Maggie's cheeks are flushed, her lips are trembling between joy and pain. Her eyes are set on her uncle's features—there she reads the whole story. A passing cloud of passion, a stern glance, a twitch of the brow, and all is told. In a burst of tears she instinctively seizes her uncle by the arm and cries: 'Oh! don't, Uncle John! for papa's sake, don't!' and falls fainting on the carpet."

"My God! Mr. Davis, what can have been in that letter?"

"You do not understand sir! Failure—failure—worse than the ruin of all his business to John Ryan. His heart-break is come. The little darling at his feet makes it doubly, trebly, poignant. Despite his efforts at self-control she read his heart. Poor hearts that cannot be satisfied with torturing themselves! He takes her in his arms, and in a few moments she opens her soft blue eyes on his, and the big salt tears of the big strong man run down in streams of love to bless her."

"Maggie, Maggie, my dear child, what do you wish me to do for you?"

"Promise me, uncle John," she whispered, sobbing, 'to have no hard feeling for Willie. Promise me to love him as you love me, and to go with Father Tom and myself to Commencement, and bring him the presents and make him as happy as if he had won all the honors.'

"And the big strong man, despite his sense of wounded pride, made answer—'certainly, my child, I promise all—I promise all.'

"Very little breakfast was eaten that morning. Maggie's love is not inactive. Why not tell Father Tom, she thought to herself—he will set all things right. And a short note was soon on its way to the good priest. A word was sufficient for one from whom were kept no family secrets. He responds promptly, and his hearty familiar—'God bless all here,' is soon heard in the dining room."

"Would that all visitors were as welcome! Maggie watches her opportunity to withdraw, for she wishes them to be alone."

"The moment she does so the pent up feeling

of John Ryan's heart rises beyond his control."

"Father Tom, my heart is sad."

"What is the matter, John?" and he took his big hand in his."

"Years of hoping, years of proud expectation and planning end in failure, disappointment, shame. Father Tom, my heart, my life was wrapped up in that boy. Read this letter."

"Father Tom was prepared—he felt it was the time for the hot words of counsel."

"What," said he with indignation, 'this, your failure! disappointment! shame! John Ryan, you surprise me! You are not yourself. You are unjust, cruel to your nephew, a dear, good, noble boy, who would make any uncle's heart beat high with pride. Failure, because he does not win medals! Do you know what you are saying? Is the winning of a medal the all of education? Is it any part of true education? Do you mean to tell me, John Ryan, that a medal is the measure of a boy's worth? False, false standard. Where are the medal men who were in college with me? I know not—who knows?"

"Take my word for it, John Ryan, you'll hear from that boy yet."

"It was not easy to shake a rooted opinion in such a man, but many other influences came to the aid of argument, and the words of the priest had their effect."

"Father Tom, for God's sake, enough! enough! I am in the wrong—in the wrong. Enough. I have promised all to Maggie. We shall go to Commencement. We shall honor dear Willie, medals or no medals."

"Commencement morning—a lovely, balmy morning—shone brightly on the three travellers as they walked briskly up the long and shaded avenue to St. John's. They inquired for Willie of the first boys whom they met before the College, and were somewhat taken back by the hesitation of the answers. The boys knew, indeed, more than they had the heart to tell. One of the seniors led them at once to the Rector's office."

"After the usual courtesies, the Rector, a man of courtly bearing, as learned as he was pious and amiable, made answer with much pain and nervousness to their anxious inquiry."

"Mr. Ryan, I have a sad duty to perform towards you this morning. Your Willie, a good boy, an industrious boy, a boy of excellent promise,—at these words Maggie's face brightened up—'is no longer with us,'—and Maggie's cheek turned pale as death. Uncle John stood up from his chair."

"Mr. Ryan," the Rector continued, 'Willie ran away this morning; and what is worse, and to me inexplicable, his running away is

connected with acts of violence and destruction of house property. I say "connected," for he was seen by the watchman running down the avenue about the hour when the damage was done. Besides, they say he bore ill his failure in examination.

"By this time Maggie was as lifeless in the arms of Father Tom, and poor Uncle John stood there in that room the most mean and miserable man in all America. Sure, you know how Father Tom felt it. Mr. Arno, I remember that morning with a vividness which outstrips all description. I see the whole thing going on now before my eyes. How could I forget it?"

"Were you there on that day, Mr. Davis?"

"Why, I know the whole thing from a young fellow popularly called Jack Trump, who was in the college at the time. Jack was the great friend of Willie. He took his part on many an occasion, and when the lads would have made him a victim of their tricks he was ever at hand to interfere. Don't forget Jack, he is a part of the household."

"Is he, too, to be in the group?"

"Certainly."

"But, Mr. Davis, you gave me no picture of him."

"You'll see the living picture—you'll talk with him and take him by the hand."

"Now, Willie was so troubled about his uncle's displeasure, that he begged him in that fateful letter to answer and tell him whether he and Maggie would not forgive his failure and come to the Commencement. But no word came—for, indeed, John Ryan did not finish the reading of that letter. This decided Willie's mind—which already was very unsettled because of a secret resolution, which gave direction and colouring to all his feelings and thought—you will understand forthwith. On that memorable morning just while the mischief-makers were at work in the class room, Willie stole to Jack's bed—

"Jack, Jack, are you asleep?"

"Why, Willie, what's the matter? What are you doing at this hour?"

"Jack—I'm going away, good-bye?"

"What! are you in your senses?"

"Hush—let me tell you—uncle has not answered, he will not be here to-day—Maggie will not be here—I am a thousand times an orphan. Jack, you are my only friend."

"He took both his hands—and could not continue for his heart was breaking."

"Willie, you are dreaming! Have sense! Friends! if I had such an uncle—and oh! such a sister—and such a golden-hearted Father Tom!"

"Poor Jack was a wild boy, but a genuine, harmless boy, and the only child of a rather worldly-minded father."

"True, true, Jack, but let me tell you another secret—Jack, I have never hinted it to anyone, not even to Maggie."

"I want to become a priest—God calls me—I have prayed for years that God would open the way. Jack, nothing else in this world will satisfy my heart."

"Jack sat up in his bed and with great feeling answered:—

"Willie, there was a time when I would have said to this: 'You are a fool,' but I have learnt better.' Poor Jack was brought up a Protestant."

"But why not stay here and see your friends?"

"Impossible. Don't you see, my uncle is very rich. I am his heir. I hold his name and his ambition. He will never consent. Oh, no, Jack. It is God's will. Everything has led to this. We must part. But there is one request I have to make. You will hear from me constantly. For God's sake, keep my secrets, and tell Maggie and uncle from time to time that I am well, that I love them as fondly as ever, and that they will hear from me yet. That's all. You were ever my best friend, Jack—and he tried to tear himself away."

"Willie, you will ever remain so," and they embraced in tears."

"Poor Jack had not much heart to take his degree that day. The rumors in the yard about Willie's running away, and the suspicion cast upon his character, greatly aroused him. He went before the Rector and Willie's uncle, and protested with all the vehemence of his nature that Willie was innocent; that he was incapable of a mean or bad act; that he was the best boy in the College; the brightest and most studious boy in his class. Willie got no medals, but he deserved them much more than Jack himself. They would yet hear from Willie Ryan."

"Despite his great affliction, John Ryan was pleased, and shook the hand of Jack. And sure, dear Maggie—oh, Mr. Arno, you will some day look upon her, I promise you that—dear Maggie, I say, went out with her whole heart to him. She had never heard such beautiful words in her life."

"But Jack was not satisfied with this. He rushed to the yard and into the crowd that was discussing the strange events of the morning. 'So here you are' he said in passionate tones, 'shielding the cowards and blackening the name of an innocent boy. Shame on you! The very fellows who sneaked around this morning, who came out of their holes like a rat in the night to

do mischief, are here acting the heroic among you. I know them. They are here. They are loudest among you—black-livered cowards, to see a dear sister and uncle broken-hearted in the Rector's office. If they had one spark of manliness, they would confess their guilt. Boys, drive them from you."

"Jack's earnestness and eloquence were irresistible. His words overpowered them. Each one looked at his neighbour and did not know what to think or say. A few minutes later the three culprits stalked into the office. They confessed all. Willie's name was emphasized once more as the most honorable name in the college roll. This was another full breath for sore-afflicted hearts. Surely, Willie had, after all, borne off many honors on that day. The truest and highest honors—medals that never rust and never lose their gold."

"The Rev. Rector was generous to the occasion."

"Boys, you have done a dastardly deed. It merits expulsion. Your coming here and confessing it is a worthy deed and merits approbation. But the consequent pleasure it gives me and the loving friends of that sweet boy, Willie Ryan, moves me not only to pardon you, but to reward you."

"Jack, surely, was rewarded; and oh! the reward, you will soon find out."

"Years passed by—in longing, and hoping, and searching—and Willie was not heard from, except through the fond words of Jack's promise. 'Willie is well, and loves you as fondly as ever. You will hear from him yet.' It made Jack cry each time he had to send the message, simply because he could not say more. Oh! how he would give the world to visit New York? They invited him over and over again. He felt he could not keep the secret if he accepted; his heart was there, yes, and his—well, you'll know later."

"John Ryan was ageing fast; and Maggie's eyes were full of dreamful longing, ever watching for the return of her loved one."

"But he was near the altar, and they were ever present to his thoughts. His lifted hands of prayer would draw down blessings on all, and, oh, for the conversion of his dear Jack."

"Lead, kindly light, lead thou him on,"

he would often repeat."

"Do you know, Mr. Arno, Willie's prayer was heard? The kindly light did lead him on. Willie stood by him at the baptismal font; and though he was thereby disinherited by his father, ostracised by his people, there was not, and there is not, a happier man in all America than Jack Trump."

"Five years more! Five years filled out with the bitter-sweet of—'Willie is well—he loves you as fondly as ever. You will hear from him yet' Oh, when will that yet be changed into 'to day,' 'to-morrow,' even 'in a year,'—anything but the indefinite and torturing yet!"

"Five years more, and Mr. Ryan, Maggie, and Father Tom are on their way to the South. They were wont to take a long trip every summer, for the sake of some distraction as well as with a hope of, even by blessed accident, meeting Willie. This year everything was planned beforehand by Father Tom. He was let into the secret of secrets in due time. It is ordination day at St. Mary's, and the little party are in town. Father Tom suggests a visit to the seminary—he knows some one there, of course he does. The three are soon within the parlor of the seminary, and lo!"

"My God, John Davis, is this you?" exclaimed Mr. Ryan."

"Oh, John, John, where is Willie—where is Willie?" cried Maggie, both pressing tenderly his hands and breathless for an answer."

"Now I see, and so you are Jack Trump?"

"Be patient, man, and hear me to the end. Jack speaks not a word—he cannot—but his eyes speak—his whole being speaks—and turning to the mantle-piece, he fixes their attention on a beautifully-framed and illuminated parchment—all Jack's doing."

"It reads, in large letters of gold and green—

'YOU'LL HEAR FROM THAT BOY YET.'

"Then follows the honor roll of Willie Ryan for five years of seminary life. And what an honor roll it is! Oh, Mr. Arno, we must leave that parlor—the thought of that morning is burning my brain. Who can look upon those faces melting in love and gratitude, and not melt himself. Let us enter the chapel. Yes, with John Ryan, and Maggie, and Father Tom. Dear Father Tom you have a heroic part to play this day!"

"One of the attendant clergymen is just binding with a linen cloth the anointed hands of one of the candidates. His full side face can be seen by all in the chapel."

"One fainting scream,—'Willie, Willie!'"

"One strong outburst of tears from the strong heart."

"A strange shudder in all present, and Willie Ryan returns pale and trembling to his place."

"Blessed reunion! blessed ordination morning! If sorrow had no other purpose but to sweeten our joy, as the joy of this morning, then blessed be sorrow!"

"Need I say more about John Ryan? Do you not now know him and love him; and Maggie,



and Willie, and Father Tom, and even poor Jack?

"Mr. Davis, I am bewildered; are you Jack Trump?"

"I am Jack Trump, and the angel of my home, the joy of my life is Maggie."

"And Father Willie—where is he?"

"Willie is President of St. John's, and it will not be Father Ryan's fault if any boy is again misunderstood within its walls."

"Mr. Davis, all this is a revelation to me. You have taken me into a new world—an unknown world of beauty, and love, and goodness in the heart of our city! But where am I to begin or end in such a field of inspiration?"

"Paint, sir, the grateful poor in prayer beside the tomb of John Ryan."

"Paint the procession of veiled charities going with joyful step from his door."

"Paint him in the setting of his dear ones—with Maggie, and Willie, and Father Tom and Jack."

"Yes, paint him in that happy morning when he read in letters of gold and green—"

"YOU'LL HEAR FROM THAT BOY YET."

T. J. S.

## "O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY."

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

(Translated from the German of Karl Landsteiner.)

The sinking sunbeams dart the word,  
The fading flowers each year record,  
Thou must die!

The graves do voice it loud and clear,  
Thou must die!

The Future's false, wherein thy trust,  
For surely tells thy too frail dust,  
Thou must die!

And tho' thou know'st nor day nor year,  
Thou must die!

But hark! one voice o'erwhelms them all,  
That from the Cross in grace doth call,  
Thou shalt live!

Nor tomb nor death shall teach thee fear,  
Thou shalt live!

WILHELM VON DER BREITWEIDE.

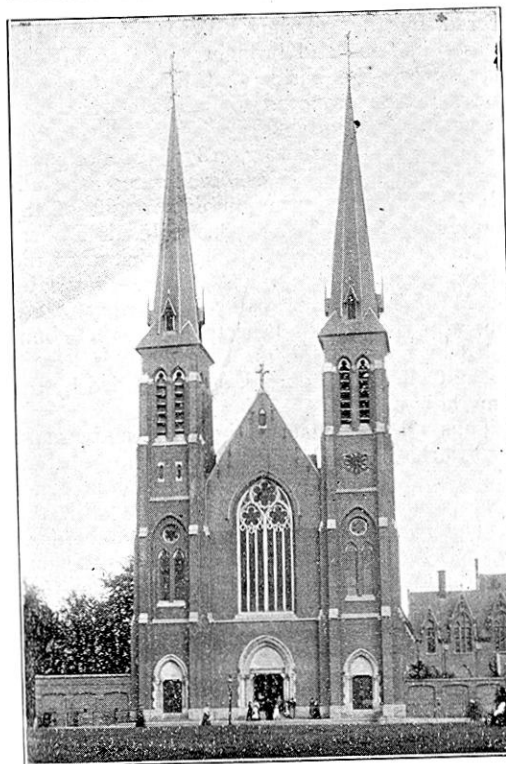
## OOSTAKER—THE LOURDES OF FLANDERS.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

ONE beautiful morning in August I found myself in Ghent,—city picturesque and quaint—with its canals spanned by a hundred bridges. The Flemish women, dressed in bright colours, were hurrying to the market with the produce of the week, and chattering away in a solemn-syllabled language. The noise of many barrows, faithful companions of every farmer, was broken ever and anon by the click-clack of the sabots. The children screamed and played about the baskets filled with cheese. Every face was plump and bright—no line told of care or misery. If I had come earlier I should have seen the church filled with those pious people, asking a blessing on their day's work.

The streets of the town are badly paved. The country roads are full of ruts, foul with mud in winter and thick with dust in summer.

But the Fleming's house is a gem, bright and glittering under every facet. A loamy soil and assiduous labour have clothed his lands with a varied and luxuriant vegetation. On every side waves the golden corn, glancing and sparkling beneath the risen sun. The women, simply dressed, on the head no coiffure and on the feet the wooden sabot, are as numerous and as diligent in the fields as the men. For miles the view extends without a wall or hedge to arrest it. Verily, they are an industrious people, whom God is blessing a hundred-fold in this life. Quite charmed with this simple scenery of well-tilled fields, I soon reached Oostaker, a small village, where I found I had gone too far. I had to retrace my footsteps, till lo! a vision arose from out of the ground—a vision in this country of plain manor-houses—a pretty château with a still prettier history.



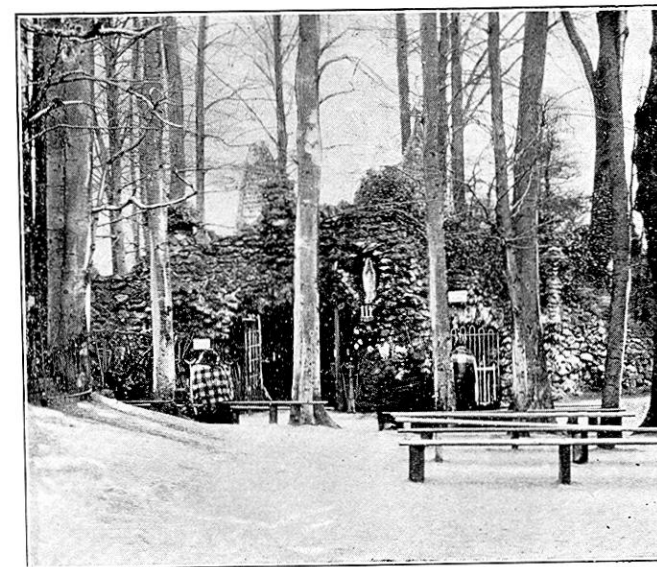
OOSTAKER—THE CHURCH.

About 1772, François, Baron of Plotho, despised riches and honours to bury himself in the solitudes of a Trappist Monastery. But his health was unable to bear the austerities of the cloister, and compelled him to abandon the monastic life. He returned to his family, and was soon after ordained priest. An enthusiastic lover of the hidden life, he determined to transform his château into a monastery, when suddenly Europe was shaken to its foundations by the French Revolution, that, in the sacred name of liberty, dethroned kings, overthrew altars, and exiled priests. Some Trappists came to Oostaker and asked the hospitality of François, Baron of Plotho, who received them most cordially. But the chaotic anarchy of France passed over the Belgian frontier, before it the sunshiny places of opulence and peace, behind it the smoke of desolation. The Baron of Plotho was forced to renounce his projects, and the Trappists had to seek another home

in another land. However, to give employment to the workmen, whom he saw reduced to poverty by the revolution, he had the aforesaid château built. In the background stretched a park, robed in varied beauty, showing here in the tender form of flowers, and there in the majesty of beech trees. François chose a quiet spot, where he passed the rest of his days in solitude, penance, and prayer. He died in 1811, considered as a saint by his family and held in veneration by all.

His sister married Amedée, Comte de Calonne, Marquis de Courtebourne, and Knight of the Order of St. Louis. Their son Alphonse, Marquis de Courtebourne, married Marie Thérèse Thècle de Nedondee. The Marquise de Courtebourne determined to follow the fashions of the time by the construction of an aquarium in her park. By a happy conjunction of circumstances the aquarium was erected on the site of the hermitage of her uncle, Baron of Plotho, and over it was built a grotto. To unite piety and pleasure the Marquise resolved to place a statue of Our Lady in the grotto. The Curé highly approved of the project, suggesting Our Lady of Lourdes. The aquarium was finished in 1871, and up to 1873 had nothing miraculous or remarkable connected with it. The members of the family visited it frequently to see the gold-fish gambol in the clear waters, and the sticklebacks sweep round in pursuit or flight.

On June 29, 1873, Feast of SS. Peter and



OOSTAKER—THE GROTTO.

Paul, the statue was to be solemnly blessed by the Curé of Oostaker. The pious inhabitants asked permission to assist at the ceremony. Two thousand persons followed their pastor to inaugurate one of the most famed pilgrimages of modern times. It was here, in a place that contrasts strangely with the wild majestic beauty of Lourdes, with its undulating fields, its valleys, its mountains and its waters, that the Blessed Virgin chose to manifest herself, not indeed in bodily form, but by the testimony of miracles. It is a scene, like many others in Belgium, suited to the simple religious tastes of the Flemings. If it has not vistas of pine and wild rock scenery, it has, what is more precious and beautiful to the Flemish mind, rich simplicity.

Sunday after Sunday thousands flocked to the grotto, moved by some mysterious power or heavenly attraction, till what was erected for pleasure and ornamentation became a place of public pilgrimage. This little Lourdes of Flanders has been blessed with numerous miracles, which atheistic scientists have tried to explain away. But their subtle fluids and complexus of nervous fibre, impelled by a galvanic stimulus, have only proved them dupes of that sciolism and hallucination which they found in others. The 17th May, 1875, about 25,000 men from the different provinces of Belgium were seen in prayer before the statue. The interior of the grotto was tapestried with ex-votos and begrimed with the smoke of candles

offered by the pilgrims. Year after year increased its fame and brought such numbers to pray before the shrine that the Marquise de Courtebourne proposed to build a church near the grotto.

The 11th September, 1877, Monseigneur Vannutelli, Papal Nuncio, consecrated a beautiful Gothic church, the munificent gift of the Marquise. April 8th, 1878, the Jesuit Fathers settled at the residence to take charge of the pilgrimage and church. They were chosen by the Marquise most probably in memory of her son, who entered the Society of Jesus as counselled by the Curé d'Ars, and who died Rector of the College of Tournai, as prophesied by the same holy man.

Thus did Mary manifest herself to a pious and hard-working people, to solace them in their labours and cheer them in their troubles. Look into those big, bright faces, radiant with the light of faith and love—a people characterised by their generosity in spiritual things as they are open-handed in their dealings with men—God is blessing with increase and progress a little nation unheeded in the diplomatic battles of Europe. Not alone is it foremost for its piety and faith, but also in the throbbing energy of modern civilization. From great centres ramify its arteries of railways, channels for a thousand pulses of life, and its towns are numberless factories, showing that religion does not trammel human progress or seek to arrest the onward march of science.

P. C. ('93.)

## THE GHOST OF HIS GRANDFATHER.

A REMINISCENCE OF MUNGRET.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

WHETHER a respectable, well-established college ghost has found a place among the many recent improvements in Mungret, is a point concerning which I am, unfortunately, ignorant. But I know that, some eight or ten years ago, the want of some such shadowy appurtenance to the establishment was distinctly felt by many among the younger members of the community. Of course, we were not altogether destitute in that line. Jack Dillon, who was then (and is still, for aught I know) a sort of carpenter and general factotum

round the house, used to speak in solemn whispers of a ghost in the farmyard, and as Jack lived somewhere near the old churchyard, he was regarded as an authority on such matters. Jack's ghost was a defunct blacksmith, who used to come from the churchyard on particularly stormy nights, and hammer away on an old anvil in the farmyard for hours together. Questions as to how and why and other little minutiae were treated by Jack with contempt. He didn't know anything about "Tayology," he said, and if we wanted any more information we

could go and get it from the blacksmith himself the next night he came; but he advised us to say good-bye to our friends first. After that there was no more questioning. I remember wondering why the deceased tradesman did not come on fine nights, and so escape a wetting, and also where he got the hammer, but I kept such enquiries to myself; it was just possible that they might somehow or other reach the ears of the ghost, and that he might come to answer them in *propria persona* some night, and I was not at all anxious to receive a nocturnal visit from a blacksmith who had been goodness knows how many years dead.

At last a few of those inquisitive spirits who spoil so many ghost stories and other such matters by their over deep investigations, hid that old anvil in the coal shed and waited for developments. That spoiled everything. After the next stormy night Jack declared as usual that the blacksmith had been "kicking up terrible ructions entirely last night." The radicals went to the coal house and found that the anvil had not been disturbed, and the blacksmith—and Jack—were voted a fraud. After that there were several other candidates for the position of family ghost, but, like Paul Dombey's nurse they were all only temporaries, and during my time at least the permanent stage was never reached.

But all this is a digression, and has nothing to do with my story, which by your leave I will now begin in proper orthodox fashion.

On a wild night in December, a good many years ago, a little circle of six or seven, mostly members of the grammar classes, sat round the fire in a room which in those days did duty for the infirmary. Who they were does not matter now: one of them has since gone to another world, and the rest are fairly scattered over this. Still, as two of them play more or less important parts in this narrative, they must be accommodated with some sort of names, so we must call them the Storyteller and X. You must not be surprised that I have given the Storyteller a big S, for if ever storyteller deserved a big S, he did. The way he told stories, and especially ghost stories, was simply perfect. There were no weird descriptions, no long-winded attempts to work upon the imagination of his listeners,—no, everything was plain and simple as Truth itself. The Storyteller would sit quietly before the fire, gazing straight into the coals, as if he saw the whole thing going on there, and, in a plain, matter-of-fact fashion, spin yarns of the living and the dead that would put Baron Munchausen to the blush. His stories were none of the once-upon-a-time class; his characters had invariably a local habitation and a name. They

were generally relatives of his own too, a few generations or so back, probably to put them beyond the reach of modern scepticism, and were always remarkable for their piety and veracity. When he had finished his story the Storyteller would stand up, and, putting his back to the fire, wind up with the emphatic declaration, "and that's as true as I'm sitting here." Whether this last assertion was merely the unconscious effect of habit or a sort of saving clause dictated by the tender conscience of the Storyteller is a point on which I have never been able to make up my mind.

Well, on this particular December night the Storyteller sat as usual in the centre of the semi-circle, and by the flickering firelight (for he always put out the lamp on such occasions), told a story of the ghost of his great grandfather. He had not gone far when he was interrupted by X. He had been telling how his respected ancestor had a favourite chair which in his old age he used to drag around the house in peculiar little jerks, and X. remarked that *his* grandfather who had lately died had exactly the same habit. This remark was received by the Storyteller with frigid silence, he looked upon it as an attempt to raise X's grandfather to the level of his own favoured ancestors and treated it with the contempt it deserved—he remained silent for a few moments and then continued his story as if nothing had happened. He told how his great grandfather having been gathered to his fathers at the age of four score and ten and some months (the Storyteller loved to be accurate), returned in ghostly guise to console his sorrowing relatives, and advertised his presence by dragging around his own peculiar chair in his own peculiar fashion. Having developed his narrative in his usual masterly style, and having stood up to make the customary declaration as to its veracity, the Storyteller remained for some minutes standing with his back to the fire to answer any questions that might be asked. Generally these questions were eager and serious enough, and showed the interest with which the Storyteller's narratives were listened to, but to-night the spirit of unbelief seemed to have taken possession of the company. They were far too cheerful to be serious, for the Xmas holidays would begin in a few days and they could not think of anything else. One of them asked in a tone that was decidedly sceptical, what reason the Storyteller's great grandfather could have for coming back from the other world, and what possible pleasure he could find in dragging round that old chair. The Storyteller had but one answer to all such questions, and it was generally sufficient to silence, if not to convince, his interrogators,—



shrugging his shoulders and casting a pitying half contemptuous glance on the inquisitive individual, he would say in a solemn monotone :  
 "There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio  
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

But to-night even this time-honoured quotation had no effect on the group. One suggested that the old gentleman had come back to frighten his sorrowing relatives out of their grief; another that he had an unghostly hankering after "his ane fireside"; a third said that he had returned simply and solely to add another true story to his great-grandson's *repertoire*; and a fourth put the climax on the Storyteller's wrath by irreverently suggesting that his departed ancestor had come back because he had not found his quarters comfortable in the other world. This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and with a few gentle remarks about donkeys the Storyteller strode out of the room, and the door closed behind him with an indignant bang. A few minutes afterwards the others also took their leave, just as the bell was ringing for the end of recreation (for it was a free evening). X alone was left. He was the only legitimate occupant of the sick-room, the others being merely visitors who had come to pass the after-supper recreation with him.

Left to himself, X's first care was to lock the door. He had as much faith in human nature as most people, but he thought it just possible that his friends who had left might endeavour to get up a ghost for his amusement, and it was best to keep all temptation away from them—so he locked the door. Somehow or other, when he found himself alone in the darkened room, X could not help thinking of the story he had just heard. Try as he would, he could not get the thing out of his head, and he began to wish the Storyteller had not been quite so graphic in the telling of it. Then he thought of his own grandfather, and wondered how he should feel if he were to pay him a visit, chair and all, during the night. The thought was not a pleasant one, and X shuddered as it occurred to him, and added a special *Ave Maria* to his night prayers to be preserved from all such visitations. Having finished his prayers, he slacked down the fire, and in a short time was sleeping the sleep of the just.

He had been asleep for some time, he had no idea how long, when something awoke him; what it was he did not know exactly, but he had a sleepy recollection of having heard some noise in the room. He rubbed his eyes and looked around, but he put so much slack on his fire that it gave no light, and the room was in total darkness. While he was still wondering whether he had really heard a noise or whether

he had been dreaming, something stirred in the room. This time there could be no doubt about it, and X's hair stood on end as he distinctly heard a chair down near the door coming in short irregular jerks towards his bed. Now, it is all very well to laugh at ghosts and ghost stories in the daylight, or when there is plenty of company, but it is quite another matter when you are sleeping alone in a great big room, and when someone like the Storyteller has been making your flesh creep with tales of the other world before going to bed. Add to this the fact that a few weeks in the infirmary does not leave one's nerves in the best possible condition and you will be able to form some idea of what X's feelings were, as that dreadful chair came slowly towards his bed. Big drops of cold sweat rolled down his face as he lay huddled up under the bedclothes. The beatings of his heart became so loud and oppressive that he could scarce breathe, and it seemed to him as if some heavy weight was lying on his chest, but he dared not move a muscle to relieve himself. For some moments he lay there in silent agony, and then a bright thought like a light from heaven broke upon his mind. He had often heard the Storyteller say that a ghost questioned in the name of God must answer, and he determined to speak, anything was better than the torture of lying there motionless. Slowly and fearfully he removed the bedclothes from his face and tried to pronounce the words of the interrogation, but terror had parched his throat and mouth, and no words would come. He tried again and again, and at last found his voice, but it sounded so strange and far away that X stopped terrified after the first word. Again he tried, and this time trembling with excitement and expectation, he succeeded in saying: "In the name of God, who are you?" The only answer was a long, moaning jerk from the chair, and X fell back half unconscious on his bed.

For some minutes there was silence, and as he gradually recovered from the shock X began to think for the first time since the arrival of the ghost. The only ghost with a chair, he reasoned, who could have any interest in visiting him was his grandfather. Now, his grandfather had been a respectable, God-fearing man, and no respectable ghost could leave that solemn abjuration unanswered. There must be something wrong, that was clear. Perhaps it was no ghost at all. The very doubt gave X courage; in a moment he had jumped out of bed, rushed to the table where the matches were, and lit the lamp.

Outside the door, with their handkerchiefs in

their mouths to keep them from laughing, stood three of X's late companions. They held a cord in their hands which they had tied to a chair and passed round the leg of X's bed before they left the room that night. Every now and then they gave a pull, and appeared to be enjoying themselves immensely. But, alas! how fleeting are the pleasures of the world. Suddenly the door opened, and a figure in shirt and trousers began belabouring them with a heavy crutch. The tables were turned. Next day X had three companions in the infirmary; they were stiff and sore, and were being treated for "rheumatism."

And now some practical critic may accuse me of drawing on my imagination, and may ask me how I can remember little details so distinctly after so many years, and how I can describe X's feelings so accurately. Well, I suppose I must "make a clean breast of it," to save the Annual from a charge of fiction. Even the "practical critic" will be satisfied that I have reason to know and to remember that December night when I tell him that I am X.

## A LOTOS EATER.

Hot sun-floods burnishing the river flood—  
 The lordly lapse of Shannon, seaward swinging  
 Thro' rich flat meadows with scythe-music  
 ringing  
 And fringing wealth of rush, where white-crowned  
 bud  
 And bloom of lily golden-hearted stud  
 The cool, green-shafted aisles,—there the  
 close-clinging  
 Reeds stayed my boat, and with the ripple's  
 singing  
 The peace of Summer passed into my blood.  
 Afar, the measured stroke of oars; I read  
 How fared the barge from Astolat; mine eyes,  
 Dim with sweet sadness, watched the dragon-  
 flies,  
 Shuttles of green and azure winged with light,  
 That wove the warp of sunbeam overhead;  
 And poet's fancies lived awhile in sight!

J. KEATING, S.J

## THE WAR AND THE WEST.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

NOT that we have any particular reason for believing that "The War and the East," though not so alliterative in sound, would not be an equally good heading as far as matter of fact is concerned, but that our citizenship being of the West, and our dwelling place upon its prairies, we desire to speak of what we have actually seen and heard and in other ways perceived by our own personal observation.

At the beginning of this year of grace, 1898, there were two main ideas agitating the minds of those who have more care for the weal or woe of mankind in general than for that particular section of the great human family committed by Providence to their charge, and furnishing food for conversation to the leisure hours of those who give due attention to their own affairs, and these were the recent discovery of gold in the Klondike region of Alaska and the forthcoming Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha. From these two sources the newspapers drew inspiration for announcements in

their largest type, for their leading articles, and for sensational paragraphs of more or less—generally less—reliable information. These two things formed the protoplasm from which were evolved the most modern jokes and puns. They gave names to the latest inventions, to the latest built houses, to the newest schemes of money-making, of philanthropy, we had almost said, of religion, for the ubiquitous Salvation Army mixes in a most ludicrous and highly irreverent manner what is old and sacred with what is new and profane. The well had not been pumped dry by any means, and the memory of 1898 seemed to be destined to float down to posterity on the stream of Klondike and Trans-Mississippi associations.

But suddenly there gushed forth another source of newspaper and popular infatuation. First came the DeLome incident, which most people regarded as nothing but a piece of journalistic sensationalism, till it was followed very soon by the explosion of the U.S. S. "Maine," in Havana harbour, and the

subsequent war with Spain, of which the whole world has been an interested spectator. Since then we have been called upon at every street corner, and in every advertisement to "Remember the Maine," and to aid our memory have been treated to a second and rhythmic line ending in "Spain," to rhyme with "Maine." Our domestic pets have been named after the military and naval heroes of the war, so that we have Dewey cats and Dewey dogs, and even Dewey diminutive specimens of humanity, ushered into being in this momentous year of battleships and great guns; while Sampson, Hobson, Schley, and others, who have cut some figure in the war by virtue of rank or favourable opportunity are not less frequently recorded by something animate or inanimate, which is "named for" them, as the American phrase has it. These names have been used to consecrate, as it were, all things from the humble five-cent cigar to the newest design in meerscham pipes, from the "harmless and necessary" jack-knife to the noblest implements of agriculture, from the lowliest log-cabin to the lordly manor of the *nouveau riche*; in fine, the very patriotism has been impugned of those who might refuse to patronize a show, to purchase some article of merchandise, or to subscribe for some publication which had covered its nakedness with the sacred mantle of one of these names.

Indeed, the outburst of unmistakable patriotism, however questionable at times in its expression, and mixed up as it undoubtedly has been among many other motives of action, is a source of legitimate pride and gratification to every citizen, whether by birth or adoption, who believes in the future of the country, and who looks for its conservative progress. The ruler of no other great nation in the world could have called together at such short notice the large number of volunteers for military service which President McKinley assembled under the Stars and Stripes by a single proclamation. No other great ruler would have even attempted to do it. If a continental monarch needs soldiers, it is by conscription and military coercion, and not by invitation that he must obtain them, and even the Queen of England would receive but a languid response to a call for 200,000 volunteer soldiers for a foreign war. There the gun and the bayonet are forced into unwilling hands though for the service of the country, here thousands rush forward to grasp them at the first call, so that many had even to be turned away. And the Volunteers were not, by any means, all of the idle and thriftless classes—the "loafers," as is so much the case in the

British army. They came from all classes of society, from all ranks in the community. There was, of course, a fair sprinkling of "corner boys" from the cities, but besides these, and in greater numbers, there were farm-hands, sons of independent farmers, shop assistants ("store-hands" they would be called in American phraseology), clerks, university and college students, practising lawyers, doctors, and even clergymen. The regiments were in a very short time filled to their allotted complement, and hundreds had to be refused. The authorities were thus enabled to be very choice in their selection of men, and accepted only the best material; and if the enthusiasm was great, and the spirit of sacrifice for the good of country remarkable among those who actually donned the trappings of war, no less pronounced was the display of patriotism among those who remained non-combatants. The recruits were gathered into camps, first of all in the little towns of each district, and were gradually massed in the populous cities of each state, and wherever the soldiers were congregated they were the lions of the day, and the citizens of all classes vied with one another in ministering to their comforts and in doing them honour. When the regiments were ordered to the Philippines or to Cuba, their progress towards the different points of embarkation was a triumphal march.

I have remarked that this display of patriotism was "mixed with many other motives of action." This was made apparent as soon as the volunteer army was formed, in the scramble for office which immediately began among those who had the least "political pull," and who had, therefore, the ghost of a chance of success. Unfortunately, these were not always the ones best qualified by character or training for the various positions to be filled, nor were they even those whose social grade (for social grades there are, even in America) or whose wealth might seem a ground for preferment; for the word "politics," with all its derivatives, which in Europe are highly respectable and respected, in America mean little more than the intrigues and wire-pulling of the brazen and unscrupulous. An office, whether in civil life, in the army or the navy, is often regarded not for the honour which it brings, not as a sign of the esteem and confidence of one's fellow-citizens, but for the salary attached to it, and the emoluments—greater or less according to the degree of honesty of its holder—that it implies.

Another motive which, no doubt, mainly influenced many a young native of these vast

and monotonous prairies was the desire to see the world. This was especially the case with those who came from the country districts, and, though it is a fact much to be deplored, it is not surprising that it should be so; for a life more devoid of interest and variety than that of a farmer on the prairie cannot very well be imagined. Food for the body he has in abundance, and money also, if he is only sober and industrious, but food for the soul, recreation of body or mind, beauty and diversity of scenery—of these he knows little or nothing. And to one who has enjoyed the fuller life of European conditions, especially at first, life on the prairies is dreary in the extreme. But the priest, at least, besides the consciousness of his divine mission has also the human consolation of watching the effect of his efforts to raise and to amplify this life of routine and servile labour—a consolation

all-absorbing, and we had almost said, all-satisfying. But on these things we cannot now dilate; at some future time we may find leisure to go more into detail, for we should dearly love to see many labourers in the Far-Western "vineyard of the Lord" recruited from among the sons of our own *Alma Mater*, whose earliest traditions of high-souled self-sacrifice and noble ambition we feel confident they have preserved and will carry forth with them into the outer world.

And so, as it is nearly midnight, and slumber cometh on apace, we lay down our jaded pen, though we might yet have said much of "The War and the West," and with a hearty greeting to the second number of "The Mungret Annual," and the best auguries for its long and prosperous life, we make our bow and retire into our original obscurity of private life and the singular pronoun.

CECIL BROADMEAD.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT MATCH.

Early in February we received the tidings that a great International contest was to take place at Limerick. The prospect of an extra free day put us in high glee. A football match, and above all an International one, has ever aroused our sympathy. A peculiar interest attached to the present one. Never before had an International Match been played in Limerick.

No wonder then that we were all excitement. In every nook and corner of the old halls we clustered in ardent groups, and speculation was rife on the coming contest. We well knew that we had to deal with no mean adversaries. A dozen fields had shown us what Wales could do. We felt, too, that Erin's champions had not all been well chosen. Party spirit, we heard it whispered, had prevailed over merit, and certain it was that some of the very best of the Irish team were not to appear.

The 19th of March came round. A heavy and dull morning, preceded by a wet evening, presaged a bad day, and a thick scud seemed a harbinger of rain. Before ten, however, the sun burst forth in all its splendour, and dissipated the gathering clouds.

A hundred and thirty strong we were on the Stand some two hours before the appointed time. We were not alone; some of the Fathers accompanied us, and one could easily see that none

took a greater interest in the match than they. A special Stand had been reserved for us. From our elevated position we surveyed the field, covered with its assembled thousands. Every spot of Ireland, from the turgid Foyle to the silvery Lee, had sent its contingent. Many too had flocked thither from England, Scotland and Wales, and as the contest proceeded, their cries of joy or encouragement resounded over the field as the tide of victory rolled to and fro.

Along the side of the arena sat a hundred busy knights of the pen, attended by scores of breathless messengers. The Grand Stand was crowded, and the grounds below still more so. The walls were black with people, and the adjacent trees teemed with the gamins of the streets. Every stage and occupation of life were here represented. Gray-haired men and romping children mingled with the sterner type of middle life. The hardy son of toil and the sleek professional man were alike to be seen. Aunt Sally sold her apples; stewards and photographers hurried to and fro. The policeman stalked up and down, or chased the small boys that clambered over the walls.

The whole scene was one not easily to be forgotten. The gay equipages, the dense crowd, the bustle, the excitement, the brilliancy of the



display, were all calculated to impress it upon our memory.

Intense enthusiasm everywhere prevailed. The Welsh were the first to appear on the scene. They received the hearty applause that a generous race will ever bestow on an honourable foe. And here we may remark on the generosity and good taste shown by the people of Limerick during the whole of that eventful day. They always gave skill and daring, even in the opposite

before the sun went down they proved themselves the best that were ever called on to wear the red cap for their country.

A deafening shout now told us that our own were at hand. Never did victor of famed Olympia receive a more hearty ovation than the one that now greeted the champions of Ireiand. Ten thousand voices united in ringing cheers to honour her chosen combatants.

The Irish seemed of darker hue than their



WALES v. IRELAND—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

party, its meed of applause. And so now, amid loud cheers and waving of hats, the Welsh champions came into view.

Eagerly did we scan their faces, and anxiously we estimated their strength. A galaxy of sturdy men they seemed, men likely to possess thews and sinews of iron. The hall-mark of vigour was stamped upon their frames. But though for the most part brawny miners, the sequel showed that they were experts in the science of the oval; and

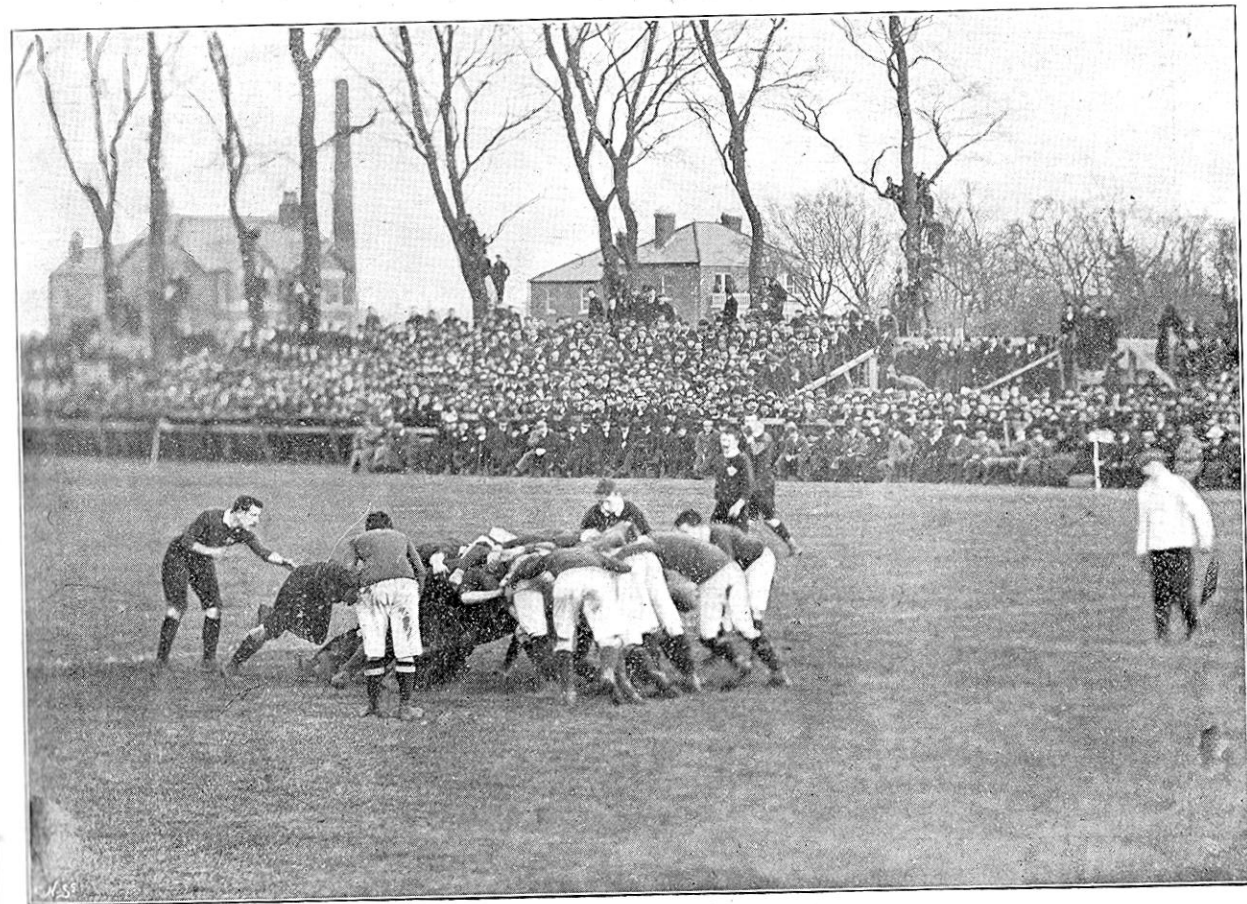
antagonists. We gazed upon them with admiration and pride. Our hopes ran high, for surely their spirit and dash would more than offset their marked inferiority in build. On they came, their green, white and gold blending together in apter harmony than the red and black of their opponents.

Here came in sight the well-knit frame of Louis Magee; and soon a bond of union seemed established between us. The enthusiasm of the

Jesuit boys evinced their sympathy for the old athlete of Clongowes; and as the contest went on, repeated cries of "There's Louie," "Louie has it again," betrayed who our favourite was. Here also was Gardiner's well-known face, and by his side the brave Purser. Conspicuous in the band too were the Ryan brothers, the two giants from gallant Tipperary.

How our hearts bounded at the sight of the green jersey! A true Irishman, who has seen

blood tingled with pride! I verily believe I could have embraced the dark-haired hero who shot the goal. The Welsh were not dismayed. They seemed to unite a steady, unflinching courage with thorough organisation. The absence of the latter was conspicuous in the Irish team, and this it was that proved their bane. Time and again did the red line charge down the field in perfect order, and all too seldom did their opponents' resistance prove effectual.



WALES v. IRELAND—A SCRUMMAGE.

a green banner unfurled, can sympathize with our feelings. The remembrance of Ireland's glory and Ireland's heroes flashed across our minds. But our reflections were cut short, for already the whistle has sounded, and the opposing teams line out on the field.

I never knew how deep were my own feelings of patriotism till I saw the Irish, after about five minutes play, rush on the enemy's lines, and in a few moments score a goal. How my very

Now behold this slanting line, in an instant formed, and reaching almost right across the field; on they come, rushing at full speed for the Irish goal; the ball is flying backward from hand to hand; the Irish backs are disorganized; each Welshman as he gets the ball is collared, but all too late, for his neighbour five yards on the left already has possession of it and is speeding on. The last Welshman on the wing has it, and runs along the touch line within almost two

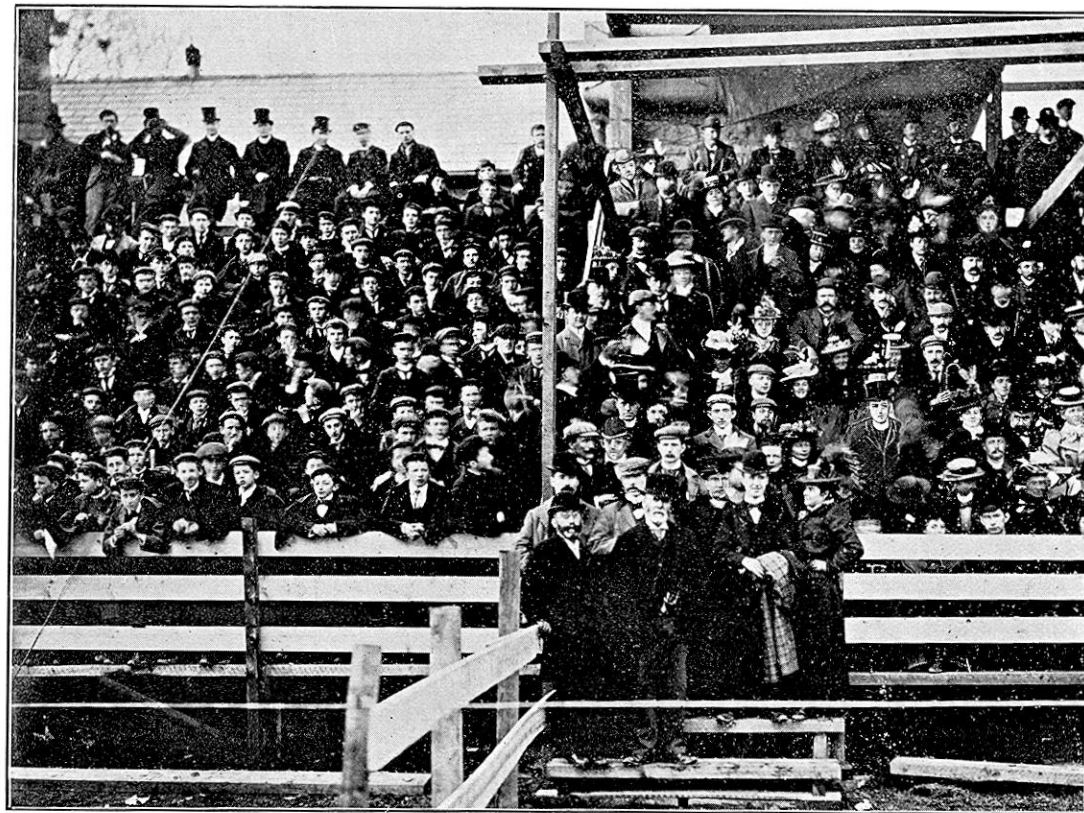


yards of the goal line. Three steps more and it is passed. Two of his opponents rush on him from the right, but with dismay we saw them miss their grasp, and fall spinning from the shock of his shoulder. And now he wheels round and rushes for the posts, when suddenly he is embraced by the intrepid Louis, who has taken in the whole danger, and has rushed at almost lightning speed from his own position on the field.

Thus often would an Irish back save his goal,

genius to enlist the service of the torrent, to harness the cataract, or to call the wild winds to the service of man. Without an organizing mind force can be of little use.

And now the brave Purser is dealt a severe kick, and is borne off the field. For a full half-hour he had played with a broken collar-bone. We now almost despaired, for the mainstay of our backs was gone. Swift and daring in the rush, fearless, undaunted he had withstood the onslaught of Wales. And as we cheered him



SNAPSHOT OF GRAND STAND—SHOWING MUNGRET COLLEGE BOYS.

and by a great kick send the ball far out of danger; but alas! his fellows would not be where the ball dropped, to follow up the attack. Had we had a little more system, I am confident that Wales would have met the fate of England.

But the wild rush of the Irish! How our hearts bounded with enthusiasm as we saw them again and again dash on their opponents' lines; but weight, steadiness and organization were all against them. Their fire and dash were not sufficient, and seldom have been. It requires

again and again we little knew what agony he was suffering.

Why dwell on our feelings of disappointment as we saw the day now lost. The Welsh score continued to mount, and when the last shrill blast of the whistle made us bid farewell to every gleam of hope, the Irish had but three points to offset the eleven of their opponents. Dolefully we wended our way homeward, longing for another day, when better organization would crown with success the dash and spirit of the sons of Erin. WM. V. O'DOHERTY (1st Arts).

## THE NATURAL VIRTUES.

### ONE REQUISITE OF A PRIEST IN AMERICA.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

The training of a young man for the priesthood naturally follows a different method, and is dominated by different aims, according to the special department of priestly ministration for which he is intended. His training should also keep in view the character and the condition of country which is to be the scene of his priestly labours.

The contrast between the French seminary and the institution which trains ecclesiastics in Germany is remarkable, and the great National College of Ireland owes a large share of its undoubted success to its system of intellectual and disciplinary training, which has always kept in view the needs of the Irish people, and the environment in which the Irish priest must work out his own salvation, and the salvation of the souls committed to his charge.

The modern seminary movement in the United States recognises this principle, and takes its inspiration from the study of the peculiar circumstances of priestly life in America. It is true, the essentials of priestly duty are everywhere identical; but it is likewise true that the most successful course of seminary training is that which fits the individual priest for the one particular phase which priestly life assumes for him.

In America we are a peculiar people. We recognise it, and our friends across the water are willing to grant our claim, though they do not always understand our national traits as we understand them. Be this as it may, we have a national character, and in a Journal like this it may not be out of place to point out some of the lines along which an Irish student should develop his character in order to attain success as a priest in America.

In his attitude towards Religion the typical American is very much inclined to look primarily on the natural side of things. This is certainly a defect; it may be a limited view of an element whose chief use as a civilizing factor is its insisting on the supernatural in human life. But, as one of our distinguished statesmen once said, it is a condition, not a theory that confronts us. We must take American life as it is, and the average American looks first and before all to the natural side of the priest's life, as well as to the natural uses of the religion which he preaches.

It is clear then, that the young aspirant to the priesthood, if he expects to make this country

the scene of his missionary labours, must cultivate with special care the Natural Virtues.

Of course, here as elsewhere, the priest's life must be a supernatural life. He must see his duties and obligations in the light of Faith. He must look upon himself as one lifted out from among the people, and keep before his eyes the dignity with which the priesthood invests him. This will be the source of his zeal for truth and holiness, his safeguard in temptation, and his consolation in the trials to which he is exposed. But he must also show forth in his life the common Christian virtues, Temperance, Truthfulness and Fortitude. These will be his titles to the respect and esteem, as well of those outside the Church, who know nothing of the supernatural side of his life, as of those members of his own flock who insist upon their priest being the model in things human before they accept him as their teacher in the things that are of God. These unpretending virtues are the very elements of Christian perfection, but unfortunately, literature which for centuries has been to a large extent hostile to Christianity, history maliciously or carelessly recorded, and traditions of European peoples who have laboured under grievances real or imaginary, have spread far and wide the impression that virtues so elementary in the Christian are not pre-eminently the virtues of the Ecclesiastical state. Here again, it is useless to argue or theorize; better far to meet prejudice on its own terms, and confute calumny by the sweet persuasion of a life which is the mirror of the Natural Virtues.

The readers of this Journal do not require to be instructed on the importance of the Natural Virtues as a foundation for the edifice of spiritual perfection. Nor will anyone who knows how hard it is, at times, to live up to his own ideals of Truthfulness, Moderation and Christian Courage, contend that the practice of these virtues is easy. The writer's intention is merely to call the attention of the young man who hopes to become the spiritual teacher of the people in America, to the vital importance of so forming his character as to make it the ground on which these virtues will take firm root, and grow to their natural proportions, for the virtue which we take to be ours, in time of sorrow and temptation must become part of our very nature, and be as intimate to us as the very marrow of our bones.

What then is the tendency in our character, which, cultivated and tended, becomes the ground, generous and fertile, of the Natural Virtues? It is a tendency three-fold in its direction, yet essentially self-originating; it is an element present in some wise in the character of every boy, an element which in early manhood manifests itself as self-respect, self-moderation, and self-confidence. We know that it is a false asceticism, opposed alike to reason and to the teaching of the Church, which would crush out by spirituality the natural portion of man's character, the true source of all his abiding power for good. We know Who it was who gave us those powers of body and soul which we call our own. We know that it is the will of the Giver that His gifts should be respected, that they should be used with moderation, and that we should rely upon them, as well as upon His special favours, in our moments of difficulty. Thus are the self-centred virtues justified in the view of all things as the free gifts of God, and Truthfulness, Temperance and Fortitude are grounded on the knowledge and proper appreciation of those gifts; for from self-respect springs the love of truth and the scorn of all lying; from self-moderation comes temperance in its widest sense, and from self-confidence comes the fortitude which no peril can daunt.

Those of us who see the work done by the students of Mungret realise that these principles of moral training were not neglected within the walls of their *Alma Mater*, and we see clearly how much of the success of our Irish-American priest is due to the practice of the moral virtues in a pre-eminent degree. The Irish boy's character is in every instance willing ground for the supernatural virtues. He has the instincts of Faith, and develops an insight into things of the soul, which, in this material age, is not so common in other countries. He sees, as he begins to reflect, that the great glory of his nation lies in her past achievements, and is contemporary with the epoch of the highest Christian culture. The traditions, the folk-lore of his people, the ruins which dot the land, remind him that Ireland's chief greatness has been and is her adhesion to the Faith. A young man whose first ideals are above the things of earth is instinctively a Christian, and takes the supernatural virtues and their practice as part of the plenitude of his perfection as a creature of God. But if he wishes to succeed among a people whose shrewdness in things worldly is the keenest, he must cultivate every advantage that nature has given him, and if he wishes to become the teacher and guide of such a people, his life must be adorned with Truthfulness, Temperance and Fortitude. Grace will thus fall on a nature well

fitted to receive it, and the priest, confident in the assistance of Him who called him to the priesthood, can make his own character the fulcrum on which all the moral power of his talents and acquired qualities will swing freely and securely.

D.D. ('88).

## EQUANIMITY.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

One silent night, upon the prairies broad,  
In solitude I viewed the voiceless moon,  
Pouring her placid light o'er town and field,  
And clothing all with golden peace profound,  
And to myself I said: Oh! tranquil orb,  
Whilst yet once more the circling hands shall

run  
Their changeless course o'er the recording dial,  
Wilt thou the wide extent of Earth review,  
With many a troublous scene on sea and land,  
By man's fierce passions or by Nature stirred;  
Yet thou wilt hold thy path, and still, whene'er  
Nought interposed 'twixt thee and earth forb-

bid,  
Wilt thou the self-same calm and peace diffuse  
As even here—thine influence benign.  
Such, in my heart I said, the steadfast soul  
Of him who yields not to the passing storm,  
But, high up-lifted o'er all petty woes,  
Walks his unswerving way towards life's great

goal,  
Unmoved alike by fierce turmoil of fear  
And panic dread, of fevered hope and joy,  
Grief and despair, or what emotions else  
Enslave the common heart and sap its strength.  
Whilst he hears all and sees, and mayhap to  
the crowd

Seems but as one of them—the sport of Fate;  
But in his secret soul a holy light  
Burns ever, and whene'er from others' hearts  
The clouds of passion clear, they too, may see  
That sacred flame, unquenchable and bright,  
Illume the darkness of their meaner souls;  
E'en as the moon's rays from her higher

sphere,  
When intervening clouds are rolled away,  
Light up with equal sheen the poor man's cot,  
Where hunger fell doth gnaw the master's  
heart,  
The stately palace with its careless ease,  
The bed of death and dawn of mortal life,  
The strife of cities and the country's calm,  
The restless ocean and the desert drear,  
And all the varied scenes which make our  
Earth.

CECIL BROADMEAD.

## THE EVE OF THE CHRISTMAS EXODUS,

OR MUNGRET READY TO MARCH.

HAVE you ever had a night-mare? I don't mean a virulent attack of ponderous plum puddings, those monsters that make the leaves of the comic papers shiver, and not infrequently harrow up the soul and freeze the young blood of the home-on-holiday schoolboy. No! I mean another and milder form—a complete bewilderment that can scarce be called oppressive, and which, without actually abounding in animosity, would still be food for fear to the timid.

Christmas is generally associated with night-mares. If only you visit Mungret nearing that happy epoch, you can treat yourself to a night-mare in the daytime.

The orals are just over. So, too, is lunch. It is past mid-day; and now the confusion begins. If Darwin could only see some of our boys let loose, it would furnish his most valuable illustration of the Law of Evolution. What a chatter they make! What a seeming delight in needless confusion! If rushing in and out, being in your own way and everyone else's, piling up and knocking down again, be an index of thriving business, Snow Hill or Billingsgate never did a more roaring trade than our friends clearing out their treasures from the study-hall.

There goes the procession. The Battle of the Books is over, and now the heroes of the fight return home. Not a few are tattered—wounded, we should say—and all hide their heads in various habiliments, as though the day of defeat had come indeed. There are books in rugs, books in pillow-cases, books in wash bags. Some have their wounds bound in large mufflers, and one detachment, at least, sports a quilt. But this is not the Lady's Letter on the fashions, and also I have no desire to be suspected of advocating Teufelsdröckel's theory that "Society is founded upon cloth," or to be in any other way taken as a "philosopher of clothes."

So, farewell to the books on their march of captivity, some strapped and tied with cords, some out on parole, all poor wanderers, "unfriended, melancholy" now, as formerly, *multorum more*, "slow."

And now passes the last of the procession—a miscellaneous and ill-assorted company of Latins, Greeks, French, and English, with their leaders Lieutenant Lexicon and Colonel Grammar. The

joyous shouts of the victorious Barbari die in the distance, and we are left *vis-a-vis* with the now solitary study-hall.

Have you ever passed through any of the huckster-haunted streets of London on a Saturday night?—wares, wares, wares in astounding variety on all sides. To use a philosophic phrase, "abstract from" the din and the vendors—then you have a modified Edgware or Harrow Road in the study. The wares are still there, but the owners are gone. Jam-pots, sardine tins, chocolate boxes, and all else, till we have a miniature Noah's Ark provision department; pencils, pens, blotters, theme-books, bits of string, books in bits and *varia ad infinitum*.

Amid all this weedy luxuriance, the open desks, gaping like coffins, full of emptiness or derelict remains, bear quite a sepulchral air which justifies the epitaphs inscribed on them. Posted to the inside of many a desk-lid may be seen the paper tombstones of the term just departed. With charming regularity day follows day in those categories of the dead; and it is a just testimony to the charitable zeal of the Mungret youth that the deep stroke of mourning is drawn with as regular a pen through December 20th as through any day in mid-autumn. But, funerals and tombstones to the graveyard! This is Christmas, and Christmas is a time of mirth.

Loud rings the laugh that speaks the vacation mind; and, as a laugh as well as a yawn is contagious, the old corridor cannot help responding with an echo. And that is nothing new either: these are not the stern old walls of the Abbey that seem to resent as much as a whisper. "Many a time and oft" since last September have these corridors prattled and shouted. Indeed they have not been above even a surreptitious word "in line," as the writer must reluctantly admit. But now their loquacity is "beyond bounds" (a heinous misdemeanour), and their wrinkles of serious care wear away into a benignant smile—so seems it to us—for to-morrow, to-morrow, even now, begins the glorious Christmas vac.

There are pleasures like refined gold, and pleasures with alloy of baser metal. To the hard-worked student his holidays are always a



God-send. The writer has met one only, in his college experience, who would be at all likely to dispute this statement. His name must stand a secret, and his identity I shall divulge to his comrades only of those days, who must remember what the cyclist said that tried to run him down:—"That unpuncturable conglomeration of bones and metaphysics!" At which no one laughed more than the victim himself. He was such a good, kind-hearted fellow, I am sure he would give us others a vacation where he might deny it to himself. Anyhow, there can be no

and it may be for ever." Still to claim for such an occasion the tribute of a tear, might be regarded by many outsiders as an affectation in the writer. Paradoxical as it may seem, I can pledge my word that, not once, but many times, at the summer parting for vacation, have I seen the sad, glistening eye, if not the falling tear. And it was not the oft-times squeamish sentiment of "Pius Æneas." It was heart-felt: it was natural and noble.

What a bleak world would this be without friendship? Man is by nature a social animal.



LAY BOYS.—1898.

doubt what the great majority of Mungret boys would say on the subject. I should like to hear an anti-vacationist address them on the playground some fine day.

Yet, though the approach of vacation is a golden dream, there is sometimes in it the dulling alloy. Summer comes with pleasure, but not with the pleasure which Christmas inspires. There is the leave-taking of every school year at the end; the good-bye to some at least of your friends, perhaps the good-bye to all of them and to your College. You leave, or your friends leave. As the song says, "It may be for years

He cannot help making friends and clinging to them like ivy intertwined. A separation tears the tendrils of the ivy; a separation tears the tender heart-cords, too. And the younger the shoots that are torn asunder, and the younger the friends that are severed, the severer the strain on their tenderness. What wonder is it that boys whose youth has grown together, like flowers in the spring-time, should feel at parting the bitterness of tears. Theirs is not a friendship to shift with the sunbeam. It is the frank, generous, genuine friendship of the boy, who is not yet wily enough for the fine discrimination

of the man—of the Uriah Heep, we should say, for, thank God, manhood does not always bring the heart of stone or the brow of duplicity.

"Friends meet to part." 'Tis true, alas! Still worse, *a fortiori*, when you leave the dear old *alma*, too—the *alma mater*, with its every spot sacred to the memory of some never-to-be-forgotten incident or person. How the heart is bound to you, dear *alma*! and how it wells up almost to overflowing when you must be left! The old story still. Told by past students before, and now again fully endorsed by yet another who has left the ranks of Mungret. But enough! Summer is not Christmas, for, if it has the rose, it has the canker, too.

There goes the bell for dinner; and such a cheer greets it that a stranger might at once put us down as poor starved savages who never saw a refectory before. But we really did, dear reader, and, far from being our first, it is our "last dinner." All the chief functions of the time are similarly honoured, especially by the younger folk, beginning, as any college seer will tell you, with the "last wash." From which date through the whole remaining week there is always a "last class" to clap. This ovation is of course meant for the Professor, especially if he be the lucky teacher of the favourite subjects—mathematics, physics, and ontology.

Well, dinner is soon over, and there is a little stroll, after which comes packing time. The stairs to the dormitory is literally alive and crawling, not unlike a disturbed ants' nest, except that all the ants hurry their burdens in the same direction. Some, indeed, as becomes their size, carry their knapsacks on their backs *modo tortoise*. The comparison is not meant as derogatory to the speed men, for Æsop's racer was overhauled and a new record put up, hill and all. It might be better for visitors not to venture into the dormitories just now. Therein reigns chaos, and, perhaps, like Juvenal at Rome, you might be safer away from the din and turmoil. But little somebody is crying at the door! What ails him? He says he is not allowed home. Tom —, a Nestor of the school, told him he heard it from Fr. Minister. Wicked Tom! Treacherous wretch! The dark cloud wants but a ray of sunshine to show its silvery lining, and soon our little friend is off to the lavatory to wash away his tears—to scrub them off rather, for such might the ablution be called that Mungret boys take, by tradition, as a part of the packing routine—so extensive a scrub, indeed, that one would think most of us were to go home with shining skins, bare to the waist, like Zulus.

And now the bell for the last supper, doubly

interesting because the programmes of the evening's theatricals are served to each one on his butter-plate. The mystery is out at last. This time, at least, we managed to observe to the letter the customary secrecy surrounding the name and plot of our play. To effect this we had to perpetrate a huge fraud on the public. Despite all our precautions, some busybody had got on the trail, so a council of war was held, and we decided to put our pursuers *hors-de-combat*, by leading them astray. The plot of a bogus play was confided, of course in strictest secrecy, to three individuals who were universally accredited with a touch of the *cacoethes loquendi*; and very soon we had indignantly to protest against the undue curiosity that had at last unearthed our play.

"Oh, yes, indeed! we have found it though," said many a one. But, alas! the programmes told otherwise, and we had great fun at supper when the last night came. Still some invincibles would stick to it that we had only changed the name, and that the play itself was still the same. I do believe they expected that burly policeman and his captured thieves to shine before the footlights till the curtain fell on the very last act. As the writer had the responsibility of himself sustaining a part in the play, and, hence, neither saw the performance nor its effect on our baffled detectives, he cannot speak further of either.

The half-yearly report was read before the play by the prefect of studies. Bewigged, be-whiskered, and otherwise decorated, I had the pleasure of hearing, from behind the scenes, his generous tribute to myself for getting first in my class. The honour made me feel miles high; but, *facilis descensus avari*, my contumacious friend, "Mr. Slasher," whispered into my ear that I deserved no praise for first, because there was no second. Now, that was not fair, after all my hard work. But when the play was over, Father Rector made up for the whole outrage by complimenting us all on the good report he had heard, and by giving us in reward an extra vacation day. Still, when the return day was announced, somebody almost audibly hinted that Father Rector was too fond of algebra, and had introduced into the holidays that hideous spectre of the class-halls—a minus quantity.

I am told some individuals are, next year, going to win over their old enemies X and Y, and to make allies of them, like Cæsar.

And now we are off to night prayers in the chapel, and finally to the dormitory, to

"Knit up the ravelled sleeve of care," and dream happy dreams of home, for

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

JOHN L. MCCARTHY, B.A.



REV. MICHAEL J. MAHONY, S.J.    REV. TERENCE J. SHEALY, S.J.    REV. MICHAEL M'MAHON, S.J.

## OUR PAST.

**E**LEVEN past Mungret students were ordained priests this year,—three for the Foreign Missions of the Society of Jesus, and eight for the Secular Mission; namely, seven for America, and one for Australia.

Rev. T. J. Shealy, S.J., and Rev. M. J. Mahony, S.J., were ordained at Woodstock, Md., on June 28th. Both were among the small band of pioneers who laid the first foundation of the Apostolic School in the Sacred Heart College, Limerick, and were afterwards in the first batch of Apostolic students sent forth from Mungret. The following is one of two ballads from the pen of Father Shealy, published in the *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, on the occasion of his ordination. It is purposely written in a loose ballad style, as in keeping with the title.

### "FROM MY MOTHER IN IRELAND FOR MY FIRST MASS."

The joy is come, "Alanna,"  
That I wished for through the years,  
And my heart is full of blessing,  
But my eyes are full of tears.  
The joy is come, "Alanna,"  
But I am far away:  
The mother will not see her boy  
Upon his first Mass day.

Sweet days of all my longing,  
Sure, why should I complain,  
I'd bear, to have my boy a priest,  
A thousand years of pain.  
But oh, to see you with the cup,  
In vestments gold and white;  
Dear Lord, this would be heaven  
To a poor mother's sight.

To watch you at the altar,  
And hear you read the book,  
And when you turn around to pray,  
Observe your holy look.  
But oh, my child, to bow with you  
At that most solemn hour,  
When our dear Christ is present  
Unto your words of power.

Some say I would not know you now,  
You are so changed "astore,"  
Och! I would know you, darling,  
If an angel's wings you wore.  
Little they feel a mother's love,  
Who doubt when face to face  
That twenty years of waiting,  
Can live in one embrace.

Now do not feel alone to-day,  
"Ma bouchal stor machree,"  
For Christ is more than mother  
And son to you and me.  
Sure if I thought you'd shed a tear,  
It's o'er the seas I'd roam,  
With a little shamrock and a sod  
To make you feel at home.

Oh, darling, were I nearer,  
I think my heart would break,  
Such blessedness starts o'er me now,  
And rapture for your sake.  
Enough, enough to breathe my name  
When Christ is in your hand;  
Oh, don't forget your father's grave,  
And poor old Ireland.

The morn is come "Alanna,"  
And I'm kneeling where you knew,  
The little shrine of Mary  
Used to smile on me and you.  
I've placed the flowers and candles,  
For the mass that might have been,  
But my eyes "agra," can't find their rest,  
My joy is all within.

I'll make my heart your altar,  
And my breast a house of prayer,  
And Jesus at your holy word,  
Will tabernacle there.  
I'll wait for you at morn,  
And I'll pray with you 'till noon,  
And every eve I'll dream of you  
My own "Soggarth Aroon."

Born at the base of the grand old mountain, Galtee-more, near Mitchelstown, and brought up amid its scenes of wild grandeur and beauty, TERENCE J. SHEALY entered the Apostolic School in Limerick on September 4th, 1880. When Mungret passed into the hands of the Society, he read there a very successful course in Arts, and graduated in 1885. During most of his time in Mungret he was employed in the responsible office of prefect of the seminarists and lay boys, and besides reading for his University examinations, he taught a class for two or three hours a day during the last two years of his course. After getting his degree, he taught the Matriculation class for a year, and finally, in 1886, entered the noviceship of the New York province of the Society of Jesus.

On finishing his philosophical studies in Woodstock, he taught poetry in Fordham College, New York, and afterwards taught poetry and rhetoric in Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. It was in the latter college that Mr. Shealy's rare gifts as a master became conspicuous. The literary taste which he imparted to his pupils and the magical influence which he exerted over them were alike remarkable.

We have before us copies of the *Acroama*, published in 1892, and of the "Eutropius," published in the January of 1895, and newspaper accounts of the representation of the "Sibylla." The *Acroama* was originally a class journal which Mr. Shealy, then professor in the Holy Cross College, Worcester, started in the autumn of 1892, to stimulate the literary ambition of his class. The beautiful volume before us is merely a souvenir edition, containing a short poetic extract from each contributor to the *Acroama*, with a portrait of each member of the class, accompanied by a racy epigram touching off some salient point in his character.

To Father Shealy belongs the credit of being the first master in the United States to attempt an original Greek play. His "Eutropius," written in Greek, and constructed after the model of an Attic tragedy, created a sensation in the learned world of the States.

"Sibylla," Father Shealy's next venture, is an original Latin play, in which the pagan King of Erin sends his chief bard to Rome to investigate the Sybil's prophecies about the Virgin and Child.

This play also was publicly represented by the students of Father Shealy's class, and was highly praised at the time. After the usual term of teaching, Mr. Shealy went in 1895 to Woodstock, to enter upon his theological studies. There he was this year raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood.

Father Shealy is now completing his course of theology at Milltown Park, Dublin.

Most heartily do we wish Father Shealy many a long year of holy work in the Society of his choice. May he ever remain an honour to his country and to his *alma mater*.

MICHAEL J. MAHONY was, like Father Shealy, a son of famed Tipperary, and entered the Apostolic School with him. They read their whole University course together, graduated the same year, and entered together the novitiate of the Society of Jesus.

Like Father Shealy, Mr. Mahony during his University course, and for a year after its completion, filled the office

of prefect and master in Mungret; and his manliness and unaffected piety won the respect and love of those with whom he was brought into contact. After his philosophical studies he went through the usual course of teaching in the colleges, and entered Woodstock in '95, where he was this year raised to the priesthood, for which he has faithfully laboured during eighteen long years.

Father Mahony is at present in Milltown Park finishing his theological studies. Golden opinions have often reached his *alma mater* of the sterling worth and true religious spirit of him upon whom she has ever looked as the eldest and first of her children. May he ever fulfil his sacred ministry in accordance with the high ideal which she has held before him.

Rev. MICHAEL MACMAHON, S.J., is the third Mungret student who has this year been ordained priest in the Society of Jesus. He, too, was a student of the very early days. In Mungret he went through five years of classical and philosophical studies, and in 1887 entered the English novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Southampton, for the arduous mission of South Africa. Whilst in Mungret Mr. MacMahon was prefect for several years, and in addition taught during his last year the class of first grammar. In Mungret he was always a favourite. He seems to have had a heart in proportion to his size, and we know that he stood more than six and a half feet in height. Stories are handed down of his feats as an athlete and an oarsman, and the "Mungret Anthem," still sung as the "grand finale" of all our concerts, attests that he even then had begun to woo the muses. After his novitiate, Mr. MacMahon went to the S. African mission, and spent most of his time teaching at Grahams-town. He returned to England in '95, and entered St. Buno's College, St. Asaph, where he was ordained priest last September. He is now spending his third year of probation in Tronchiennes, Belgium.

We have had this year the pleasure of receiving the blessing and assisting at the mass of three past apostolic students who had just completed their theological studies. All three are honour graduates of the R.U.I. All there read very distinguished courses in the University, and afterwards in theology.

Very many at Mungret, both of the community and the boys, have pleasant recollections of Father ANDREW KILLIAN as a student. He entered Mungret in '89, and graduated in '94. Though burdened for two years with the onerous office of prefect, he always managed to secure distinctions, sometimes very high ones, in different subjects, in the University examinations. He went to Carlow in '95 to study theology. Here he very soon became noted for his piety, regularity, and industry. He was again made prefect, and at the same time headed his class all through his course. Last June he was raised to the priesthood, and in October he left Ireland for his mission in Wilcannia, N.S.W.

Rev. J. NUNAN, D.D., also entered Mungret in '88. His whole course there was exceptionally brilliant. He won exhibitions in First and Second Arts, and took his Bachelorship in '93. He read a five year's course in the American College at Rome, and was ordained priest on June 4th. He finished a brilliant course by taking his Doctorate towards the end of the same month. His mission is Florida, for which he left Ireland in November. Here he has a wide field for his zeal and ability. May Dr. Nunan's career in America fulfil all the fair promise of his student days.

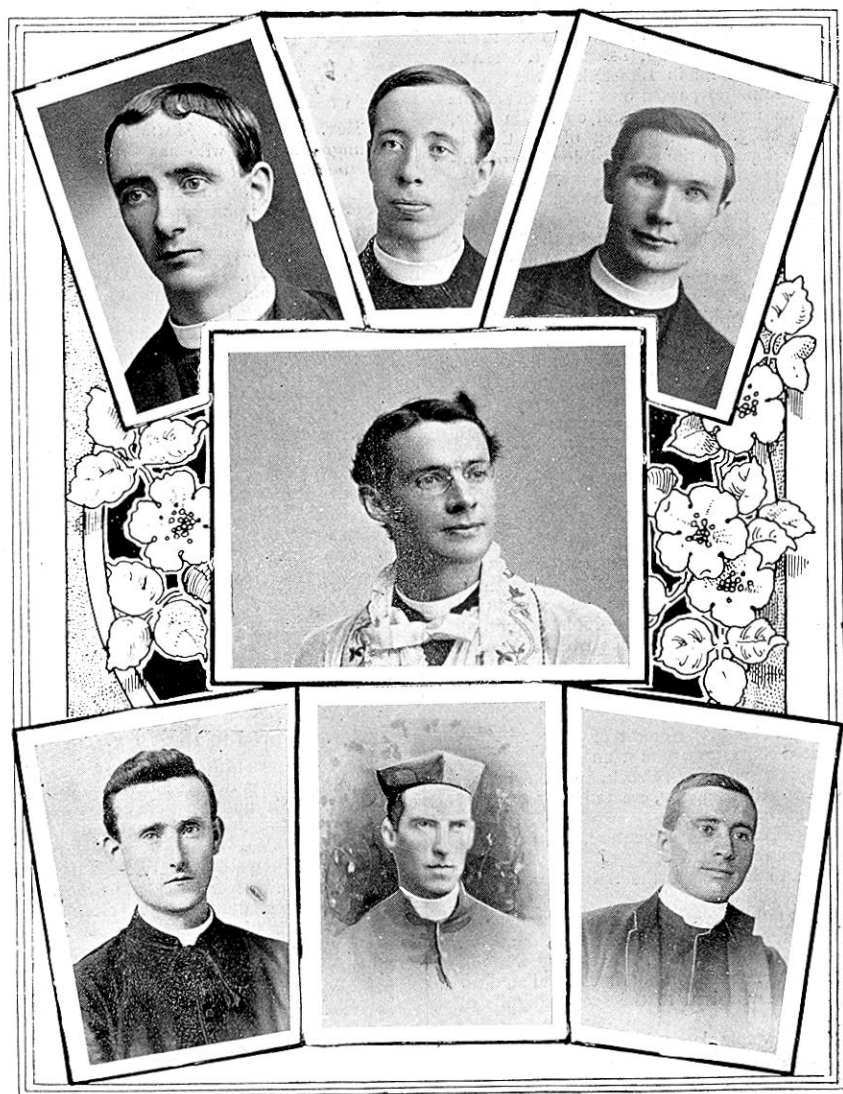
Rev. JAMES W. STENSON entered Mungret before Dr. Nunan in 1888, and read a course little less distinguished. Though, like Father Killian, burdened with prefect's



work during a good portion of his course in Mungret, he, too, managed to secure high distinctions in all the examinations, and graduated in the honour course in 1894. During his last year in Mungret he was entrusted with the responsible post of study-prefect, in which he commended himself by a most thorough and conscientious discharge of difficult duties.

Pentecost '97, completed his course in June '98, and is now labouring in the diocese of Omaha, U.S.A.

REV. FRANCIS RYAN, D.D., had been with Dr. Nunan at the North American College, where he was recently ordained.



REV. J. WRIGHT, MOBILE. REV. JOHN KELLY, MOBILE. REV. J. E. COYLE, MOBILE.  
REV. JAMES NUNAN, D.D., FLORIDA. REV. JOHN NICHOLSON, GALVESTON. REV. ANDREW KILLIAN, WILCANNIA. REV. JAS. W. STENSON, OMAHA.

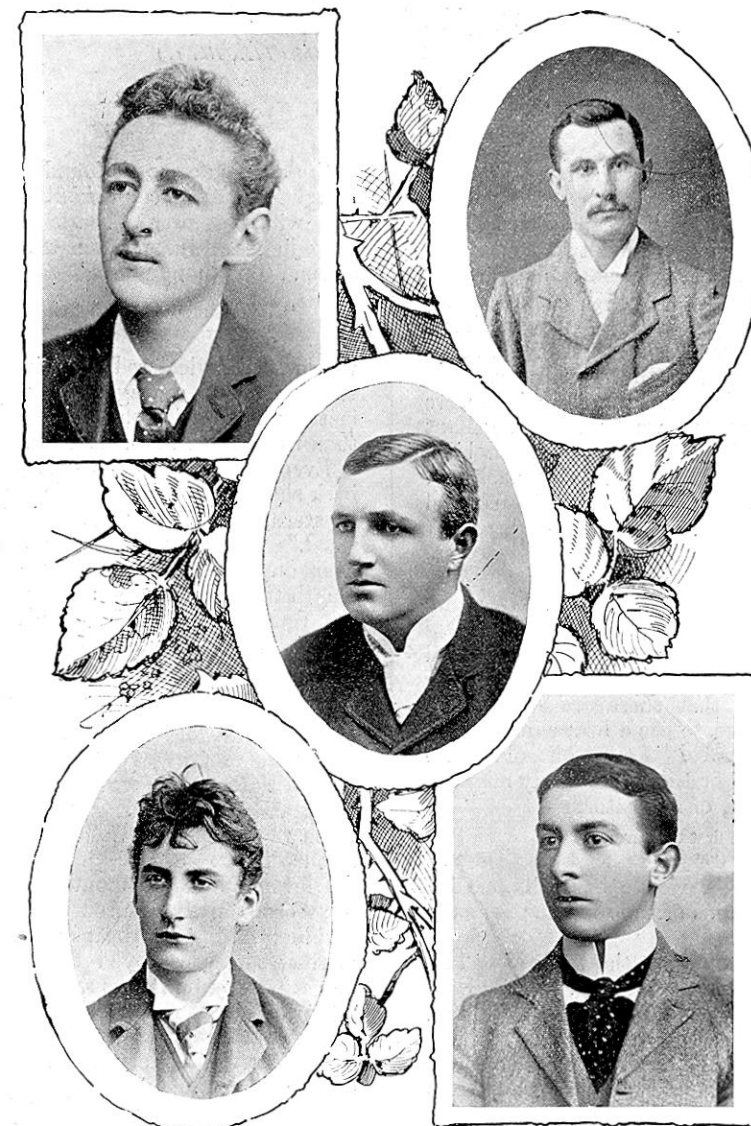
He entered the Capranica College, Rome, in '94, and attended lectures at the Gregorian University. His theological course was in keeping with his University career. A long and dangerous fever, contracted at Frascati, on vacation, during his third year, prevented his studying for the Doctorate. He was ordained priest at

Frank Ryan entered Mungret in 1888. After graduating in 1893 he immediately entered the North American College, Rome, for his Theological studies. He read a very brilliant course, and to the end maintained his place as leader of his class. He left behind him the reputation of being a student of exceptional powers of

concentration and application. He took the doctorate, and was ordained priest in June, 1897. He left Ireland about last Christmas for the diocese of Minnesota, and is now attached to the Cathedral Church, St. Paul, Minn.

Four past Apostolical students have been

their classical studies there, they went to Baltimore, for philosophy and theology, in '94. Here they were ordained priests shortly before Christmas, '97. They are now doing good work in Mobile under the Most Rev. Dr. Allen, who was their president in Baltimore.



MICHAEL MALONE LEE, B.A. MICHAEL J. SHEEHY. JOHN WHITE.  
REV. PATK. J. CONNOLLY, S.J. RAYMOND STEPHENSON.

#### A GROUP OF PAST LAY BOYS.

ordained recently in the United States:—

To the diocese of Mobile belong Rev. JOSEPH WRIGHT and Rev. JOHN KELLY. John Kelly entered Mungret in '87, and Joseph Wright in '89. Having finished

Rev. J. NICHOLSON entered Mungret in '89. After a good University course he was called by his bishop to Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was ordained June '97. He is now a zealous assistant priest at Galveston, Texas.

## THE CRUISE OF THE "FRAM."

"Qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus."

—(Ho acc, Odes III., Bk. 1.)

I WONDER when again shall we have an opportunity of showing off our skill in the "outside edge" on the congealed surface of Lough More. For the past two winters all our prayers for frost have come to nought, but we hope that this year they will come to zero. Although last year we had to leave our skates at the mercy of devouring rust, nevertheless we profited by the favour of Jupiter Pluvius.

On New Year's Day when "the winds were pillowed on the wave," we launched a gallant bark into the placid waters of our virgin lake. For three months we had pleasant yachting, so that some of us are as well up in nautical terms as the Jack Tars of Her Majesty's navy.

The "Fram," for such is her name, is a trim, well-built boat, very clean fore and aft, and capable of holding a crew of seven. Deeming it too dangerous to spread our sails in unknown waters, we furled our canvas for a few days and plied our oars.

Some will deny that there are any fish in Lough More, but we, to use a boatman's phrase, caught not a few crabs. As we left old Mungret on our lee the first day, how truly might it not be said that we, of navigators—

"Were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea."

The crumbling walls, visible beneath, recalled to our minds the ruins of the Sunken City sung by poets.

With a zest we set about the work of sounding the deep; and high-sounding, indeed, were the names we gave to islets, creeks, and bays. In two days we had drawn up a chart of the whole expanse from Aylmer's Creek to Emmet's Sound. All the rocks and shallows were marked by buoys, lest, when rocking on the waters, our boat should get too much of the chopping and be smashed up entirely.

Everything being ready on the third day we sailed forth with all our canvas spread and our pennant of national green streaming in the breeze. The flapping of the sails as we cut through the water gave us pleasurable excitement, known only by those who have experienced it.

Ere evening came we found how well our own Lough More could counterfeit the ocean's wrath. The wind—at first a gentle breeze—began to blow in fitful gusts which told of the coming storm. But though

"The rising gale and heaving foam  
And shrieking sea-birds warned us home,"

we pursued undeterred our adventurous course. No doubt our courage was supported by the fact of our knowing that there was seldom more than five feet of water beneath.

Ever and anon as the gale grew fiercer our bark shuddered in her whole frame from stem to stern, and then "plunged like a frightened steed." After every plunge the waves came over our counter and fairly deluged us. At length the jib was rent and we reefed our foresail, remembering the poet's advice of old—

"Contraheas vento nimium secundo  
Turgida vela."

Even thus the "Fram" scudded along at an amazing rate, and her bows frequently dipped under the foam. We had to put out again several times before we could effect a safe landing at Burke's Point. I need hardly say that when we reached the College we did full justice to our dinner.

During our three months on the water we were occasionally amused by some unwary individual falling overboard; but the unhappy victim scarcely enjoyed the joke, though for him it was by no means a dry one.

At the outset we ran aground now and again, but after a few weeks our steersman became so competent that we could venture with crowded sail through the narrowest straits. Early in April the waters began to get shallow, and so we entrusted our "Fram" once more to the swelling bosom of the Shannon. Soon the ruins of the Sunken City assumed their old appearance of bleak stone walls; the buoys, now buoyant no longer, marked the gaps, which erstwhile passed for straits; and donkeys gaunt, and superannuated Bucephali "picked the scanty blade" in the quandom romantic Lough More.

F. FAHY (2nd Arts)

## A PILGRIMAGE TO GENAZZANO.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

ABOUT twenty miles to the south-east of Rome, the high-road from the capital to Naples, leaving behind the great treeless, sun-scorched plain of the Roman Campagna, enters beneath the grateful shade of the olive and chestnut groves that in the neighbourhood of Palestrina clothe the lower slopes of the rugged Sabine range. Then, under a leafy mantle of ever-varying tint, it follows for seven or eight miles a pleasant course through a rich woodland country, past many a wayside shrine, through busy village, and by secluded homestead. For the most part it fringes the mountain base—now winding along a romantic ravine, now spanning a deep-bedded mountain torrent, but ever and anon it dips into the open country, when it affords an uninterrupted view of a region as unsurpassed in natural beauty of landscape as in the richness of its orchards, vineyards, and olive-groves. From the point where it finally diverges from the mountain to cross the Valle del Sacco, at no great distance to the left, amongst the hills, is a compact little town. It sits on a slight eminence, with church-spire towering above the houses, in a situation so secluded and encompassed by the gaunt ribs of the Sabines, that it might be described as clasped in the heart of these mountains. This little cluster of buildings, revealing its presence almost abruptly to the visitor, as he rounds the mountain-head, is the famous Genazzano, and the church-spire, outlined against the background of grey, keeps watch and ward over the world-renowned sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Twice every year—in April and September—thousands of pilgrims flock to Genazzano from the country all around, to honour Our Lady at her shrine. On these occasions the modest little Sabine town decks itself out in holiday trim, and the loud strains of litany and sacred song start a hundred tuneful echoes in these wild and lovely hills. The display of religious enthusiasm and devotion to be witnessed in Genazzano on these popular *festas* is so unlike anything we see in our own country, that any adequate description of it would seem exaggeration; perhaps even the mere record of a few recollections, occasioned by a pilgrimage to this famous shrine, may not be without some interest to the readers of the Annual.

Now-a-days the idea of a pilgrimage is suggestive of a journey by rail; ours, however, being performed on foot, was, so far, more con-

formable to the ancient standard. A stout walking-cane did the service of pilgrim's staff of the olden time, and in several other items we carried out, through necessity or choice, the traditional programme. The journey was made at a very favourable season of the year, through a most interesting part of Italy. One morning, then, in early September, found us—a party of six—after stealing a march on the sun, already four miles on our way through the Alban hill-country before the first signs of dawn appeared. The experiences of that morning remain vivid recollections; the exhilarating influence of the swift walk and the fresh morning breeze; the splendours of an Italian sunrise; above all, the sense of that subtle spell which haunts spots immortalized in classic, legendary, and historic lore. The first beams of morning revealed, on our right, the ancient heights of Tusculum, and on our left those of modern Monte Porzio. We were treading the ground whereon was fought the famous battle long ago—"What time the Thirty Cities came forth to war with Rome."

"And under foot was trampled,  
Amidst the mud and gore,  
The banner of proud Tusculum,  
That never stooped before."

Macaulay locates the battle-field, following the narration of Livy, as

"—Where, by Lake Regillus,  
Under the Porcian height,  
All in the lands of Tusculum,  
Was fought the glorious fight."

The lake, as well as the city, have long since disappeared; the bed of the vanished waters is hardly discernible, but the site of 'proud Tusculum' is well defined by the grass-grown mounds and ruined masonry cresting the hill-top. Cardinal Wiseman, in "The Four Last Popes," gives a beautiful pen-picture of this historic locality:—"The English College possesses a country-house, deliciously situated in the village of Monte Porzio. Like most villages in the Tusculan territory, this crowns a knoll, which in this instance looks as if it had been kneaded up from the valleys beneath it, so round, so shapely, so richly bosoming does it swell upwards, and so luxuriantly clothed is it with the three gifts whereby 'men are multiplied' (Ps. iv, 8), that the village and its church seem not to sit upon a rocky summit, but to be half sunk in the lap of the olive, the vine, and the waving corn that reach the very houses. The view from the village, after plunging at



once into the depths of the valley, along which runs a shady road, rises up a gentle acclivity, vine and olive clad, above which is clasped a belt of stately chestnuts, the bread-tree of the Italian peasant, and thence springs a round craggy mound, looking stern and defiant, like what it was—the citadel of Tusculum. Upon its rocky front the English students have planted a huge cross."

The cross, visible from afar, still looks down over the country of Cicero and Cato; but we must be on our way to reach Palestrina before the sun's heat grows too strong. We can discern it across the broad Campagna—a white speck, gleaming in the blue of the Sabines. Arrived soon at Monte Compatri, the counterpart of the village described, a steep and stony mule-path brought us down to the plain, across which we sped, by lane and open, in the direction of that white spot in the mountains beyond.

This portion of the Campagna is not utterly stubborn and unkind to the efforts of the tiller; extensive portions are cultivated, close to the hills vineyards flourish, with apple orchards, and there are some strips of wood; further on, there are fields of Indian corn, and then the wilderness succeeds, over which range herds of long-horned oxen, cared by mounted herdsmen, and great flocks of sheep, while here and there are visible the results of only partially successful attempts at reclamation. Dwellings—that is to say, beehive-shaped straw huts of the shepherds and herdsmen—are few and far between; the tillers of the soil, fearing the nightly malaria, descend from their mountain villages in the early morning, and return at nightfall. The busy season being at hand, whole families of them were tramping to their work, a couple of mules or donkeys carrying panniers, and a canine or two accompanying.

Except a fine view of the surrounding mountain chains, the Campagna has little diversity of scenery to offer. A vast corn-field, however, that seemed to extend to the horizon, with groups of harvesters dotted all over it, presented a very pleasing picture. Some parties were gathering the corn-heads from the stalk in their respective lots, others laying out a threshing floor at a favourable spot, others again leisurely wielded the flail, or were winnowing the grain through sieves by the side of their tent. The methods of the Latium farmer have known no advance since the day that Cincinnatus was taken from the plough in these very fields and constituted Dictator. They must have retrograded, indeed, a great deal, if this respected ancient was in any way as good a ploughman as he is said to have proven himself a Dictator. The lives of these country people show much of

the *prisca simplicitas*; they are content with little, happy when not feeling hungry, of a religious disposition, courteous and considerate towards strangers. They deserve credit for their fidelity, as well as patience, under all the bad influences and abuses they have been subjected to within the present generation. We had an instance of their religious disposition and simple faith in the fact that we found it usual in that part of the country for grown-up folk to ask for a rosary, medal, picture, or some little religious memento—a custom common amongst children in nearly every part of Italy.

The entire distance to Palestrina, nearly twenty miles, occupied some five hours, the latter part of the journey under the hot sun along dusty roads, and mostly up hill, left us tired and travel-stained. Having secured quarters at apparently the only "albergo" in the town, we had all the evening and next morning for sight-seeing. Palestrina is a familiar place to the "Annual" readers—their old classic Præneste. It shows to-day but few indications of its ancient glories; nor, on the other hand, does it pretend to care anything for modern progress. Besides the prestige of a classic past, it can boast the dignity of being one of the seven suburban sees, and the advantage of commanding a view of mountain, valley, and plain that may be pronounced unrivalled. The modern town is said to occupy the site of a great temple of Fortune, and nestles so closely to the mountain side that from a distance its rows of houses, one above another, resemble the steps of a gigantic stairway. The principal street runs along the mountain side through the lower part of the town. It is the only one on which ordinary pedestrians may venture with safety. None but mountain-climbers should attempt the others; they consist of interminable flights of roughly-hewn steps, of irregular passages and narrow alleys, shooting up and down at bewildering gradients. One passes over points so elevated and precipitous that it requires an effort to reassure one's self against the possibilities of making an aerial descent into the main street, over the roofs sloping away beneath.

On the barren, rocky mountain crest that overhangs the town, and that was crowned of old by the Arx Praenestina, is perched the village of Castel San Pietro. In the evening we climbed up there, for the sake of the view, which takes in the greater part of Latium. To the west the Alban hills rose from the plain, with numerous villages scattered amongst their thickly-wooded heights. Away off their northern slopes Rome lay spread out over the plains, and beyond it the Mediterranean glittered in the setting sun; on the south the blue ridges

of the Volcians and another peep of the Mediterranean through the gap between them and the Albans. On the eastern side only a narrow defile separated us from the rocky walls of a sister summit, surmounted by a corresponding village. There is a tradition that St. Peter, on coming to Rome, obtained his first view of the great city from this mount, which now bears his name and has a church dedicated to him.

On the eve of the celebration we approached Genazzano by the road mentioned at the beginning. Already pilgrims were coming from various directions—singly, in pairs, in dozens, scores and fifties. The larger companies sing hymns or the Litany, or recite aloud the Rosary as they advance. In front is borne aloft a picture of Our Lady, followed by the men of the party, the women bring up the rear. This order is invariably observed, even on reaching their destination the men and women keep apart. As we neared Genazzano the crowds became more frequent, and when by sundown we passed beneath the ancient gateway, the narrow streets were so thronged with people that we found it difficult to make our way to the church. What most impresses a stranger to Genazzano is the intense devotion of the pilgrims. It is most edifying to see a party, perhaps the entire population of a village—as happens in times of calamity—travelling along so orderly and recollected. The first sight of Genazzano is hailed with rapture; the whole party kneels and recites a special prayer; all the fatigues of a long journey are forgotten; loud and enthusiastic cries of "*Evviva Maria*" rend the air, and a hymn is started with renewed fervour, which is kept up as they pass through the town to the church. The crowds in the streets uncover to the image of Our Lady, and sometimes welcome the bands of pilgrims by the same cry of "*Evviva Maria*." On reaching the church door the singing is not discontinued but is kept up within the church. Many of the party proceed from the church door to the chapel of the shrine on their knees, kissing the floor repeatedly the while.

After the Holy House of Loretto, none of the many shrines of Italy attracts such numbers of pilgrims as that of Genazzano. All the surrounding districts and neighbouring towns send in contingents, and it is not unusual to find some who come from distances of forty and fifty miles. The most striking feature, after the devotion of the pilgrims, is their attractive costumes. They display a great partiality for colour, and sometimes seem to aim at effective combinations. From the style of dress alone one can tell the locality from which a party has come, as nearly every village has some traditional peculiarity of costume. The garb of the

men is at times picturesque; that of the women gives opportunity for a greater variety, and in every instance unites simplicity with gracefulness. These peasants, mostly hardy and active mountaineers, make no account of a couple of days' journey on foot. A pilgrim party, however, does not proceed at a very swift pace, so as not to overtax the endurance of the youthful as well as the patriarchal members. Rarely do any mishaps occur, which is singular enough, considering the number of sick persons who come to the shrine. Perhaps, in this connection, an incident that occurred last April may interest Mungret readers.

On the morning of the *festa* a poor old couple were on their way to Genazzano, a slight illness of the old man not being deemed sufficient reason to abandon a custom observed for years. Before reaching Genazzano, however, he grew rapidly worse, and soon knew that his last hour had come. Deprived of all apparent aid, it seemed, indeed, a providential intervention that procured for him the absolution and blessing of a priest. In this case, an old Mungret student was the instrument of Providence. The Rev. James Stenson, who had been newly ordained, was on his way to Genazzano, and happened to come upon the poor man in his extremity, who died soon after receiving his priestly ministrations. It may be remarked, that it was the first exercise of our young priest's absolving power.

The extraordinary fervour of the pilgrims at the shrine, and the touching simplicity with which they manifest their devotion so engross the attention that one hardly thinks of admiring the beauty of the church itself, resplendent as it is in its richness of polished marbles and paintings. Frescos illustrative of Our Lady's life adorn the walls; the great one over the entrance door, depicting the miraculous translation of the image, is pronounced a master-piece by critics. At the end of the aisle, to the gospel side of the magnificent high altar, is the chapel of the shrine, divided off from the main church by an iron railing from floor to roof. Twelve lamps burn before the altar which has been erected beneath the picture of the Madonna and Child. Art and nature have paid the tribute of their richest products to the worthy adornment of the spot where Mary dispenses her favours to her clients.

As long as we remained in the church an incessant stream of pilgrims came to pray before the shrine, each group, after a short interval, giving way to the next. On passing out of the town to the monastery of San Pio, now the summer house of the Irish Augustinians, we met group after group, singing the



usual hymns, as they hurried on in the gathering darkness. It seems the best voice is selected to lead with the verses, and all join in with the refrain. We stopped to gaze on the touching picture presented by a company, in which a young boy sang from a hymn-book in clear, melodious tones, whilst by his side walked one, apparently his mother, holding a candle, by the light of which he read. Two hymns—one to the Trinity and the other to Mary—seem to be the general favourites. They consist of an almost unlimited number of verses, with the same simple chorus, in which all join; that of the former is:—

“Viva! Viva! sempre viva,  
Quelle tre person’ divine,  
Quelle tre person’ divine,  
La santissima Trinità”

while that of the latter runs:—

“Evviva Maria!  
Maria Evviva!  
Evviva Maria!  
E chi la creò!”

All during the calm summer night the cadence of these choruses could be distinguished a mile distant from the town, while at intervals one or the other of them rang out from various points amongst the mountains. In addition to their unparalleled devotion to our Blessed Lady, they apparently cultivate also devotion to the Blessed Trinity. The stranger finds a further indication of it in the picture of the Trinity which occasionally replaces the more common one of Our Lady of Good Counsel over their gateways, in their houses, and in the shrines by the wayside—a curious representation of three grave men, exactly alike in all particulars, clothed in flowing robes, and seated side by side, an open book in the left hand, the right hand raised in benediction.

On the morning of the festa, from early dawn till almost mid-day, Masses are being celebrated at several altars in the church; as on the preceding evening a score or more of confessors are busy with penitents. Women’s confessions are heard in the church, men’s in the sacristy and corridor. Even the men’s confessors have frequently to leave their seats to decide contentions about precedence, and repress those who insist too literally on bearing away the kingdom of Heaven by violence.

A most edifying spectacle it is to witness the reverence and devotion with which such immense crowds come forward to receive our Blessed Lord. Holy Communion is administered without intermission from sunrise till noon. Many of these poor people have been fasting since the preceding noon, travelled all night, and sustained a weary wait for confession during the long hours of the morning. We were informed that on the previous “festa” as many

as forty thousand persons approached Holy Communion.

It is, however, the scene before the shrine that will most attract a stranger’s attention. One accustomed to the silent worship and whispered prayers in our home churches is liable to be shocked at the enthusiasm displayed. Some are praying in a loud voice; many petitioning in silence and in tears; a Litany and a couple of hymns are going on simultaneously, while every now and then the entire multitude breaks into a spontaneous cry of “*Evviva Maria.*” A stranger may regard all this as hardly reconcilable with due reverence. It is, however, nothing else than the natural outcome of the living faith of these people, the sincere outpouring of the heart. It is pre-eminently a grand public protestation of a genuinely Catholic people, of belief in Our Lady’s prerogatives, and of trust in her intercession.

At ten o’clock High Mass was begun, a select choir, including some notable singers from Rome, assisting. To secure silence during the ceremonies, the village constable assumed his most awe-inspiring air. Whenever the private devotion of an individual in the crowd was tempted to give vent to its vehemence in sacred song, the representative of law and order straightway advanced, sword in hand, and imposed a peremptory silence.

About noon companies are re-organizing for the return journey. In the afternoon the crowd becomes thinner and thinner, though a goodly number remain in town over night. The leave-taking at the shrine is a very beautiful and touching sight. The entire party comes to implore Our Lady’s blessing before departing. There is a plaintive strain in their chanting of the Litany, and many, in saying farewell, are moved to tears. On passing out of the church they usually go backwards from the altar to the door, then fall into marching order, and set their faces towards their distant homes.

The vast majority of pilgrims to Genazzano are peasants from the country districts round about. The ubiquitous cyclist is much in evidence, however. The absence of railway communication with the outside world explains the comparative fewness of strangers. Railway facility would, no doubt, cause a greater influx of outsiders, and promote material prosperity. Its absence, however, has preserved to Genazzano the beautiful religious customs perpetuated through centuries of faith. There to-day the stranger may witness the same strong and simple faith, the same tender devotion to Mary, as characterized and ennobled past ages.

JAMES VEALE, B.A.

North American College, Rome.

## MOULDING GOD’S MAN.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

I.

Flow on, ye restless years,  
Heave with each wave;  
Rocking to doubt and fears—  
“Who is to save?”  
Soon must the voyage be o’er:  
See, by the harbour bar  
Gleams forth the beacon star,  
Beckons the Pilot far  
On to the shore.

II.

Run on, ye fretful years,  
Moody with strife;  
Breathing the breath that sears,  
Smiling new life.  
Yet, as your steps grow old,  
Springtime of verdure rain,  
Autumn of yellow wane,  
Yielding the dues of grain,  
Pay hundredfold.

III.

Work on, ye busy years,  
Ply at the wheel;  
Temper the clay with tears,  
Shape and anneal.  
Fain would ye fashion me  
Potsherd of vulgar make,  
Metal to rust and break—  
No—for the Master’s sake,  
Gold must I be.

IV.

Prove on, ye chast’ning years,  
Test every vein,  
While yet one flaw remains  
In heart or brain.  
Render the full accord  
Of the mind rich with truth,  
Of the blood strong with youth,  
Of the whole man, forsooth,  
Unto the Lord.

V.

Why should your plastic round  
Through air or flood,  
Darken the sky or ground,  
Torture the blood?  
Run out your measured span,  
Tracing the ordered line,  
Op’ning the grand design  
Unto the Day Divine,  
Moulding God’s man.

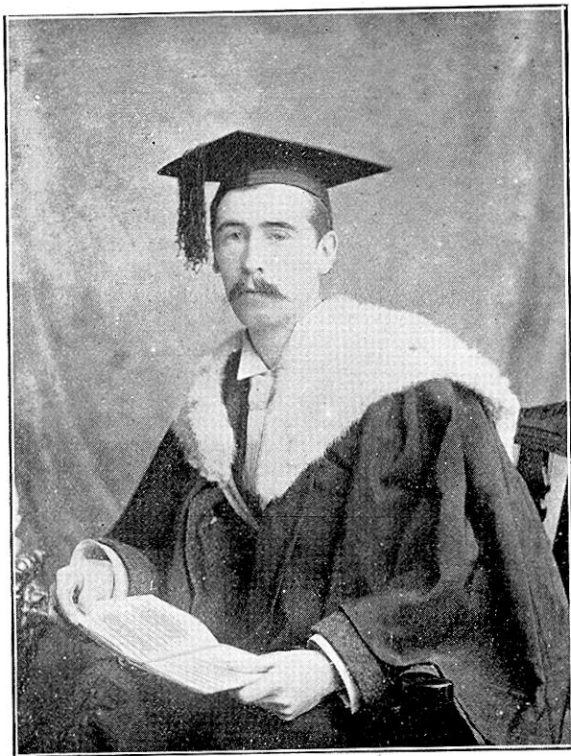
ALUMNUS 86.

## VARIA.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.—In the result of the Summer Examinations of the Royal University of '98, Mungret College more than vindicated its claim to the highest place of all the Catholic Colleges of Ireland, after University College, Dublin.

Its successes, in brief, were :—

Successful Candidates	... 40
First-class Distinctions	... 3
Second-class Distinctions	... 12
Number of Students who won Distinctions	... 11



JOHN L. MCCARTHY, B.A.

From the lists of the University successes then published, it was clear that no Catholic College in Ireland, except University College, Dublin, could show all-round results equal or even approaching to these.

As compared with the non-Catholic institutions of the country, the success of Mungret has been still more remarkable. A writer in the *Freeman's Journal* of Monday, August 22nd, '98, gives a full analysis of Catholic successes, and

points out the injustice of the present distribution of public endowments. He then goes on to say :—“Note furthermore, that the success of the Catholics is not confined to one particular College, nor even to Dublin alone. We have found at least one other Catholic College—Mungret College, namely—with all-round results superior to the combined total of two richly-endowed institutions.”

The high percentage of Passes is a further proof of the thoroughness and efficiency of the teaching.

In the examination for the B. A. DEGREE and in the SECOND ARTS COURSE, nine candidates presented themselves, and Mungret has again achieved the brilliant success of PASSING CENT. PER CENT. OF ITS STUDENTS. The names are :

B. A. EXAMINATION—John L. MacCarthy.

SECOND ARTS—Honours Course—John Turner, Joseph Stenson, Patrick Bresnahan, William Carroll, William Moloney, John H. Power.

PASS COURSE—Maurice Reddin, James G. Burke.

IN FIRST ARTS, eighteen presented themselves for examination—FOURTEEN passed. Honours Course—Patrick Turner, Francis P. Fahey, Timothy O'Brien, Michael Curley, Austin J. Hartigan, David C. Cronin, Patrick G. Ennis.

PASS COURSE—Daniel Daly, William B. O'Connor, George H. J. Horan, Richard C. Laffan, John E. Power, Patrick Burns, James F. Clifford.

IN MATRICULATION, twenty-five presented themselves, SEVENTEEN passed. Honours Course—Jerome O'Keeffe, William V. O'Doherty, William Irwin, John R. Carey, Edmund J. O'Neill, John J. Kelly, James Shiel, Gerald V. Connolly.

PASS COURSE—Joseph Horan, Richard Fitzharris, Francis O'Farrell, Thomas F. Dalton, Michael Brady, Edward Moloney, James O'Connell, James S. Campbell, William J. Kennedy.

## DISTINCTIONS.

IN FIRST ARTS, Mungret secured One First Class and Five Second Class Distinctions.

ENGLISH—First Class Honours—Timothy O'Brien. Second Class Honours—Michael Curley, Patrick Turner, Austin J. Hartigan.

LATIN—Second Class Honours—Francis P. Fahey.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—Second Class Honours—Patrick Turner.

IN MATRICULATION—Mungret secured One Exhibition, Two First Class Honours, Six Second Class Honours—Exhibition—Jerome O'Keeffe.

FRENCH—First Class Honours—William V. O'Doherty, Jerome O'Keeffe.

LATIN—Second Class Honours—John R. Carey, Edmund J. O'Neill.

ENGLISH—Second Class Honours—William Irwin, Jerome O'Keeffe, William V. O'Doherty, John J. Kelly

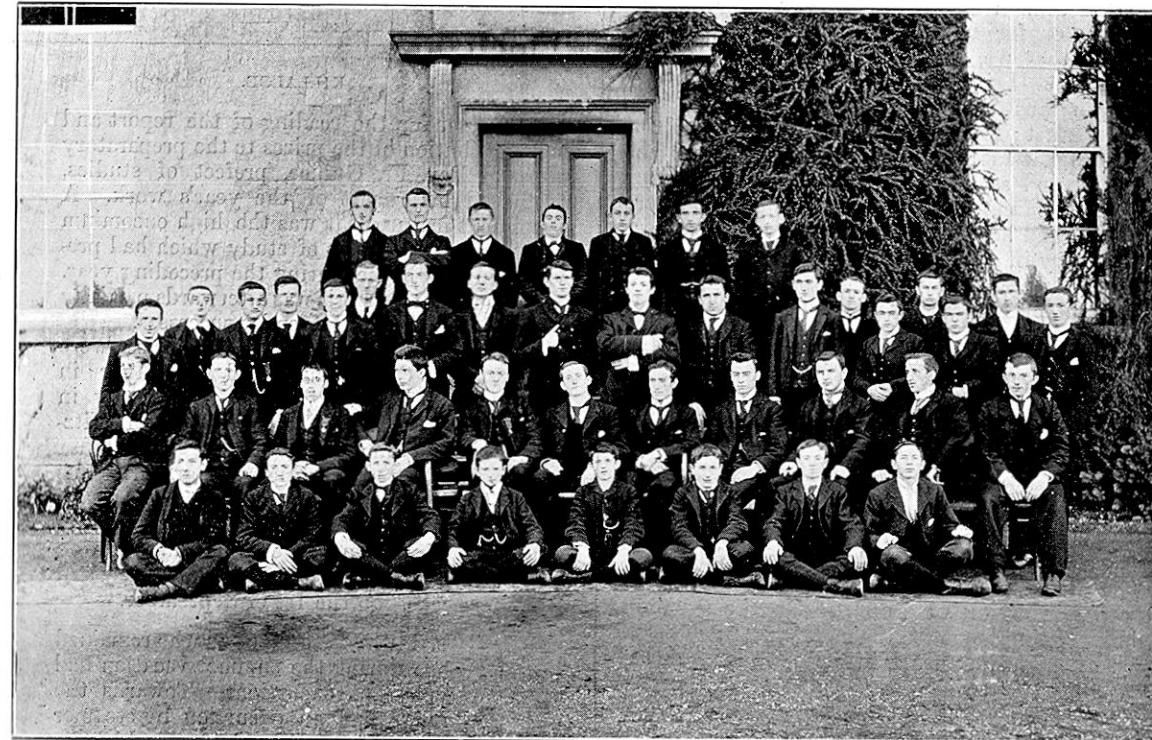
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S DAY was a great day with us. At the First Gospel of the Missa Cantata, Fr. Rector, whom we all love to hear, preached the panegyric of the Saint. Later on we sat down to a sumptuous repast, and in the evening, after Solemn Benediction, we adjourned to the theatre.

THE Feast of the Immaculate Conception was also celebrated with great splendour. It was preceded, as usual, by a novena. On the day itself we had High Mass and a reception of Sodalists.

out in the full and solemn manner usual in the College. Fr. Rector officiated as Celebrant at the High Mass each day, and presided at the Office of *Tenebre* in the evening. Fr. P. Kane preached the Passion sermon on Good Friday.

ON the Feast of St. Aloysius, June 21st, a very touching and impressive ceremony took place in our College Church. Fr. Andrew Killian, who had just been ordained priest at Carlow, sang the High Mass, with Fr. Rector as deacon, and Fr. Forristal as sub-deacon.

Many of the boys remembered Fr. Killian as



APOSTOLIC STUDENTS.—1898.

FOR the Christmas holidays and Shrovetide festivities we refer our readers to “Our Social Gatherings.”

ON St. Patrick's Day, Fr. Patrick Kane preached an eloquent sermon at the High Mass. And on Passion Sunday we celebrated with great solemnity the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of Ireland to the Sacred Heart. Fr. Corish was the preacher on the occasion, and very beautifully he put before us the history of this dedication and the spirit which prompted it.

THE ceremonies of Holy Week were carried

school-fellow, and were overjoyed to hear the clear, ringing voice, once so well known in the choir, now chant the Sacred Mysteries from the altar stone. After Mass, Fr. Rector led Fr. Killian to the altar, and spoke to our hearts of the sterling worth of our school-fellow, and of the great dignity to which he had been raised. We then approached the altar to receive, one by one, the new priest's blessing. It was a touching ceremony, and we are not ashamed to confess that we detected in the eyes of others the tear we vainly strove to hide in our own.

EARLY in June, John L. McCarthy, captain of



the Lay Boys, was presented by his schoolfellows with a valuable silver cup, in token of their esteem. He had held the onerous post of captain for three years, and was now at the end of his course at Mungret.

In returning thanks, McCarthy spoke with much feeling of the generous, docile and brotherly spirit characteristic of Mungret boys, of the self-sacrificing patience of the community and of the pride he should through life continue to take in the welfare and the triumphs of his *alma mater*. He concluded thus:—"At the moment we may hear the distant thunder of the cannon and the cheers for the olive of Spain, or for the Stars and Stripes. It is fitting that we, too, should have our war cry. Let it be—Long live Mungret, and this naturally means—Long live our Rector with his noble heart; long live our prefect, so energetic and so patient; long live the community so zealous and so kind, and long live within the walls of Mungret boys such as you, to be her honour and her pride, and to carry her banner to victory in every fight whether mental, physical, or moral."

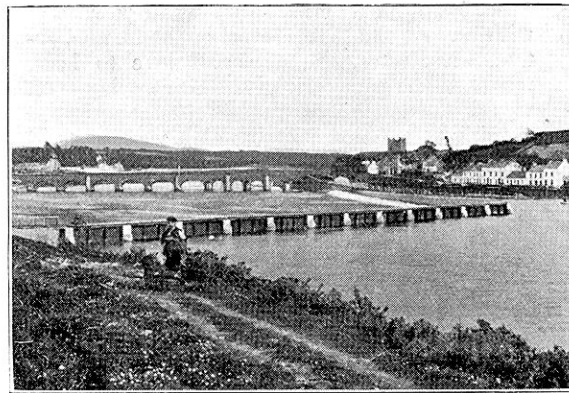
John McCarthy took his B.A. degree in the Royal University in October. Shortly afterwards he left Ireland for Australia. John's father, Dr. Charles McCarthy, is well known as a man of great ability and exceptional culture, and is perhaps the most eminent physician in Sydney.

Most sincerely do we wish our ex-captain every success, and fondly do we hope that the voice and pen of youthful promise may achieve much hereafter in the noble cause of faith and fatherland.

**DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.**—On the evening before going home for the midsummer holidays, we assembled, as usual, in the great hall on the



KILKEE.



KILLALOE.

ground floor for the reading of the report and the distribution of the prizes to the preparatory classes. Rev. Fr. Guinee, prefect of studies, first read his report of the year's work. A prominent feature of it was the high encomium he passed on the spirit of study which had prevailed in the house during the preceding year. The result of this spirit was afterwards partially seen in the brilliant University successes.

In the grammar classes the chief prizes were won by D. O'Donaghue and W. Hyor in I Grammar; by C. Piler and T. Buckley in II Grammar; and by T. Crook and M. Fitzgerald in III Grammar.

Rev. Fr. Rector then briefly congratulated us on the work done, gave us some good advice as to our conduct during the holidays, and concluded by wishing us a very pleasant vacation and a happy return with "refreshed energy and ruddier cheeks," on the 1st of September.

**PLEASANT DAYS.**—Those of us who remained in the College during the summer vacation had some very pleasant excursions. Towards the end of July we had an excursion by steamer down the Shannon to Kilrush, from which we went by train to Kilkee. The trip on the Shannon was exquisite. *Decies repetita placebit*, is more than true of our Mungret excursions on that lordly river. We had several hours in Kilkee; bathed off the Duggerna rocks, in an inlet, which we of Mungret have named "Loyola Creek;" lunched in the amphitheatre; disported ourselves on the Diamond Rocks, and climbed Lookout Hill. We saw Bishop's Island, and said we saw Hag's Head. We wondered how anyone could tire of watching the ceaseless dashing and roaring and surging of the breakers as they thundered against the base of the amphitheatre, or rose foaming almost to our feet, as we stood on the Diamond Rocks. Perhaps our pleasantest

excursion, however, was a trip to Killaloe about the middle of August. A drag, drawn by three stalwart roadsters, took the whole party, except five, who cycled to and fro. Some of the Fathers of the community, of course, accompanied us; and two old Mungret boys, Willie O'Keeffe and James Nunan, now the Rector's guests as the Rev. W. O'Keeffe, S.J., and Rev. J. Nunan, D.D., rode the "glittering steed." The weather was ideal. We lunched beside Old Kincora, and we thought—at least some of us did—on the story of the great monarch who fell, in the arms of victory, far away, sharing the grave of his heroic son and grandson on the glorious field of Clontarf. The remains of Brian's palace is about a quarter of a mile north of the town. It is beside the lake, at the foot of a magnificent hill, which shoots up almost from the very brink of Lough Derg. We rowed in the lake and bathed off the boats. We climbed the hill, and could see the Shannon winding, through rich meadow and grove, on to our own Limerick, which seemed to rest peaceably a few miles from the foot of the hill, nestling under the wood-covered mountains which rose to the south-west. It was a day not easily to be forgotten. Songs enlivened our homeward drive, and we reached Mungret about night-fall.

The Senior Apostolical students who had been home for their holidays, returned to Mungret, on August 22nd, for the Annual Retreat. Fr. Charles McKenna, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology at Milltown Park, conducted the exercises.

The lay boys returned punctually on September 1st, and next day we had Mass of the Holy Ghost and *schola brevis*.

On September 7th three of our lay boys of last school year—Austin Hartigan, Willie Stephenson, and James O'Connell—entered the Novitiate of Tullabeg for the Irish Province of the Society of Jesus. May all three persevere in their holy vocation and live to celebrate their first Mass in dear old Mungret.

The usual three days' retreat for the lay boys, ending on Michaelmas Day, was this year conducted by Fr. William O'Reilly, S.J. His earnest manner and eloquent words wrought much good.

**IMPROVEMENTS.**—A small cemetery has been tastefully laid out in the south-west corner of the grounds. It is of semi-circular form inclosed by a concrete wall surmounted by a handsome iron railing.

The upper corridor of the new building has been adorned with many choice oil paintings on religious subjects. One of them—the St. Jerome by Rotari, a master of the Venetian school—is said to be of great value.

Report says that the College Church is soon to be decorated on a grand scale.

AMONG our past students who visited us during the year were the Rev. William O'Keeffe, S.J., who was captain of the lay boys in the years '91 and '92. He entered the novitiate at Tullabeg in September, '92, and on completing his course of philosophy at Enghien in Belgium, came back to Erin. He spent a fortnight at Mungret in August.

Dr. James Nunan, of whom a notice appears in "Our Past," spent a week with us in August, and again paid us a farewell visit on the eve of his departure for Florida in November. Elsewhere we have spoken of Fr. Andrew Killian's visit in June.

Fr. James Stenson paid us a short visit of a couple of days on his way to Queenstown in September.

In October, Fr. Michael McMahon, S.J., of the Zambesi mission, passed a fortnight with us.

Among other visitors, Fr. Patrick Kane, S.J., was with us from February to the end of June, and Father James Cullen, S.J., through the month of September—each in search of health and strength for work elsewhere. Fr. Daignault, S.J., the procurator of the Zambesi mission, paid us a short visit in the early summer. Frs. O'Reilly, McWilliams, and Rochford, made their annual retreat at Mungret.

WE cannot refrain from publishing a few extracts from the many touching letters that came from past students on receipt of the first number of THE MUNGRET ANNUAL. A past lay boy writes:—"I am thankful for the Annual. It has put me in a state of 'Wild Excitement' I have not felt for many a day."

Another lay boy writes from London:—"It revived many pleasant bygone memories of the dear old *alma mater*. You may imagine how many deep reveries, pleasant and sad, the illustrations and allusions caused me. I look on it as a great privilege of a kind Providence to have spent my college days in Mungret."

An Apostolical student of the very early times writes from America:—"For me especially it was a source of great delight. Having heard scarcely anything about Mungret for the past ten years—my own fault, doubtless—it was all the more welcome and enjoyable. My spirit fled back in an instant and wandered freely through every nook and corner, lingering with pleasure on every scene, and conversing with old companions now scattered over the surface of the globe. What happy days these were! I may add that the Annual encouraged me more than I can describe to fight the good

fight, and so to live that old Mungret may not blush—if she cannot feel proud—to have owned me." Faithful, humble heart! Mungret has no need to blush for such children. They are the brightest ornament in her crown.

Another writes also from America:—"I am confident that its genial pages will find a true Irish welcome in the homes of all of Mungret's sons, and still more confident that the story of

untiring work, charity, and sacrifice, even to death itself, which it depicts, will nerve to higher efforts those of Mungret's children who shall read its touching sketches."

Such extracts might be multiplied. But though to the editors they are very music in the ear, all of our readers may not have the same interest, and we abstain from taxing their patience further.

A.M.D.G.

## SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

<i>Prefect</i> ...	WILLIAM MOLONEY.
<i>1st Assistant</i> ...	EDMUND O'NEILL.
<i>2nd Assistant</i> ...	JAMES CLIFFORD.
<i>Secretary</i> ...	EDMUND O'NEILL.
<i>Sacristan</i> ...	PATRICK O'KANE.

Last year we briefly traced the history of the Sodality from its canonical erection in 1890.

In the election of Council for the year '97-98, our popular captain, J. L. McCarthy, B.A., was chosen by Fr. Director for the responsible position of Prefect, in the place of J. Tomkins, B.A., who had then entered the Society. Austin Hartigan was made 1st Assistant and Secretary, with W. Moloney and E. O'Neill in the respective offices of 2nd Assistant and Sacristan.

At the various elections for membership held during the year, sixteen new members were received, so that at the close of last term, of the total number of students in the College, the Sodality contained the unprecedented number of forty-four members! Considering the strictness of the conditions necessary for membership, this fact alone is a sufficient proof of the high standard of piety for which the boys of Mungret have ever been remarkable.

Following the example of the previous year,

three of our Sodalists from among the lay boys entered the Jesuit novitiate last September. Our esteemed prefect, having taken his degree of B.A., lately sailed for his home in Australia. I am sure all the Sodalists will concur with me in wishing him a successful and brilliant career "in that sunny clime beneath the Southern Cross." Two other Sodalists have gone to different Ecclesiastical Colleges to prepare for the priesthood.

Our Sodality continues its onward progress, and never had devotion to our Blessed Lady deeper root among the boys than at present. We may hopefully look forward to the future career of the Sodality.

The Apostleships of Prayer and Study are still persevering in their good work. Devotion to the Sacred Heart is every day becoming more firmly rooted among our boys. This is attested by the ever increasing numbers who approach the Altar on the first Friday of the month.

Seven boys succeeded last year in obtaining that envied distinction, the sixth and last decoration of the Apostleship of Study.

EDMUND O'NEILL (1st Arts),  
Sec. Sodality B.V.M.

## OUR SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

"Dulce est desipere in loco."—HORACE.

**M**USICAL AND HISTRIONIC YEAR.—The first entertainment of the season was given on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the 3rd of December.

### PROGRAMME.

#### PART I.

PIANOFORTE DUET... "Woodland Flowers".....Burns  
Masters E. O'Neill and P. Burns.

SONG..... "The Better Land".....Cowen  
Master P. Kelly.  
SONG..... "Roses Underneath the Snow".....Banks  
Master J. O'Connell.  
VIOLIN SOLO..... "Irish Airs".....Barkley  
Master W. McElligott.  
SONG..... "There is a Flower that Bloometh"....Wallace  
Master P. Burns.

#### PART II.

##### Comedietta.

#### "HIS EXCELLENCY'S SECRETARY."

##### Characters:

Steward (who is willing to oblige everybody for a consideration) } Master T. Crook  
Footman (slow, solemn, and stately)... Master W. Curr  
Sam Savoury (a cook noted for his sauce) } Master P. Kelly  
Sir Geo. Courtly (Special Ambassador) } Master E. Molony  
to Bombay) ... ..  
Alderman Gayfore (Rich City Banker) } Master J. Byrne  
Charles Gayfore (his Son, determined } Master C. Connolly  
on getting to India by hook or by crook)  
Harry Courtly (Sir George's Son) ... Master G. Perry

SCENE—Sir George's Library.

##### GRAND FINALE:

"God Bless Mungret."

Paddy Kelly's rendering of "The Better Land" was loudly and deservedly applauded. P. Burns made his debut on the Mungret stage amid great applause. His performance was loudly encored. In response he sang "The Heart Bowed Down" with great expression. James O'Connell sang well, but did not appear to be in his usual good form. W. McElligott's stirring Irish airs roused the enthusiasm of all, and had to be repeated again and again.

The success of the Junior boys last year warranted their reappearance in a longer and more difficult piece. The characters were admirably selected, and their acting surpassed our most sanguine expectations. P. Kelly played his part remarkably well. His witty and topical remarks kept the audience in roars of laughter. J. Byrne and E. Moloney sustained their old reputation in the respective characters of Banker and Ambassador. Tom Crook sustained the role of Steward in good style.

#### SECOND ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment on the eve of the Christmas holidays took the form of a concert and a very well acted farce. "The Flight of the Earls," sung by P. Burns, was the composition of one of the Fathers, adapted to a well-known air. It was well given, but it was rather difficult to catch some of the words.

J. Burke responded to an encore in "O'Ryan, the Poacher," which was well received. The duet sung by himself and P. Burns was also well rendered. T. Buckley might have put much more energy into Davis's stirring ballad. P. Kelly's songs in character were the items of the evening. His topical song, "I'se a-Goin' in the Mornin'," in which he made witty allusions to his approaching departure from his *alma mater*, evoked thunders of applause, and was encored several times.

Very few will disagree with us in saying that "Slasher and Crasher" was one of the best farces ever represented in Mungret. The actors seemed to have studied their several parts well, and threw themselves into their characters body and soul. P. O'Kane's impersonation of the fiery dragon left nothing to be desired. His sudden outbursts of passion actually sent a shudder through the audience. The interviews between himself and the two individuals after whom the piece is named, were very finely acted. In point of humour, J. O'Connell was

second to none. In the crafty, bragging, Crasher, it would be indeed difficult, for one who did not know the characters, to recognise our popular captain.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

OPENING CHORUS.. "Over the fields of clover"....Giebel  
Choir.

SONG..... "The Flight of the Earls, A.D. 1607".....  
Master P. Burns.

SONG..... "The Old Horse".....  
Master J. Burke.

PIANOFORTE SOLO.. "The Darkies' Holiday".....Burns  
Master E. O'Neill.

SONG (in Character)—  
"Massa's sent a Tellygram".....Redmond  
Master P. Kelly.

VOCAL DUET.. "List to the Convent Bells".....Blockley  
Masters P. Burns and J. Burke.

SONG..... "The West's Asleep".....Davis  
Master T. Buckley.

PIANOFORTE DUET.. "Washington Post" (March) Sousa  
Masters P. Burns and E. O'Neill.

SONG (in character).. "I'se a-Going in the Mornin'"...Rea  
Master P. Kelly.

##### PART II.

#### "SLASHER AND CRASHER."

(A Farce in One Act.)

Mr. Benjamin Blowhard (a retired Dragon, with an irascible temper and high notions of valour) ... .. } Master P. O'Kane

Mr. Sampson Slasher (a sporting character, who "takes a kick as a compliment" ... .. } Master J. O'Connell

Mr. Christopher Crasher (President of an anti-duelling association, whose courage is outstripped by his bragging and cunning ... .. } Master J. L. McCarthy

Lieut. Brown (of H.M. Navy).... Master J. Horan  
Fred (Blowhard's Nephew) ... Master C. Connolly  
John (Blowhard's Servant) ... Master F. McCarthy

SCENE—Blowhard's Drawing Room.

##### FINALE:

"God Bless Mungret."  
The Choir.

#### THIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

Our kind friends, the Past Students of Jesuit Colleges, re-visited us on Shrove Monday, and delighted us with a larger and, if possible, more pleasing programme of music than that of last year.

We take the following from the *Munster News* of Feb. 26th, 1898:—

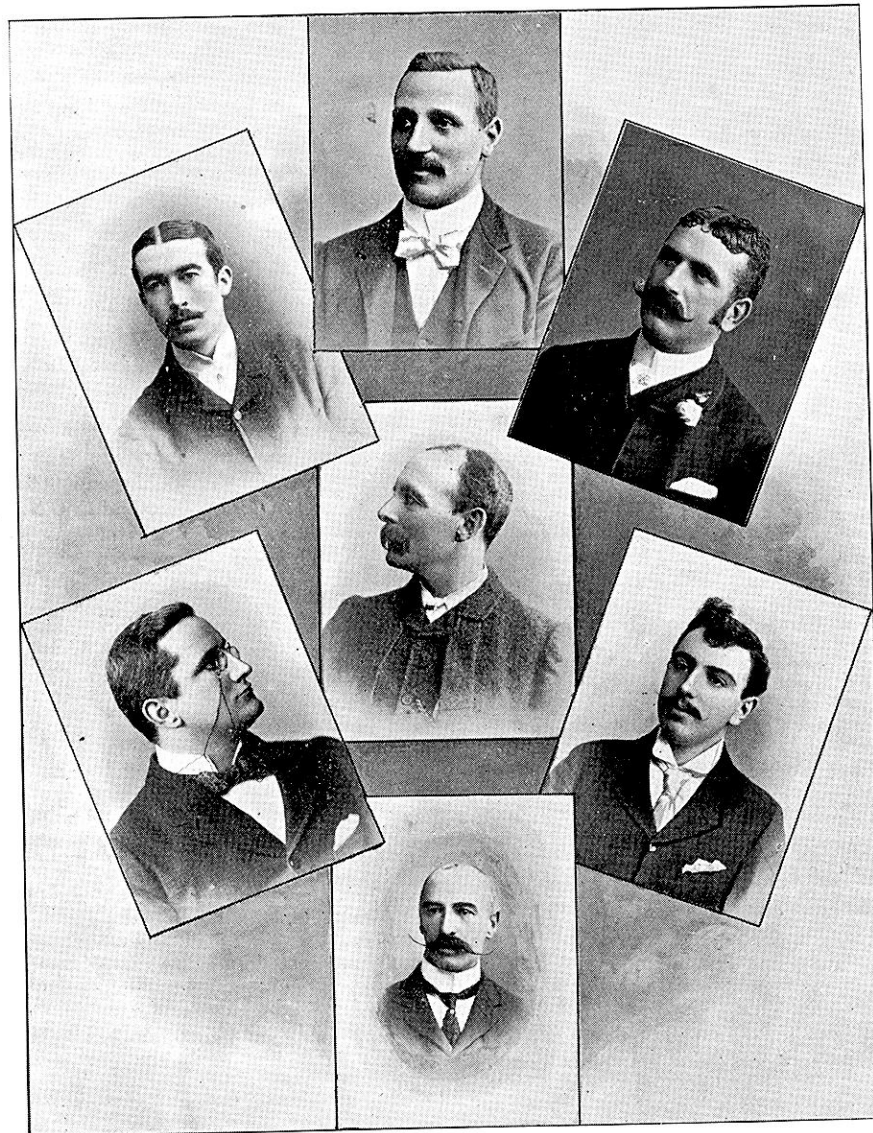
"On Monday evening a party of gentlemen, past students of Jesuit Colleges, gave a concert at the above



well-known College, and afforded a most enjoyable evening's entertainment to the professors and students. The party comprised vocalists and instrumentalists, whose names are familiar to lovers of music in the South, and the readiness with which all gave their services, at no

of the evening. This, however, could hardly be wondered at, considering the merit of each performance.

"A word of special thanks is due to Mr. Hetreed, who organized and conducted the concert, and to Mr. Tid-



MR. J. P. HALL, SOLR. MR. W. P. C. HETREED, D.I., R.I.C. MR. P. CRONIN.  
MR. J. S. GAFFNEY, B.A. SOLR. MR. D. TIDMARSH. MR. F. McNAMARA.  
MR. J. SPILLANE.

#### OUR SHROVETIDE CONCERT PARTY.

little trouble and inconvenience to themselves, testified to the esteem and affection in which they hold the Order in whose colleges they have been educated. They were listened to with great attention by an appreciative, if somewhat exacting, audience, for encores were the order

marsh, to whose kindness and energy much of the success was due; whilst Messrs. Cronin and McNamara, though strongly pressed (and with reason) to aid a good cause elsewhere, would not disappoint, the latter coming from a distance to keep his promise."

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

- GRAND PIANOFORTE DUET... "Tarantelle"... *N. Rubenstein*  
Messrs. W. P. Hetreed and J. Spillane.  
SONG..... "The Skipper's Flag"..... *Barri*  
Mr. Frank McNamara.  
COMIC SONG { "A thing he had never done" } .....  
before"  
Mr. James P. Hall.  
VOCAL DUET... "The Larboard Watch"..... *Williams*  
Messrs. P. Cronin and D. Tidmarsh.  
SONG..... "The Two Grenadiers"..... *Schumann*  
Mr. James S. Gaffney, B.A.  
VIOLIN SOLO..... "Fantasie Pastorale"..... *Siagelee*  
Mr. David Tidmarsh.  
COMIC SONG..... "Sister Mary".....  
Mr. W. P. Hetreed.  
HUMOROUS GLEE... "Mynheer Vandunck"..... *Bishop*  
The Concert Party.

##### PART II.

- QUARTET..... "Go where glory leads thee" { *Arrangd. by*  
*Balf*  
Messrs. Cronin, Hetreed, Gaffney, and Tidmarsh.  
SONG..... "Queen of the Earth"..... *Finsuti*  
Mr. Peter Cronin.  
COMIC SONG... "I'm Not Myself At All".....  
Mr. James P. Hall.  
SONG..... "The Valley by the Sea"..... *Adams*  
Mr. James S. Gaffney, B.A.  
CORNET SOLO..... Selections from "Il Trovatore"  
Mr. John Spillane.  
SONG..... "Off to Philadelphia"..... *B. Hayes*  
Mr. David Tidmarsh.  
SONG..... "The Deathless Army"..... *Trotter*  
Mr. Frank McNamara.  
COMIC SONG..... "The Toy Monkey"..... *from the Geisha*  
Mr. W. P. Hetreed.  
QUARTET..... "Good Night"..... *Pinsuti*  
Messrs. Cronin, Hetreed, Gaffney, and Tidmarsh.  
FINALE..... "Auld Lang Syne".....  
Concert Party.

We take this opportunity of again expressing our sincere gratitude to the above-named gentlemen for the delightful evening's entertainment they afforded us—many of them at personal inconvenience. We hope their visit will become a permanent feature of our gatherings.

#### FOURTH ENTERTAINMENT.

Last year we gave our opinion that plays such as Cardinal Wiseman's "Hidden Gem," should be of more frequent occurrence. Perhaps the Apostolics we reacting on this advice when they worked so energetically to make "If I were a King" a success. The piece, though long and difficult, was produced in a very creditable manner.

T. Buckley sustained the *role* of the Shepherd King, and notwithstanding his first appearance on the stage, acted the most important, and by far the most difficult, part of the drama, in a highly satisfactory manner. H. Blackmore's voice and action were well adapted to the dignified character he impersonated. James Barry played the part of Chief Shepherd fairly well.

The stage arrangements were perfect; no hitch occurred to mar the beauty of the piece, while the scenery and stage decorations were very artistically selected.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### "IF I WERE A KING."

(A Drama in Four Acts.)

##### Dramatis Personae.

- Genaro (the Shepherd King) ... Master T. Buckley  
Ferdinand (King of Naples) ... Master H. Blackmore  
Ruisco (cousin of the King) ... Master T. O'Brien  
Don Gonsalvo (Spanish Ambassador) Master Joseph Corr

- Bozza (Major Domo of the King's Palace) ... Master Frank Fahey  
Alberto (King's son) ... Master David Cronin  
Melchiorre (a Courtier) ... Master Michael Curley  
Banquo (Overseer of the Shepherds) Master P. Turner  
Cecato (Chief Shepherd) ... Master J. Barry  
Stephano (Chief of Brigands) ... Master W. Carroll  
Shepherds, Brigands, Courtiers, etc.

##### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

- Act 1—Forest Scene near Naples.  
Act 2—Scene 1—Robber's Cave. Scene 2—Forest Scene.  
Act 3—Royal Court.  
Act 4 Scene 1—Forest Scene. Scene 2—Royal Hall.

##### Incidental Music:

- OVERTURE..... "Tancredi"..... *Rossini*  
SHEPHERD'S CHORUS..... *Offenbach*  
SONG..... "Home"..... Master T. Buckley  
BRIGAND'S SONG... "The Outlaw"..... Master J. Bourke  
FINALE:  
"God Bless Mungret."

#### FIFTH ENTERTAINMENT.

We now come to the last entertainment of the season, given on the Feast of our Patron Saint, the 17th March. As usual, it consisted almost exclusively of Irish music.

P. Burns never appeared in better form. He sang "The Minstrel Boy" magnificently. In response to an encore he again delighted us by singing "When He who Adores Thee" with great expression. P. Turner's recitation was delivered in a real patriotic spirit. James O'Connell carried his audience with him in his comic song. Never did he appear to greater advantage. P. Kelly's performance was loudly applauded.

Hayden's Toy Symphony, though got up in a rather hurried manner, proved a great success. With a little more practice, and a little less trumpet, it would have been perfect. Some of the performers acquitted themselves very creditably. The violinists—after our redoubtable drummer, of course—deserve special mention.

#### PROGRAMME:

- IRISH QUADRILLES..... *Farmer*  
Piano and Violins.  
SONG..... "The Minstrel Boy"..... *Moore*  
Master P. Burns.  
VIOLIN SOLO..... "Irish Airs"..... *Althaus*  
Master George Horan.  
RECITATION.. "The Blacksmith of Limerick"..... *Joyce*  
Master P. Turner.  
COMIC SONG..... "Delaney's Chicken"..... *Sweeney*  
Master J. O'Connell.  
SONG..... "Dear Land"..... *O'Hagan*  
Master Charlie McDermott.

##### PART II.

- ..... Toy Symphony..... *Hayden*  
Allegro—Minuet—Trio—Allegro.  
Piano, 1st and 2nd Violins, Nightingale, Cuckoo, Quail, Woodpecker, Bells, Trumpets, Triangle, Rattle, Drum.  
SONG..... "The Exile's Return"..... *Needham*  
Master P. Kelly.  
SONG..... "Innisfail"..... *Williams*  
Master T. Buckley.  
PIANO SOLO..... "Whispers from Erin"..... *Rockston*  
Master E. O'Neill.  
SONG..... "Who Fears to Speak of '98"..... *Ingram*  
Master J. Burke.  
COMIC SONG..... "Paddy Murphy"..... *North*  
Master J. O'Connell.

##### FINALE:

"God Bless Mungret."

These are the principal performances of the year. Space will not allow us to notice the enjoyable divisional entertainments held from time to time.

E. O'NEILL (1ST ARTS).

## ATHLETIC SPORTS.

## COMMITTEE.

J. L. MAC CARTHY.  
W. MOLONEY. T. J. PEY.  
J. HORAN. J. CLIFFORD.

Starter—J. CLIFFORD.

Timekeeper—J. KELLY.

THE appointed day for our Annual Sports was anything but an ideal day for out-door exercise. It was one of those dark days we are so often favoured with in the beginning of April, when winter seems to have returned once more. It was cold and wet; dark clouds came rolling up the Shannon, then seemed to rest a moment on the Cratloe Hills before they swept down on us. But among the smaller boys some were heard to say that we gained, not lost, by having the appointed day wet, as we should then have another "free-day" for the Sports.

Next day we were more fortunate. 'Tis true there was



100 YARDS—JOE HEELAN WINS.

a pretty cool eastern breeze; but still the April sun shone out in its freshness, and dispelled all traces of the preceding day's darkness. I need not say we enjoyed ourselves. It would require too much space to give a full description of the field, with its white tents and green flags. A book might be filled with descriptions of the numerous amusements; while no amount of rhetoric however high-flown, no similes however beautiful, nor comparisons however carefully selected, no figure of speech in all Horace or Virgil, could give an adequate idea of the choice dainties offered for sale by a rising star, who must be nameless.

The running was good on the whole, and almost every race was keenly contested. All the "hundreds" were won on the tape. The finals in the First Club (Lay Division) and the Senior Apostolics being almost "dead

heats." In the former, Joe Heelan won a splendid race amid great excitement; and the enthusiasm was, perhaps, greater when P. Turner won a slightly slower, but, perhaps, more exciting race, in the Senior Apostolic Division.

Joe Horan was certainly the best all-round man among the Lay boys. His mile race deserves special credit, being perhaps the best performance during the sports. Let us hope that the duties of Secretary will not prevent him from giving an equally good display next Easter. Joe Heelan's jumps were very creditable.

In the Second Club, Tom Cashin was too much for his opponents. In fact the members of this Club were on the whole very unevenly matched. Accordingly great credit is due to the Sports Committee for making interesting races out of such unpromising material.

In the Third Club, W. Coleman, P. Fallon, P. O'Dwyer and P. Kelly divided the prizes between them. W. Coleman's half-mile was a surprise to many.

P. Bresnahan shone best among the Senior Apostolics, with Frank Hartin a very good second. Hartin's mile was really good, and since he was not hard pressed, he may not have displayed his full powers. The jumping among the Apostolics was far below their ordinary standard.

Among the Junior Apostolics, Frank Fahey had by far the best of the running, while in the jumping and weight-throwing Tom O'Brien took the palm. Fahey ran every race in first-class style, and in the long races he seemed to come out very strong towards the end.

On the evening of the second day the most enjoyable part came on—"Sack Races," "Siamese Races," "Tug-of-war," &c. The "Tugs" were amusing among the small boys, but with the bigger boys they were stiff and serious work. The Senior Apostolics gave an excellent pull.

Some were seen relaxing their hold from sheer exhaustion, but the shouts of their comrades roused them again, and this continued for nearly five minutes—everybody leaning on the rope. The "pull" had to be repeated three times

before it was finally decided. The First Club gave an almost equally good display, but the sides were not so well balanced.

The Siamese races were very amusing. But the Sack races were even more so, and a certain enterprising amateur photographer disclosed some truly laughable items when he subsequently displayed some "snapshots" he took during the Siamese and Sack races.

In the whole programme one item alone seemed uninteresting, and that, one which might have been the best. We refer to the Hurdle Races. Few competed, and fewer still finished. That should not have been so. No race is so nice as the Hurdle, and none tends more to muscular development.



HIGH JUMP—JOE HEELAN CLEARS AND WINS.

We append the details:—

## 100 YARDS.—Lay Boys.

- 1st Club—1, J. Heelan; 2, J. Horan; 3, T. Pey.  
Time, 11 secs.  
2nd Club—1, T. Cashin; 2, E. Guilfoyle; 3, W. Hyor.  
Time, 12 secs.  
3rd Club—1, P. Fallon; 2, P. Kelly; 3, P. O'Dwyer.  
Time, 12 1-5 secs.

## Apostolics.

- Senior—1, P. Turner; 2, M. Reddin; 3, F. Hartin.  
Time, 11 4-5 secs.  
Juniors—1, F. Fahey; 2, J. Hehir; 3, T. O'Brien.  
Time, 12 secs.

## 220 YARDS.—Lay Boys.

- 1st Club—1, P. Walsh; 2, J. Horan; 3, P. O'Kane.  
Time, 26 1-5 sec.  
2nd Club—1, T. Cashin; 2, W. Hyor; 3, E. Guilfoyle.  
Time, 28 1-5 secs.  
3rd Club—1, W. Coleman; 2, P. O'Dwyer; 3, W. McGilgott.  
Time, 32 secs.

## Apostolics.

- Seniors—1, P. Bresnahan; 2, F. Hartin; 3, P. Turner.  
Time, 28 secs.  
Juniors—1, F. Fahey; 2, T. O'Brien; 3, D. Cronin.  
Time, 29 2-5 secs.

## 440 YARDS.—Lay Boys.

- 1st Club—1, J. Horan; 2, H. Keller; 3, P. O'Kane.  
Time, 62 secs.  
2nd Club—1, Patk. Fallon; 2, T. Cashin; 3, G. Fitzgerald.  
Time, 68 secs.

- 3rd Club—1, P. O'Dwyer; 2, W. Coleman; 3, P. Fallon.  
Time, 78 secs.

## Apostolics.

- Seniors—1, P. Turner; 2, F. Hartin; 3, P. Bresnahan.  
Time, 64 secs.  
Juniors—1, T. O'Brien; 2, F. Fahey; 3, J. Hehir.  
Time, 68 secs.

## HALF MILE.—Lay Boys.

- 1st Club—1, J. Horan; 2, P. Byrnes. Time, 2 min. 22 1-5 secs.  
2nd Club—1, Patk. Fallon; 2, T. Cashin. Time, 2 min. 50 secs.  
3rd Club—1, W. Coleman; 2, P. Fallon. Time, 2 min. 29 secs.

## Apostolics.

- Seniors—1, F. Hartin; 2, R. Fitzharris. Time, 2 min. 30 2-5 secs.  
Juniors—1, F. Fahey; 2, T. O'Brien. Time, 2 min. 42 4-5 secs.

## 120 YARDS HURDLE.—Lay Boys.

- 1st Club—1, T. Pey; 2, P. Walsh. Time, 21 1-5 secs.  
2nd Club—1, C. Connolly; 2, W. Hyor. Time, 22 4-5 secs.

## Apostolics.

- Seniors—1, P. Bresnahan; 2, W. Carroll. Time, 20 2-5 secs.  
Juniors—1, D. Cronin; 2, J. Hehir. Time, 20 1-5 secs.

## HIGH JUMP.—Lay Boys.

- 1st Club—Won by J. Heelan; height, 5ft. 4in.  
2nd Club—Won by J. O'Connor; height, 4ft. 6in.  
3rd Club—Won by P. Kelly; height, 4ft. 7in.

## Apostolics.

- Seniors—Won by P. Bresnahan; height, 5ft.  
Juniors—Won by T. O'Brien; height, 4ft. 7in.

## LONG JUMP.—Lay Boys.

- 1st Club—Won by J. Heelan; distance, 19ft. 1in.  
2nd Club—Won by T. Cashin; distance, 16ft.  
3rd Club—Won by P. Fallon; distance, 16ft. 6in.

## Apostolics.

- Seniors—Won by W. Kennedy; distance, 17ft. 9in.  
Juniors—Won by T. O'Brien; distance, 17ft.



THE MILE—JOE HORAN "COMING THROUGH."



SLINGING THE WEIGHT (56lbs) with follow.

*Lay Boys.*

1st and 2nd Clubs—Won by T. Pey; distance, 22ft. 6in.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—Won by W. Kennedy; distance, 21ft 6in.

Juniors—Won by T. O'Brien; distance, 20ft.

ONE MILE.—*Lay Boys.*

1st and 2nd Clubs—1, J. Horan; 2, Patk. Fallon; 3, C. Shaw. Time, 5 min. 3 secs.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—1, F. Hartin; 2, P. Bresnahan; 3, P. Turner. Time, 5 min. 7 secs.

Juniors—1, F. Fahey; 2, J. Carey. Time, 5 min. 40 secs.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.—*Lay Boys.*

1st and 2nd Clubs—Won by J. Horan; distance, 104 yds.

*Apostolics.*

Seniors—Won by M. Reddin; distance, 90 yards.

Juniors—Won by T. O'Brien; distance, 87 yards.

## HANDBALL.

The proficiency displayed at the handball tournament was not very encouraging for lovers of that game. There might have been a few good games if Dame Fortune had been more gracious in the drawing of partners. Yet Herbert Keller and Jerome O'Keeffe showed some very good play in the finals.

In the first round there was nothing very brilliant. In the second round matters improved. There was a very good match between T. Lynch and E. O'Neill v. O'Keeffe and Laffan. The latter pair won. Keller and Fallon had a very hard fight for their match in the third round, but won after a close contest.

In the finals, consisting of three matches, O'Keeffe and Laffan were pitted against Keller and Fallon. The burden of the play fell on O'Keeffe and Keller. O'Keeffe played with more judgment, and availed of the few opportunities he got. But Keller was stronger and playing a steady high game, finally tired O'Keeffe out. Of the three games O'Keeffe won the second. Keller won the other two—thus securing the medals which he certainly deserved.

## CRICKET.

THE opening of the season was seriously interfered with by the rain, on account of which it was impossible for a time to make use of the regular ground, which was in a very soft condition. Higher ground had meanwhile to be resorted to, where the eye was got into practice and the biceps into training, until it was possible to return to our old field of contest. When we did so, we found the extension of the enclosure, which had been made since the previous season, a great improvement. All the clubs of the First and Second Divisions were now able to have their practice nets within the enclosure, which meant for the newly-admitted less trouble and better "pitches" than they were accustomed to formerly; while the hard hitters were rendered less dangerous by being esconced within double-wing nets, which obviated the danger to the person from swiftly-flying balls.

When we had fairly settled down to work it was found the prospects of the season were satisfactory. There were the materials of a good team, and we had a couple of acquisitions amongst the community who imparted great strength to the batting and bowling departments, and indeed, to every branch of the game. Although only five of the previous year's eleven were available, the candidates for the vacancies were promising. With McCarthy, Pey, Moloney, and Clifford to support the batting, and Horan and Pey for the bowling, the remnant of the previous season's team formed a good nucleus; while the progress of the season marked out the eventual selections for the vacant places. T. Lynch proved good behind the wickets, as well as being a promising bat with nice style. H. Keller plays nicely, but, being a little late in his strokes, does not always score as well as his efforts and style deserve. This defect, however, will be remedied by practice. J. O'Connell showed that he could be as steady as a rock when he liked, as well as make some runs when there was need. C. McDermott has good hitting powers, and when he plays with caution does well. He proved a very efficient bowler. J. O'Keeffe was useful with the bat and in the field, while P. Byrnes justified the choice that was made of him as twelfth man in the out matches, by fielding well and knocking up some runs. The most prominent players of the season were—T. Pey, who headed the batting averages with 50.5 to his credit, the number of times he was "not out" helping considerably to bring the figures up so high. He hits with great power round the field, but is especially strong when hitting to

leg. J. McCarthy came next. At times he gave a very nice display, his cutting being particularly clean and good. C. McDermott also did well, his long-field hitting deserving notice. Of the bowlers—speaking without the aid of analyses, which were not well kept—J. Horan was perhaps the most successful. T. Pey was next in merit, while C. McDermott also showed to advantage. Among the Apostolics Burke was the premier bowler, with Reddin a good second, while W. J. Carroll generally distinguished himself with the bat.

The first match of particular interest was that between the Eleven and the Community, when the latter had to submit to defeat; but it must be admitted that more than half their team was composed of members who had had no practice during the season.

The advent of the "Old Boys" for their match was looked forward to with much interest, and though up to the last moment it seemed as though it would be difficult to get sufficient of them together for a team, as the notice given was somewhat short, yet when the day came, in spite of a very threatening morning, the full number turned up, and more would have been present were it not for the heavy rain that fell in the early part of the day. The match was a very enjoyable one, especially as the Past showed to better advantage than they did the previous year, and had they but been practising together for a little time beforehand, they would have given the Present no small difficulty to secure victory. Subjoined are the scores:—

### PAST.

T. Roberts, b Horan	...	...	...	7
J. Bergin, b Horan	...	...	...	0
M. Spain, c Pey	...	...	...	9
P. Kerin, b Pey	...	...	...	8
W. O'Keeffe, b Pey	...	...	...	0
R. Stephenson, c Horan	...	...	...	0
C. Stephenson, b Horan	...	...	...	0
T. Kelly, b Horan	...	...	...	2
P. Ryan, b Horan	...	...	...	2
J. Purcell, run out	...	...	...	0
M. Sheehy, not out	...	...	...	0
C. Edwards, run out	...	...	...	1
Byes	...	...	...	9
Wide Balls	...	...	...	2
Total	...	...	...	40

### PRESENT.

W. James, b Roberts	...	...	...	15
J. McCarthy, b Bergin	...	...	...	3
T. Pey, not out	...	...	...	36
H. Keller, run out	...	...	...	3
J. O'Keeffe, b Roberts	...	...	...	1
J. O'Connell, b Bergin	...	...	...	2
J. Horan, c and b Roberts	...	...	...	1
W. Moloney, 1 b w, b Spain	...	...	...	2
J. Clifford, b Spain	...	...	...	0
C. McDermott, c Spain	...	...	...	1
T. Lynch, b Spain	...	...	...	4
E. O'Neill, c Spain	...	...	...	4
Bye	...	...	...	1
Total	...	...	...	73

The next match was that against past students of the Jesuit Colleges, and here we met with a somewhat unexpected reverse. The tide of success against this team had so steadily rolled in our favour for the last few years, that the result seemed to be regarded somewhat in the light of a foregone conclusion. But our anticipations were not to be realised; we suffered defeat in the first innings. Both innings of the College team were an illustration of the glorious uncertainty of the game, as on both occasions the best bats were out for a very few runs, barely double figures, while those who were least expected to do much were mainly instrumental in bringing the score to a respectable total. That the match was, in spite of the defeat, an enjoyable and exciting one, is not to be gainsaid, for the closeness of the contest lent additional interest to the struggle, and we hardly grudged our opponents their victory after their long tide of ill luck.

### MUNGRET COLLEGE.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
W. James, run out	1	b J Spillane	4
T. Pey, b M. Spain	4	b Spain...	0
J. McCarthy, b J. Spillane	5	c O'Mara, b J. Spillane	0
H. Keller, b J. Spillane	0	b J Spillane	1
J. O'Connell, c T. Kelly	2	c Spain, b J. Spillane...	13
b Spain	2		
J. O'Keeffe, b Spain	0	c McDonnell, b Spain...	4
J. Horan, b Spain	19	c McDonnell, b J. Spillane	1
C. McDermott, b J. Spillane	8	c O'Gorman, b Spain	26
E. O'Neill, not out	0	b Spain...	0
T. Lynch, b J. Spillane	0	c O'Gorman, b Spain	2
P. Byrnes, b J. Spillane	2	not out	5
Extras	11	Extras	11
Total	52	Total	67

### PAST JESUIT COLLEGES.

1st Innings.	
W. McDonnell, b Pey	10
T. O'Gorman, b Pey	11
M. Spain, run out	1
J. Spillane, b Pey	9
J. O'Mara, c James, b Pey	12
L. Kelly, b McDermott	0
F. McNamara, 1 b w, b McDermott	3
T. Kelly, run out	5
W. Hetreed, b McDermott	3
M. Egan, not out	5
G. Spillane, b McDermott	0
Extras	8
Total	67

One interesting feature in connection with this match was the receipt, a few days later, by the College Captain of a letter from the Captain of the visiting team, in which he kindly undertook to draw our attention to the cause of

our defeat. It may be remembered that in the month of June one of the popular magazines had an article, by F. W. Gilbert, on the intricacies of bowling, and the various methods of getting "break," "spin," and "twist" on to a ball when being delivered. The leader of our opponents had a few days before the match, in the course of a railway journey, perused this article, and determined to try and put its suggestions into effect on the occasion of the match! This he did with no small success. But we must let his letter speak for itself, while recommending those who have not seen the diagrams there referred to, to look up the number of the magazine in question, in which they appeared.

"My Dear Captain,

"It may possibly interest you and the members of your XI to glance at the accompanying diagrams. I came across them within the past week, studied each carefully, and tried them for the first time on Saturday. On calm reflection, perhaps it was not a fair thing to take such an advantage, and I now send them to you, with the hope, however, that you won't use any of the 'treble spins' at our next match. Appended you have the different 'spins' marked with which I obtained wickets.

"I would call your special attention to the ball that took W. James's wicket in the second innings (*a d f*). This, when properly delivered (a by no means easy task), is fatal to Ranji himself!!

"The one that took your own wicket (*b c e*) is also a most puzzling ball.

"Hopng that our next match may be as pleasant and exciting as Saturday's, and with best wishes for your success at the Exams. Yours, etc."

Then follows a description of the various balls with which the writer secured wickets, we suppose, with apologies to the author of the article referred to.

### FIRST INNINGS.

"J. McCarthy (*b c e*). One of the two most difficult to play of the 'treble spins.'

"H. Keller (*c f*) curls from leg and shoots. This, when sent down after *b d f*, is almost always successful.

"C. McDermott (*a f*). Fully described by Gilbert as a 'terrible ball to play.'

"T. Lynch (*b c*). This is generally effective when used as the last ball of an over.

"P. Byrnes (*a c e*). A most deceptive spin. The ball assumes an oblong shape (the batsman fancies).

### SECOND INNINGS.

"W. James (*a d f*). This is most trying on the bowler's wrist, but is far more so on the batsman's temper. At one moment the ball seems to be coming in from the 'off'; at another from 'leg,' until finally it curls round the bat, and reaches the middle stump off the pads. A truly marvellous ball.

"McCarthy (*b d*). The *b c e* spin was again tried, but being unsuccessful this time, *b d* was sent down, an apparently simple, but very 'tricky' ball.

"Keller (*a d e*). This is a very fatal spin. Two balls are generally seen by the batsman, and sometimes by the bowler, too!

"O'Connell (*c e*). This ball seems to hang in the air, fascinating the batsman. He is rudely awakened by the sharp click of the balls.

"Horan (*b c f*). With a good pace on, this is utterly unplayable."

Another match, the return to the one we have just been speaking about, was to have come off in September, and we were quite ready and willing; but the recognised organiser of the visiting team was away somewhere taking a much-needed holiday, and was only discovered when the football season was about to be opened.

Among the new arrivals who came in September there is some promising talent for next season's work.

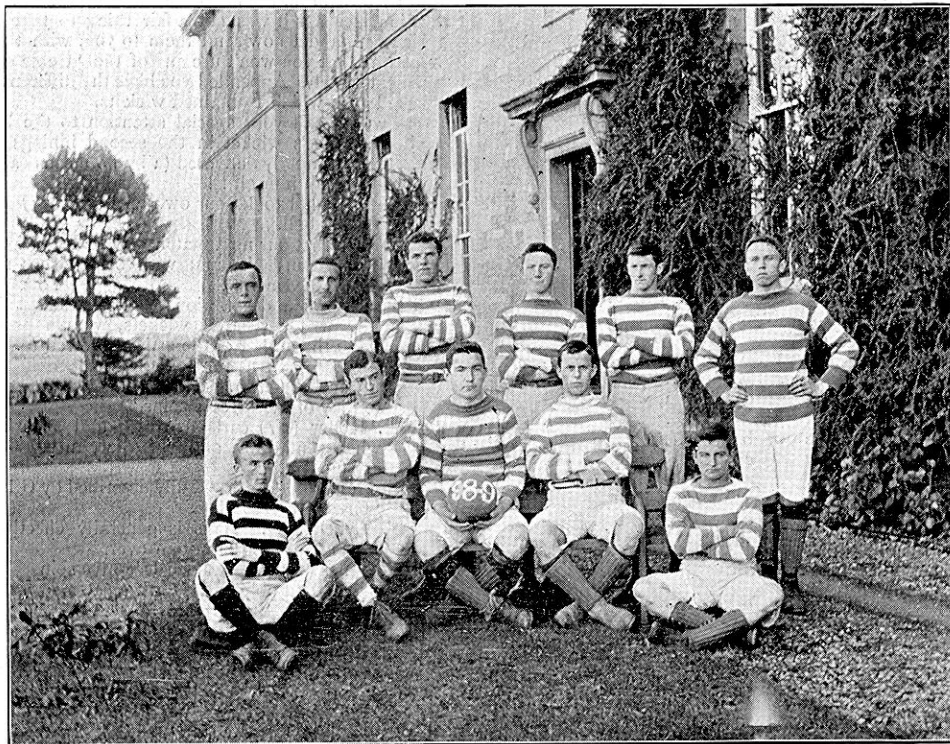
## FOOTBALL.

CERTAINLY the outlook at the commencement of last year's season was anything but promising, as, besides others, five of the previous year's eleven were gone, of whom notably we missed Peter Gannon and "Johnnie" Larkin, who helped so much to equalize matters in the last inter-divisional match (Lay boys v. Apostolics) which had taken place. James Tomkins's presence was also missed greatly from the touch line, his "throw in" of the ball being always considered as good as a free kick for his side. But although amongst the new material there could not be found two such brilliant players as Gannon and

such a contest will be removed! The inter-class matches, however, were a decided success.

The previous year First University were invariably successful, but this season they did not hold their own.

In the Lay Division the great match was "Matric v. The House." T. Pey, always a dangerous opponent, on behalf of the "Matric" classes, issued a challenge to the other classes, which was immediately taken up for the rest by J. McCarthy. The day came, and "Matric," contrary to expectations, won a rather easy victory by 3 goals to nil. It is hard to imagine the interest centred in the return match, when McCarthy, not willing to give in,



P. WALSH. P. BYRNES. T. PEY. J. SCANLAN. J. POWER. J. KELLY.  
J. O'KEEFFE. J. HORAN. W. MOLONEY (capt). J. CLIFFORD. T. LYNCH.

FOOTBALL TEAM 1898-99.

Larkin, yet, taken as a body, the new additions proved themselves well capable of forming a team equally as strong as that of the previous year. Some also of those who were advanced from the Second Division showed themselves quite worthy of the promotion, especially J. Kelly, who is this year the "forward" of the right wing, and W. Irwin, who has more than once distinguished himself amongst the "backs."

No Inter-Divisional match took place during the season. We had hopes for a long time of showing some Limerick football team what Mungret men could do; but in this we were ultimately disappointed. When may we hope that the difficulties which at present stand in the way of

and attributing defeat to overcrowding of the field, asked to have the match played with the regular number, eleven a side. The "Matric" representatives, not in the least afraid to risk their former victory, consented, and after a most interesting contest, won for the second time through pure determination, by the narrow margin of a goal, the score being 2 to 1. We must not omit to mention that in both these matches the Professor of Honours "Matric" gave willing and most able assistance to his class.

The next match in point of importance was that in which the combined representatives of Cork and Limerick appeared in opposition to the rest of the club, when an old Limerick forward—J. Turner—succeeded in putting 2

goal: to the credit of his county, while the opponents could only manage to get in one. But, perhaps, greater energy than in the Class or County Match was displayed in the Annual Patrick's Day Match, which, besides the honour attached to victory, carries with it the meed of creature comforts for the victors. In connection with this match, it must be mentioned that on this occasion the conquerors received the "promised reward."

Throughout the season J. McCarthy and T. Pey were distinguished for their play among the "forwards"; while J. Clifford and T. Lynch were prominent among the "backs"; and J. Power acquitted himself with credit in the goal.

Among the Apostolics, no single class had the hardihood to oppose the "House," presumably for a good reason, but Second University and Matric v. the House furnished a good match. The famous Munster v. House match was played on several occasions, especially during the Xmas vacation; each time the Munster men were successful.

Although as we have said no great match took place within our walls, the outside world furnished us with a rare treat in the form of a Rugby International Match. Ireland v. Wales was played at Limerick in the Spring, and we were fortunate enough to witness the game. I hope the adjective will not hurt the feelings of some ardent patriots who were inflamed with wrath at Ireland's defeat!

For some time after this great event there was a decided tendency to indulge in a little extempore Rugby. However the new fever died out by degrees, and Association again reigned supreme.

A word of praise is due for the good form and great energy which was displayed in carrying on the game throughout the season. Now yet another season has come upon us, and gives every promise of rivalling, if not outshining, that which we have just been dealing with.

## Obituary.

JOHN DOHERTY, SCHOL. S.J., AUG. 23, 1898.

JOHN DOHERTY was born on the 13th of October, 1874, near Kanturk, Co. Cork. In the year 1890 he entered the Apostolic School, Mungret, for the New Orleans mission. He made his noviceship at St. Stanislaus' College, Vineville, Macon, Georgia, and died of consumption, after three years of patient suffering, at St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, La., on August 23rd, 1898.

In announcing the death of this pious young religious, we cannot do better than transcribe part of a letter written to our Fr. Rector by a fellow-student of John's, who accompanied him to America, and was with him at the end:—

"John Doherty was one of a band of four who, six years ago, bade a long farewell to Mungret to set out for the scene of their future labours beneath the blue, sunny sky of these Southern States. Little did we then dream that death was so soon to deprive us of him whom we had already learned to love. But such are the inscrutable ways of Providence.

"Some chosen souls have hardly entered on the battlefield of life when they are called by the Master to the reward which others attain only after long years of toil.

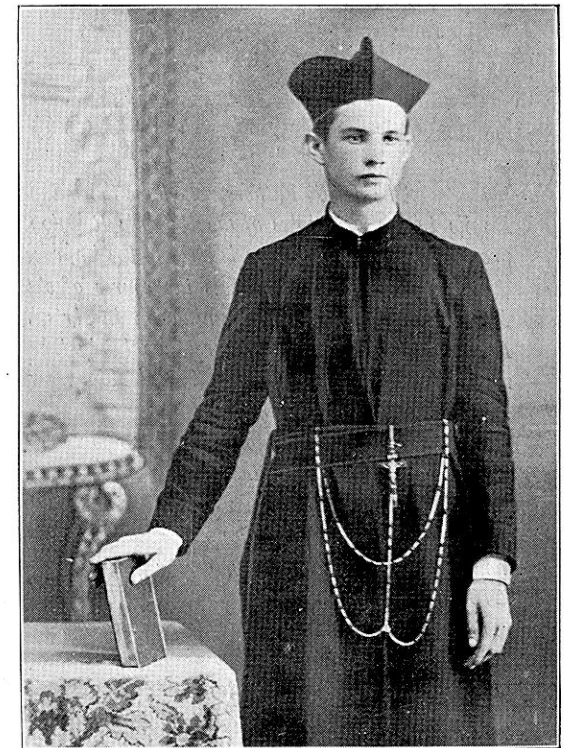
"Noble, generous souls! Their stay on earth is short, but it is enriched with treasures of holiness.

"Such was the privilege of our beloved brother. *Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.*

"They who lived with him in those happy days he spent in dear old Mungret can never forget the quiet, gentle, unassuming manner, which never failed to win the affection of those with whom he came in contact.

"His life was peaceful and joyous, but far more so was his death.

"As his brethren gathered round him to commend his soul to the great God, to whom he had so nobly consecrated his young life, time seemed to glide imperceptibly into eternity. His end was like the sweet slumber of a babe who falls asleep in its mother's arms."



REV. JOHN DOHERTY, S.J.

May he rest in peace; and may we, who looked upon the bright innocence of his boyhood, be foud worthy to die, like him, the death of the just. (R.I.P.)

## EXCHANGES.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following:—

*All Hallows Annual, Alma Mater, Annals of St. Anthony, Castleknock College Chronicle, Clongownian, Crestent College Review, Dial, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown College Journal, Holy Cross Purple, Mangalore Magazine, Notre Dame Scholastic, Sacred Heart Collegian, Tamarrack, The Xavier, Zambesi Mission Record.*

*Little Annals of St. Anthony.*—We have received an advance copy of the "Little Annals of St. Anthony." It is a most attractive little volume, with well-executed illustrations, and, containing names of such well-known writers as Rev. F. Finn, S.J., and Rosa Mulholland, should command a wide circulation. The "Annals" may be procured for the modest price of 6d. (post free 8d.) from the office, 14 Temple Street, Dublin. We wish itself and the good work it promotes every success.



—A. M. ✠ D. G.—

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, MUNGRET.

## PROSPECTUS.

The Jesuit Fathers, who have the management of this College, seek, above all things, to educate the Pupils in the principles of the Catholic Religion, and to habituate them to the faithful observance of its precepts. Special attention is paid to the improvement of manners and the formation of character.

In the higher classes the course of studies is specially arranged to prepare the students for the Matriculation and other Examination in Arts, required for the degree of B.A., in the Royal University. In these Examinations Mungret has lately taken a high place among the Colleges of Ireland. A large number of the Students have obtained Honours and Exhibitions, and several have received the University Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In the Preparatory School the younger, or less advanced boys, are thoroughly grounded in Classics, French, English, and Mathematics.

The College is beautifully and healthfully situated on a gentle eminence, a little to the south of the Shannon, and less than three miles west of the City of Limerick. A splendid new wing, capable of accommodating a hundred Pupils, and some other important additions have lately been erected at the cost of £13,000. There are several spacious, well lighted, and well ventilated dormitories, lecture halls, and class rooms. Also lavatories and bath rooms, constructed on the most improved principles. The Natural Philosophy Department has a very large and valuable collection of instruments. In addition to the play ground and cricket field, there is an extensive ambulatory for exercise and games in wet weather.

The Superiors will at once resign the charge of any pupil who seriously violates the Rules of the College, or whose general conduct, or neglect of study, is such as to afford no reasonable hope of amendment or progress.

The Academic Year consists of about ten months, beginning early in September, and ending about the 1st July. There are two short vacations, at Christmas and Easter, and during the former of these intervals no pupil is allowed to remain in the College.

Punctuality in returning on the appointed days after vacation is required under pain of being refused re-admission. Those who enter during the year, or leave for just cause before its conclusion, pay proportionately for the time they are in the College; but as a rule no one will be received for less than half a year.

The Pension is £30 a Year, payable half yearly in advance. Two pounds yearly are paid for washing. All necessary books and stationery are provided by the pupils at their own expense.

Each pupil will bring with him at least two suits of clothes, a great coat, six shirts, eight pairs of stockings, eight pocket handkerchiefs, six towels, three pairs of sheets, four pillow cases, three night shirts, three pairs of strong boots, two pairs of slippers or house shoes, two hats or caps, and a furnished dressing-case.

Further particulars may be had on application to the Rector:

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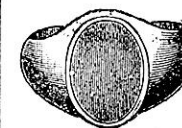
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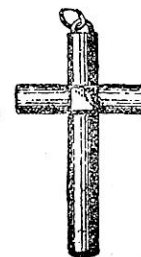


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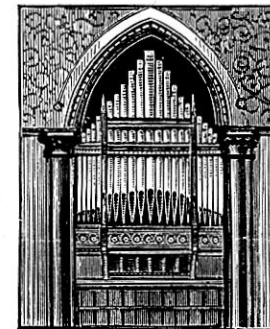
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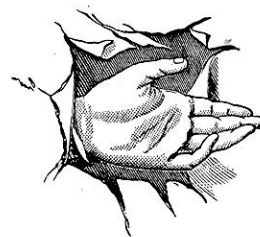
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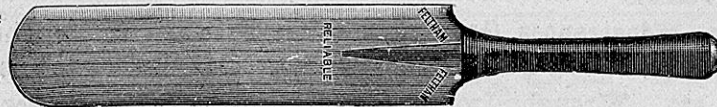
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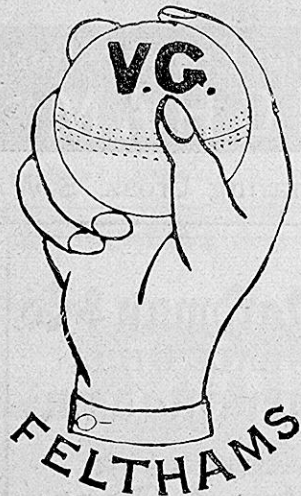
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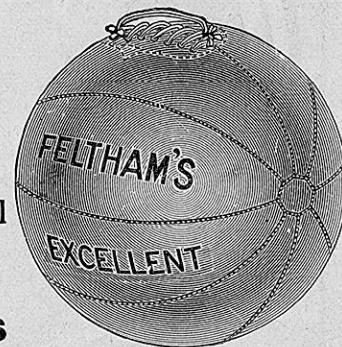
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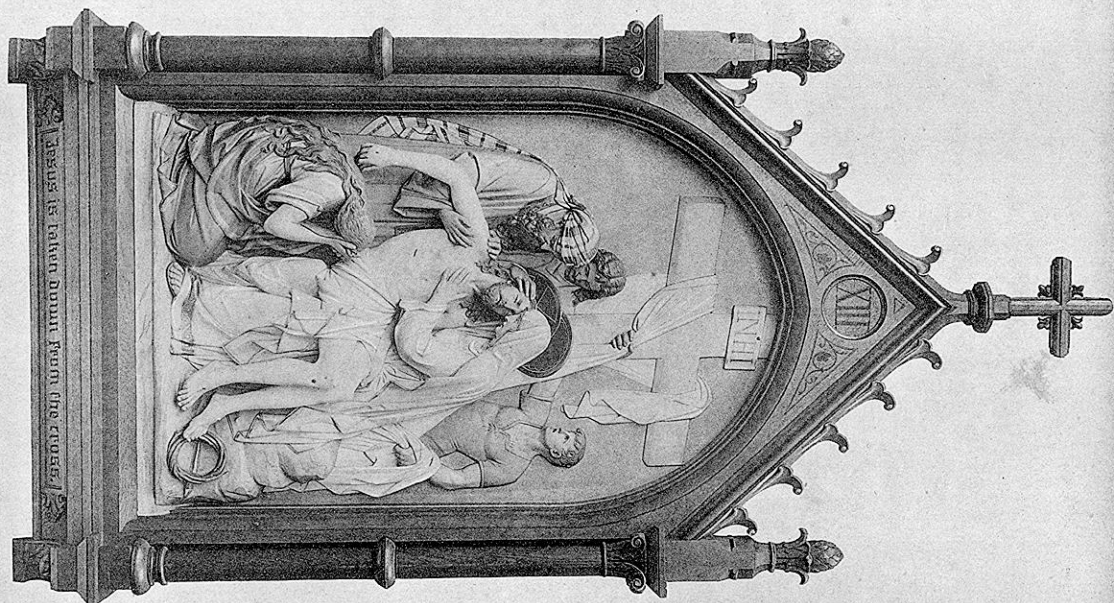




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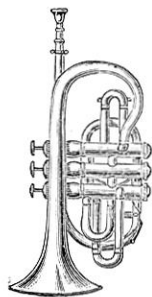
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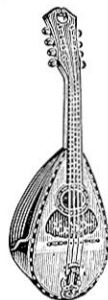
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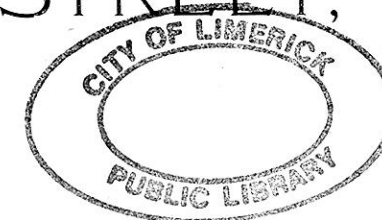
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