

MUNGRET
ANNUAL

1897 - 1901

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—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:

THE REV. VINCENT BYRNE, S.J.

Mungret College, Limerick.

CHRISTMAS, 1899.



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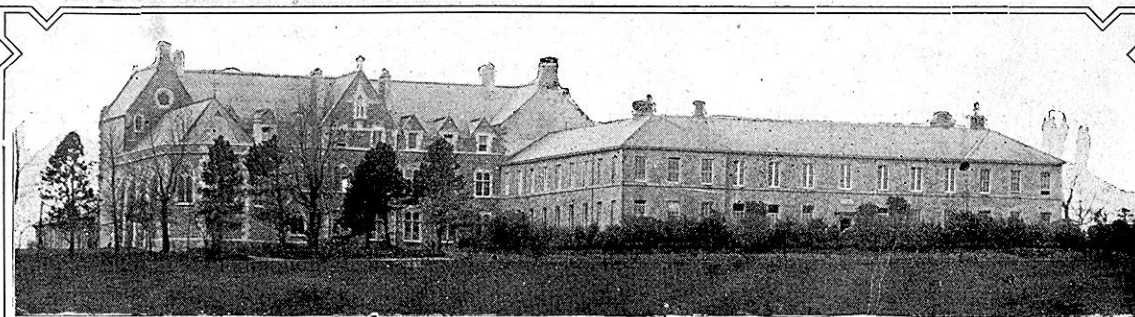


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SOME PAST STUDENTS OF THE FIRST YEARS OF THE COLLEGE (see page 38).



Translated literally from the Irish.

MUNGRET, ANCIENT ALMA MATER,
TO HER CHILDREN IN ERIN, AND IN
LANDS BEYOND THE SEA.

I.

Cé fažánac fada ó baile i gcéim ríbh,
Máir ír zhátae dearmuio caraid ír céile,
Sáruížeann tázair buir n-annh i n-eípeaet,
Buir maetair éeannarae éaríanae aorída.

II.

Ír áil hom euníar dluíe ar zae n-aon djb
Ír áil buir z-clú zann émhá zann eiríhí
Tíllítear mo éríre do ííor le átar
Zí cloí buir m-buae dá luat 'í buir máhídaet.

III.

Ní rzarpeann leatán-élaíí eadruíhí zmae
djb,
Ná tulcaíre zarbá an fáiríze baíre;
Zí coíhídaet áil n-ánaíre íadléu,
Ní aíríre íolair a z cónzbaíí a eíí bíz.

IV.

Ní éum buaídhá íuaíreíí íaóžalíta,
Ní éum íaííízeae ar aírííí do íeunahí,
Zíe éum leanníhí earbáe aírí íaóíarí,
Éríorí ír Mííre do éuríear i gcéim ríbh.

I.

Dispersed, far from home, and remote though
ye be,
Where men are wont to forget friends and
associates,
Yet the honourable mention of your names
fills with satisfaction
Me, your loving, kind, and aged mother.

II.

I love to hear accurate tidings of each one of
you,
I desire that your fame should be without
sorrow or insecurity,
My heart is ever flooded with delight,
When I hear your success and your modesty
recounted.

III.

Wide plains that lie between us do not dimin-
ish my love for you,
Nor the rough great waves of the drowning
sea;
The wolf is not bolder to guard her young
than I,
Nor is the eagle more watchful to protect her
eaglets.

IV.

It is not to seek worldly success or pleasure,
Or to hoard up treasures of money,
But to imitate the privations and the labour
Of Christ, and of Mary, that I sent you far
away.

V.
 Ընդ որ և Պարսի ի բաժնիս հարկ
 զիս, Ընդ որ և զարմար և զարմար
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VI.
 'S an mēro dom' žarpat čalma čmēžteč,
 A bupl pā mājpe 'r i žmādam i žmāmi,
 Žac čarpat leaņat i m-beāta 'r i m-
 bpejēpē,
 Čum buaņit i čarha bupl č-talaņi čo
 pejēpē.

VII.
 Leaņat žan beaņi žac mōža pūbajle,
 Bjoč bupl m-beāta žon aņņar tpeņi hā hāme,
 Žan čleačtat mō člaņi 'r an am pū
 pāčmāž,
 Pā Nerran bi čaņņra mōčamūl āmūječ.

VIII.
 O bupl na Šonņana mēčaņi pe pūmēar
 On ž-čātam žpeaņeta hāri leažat pe pūmē,
 O člāri žeal mūmāh hāri čmā i ž-čmā,
 Žno mēle beaņņat žan mājņi bupl ž-čmā-
 pe.

V.
 It was for Christ and for Mary that I trained
 your youth,
 That you may light the wax candles of the
 Apostles, beyond the sea ;
 Liberating souls with the doctrine of the
 Great Spirit,
 And saving flocks from sin and bitter grief.

VI.
 And you, as many of my staunch, good-
 dispositioned band
 As are in Erin, so successful and high of
 character,
 Follow ye all righteousness in life and in
 words,
 That ye may rescue your country from sor-
 row and pressing evil.

VII.
 Imitate ye with independence every choice
 virtue ;
 Be your lives free from grievous suspicion or
 shame,
 As was wont to be the state of my children in
 the days of Patrick,
 Under Nesson, who was mild and modest and
 illustrious.

VIII.
 From the margin of the Shannon, which runs
 on with mighty force,
 From the lovely city that foreign brigades did
 not overthrow,
 From the bright plain of Munster that was
 not silent when the battle raged,
 With a thousand blessings do I greet
 you without woe !



THE MUNGRET ANNUAL

CHRISTMAS, 1899.

Editorial.

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

THE air which blows about the hilltop
 of Mungret has again proved its
 reputation for imparting health and
 vigour to all youngsters. Here is
 our little magazine now just turned its third
 year, and we can confidently ask our readers
 if it be not as strong and hardy as any other
 of its years.

We have to thank our past students warmly
 for the staunch loyalty which has made this
 journal a success from every point of view—
 literary, pictorial, and financial. Their gene-
 rosity of purse as well as of pen is a touching
 proof of the love they bear their *Alma Mater*,
 a proof she will ever think on fondly.

We again beg to remind our friends over
 the waters of the genuine pleasure they will
 give their o'd school-fellows and of the solid
 benefits they will confer on the present
 students by publishing some of their ex-
 periences in the ANNUAL. If these some-
 times seem to themselves humdrum and
 unpicturesque, let them remember that the
 contrast which they offer to the present life of
 the boys here and the enchantment of dis-
 tance will give them a great interest, and will
 open many a well of thought.

Our columns on the past are still far too
 meagre, and we shall, therefore, be very grate-
 ful for any notes on the doings and sufferings
 and successes of any old Mungret boys.

Since editors also have to descend from the
 heights of Helicon into the market-place, we
 venture to remind the few, whose subscrip-
 tions have not yet appeared, that in this
 matter too the *Alma Mater* relies upon
 them.

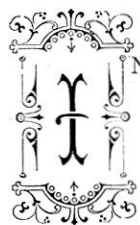
Procrastinators are the bane of an editor's
 existence. We therefore appeal to our sup-
 porters' mercy not to add further to our grey
 hairs, and to send in their literary contri-
 butions not later than the first week of
 November.

A past student in the States suggests the
 formation of a College Album—an excellent
 idea. It would give us intense pleasure, and
 would greatly lighten the burden of future
 editors of the Annual. Hence we beg all our
 past students to lend us the light of their
 countenances once again by sending on their
 photographs. Their fondly-mindful *Alma
 Mater* will thus have a life-like souvenir of all
 her children.

THE * FORT * OF * THE * TRAITOR.

A LEGEND OF MUNGRET.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.



IN the land of Hy Connel, on a slope rising up from the broad-flowing and fish-abounding Shannon, there stood an Abbey called Mungret, founded by Nessian the Deacon, him whom Patrick blessed, saying :—

“Nessian, the holy deacon,
Angelic, pure devotion,
Never came outside his lips
What was untrue or guileful.”

In its stone church 500 monks sang the Psalmody all the day and all the night, and the birds often ceased to sing for shame that the

arrows, such things as young warriors like to buy.

On the high ground above the Monastery there were green, sweet-grassy fields, where grazed fat kine and white-fleeced sheep, and much tillage land, where the white-robed monks dug and ploughed, for they held no bondmen. Far off were great forests of oak and beech, where roved many red deer and hogs that fed on the ankle-deep mast. Great marshes stretched down from the village to the river, where dwelt herons, grey birds, standing lonely with uplifted legs in the water all day, and a great number of blue-grey seabirds that fished for their prey in the shallows, with many screams.

One autumn morning, the kalends of October, in the year of our Lord 840, a great white mist had come up from the river and had covered the Abbey and the village and the marshes, shutting out the sun from shining. The young students who had slept in the village had risen from their beds of rushes and straw, and were coming forth from their bothies into the cold fog, and had wrapped themselves about in their great single-coloured cloaks of green or red or yellow. One could see there the sons of all the clans of Munster, and even others from distant parts. Many wore red and black tartan trews, and these were of Clann-Connel. There were many, too, of Clann-Riain, whose colours were green and black, but the greatest number were of the great Clann-Brian, and their colours, feared over all Munster, and Leinster, too, were red and green.

The children of the same clan kept together for the most part, for not even the Abbot or Coarb of Nessian could persuade an O'Donovan or an O'Cuinn to trust to an O'Brian, and so of many other clans who had a blood-feud. There they stood about among the bothies, talking as boys will of their last red-deer hunt in the wood, or of the catching of fish, or of the fight of Achilles and Hector, which Brother Aodh taught them out of Homer's book, and some took the part of Achilles, and some liked Hector more.

While they loitered on the way a young man,

whose garb was not like the others', walked on by himself in front. He wore a tight-fitting tunic of one colour, crimson, and in his leather baldric, richly adorned with gold, he had a short bright sword. He did not wear his hair as the sons of the Gaedhil, whose glibbe, or heavy fringe, reached to their eyebrows, but his golden coloured hair was brushed clear back from his brow, as the Saxons wear it, and flowed down on his shoulders. His form was goodly and tall, but he walked ever apart from the others, and seemed to nurse dark thoughts in his heart. Siward the Silent was his name, and his father, Gurm, a noble in the land of the Saxons, had sent him to Mungret to learn the wisdom of the Gaedhil.

When he came to the opening in the Abbey enclosure, an old man was standing there, afraid to enter, owing to the great wolf-dog which showed its white teeth. His hair was long and white upon his shoulders, and a gold ornament was fixed in the glibbe on his forehead. His short cape, made of the plumage of mallards, which once had glittered as snow in the sunshine, was now dirty and ragged, and a five-stringed harp was in his age-palsied fingers.

The Saxon speaks to him words of welcome, and calls out to the other students to come quickly and see. “I have spoken to this man. He can sing you a pleasant song. You must be wearied to death of the dull songs which the monks teach us, but this man has made many verses about Red Aodh of the Hill of the Shee, and about Eiveen of the Grey Rock, and Cleena of the Wave, and Fionn. He will pour light over our dark hearts.” Then the Druid said his name was Len, that his blood chanted melodies as it coursed in his veins, for he was of the race of Malachy, the bard of Heber, who had taught the spring winds to sing to the trees. He had come from the land of Deisi, but had cursed its King, Angus, for he was foolish and slept during the song.

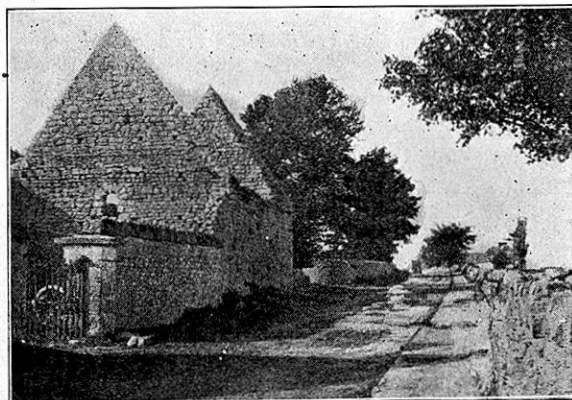
All the students then call to him to sing them a sweet song, but he said he had walked far and was weary, and that he would sing to them when he had refreshed himself at the Monastery. Thereat the young Saxon sighed and said :—“Then had you better fare onward, for the monks like not your kind. They give them neither honey-meed nor wine nor bread, nor allow them to stand on their threshold. So go on to the Biatach at Adare, where men will give you good cheer.”

Then the Druid was angry. “What harm have I done these Friars that they turn me, a great bard, an ollav of Erin, from their door? They boast and claim that no king or chief in all Erin gives warmer welcome to the wayfarer

than they, but may the lie stick in their throats.”

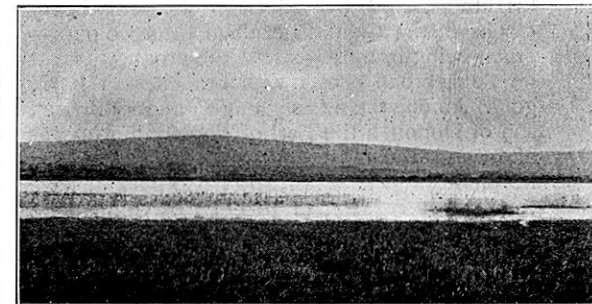
Siward made answer :—“These monks say that you bards are limbs of the great Dhoul, that you praise only those that give you costly food and raiment, and judge not between good men and bad men, but praise the old gods and heroes that Patrick's sons have banished from Erin,—Manannan, and Lir, and Dana. They say that the whole order of bards should be banished from Erin, and that their candles should be drowned.”

Then the gleeman's eyes flashed wickedly, and, striking fiercely on his harp, he cursed the monks of Nessian. “May the red winds of the Druids wither them up. May their bread be as sand under their teeth, and their wells be as vinegar. May they feed the wolves with their own flesh, as they feed not the bard; and may they hear the scream of the vultures tearing at their hearts, since they have not listened to the voice of the gleeman.” Many more curses, horrid to repeat, did he sing, and his chant was growing wilder, and his voice more cruel, when three monks, who had been taking in fish-nets on the river, came on the crowd. Their habits were tucked up to their knees and dripping wet,



OLD STONE CHURCH NEAR MUNGRET.

monks sang God's praises better than they. Round about the great stone church and the five small churches lay many cone-shaped dwellings of monks, and a great hedge of strong stakes girt them in. Outside were many white bothies, made of wattle and clay, where abode the students, a thousand in number, who had come to learn within the sound of Nessian's bell. And many trading folk had come there, too, and had fixed their stalls, wherein was much dyed stuff and silk vestures, and bracelets and brooches, and dulcet-corded harps and speedy



THE SHANNON UNDER MUNGRET.

for they had waded up through the marshes. They drove off the bard, but not before he had cursed them and said :—“The great god Manannan, whose white horses ever gallop on the sea, sets before mine eyes many red-haired monsters, with bright scales about them, that will come forth from the sea this very day, and will kill many hard-hearted monks—and you three will be among the number—and many fair youths of Erin, and these shall be my eric for the wrong I suffer this day.” And so it came to pass, for the spirit of evil prophecy was on him.

On their way to the Abbey one of the monks, Brother Egmond, himself a Saxon, said to Siward :—“Siward, it grieves me to the heart that thou art weary of singing of Christ our King, and of Muire of the Sorrows, and of holy Patrick, and Nessian, who have taught us the

wisdom of truth. Thou art still a pagan at heart, and hankerest after the demons we have driven from Erin, and which these wicked glee-men sing of,—Cleena of the Wave and Dan of the Vats of the Sea, as they call them; and thou thinkest over much of thy own heathen gods, Balder and Odin and the great Frost Giant." But Siward said naught, and fixed his eyes on the ground.

The students were cold and very sad with pondering over the bard's strange words, but when they entered the great dining-house of the monastery, built of wickers and smoothly plastered with white lime within and without, the rich milk and sweet honey and white corn-bread made them forget their gloominess, and there was a pleasant warmth in the house, for four fires at the four corners sending up thick smoke through holes in the roof kept out the marsh fog. At the upper tables sat the nobles' sons who dwelt with the monks within the monastery. Their tunics of silk and satin, dyed with their clan colours, were covered with plaits and many cunning devices of needle-women. On their white supple arms were bracelets of laced gold and silver and precious stones. Round their necks were slung their curved swords of flaming brightness, and behind them the long heavy cloaks of the Gaedhil, each of three colours—green being in most—swept the ground, caught on their broad chests with brooches of burnt gold. Among them was young Connor O'Briann, son of Donough the Earl of Thomond, who was afterwards the most eminent man in Erin for hospitality and prowess, who never gave hostage to chief of Leinster or to chief of Connaught, who was the rivetting hammer of every good law, and who founded twelve churches. He was the noblest youth of the company, but there were many other sons of famous kings and chiefs whom it would be long to tell of. Now they were all making merry and their Gaedhelic chatter was as the humming of bees in a hive, or as the rushing of waters at Doonass. Sudden a pale-faced monk stands in the doorway and pierces the dull noise with his screaming voice, "the red-haired nation of the Gentiles are coming to attack us and are even now at the river Maigue." And a great silence fell on all, and the monk told them that Brother Conn the humble and Brother Kieran of the sheep, who were on watch at the hill of the New Town, had come galloping in on garrons crying out that four-score ships were at hand. They had not seen them because of the fog till they were close at hand. They were big ships with three banks of oars, with bronze eagles and dragons and fishes at their sterns, and at their prows were the black banners of the red-haired Gentiles who care not

for the rights of the Sanctuary and obey not the Law of the Innocents, but slaughter women and little children without warning. "Therefore the wise Coarb of Nesson tells you to go and bring all you possess and bestow it in the five raths which we made after the hosting of the foreigners last Mary's day, which cost us sore. We have built around them a goodly ditch and mound and a strong hedge thereon, and there, by the help of God, and Muire, and Patrick, and Nesson, we shall be free from harm."

And all the youths rose up and obeyed the word of the Coarb. The monks, too, had been summoned from the great church where they were singing God's praises, and some were now running down to warn the folk of the village, some were in the strong built sacristies gathering the mass-chalices and reliquaries and gold ornaments, gifts of pious kings, some were putting the corn into carts, some were filling skins with water from the wells, some, too, were grinding battle-axes and tightening bowstrings, and sharpening stinging arrows and long dark-hafted spears. The young nobles eagerly sharpened their bright swords and axes, and painted their shields red for the battle and slung them about them, glad that their first fight would be against the enemies of Christ and Muire and the family of Nesson.

While these things were preparing the Coarb Angus, son of Namara, who, before he had put on the Lorica of Patrick, had stained his hands with the red blood of the Ui-Maine in fair fight, sent down Brother Dove and Brother Benignus and Brother Brandon, and many others of the monks who had worn crested helmets before they put on the cowl, with many of the young nobles, and many kerns from the village folk, to wage a fierce, crushing battle against the bright-crested, iron-clad Gentiles when they landed.

The Coarb himself, who was wearied and feeble with fighting against the powers of darkness, knelt in one of the forts with many of the monks, and prayed the prayer of Colomkille, who brought destruction on the head of Dermot McCarroll in the famous fight of Cill-Drena, in the year of our Lord 697:—

"O God!

Why dost Thou not ward off the mist,
That we might reckon the number
Of the host Thou settest beneath the feet of the righteous?
A host that observe not the Law of the Innocents,
But murder old man and maid and tender child.
My Druid—He will not refuse me—is
The Son of God. With us He will act."

In the marshes by the river they were striking and slaughtering each other, and did not weary. When night came on two score monks had dyed their white robes with their hearts' blood, and many young nobles and students and kerns had

fallen in the blood-litter, but the Viking was fain to retreat to his ships, for he had lost many of his people. There fell in this fight Brother Egmond, and Brother Aodh the Bold, and Brother Connel, the son of the King of Cairbre, who had been a mighty warrior before he fell on his knees to the holy Coarb. And many were troubled, and thought it strange, for they remembered that these three Brothers had been specially cursed by Len, the Druid, in the morning.

That night the watch-fires burned brightly in the five raths. The white monks moved like ghosts in the faded light from one to another of their people, shriving them from their sins, for, though by God's help all would yet be well, who could tell what net of doom the black night might cast upon them all. Brother Cataldus, the Stooped Servant of the Angels, and Brother Flann, and Brother Senan the Soft-Handed, and many others who were cunning in the knowledge of healing herbs, staunch and bandaged the wounds of those who had fought with the Gentiles in the river-marshes, and they added thereto the healing force of strong prayer. Other monks were speaking to the watchmen by the gates and on the mound, making their hearts hopeful with words of blessing. Soon all but the watchmen had wrapped themselves in their great cloaks, and were sleeping or else looking up at the steel-blue sky, with God's candles shining brightly, and watching the heavy black clouds rushing by, and listening to the wind that mourned for their dead comrades, and shrieked awful warnings to themselves. And the words of Len the Bard knocked at their hearts and would not be driven away. And the cattle tied to the stakes within the raths were lowing, and the sheep penned together were bleating so as to put sadness and fear into all hearts. Often, too, a vulture would float about in the storm above, to see if his hour was come, and the wolves came up to the very ditch, and had to be driven away with arrows by the watchmen.

But the Viking had captured the Saxon Siward, who could speak his tongue, for he had known many Norsemen in his father's house at Whitby in the land of the Saxons, and his black

heart made him seek audience of the leader of the Gentiles and say to him:—"I am Siward, son of Gurm, a Saxon noble, and a friend of the Norsemen in the land of the Saxons, and my father sent me, sore against my will, to this place. I hate these monks as much as you, for they have laid heavy hands on me, and cursed the prayers I sent forth to my gods and yours,—Odin and Thor and Balder. My heart yearneth to go far from them. Therefore, do you clothe yourself as the kerns from the village whereof you killed so many in the fens beside the river, and I will lead you at night, and will bring you into one of their forts, where they sleep in foolish peace. You will kill many, and take



FORT OF THE TRAITOR—AN ANCIENT RATH NEAR MUNGRÉT.

much booty, and you will bring me back with you to dwell among my own kinsmen in the land of the Saxons."

The cunning Viking's heart leaped within him for joy, and that night they all approached the fort nearest the Monastery and close by Lough Mor, which was afterwards called the Fort of the Traitor. And Siward stood afar off, with his following hiding their sharp axes behind their backs, lest the moon might gleam on them, and he cried aloud:—"Watchman, tell the gracious Coarb of Nesson that I am Siward, the son of Gurm, and have escaped from the ships of the red-haired foreigners,—I and two score villagers. Let us in quickly, for we would warm ourselves at your watch-fires."

Then did the silvery-gray-haired Coarb come forth to the gate, and he cried out:—"I

welcome thee, Siward, son of Gurm, to my heart, for I had thought thee dead, and was sore grieved. Therefore, come in and fear not. The guards have heard your voice, and will not mistake you and the brave kerns for foes. There are many warm sheep-skins in the forts, and you can lie down and rest yourselves after your heavy labours."

Then the foul serpent and his following approached, not in manly courtesy of fair fight, but as low night murderers, and Siward with his own hand clove the skull of the holy Coarb, who is now a Saint in Heaven, and the foreigners slew the guards at the gate and entered in as butchers into the shambles, and slew the defenceless monks and youths sleeping heavily around the watchfire, and suspecting no guile. Some, however, escaped over the ditch to the other forts, and others, seizing their axes, died as true sons of Erin, but most in that fort rose not for ever from their night couches. Siward was slain, cut down by some Angel of the Lord in the darkness for his foul treachery.

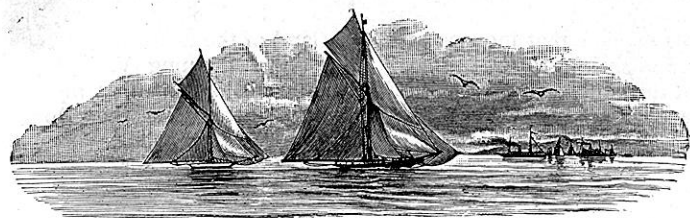
That night there happened by God's will, a most marvellous sign. In that fort there was Brother Conan the Friend of Muire, into whose keeping the Coarb had given the Gospel of Barri, the most precious relic of Nesson's Monastery. It was full within of beautiful many-coloured images, and it was adorned without with fair jewels and stones of gold, and the Saint had spent two score years in its making.

Brother Conan had pressed it to his bosom among the folds of his robe and was sleeping by a watch-fire. The noise of the slaughtering awakens him, and lo!—he sees a fierce, dark-faced foreigner with his bright axe raised to kill him. But God inspired him quickly, and raising his hands over his head with the Holy Gospel, he throws it from him so that it might not be sullied by blood. He is stricken down, and joins his brethren in Heaven, but the book rises aloft in the air, and descends into the next fort on the bosom of Brother Brandan the Tanist, who was afterwards heir of Nesson, and he understood what had happened and gave thanks to God; and those who know the forts can testify that the book flew over the space of two arrow-flights.

The Northmen went back to their ships with much booty, their hearts glad with slaughter. They wiped not the blood from their axes, but swore to wash it away in the fresh blood of the monks when they should come back. And in truth this hosting was the drop before the shower, and the beginning of tribulation, for the sea vomited forth many more hosts of the black grim Gentiles for the burning and reiving of the family of Nesson.

The monks and fighting men in the other raths could not follow, for the darkness hid their foes from their eyes. But they called that fort the fort of the traitor, and so it is called to this day.

X.

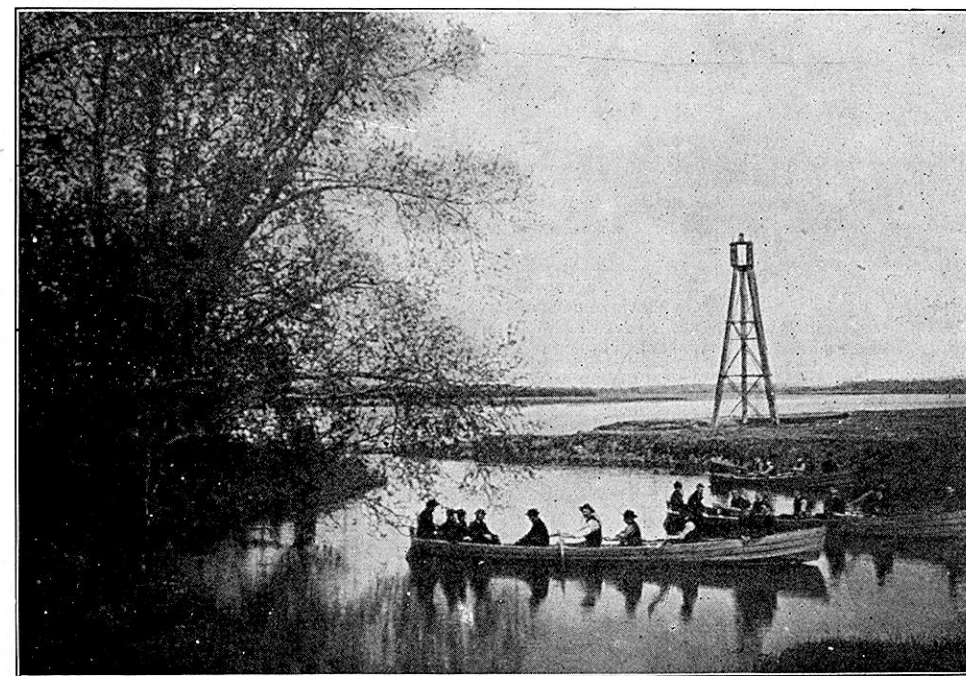


FROM * THE * GREAT * KAROO.

"THE GLORY AND THE FRESHNESS OF A DREAM."

Beneath my vine tree's scanty shade
I sit, as slants the westering sun:
No limpid waters crooning run
Sea trending, nor the emerald blade
Of genial verdure, but the gleam
Of yonder red sun's burning beam.

And drowsing in the shimmering haze
The doors of mem'ry gently ope,
And changed is all my vision's scope;
I lived again the olden days:
So fair, so fresh, so blithe it seems,
Like dulcet music heard in dreams.



A SUMMER MORNING IN '85.—MUNGRET BOYS LEAVING THE BOATHOUSE.

It flames on Krantz* and scar-seamed hill
And on the mystic great Karoo†
That blindly stretches where the blue
Far-looming berg‡ stands dreaming still.
From oriole's§ breast of golden woof
A stream-song bubbles in the kloof.||

I trod the hall's well-worn ways
I hear the old bell's strident clang;
And down the field the young voice rang
In cricket, or in football maze.
But, hark! the anthem's strong refrain,
O bliss! in Mungret once again.

I saw the Shannon murmuring glide,
The shearing prow, the flashing oar,
The fleet foot sporting on the shore,
The sinewy arm that cleft the tide,
While joy as bright as morning's rays
On every Gaelic feature plays.

* Krantz—a rugged hill crowned with rocks.
† Karoo—one of the vast half-desert plains peculiar to South Africa.
‡ Berg—a high mountain.
§ Oriole—a beautiful plumaged bird whose song resembles the bubbling of water from a fountain.
|| Kloof—a wooded cleft in the slope of a hill or mountain.

Or gathered where the master ranged
Discursive on a classic theme ;
Or fabled some illusioned scheme
Of Thought opposed to Faith unchanged,
And trained the young mind's upward flights
To Learning's dazzling sapphire heights.

I sat among the jocund throng
And saw the actor strut the stage,
Or heard forensic tourneys rage,
Then revelled in the Irish song ;
While mirth and wit and joy abound,
And here were old friends all around.

I stretched my hand with fervid grasp,
Old friends long parted meet we here ;
The autumn now falls brown and sere,
Once more a long and lingering clasp ;
Then reapers to the corn we bend,
And glean and garner to the end.

The landscape doffs its tawny hue,
The red sun hides his gloated eye,
While shafts of glory frame the sky,
Then evening sleeps on the Karoo.
And with the day this dream of mine
Fades out beneath my kindly vine.

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

THE BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART, MONTMARTRE.

By P. C. ('93.)

La France, agenouillée au bord du Baptistère,
Où Clovis se courba sous la main de Remi,
Dit à l'avenir sombre ou gronde le mystère ;
Passe ! qui que tu sois ; nous avons un ami.
—V. Delaporte, S.J.



THE 25th December, 496, thousands were seen wending their way to the Church of Sainte Marie in the quaint old town of Rheims. The city and its inhabitants were arrayed in gala dress for a great festival—the baptism of Clovis and the birth and baptism of France. The narrow and dirty streets had been transformed into long, glittering vistas of flowers and fairy lights, whilst the little church was decorated with whatever the limited wealth and primitive tastes of the Franks could allow. St. Gregory of Tours, in his own inimitable style, has given a brilliant description of the whole ceremony.—“*Velis depictis*,” he says, “*adumbrantur plateae ecclesiae, cortinis albenibus adornantur, balsama diffunduntur, micant fragantes odore cerei totumque templum Baptisterio divino respergitur ab odore.*”

In the battle of Tolbiac the Franks had been sorely pressed by the Alamanni. They were on the point of yielding to superior

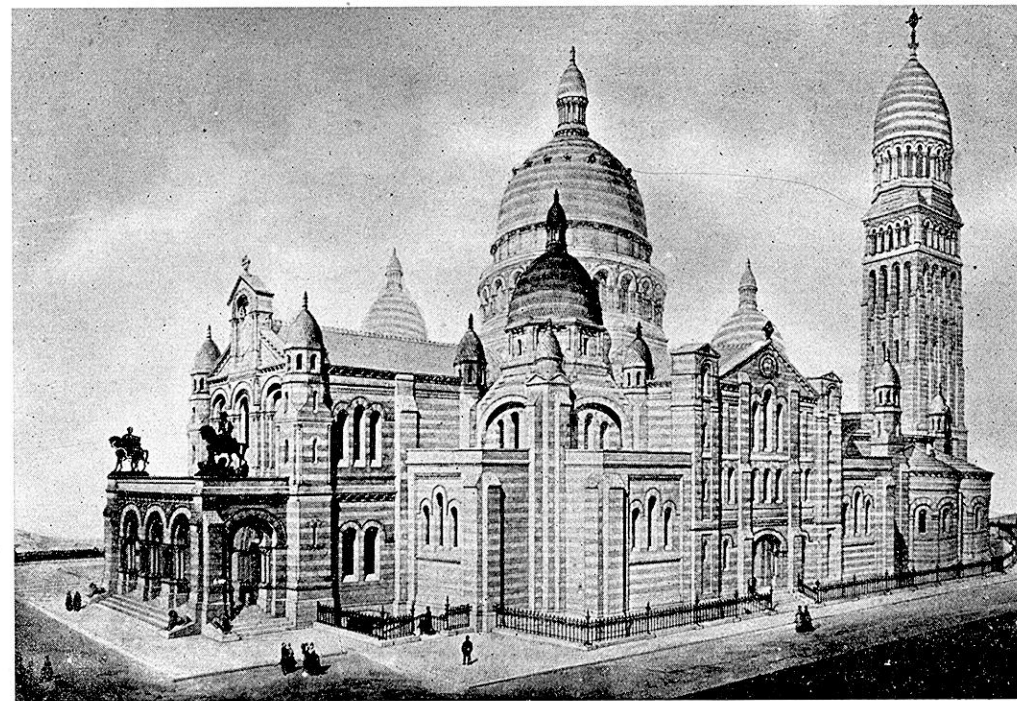
numbers and strength, when Clovis bethought him of his saintly wife and her religion. “Jesus Christ,” cried he, “Thou, whom Clotilde calls Son of the Living God, . . . I implore Thy aid. If Thou givest me victory over my enemies . . . I promise to believe in Thee and to receive baptism in Thy name.” Scarcely had he finished this short prayer when the tide of battle changed, and the Franks won a decisive and brilliant victory. It is in fulfilment of this promise that we see Clovis and his warriors around the baptismal font. Saint Remi, Bishop of Rheims, poured the regenerating waters on the head of the great soldier of Christ, founder and first King of France. After the ceremony the sainted bishop ascended the altar steps, and addressed a few words to Clovis—words that have since received their accomplishment. He foretold the progress of his arms, the creation of his kingdom, and its glorious future. France, founded on the anniversary of the Redeemer's birth, would become pre-eminent among the nations of the world as

the Upholder of Justice and true liberty, as the Right Hand of God and the Sword of His Church. It would flourish and increase as long as it remained faithful ; but the day unbelief became rampant and vice rife its glory would wane. God, however, would try and recall it by untold punishment.

No one who has read the history of France can call in question the truth of this prophecy. Her deeds of heroism, her devotedness and unflinching courage in the cause of justice and truth have rendered proverbial the saying, “*Gesta Dei per Francos.*” In the past God

carried thousands to the great shrine flowed on. “*Quae est ista religio?*” (“What is this ceremony?”) asked the people, as did of old the children of Israel. “Renovation of the baptismal vows and consecration of France to the Sacred Heart,” was the invariable answer.

The nation saw that her iniquity, as predicted by St. Remi, had brought her to the brink of ruin and dissolution. The clear, blue sky which had canopied Paris in happier days was becoming more and more sombre, and a dark cloud, similar to that which broods over a volcano on the eve of an eruption, was



BASILICA, MONTMARTRE.

overwhelmed her with gifts such as He gave to no other nation, and now His hand weighs heavily on her.

The 18th June, 1899, crowds were hurrying up the slopes of Montmartre to assist at another great ceremony in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. The prophecy of St. Remi had been fulfilled. Decline and ruin had closely followed in the train of atheism, sin, and religious intolerance. Far below, in the busy streets of Paris, was the whirr and bustle of a feverish excitement, for people thought themselves on the eve of a revolution. But still the crowded omnibuses and vehicles that

gathering round her. “When God was with us no one could resist us ; now God is against us and nothing can save us,” came the cry from every side. And the tide of humanity rolled up the Hill of Martyrs, exclaiming with the Apostles : “Save us, O Lord, or we perish.” As they passed into the great Byzantine Church each looked upon the façade and read the words : “*Sacratissimo Cordi Jesu Christi Gallia poenitens et devota*”—words more potent than the empty “*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*,” which emblazon the pediments of their public buildings.

Some weeks after this event, as I was passing

through Paris, I asked a Frenchman what he thought of the future of France. He shook his head, and then pointed to the horizon. "See that white monument," he said, "that crowns the heights of Montmartre and overlooks Paris. It enshrines our only hope. You can read its history in abbreviated form on the façade:—*'Sacratissimo Cordi Jesu Christi Gallia poenitens et devota.'*"

The month of August, 1689, Blessed Margaret Mary wrote these words:—"Our Lord, wishing to make use of France to repair the outrages which He has received since His passion, solicits the erection of a monument for the glory of His Sacred Heart, where He may receive the consecration of France." He desired also "that the image of the Sacred Heart should be honoured in every family, and that it should be placed on the military standards." But it was reserved to the nineteenth century and the disastrous war of 1870-1871 to rouse the nation from its torpor and stimulate it to this generous act.

Attila, the scourge of God, had a second time crossed the Rhine, and there was no Geneviève to ward off his countless hordes. After the battles of Wissembourg and Reishoffen, in which the French were defeated, Père Ramière, S.J., and Père de Boylesve, S.J., urged the consecration of France to the Sacred Heart, and the dedication of a basilica. They were soon joined by M. Legentil, M. Boudon, and M. Beluze. Pius IX. and Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, warmly encouraged the enterprise. But the sanction of the Government must be obtained in order to give it a national character, as desired by the Sacred Heart. Accordingly, the question was moved, and the 25th July, 1873, after one of the most memorable debates in history, the National Assembly, with a majority of 244, declared by a *special law* that it was of *public interest* to erect a monument to the Sacred Heart.

Montmartre (*mons martyr*), consecrated by the heroic death of St. Denis and his three companions, was chosen as the site of the new church. This mountain, "predestinated in the order of nature and grace," said Lacordaire, is the cradle of the order which has contributed so much to the glorious monument that crowns its summit. During the Great Revolution it changed its name to Montmarat, in memory of Marat, that myrmidon of hell. At the same time the Benedictine Abbey, founded there in 1133 by Louis VI., was destroyed, and its Abbess condemned to death; and the Church of St. Peter, at whose consecration, the 21st April, 1147, Eugene III., St. Bernard, and Pierre de

Cluny officiated, was transformed into a temple of Reason.

Everything was now ready for beginning the Basilica, and a competition was opened the 1st February, 1874. Of the seventy-eight plans presented only five or six had adopted the Gothic style; all the rest had chosen the Byzantine dome. It was a remarkable unanimity, which can only be explained by the architects' right conception of the national vow and the national aspirations. Gothic architecture is the expression of beauty and mystery; Byzantine of power and majesty. If France is to rise in renewed strength and vigour by a true devotion to the Sacred Heart, both those ideas should be embodied in the basilica of Montmartre. But to feel fully the power it manifests, we must remember it is built on eighty-three gigantic columns that descend a hundred and seven feet into the ground, and then see it from afar off, as it commands all Paris from its lofty position. Thus viewed, it is great and majestic, but with an orderly and expressive greatness not to be found in that hideous obelisk, the Eiffel Tower.

As I read the story of this Basilica, and the long list of donations which have come from every part of the world, my mind was carried back to the days when we read the exquisite odes of Horace in the *Alma Mater*, and I remembered the beautiful legend of Amphion—

Mercuri (nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo) etc.

In our own days the voice of another Amphion was heard throughout France, and under its thrilling influence the stones began to move. They came from every part of the country, and even in other kingdoms—beside the cedars of Lebanon, the plains of Basutoland, and the pine forests of Canada, the spell was felt and obeyed.

Around the central figure, the Sacred Heart, began to range themselves the many chapels that commemorate almost every walk in life. There are the chapels of the army, the navy, commerce, agriculture, etc. The different religious orders have erected altars to their founders or patrons. St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominick, whose magnificent shrines are in the crypt, seem to uphold the great edifice as they upheld long ago the Church, whilst the Chapel of the Society of Jesus is adorned with two superb marble statues of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, the work of Brother Besquent, S.J. But there is one shrine still wanting, the shrine of St. Patrick, which is to be the gift of Ireland. "*L'autel de Saint*

Patrice est concédé à l'Irlande, la nation soeur, cette terre classique du dévouement et de la foi, aussi féconde que la France pour produire le prêtre et le soldat, le missionnaire et la soeur de charité," said R. P. Jonquet, O.M.I., in his grand book on Montmartre.

It is difficult to judge the building, as it is not completed and as the scaffolding is yet around it. But one is struck by its magnificent proportions, its unity, and its majesty. It is a poem written in stone to mark a sorrow for the past and a hope for the future. We see it rise like a vision from out the depths of Montmartre, glorious in its beauty, charming in its immaculate whiteness, bewildering in its forests of pillars and cupolas. It has not yet the wealth of pure marble, porphyry, and sea-green serpentine which adorn that other masterpiece of Byzantine architecture, St. Mark's of Venice. The ages have not clothed its porches with stately sculpture of saint or angel: nothing but the nakedness of free-stone, yet with a sense of strength and majestic concord not to be found in every building. Perhaps one day we may see the high places and recesses of its architecture illumined with the gleaming of an involved tracery and variegated foliage, and its fair front "charged with wild fancy and dark hosts of imagery."

Neither can Montmartre boast of that peculiar mystery and sacredness which broods over buildings of historical fame—buildings on whose stones is written the history of the generations who have passed at their foundations and entered at their porches. No; but on its stones are graven the names of those who gave them—and who gave them for a great end. There is a grand unity in the whole, like concerted music, which incorporates one sublime idea—the salvation of France: *Domine salva nos, perimus*. This cry rises from out its deep foundations, and is sent over Paris by the harmonious ringing of

its gigantic bell.* In the near future two equestrian statues will be placed over the porch, and over all the statue of Him Who came to cast fire upon the earth, Who came to reconcile the rich and the poor, in Whose doctrine is to be found a solution to every vexed question that burns and agitates mankind.

From the campanile will float the banner of the Sacred Heart—the new *labarum*, which saved the honour of France and her army at Loigny, and which shall lead her to victory in the future. God seems to have said to the nation, as He said of old to Constantine, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" The 2nd of December, 1870, two regiments refused to charge the Prussians at Loigny. For the glory of their religion and the honour of their country, General de Sonis ordered the Pontifical Zouaves to charge and cover the retreat of the army. Beneath the banner of the Sacred Heart,† the soldiers of the Pope showed a heroism almost unparalleled in the annals of history.

In ages yet unborn people will ask the history of the white Basilica that overlooks Paris, and they will be told of the wave of religious enthusiasm which swept over the country after the Franco-German war, of the processions of the 18th June, 1899, and of the good they wrought. Its stones, in their stern magnificence will tell the history of the past, and in their serene sublimity the story of the future. It is an imperishable monument, that shall for ages testify to the greatness and nobleness of an impulsive character.

* La Savoyarde, the most artistically wrought and the second largest bell in the world. It is the gift of Savoy.

† The ordinary tri-coloured banner of France, with an image of the Sacred Heart in the centre. It was made by the nuns of the Visitation of Paray-le-Monial, and is now in the possession of General Charette.



THE * FIDDLER * OF * GMÜND.

BY REV. W. F. BRADLEY, ('88), LINCOLN, NEB.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF JUSTINUS KERNER).

I.

To Caecilia, music's queen,
Once in Gmünd the burghers stout
Built a shrine—its like unseen,
Tho' you'd searched the land throughout.

II.

Like the moonlight silv'ry gleamed
Lilies clear before the Saint,
Golden roses round her seemed
Morning-red the air to paint!

III.

Golden eke each dainty shoe,
With a mantle silver fair
Bore she fearless! hearts, then, too,
All of gold and silver were!

IV.

Many a stranger-pilgrim held
To her shrine his pious way,
Welcomed by the strains that welled
From within, the live-long day.

V.

Once a fiddler wand'ring came—
Poor he was, as mayn't be told,
Weary, and with walking, lame,
In his scrip nor bread nor gold.

VI.

'Fore the Saint's fair form he stands,
Fiddles forth his woes to her,
Till she hears his sad demands,
Hark! her robes sweet music stir!

VII.

Smiling sweetly, down she stoops,
Starting out of stony calm;
From her foot the gold unloops—
Throws it to the son of song!

VIII.

Quickly he, with joy nigh mad,
Seeks the nearest goldsmith's sign,
Counting pleasures to be had
Thro' his golden shoe divine.

IX.

But the goldsmith, faithless, sneers,
As the wondrous shoe he eyes;
To the judge, 'mid jests and jeers
With the fiddler straight he hies.

X.

Ah! thou hapless son of song,
Now no more thou'lt play or sing,
'Mid the birds the whole day long,
Thy dead body now must swing!

XI.

List unto the bells dull toll,
Whilst the black train comes in sight,
Wending towards that fatal goal
Whence he must begin his flight!

XII.

Monks and nuns in solemn choir,
Psalms of penance grimly chaunt,
But a fiddle's strains rise high'r
Than their notes significant!

XIII.

That he might his fiddle take,
Begged the bard as latest grace;
"Where so many music make
Fit's the fiddler take his place."

XIV.

When the sad procession came
Where Caecilia's chapel stood,
Loud before the open fane
Played he in right doleful mood.

XV.

Moved with pity then they sigh:
"Ah! thou luckless fiddler wight;"
Singing, answers he: "May I
Once more of the Saint have sight."

XVI.

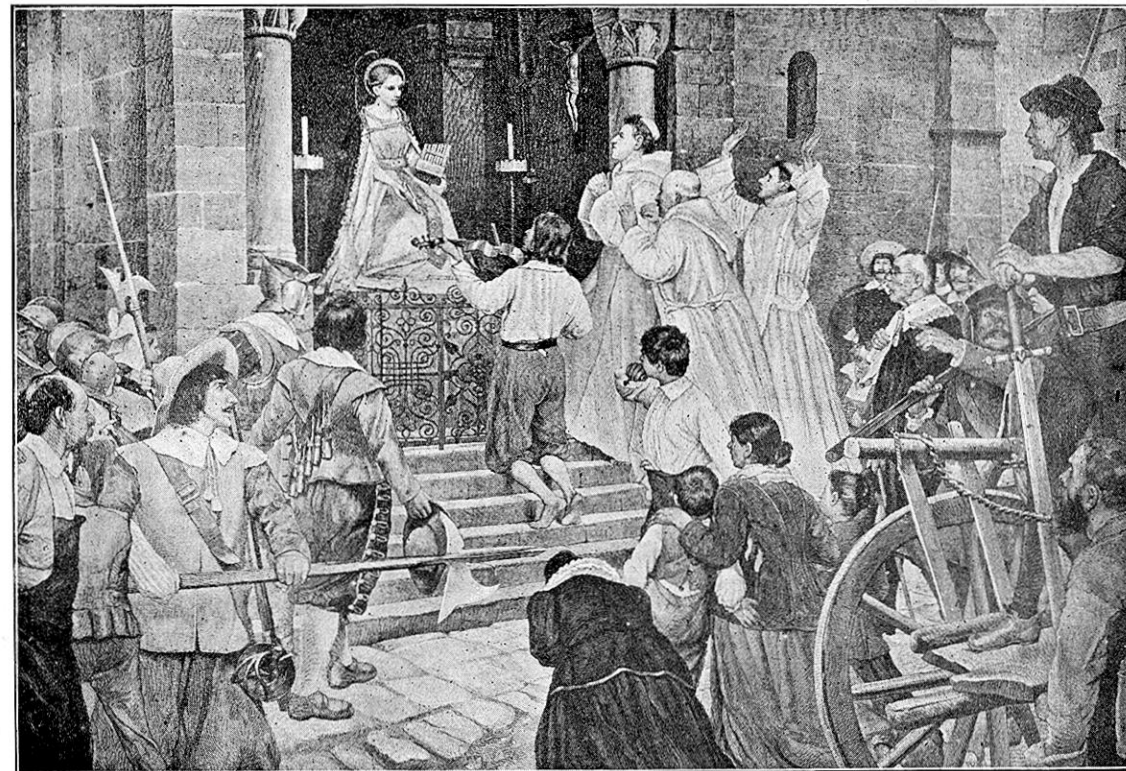
'Fore the Saint again he stands,
Fiddles his new woes to her,
Till she hears his sad demands:
Hark! her robes sweet music stir!

XIX.

Crowned with flowers from the mead,
Loaded well with gold and wine,
Thro' their town the bard they lead,
Favored thus by powers divine.

XX.

But, when all the town had drunk
Deep and well to grace the day,
In the moonlight forth he slunk
To another land away.



THE FIDDLER OF GMÜND.

[From the *Deutscher Hausschatz*.]

XVII.

Smiling sweetly, down she stoops,
Starting out of stony calm;
Quick the other shoe unloops—
Throws it to the son of song!

XVIII.

Whilst the crowd doth gape, I ween,
Each true Christian here will see
How e'en music's sainted queen
Loves the minstrel's melody.

XXI.

Since in Gmünd all fiddlers sure
Are of hospitality;
Come they rich or come they poor,
They by Gmünd must feasted be!



SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

By J. H. S. ('89).



AN account of the working of one of the Colleges of the Society in the United States may prove not uninteresting to the Irish readers of THE MUNGRET ANNUAL. We have selected as the subject of our sketch Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Alabama, in a visit to which we invite our reader to accompany us; and offering him our services as guide we straightway begin our journey.

The College being situated some six miles from Mobile, in one of the suburbs called Spring Hill, we take the electric car at the foot of St. Francis Street. Passing through the city, note the evidences of its Catholic origin, as signified by such street names as St. Francis, St. Michael, St. Louis, St. Anthony, St. Joseph, St. Emanuel, and Conception street. If you are keen-eyed you may catch a glimpse of the McGill Institute, a free Catholic High School, indebted for its existence to the pious beneficence of the gentleman whose name it bears. We mention it in this sketch because its present Rector is a former student of Mungret, the Rev. James E. Coyle.

We are soon on the outskirts of the city, and in a little time in sight of St. Mary's Church. In the adjoining rectory were written some of the saddest, sweetest poems of Abram J. Ryan, the Poet-Priest of the South. At the foot of the hill, we begin to breathe the pungent air of the piney woods; and as we move more slowly we have time to admire the solemn, high-waving pines, rising up like haughty giants from out the darksome, vine-entangled undergrowth. If all goes well we shall be in a few minutes at the summit of the hill, when our visit to the College really begins.

The buildings are about 300 yards from the Springhill road, and are reached by the new bridge over the ravine on the College grounds. The first object that strikes our vision is the glittering golden cross crowning the lofty dome. The belvedere above the dome is the highest point of view in Southern Alabama. We will

not fix our attention on it for the moment, for we shall have occasion to mount it shortly.

We go up to the central door, noting as we pass the bicycle track, which has been the witness of much expert riding. It is oval in shape, about six laps to a mile, accurately graded, and shaded throughout by avenues of broad-spreading oaks. At the upper end of the track stands a statue of our Blessed Lady, within a hundred yards of which no Spring Hill boy will ever pass without doffing his cap. At a lower end a fountain plays incessantly amid a garden of semi-tropical plants and flowers.

We come next to the Rotunda, a spacious hall used as the College museum. The collection is said to be the finest in the State of Alabama. On the walls hang the portraits of the deceased Bishops of the Diocese, benefactors, former presidents and distinguished professors of the College; and looking at these we naturally drift into the history of the College.

It was founded in 1830 by Cardinal Joseph Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon I., and chartered in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a University, and empowered to confer academic honours in every art and science. Spring Hill ranks among the very few colleges in America that have been authorized by the Sovereign Pontiff to grant degrees in Philosophy, Divinity, and Canon Law.

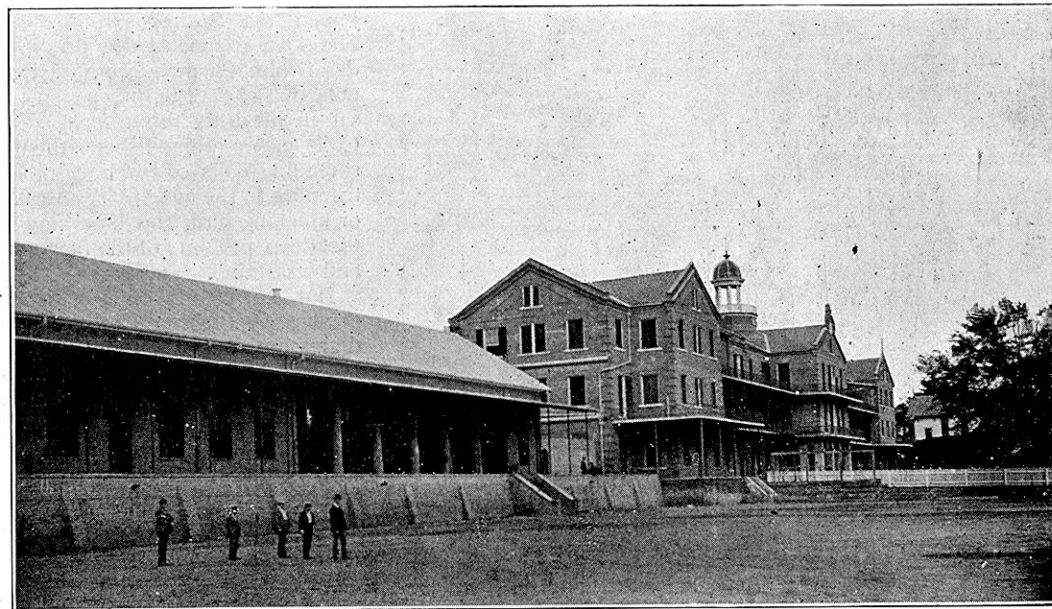
Between the years 1839 and 1849 the College passed through different administrations, being successively directed by the Fathers of Mercy and the Eudists. In 1847 it was taken in hands by the Society. On the night of February 4th, 1869, the College buildings and practically everything within them, including the priceless library which had been the gift of Cardinal Fesch, were destroyed by fire. There were at that time over 250 students on the rolls. Such is a very brief history of Spring Hill.

We have mounted the winding stairs that lead to the cupola. Far as the eye can reach in every direction there looms up before it a vision of pines. This is truly the land of the pine,—of the straight-bodied, sky-invading, dagger-leaved, balsamic pine. The air is heavily laden with its perfume; you breathe it in with the sunshine;

at night its drowsy aroma lulls the tired spirit to rest. To the south-east we see the city of Mobile, and can distinguish its principal buildings. It is situated at the mouth of the Mobile River, just at the point where it empties into the beautiful land-locked bay of the same name. At our feet lies the flower garden, at the end of which we see the Sodality Chapel, nestling in the shade of a giant-gnarled oak.

Let us descend to the third floor, and as both wings are almost identical in every detail, we will inspect that on the west, occupied by the Seniors. This whole floor is taken up by two open dormitories. Under the dormitories we find the cabinet of physics, the chemical labora-

examinations, the College is able to carry out the ideas of the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Society in so far as they are applicable to modern conditions. The mind of the boy is not overburdened with an indigestible mass of facts, figures, and statistics. The master's aim is to unfold, enliven, and broaden the student's intellect, and to develop all his faculties, so that there may be laid the solid foundations on which he may after graduation build up the edifice of any art or profession. A great amount of matter is not set before the student, but thorough analysis is insisted on. The student is taught to think for himself, to begin independent research and investigation.



SOUTH SIDE OF COLLEGE, SHOWING PART OF GYMNASIUM.

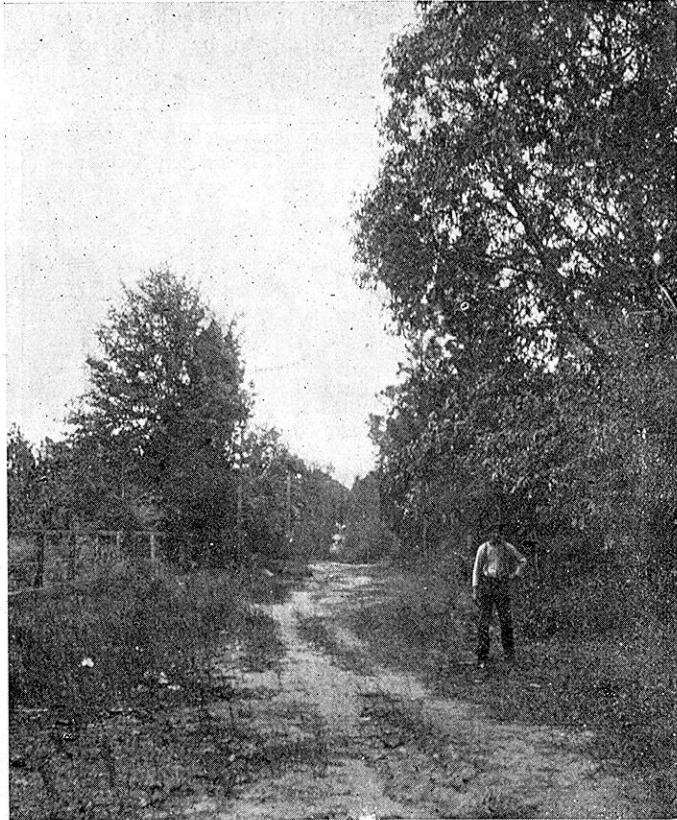
tory, and the science class-room. Next to these are three music rooms and the editorial office of the *Spring Hill Review*. We pass from room to room by means of the open-air gallery or piazza. On the ground floor we find the study-hall and class-rooms. In the middle of the College, on this floor, is situated the office of the Prefect of Studies, or the Vice-President, as he is always called here. Needless to say, this room is an object of great respect, particularly on the part of the small boy.

The course of studies in the College extends over a period of six years, embracing three grammar classes, poetry, rhetoric, and philosophy. Not being bound down by competitive public

As public speaking is practically an essential in American life, great attention is given to oratory and elocution. For this end, besides the weekly elocution classes, two literary societies exist, which have for their object the cultivation of eloquence by means of debates, dramatic readings, and declamations. There is also published a magazine, *The Spring Hill Review*, whose aim is twofold: to keep alive among the students a high literary spirit, by exercising them both in critical and creative composition, and to link more closely the past with the present.

We might remark here that the Latin and Greek grammars used in Spring Hill, and in

fact in the great majority of Catholic Colleges throughout the United States, have for author Rev. Dominic Yenni, S.J., who for forty-one years taught the elements of grammar in this College. He spent fifty-one years of his life in teaching grammar, and that, too, with such marvellous success that the then General of the Society, Fr. Anderledy, writing to him on the occasion of his golden jubilee of priesthood, said:—"Ex catalogis nostris cum admiratione cognovi Reverentiam vestram annum jam quin-



VIEW FROM THE WOODS.—THE CUPOLA IN THE DISTANCE.

quagesimum in scholis, idque in scholis grammaticis decurrere. Res perara, atque ad memoriam et exemplum insignis." He rests in the little Community graveyard, where the breath of the southern air waves the mournful pines and chants the solemn requiem of the dead. His portrait hangs on the walls of the museum, and its sight is naturally a cause of mingled feelings of admiration and sorrow on the part of the boyish beholder.

Speaking of former professors, we must not

neglect to mention Fr. Peter Ladavière, who brought from Rome to Paris in 1809 the decree of excommunication against Napoleon Bonaparte. He lies buried in the College cemetery, where you may any morning meet a venerable priest of fifty-one years' standing, telling ardent beads for his fallen comrades.

In a sketch intended for Irish eyes there is one name on the list of past professors that is worthy of more than ordinary notice. Richard Dalton Williams, "Shamrock" of *The Nation*,

Poet and Patriot, taught poetry and rhetoric in Spring Hill for five years. Forced to seek a home in a foreign land, owing to the failure of the '48 movement, he came to America in 1851, and immediately joined the Spring Hill faculty. His love of poetry did not here desert him, for many were the sonnets that came from his pen, as he sat in his little room in the old College, or walked beneath the spreading oaks or towering pines, listening to the song of the thrush or mocking bird, and breathing in the deep perfume of the magnolia and jessamine.

But, to return to the living present, apologizing for this slight digression into the past,—which, however, it has been more than a pleasure to us to make,—let us resume our tour of inspection. It is Thursday on the Hill, that is to say, it is the usual weekly holiday; for, not being obliged to adopt the policy of

"Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow,"

the College can afford to devote one day each week to the building up of the "*corpus sanum*." After Mass and breakfast comes the first recreation. The small boy be-

sieges the candy-store and invests his allowance in candy, or if he be of a sporting disposition—and who among them is not?—he may chip in his quota for the purchase of a baseball, bat, or glove; for baseball is king at this season. In a few moments the air is teeming with balls. Everybody is intent on catching "flies." Over there you can notice two young hopefuls earnestly bent on sending the ball backwards and forwards. They are studying the art of pitching curves, and are embryo candidates for the

College "Nine," for to win a place on this is possibly the highest ambition of every one of the boys.

But presently a bugle call rings out clear above the din and noise, and is soon answered by a similar call from the "big yard." They are the signals for the assembly of the members of the bands for their regular practice. The brass bands have ever been a prominent feature of Spring Hill, and great is the rivalry when the Juniors, in their uniforms of gray and gold, clash arms in the musical arena with the gold-and-blue-clothed Seniors.

At nine o'clock the bell rings for study-hall, for the "*mens sana*" is by no means altogether neglected on this day. And while the boys are industriously doing their morrow's tasks, we will take a stroll out into the woods and to the lake. We move down the hill towards the farm, and soon suddenly find ourselves in one of nature's Edens. The hillside is picturesquely wooded with the fragrant pine, the great-leaved magnolia, whose cream-white, bell-shaped flowers spread their perfume all about, the oak, the hickory, dogwood, sassafras, the beech, the catalpa, and the holly, thickly interspersed with the sombre cedar, and azaleas of colours the most gorgeous and the most delicate, while flowers and ferns fringe with beauty "the banks and braes and streams around." Before us lies a placid sheet of water, beautiful with blue inverted sky. The lake is fed by a number of springs that rise in its basin, but principally by a large one situated in its northern extremity. This is the chief of the springs which give the hill its name.

Soon the still solitude of the lake is broken in upon by the sound of many voices, and the Juniors are seen rushing down the hill, all eager for their swim. If they had to forfeit either their morning bath or their evening game of ball, it were hard to say which would be sacrificed. In a few minutes they have raised an ocean of waves where all was still before, and it is not difficult to see how thoroughly they are enjoying themselves.

Dinner at noon is followed by recreation till 1.30 p.m. Then the word for the Juniors is:—"All down to the plains." The ball game begins, and we notice with admiration how lively the ball bounds over the hard, smooth ground. If it were some Sunday evening we might witness one of the fine games which the College nine puts up against the visiting Mobile teams. Seldom it is that the wearers of the purple and white (the College colours) do not carry off the honours of the evening.

And so the joyous day rolls along till the great sun dips down behind the western sky in all the golden splendour of a Southern summer's evening. Supper comes, and night prayers and reading in the church, and then the smaller boys, wearied and worn with the playing of the day, find sweet relief in rambling down the lanes of slumber-land. Soon they are followed by their elders, and over the woods and halls of old Spring Hill reign peace and silence, unbroken save perchance by the barking of the watch-dogs baying the silvery moon, or the monotonous cry of the whippoorwill, the night-bird of the Southland.



A DEAD LANGUAGE DUEL.

BY REV. M. KENNY, S.J. ('86).

I.
 LONG years ago, when our land was young,
 And the sons of the Gael spoke the Gaelic tongue;
 When the faith of the land was the Faith of God,
 And nor Satan nor Saxon claimed its sod;

All Europe spoke their masters' fame,
 And knowledge-searchers all aflame
 From many shores were wont to flock
 To the domes high-perched on Cashel's Rock,
 Or seek those walls by Shannon's shore
 That linked old Limerick to Loughmore—
 Fond nurses both of classic lore!

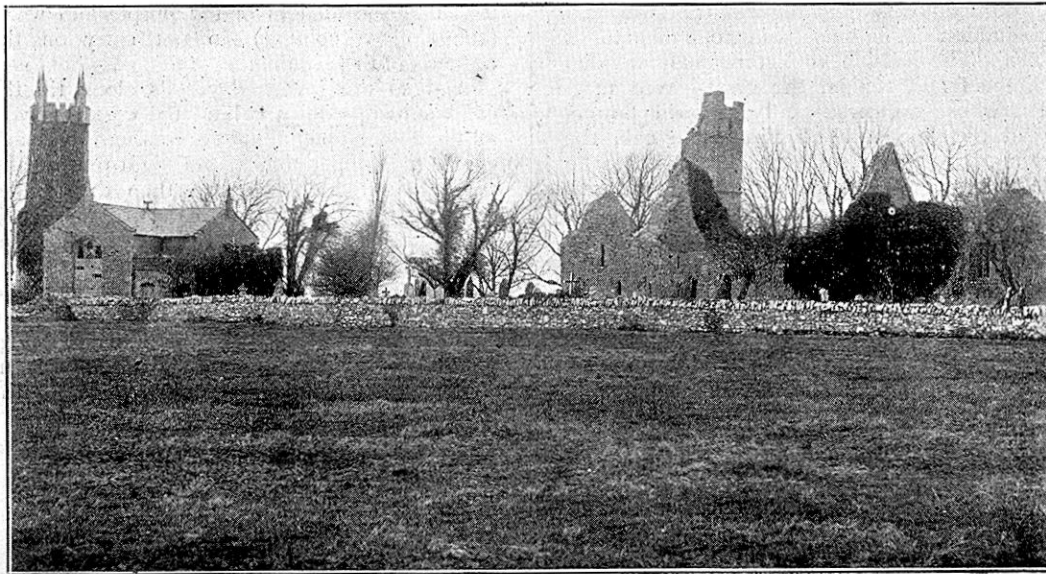


Photo by Guy, Limerick.

RUINS OF MUNGRET ABBEY.

When poverty was no badge of shame,
 And the lowly were loved in the Saviour's name;

When Science stood at Religion's porch,
 And the pure and the holy held her torch,
 Shedding its rays on rich and poor,
 Welcoming all to her open door,
 Where clansmen and alien entered free,
 For virtue and mind were alone the key;
 In the days when cities begemmed our land
 To house the pilgrims from many a strand,
 And school saw school from sea to sea,
 And Erin was one University:—
 In these golden days two schools stood forth
 Pre-eminent in work and worth;

Though others other schools might seek,
 Those who loved Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
 Made haste to these, for they, 'twas said,
 Excelled in languages called DEAD.

II.

Mungret and Cashel, names revered!
 Though loved by all each other feared,
 For some declared that Mungret led
 In Classic lore, while others said
 With emphasis—'twas the contrary,
 For Cashel's schools were in Tipperary,
 And all men knew it was the rule
 From Adam's days to Finn McCool
 And still, that Tips could all men lick

In brain or brawn, with pen or stick.
 Since Cashel's throne and Cashel's see
 In Munster held the primacy,
 In Science, too, it would beseem
 That Cashel's schools should reign supreme,
 And hence to all good men 'twas clear,
 From Knockmeildown to Dromineer,
 That Cashel towered in learning's scale
 As Cashel's rock in Golden Vale.

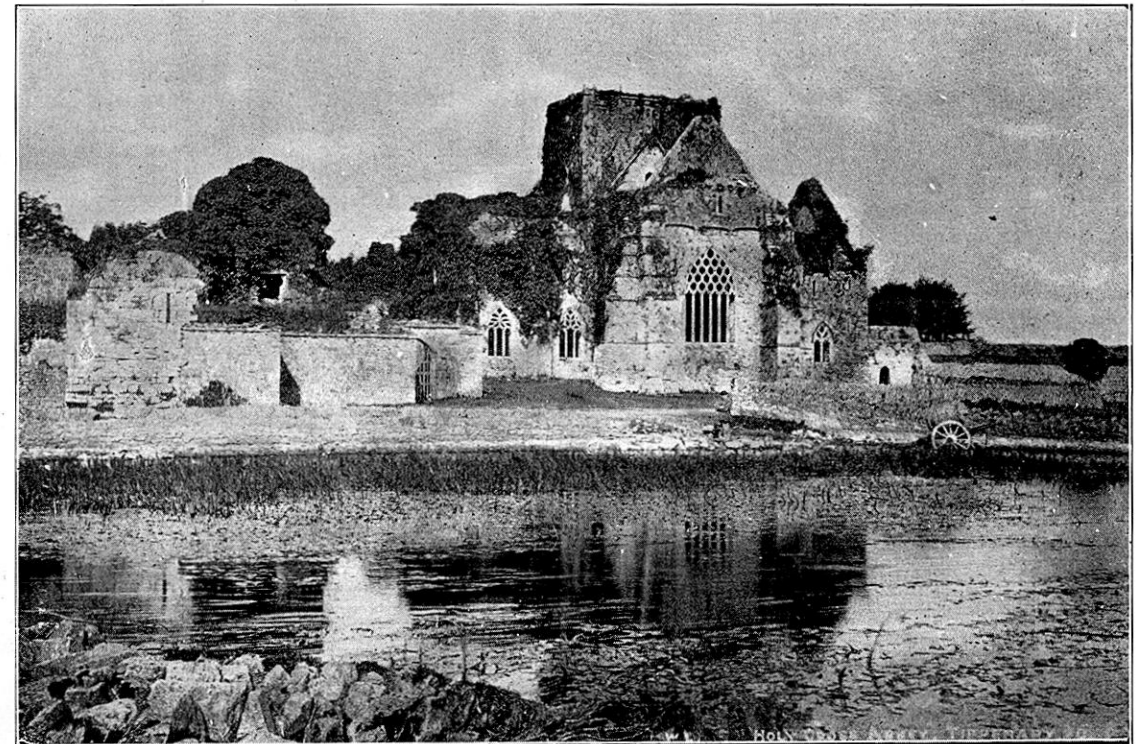
III.

So thought they not in Limerick town,
 Proud of their city's old renown,

That Mungret held the palm, and swear
 That nor in Erin nor elsewhere
 Did masters live who could compare
 With Mungret's peerless monks or dare
 In classic lore to meet them fair.

IV.

In Cashel's walls the threat was heard,
 And hot Tipperary blood was stirred,
 For though her monks were meek and mild,
 Disciples of the Saviour Child,
 No gown or cincture e'er was made
 To teach them brook the word "afraid:"



HOLY CROSS ABBEY, CO. TIPPERARY.

Which through long ages they could trace
 Till crowned in Brian's noble race.
 But prouder they of Mungret's walls
 Than of Kincora's kingly halls:
 Erin did Brian's deeds rehearse,
 But Mungret's fame—the Universe!
 They saw its buildings, small and great,
 Extend for leagues from Limerick's gate,
 Till Mungret mingled with Adare,
 And thither the world's wise repair
 Till monks a thousand knelt in prayer
 With thrice a thousand students there,
 And Limerick all did loud declare

However self-restrained or wary
 The haughty threat "he can't nor dare he"
 Ne'er went unchallenged in Tipperary.

V.

So Cashel's good abbot, with faculty all,
 At once and unanimous hastened to call
 An assembly of monks within Cashel's great hall,
 And his subjects tall, stalwart, and noble of mien,
 Quickly gathered from Hore, Holycross and
 Glankeen;
 Thither mustered O'Ryan, O'Meagher, O'Dwyer,
 Their brains all alight and their hearts all afire:

And a fiery O'Dwyer spoke up and he said
They should wrestle with Mungret in languages
dead,

And to settle the matter a challenge send on
To a contest their classical merits upon,
And all the good monks cried together as one,
"Hurrah," "Fiat," "Done." 'Twas decided
nem. con.

And they handed a challenge, most skilfully
drawn,
To O'Dwyer of the Glen, who before it was
dawn

With twenty O'Dwyers at a gallop had gone,
And their steeds waked the echoes to far Slieve-
namon

As they swept o'er the plain with the speed of a
fawn,
And e'er night they had jumped upon Mungret's
green lawn.

VI.

The Abbot proffers welcome free
With Irish hospitality,
And O'Brien and O'Kennedy
Make haste from Thomond and Camailthe,
To give O'Dwyer *caed mille failthe*.
Then the challenge is read and the terms are drawn,
And the day of the contest fixed upon,
And all Erin is summoned to judge thereon.

VII.

The monks of Mungret counsel take,
And some are sanguine while others quake
For fear their wondrous reputation
Should tarnished be in this concertation,
For though aware what they could do
With tongue of Roman, Greek or Jew,
They knew that Cashel's olden skill
In language dead was living still,
And whate'er contest they were in
Tipperary men were there to win.
Then many, many plans devise,
But none commend themselves as wise
Until a smiling monk uprose
With merry eyes and arching nose,
All hush to hear what he'll propose,
For he was reared in Cork's own city,
And what he says is wise and witty.

VIII.

The Abbot down his crozier bore:
"Good Brother Finbar has the floor!"
Alas! my pen is unskilled to tell
The wisdom and wit from his lips that fell,
The quips and the quibbles in languages dead,
Till the monks were in humour to do what he said.
Then he added "In warfare all methods are fair,
"To plan well and wise is more great than to
dare :
"See how Jacob was patriarch, Esau nowhere,

"And while his sheep were multiplied, Laban's
were rare ;

"Think of Judith and Esther, that strategic pair,
"David, Solomon, Caesar, and great Gobawn Sair,
"Who knew well the worth of a laudable snare.
"Therefore, brethren, hear me, this plan I
propose :

"You can beat Cashel's monks just by changing
your clothes !

"Let our students walk out as young wash-
women dressed—

"Just an apron and petticoat over the rest—

"And washing at Ballinacurra's sweet stream,

"The strangers will take them for just what they
seem.

"Let us be disguised, too, in various modes,

"As beggars and drovers and makers of roads,

"And when Cashel's monks by their wise abbot
led,

"Shall appear, over all Mungret's roads we shall
spread

"And accost them politely in languages dead.

"When they find that 'tis Hebrew our wash-
women speak,

"And beggars in Latin their charity seek,

"And men address black Kerry cattle in Greek,

"And youths urge their donkeys less slowly to
sneak

"With a classical phrase and the end of a stick,

"Rubbing Homer and Hesiod in with a lick,

"Their faith in their powers will begin to grow
weak,

"O'erwhelmed by the shock out their courage
will leak,

"Their high home on the Rock they will sorrow-
ful seek,

"And 'tis not in dead language their thoughts
they will speak."

IX.

The abbot shook his head the while
Around his lips there played a smile,
But all the monks with acclamation
And thunderous vociferation,

Cried out as one man,

"Yes, that is the plan—

"The Ruler should yield to the voice of the
nation ;"

Their vehemence wrought the desired consum-
mation,

For, bowing his head,

The good abbot said,

"I yield, for sweet peace and the fame of our
school,

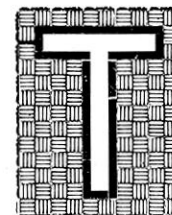
"To the sacred behests of Majority Rule !"

END OF FYTTE I.

NOTE.—That good Br. Finbar's forecast was realized,
all tradition testifies. We hope in next number to be able
to give the details, as furnished to the author some years
ago by a local *raconteur*.

A CHAT IN THE BUSH—SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE REV. M. MACMAHON, S.J. ('87).



THE sun had already climbed
up over the glittering peaks
of the Zuurberg mountains,
and poured a flood of amber
light into the valley of the
Sunday's river. Summer
was well advanced into
November, and the vast
tract of bush was clothed in
emerald green. When looked at from the
mountains the valley appeared like an inland
sea, with white farmhouses jutting out here and
there, as though they were rocks and the sea
were lashing itself into foam against their sides.
Up against the base of the mountains the green
wave of bush rolled and rose and fell away in
billowy folds, like the southern swell that breaks
on the treacherous L. Agulhas.

The seemingly low bush was astir with life.
Up from the deep recesses of the cool, shady
vistas rose the intermingled cooing of countless
doves. Beautiful plumaged birds flashed and
flaunted their gaudy colours in the spring of the
day, and sang and chattered and discussed in
bird language the many details relating to pro-
jected nests and the increase of a prospective
household. A magnificent black eagle sailed up
out of the bosom of the sun, and, circling in the
air, suddenly swooped like a cloud shadow, and
rose again with a hare squealing in his talons,
then away to the westward and the lone crags of
the Winterburg for a royal breakfast.

Here and there oxen and cattle were browsing
on the tender leaves of the mimosa. There, on
the slope, where the succulent prickly pear had
found a footing and flourished, within the pre-
cincts of an ostrich camp, a troop of monkeys
broke their morning fast, and wrangled and
grinned and used sulphurous language over
disputed tit-bits.

The ostrich camp lay along the back of a
green billow of bush, partially cleared for the
purpose, and another lay along the slope, with
only a wild bush-road separating both. The
long necks of the ostriches could be seen here
and there protruding snake-like out of the green,
their pellucid eyes blinking at the dazzling sun.

An ostrich camp consists generally of an
enclosure made by running a five-wire fence
around sixty or seventy acres of bush, but, of

course, camps vary in size. Each camp has a self-
established autocratic ruler among its ostriches,
which is distinguished from the others by a
remarkable name. The names of the leaders of
those two camps were Napoleon and Wellington,
respectively. They were remarkable birds, stand-
ing nearly eight feet in height when erect, with
immense snowy plumes adorning their short
wings. And this morning, as they walked up
each to his respective fence, they exchanged
ideas.

"A cheery morning to you, Nap.," said
Wellington, feeling, as it were, the pulse of his
neighbour's temper, by a moderate salute and a
propitious tone.

"Same to you, Welli.," returned Nap., with-
out giving himself away in the least, and forcing
his neighbour to further efforts.

"Any news in your camp?" went on Welling-
ton, in a polite persuasive kind of way. He was
longing for a chat.

"Nothing to mention," said Nap. ; "I heard
you had a disturbance down the slope yester-
day."

"Ah! it's that 'Spider' caused the disagree-
ment," said Wellington, apologetically, "if it
weren't for him we would be as quiet as goslings
in our camp."

Spider was a cock ostrich with an evil reputa-
tion, and an aspirant for supremacy in his own
camp.

"How did yesterday's fight happen," said
Nap., showing interest.

"Oh, 'Whitey' came down yesterday to look
after the nest, and when he got inside the fence
Spider made for him and rolled him over, pony
and all. I thought 'Whitey' was killed, but he
wasn't, and I protested to Spider for doing such
a thing in my presence, and without my sanc-
tion."

"Do you know, Spider," says I, "that a piece
of work like that wants my approval? 'Whitey'
(he was the white man in charge of the ostriches)
gives us mealies and looks after us, and he
oughtn't to be kicked down except with my
permission. I'm master here."

"Didn't know we'd settled that, said Spider.
Then we'd better settle it at once, I says, and I
closed with him. He's better now, but still
slightly impudent."

The disputes between himself and Spider were a touchy point with Wellington, so he changed the subject by asking what progress in the hatching state the eggs in Nap.'s camp had made.

"Oh, they're just doing well enough," said Nap., "if the jim-jabbers (monkeys) would only keep quiet. Yesterday, when the missis came off the nest, they loped round and rolled the eggs about. They knocked two against a stone and smashed them. The young ones were just coming, but I'll be even with them. Hark to them! Hush, I believe they're coming this way."

Nap. craned forward his neck and listened. There was a fairly open piece of veldt just near, and the monkeys seeking fresh pastures new would have to cross it.

On they came, with their peculiar hand and foot gallop, the young ones on their mother's backs, never even dreaming of danger.

Nap. saw his opportunity. Out he shot among the troop and kicked and trampled and hissed like a demon, his huge legs working as if they were shafts of steel. When he had done, and the monkeys had fled to the nearest refuge, two little ones remained on the veldt, dead, and a number of the old ones just escaped with bruised and broken limbs.

They congregated again on some high bush within hearing distance, and poured the vials of their wrath on Napoleon, and vowed vengeance on the whole ostrich tribe, in language which will not bear transcribing. Nap. came back to the fence, his eye aflame with the heat of battle.

"I didn't expect the chance so soon," he said, as his equanimity returned with his breath, and he was puffing heavily.

"Well done, Nap., my man," said Wellington. "Family cares have not taken all the power out of your legs yet. Them fellows I don't hold by myself, but they hav'n't troubled us here so far. It seems to me you're a bit low in condition though. You are quite puffed after a short bout like that."

"Well, I suppose I am," said Nap., whose assured victory over the jim-jabbers soothed him and made him more communicative. "I get into low spirits too, frequently, especially coming on sundown, and I wasn't all myself when you saluted me just a while ago."

"What's the cause of it?" said Wellington, leading him on.

"Ah, it all comes from indigestion; it's the stomach," said Nap. pensively. "It has taken a bad turn again. Well now, three weeks ago I felt better than ever I did in my life. There was a nigger down here fixing up a wire in my

camp, and when he went home for his dinner I had a look round to see what he might have left. Sure enough, I came on a box of tenpenny nails and a gross of holdfasts, with a cold-chisel and a pair of gimlets. In a corner there was a Kaffir pipe full of tobacco, and a two-pound hammer. I swallowed down the lot, with the exception of the hammer, which might have been awkward, and in two hours' time I never felt better in my life. Tenpenny nails and wire fasteners go very well together in the stomach, and the tobacco pipe acted on the bile. The same evening "Beelzebub" broke into our camp, and thought he could play his old game with me, but I gave him the three-mile run round the camp twice, and kicked him out in the third round at the very place where he broke in. He hasn't been round here since. Ah!" said Nap. with a sigh, "for chronic indigestion there is nothing as good as a cold chisel."

Here we must interrupt the conversation to say a word about "Beelzebub." "Beelzebub" was reckoned the best fighting ostrich in the whole valley. He was supposed to belong to a camp seven miles up on the banks of the Sunday, but he crossed fences as though he were possessed, and scoured the bush night and day, a veritable knight errant in quest of adventures. His appearance was formidable. His eyes were inflamed and bloodshot, and strips of skin hung down his long neck like tassels, the result of encounters with mimosa bushes and pronged poles which people used to defend themselves against him. His feathers had not been plucked for some years, and though the white plumes were bedraggled and torn, they gave a gleam of defaced beauty to his appearance, which made one have a kind of sympathy for him, bad as he was. He had left a Kaffir for dead out on the Uitenhage road one day, and had maimed another, who was doing some fencing on a drift by the White River, so badly that Klaas had to be taken to the district hospital. He was a terrible fighter, and fomented wars, foreign and civil, in every camp into which he blundered. No one liked to kill him, for he was worth fifty pounds to his owner, if only his owner could control him. But a year after the events of present narrative, he attacked a Dutch Boer, who was shooting wild pigs in the Coerney bush, and the Dutchman for the sake of self preservation gave him a potleg in the lungs and made an end of him.

Wellington resumed the conversation.

"I quite agree with you, Nap.," he said with a tone of deep conviction. "I did think myself that iron filings, not too small, and seven pounds to the dose, were the best; but if you attribute the confusion of "Beelzebub" to a cold-chisel,

helped with a pair of gimlets, why I'll change my mind."

"Well, that's my experience," returned Nap., preening carelessly one of his magnificent side-feathers, "and perhaps it's worth having."

"Aye, so it is," said Wellington; "you have seen some of the ups and downs of life in your time. You were a bit extravagant in your young days, and that nearly always affects later years."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," said Nap., regretfully, arching his long neck and running his beak snappishly along the short feathers on his broad breast, and then he became interested in his great feet. He was somewhat taken aback at the remark. It pinched somewhere, he could not exactly tell where, but Welli. and himself lived on a peace footing, and even might call one another friends. Wellington saw his embarrassment, and remarked suddenly, as though he had got an inspiration—

"The drought is, I believe, breaking up.



A LETTER SPEAKS LOVE TO A MOTHER.

BY THE REV. T. J. SHEALY, S.J. ('86).

Little messenger am I,
From a far off land and sky,
Bearing on my tiny breast,
Gifts the dearest, sweetest, best.
Lady, lady, break the seal,
And my treasures I'll reveal.

These blest gifts I wrapped with care,
Fragrant with the breath of prayer,
In this little linen strip—
Press it sweetly to thy lip.
Lady, lady, 'tis the band
Tied thy child's anointed hand.

Now thou seest,—ah, do not weep!
What I bore thee o'er the deep.
First of all and dearest this,
Take it from me, 'tis a kiss.
Lady, lady, 'tis for thee
That he gave this kiss to me.

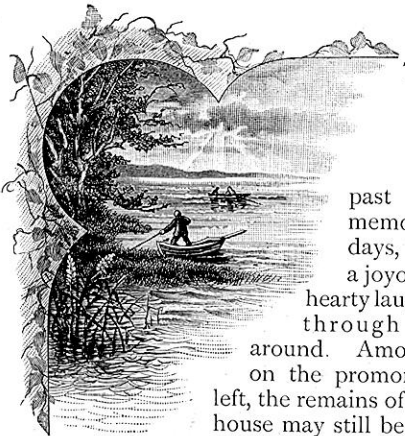
How thy loving eyes can tell
That I've done my duty well!
What a messenger I've been!
What fond hearts I run between
Happy mother, blessed boy,
Thus to share each other's joy.

We've had eight months without a pint of rain, and both of us will be all the better when—here he was interrupted by shouting and cracking of whips and intermingled cries of "Coolie, Coolie" (the pet name for ostriches) down in the bush.

Looking down the slope, Wellington saw two mounted men, with long mimosa bushes across their saddles, ride into the camp, accompanied by about a dozen Kaffirs, all armed in the same way.

"'Whitey' has come to pluck feathers in earnest, to-day," he said; "I'd better go and see that he doesn't get killed. A couple of blackeys may get their legs broken, but then that won't be my fault." "I'll come up and see you to-morrow morning, and enquire after your symptoms. Good morning, Nap.," and Wellington went down the slope with an official dignity which betokened the necessity of calling into play all his administrative powers.

❖ TERVOE ❖ CREEK. ❖



THE photo of the creek at Tervoe, must needs recall to our past a thousand memories of olden days, when many a joyous cheer and hearty laugh re-echoed through the woods around. Among the trees on the promontory to the left, the remains of the old boat house may still be traced. Out beyond, the waters of the Shannon run deep and strong. Often when the waves without are lashed to fury by the winds, there is scarce a ripple to be seen on the sheltered bosom of our miniature bay. There in the summer-time many of us are not loath to plunge into the twenty feet of crystal water, happier even than our predecessors, for in our day the charm of the dip was increased by the possibility of having afterwards to do battle for one's raiment with "Fighting Poll of the Creeks." She was a powerful goat—terrific in a charge. Her horns were long, beautifully curved, tapering to a point. Our great logician once declared that he would rather face a whole army of dilemmas. However she will never trouble him more, having perished in the great flood.

One morning during last vacation, a fleet of four pulled out from the creek on pleasure and Bunratty bent. Number one and its crew started at a sweeping pace, got muddled about half-way, were passed amid loud and prolonged applause, and finally came in with a rush. On the top of the landing stage at Pilot Island their bark paused for a moment in its mad career, then gracefully toppled over and continued on its course. To follow either the boat or its late occupants would carry me too far afloat. I am already seven miles away, and must hasten back to the neighbourhood of my subject.

The beauty of the scene which greets the boatman, immediately his bark merges from the creek on to the bosom of the lordly Shannon, is such as words of mine are powerless to paint. Gerald Griffin, in his famed "Collegians,"

describes it as it appeared to Hardress Cregan on the morning when the convict ship was bearing him away for ever from the land of his boyhood. Years have flown by like the waters of the river, but the scene is still unchanged. I have enjoyed it on many an Autumn evening, when the westering sun was gilding the crest of the Cratloe hills, and our boat was drifting slowly on the incoming tide. Then darkness would come with giant strides across the broad expanse of water, and the tiny waves would ripple and gurgle sadly against the prow of the boat as she glided back around the promontory into the peaceful and silent creek.

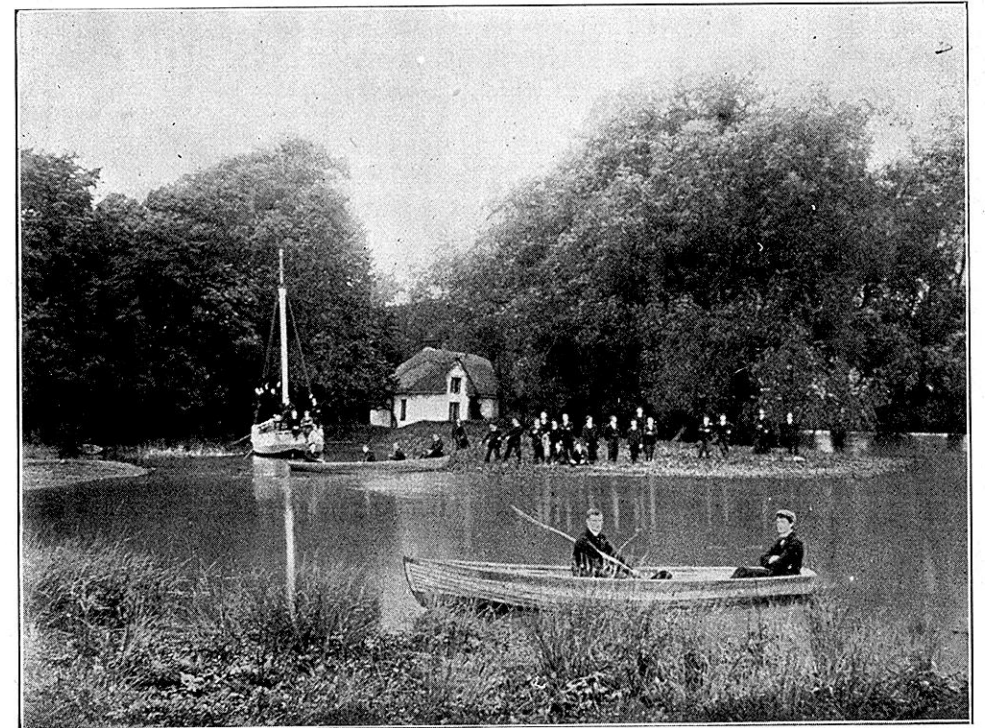
In the troubled Fenian times, when all the highways and byeways of the country were patrolled day and night, it was by landing at the creek, and crossing through the woods of Tervoe, that the leaders arrived from Limerick to address the crowds which had gathered to meet them within the ruined walls of Carrig. There, also, in the shadow of the trees on the Shannon bank, one suspect at least was brought before the dread tribunal of the great brotherhood.

It is scarce a week since he told me the story. Standing on his own hearth, his bare arms folded on his breast, he inspired me with respect. Respect, I think, implies fear. Certainly, when, from time to time, his eyes flashed with somewhat of their old fire, I felt happier in the thought that his shoemaker's knife was safely lodged in the cobbling box beside me.

One night he was shadowed by a rival tradesman, and seen to enter the house of Cooper, of Cooper Hill. Ere long his name was on every lip, and in the same breath men spoke of treason, when treason to the Brotherhood meant death. A fortnight later some seventy men were collected under the shadow of the trees hard by the creek. In their midst stood the accused. "I swear," said he, "that I am no traitor to the cause. I myself have been betrayed, and the bad blood which did the deed is in your own midst. That night when I went to Cooper Hill it was by request of the lady of the house. She met me in the hall, told me that she knew I was a Fenian, and that my power with the people was great, and, falling on her knees, begged of me to spare at least her children. I denied the charge; but added that, as long as I had the

power to prevent it, not a soul should harm her children, her husband, or herself. She thanked me, and, rising, led me into the parlour. There, taking down a massive volume which contained the names and portraits of those who had been betrayed to the Government, she pointed to my own name, and beneath it were inscribed the names of many amongst you. Yes, there is bad blood in our midst; but I swear once more, that I am no traitor to the cause." His accuser slunk away into the night, while the others,

weapon which lay concealed in its case in the *haggard* wall, not a hundred yards from the village *cross*. From time to time he would take it out and carefully clean away every speck of rust. Then he would plant its stock against his shoulder, glance along its shining barrel, feel its trigger with his finger, and hope. Months passed into years, and the years became decades, and all the while the rifle lay concealed in the *haggard* wall. One day Parnell came to Limerick, and telling the people how England had at last



TERVOE CREEK—AN EVENING IN SEPTEMBER.

satisfied of his fidelity, soon dispersed—some by boat to Limerick, others through the woods towards Carrig, the remainder took the laneway which leads to the village of Mungret.

One other episode anent the creek. This time, my storyteller is one whose name and features are familiar to every Mungret boy, past or present. He too remembers that dark period when many an Irishman measured justice by the length of his trusty pike, or sighted the Justices themselves along the barrel of his rebel rifle. The seizure of a pike meant imprisonment, and the capture of a rifle meant death, nevertheless our hero dearly loved the

promised them Home Rule, he begged of them to destroy all illegal weapons.

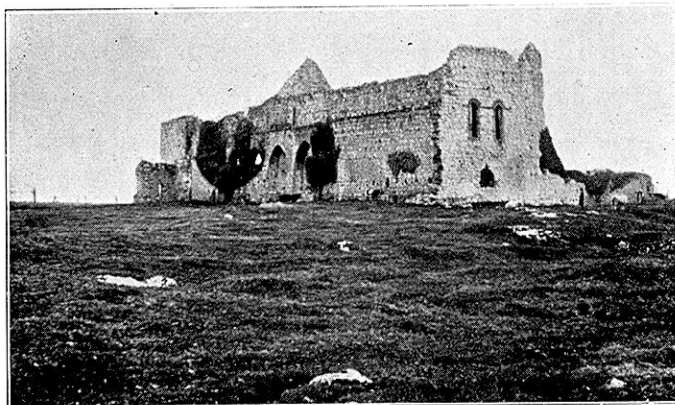
Obedient to his chief, our friend took his rifle from its hiding place and in the dead of night wended his way down to the creek. There he loosed a boat from its moorings, pulled out around the promontory, and with a sigh, dropped his rifle into the depths of the river. On his return the glimmering dawn of another day was faintly mirrored in the waters of the creek. It was a promise of better times; "and be all accounts," said my Fenian tailor as he continued to ply his needle and thread, "there are glorious days still in store for Old Ireland." J.C.

MONASTER • NENAY.

"Seek for the fairer berries, seek for the flowers unknown;
Dig through the past of Erin, chisel the hard grey stone;
Or, like the lover-poet, sound out the antique strain,
And with a wand of music quicken her life again."—C. J. Brennan.

THE autumn sun was bursting through the fleecy clouds that had rested all the morning in huge masses over the lofty peaks of the distant Galtees, as with light hearts and joyous faces we started on our long and memorable walk of October 12th, 1899. We soon left Mungret far behind, and, going South, we passed Crecora and hurried on in the direction of the Ballyhaura Mountains, which raised their giant heads in the blue distance. The walk was a long one—at least ten miles each way—and, as our time was limited, we had little leisure to admire the beauty of the country through which we went. About two hours after leaving Mungret we passed by Rathmore Castle. This some of our party, who were a short distance behind the

rock on the south bank of the River Commogue, and are about two miles south-east of Croom. They are amongst the most remarkable monastic remains in Munster. The front facing the river is about 200 feet in length. At this



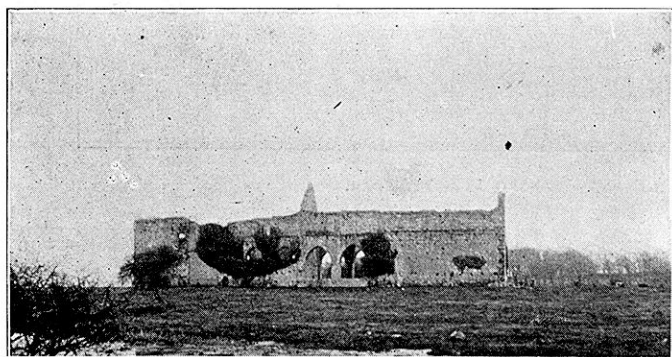
MANISTER ABBEY FROM THE SOUTH.

side is the entrance by two beautiful arches of reddish stone, separated by a handsome square pillar of the same material. The chancel is seventy-five or eighty feet in length, and at its eastern part is one of the finest arches in Ireland, thirty feet in breadth, and formed of polished red grit.

The view of this majestic edifice, with its mouldering aisles, its lofty arches and ivy-covered walls, causes a feeling of awe to steal over the heart, and teaches us to appreciate the piety and zeal of those who raised such temples to the Lord. Perhaps, too, when we contrast their present state of decay with their former grandeur, we are inclined to ask—

"Who sees those dismal ruins but would demand
What barbarous invader sacked the land?"

The Abbey was an offshoot of Mellifont, Co. Louth, and was founded by Turlough O'Brien, King of Munster, in 1148 A.D., and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, in thanksgiving for a victory over the Danes, who had a stronghold at that time where now stand the ruins of



MANISTER ABBEY FROM ACROSS THE RIVER COMMOGUE.

main body, mistook for our destination, and hurried towards it. They quickly discovered their mistake, however, and followed us, and after another half-hour's brisk walking we were all soon assembled within the hallowed precincts of Manister Abbey, or, as some historians call it, Monasterna, or Monaster Nenay.

The ruins are situated on a flat limestone

Rathmore Castle (founded in 1309 by the Earl of Desmond).

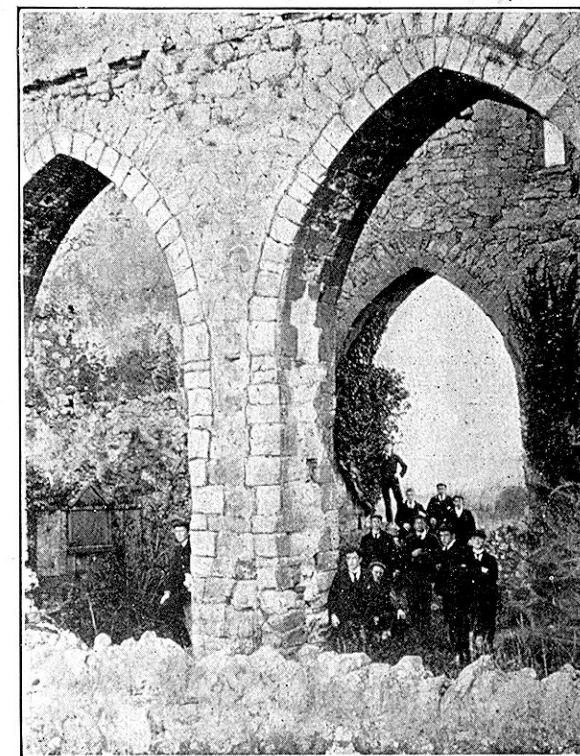
Mellifont was the earliest Cistercian Monastery in Ireland, its first monks coming from the valley of Clairvaux, and was founded during the lifetime of St. Bernard, at the earnest request of St. Malachy, one of the greatest, and certainly one of the most attractive of Ireland's saints. We shall not dwell here on the sweet memories that cluster round the name of Mellifont. The fascinating story of the friendship of Bernard and Malachy reads almost like a page from the history of a world purer and better than ours. Of this friendship Mellifont was the result, and Mellifont in turn became the parent of several other Cistercian Monasteries in Ireland. Before the death of St. Bernard it had sent out, besides Manister, three other important colonies. The Abbey of Bective, on the Boyne, was founded by the King of Meath; Shreul was endowed by one of the O'Ferralls; and Baltinglass, on the Slaney, owed its origin to the munificence of Dermot McMurrough. Manister afterwards became itself the parent of a numerous offspring, of which the most famous was Holy Cross, Co. Tipperary.

In a short time Manister was one of the richest monasteries in Ireland; its Abbot received a mitre from the Pope, and had a seat in the great councils of the kingdom. It was frequently plundered, first by the Danes, and at a later period by the English, by whom it was much damaged in 1579, when the refectory and cloisters were destroyed, and the surrounding walls razed to the ground. Though after this it never recovered its original importance, it continued to exist till the dissolution, when it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Henry Wallop, who fitted up the choir as a parochial church.

And so within these walls, now in ruin and decay, dwelt for nearly five centuries a succession of men renowned for learning and piety. Here lord and peasant, chief and clansman, lived together as brothers, forgetting the world and the world's distinctions, in the one desire to serve the Lord of Heaven. Here the toil-worn warrior, weary of scenes of blood and strife, sought a quiet retreat, where by devout prayers and severe penances he might prepare his soul for a happy eternity. In Manister, as elsewhere, these holy monks brought gladness and prosperity to all the surrounding country. They were the idols of the people, to whom they were both fathers and doctors. They shared in their joys and were their truest friends and comforters in the hour of trial. The good monks are gone, however, and little now remains to remind us of their great work and their heroic lives but the majestic old ruin, magnificent even in its decay.

While some of my companions were still employed in admiring the interior of the build-

ings, or deciphering the inscriptions on the tombs, and others were resting their weary limbs on the smooth sward, I managed, by means of the clinging ivy and projecting rocks, to mount one of the ruined gables. From thence I had a good view of the surrounding country. Away to the south and south-east stretched the fertile vale called the "Golden Vein," bounded on the horizon by the hills of Castle Oliver, Black Rock, and See Fin, with its thick woods and deep glens, and the loftier range of the Galtees. On the northern side the view was not so good, but



ARCHES OF MANISTER ABBEY—SOME MUNGRET STUDENTS ON A PLAY-DAY.

as I saw the bare summit of Tory Hill my thoughts flew back through the ages.

It was from the summit of this hill the last Earl of Desmond beheld the battle which occurred on the plain in front of the monastery in 1579. It was in this battle Dr. Allen, S.J., lost his life. He had come from Rome, bearing a consecrated banner and message of encouragement from the Pope to Fitzmaurice Desmond and the other Irish chieftains who had taken up arms in defence of their religion. His body was found amongst the slain, with the sacred ensign still grasped firmly in his cold and lifeless hand.

The battle was fought between the Irish, commanded by Sir John Desmond, and an English army, under Sir Nicholas Malby. The details of the battle are shrouded in obscurity, but most historians award the victory to Malby.

About the same time, probably on the very day of the battle, as Lenihan seems to imply, there took place a terrible massacre of the monks then in the Monastery. The deed was perpetrated by a body of English soldiers, and only one aged brother is said to have survived the slaughter. Boudin mentions the massacre in the "*Propugnaculum Catholicæ Veritatis*,"* but refers it to the year 1585 or 1586. Harty, quoting from S. Henriquez, historian of the Cistercian Order, says they were massacred on August 14th, but he does not know the exact year. He adds:—"And on the same day, having their heads miraculously restored to them, they sang vespers in the choir."

This wonderful apparition is recorded in the "*Triumphalia Chronologica Monasterii S. Crucis*" (p. 243), a Latin manuscript in the hands of the Archbishop of Cashel, as being testified by a constant tradition in Ireland. Manriquez and C. Henriquez mention the further particulars of the apparition having been witnessed by a monk who had survived the massacre, and of the martyred monks having crowns on their heads and palms in their hands.

Perched on my lofty seat, and pondering over these things, my imagination set to work in conjuring up the scenes of that memorable eve of the Assumption. I could well imagine what the circumstances of the massacre were. The sun was sinking to rest behind the western hills, and the shadows were beginning to creep over the courts and halls of the abbey. All was quiet and peaceful, with no sound to break the silence, save the lowing of the cattle and the occasional barking of a dog in some distant farm-house, when a body of armed horsemen approached the monastery at a brisk pace. How strangely out of place in such a scene seemed the clanking of their armour and the hoof-beats of their rough-shod coursers as they entered the broad gateway of the Monastery—that gateway always open to invite the poor and the stranger to seek refreshment and rest! But on a far different errand came these armed assassins, clothed in the robes of authority by a base and cruel government. The brethren were assembled in the choir for their evening devotions, and never dreamt of their danger till they heard the door of the church pushed rudely open, and the sound of many persons entering hastily. The Abbot turned round to demand what intruders dared thus disturb them in their devotions, but before he could utter a word he was struck

*Now in the Franciscan Library, Merchants' Quay, Dublin.

rudely to the ground, and the next moment a trooper with a single stroke of his sabre severed the head from the body. The other brethren were also cut down, even upon the very altars. These miscreants stripped the altars of their ornaments, and burst open the presses in which the sacred vessels were kept. Then, heavily laden with their spoil, the sacrilegious profaners of the Lord's Temple departed in high glee at the success of their expedition.

Such were the deeds perpetrated in the land of our forefathers, when to be a priest was high treason and to be a Catholic was a crime. By such deeds were our abbeys and churches, once the proud monuments of our zeal and piety, reduced to the heaps of crumbling ruins that now cover the land. By such deeds was that deep-seated distrust of English rule which we find existing to the present day implanted in the Irish heart. But by such deeds, too, was the faith of our fathers tried in the purifying fires of persecution and suffering,—that faith which, nurtured by the blood of such martyrs as the Cistercians of Manister, still glows warm and fervent in the hearts of the faithful Irish people.

An old monk, the only member of a community of forty left alive by the murderers, had been absent on an errand during the devotions. On returning to the Monastery he saw at once the traces of the spoilers. He hastened towards the church, trembling with anxiety. When he opened the door what a sight met his wondering gaze! There were his brethren in their usual places, but oh, how changed! Their faces bore a seraphic expression and shone with a divine light. On their heads were placed crowns brighter than any gold or jewels that earthly riches could procure. On the throat of each was a blood-red mark which sent forth rays of light. In their hands were the martyrs' palms, and they sang in heavenly harmony the words of the psalm, "*Deus in Adjutorum*," etc. Filled with joy at this heavenly apparition, the poor monk sank fainting on the floor.

From those dreams of bygone days I was rudely awakened by a heavy shower of rain, which caused me quickly to descend from my elevated position and seek shelter beneath the arches of the church. Here we remained till the shower cleared off, when we started for Mungret, which we reached, foot-sore and weary, after more than two hours' hard walking. As we entered the study-hall the sound of the dinner bell fell like pleasing music on our ears. All our weariness was soon forgotten, and our toil was rewarded by the fact that we had fully explored an interesting place, hitherto too little known in the annals of Mungret.

P. TURNER (B.A. Class).

THE KOSTKA AND THE KOSTKANS.



THE MUNGRET ANNUAL," writes a student of the eighties, "recalled to my mind the first year I spent in Mungret, when we of the grammar class, with ambition beyond our powers, tried to start a paper called 'The Kostka.' It flourished

for a few numbers, and then died when its moving spirit, the late Fr. Bruen, left Mungret."

"The Kostka" has been the only forerunner of "The Mungret Annual" worth mentioning. It is scarcely true to say that it flourished only for a few numbers. It appeared thrice a year for two years, '86 and '87. It was only lithographed and the edition consisted of about 24 pages. The editorial staff consisted of the boys of the 2nd of Grammar. Our correspondent, who was a prominent member of that remarkable class, is modest enough to say that they possessed ambition beyond their powers, but, looking over the numbers of "The Kostka" now before us, we must admit that they reflect very great credit on the writers and on their master. He who could train boys of about twelve years of age to write the clever, graceful things that appeared in "The Kostka" must have had rare powers of teaching.

An account of a boating expedition on the Shannon begins thus:—

All our fellows in a throng,
Incunda multitudine,
Down to Tervoe jogged along,
Sine lassitudine,
And out from boat-house peer,
Navis iter urgens,
For Cratloe creek did steer,
Super aequor surgens.

In some of the stanzas we find names which are now familiar to many in the United States. Thus, the last stanza runs:

We landed at Mungret late,
Pervenimus in ovile,
Took dinner and supper at eight,
Ego et Dominus Shealy.

Some of the prose contributions are so consistently absurd that we suspect the humour of the master must have come to aid the simplicity of the boy. Thus Frank Butler ('87), then a little lad of ten or eleven years of age, begins a philosophical dissertation upon Time by telling us what Time is "Time," he says, "is what

people measure by clocks." This definition is undeniably very much simpler and clearer than Boëttius's, and Frank goes on to say, "Time has neither taste, colour, nor weight, and consequently no specific gravity." Then to give the reader a clearer notion of its nature he compares it with two other well-known objects: "Time is like a pair of boots—too long for some people and too short for others. It is very different from money, because we must spend it whether we are willing or not."

The "Junior Grammarian's Reflections at the Crib" is in a different style:—

Jesus was a little child,
As good as good could be,
His little heart was meek and mild,
How different from me!
And in the manger, lowly place,
As poor as poor could be,
A smile was ever on his face,
How different from me!
He could be great, had he but willed,
As great as great could be,
For humble souls with love He's filled,
How different from me!
O little Babe, in thy poor stall,
As long as life shall be,
My heart, my love, my self and all,
I consecrate to thee!

The "Kostkans," as they were called, were afterwards, when reading their University course, a very distinguished class. They are now scattered far and wide. Some of the lay boys of the class we have an opportunity of welcoming to their old *Alma Mater* from time to time among the cricket team of the Past. Most of the apostolical students are working as missionaries in the States. Their kind, genial, and witty master, the Rev. J. Bruen, then himself an apostolical student, died in America after a few years of labour, during which his name had become a name of benediction among his people.

Many of the Kostkans have already given striking proofs of the excellence of their early literary training. Most sincerely do we wish them each and all every success; and though the reminder may be superfluous, THE MUNGRET ANNUAL is striving in a humble way to carry on the work that they had so well begun, and so has a very special claim on their sympathy and their patronage.

BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

AN ADVENTURE AND A REVERIE.

BY REV. A. KILLIAN ('95).

I HAD been travelling since sunrise through the vast, interminable, monotonous bush. But it was glorious weather—the matchless mid-winter of Central Australia: mornings clear and crisp; mid-day beautifully bright and warm; a cloudless canopy of blue overhead; and an atmosphere so bracing and fresh that one would imagine it could almost restore life to the dead. I was in good spirits, and often were the cockatoos startled by the snatches of old-time songs into which I would almost unconsciously burst; and many a kangaroo bounded away to a safe distance, and, sitting on end, seemed to listen in amazement to sounds so unusual in his lonely solitudes. My horses seemed to share in my spirits, and darted along, tossing their heads and sniffing the air as if they would say, “How lovely!”

Unfortunately, after lunch I took a wrong track, and by the time I discovered and rectified my mistake it was late in the afternoon. Twenty miles lay between me and the nearest residence. I used the whip freely on my now lagging horses. It was all in vain. Night closed in around me with tropical swiftness, and long before the last rays of the sun were vanished from the western horizon, the stars had hung out their lamps in the East, while overhead glinted and twinkled faintly the four points of the Southern Cross. There was no option—I was bushed. I must camp.

So, taking out my horses from the buggy, I tied them up for the night, and gave them their well-earned supper, and only hoped I could make myself as comfortable. I gathered together a goodly store of fallen scrub—in which the bush abounds; lit my night-fire; broke down my bed from a neighbouring eucalyptus (the healthiest bed, by the way, that ever human frame was stretched on—so says the bushman); used the cushions as pillows, and spread out my rug as a blanket. Then, while the “billy” was coming to a boil, by the light of the blazing faggots I finished my office for the day. After a delicious supper of cold sandwiches and billy-

tea, I lapped myself up in my rug, and lay down beside the fire, which was now blazing madly, its brightness making doubly dark the darkness of the surrounding bush. The horses in the background were grinding, with apparently wondrous relish, their corn and chopped straw, every now and then pawing the ground, as if they would say “Very fine, indeed.” These and the occasional scream of some startled cockatoo were the only sounds that broke the great, grand, wondrously weird silence of the bush. Everything invited to meditation.

No wonder, then, as I lay watching the sparks dancing and jumping into the blackness of the night, and the flames laughing through or licking the columns of ascending smoke, no wonder my thoughts wandered unrestrained, and fancy carried me through many an avenue of bygone experiences. Many a face and many a scene lived once more in the bright red glow, and gradually dissolved again into others.

Suddenly there is a crash in the fire. The under timber—now half burnt through—breaks down under the weight of the timber above: a million spluttering sparks ascend to court the blackness of the night, and in the bright blaze that succeeds there, sure enough, is the old *Alma Mater*—no mere vague outline—all the surrounding country, all the roads in the district, the ruins of an ancient Mungret, the avenue bordered with its graceful chestnut trees, on the left hand the force pump and Jack going round behind the pony and making his soliloquies between every crack of the whip, with its accompanying “gee-up,” and round the bend was the College itself. There it was quivering in the blaze—every window and door, every buttress and angle and terrace

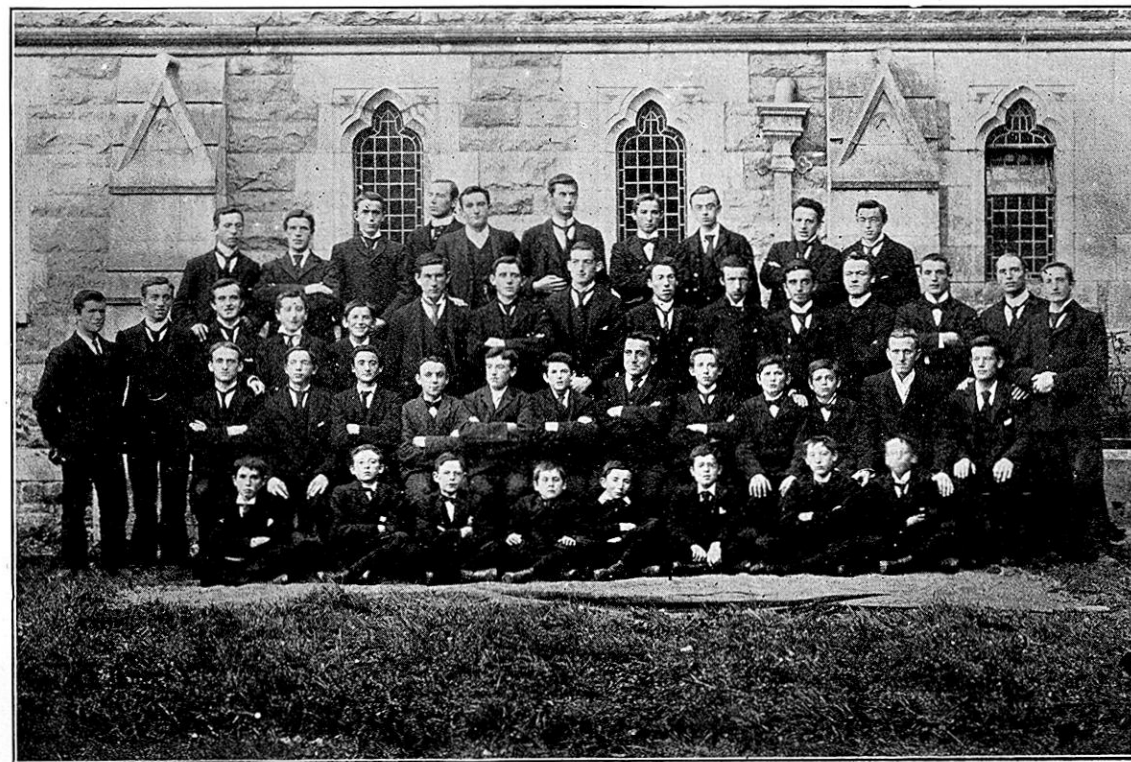
When I awoke it was with a start. I expected to see the dormitory ceiling overhead, and my old companions around me snugly ensconced in their beds. But with returning consciousness I realized my situation. My fire had gone; I was shivering with the cold; there had been a sharp frost during the night. The dawn was breaking in the East, and the stars growing faint in the West.

I rose, stiff, from my couch, and harnessed up my horses. By the time I was ready to start,

the sun was peeping large and red through the trees. In another three-quarters of an hour I heard the welcome baying of the dogs at the Station, and in a few minutes more the Station itself came in view. The inmates were just stirring as I arrived. There was no end to their sympathy when they heard I had been bushed, and so near my destination. In a few minutes I was comfortably seated in a large arm-chair before the blazing logs in the great fire-place of the drawing-room. A good, warm cup of tea, followed by breakfast, revived me, and left me none the worse of my night's misfortune.

abiding. He is assistant priest in a parish as large as Ireland, and yet every Catholic family in that vast tract gets an opportunity at least twice a year of hearing Holy Mass and going to the Sacraments.

A word of advice to my brother Apostolics who might think of making Australia or New Zealand their adopted country. Let them acquire by all means the great natural virtues, as a distinguished writer in last year's ANNUAL advises, but above all let them acquire true solid piety and all possible knowledge, sacred and profane. Both are indispensable. Let



APOSTOLICAL STUDENTS, 1899.

I remained there all day, and next morning said Mass. It was the Feast of Corpus Christi, and if my congregation was small, it cannot be said that it was not edifying, for all the household went to Confession and Holy Communion.

Readers of THE MUNGRET ANNUAL who suspect the name of the writer will be pleased to learn that he is happy and healthy—(and the old pagan poet could not ask a greater favour from the gods than the “*mens sana in corpore sano*”)—in his mission. His path is not strewn with roses; but if it has not its share of earthly comforts, it has consolations far more solid and

them strengthen the faith in their hearts. It will be well tried in these highly civilized, yet semi-pagan countries. Let them learn well the lessons of the faith and sanctity and scholarship of Ireland's missionaries as told in the ruins of famous old Mungret.

Thus, with minds stored with knowledge, with hearts inflamed with the love of the Sacred Heart, with pure ideals, with high and holy aims and generous resolves, they will be fit instruments, in the hand of God, for propagating in those new countries His “*greater honour and glory*.”

OUR PAST.

FOUR past students of Mungret have been recently ordained priests, three for the secular mission of America, and one for the Irish and Australian mission of the Redemptorist Fathers. Of these, three studied in Mungret as Apostolical students, and one as a Lay Boy.

Rev. JAMES P. SHERIDAN, B.A., entered Mungret as an Apostolical student in the year 1890. His University course was very distinguished. In all the Examinations he obtained good honours, and one year got a second-class exhibition. He graduated in the Honours course in 1895. After spending another year at Mungret he went in 1896 to Dunwoodie Seminary, New York, to study Theology. Here he had a very distinguished career, being always among the first prizemen in his class. After a three years course of Theology he was ordained priest, on October 24th, 1899, for the Diocese of New York, and sent to the Catholic University of Washington to read for the Doctorate of Philosophy, a course which usually occupies three years.

Rev. EDMUND A. KELLY entered the Apostolic school in the year 1890. He went successfully through the usual course there up to the Second Arts, after passing which, in 1895 he went to the Seminary of Emmitsburg to read Philosophy and Theology. His course at the Seminary seems to have been very distinguished, as we find him constantly amongst the first prizemen in his class. He was ordained priest July 22nd, 1899, for the Diocese of Galveston, Texas, where he is attached to St. Mary's Cathedral, Galveston.

Rev. DENIS TURNER, C.S.S.R., came to Mungret in September, 1888, as an Apostolical student. He matriculated in 1891, and soon afterwards entered the noviceship of the Redemptorist Fathers at Bishop-Eaton, Liverpool. After taking his religious vows he went to Teignmouth, South Devon, for his ecclesiastical studies, and there he was ordained priest September 24th, 1899.

Rev. PATRICK J. COFFEY entered Mungret as a lay student in 1890. After two years' course there he went to St. Patrick's College, Carlow, to study for the priesthood, where he was ordained priest on June 4th, 1898, for the Diocese of Dubuque. He is now working as a zealous missionary at St. Mary's Church, Clinton, in the State of Iowa.

Rev. FRANCIS RYAN, B.A., D.D., whose photograph we were unable to publish in our last issue with the notice of him, is at present attached to the Cathedral Church, St. Paul, Minn.

We publish this year a group of our past students* who were in Mungret during the years immediately following the opening of the

* See Frontispiece.

College by the Fathers of the Society. Of these four were ecclesiastical students—Fr. Bradley and Dr. Horan preparing for the foreign missions, and Fr. Mangan and Fr. O'Connor for the Diocese of Limerick. The remaining five were lay students.

Rev. WILLIAM F. BRADLEY, B.A., is already, through the pages of THE ANNUAL, familiar to our readers. In our two previous numbers he contributed under the pseudonym of "Cecil Broadmead," and, notwithstanding the many duties of his responsible office, he lays us this year under a further obligation of gratitude. He came to Mungret as an Apostolical student immediately after the opening of the College in 1882, and, after reading a very distinguished course, graduated in 1887. He remained another year in the College as master. He read his Theology in Genoa, and in June, 1893, was ordained priest at All Hallows College, Dublin, for the Diocese of Lincoln, Neb., in which he holds the position of Secretary and Chancellor of the Diocese.

Rev. PATRICK F. HORAN, B.A., D.D., came to Mungret early in 1883. His College career was also very distinguished. He constantly won high honours in the University Examinations, and in 1888 took his degree with a second-class exhibition. He read his Theology in the North American College, Rome; took the doctorate, and left after him the reputation of having been one of the most brilliant that ever studied within its walls. He was ordained priest in the summer of 1893, for the Diocese of Little Rock, Arkansas. He also, we understand, holds the office of Chancellor of his diocese. We have reason to hope he will be more familiar to our readers later on. As a preacher and a lecturer he is already well known in many cities of the United States. When we heard from him last October he was about to begin a series of literary lectures in New Orleans.

Rev. CORNELIUS J. MANGAN, B.A., came to Mungret as a seminarist in 1882. He graduated in 1886 and went to Maynooth to study Theology. His career both in Mungret and Maynooth was distinguished. In Maynooth he always found a place in the prize list, and one year led his class in Sacred Scripture. After his ordination in 1891 he worked some years in the Diocese of Westminster, after which he was summoned home to the Diocese of Limerick, where he now is.

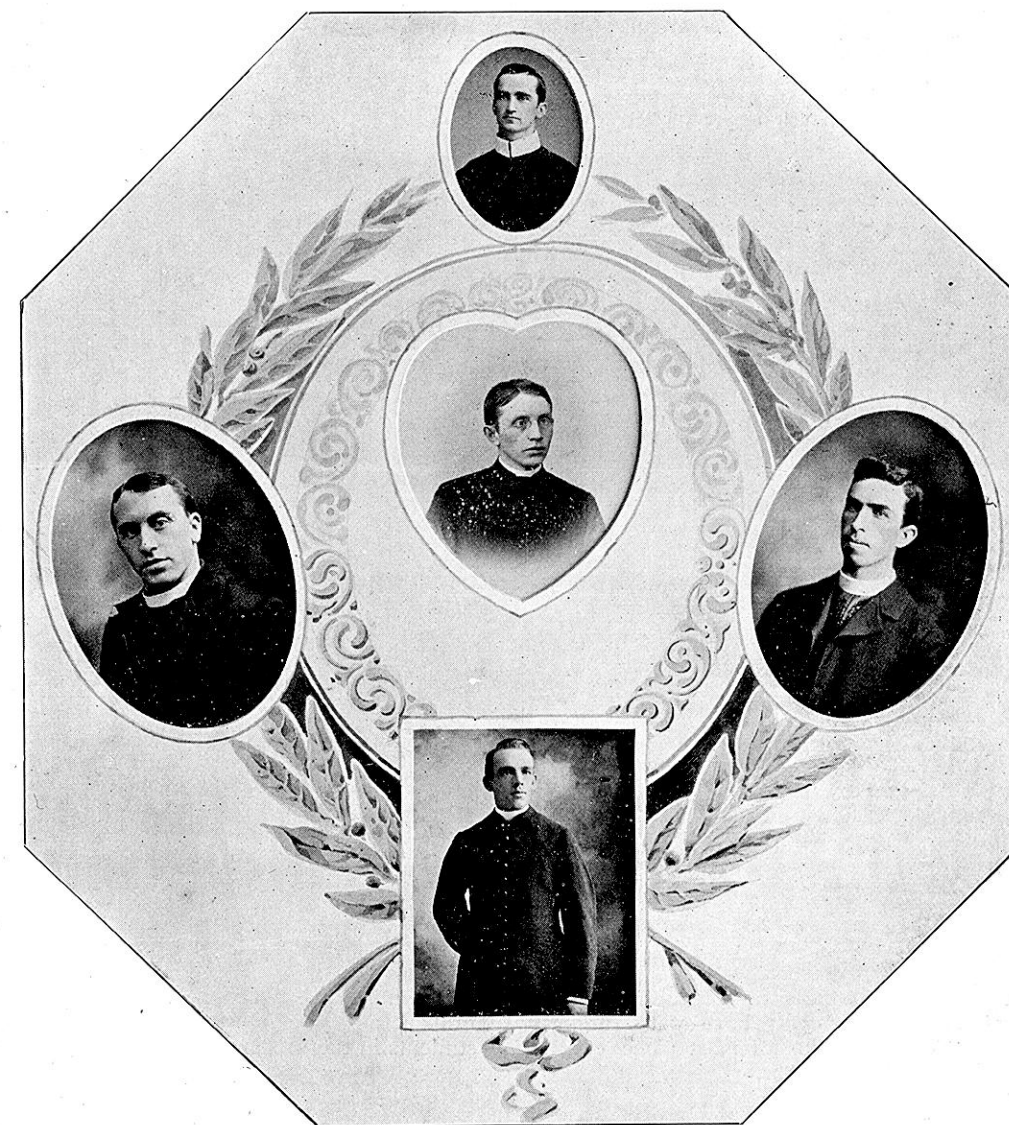
Rev. JEREMIAH A. O'CONNOR, B.A., came to Mungret also in 1882 as a seminarist. Besides reading a distinguished University course, he was always the mainstay of the games in the College, and was Captain of the House during three years. He graduated in the Honours course in 1887 and then went to Maynooth. He was ordained with Father Mangan in the June of 1891, and, like him, also worked for some years in the Diocese of Westminster. He is now attached to the Cathedral, Limerick.

We were delighted to meet both Father O'Connor and Father Mangan amongst the past students who visited the College last year for the usual cricket match against the present boys.

JOHN F. BUTLER HOGAN, M.A., M.D., LL.B., came

practising in London as a medical doctor, and has already acquired a very high reputation in his profession.

JOHN J. DALY, LL.D., first came to Mungret in 1882. In 1886 he went to University College, Dub-



REV. PATRICK J. COFFEY

THOMAS

REV. DENIS TURNER, C.S.S.R.

REV. FRANCIS RYAN, B.A., D.D.

REV. JAMES P. SHERIDAN, B.A.

REV. EDWARD KELLY.

PAST STUDENTS RECENTLY ORDAINED.

to Mungret in 1882. He matriculated with honours in the following year, and after passing his First Arts he went to Cork to study medicine in 1884. He had an extremely distinguished academical career in Cork, in the London University, and in Brussels. He is now

lin, and graduated in the R.U.I. in 1891. He has won the gold medal for highly distinguished answering in one of his law examinations. He is now practising as a solicitor in West Clare.

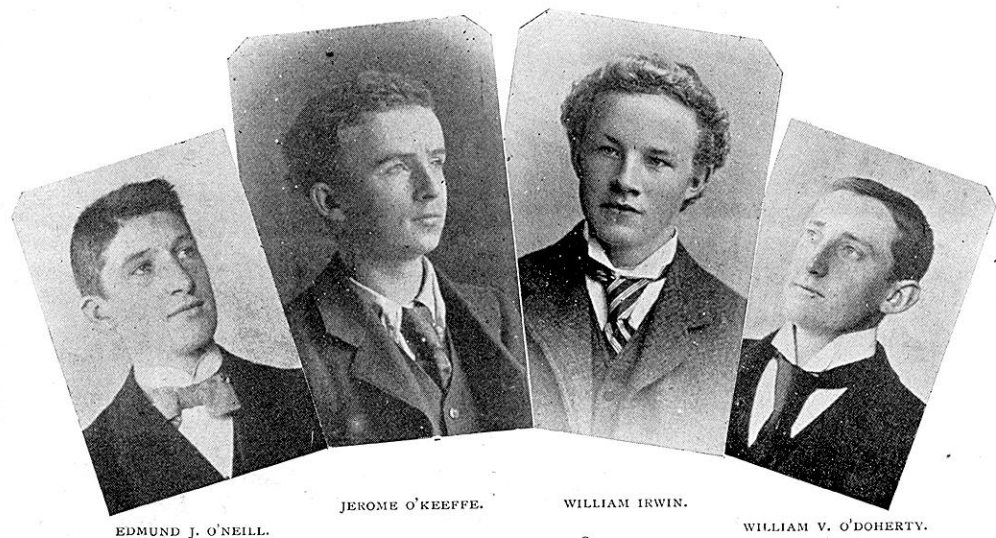
JOHN L. KEANE, who was also among the first

students who came to Mungret on the opening of the College in 1882, is now practising as a solicitor in Youghal, Co. Cork.

Rev. MARTIN McDONNELL, C.S.S.R., was in Mungret as a Lay Boy from 1883 to 1886. In 1886 he entered the noviceship of the Redemptorist Fathers at Bishop-Eaton, Liverpool. He was ordained priest in 1892, and after working for some years in Ireland was sent by his superiors to Australia in the early summer of 1898. A lingering and very painful disease had made his life for many years a martyrdom; but his health was very much improved before leaving

Ireland, and we may hope that in the more genial climate of Australia, it will in a short time, be completely restored.

JOSEPH O'MALLEY, B.A., B.E., came to Mungret in 1885. He passed the Second Arts in 1887, and went to Cork to complete his Arts course and attend the lectures of the Faculty of Engineering. He graduated in Arts in 1888, and took his degree of B.E. in 1890. A short time afterwards he received a very important and lucrative appointment as Engineer and Architect to the Local Government in the city of Limerick.



EDMUND J. O'NEILL.

JEROME O'KEEFFE.

WILLIAM IRWIN.

WILLIAM V. O'DOHERTY.

EXHIBITIONERS, 1899.

VARIA.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.—The results of the Summer Examinations of the Royal University have put Mungret College in the foremost place of all Catholic Boarding Colleges. Briefly put, its record for the year 1899 is—

Candidates presented for examination	53
Successful candidates	47
Exhibitions	4
First class distinctions	4
Second class distinctions	12

The High Percentage of Passes is the best proof of the thoroughness and efficiency of the teaching.

Last year Mungret passed cent. per cent. of

its students in the Second Arts Class. This year Mungret has achieved the exceptionally brilliant success of passing cent. per cent. of its students in the First Arts Class.

In the Examination for the B.A. DEGREE FIVE PASSED—John Turner, Joseph Stenson, Maurice Redden, William Maloney, and John H. Power.

In SECOND ARTS, Nine presented themselves for examination. EIGHT passed.

HONOURS COURSE—Patrick Turner, William B. O'Connor, Michael Curley, Francis Fahey, David Cronin, and Daniel Daly.

PASS COURSE—John E. Power and Patrick G. Ennis.

In FIRST ARTS, fourteen presented themselves for examination. All FOURTEEN passed.

HONOURS COURSE—Jerome O'Keefe, William Irwin,

Edmund O'Neill, William O'Doherty, John R. Carey, Joseph A. Heelan, James Shiel, and John Kelly.

PASS COURSE—Henry Blackmore, Thomas Dalton, Richard Fitzharris, Joseph Horan, William Kennedy, and John Moroney.

IN MATRICULATION, twenty-two presented themselves for examination—TWENTY passed.

HONOURS COURSE—Matthew Cahill, Joseph Corr, John Moran, Patrick O'Kane, Peter McDonough, George Barry, Thomas Pey, Paul Heelan.

PASS COURSE—Thomas O'Brien, Denis Keogh, Joseph Gilfillan, James Barry, John Beirne, William Lenaghan, Patrick Kenny, Charles M'Dermott, Thomas Lynch, Joseph Daly, John McAvin, Jeremiah Scanlan.

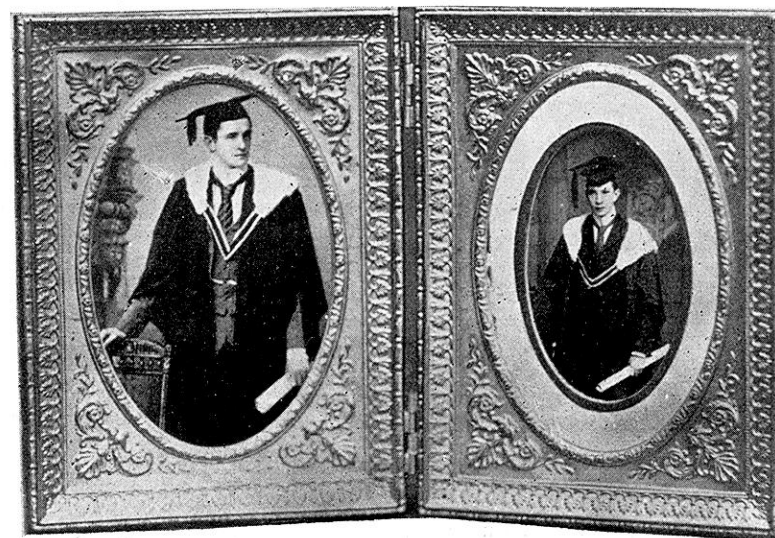
DISTINCTIONS.

In FIRST ARTS, Mungret College won FOUR EXHIBITIONS, Three First Class and Six Second Class Distinctions.

Patrick Turner, William O'Connor, David Cronin, Francis Fahey.

In the Autumn Examinations, Patrick J. Byrnes and John J. McGrath passed the Matriculation Examination.

ON returning after the summer vacation, our numbers beat all previous record, but many a familiar face had vanished from our midst. Our Captain, Willie Maloney, was gone. He had secured his University Degree, and gone to join the novices at Tullabeg. J. H. Power, another graduate of the R.U.I., was also among the missing; he is now studying medicine in Cork. We regret the loss of two of our exhibitioners. Jerome O'Keeffe intends competing soon in one of the higher branches of the Home



JOHN H. POWER, B.A.

JOSEPH STENSON, B.A.

SOME OF OUR GRADUATES, 1899.

EXHIBITION—First Class, £30—Jerome O'Keefe.

EXHIBITIONS—Second Class, £15 each—William Irwin, Edmund O'Neill, and William O'Doherty.

LATIN—First Class Honours—John Carey. Second Class Honours—Edmund O'Neill, Jerome O'Keefe, and William O'Doherty.

ENGLISH—First Class Honours—William O'Doherty.

FRENCH—First Class Honours—William O'Doherty. Second Class Honours—Jerome O'Keefe, John Carey.

NAT. PHILOSOPHY—Second Class Honours—William Irwin.

In SECOND ARTS, Mungret College won One First Class and Six Second Class Distinctions, *in Logic taking First Place in all Ireland.*

LOGIC—First Class Honours—Patrick Turner. Second Class Honours—William O'Connor.

ENGLISH—Second Class Honours—Michael Curley,

Civil Service, while his classmate W. Irwin, is with Jack Power, attending lectures at the Medical School, Cork. John McAvin has entered Holy Cross College, Clonliffe; M. Cahill has gone to the Ecclesiastical College at Carlow; and Joe Gilfillan is studying in the American College of the Propaganda in the Eternal City. Two others of our companions of last year, well known figures amongst us for some years, have also left us with the intention of commencing their ecclesiastical studies for the priesthood, but we have not yet heard what colleges they have entered.

Many of our Apostolical Students are scattered far and wide, from the St. Lawrence to the Rockies. James Burke has gone to Emittsburg

for the Diocese of Mobile. John Turner writes to us of the charms which surround the New York Diocesan Seminary at Dunwoodie. Maurice Redden and Peter McDonagh, both destined for work in the Diocese of Manchester, are weaving weird webs of metaphysics in the Grand Seminary at Montreal. Pat Bresnahan is drinking in inspiration and Theological lore in the Capital of Christendom, intending to join the distinguished band of past Mungret students already working in the Diocese of Florida; whilst William Carroll is studying Theology at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo., for the Diocese of Little Rock, Arkansas.

ON December 23rd of last year, Fathers T. J. Shealy, S.J., and M. J. O'Mahony, S.J., favoured us with a short visit to their *Alma Mater*. Those amongst us whose hopes are centred on the West, listened with intense interest to the stories which they told us of the Mission life



ASKEATON ABBEY.

over there; they paid us another visit during the Easter Sports, preparatory to their starting for America. Father Shealy is now Professor of Rhetoric, and Lecturer in English Literature at the Georgetown University of Washington: while his companion is the Professor of Rhetoric at Fordham College.

REV. PATRICK LYONS, S.J., another old Mungret student, spent a couple of weeks in Mungret during the summer months previous to his departure for Australia.

WE were delighted to learn on our return after the Christmas vac. last year that many decided and much-needed improvements had been made in the theatrical department. Seven new scenes had been secured at no small expense. They were the work of a specialist, the various designs having been very artistically executed.

Apropos of our present stage scenery, one on whom its arrival came as a surprise relates the following incident so flattering to the artist:—"One summer evening, when I stood gazing on the magnificent ruins of Askeaton Abbey, wrapt in musing melancholy, my mind reverted to the bygone glories of my native land. I re-peopled in fancy that long-deserted ruin; brought back the altar with its blazing torches, the monks in their glittering vestments, the kneeling congregation, the pomp and grandeur of the Catholic rite, and the sweet music of the deep-toned organ. Then I seemed to hear the sound of approaching voices and the tinkling of a little bell; and the old abbey, its ivy-mantled walls and tombs and monks and all, rolled slowly up, revealing to my astonished eyes the birthplace of the Immortal Podgers. I had been gazing all the while on the newly-painted proscenium of our College stage, and the Immortal Podgers himself now ordered me to quit the premises."

FROM Christmas to Easter is our dullest term. Last year its monotony was agreeably relieved by the intense excitement about the Rugby Internationals. When the glad tidings reached us on the evening of Ireland's victory over Wales, which secured us the Triple Crown, our pent-up feelings burst forth in a thrice-repeated cheer, and the intoxicating joy occasioned by the event had manifest effects on the spirits of most of us for many weeks afterwards.

J. L. MCCARTHY (Captain, '96 to '98), who bids fair to rival his father's position among the Catholic Irishmen in Australia sent us a souvenir from that far-off land. It consisted of a splendid medal, which he wished should be competed for by the football team. The coveted trophy fell to J. Clifford, by whom it was indeed well deserved.

OUR Chapel has been decorated. The painting, the marble entablature and the carved oak panelling combine to render it a perfect gem. Many thanks are due to the kind and generous benefactor who has enabled our Rector thus to complete a noble work.

OWING to the scaffolding in the Church the ceremonies of Holy Week were much impeded. We were unable even to have *Tenebrae* or the usual evening devotions. For the same reason we were obliged to erect a May Altar on the second corridor, and could not have the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the feast of Corpus Christi.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, though always celebrated with great solemnity, was this year rendered specially memorable. During the High Mass, Father Berchmans Byrne, C.P., then the guest

of Rev. Father Rector, ascended the altar and delivered a stirring eloquent panegyric on our National Saint. He told us of the heroic steadfastness of our forefathers and exhorted us to follow faithfully in their footsteps. There were few, even amongst the youngest of his audience, who were not deeply moved.

REV. M. McMAHON, S.J., now familiar to many of our readers, visited his old *Alma Mater* last August, after returning from his Tertiaship in Belgium. He remained with us some weeks and conducted the annual retreat of the Apostolical Students. All were delighted with his lectures. They were eminently practical, and his striking illustrations, drawn from many strange experiences of life, will not be quickly forgotten by his hearers. Weak health, we regret to add, has prevented his returning to his Mission of S. Africa this year. He is engaged at present in the work of the ministry at Leigh, Lancashire.

WE are glad that the study of Irish history, which received such an impetus last year from the Professor of First of Grammar, is being pursued this year with still greater ardour. Indeed, we have reason to hope that in the near future this movement will result in the study of the Irish language itself becoming a recognised part of the College curriculum.

MANY of the Fathers of the Community were absent during Easter week, having to attend at the Provincial Congregation which was then being held in Dublin. On the evening of their return we treated them to a display of fireworks. There were tar barrels in abundance, but, unfortunately the preparations were also somewhat tardy.

VERY REVEREND FATHER PROVINCIAL paid us his customary visit in the early days of May. Our Captain and Secretary went up and were awarded the usual play day. Oh, that Captain! How he did cheer on his men that day while they slogged the Community team all over the field. Perhaps posterity will cheer on the day when his own turn comes to be slogged.

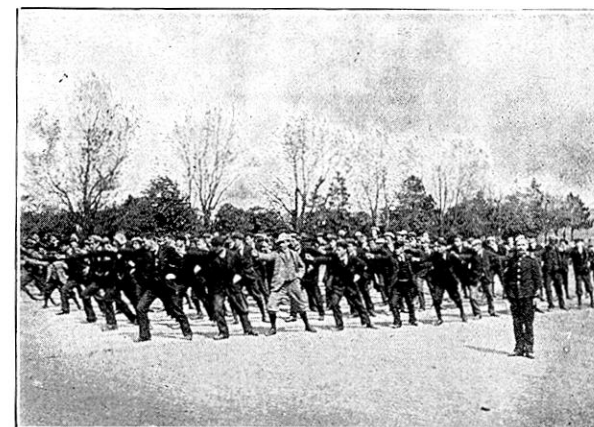
THE lay boys' retreat, which ends on the Feast of St. Michael, was this year conducted by Rev. Fr. M. Phelan, S.J. The memory of the retreat he gave us two years ago had remained vivid in the minds of those who had heard it, and our fondest wish was satisfied when we learned that we were to hear him again this year. Needless to say how fully Fr. Phelan's lectures realised our expectations.

ON the evening of June 24th we assembled as usual in the Great Hall to hear the last will and testament of the dying scholastic year.

The report of the Rev. Prefect of Studies was pithy, interesting *de more*, and satisfactory to a degree. The spirit of work during the year left nothing to be desired. In several of the University classes the masters had to exert all their authority in restraining the ardour for study. One ardent aspirant after honours in Science had a system of looking-glasses so arranged as to direct on to the pages of his book all the stray rays which reached his cot from the lamp, the fire, and the moon—and the shooting-stars!

In the distribution of prizes for the preparatory classes, which followed the reading of the report, the principal prizes were as follows:—

FIRST OF GRAMMAR.
FIRST IN CLASS—J. Fitzgerald.
ENGLISH—J. Fitzgerald.
LATIN—W. Griffin.
MATHEMATICS—W. Griffin.
FRENCH—C. Tighe.



BOYS AT DRILL.

GREEK—M. Sweeney.
PRIZE FOR PROGRESS—P. Stanley.
PRIZE FOR DILIGENCE—P. O'Dwyer.

SECOND OF GRAMMAR.
FIRST IN CLASS—P. Tracey.
LATIN—P. Tracey.
ENGLISH—P. Tracey.
FRENCH—P. Tracey.
MATHEMATICS—C. Cashin.
PRIZE FOR PROGRESS—J. Moloney.
PRIZE FOR DILIGENCE—J. Sweeney.

THIRD OF GRAMMAR.
FIRST IN CLASS—H. Byrne.
ENGLISH—M. G. Feore.
LATIN—H. Byrne.
FRENCH—C. McDermott.
PRIZES FOR DILIGENCE AND PROGRESS—A. Curr.

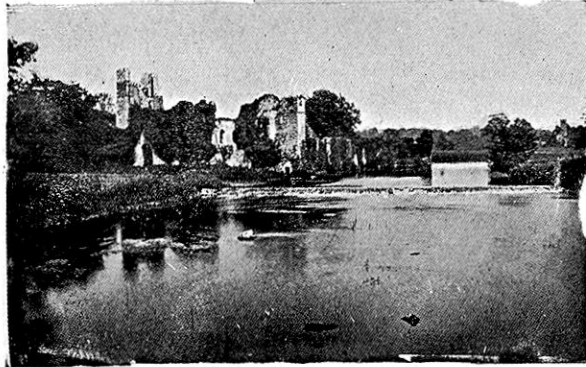
The SPECIAL PRIZES were distributed as follows:—In the Senior Lay Division E. O'Neill gained Rev. Fr. Rector's much-coveted prize for first place in the Examination on Religious Knowledge; and George Barry carried it off among the Apostolics.

The Prizes for Catechism in the Second and Third Divisions fell to W. Fitzgibbon and C. Tighe respectively. The First Prize in Declamation was won by P. O'Kane in the Lay Boys' Division, and by P. Turner among the Apostolics.

OUR Debating Society is doing splendidly. Speakers and sympathizers are usually very earnest, and the consequence is that the debate evenings are amongst the most exciting and interesting we have.

During last Christmas vacation, a motion that "The action of America in seizing the Spanish Colonies does not deserve our sympathy," aroused the keenest discussion. It was carried by a very small majority, owing in no slight degree to a telling and eloquent speech of the Rev. Mr. Corcoran, who spoke towards the end of the debate.

"That Gladstone merits a public monument from the Irish people" was warmly discussed on two successive evenings. Rev. Mr. Corcoran,



DESMOND CASTLE, ADARE.

P. Turner, D. Cronin, F. Fahey, and others opposed it on the ground that Gladstone was forced by the Fenian movement and the Parnellite party to make whatever concessions he did make to Ireland; that the value of these (*i.e.* the Church Disestablishment, Land Act, etc.) was very much exaggerated; that his only solidly useful measure (*i.e.* the Home Rule Bill), he did not bring to a successful issue, though he could have done so; that he is to a large extent accountable for the present disintegrated state of the Irish Parliamentary Party; and finally, that we have already far too many statues erected in Ireland to Englishmen, while our native heroes are neglected.

Rev. Father Cahill, Rev. Mr. MacKenna, M. Curley, P. Ennis, and others who supported the motion, denied that Gladstone could have forced the Home Rule Bill through the Lords, or that the present state of the Irish Party could be

laid to his charge; and showed his friendliness towards Ireland even from the early stages of of his public career. They placed their principal reliance, however, on the facts that (1) he was the first great English statesman who dealt with the Irish question from a just and sympathetic standpoint, thus opening up a new phase in the history of the relations between the two countries; (2) and that his name is identified and inextricably wound up in the minds of Irishmen all the world over, with Home Rule, the great national aspiration of the Irish people, which he has brought to a stage at which its final triumph is practically secure. The motion was finally carried by a majority of four.

A mock trial got up last October by the Senior Lay Boys proved an immense success. The interest of the audience never seemed to flag during the two successive nights which the trial occupied, and though the prisoner was finally acquitted by the jury, his fate was doubtful up to the last moment, the judge's summing up and charge to the jury being of an unfavourable character. We hope to see more of such representations during the year.

LAST autumn the Lay Boys' Second Club and Junior Apostolics had an extremely pleasant day at Adare. After examining the magnificent old Franciscan Abbey and ruined castle in the demesne, they were shown through Lord Dunraven's Manor House, which is extremely beautiful, and contains very many interesting memorials and antiquarian curiosities.

The favoured few who remained with us during the summer vacation had several excursions, one of which was to Kilkee, August 28th. 'Tis jolly to lay one's hand on Ocean's wave—to tumble in the seething foam off the Duggerna; but, assuredly, the tit-bit of such a day is the river trip. Going down in the morning, the Shannon unfolds its richest treasures—Bunratty Castle, backed by the woods of Cratloe; Foynes, Kildysart, and Cahercon; then the lovely demesnes owned by Lord Monteagle and the Knight of Glin; and last, but not least, Scatterry's holy isle. Coming back in the evening, when the splendour of the day is past, when the beacon-lights are faintly glimmering, and the steamer, like some huge phantom, glides swiftly over the dark waters, one experiences feelings undefinable.

On Monday, September 25th, the Honours-men and many of the Community excurred to Ballybunion. Seven hours there; tossing about in the rolling sea, or rambling over the caverned cliffs. Then in the evening a first-class carriage, a little nap, a snatch of song, and finally a drive to the College in the pale moonlight. The day was a huge success. Many happy returns.

A. M. D. G.

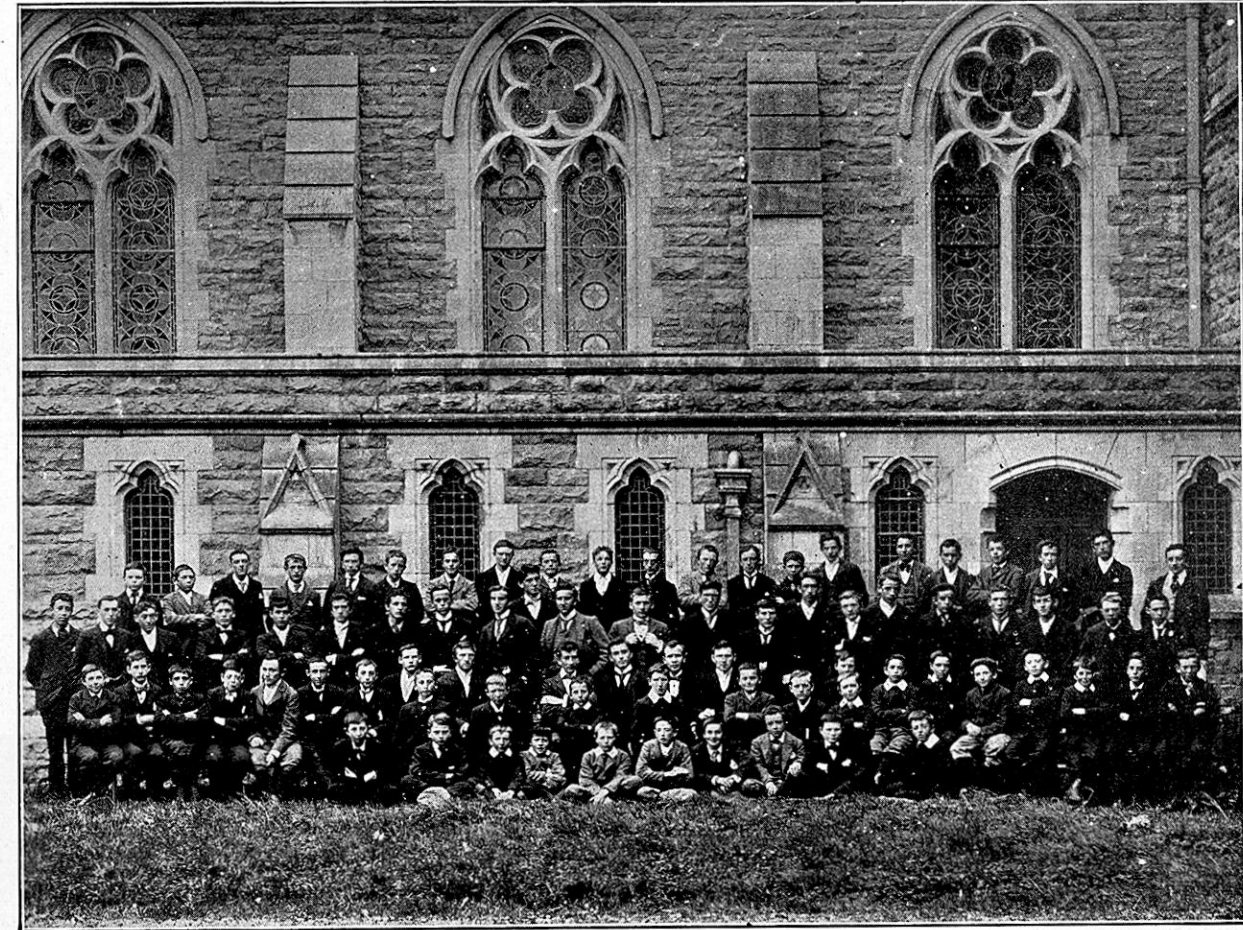
SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

Prefect ... EDMUND J. O'NEILL.
Secretary and First Assistant ... JAMES F. CLIFFORD.
Second Assistant ... PATRICK O'KANE.
Sacristan ... JOSEPH HORAN.

We have heard it said that a Sodality well conducted, and under the guidance of a wise and holy director, must needs be a help and a blessing, not only to its own mem-

to different places to begin their ecclesiastical studies for the priesthood. To all we most sincerely wish every blessing and success.

The Apostleship of Prayer and of Study continue also to flourish and to bring forth great fruit among the students. Last year, only two, Joseph Horan and William Irwin, both Lay-boys, gained the much-coveted



LAY BOYS, 1899.

bers, but to the whole community among whom the Sodalists live. This, in fact, we see exemplified in our own case. The Sodality is flourishing, and the good results of its influence are apparent over the whole College, for the Sodalists themselves seem to realise the obligation they are under of promoting true piety among the students by every means in their power.

At the end of last term there were some forty-five students in the Sodality. Of the twenty who then left the College, seven were Apostolical students, and almost the same number of Lay-boy Sodalists, six namely, have gone

distinction of the medal of the sixth decoration. At present we have in the College nine boys that have won the privilege of wearing the medal, viz.:-

Daniel Daly, Michael Curley, William B. O'Connor, Francis Fahey, James Shiel, George Horan, Edmund J. O'Neill, Joseph Horan, and James F. Clifford.

May they each and all ever prove zealous and devoted clients of the Sacred Heart, whose badge they have the privilege of wearing.

JAMES F. CLIFFORD (2nd Arts),
Sec. Sodality B.V.M.

DESCRIPTION OF DECORATIVE WORK.

MUNGRET COLLEGE CHAPEL.

THE Chapel of Mungret College, already in itself one of the most important and beautiful Collegiate Chapels in the country, has of late been further beautified in its internal decorations, at a cost of nearly £1,200.

The scheme of decorations, originated by and carried out in every detail under the guidance of the Very Rev. Rector, is unique so far as Collegiate Chapel decorations are concerned in Ireland.

The architectural style of the Chapel is fourteenth century Gothic, the apse on plan being five sides of an octagon, lighted by four two-light windows; these windows are in stained glass, and represent various subjects.

The chancel arch, separating chancel from nave, is of most graceful proportions, supported on each side with marble columns, surmounted by capital and abacus, richly moulded and carved, and supported by brackets, carved and otherwise ornamented.

The nave contains four bays on each side, in each a two-light window, the upper portion of which is filled with representation of saint and cherubs, with surrounding ornament, the lower portion being filled with geometric work of refined and subdued colouring.

The wall decoration of chancel as high as string course is carried out in marble of various descriptions and colours; the plinth being of St. Anne's marble, the dado Numidian marble, the upper portion Sicilian marble, decorated with elaborate design, incised, and parts filled with heraldic wax, making it absolutely permanent; the remainder being gilt solid.

The angles are ornamented with marble columns of Emperor's Red on Sicilian marble bases and plinths, all highly polished.

The upper portion of walls and splays of windows are decorated in a most elaborate manner, the colour, though rich, being quiet and subdued; the angle columns are highly decorated in gold and colours, the pattern being geometric, the spaces being filled with ornaments on a gold ground, giving a very rich effect. The spandrils over windows contain angels holding

scrolls with suitable inscription. The side wall is decorated, and over sacristy door is a painting representing the foundation of the Society of Jesus, surrounded by a decorative frame, and in itself forming part of the decorations.

The sacristy entrance is lined with marble, decorated in the same manner as wall panels. The arms of the Society are carved in panel on this side; in the centre panel on opposite side is an inscription:—

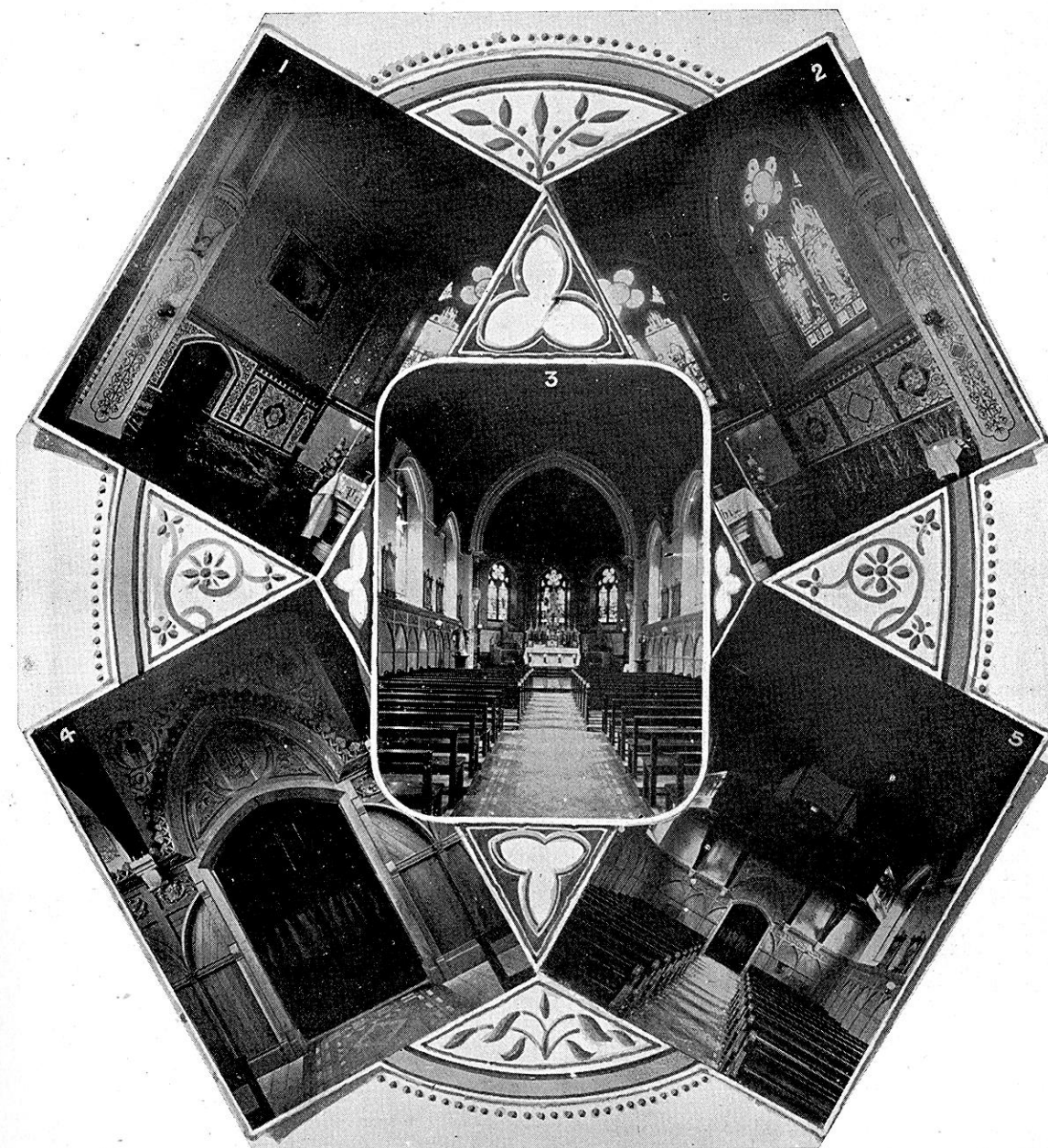
1898.
THE DECORATIONS
OF THIS CHURCH GIVEN AS
AN HUMBLE OFFERING TO GOD FROM
LLEWELLYN J. BLAKE, OF CLOUGHBALLYMORE,
DESIRING THAT HE, HIS WIFE, FATHER,
MOTHER, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS
SHALL PARTICIPATE IN THE
SACRIFICES TO BE DAILY
OFFERED IN THIS
CHURCH OF
MUNGRET
COLLEGE.

The chancel arch is highly decorated in gold and colours, the front containing panel in gold ornament.

The nave is decorated in various tints and ornament, but in less elaborate style than the chancel; the wall over organ gallery is decorated with large panel, diapered and bordered, connected with battlemented ornament on each side; panels under organ gallery contain angels holding shields with arms of the Society.

The lower portion of the nave walls are panelled in oak work of the most graceful design; the panels, pointed Gothic in shape, are surmounted by a frieze carved in foliated ornament, capped by a cresting of elaborate design as high as string course below windows; the end wall under gallery is treated similarly. This portion of the work, being executed in best seasoned material, requires no varnishing or polishing, the natural colour and grain of the wood being retained with excellent effect.

JOHN EARLEY,
Camden Art Works, Dublin.



1. CHANCEL—GOSPEL SIDE.

2. CHANCEL—EPISTLE SIDE.

3. NAVE.

4. ENTRANCE DOOR.

5. ORGAN GALLERY.

VIEWS OF MUNGRET COLLEGE CHAPEL.

OUR SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.—*Congreve.*



OUR first entertainment was on the evening of December 3rd, the Feast of St. Francis Xavier. Mr. Michael Enright, assisted by Mr. Jack O'Brien, the well-known baritone, furnished us with one of the most enjoyable and pleasant evenings we have had for a long time. Mr. Enright's song of "The Gift" merits special praise. Another of his songs, "Robert Emmet," which we then heard for the first time, has since become a popular song in the College.

Mr. Jack O'Brien contributed both as a reciter and a singer. His humorous tale of "Pat's Entry into Heaven" elicited roars of laughter. The proceedings were further varied by most beautiful selections on the gramophone and the mandoline.

SECOND ENTERTAINMENT.

Our second entertainment took place on the eve of the Christmas holidays. The programme promised something good, and we all anxiously awaited the opening.

G. Perry, who then made his *début* on the Mungret stage as a comic singer, proved himself a veritable "Hidden Gem." His rendering of "Matt Hannigan's Aunt" was splendid. J. Corr gave his recitation, "Casabianca Annotated," in first-rate style, and was encored again and again. P. Turner, now a well-known figure, also recited well.

The great event of the evening, however, was the farce, "The Birthplace of Podgers," one of the best ever put before a Mungret audience. The acting was almost faultless. Where each did his part so well, it is hard to choose any one for special commendation. But P. O'Kane, as Tom Cranky, acquitted himself so exceptionally well that we cannot refrain from giving him a special mention. He looked fully what he professed to be, "a hard-working man," and so well did he personate the rude, rough ways of poor Tom, that the O'Kane personality was for the time completely forgotten, and the audience thought only of the doings and history of Honest Tom Cranky.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- PIANO DUET.... "Tarantelle, Op. 14"....*N. Rubinstein*
Masters E. O'Neill and H. McDermott.
HUMOROUS SONG.... "Matt Hannigan's Aunt"....*French*
Master G. Perry.
SONG..... "The Bugler".....*Pinsuti*
Master E. O'Neill.
RECITATION.... "Casabianca, annotated"..... —
Master J. Corr.
VIOLIN SOLO.... "Home, Sweet Home"....*arr. by Farmer*
Master J. McGrath.

- RECITATION.... "The Doctor in Distress"..... —
Master P. Turner.
HUMOROUS SONG.... "The Baby on the Shore" *Grossmith*
Master J. Scallan.

PART II.

"THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS."

(A Farce in One Act, by J. Hollingshead.)

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| Tom Cranky (a Working Man) ... | Master P. O'Kane |
| Mr. Erasmus Maresnest (a Literary Enthusiast) ... | Master E. O'Neill |
| Edmund Earlybird (Suitor to Maresnest's daughter) ... | Master J. H. Power |
| Alonso Lexicon (Secretary of "The Society for the Encouragement of Literature") ... | Master J. Horan |
| Jack Mooner (Member of the same Society) ... | Master T. Lynch |
| First Photographic Artist ... | Master J. Heelan |
| Second Photographic Artist ... | Master P. Byrnes |
| Mortal Podgers ... | Master C. McDermott |
| Two Boys ... | Masters J. Byrne and G. Perry |
| Master Tom Maresnest ... | Master C. Tighe |
| Mrs. Cranky (a Working Woman) | Master D. O'Donoghue |

THIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

This was prepared by the Apostolical students during the Xmas recess and presented a short time after the re-opening of classes. "The White Horse of the Peppers," which was the piece selected, is sufficiently well-known. The scene is in Ireland, in the year 1690, and the story principally deals with the treatment accorded in Ireland to a Dutch military man, Major Hans Hansfeldt, who is desirous of possessing the cattle and lands of Ballygarth, the property of the Peppers. The different characters were personated well. J. Corr deserves special praise for the manner in which he played the Dutchman, which was the most difficult rôle to sustain. The incidental music was well rendered: the duet sung by Tim Buckley and P. O'Callaghan could not have been done better, and the continuous applause of the audience showed that it was appreciated.

PROGRAMME.

"THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS."

(A Drama in Two Acts.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Colonel Chesham ... | Master Frank Fahey |
| Major Hans Hansfeldt ... | Master Joseph Corr |
| Darby Donaghue ... | Master James Burke |
| Gerald Pepper ... | Master M. Curley |
| Gerald Pepper, junr. (his Son) ... | Master P. O'Callaghan |
| P'haedrig (a faithful Dependent) ... | Master T. Buckley |
| Lawyer Blake ... | Master James Shiel |
| Portreeve ... | Master Pk. Bresnahan |
- Burgesses, Villagers, &c.

Scene lies in Ireland, in the year 1690.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

- Act 1.—Scene 1—An Interior of Ballygarth House.
Scene 2—Village Inn.
Act 2.—Scene 1—The Heath. Scene 2—The Ruined Castle. Scene 3—The Heath.—Scene 4—Interior of Ballygarth, as 1st Act.

Incidental Music.

- OVERTURE..... "La Revue".....*Behr*
ENTR'ACTE..... "Violin Solo"..... Master G. Horan
SONG..... "His Love Shines over all".....
Master P. O'Callaghan
DUET..... "Our Childhood's Home"..... Master T. Buckley
Chorus of Villagers.
SONG..... "O Native Music"..... Master T. Buckley
SONG..... "The Rover"..... Master M. Curley
DUET..... "The Convent Bell"..... Master T. Buckley
Master Jas. Burke
SONG AND CHORUS.... "Never Despair"..... Master Jas. Burke
GRAND FINALE..... "God Bless Mungret"

FOURTH ENTERTAINMENT.

This year, as last, a number of gentlemen from the City, all past students of Jesuit Colleges, afforded us a very enjoyable evening on Shrove Monday. The party of nine comprised some of the best vocalists and instrumentalists of the South of Ireland, and the singing and playing were, as might naturally be expected, of a very superior kind. Mr. Frank MacNamara, who has since, we are told, charmed a London audience, sang in splendid style. A special word of thanks is due to Mr. Hetreed, who, at the cost of much personal inconvenience, organized and conducted the concert.

We had a further reason for entertaining pleasant recollections of that evening. At the close Mr. Hetreed reminded Rev. Fr. Rector that as this was the third annual concert given by the party, it should be "marked out" by some means or another. He suggested then that the boys should get an extra "play day." The appeal was too strong to be refused, and Fr. Rector increased our Easter holidays, giving us three days for our Sports instead of two. As the reader may see in the accounts of the Sports, that third day proved the most enjoyable of all.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1 INSTRUMENTAL OVERTURE—
"The Caliph of Bagdad".....*Boeldieu*
The Concert Party.
2 SONG..... "Hear the wild winds blow".....*Mattei*
Mr. Frank MacNamara.
3 COMIC SONG.... "I've got him on the List".....*Sullivan*
Mr. James P. Hall.
4 SONG..... "My Dreams".....*Denza*
Mr. Jas. S. Gaffney.
5 CORNET SOLO "Selection"..... —
Mr. John Spillane.
6 COMIC SONG.... "Lu-lu".....*Dacre*
Mr. W. P. Hetreed.
7 SONG..... "The Romany Lass".....*Adams*
Mr. Peter Cronin.
8 RECITATION..... "Comic"..... —
Mr. James C. O'Brien.
9 SONG..... "The Village Blacksmith".....*Weiss*
Mr. David Tidmarsh.
10 GLEE..... "The Winds Whistle Cold".....*Bishop*
The Concert Party.

PART II.

- 1 QUARTETTE.... "Farewell, but whenever"....*Ar. by Balfe*
The Concert Party.
2 SONG..... "Only Once More".....*Moir*
Mr. Peter Cronin.

- 3 BANJO SOLO..... "March".....*Resch*
Mr. Geo. Spillane.
4 COMIC SONG.... "A Nautical Yarn".....*P. French*
Mr. William P. Hetreed.
5 SONG..... "The Troop Ship".....*St. Quentin*
Mr. James S. Gaffney.
6 COMIC SONG, "The Duke of Plaza Toro"....*Sullivan*
Mr. James P. Hall.
7 SONG..... "The Yeoman's Wedding"....*Poniatowski*
Mr. John Spillane.
8 SONG AND DANCE, "All Among the Roses"....*Cutler*
Messrs. Cronin, Hall, and Tidmarsh.
9 SONG..... "A Soldier's Song".....*Mascheroni*
Mr. Frank MacNamara.
10 INSTRUMENTAL MARCH—
"The Jolly Coppersmiths".....*Peters*
The Concert Party.

FIFTH ENTERTAINMENT.

This was given on Shrove Tuesday. Both singing and playing were good. J. Scallan sang his comic song, "Tis lucky I keep my temper," in right good style. J. Corr, who was such a success at "Casabianca," recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade." It, too, was "annotated," and the laughter it caused was immense. P. O'Kane appeared as a singer for the first time, and was, of course, received with immense applause. His song, "I Borrowed It," was encored again and again. P. Turner brought down the house with his comic recitation, in which he "sang the praises of Mullingar." The entertainment closed with a comediatta, "Done on Both Sides." It was, we must say, exceedingly well done on all sides, Joe Byrne, George Perry, Christie Tighe, and W. M'Elligott sustaining fully their already won reputation as comic actors. W. Curr was a perfect Mrs. Whiffles.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1 PIANO TRIO..... "West End Trio".....*D'Albert*
Masters J. McGrath, E. O'Neill, and J. Scallan.
2 COMIC SONG.... "Tis lucky I keep my temper"....*Grain*
Master J. Scallan.
3 VIOLIN SOLO.... "Colleen Dhas Crutheen"..... —
Master J. McGrath.
4 RECITATION.... "The Charge of the Light Brigade"
Master Joseph Corr.
5 SONG..... "On the Goodwins".....*Piccolomini*
Master E. O'Neill.
6 COMIC SONG.... "I Borrowed It".....*McGlennon*
Master P. O'Kane.
7 SONG..... "The Mariner".....*Diehl*
Master Charlie Casey.
8 RECITATION..... "Mullingar".....*Rankine*
Master P. Turner.

PART II.

"DONE ON BOTH SIDES."

(A Comediatta.)

CHARACTERS:

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| Mr. Whiffles (a retired though not retiring Government official) ... | Master Jos. Byrne |
| Mr. John Brownjohn (an impecunious swell) ... | , George Perry |
| Mr. Pygmalion Phibbs (from the country) ... | , Chris. Tighe |
| Mrs. Whiffles ... | , William Curr |
| Augustus (her son—a decidedly hidden genius) ... | , W. M'Elligott |

ANTHEM:

"God Bless Mungret."

SIXTH ENTERTAINMENT.

Our last entertainment was on March 17th, the Feast of our great Apostle. The programme contained "much that was Irish;" we may, perhaps, venture to suggest that a thorough-going Irish concert is most suitable for that day of days to all Irishmen. We had, however, very many items which were all that the most exacting could desire, and even the "comics" were very well rendered. E. O'Neill sang "Robert Emmet" exceedingly well, and the same may be said of J. Burke on his rendering of "Paddies Evermore." It was to be James' last appearance on the Mungret stage as he was to leave Ireland for the Far West at the end of the year. Most heartily do we wish him every success in the great and noble work to which he has devoted himself.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

PIANO TRIO....."Silver Trumpets".....*Viviani*
Masters J. McGrath, E. O'Neill and J. Scallan.
COMIC SONG....."One of the Family".....*Leigh*
Master Chas. McDermott.
SONG....."Robert Emmet"..... —
Master E. O'Neill.
RECITATION....."The Last of the Leprechauns". *Anon.*
Master P. Turner.
PIANO SOLO....."Non Più Mesta".....*Rossini*
Master Matt. Bourke.

COMIC SONG..."Or words to that effect".....*Carr*
Master J. Scallan.
STRING QUARTETTE..."La Carità".....*Rossini*
The Orchestra.

PART II.

RECITATION....."A Lay of Kilcock".....*Anon.*
Master Jos. Corr.
SONG....."Paddies Evermore"..... —
Master Jas. Burke.
INSTRUMENTAL PIECE—
"Irish Quadrilles".....*McGuirk*
The Orchestra.
RECITATION....."The Priest's Leap".....*Sullivan*
Master Ed. O'Neill.
COMIC SONG....."Betsy Wareing".....*Walker*
Master Geo. Perry.
INSTRUMENTAL PIECE—

"Toy Symphony".....*Romberg*
(Violins, Nightingales, Cuckoo, Quail, Rattle,
Triangle, Bells, Drums, Trumpets and Piano)
The Orchestra.
GRAND FINALE....."God Bless Mungret"
The Choir.

During the year we had a number of quasi-concerts and social gatherings on a small scale. They were mostly very enjoyable, but space does not allow us to give details.

M. CURLEY (B.A. Class.)



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AN AGED FOOTBALL.

Have you ever noticed how an old man's eye kindles and his pains are forgotten while he recounts the deeds of his youth? 'Tis the same with an old football I know of, in the press beneath the stairs. The mere recollection of some hotly-contested game makes that old ball hop around, regardless of the stitches in his sides.

"Do you remember," says he to me one day, "the fierce battles which Limerick and the Tipps waged against the House last Carnival? It was in the second that I received the rarest box in my existence. Tom, our champion hundred, had forced me well up the field; the

halves were passed, and Power was getting anxious between the County posts, when Clifford—the man in the gap—relieved splendidly with a long kick to Maloney. To avoid Horan's charge, Maloney passed me over to Heelan on the left wing. Joe dodged the half, and, getting in a grand left-footer, sent me high, straight as an arrow, for the House goal. The Counties were preparing for a loud huzzah. McDonough was in goal. He clenched his fists, drew them in together to his chest, then out and up. He met me fair, and sent me soaring in the air, back again into the midst of the fray. The

cheer which followed, was well deserved. Were it not for Peter, the House would have had another tale to tell. As it was, they were twice victorious, the score standing at 4 to 1 and 2 to 1 in their favour."

Soon myself and the old football became great chums. Often in the dead of night, when all my companions were asleep, I would steal tiptoe down the big staircase and along the great corridor to listen to the old ball recounting the stories of his early days.

"Long years ago," he would say, "I roved o'er my native highland hills, free as the winds of heaven. At night the soft mountain heather

boys rushed at me and bullied me fearfully. One big, red-headed boy took me up in his hands, told me I was a very good ball, and, as a mark of his appreciation, gave me a terrific kick. I hopped about in great agony for a short time; then, watching my opportunity, I made straight at him; he tried to dodge me, but I got right home, and landed him between the two eyes. Next day the Prefect said I was not to appear on the gravel any more, and later I was promoted to active service in the field."

"Have you any practical hints to give which might be of use to new and inexperienced balls?"



HALF EVENING IN OCTOBER—A SCRATCH MATCH.

was my couch, and the morning sun played with the dewdrops till my smooth and glossy coat seemed bespattered with myriads of sparkling diamonds. Those were glorious days. Then came the leathering! Such a tanning. I was awfully cut up after it, and soon began to feel those stitches in my sides. Then I was packed off to school, and surely never was entrance into a public school more miserable than mine. On the very night of my arrival I got a terrible blowing-up from the Prefect, and the following morning, when I appeared on the gravel, all the

"Yes," says he; "tell them always to make for the middle of a crowd, for there everybody will be too busy kicking everybody else's shins to bother about the ball. Tell them also to beware of the barbed fence round the football field. I got stuck on it once, and lost all my breath. The Prefect then told a big fellow to catch hold of my tongue, and while I was in that defenceless state he blew me up. Moral suasion is a thing I do not like; but when I refused to be blown up any more he laced me."

C. J.



ATHLETIC * SPORTS.

*Locum capiunt, signoque repente
Complent spatia audito, limenque relinquunt,
Effusi nimbo similis; simulque ultima signant.—Virgil.*

COMMITTEE.

W. MALONEY.

J. HORAN. J. CLIFFORD.
J. H. POWER. T. J. PEY.

Starter—J. HORAN.

Judge—M. CURLEY.

Timekeeper—J. H. POWER.

By a now time-honoured custom, the two days after Easter are consecrated to our Annual Sports. This year, however, at the request of the past students who gave us a very pleasant concert on Shrove Monday, Fr. Rector



BEGINNING THE HALF-MILE—THIRD CLUB.

granted an additional day. No effort was spared by our industrious Captain to make the Sports a success. Both he and the members of the Committee worked, we had almost said, night and day; but certainly they worked hard, and, we may add, their efforts were successful, for the Sports of '99 have been pronounced to be unequalled by any within the memory of those whose recollection extends farthest into previous years.

The field was all that could be desired. It made a pretty picture, the bright April sun shining in all its glory on the neat pavilions, the bunting fluttering in the breeze, and the eager little figures in their brilliant running suits, "proud as Punch," running hither and thither.

Considerable trouble had been caused in previous years by competitors in the hundred yards crossing each other. Matters were this year simplified by the course being taped out so as to allow six to run in a heat.

The running was excellent. The heats of the "hundreds" were specially exciting, the First Club of the Lay Boys and the Senior Apostolics being exceptionally good. In the former T. Pey won a splendid final, whilst in the

latter P. Bresnahan won as good, though not so exciting a race. T. Pey was decidedly the best all-round man in the Lay Division. He established a College record in the long jump—21 feet 10 inches; and would have pressed Heelan hard in the high jump, had he not become temporarily insensible to everything.

J. McAvin, with only a few yards off scratch, came in easy leader in the half-mile. J. McGrath won a good mile. We regret that sorrow for the loss of his brother should have prevented Joseph Horan from contesting this, his favorite race.

The competition in the Third Club was very keen. Michael Power bids fair to break the records of his far-famed fellow-townsmen, T. F. Kiely. Little wonder if the fair cities by the Suir produce such athletes, patronized as they are by that ardent lover of Irish sport and pastime, their beloved Archbishop. Among the Senior Apostolics P. Bresnahan captured many a coveted trophy, as did T. O'Brien among the Juniors. The latter promises far greater things among the Seniors in future years.

As usual, on the evening of the second day the subsidiary events began—the time for fun and merriment. Greater numbers than usual competed in the sack races and the Siamese races, with the result that the usual tumbling, rolling, and cheering were multiplied. On account of the rain, the tug-of-war had to be postponed, but when it did come off it was excellent in both Lay and Apostolical Divisions. The sides were evenly matched, and it was only after a series of "pulls" that a decision could be given.

The two first days of our Sports were now over. The secret as to how Wednesday was to be spent had not yet been divulged outside the cabinet meetings of the Committee. There were, however, many rumours in the air, for it was known that something was a-brewing. Wednesday morning found our "Joannes Factotum" engaged in arranging on the field what seemed to be jumps for a miniature steeplechase. "Arra! how do I know what they're for?" he replied to our anxious queries, "Maybe, they're goin' to put the gorseons at them." They did not, however; they were preparing for a donkey race. It was a new departure, and was a great success. About a score of donkeys came in from the village and the surrounding country to compete for the prizes, and the fun and excitement could scarcely be surpassed. There were four heats, and the two first of each were reserved for the final, when the excitement became so intense that the spectators, no longer able to control themselves, broke the ropes, and all was confusion at the winning post. After great difficulty the winners were decided to be—

Galteemore	1
Pride of the Village	2
Bucephalus	3

The winning riders were cheered most heartily as they rode out, bearing each his well-merited prize.

Another new departure was an obstacle race, the cause of as much fun as the donkey race, though not quite so exciting. The obstacles were ingeniously arranged, and were meant to be a test of the quickness of the competitor's wits as well as of his athletic prowess. The prize—a large tin of sweets—was swung at the top of a fifty-foot pole. The winners had, as a last effort, to climb the pole, which was quite wet and slippery, and pluck off a piece of ribbon attached to the tin. Having triumphantly passed the final ordeal, the winners, amid deafening cheers, were presented with the hard-earned prize.

With this event ended what were perhaps the fullest and pleasantest days we have had in Mungret for some years.

M. CURLEY (B.A. Class).

Details:—

100 YARDS.—Lay Boys.

1st Club—1, T. Pey; 2, J. Kelly; 3, H. Keller. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

2nd Club—1, J. Lyne; 2, J. McGrath; 3, M. Cahill. Time, 11 3-5 secs.
3rd Club—1, W. Coleman; 2, M. Power; 3, C. Cashin. Time, 12 2-5 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, P. Bresnahan; 2, F. Hartin; 3, W. O'Doherty. Time, 10 4-5 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Carey; 2, M. Shiel; 3, J. Curran. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

220 YARDS.—Lay Boys.

1st Club—1, T. Pey; 2, J. O'Keeffe; 3, P. O'Kane. Time, 27 1-5 secs.
2nd Club—1, J. McGrath; 2, M. Cahill; 3, P. Heelan. Time, 29 2-5 secs.

3rd Club—1, W. Curr; 2, G. O'Doherty; 3, M. Feore. Time, 30 4-5 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, P. Bresnahan; 2, P. Turner; 3, W. O'Doherty. Time, 28 4-5 secs.

Juniors—1, M. O'Sullivan; 2, M. Shiel; 3, P. McCartney. Time, 31 2-5 secs.

440 YARDS.—Lay Boys.

1st Club—T. Pey; 2, J. O'Neill; 3, E. O'Neill. Time, 57 1-5 secs.

2nd Club—1, J. Kennedy; 2, F. McCarthy; 3, M. Cahill. Time, 63 1-5 secs.

3rd Club—1, M. Power; 2, G. O'Doherty; 3, C. Cashin. Time, 59 1-5 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, F. Hartin; 2, P. Bresnahan. Time, 59 1-5 secs.

Juniors—1, M. Shiel; 2, M. O'Sullivan. Time, 60 1-5 secs.

HALF-MILE.—Lay Boys.

1st Club—1, J. McAvin; 2, P. Walshe; 3, P. Byrnes. Time, 2 min. 17 secs.

2nd Club—1, J. McGrath; 2, J. Kennedy; 3, M. Cahill. Time, 2 min. 33 3-5 secs.

3rd Club—1, P. O'Dwyer; 2, J. Byrne; 3, J. Sheehan. Time, 2 min. 37 min.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, F. Hartin; 2, P. Bresnahan; 3, P. Kenny. Time, 2 min. 21 4-5 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Cantwell; 2, M. O'Sullivan; 3, P. O'Callaghan. Time, 2 min. 33 3-5 secs.

120 YARDS HURDLE RACE.—Lay Boys.

1st Club—1, J. O'Keeffe (w. o.)

2nd Club—1, P. Heelan; 2, J. Daly. Time, 23 1-5 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, W. O'Doherty; 2, P. Bresnahan. Time, 22 2-5 secs.

Juniors—1, T. O'Brien; 2, J. Curran. Time, 20 1-5 secs.

HIGH JUMP.—Lay Boys.

1st Club—Won by J. Heelan; height, 5 ft. 3 3/4 in.

2nd Club—Won by P. Heelan; height, 4 ft. 5 in.

3rd Club—Won by G. Perry; height, 4 ft. 2 in.

Apostolics.

Seniors—Won by W. Kennedy; height, 4 ft. 10 in.

Juniors—Won by T. O'Brien; height, 4 ft. 7 1/2 in.

LONG JUMP.—Lay Boys.

1st Club—Won by T. Pey; distance, 20 ft. 10 1/2 in.

2nd Club—Won by P. Heelan; distance, 16 ft. 11 in.

3rd Club—Won by W. Coleman; distance, 15 ft. 1 in.



100 YARDS—TOM PEY WINS.

Apostolics.

Seniors—Won by W. Kennedy; distance, 19 ft. 4 1/2 in.
Juniors—Won by T. O'Brien; distance, 17 ft. 11 1/2 in.

SLINGING THE WEIGHT (56 lbs.) with follow.

Lay Boys.

1st and 2nd Clubs—Won by J. O'Neill; distance, 23 ft. 4 in.

Apostolics.

Seniors—Won by W. Kennedy; distance, 21 ft. 1 in.
Juniors—Won by J. Curran; distance, 19 ft. 1 in.

ONE MILE.—Lay Boys.

1st and 2nd Clubs—1, J. McGrath; 2, J. O'Neill; 3, J. Kelly. Time, 5 min. 25 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, P. Kenny; 2, F. Hartin; 3, P. Turner. Time, 5 min. 40 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Cantwell; 2, P. O'Callaghan. Time, 5 min. 50 2-5 secs.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.—Lay Boys.

1st and 2nd Clubs—Won by T. Pey; distance, 98 yards.

Apostolics.

Seniors—Won by W. Kennedy; distance, 83 yards.
Juniors—Won by T. O'Brien; distance, 87 yards.

CRICKET.



OUR cricket during the past summer has been a most decided success. Of course, we felt very much at first the loss of our efficient and popular Captain, John McCarthy, and it was not without some misgivings that we looked forward to the coming season. But when the elections were over, and William Maloney had been unanimously chosen Captain, he settled down in right earnest to his work, and, seconded by the able and energetic Secretary, Joe Horan (our present Captain), brought out, perhaps, the best eleven that ever did battle for the *Alma Mater*.

Latent powers were brought to light during the season, J. O'Keefe, J. Horan, and C. McDermott showing wonderful improvement both with bat and ball. Tom Pey distinguished himself most at the batting, and contributed magnificent scores at various times during the year, his splendid innings of 104 in the match against the Community being the most remarkable. In another match he scored 97, and several times during the year he topped the half-century. He was scarcely ever dismissed for a "duck," and never during the whole year gained the unenviable distinction of "a pair of spectacles."

C. McDermott developed great batting powers during the season. Last season he had confined himself almost exclusively to the ball, but this year, applying himself diligently to the practice, he advanced with tremendous strides in the use of the bat, and bids fair to fill successfully, next season, the gap which T. Pey's absence has left.

This sketch would be incomplete without a word of praise to J. Horan. He, like McDermott, had, during the previous season, made a specialty of bowling, but this year, by perseverance and patience at the nets, came to the front rank of batsmen, and played some very good innings during the season. In the field J. O'Keefe showed to most advantage, his picking up and returning being always admired. P. Byrnes and J. Clifford should also be mentioned in this department. T. Lynch filled the difficult position of wicket-keeper very successfully, and showed much improvement on the previous year. With the ball the honours were divided between J. Horan and C. McDermott, both of whom did splendid work during the year.

Our team this year contained no "stonewalls," and though the result of both our out-matches which we played shows that we had an exceptionally strong team, this class of batsman is always very serviceable. Few will forget how, a few years ago, James Tompkins, playing a steady and persevering game, defied all the efforts of the visitors for three hours, compiling the splendid score of 74. Nevertheless, we got on very well without the "stonewalls." All were able to hit freely, especially T. Pey and J. O'Keefe, the former of whom on one occasion hit four "boundaries" off four consecutive balls. Unlike previous years, we had no "tail," and down to the very last man all might be relied on to score. Of those who had not the honor to represent the College in the out-matches, J. McAvin and J. Moran were the most promising, and were chosen as substitutes to the eleven.

The first match in which the strength of the eleven was tried was that in which they were opposed to the Community. The rain fell in torrents during the course of the match, and finally play had to be abandoned, T. Pey and C. McDermott being "not out," for the scores of 104 and 46, respectively. As the Very Rev. Provincial left the following day, the match was never resumed.

Our first out-match was played against "the past students of Jesuit Colleges." This year they had a very strong combination, and the great strength of our team was shown when we defeated them by 5 wickets and 108 runs. Details:—

The College Team, having won the toss, elected to go to the wickets first, and sent Tom Pey and J. Byrne to oppose the bowling of Howley and Lawlor. Runs came very fast, both batsmen punishing the bowling terribly, and the century was hoisted before they were separated. Pey was cutting and driving in splendid style, but going out to a long hop from Howley, fell a victim to a magnificent catch by McDonnell behind the wicket, having contributed a faultless 58. McDermott now joined J. Byrne, and survived to see the latter's wicket fall before a swift ball from Howley, for a valuable contribution of 49. The vacant place was filled by C. Tighe, who, failing to raise a tricky ball from Lawlor, sent it back to the bowler's hands. A clever 26 by J. O'Keefe and a sound and steady 24 by J. Horan, raised the score to 186, when the Captain declared the innings closed.

Howley and Lalor commenced operations for the visitors. Howley was clean bowled by Horan in the first over, with only 4 to his credit, and W. McDonnell came on to assist Lalor. The pair made matters somewhat lively, until Lalor was dismissed by Horan for a carefully played innings of 13. P. O'Donnell only remained to add 4, and J. Ryan and J. S. Gaffney fell to C. McDermott in the next over. McDonnell continued to play finely, adding 31 before he was sent back by a swift ball from McDermott. J. O'Mara commenced well by sending McDermott twice to the boundary in the first over, but succumbed to a fine catch by J. Clifford off Horan in the next, without further score. The other wickets went down fast. M. Egan was the only one who made a stand, bringing out his bat for 7. The innings closed for 78, leaving the home team winners by the decided advantage of 108 runs.

Scores:—

MUNGRET COLLEGE.			
1st Innings.			
T. J. Pey, c McDonnell, b Howley	58
Rev. J. Whitaker, S.J., b Howley	49
C. McDermott, b Howley	4
Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., c Lalor, b Howley	0
J. Horan, b Howley	24
J. O'Keefe, c and b McDonnell	26
W. Maloney, not out	9
J. Clifford
I. Heelan
P. Byrnes
E. O'Neill
Extras	16
			186

MUNGRET COLLEGE.

1st Innings.

T. J. Pey, c McDonnell, b Howley	58
Rev. J. Whitaker, S.J., b Howley	49
C. McDermott, b Howley	4
Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., c Lalor, b Howley	0
J. Horan, b Howley	24
J. O'Keefe, c and b McDonnell	26
W. Maloney, not out	9
J. Clifford
I. Heelan
P. Byrnes
E. O'Neill
Extras	16

Did not bat.

PAST STUDENTS.

A. E. Howley, b Horan	4
A. Lalor, c Maloney, b Horan	13
W. McDonnell, b McDermott	31
P. E. O'Donnell, c McDermott, b Horan	4
J. Ryan, c Pey, b McDermott	0
J. S. Gaffney, b Corcoran	0
J. O'Mara, c J. Clifford, b Horan	6
T. Kelly, c and b Corcoran	2
L. Kelly, c McDermott, b McDermott	1
M. Egan, not out	7
J. Moran c Pey, b McDermott	1
Extras	9
			78

Appended are the scores:—

MUNGRET COLLEGE.

T. J. Pey, c Bergin, b Roberts	23
Rev. J. Whitaker, S.J., b Spain	5
C. McDermott, c Kelly, b Roberts	29
J. Heelan, c Roberts, b Spain	0
Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., c Roberts, b Spain	12
P. Byrnes, b Roberts	1
J. Horan, b Roberts	0
J. O'Keefe, lbw, b Spain	3
W. Maloney, b Spain	0
E. O'Neill, not	10
J. Moran, c Roberts, b Roberts	0
Extras	7
			90



J. MORAN. T. J. PEY. E. J. O'NEILL.
P. O'KANE. J. H. POWER. J. O'KEEFE. J. SCALLAN. C. MCDERMOTT. P. BYRNES.
J. HORAN. W. MALONEY. J. A. HEELAN.

CRICKET XI., 1899.

The visitors played a second innings, but no score was kept.

Our next match was that against the "Old Boys," in which we again proved our superiority. Notwithstanding the fact that their team was much weaker than usual, they made a very good stand. As on the last occasion, we went first to the wickets, and were all, rather unexpectedly, dismissed for 90.

The visitors began well, but though they managed to remain a considerable time at the wickets the runs would not come, and all were finally out for 30. Following on they had made a similar score for the loss of 5 wickets when stumps were drawn. C. McDermott's bowling form in this match was remarkably good. He secured 8 wickets at the cost of 11 runs, which comes very close on the record of the College of 9 wickets for 9 runs, made in a similar match, a few years since, by T. Roberts.

1st Innings. PAST MUNGRET. 2nd Innings.

M. Spain, lbw, c Horan	8	lbw, b McDermott	...	16
T. Roberts, b McDermott	2	lbw, b McDermott	...	0
T. Kelly, run out	0
Rev. J. A. O'Connor, c Maloney b McDermott	1	b Horan	...	2
J. Bergin, b McDermott	5	not out	...	3
J. Lynch, b McDermott	0
J. O'Mahony, b McDermott	2	not out	...	2
P. Kerin, lbw, b McDermott
J. Purcell, c & b McDermott
P. Hartigan, c Pey, b Horan
P. Ryan, not out	...	b McDermott	...	0
Extras	...	Extras	...	7
			30	30

On our return in September there was some talk of another match but it was not brought about.

The prospect of next year's cricket is anything but glorious. Rev. Father Whitaker shall be much missed by our cricket team, as well as by so many others in the College. Heartily did we cheer him, year after year, when he sent the visitor's cricketers a-leather hunting, now with a splendid drive high over the boundary, or again with a hard cut to the off; and when his turn came to bowl to us, 'tis true he often bowled us out, but still we dearly loved his breaks. Some of our best players, in-

cluding T. Pey and J. O'Keeffe, have also left; the second club, however, may be able to supply some good material, and the able captaincy of Joe Horan will be an invaluable help to the team.

The averages of the principal batsmen are as follows:—

	No. of Innings.	No. of Runs.	Average.
T. J. Pey	23	805	35
C. McDermott	19	323	17
J. O'Keeffe	19	190	10
J. Horan	18	107	6
W. Maloney	19	109	5.2
J. A. HEELAN (2nd Arts.)			

✧ HANDBALL AND BILLIARD TOURNAMENTS. ✧

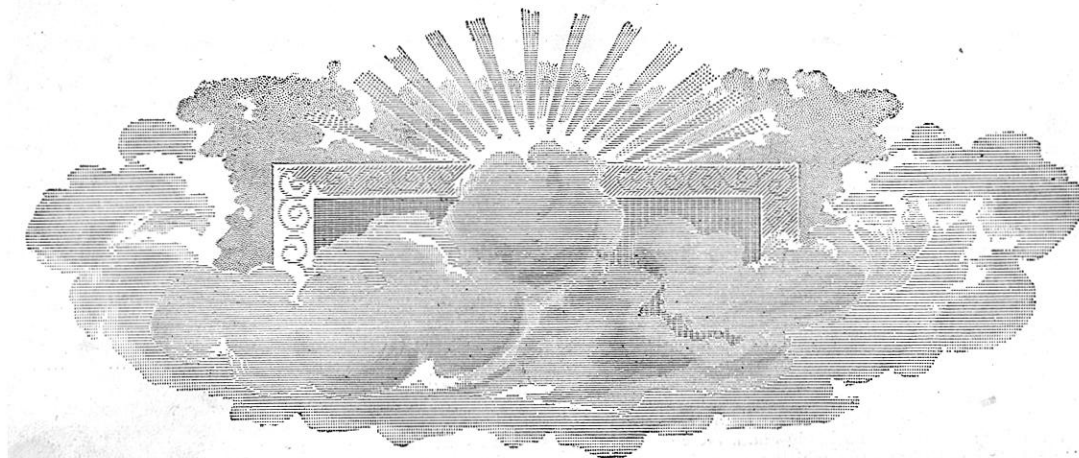
THE Handball Tournament, which has now become an annual event in the College, was this year a great success. Much more interest than usual seemed to be centred in it. The play was generally of a first-class character, and the players were for the most part pretty evenly matched. After several rounds, long and obstinately contested, T. Pey, with his partner, G. Perry, were left to do battle for the final against C. McDermott and J. McAvin. The greater part of the play fell to Pey and McDermott. The first game was won by Pey and Perry after a splendid exhibition of the game. The second game proceeded more slowly, but ultimately T. Pey won by the narrow margin of two aces, and, having thereby gained the "rubber," was declared victor amid great cheering.

It was to be regretted that, owing to a rather serious accident, Herbert Keller, last year's champion, could not go into the contest this year, as a game between Tom Pey and himself would doubtless prove very close and exciting.

THIS year we were treated to a great novelty in the shape of a Billiard Tournament, which was the cause of great excitement and enthusiasm.

A magnificent prize, the gift of the Rev. Fr. Corish, was put up for the event. The final, as was generally expected, lay between J. Flannery and C. McDermott. The biggest breaks during the game—28 and 26—were made by Flannery. Flannery ultimately won comfortably amid great excitement. The Tournament covered almost a whole month. We are glad to have this opportunity to express our gratitude to the Rev. Fr. Corish who went to so much trouble in having the table erected and in keeping it in order during the year, and, as if thinking he could never do sufficient, presented the magnificent prize which was competed for in the Tournament.

J. A. HEELAN (2nd Arts.)



Obituary.

REV. JAMES HARTIGAN, C.S.S.R. ('86), MOUNT ST. ALPHONSUS, LIMERICK, NOV. 15TH, 1899.

REV. JOSEPH A. PHELAN, S.J. ('86), ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, JULY 7TH, 1899.

REV. PATRICK M. MURPHY ('88), ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, LIMERICK, MAY 8TH, 1899.

ROBERT A. O'BRIEN ('90), MONTEREY, MEXICO, OCTOBER 9TH, 1899.

REV. HENRY F. FLANAGAN, S.J. ('94), GRAND COTEAU, LA., U.S.A., FEB. 5TH, 1899.

MICHAEL BRADY, CAVAN, AUGUST 16TH, 1899.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR, KNOCKCAE, CO. LIMERICK, AUGUST 14TH, 1899.

EDWARD HORAN, BIRR, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1899.

MICHAEL JOSEPH FITZGERALD, FOYLE HOUSE, BALLINGARRY, CO. TIP., MARCH 17TH, 1899.

WE hasten to pay a last loving tribute of respect to the memories of several who once were ours, and who now are gone for ever to a happier home. The remains of some lie buried in foreign lands, but most are with their own in Ireland's holy soil.

REV. JAMES HARTIGAN, C.S.S.R.—Past Mungret students of the early days will be grieved to learn of the untimely death of one of the most amiable and promising of their school companions. All who knew James Hartigan at Mungret loved and respected him. His genial and humorous disposition and his unobtrusive kindness made him a universal favourite; whilst a certain quiet pertinacity, united with a spirit of genuine piety, gave promise of a great future.

Even in his pre-collegiate days James had been a weekly communicant, and his daily life had been a source of edification to all who came in contact with him. He came of an old and much-respected County Limerick family. Born at Banogue,

Croom, March 27th, 1867, he entered Mungret in the September of 1883. Although he was a boy of uncompromising piety, and an enthusiast in all that concerned the service of the Master, for Whom from childhood he had

resolved to labour and to live, nevertheless he was immensely liked, and his company and his confidence were eagerly sought by several of those lively, wild, impetuous natures which are to be met with in every public school. As a comic actor he was inimitable, and many of his companions have their memories of the saintly youth oddly intermingled with the comicalities of the stage performer. He was a hard student, and read a distinguished course in the Royal University.

In 1887, attracted by the austere and noble life of the Redemptorists of Mount St. Alphonsus, he left Mungret to join the Redemptorist novices at Bishop-Eaton, Liverpool. There he made his vows in the October of 1889, and after the usual course of philosophy and divinity was ordained priest on August 27th, 1893. Father Hartigan now returned to Limerick, where he laboured for two years with a zeal and success worthy of the great promise of his youth. The



REV. JAMES HARTIGAN, C.S.S.R.

austere life of study and hard missionary work soon began to tell on a constitution never very robust. In the early summer of 1898 his Superiors sent him on a trip to Australia, hoping that the genial atmosphere of that Southern clime might restore him. He rallied for a while; but his days were numbered. The doctors advised him to try another long voyage, and he returned to Liverpool. On landing there his friends advised him to proceed on further, but he himself was bent on returning to his native city, that his bones might rest in Irish soil, side by side with his own brethren of the beloved Mount St. Alphonsus. His old pertinacity of purpose stood to him now, and he reached Limerick almost in a dying state. Happy among his own, he lingered on for several months, till at last, on Wednesday, November 15th, 1899, the Master to Whom he had devoted the flower of his youth and the strength of his manhood, and Whose friendship we believe he had never for a moment lost, called him to Himself. May the College, which is proud to have owned him, have many such children as he. (R.I.P.)

REV. JOSEPH A. PHELAN, S.J.—Joseph A. Phelan was born in Middleton, County Cork, Ireland, November 1st, 1865. His parents belonged to that class of Ireland's children, who, though not favoured with life's fortunes, possess unimpaired and unshaken that priceless gift of faith and devotion which seems to be the special heritage of the down-trodden children of St. Patrick. Like so many Irish parents, their sole ambition was to bring up children for the service of the altar and the cloister. At an early age Joe was fired with this desire to become one of God's anointed.

He was just completing his elementary education at the Christian Brothers' School in his native town when the news spread that an Apostolic School was to be opened at Limerick for the training of young men for the Foreign Missions. It was his good fortune to be one of the first of that little band who flocked from all parts of Ireland to form the nucleus of the Apostolic School.

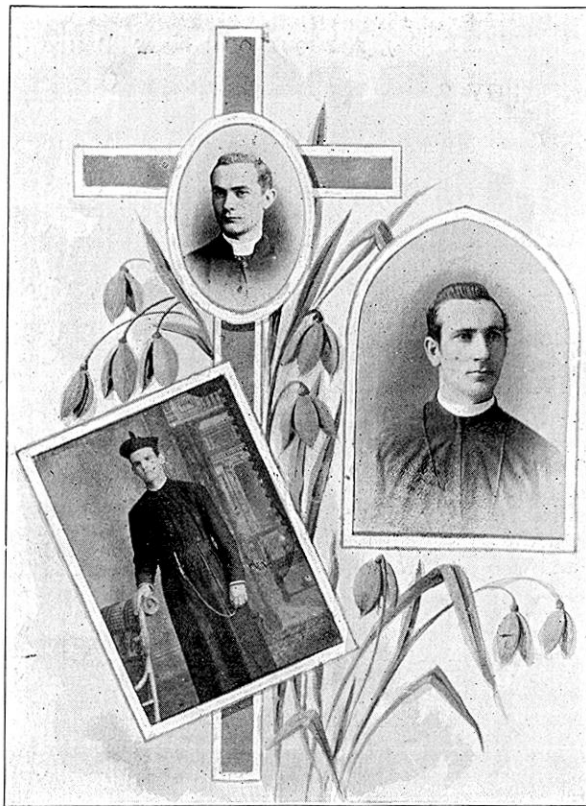
In their community at the Crescent, where peace and charity reigned, and where young and eager hearts, amid their daily round of duties, emulated with all the enthusiasm of their nature the fervour and precision of the novice, young Phelan strove to mould himself for his future labours, and, as now and then, some passing missionary from a strange land spoke of the whitened harvest in distant climes, and of the need of labourers; of the noble sacrifices to be undergone and the dangers to be

risked, his ardent soul would kindle with zeal and yearn for fields that were destined to be reserved for the labours of his stronger brethren.

The pent-up life of a city college had its drawbacks as well as its advantages, and no doubt, had no small share in undermining a constitution that was never very strong, and so it was with joyful feelings that Joe, in the summer of 1882, repaired together with his companions, to the newly-purchased College of Mungret, there to breathe the purer air and feed his imagination on the glories of the ancient Mungret. Here, he pursued the study of the classics, and here too, inspired no doubt by the loveliness of the panorama that daily met his gaze, and the historic memories that cling around ivied tower and crumbling cloister ruins, he drank in that love for Erin which ever and anon found expression in his poems and essays. He followed the full course of studies that is mapped out for those who aspire to University degrees, but partly from feeble health, and partly owing to a prolonged absence from college during his mother's illness, he was prevented from entering the competitive lists.

Some time in the Autumn of 1883, Fr. D. Pantanella, S.J., came to Mungret in search of recruits for the missions of New Mexico and Colorado. The winning manners of this revered missionary, and above all his graphic stories of apostolic labours among the miners of Colorado and New Mexico, inspired Joe with the first idea of enrolling himself among the companions of St. Ignatius, and spending his life on the Mission of New Mexico. In one of the ensuing retreats he fully made up his mind on this matter. In 1886, when the first seven Apostolics (all Jesuit Postulants) embarked for the New World, Mr. Phelan was one of the number.

He made his novitiate at Florissant, Mo. He had just begun his juniorate when a lack of teachers for the newly-erected College of the Sacred Heart at Denver, Col., forced superiors to call him away from his studies and give him the charge of one of the grammar classes. This he conducted with more than ordinary success. But his work was not confined entirely to the class-room. He was untiring in his efforts to introduce into the nascent college all the accessories that go to make up the full training of the American boy. To him is due in great measure the origin of the Loyola Debating Society, over which he presided, and the founding of the College Journal. This latter served as an outlet for his literary zeal, and many of its pages show the touches of his masterly pen.



REV. PATRICK M. MURPHY.
REV. HENRY FLANAGAN S.J.

REV. JOSEPH A. PHELAN, S.J.

After three years of teaching he was sent to San Francisco, Cal., for his philosophy, and here the germs of that dread disease which was eventually to carry him off were soon discovered. However, the skill of expert physicians soon checked the progress of the malady, and when at length his health was somewhat restored he was advised to seek a more congenial climate. Accordingly, in the early part of 1893, he repaired to Denver, Col., and soon after left for St. Louis, Mo., to complete his philosophy. Here the severity of the winter months soon again began to tell upon his now shattered frame. Hemorrhages set in, and for a while his life was thought to be in danger. Having recovered from the attacks of this new enemy, he was summoned to the balmy climate of Albuquerque, New Mexico. There he completed his philosophy, and then returned to Denver to finish his term of teaching.

In 1897 he was sent to the short course theologate at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana. Here he seemed to begin a new life. He forgot for a while that he was a sick man, threw himself with ardour into his studies, and became the life and soul of the little scholasticate. But when the cold and bracing winter had passed, and returning spring began to melt the snows and usher in those fitful changes of storm and sunshine, so common at this season in those mountain districts, his health began to wane, and he was forced to betake himself once more to Albuquerque, the home of the invalid. Here he quickly rallied, and fondly entertained the hope that he would be able to reach the long-wished-for goal of his desires—the priesthood. Often did he sigh for that happy day—not so much for his own consolation, but in order to give his folks across the water some little solace for a bereavement which he knew would soon come about.

Meanwhile the fatal disease was slowly but surely making headway. In March, 1899, he had practically to give up studying. Yet no one who looked upon his stately and well-proportioned frame would have thought then that the end was drawing nigh. A few months later it was thought advisable to send him to the sanatorium of Santa Fe, some fifty miles from Albuquerque. With no slight forebodings of his approaching end, he bade farewell to his brethren and resigned himself to his lot.

Shortly after his arrival at the sanatorium the hospital physician declared he had only a few days to live. Fr. D'Aporte, S.J., who happened to be in the city giving retreats, assisted and consoled him in his last moments. The poor fellow had intervals of the most acute pain, so that he fairly groaned in agony. However, some time before the end the pains ceased in great measure. He remained fully conscious up to within half an hour of his death, which took place at 12-20 a.m., Friday, July 7th, 1899. It was calm and without a struggle.

Such was the untimely end of a life that gave promise

of great things for the glory of God. As a teacher and prefect he was singularly successful, and his natural aptitude for public speaking, evinced on more than one occasion, together with a peculiar charm of manner which quickly won the heart, augured a very successful career in the sacred ministry. (R.I.P.)

The joys and sorrows of Mr. Phelan's chequered life are reflected in a book of verses, many extracts from which have been sent us by the kind friend who has supplied us with the above sketch. They may not be *thoroughly original*, "yet to those who knew Joe they bring out in bold relief his sensitive, yet sympathetic character." The following are culled almost at random:—

"GETHSEMANE."

March 25, '94.

The night is dark—behold
the shade is deeper
In the cold garden of
Gethsemane;
When that sweet voice
awoke the weary sleeper
"Couldst thou not watch one
hour alone with me?"

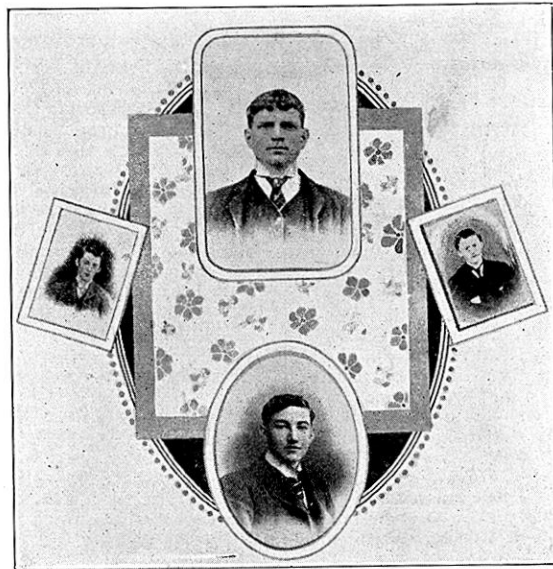
Ah! here we all must suffer,
walking lonely
The path that Jesus once
Himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience
through this one hour
only—
This one dark hour before
the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause
upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath
his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wing
o'er hill and valley,
But thou, oh Christian,
must not take thy rest.

"MY MOTHER'S GRAVE."

In the graveyard she is sleeping,
By the ivied eastern wall,
With the yew-trees vigil keeping,
Where the evening sunbeams fall.
Twenty years it is and over,
Since I saw the sunlight gleam
Over mother's green grave hover
By the sad and silent stream.

REV. PATRICK M. MURPHY.—The Rev. Patrick M. Murphy was born on Easter Sunday, 1866, and, on the completion of his Intermediate studies, matriculated in the Royal University, and entered Mungret College in January, 1886, where he continued and completed his Arts Course, taking the Degree of B.A. in 1888. He then went to Maynooth College to read his Theological Course, and was ordained a priest on the 26th June,



MICHAEL J. FITZGERALD. MICHAEL BRADY.
EDWARD HORAN.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR

1892. As there was no vacancy at that time in the Diocese of Limerick, he obtained a mission in the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, where he laboured for two years in Sunderland and South Shields; and became so endeared by his great piety and untiring zeal to priests and people alike, that they earnestly endeavoured to keep him amongst them when, two years later, his Lordship, the Bishop of Limerick, recalled him to his native diocese.

On his return, he was appointed to the curacy of Banogue, transferred later to that of Knockaderry, and in September, 1898, he was attached to St. John's Cathedral. Here, it was God's will that his time should be short, yet even in a few months he won for himself a lasting place in the hearts and minds of the poor, and was specially beloved by the patients of St. John's Hospital, to which he was chaplain. From December he continued in ill-health, but never gave up his work except for short intervals when it became absolutely necessary for him to do so, and in February he most energetically worked up what proved to be a most successful concert in aid of the Hospital. But the strain was too much, and soon after, at the end of a week of sick calls he became very unwell, and was himself removed to St. John's Hospital which he loved, and for which he had worked so hard. The illness proved to be enteric fever—later complicated by an attack of pneumonia; and, in spite of the best medical skill and the loving nursing of the good Sisters, he died on May 8th, 1899. His death was like his life, remarkable in its holiness, and worthy of a soldier and minister of his God. Father Murphy was brother of the Very Rev. Andrew Murphy, the distinguished President of St. Munchin's College, and of Rev. John Murphy, O.S.A., the latter of whom was also a student of Mungret College. (R.I.P.)

ROBERT A. O'BRIEN.—The sad news of the unexpected death at the early age of 25, of Robert A. O'Brien was a sore affliction to his relatives. We feel sure that all who knew him will deeply sympathise with them. He entered Mungret College as a lay boy, and matriculated in 1890, being then sixteen years of age. Some months after he went to San Francisco to join his elder brother who had been there for some years. Being intelligent, enterprising, and very steady, he got on remarkably well. He was an affectionate son and brother, and greatly liked and esteemed by all who knew him. He died at Monterey, Mexico, on October 9th, 1899. He had come there but a very short time previously to take up the important duties of Cashier of the Mexican Lead Company, one of the most important mining concerns of the Republic.

The *Monterey News* of October 15th, in a very sympathetic notice of his death, says:—"He complained of a severe cold after taking a swim at the baths on September 30th. Appendicitis supervened, which however, on Saturday, seemed to have left him, but the heart's action became very weak, and although everything possible was done he expired on Monday morning." May he rest in peace. We are sure that all his old friends and school-fellows will remember him in their prayers. (R.I.P.)

HENRY F. FLANAGAN was born September 13th, 1877, at Carrickmacross. At the age of fourteen he entered the Apostolic School, Mungret, to prepare for the New Orleans Mission of the Society of Jesus. On August 17th he sailed for Macon, Georgia. There, after the usual two years of novitiate life, he made his vows of religion, and continued to attend the rhetoric classes till the September of 1898, when he went to join the philosophers at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau. In the following spring, after a short illness, he passed peacefully and happily to

his reward. His death occurred on February 5th, 1899.

Amongst his letters is a beautiful and touching note, written in pencil but a very few hours before his death. His affection for his parents had ever been most tender, and now, when almost in his death agony, he writes to them, with weak and faltering hand:—

"To-day prayers for the dying were recited round my bedside, but I am still alive. It will be a miracle if I am cured. I am very happy, for whoever dies in the Society is saved. In Heaven I'll pray for you. Your loving son, "HARRY."

Such is the unpretentious history of a life which we have reason to believe was very precious in the sight of God. Henry's letters, many of which we have before us, breathe a spirit of piety and fervour which it is not easy to mistake. He had high aspirations and a noble ambition to do great things for the Master, to the promotion of Whose glory he had consecrated his life. God was pleased to accept a service of less than five years, and to take him to Himself in the freshness of his youthful fervour. (R.I.P.)

MICHAEL BRADY.—Of the two Apostolics who have lately left us, Michael Brady was the elder. He entered the Apostolic school in the August of 1895. Of true and solid piety, and patient and persevering industry, had God spared him he would, most probably, have reaped a rich harvest in the Master's vineyard. Just before the feast of Christmas, '98, Michael fell ill; no one suspected his indisposition to be more than a mere passing cold. He continued sick, however, during the Christmas holidays, and although at the opening of the new term he seemed to rally and began to go through the ordinary routine with his habitual punctuality and exactness, it soon became clear that his malady was very serious. Forced again to take to the weary bed of sickness his condition gradually became worse, and early in the year he was removed to Dublin in the hope that first-class medical skill would effect a cure. The doctors, however, holding out no hope of his recovery, Michael was taken to his home near the town of Cavan, County Cavan. There he lingered on with a patient, cheerful resignation, until the 16th of August, 1899. (R.I.P.)

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.—The other Apostolic student was Joseph O'Connor. He entered Mungret in the month of August, 1896. During the three years he spent in the College he endeared himself to all by his gentleness, innocence and good nature. Up to the very end of the scholastic year he seemed in perfect health, and when going home for the summer vacation, we little suspected that poor Joe was bidding a last farewell to us and to his Alma Mater. Early in July, the first symptoms of a dangerous illness appeared, and so rapid was the progress of the disease that on the 14th of August, the poor boy, worn out and emaciated, breathed his last. He had been a fervent member of the Sodality of the B.V.M., and was taken away to greet his Heavenly Mother on the glorious feast of her Assumption. Holy in life, holy in death, he now enjoys the hundred-fold promised by our Blessed Lord to those who leave all to follow Him. (R.I.P.)

EDWARD HORAN.—Born at Birr, April 21st, 1881, Edward Horan entered Mungret as a lay-boy in the January of 1896. His brother, the Very Rev. Patrick Horan, D.D., of Little Rock, Arkansas, had been a student in Mungret in the eighties; and in many ways, Ned seems to have resembled him; none was better liked, or more highly respected by the boys.

From the first it was believed by all who noticed the great piety and the singular purity of his life that God had marked him out for the priesthood; few, however, were aware that he had actually bound himself by vow to enter the Society of Jesus. In order to fit himself for the high calling to which he aspired, he applied himself to his studies with all his energy; the too severe strain of work produced a nervous prostration, and for several weeks he was confined to his bed in the early part of '97. His patience during this painful illness was most exemplary; he was hardly ever heard to utter a complaint, and when once asked how he managed to pass the dreary hours when reading was forbidden him on account of the weakness of his eyes, he drew his beads from beneath the coverlet and replied—"Very pleasantly, indeed, for I have always the best of company." In the following June he underwent a critical operation at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Dublin. This was followed by a fortnight of terrible agony, during which the slightest movement cost him exquisite pain.

Though he returned to the College in the September of '98, he never rallied fully from the effects of the operation, and at the Christmas holidays he bade a last farewell to Mungret. At home he became weaker every day, and was soon confined altogether to his bed. Towards the end he brightened up a little, and his friends began to hope. He himself, however, seems to have been aware that his hour was at hand, for on Monday, the 9th of February, though the doctors had declared there was no immediate danger, he expressed a wish to receive the Last Sacraments; he did so with the greatest devotion. The next night he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing; he then fell back exhausted into the arms of his sister who stood by his bedside, and soon his pure soul had winged its flight to God. The sad news created universal mourning at Mungret for his cheerful and winning manner—his gentle and charitable disposition had made him dear to the hearts of all. (R.I.P.)

MICHAEL JOSEPH FITZGERALD.—On last St. Patrick's Day Michael Joseph Fitzgerald, after an illness dating from the previous December, passed away at his home in Ballingarry, Co. Tipperary. He was born in 1883, and entered Mungret as a lay boy in the autumn of 1897. His career,

though short, promised to be an exceptionally brilliant one, for, though he commenced on an equal footing with the rest of his class, quickness and intelligence, joined to a steady application, soon placed him in undisputed supremacy. He was naturally of a very affectionate disposition, and so when he first entered college he felt even more keenly than is usual the separation from his friends. In his first letter home he endeavoured to give expression to his misery, but when it was hinted that this would give pain to those whom he loved, he immediately replaced the letter by another.

Those who knew Michael cannot but deplore his loss. Their grief, however, will be softened by the thought that he is now happy in the home of his Eternal Father. We may be assured, too, that the natural affection of that innocent heart has lost none of its warmth, and that the friends and companions of his mortal life are not forgotten now when he can help them so powerfully by his intercession before the Throne of God.

A few months later Michael's father followed him to the grave. We may well hope that Father and son are once more united, and await in loving confidence the time when those who now mourn their loss will be happy with them again forever. (R.I.P.)



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE: *Set forth in Sermons by the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport.* (Burns & Oates, London).

We believe we are rendering a service to the readers of THE ANNUAL by bringing under their notice this volume of sermons, entitled "The Light of Life," by the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport.

Taking up the book with the intention of casting a hurried glance through its pages, we soon found ourselves so charmed with its beauty of thought and style that we read through the whole series of sermons from first to last. This will sound high praise to those who, like ourselves, find the reading of an ordinary sermon anything but a labour of love.

In our judgment, all the elements of successful—and by successful we mean effective, profitable—preaching are to be found in these sermons. None but subjects of the first importance are treated of—the fundamental beautiful doctrines of our faith, which, when handled with ability, as they are in this volume, never fail to reach the heart. The following list will give some idea of the ground covered by these sermons:—"The Light of the World," "The Divine Gift of Faith," "God with the Children of Men," "Life Everlasting," "The Divine Union," etc.

These titles will be all the more appreciated when we remember that the sermons were delivered on those "special occasions" when many a preacher feels himself bound to deal with some transcendental subject, or with what he is pleased to call some "phases" or aspects of a subject,—phases and aspects which often fail to excite

any interest in the mind of the ordinary listener, or to appeal with any force to his heart. And, after all, what is the meaning of sermons which are beyond the mental range of the ordinary listener?

The development of these all-important subjects is truly admirable. Clearness of exposition, vigour, wealth of illustration, and an undefinable grace and freshness characterize every page. Indeed, the latter quality is utilised with so much skill and with so much effect that we forget we have been reading subjects with which we have grown familiar, and which in less gifted hands would awaken no strong or tender emotions. We venture to say that many a reader not unskilled in theological science will find he has acquired a clearer grasp of various important and interesting points of doctrine from a perusal of these sermons.

The language and style are of great beauty, and are sustained throughout the entire work. We cannot recall a single sentence that falls below a high level of literary excellence. The distinguished author is too much of a literary artist to allow his mastery of beautiful and graceful language to divert the attention of the audience from his subject. How many a sermon has its beauty marred by the absence of this self-restraint, by extravagant ornament, by long elaborate descriptions, which help in no way to the development of the thought, and which have a ring of unreality and insincerity fatal to effective preaching! We have sometimes heard sermons which have degenerated into mere literature, and that of no high order. True, the grace of the Holy spirit has been promised to accompany the words of the preacher, but only when he is preaching the Word of Life.

Among our readers are many whom God has chosen for the exalted office of preaching His truth, and in the not distant future. If from the perusal of this volume they realise how vast is the difference between sermons like those under review—the outpourings of a mind filled and permeated with the grand doctrines of our holy faith—and sermons compiled from books, we have not written in vain. In fine, we can conscientiously recommend this volume to our readers, and we venture to promise them from its study great pleasure and no little spiritual gain.

S. B.

STALKEY AND CO. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co., London.)

Critics must necessarily often strike the attitude of the Pharisee in the Temple, who raised his eyes to Heaven and thanked God he was not as other men. To English critics, where things other than English are concerned, this attitude comes quite natural. We Irish, however—I suppose because for several centuries we have had kind neighbours shouting our faults in our ears—are less completely wrapped up in our own perfections. Yet after reading this book we can, we think, allow ourselves the luxury of a little self-congratulation, and thank Heaven that we Irish boys are not like Mr. Rudyard Kipling's school heroes.

This picture of English Protestant school life reminds us, by the forcible contrast it presents to our present existence, that our boys, whose cruelty is tempered by some little conscientiousness, whose honour extends not merely to the strong but to the weak, whose pluck is ennobled by a dash of chivalrous sentiment, have grasped the importance of the qualities that prepare a man for something more than mere material success. Harmless twitting and humbugging are an agreeable spice to flavour our life; but spiteful hectoring and bullying and slandering from year's end to year's end would be a dish too hot for our palates.

Except for the names one could put these scenes of

school-life in any heathen or pagan community. Even there, and certainly in ancient Greece, there would have been some slight admixture of kindness and forbearance, some little leaven of good nature and "decency" to soften the rough and thoughtless style with which we boys treat each other. Surely, unless we are to admit that Christianity has been a woeful failure, we might expect that the principle of mere expediency, the love of contentiousness, the right of the stronger to crush the weak, the animal instinct of inflicting pain for pain's sake, might find their dominion questioned, occasionally at least, by the nobler claims of religion and conscience. But we can trace no suggestion of this in the book before us; we can find evidence of no virtue that is not commonly found in any gang of thieves or in any boat of smugglers. How much Mr. Kipling could learn from the chivalry of the pre-Christian Irish legends, not to speak of the nobler records of the mediæval knights!

In fact, Mr. Kipling has here shown us the training which produces his type of English hero—a type very despicable as compared with the now out-of-fashion heroes of England as Sir John Moore or Gordon, or with the noble line of France's heroes from Bayard to de Sonis, though perhaps not less redoubtable than these. His heroes are men whose whole worth is a splendid courage and energy (qualities which he eulogises as if they were peculiar to the nineteenth century of England's history), but who have no suspicion of the truth of Shakespeare's words—

"I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares do more is none."

Their measure of justice is the measure of their own strength; their idea of mercy and generosity is to spare the lives of those whom they hold as slaves, cowering beneath the flashing threat of their sabres; their idea of honour is to hold by each other in the face of the foe, and to regard their plighted word as sacred till it blocks the way to some further advantage. This book will help to explain the strange political morality of some great English statesmen of the day.

We should be most loath to grant that we have here a faithful mirror held up to the character of a most important section of English society, for we have the deepest respect for the high moral qualities of many English statesmen, whose voices at this moment are drowned by an unchristian and brutal clamour. Even granting, however, that it were a faithful picture, we are convinced that this book would be a harmful one for boy or man, and we would therefore protest against its claim to be a worthy representative of the best English literature, a claim widely asserted for it in these days.

Our strictures up to this are only directed against the tone of the book, against the models which Mr. Kipling holds up for the admiring imitation of his countrymen. For the purely literary qualities of the work we have nothing but the most unfeigned praise. In it are to be found in perhaps greater richness than in any other of its author's works the best qualities of his style, plenty of go and life and animal spirits, a rollicking though somewhat roughish fun, a most artistic development of intrigue, a subtle description of certain types of character—in the portrayal of individual character he here fails, Stalkey and his two young filibustering companions being the same character multiplied by three—half phrases that conjure up whole pictures, rapid colour sketches that seem to act immediately on the sight and sound and smell. But these fascinating qualities only render more hurtful a book inherently faulty and dangerous.

A word about the conversations in the book. Their slang is quite overdone. Boys speak English with plenty of slang intermixed; but no school slang is so rich that we could dispense almost altogether with our native language.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan. (Burns & Oates, London.)

One could wish that the severe criticisms passed on this remarkable novel could have been addressed privately to its author and not to the general public. Father Sheehan, we feel sure, will have profited by them, and his rare qualities, which, taken together, hardly any other English writer at present possesses in such a high degree, his lofty aims and ideals, his exuberant imagination, his wealth of language, his profound philosophy, his wide and serious erudition, his deep and original reflections in every sphere of human interest, his kindly sympathy with all sorrow and weakness encourage us to expect from his pen imperishable masterpieces that will win him one of the first places among modern Irish writers. Those who have been deterred from reading this novel by paying too much attention to the adverse side of the criticisms in the reviews and newspapers will not merely have missed much pleasure, but will, we fear, have formed an unjust prejudice against one of the most elevating and inspiring writers of the day.

COBBETT'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION

Revised by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. (Art & Book Co., London.)

We are very glad to see a cheap edition of this excellent book. A thoroughly reliable knowledge of the scandalous origin of the Protestant Church—no one need fear to quote the honest confessions wrung from this Protestant by his loyalty to the truth—will give Catholics in Ireland and England a strong ground and a proud bearing in answering the contemptuous sneers of their controversialist foes, wrapped up in the impenetrable pride of wealth and respectability.

WYNPORT COLLEGE. A Story of School Life. By Frederick Harrison. (Blackie & Son, London.)

This is a book of very mediocre interest. We doubt if a boy who had smuggled it into the study hall would not pitch it aside after ten minutes, and turn to his lessons in spite of the charm of forbidden fruit.

There is an Irish boy in it, introduced to us as follows:—"Pat was prodigiously strong—in fact, the strongest boy in the school, and at the same time the gentlest. He possessed all the excellent and characteristic traits of the true sons of the Emerald Isle. He was extremely good-natured and droll, without meaning to joke, and was always in trouble, as he said himself, through no fault of his own." We confess frankly—it is most immoral, no doubt, but please remember that our moral training is not finished, so there is hope for us yet—that we should have preferred if Mr. Harrison had described his Irish hero, as most Englishmen do, as cursed with a double dose of original sin rather than as a strong, good-natured simpleton. Our chief regret in reading about him is that there are not some boys of his type among us to form an interesting variety in our stock of characters, and our chief consolation is that our reputation is not likely to be damaged by a big circulation of the book before us. Mr. Harrison is evidently perfectly ignorant of Irish boys. Pat's language, or the small fraction of it which is authentic Irish idiom, would not be heard on the lips of any boy above the rank of a labourer's son.

WON BY THE SWORD: A Tale of the Thirty Years War. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie & Son, London.)

Mr. Henty will undoubtedly be saved from oblivion by the suffrage of boyhood. Every chapter in his numerous volumes appeals direct to the youthful soul. The present work is racy of adventure in camp and castle and court. Fact and fiction are therein admirably interwoven.

The facts are connected with the wars of Condé and Turenne. A midnight reconnoitre before the battle of Rocroi resulted in the discovery by Hector and his imp Paolo of a thousand ambushed Spanish musketeers. This event saved the army of Condé and secured to Hector the baronetcy and estates of La Villar. The defence of this castle against the revolted peasantry of Poitou is afterwards vividly described. The fiction is plentiful and oftentimes startling.

THE SIFTING OF THE WHEAT. By Miss C. M. Home. (Art & Book Co.)

This is a well-told story of a Catholic family in Elizabethan times. The author's spirit of sympathy and admiration cannot fail to move. The now very considerable literature devoted by Englishmen to the praises of those good grains amid the mass of chaff should surely urge us Irishmen to think more and to write more of that same dread winnowing which discovered no chaff in our land, but only good wheat.

THE CONDITION OF CATHOLICS UNDER CHARLES II. By the Comtesse R. de Courson. (Art & Book Co., London.)

This book in its original French form has been "crowned" by the French Academy, and is worthy of that honour. Madame de Courson is intimately acquainted with that disgraceful period of English history, and has given a truthful and interesting picture of it.

EXCHANGES.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following:—

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

The *Spring Hill Review* we are delighted to welcome, not only for its intrinsic merit, which is very great, but because we know that no small part of its excellence is due to the taste and high literary ability of one whom our own *Alma Mater* claims among the number of her past students. It is now rather late to enter on a detailed notice of this the latest, though far indeed from being the least, of the College Magazines. We have only to endorse the very high praise already bestowed on it in so many quarters, notably in the pages of the *Irish Monthly*.

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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 ambulacrum 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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