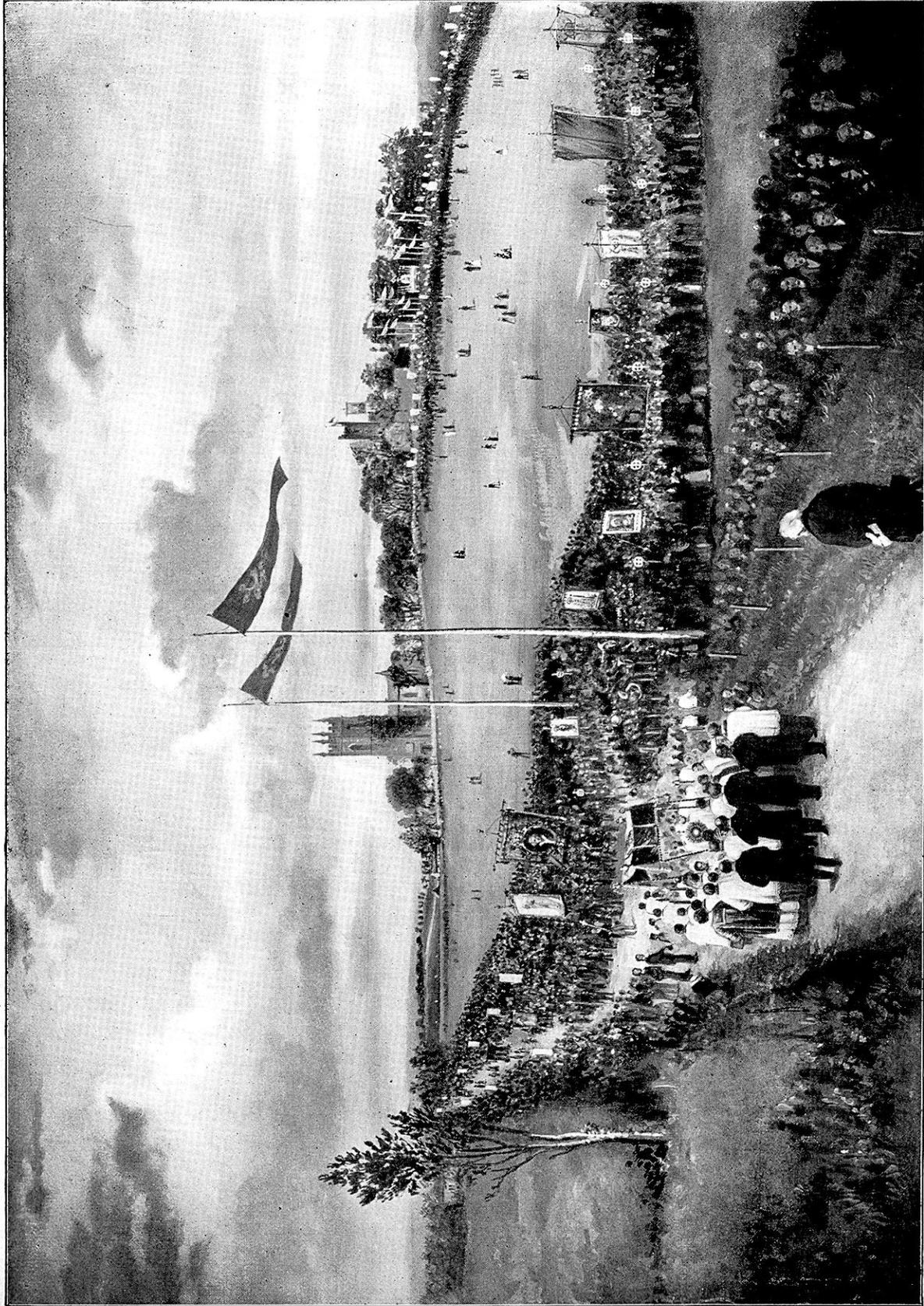


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[BY HENRY O'SHEA, LIMERICK



CHRISTMAS, 1900.

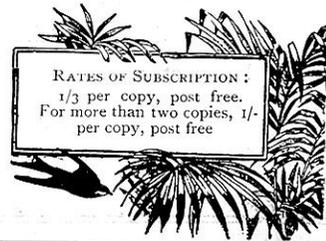


THE MUNGRET ANNUAL.

NO. 4.

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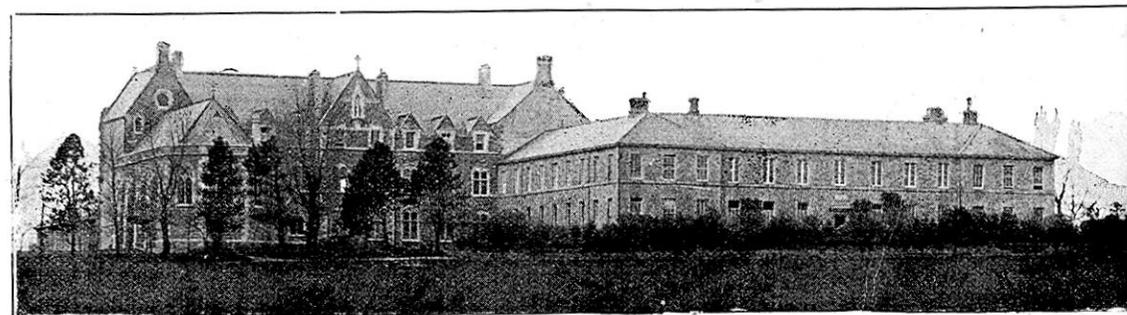
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THE MUNGRET ANNUAL

No. 4.

CHRISTMAS, 1900.

Vol. I.



Editorial.

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

TIME rolls on: yet a little while and the joyous, merry bells will ring in the dawn of another year,—another century. Even as he whose hair is white with the snows of many winters delights to dwell on the memory of the past, so we, too, love to linger over the joys and the sorrows of the year that is fast flitting by us; and find pleasure, too, in communing on them with many an old sympathetic friend.

Our joys were many and for them we are thankful. A very real, and with us an ever-recurring sorrow, is that caused by the parting with beloved and long-familiar friends. During the months that are gone by, we have given many a hearty hand-shake and wished many a fond farewell. Some of our departed friends are still in Ireland; whilst others, to whom the Master has given to choose the better part, have left all that the human heart holds dearest, to carry to far-distant lands the Faith of their Fatherland.

To all alike—to those near us, and to those who are far away, we desire that our little magazine should convey the *Alma Mater's* best wishes for a truly Happy Christmas, and a New Year rich in choicest blessings.



In response to an oft-expressed desire we are publishing in this number a list of the present addresses of those of our Past who are Priests or preparing for the Priesthood. The list is necessarily very incomplete, and mayhap very incorrect also. Needless to say we shall be very grateful to any one who finds it in his power to remedy either defect. Indeed our items about the Past, especially as regards the Lay-Boys, are so meagre that all bits and scraps of information about them will be ever most welcome at the *Alma Mater*.

Many and glowing accounts continue to reach us of the success of our Apostolic Students in their theological studies. We have been told that in the Ecclesiastical Colleges of Rome, of

Montreal, and of the United States, a spiritual and intellectual training far above the ordinary is now always looked for in the past students of Mungret. The result is already manifest in that rich harvest of souls which is being garnered by Mungret men in the missions of Canada, Australia, and the United States.

A very distinguished priest, and one who has had exceptional opportunities of observing, writes to say:—"There is a grand work before you in Mungret. I believe you have not yet realized what a power is in your hands. Yes, a greater power than any other work of yours in Ireland can offer. This is not merely my own individual opinion. I hear it emphasized all round me."

• • •

Turning to review the work which Mungret is doing at home, we find that in the University Examinations that she has repeatedly beaten the State-endowed institutions of Cork and Galway and that she holds the first place among the boarding Colleges which prepare for the Royal University. Moreover, Mungret has accomplished this, although her students do not enjoy the advantage of being prepared for the examinations by the examiners themselves; an advantage which is altogether independent of academic merit, and the deprivation of which is a serious handicap in the race for distinctions.

Even in the Mental and Moral Sciences, and in English, where, on account of the necessarily wide and indefinite nature of the courses, the advantage of being in touch with the examiners' views is of ultimate importance, Mungret has obtained, and is yearly obtaining, very high honours. Last year we secured the first place in Logic, having previously obtained a first place in English and the second place in Mental and Moral Sciences in the B. A. Examination.

• • •

A few words about the general matter of the Magazine will not be out of place here. Literary contributions from our past students in foreign countries are still very difficult to obtain. This we have no doubt is due in great part to the harassing and absorbing work which must ever fall to the lot of Missionary priests. Yet the latter should bear in mind how welcome their contributions will always be not only to the

Editor, but also to the *Alma Mater* and to their own fellow students at home and abroad.

In the articles supplied from home sources our principal aim has been to aid in bringing our present students into touch with those fascinating and inspiring historic memories with which the neighbourhood of the College is literally teeming. There is an ancient abbey within our very grounds; beyond the gates there is the site of a Templars' Monastery; while but a few miles in the distance and within full view of the College, Carrig Castle is still splendid in its ruins. Within easy walking distance we have Limerick, Doonass, Croom, and Adate. The latter in particular has been the favourite object of many a play-day walk. The natural beauty of its scenery is unsurpassed; while its memories of monks and martyrs, of princes and warriors should ever endear it to our Irish hearts.

"Why," writes a past student, "should all this be left dead and dumb to the young eyes and hearts of our boys? It is a crime to be walking daily over such holy ground, on so many fields of Ireland's best life, by so many monuments of her grand past, and yet be as cold, as indifferent, as responseless as the Turk who walks along the sacred way of Jerusalem."

• • •

To aid in disintombing those rich historic treasures, we have decided on offering a prize to our present students. BOOKS ON IRISH SUBJECTS to the value of *two guineas* will be given for the best historical essay on Mungret or its neighbourhood. The essay should contain between 2,000 and 3,000 words, and must be placed in the Editor's hands not later than May 1st, 1901.

• • •

Before concluding, the Manager has desired us to call attention as gently as possible to the fact that his treasury is far from inexhaustible. It was with the approval of many friends that we undertook the work of publishing THE ANNUAL. Now that it is well started, we hope that they will help us to see it through.

• • •

The four first numbers of THE ANNUAL handsomely bound in cloth—price, 5/-—ne may now be had on application to the Ed

A DEAD LANGUAGE DUEL.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

FYTTE II.

I.

THE dawn stooped low, and, blushing, kissed
From Shannon's breast the silvery mist,
In whose soft shroud all night he lay,
Which, dawn-dissolved, now melts away,
And Shannon in his glory lies!
Ah, me! a thousand longings rise

And, where thy waters kissed the sod,
A thousand temples rose to God,
And monks ten thousand praised His Name,
And schools unnumbered won the fame
Of "saints and scholars" for our isle
Till all thou lav'st is holy soil!

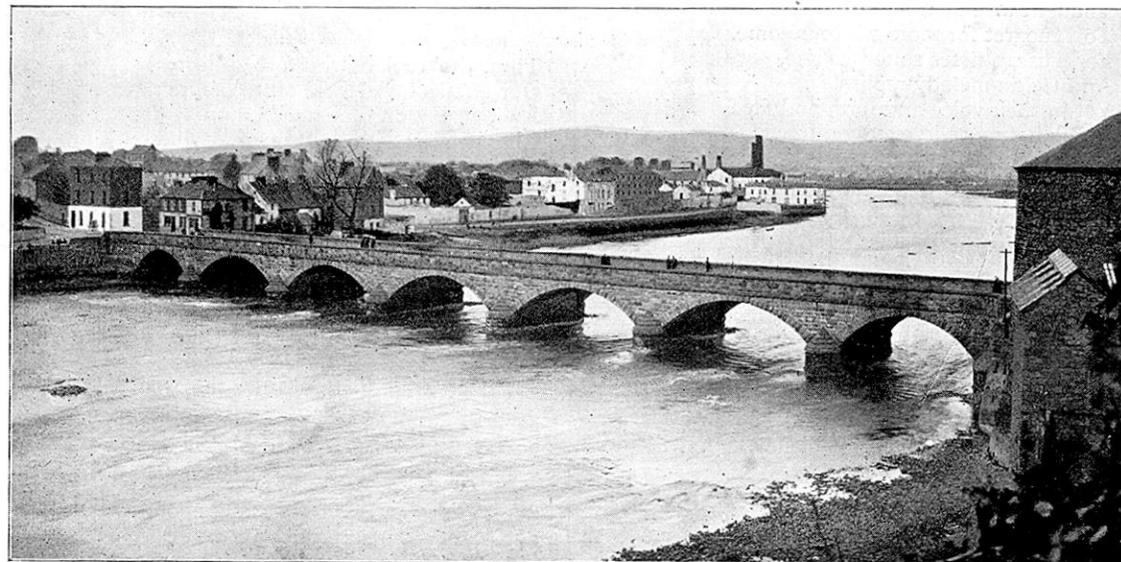


Photo by]

THE SHANNON AT LIMERICK.

[Lawrence, Dublin

Within my soul at thought of thee,
Thy glory and thy majesty
Th't won my heart when, oft of yore,
My young feet sought thy verdant shore.

II.

O giant youth of hoary years,
What tales of Erin's smiles and tears,
Her glories, sorrows, rise and fall,
Thy waves and banks and isles recall!
Danaan, Milesian swam thy tide,
And Fenian heroes camped beside,
And angels wafted Patrick's prayer
Per thee to bless the men of Clare.

Hence when the sunbeams on thy breast
Played sparkling round each wavelet's crest,
Methought: "Some artist angel paints
The halos of thy host of saints!"

III.

But, oh, thy griefs! The Masters Four
Record them in the floods of gore
That oft thy waters crimsoned deep,
Which seemed in tears of blood to weep
O'er school and shrine which flame and sword
Of Danish, Norman, Saxon horde
Had razed or ravished by thy shore.
But, praised be God, they rose once more!

Though tyrant's chains our limbs could bind,
They could not manacle the mind ;
And hence to-day doth Shannon's wave
Religion's schools and temples lave,
And men of Gaelic name and blood
Pray, learn, and teach by Shannon's flood,
As in the days when Cashel's wise
Came here to strive for classic prize.
So be 't till thou in flame shall glow,
And hostile sword arrest thy flow !

IV.

Dawn, brighter grown, her radiance shed
On many a wise and holy head
Of black-robed men, who stately walked
By Shannon's wave, and solemn talked
In sounds so strange that Limerick folk,
A-wondering at the words they spoke,
Thought wise men had from Greece or Rome
To Mungret for more wisdom come.
For Tuscan notes sonorous rise,
And Celtic melody replies.
Yet in their voice and form and face
The kindly Gaelic may you trace ;
And when Hellenic phrase they drop
At "*Dhe-a's Muire-geih*" and stop,
And "*Agus Phadraig*" add, all knew
Them Irish of the Irish too.
And Limerick's sons and daughters flock
To see the monks from Cashel's Rock,
And beg their blessing as they go
While praying for their overthrow.

V.

But on they march with solemn tread,
Discouring wise in language dead,
But living tones ; for argued they,
As Scotus once—*Erigena*
Who dealt hard dialectic knocks,
And Scotus Duns, more orthodox,
In metaphysics deep, and drew
From systems false ideas true,
And made each pagan sage a rod
Wherewith to scourge the foes of God.

VI.

And some with Plato's weapons fight,
While some defend the Stagirite ;
And, champions entering the lists,
Peripatetics, Platonists,
Loud rolls Hellenic eloquence,
Poured forth with Gaelic vehemence,
Till wrath in Greek began to rise,
'Then one with Gaelic humour cries,
Dispelling clouds from every brow :
"We're all Peripatetics now."
Whereat the monks spontaneous laugh,
Drop Classic Greek for Gaelic chaff.
And, fitting fast from gay to grave,

They mind them of the hosts of Maeve
That once were stayed nigh Shannon's wave
By brave Cuchullin at the ford,
Of soul more true than e'en his sword.
And some compare the bards who told
Cuchullin's feats in days of old
With Oisín, glorious son of Finn,
Nor fear to link, in equal claim,
Old Erin's bards with Homer's name.
And all declare the elders win
In majesty of Poesy.
And glory that, in pagan days,
Our poets' songs were Christian lays
In charity and chastity
And high-minded nobility :
Tonias' bard Achilles drew
Of lion's might—and manners too ;
Our bards conceived a noble plan :
Cuchullin was a gentleman.

VII.

Thus, tho' replete with foreign lore,
Our monks loved Erin all the more ;
And, gazing on the land they trod,
All gleaming with the tints that God
Had sprinkled over mead and knoll,
They feel His sunshine fill their soul,
And feast their eyes on wave and wood,
Then heavenward gaze : "Lord, Thou art good !"

VIII.

Now, nigh Ballinacurra's stream,
They see chaste Keltic crosses gleam,
And countless buildings all around
Like clustering hives bestrew the ground ;
And round tow'r tapering crowns the crest.
Here signs the Abbot all to rest.

IX.

We too should like to pause thereon,
Where oft we paused in days ago.
But let it pass. 'Tis all too sweet
To tread on, e'en with rhythmic feet !

X.

The father faced his children all ;
High was his mien, his stature tall.
The snow on beard and locks proclaim
His age ; not so his stalwart frame,
Grown upright like the soul within,
Ne'er oldened by the taint of sin.

XI.

"My brethren dear"—and as he spake
Each head was bare, each ear awake.
"We meet not far from yonder stream
Our Mungret friends in classic theme.
Now think you well how you shall speak
In tongue of Hebrew, Roman, Greek ;

Yet, that you serve a Master meek !
Hark not to passion's promptings then ;
Remember you are Christian men ;
Nor stoop to subtle, low device :
The fair and just are blessed thrice !
Yet manfully defend your right,
And strongly, boldly urge the fight.
Press on them—'*insta opportune*'—
Relentless, constant—'*importune*.'
Roll forth such streams of language dead
In torrents on each foeman's head,
Of what the pagans had of sooth,
All purified by Christian truth,
That Mungret, broken her defence,
And shattered by your eloquence,
Must needs declare that Cashel's skill
In language dead is living still ;
Nor jealous be that wise men flock
For Classic lore to Cashel's Rock.

XII.

"A trained and full and fertile mind
You each command. There shall you find
Triumphant strength ; but trust you most
In Father, Son and Holy Ghost !
Call Mother Mary to your side
And blessed Patrick and St. Bride,
And all the saints who sanctified
Our own dear home in ancient days :
Not yours but theirs be all the praise !

Then humbly but yet trustfully,
My children, march to victory !"

XIII.

But, hark ! the sound now strikes the ear
Of joyous song from men anear.
The monks glance toward those singers gay ;
Not men, but washerwomen they !
And while they wash they chant this lay :
"*Omnia bene, sine pœna,
Tempus est ludendi ;
Absque mora, venit hora
Libros deponendi !*"

XIV.

But soon their merry voices die,
Drowned by a beggarman hard-by,
Who, frowning on the women's mirth,
Chants words since sung thro' all the earth,
St. Sedule's, him of Irish birth :
"*A solis ortu cardine
Ad usque terrae limitem
Christum canamus principem,
Natam Maria Virgine.*"

XV.

The Cashel monks shrink back in awe
At what they heard and what they saw !
We too shall for a space withdraw,
And say, dear reader, *au revoir*.

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

BUNRATTY AND THE LAND OF TRADREE.

NORTHWARDS from the college grounds
the view is superb. Once seen it can-
not be forgotten. To the Shannon
bank, as our harriers are well aware, is little
more than a mile. The river itself is some 500
yards across. Beyond it are the Cratloe Woods
and the hills of Clare.

A few miles lower down, on the north bank,
stand the ruins of Bunratty Castle. The heavy,
square, gloomy old pile is vital with many memo-
ries—happy memories for us of many a pleasant
day spent on the waters of the river—memories,
also, for every Irishman—memories of glory and
of shame, which will carry him back up the
stream of time through seventy decades of years.

A line drawn from Limerick City to Ardsollus
will pass through Six-mile-bridge. The semicircle

described on that line as diameter will touch
the Fergus and the Shannon, include both Crat-
loe and Bunratty, and represent a territory known
in bygone ages as Tradree.

In sketching the story of Tradree we have a
document of surpassing interest to guide us. It
is known as the "Wars of Turlough," and was
written, in 1459, by John, son of Rory Magrath,
the hereditary bard of the Dalcassian Clans.

This work, which according to O'Curry stands
unrivalled, was ably summarised by Mr. T. J.
Westropp in the three articles entitled "The
Normans in Thomond," which in 1890-'91 he
contributed to the Journal of the Royal Society
of Antiquaries.

Long, long years ago, the fierce sons of
Thor and Odin landed on the shores of Erin.

They had conquered Saxon England, and now drove the Irish before them from the ocean to the Shannon. But one day they met a king, whose warriors routed the red-haired pirates and drove them back again from the Shannon to the ocean. Brian was the king, the Dalcassians were his warriors.

Two centuries rolled by. The Norman succeeded to the Dane, and once more, in 1276, we find the brave children of Cormac Cas engaged in deadly conflict with a foreign invader on the banks of their native river. Thomas and Richard de Clare, of the House of Gloucester, are matched against Turlough and Murtough O'Brien, of the race of Brian Boru. The Normans are battling for plunder and confiscation; the Dalcassians are fighting for the old home and the old sod. How it ended we shall see anon.

Pharisaical English historians, when describing the internal strife by which Ireland was so cruelly torn at this period, are wont to lift their hands in horror to the heavens. But a short excursion which we shall make into the pages of Lingard and Smollet, in search of the de Clares, will reveal a little of the dire discord which reigned at the same period on the other side of Saint George's Channel. The battle of Lewes was fought in 1264 between the Royalists headed by Henry of Winchester and the Barons, who were led by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester. Ten thousand English men were left upon the field—dying or dead. The king was defeated and fell with his son, Edward "Longshanks," into the hands of the victorious barons. Having thus annihilated the royal army, the barons began to battle among themselves. De Clare, who was jealous of the power and resentful of the arrogance of de Montfort, resolved to liberate the young prince.

On a delightful summer evening Longshanks rode, as usual, out of the town of Hereford. He was surrounded by his guards, among whom was Thomas de Clare, a young nobleman, brother to the Earl of Gloucester. Coming to a level piece of turf the young prince fell to comparing the horses of his attendants, and offering bets as to which of them was the fastest. Edward's own mount being but a sorry nag, his guards suspected no evil, and spent the whole afternoon racing merrily. Young de Clare, though mounted on a superb steed of surpassing swiftness, alone held aloof.

The sun was setting as they ascended a hill on the homeward journey. Edward, feigning himself weary, dismounted, and the others, glad to follow his example, descended in turn from their jaded horses. Suddenly, on the summit of the hill, there appeared a strange horseman,

who, on seeing the prince and his party, waved his plumed helmet in the air. Vaulting into the saddle of de Clare's beautiful charger, Edward waved a fond farewell to his astonished guards, and was soon with the Earl of Gloucester at the head of a royalist army.

In the battle of Evesham, which followed, de Montfort's forces were completely routed, his own body being hacked to atoms. Peace being thus restored to distracted England, Prince Edward took the Cross of the Crusader, and with a large army set out for the Holy Land, whence, however, the death of Henry of Winchester, necessitated his recall in 1272 to occupy the throne of England. Thomas de Clare had been the faithful companion of Edward ever since the day of the latter's escape outside the walls of Hereford. On their return from Palestine in 1274 his loyalty and devotion were generously rewarded by the young king.

The royal gift included the fair lands of Tradree, with 200 good oaks from the woods of Cratloe and the right to hold weekly markets as well as an annual fair at Bunratty.

In our day the Lord of Bunratty has only to label his luggage for Cratloe Station, where an obliging railway company will land him bag and baggage within two miles of his palatial home. It was otherwise in the middle of the thirteenth century. Well nigh a hundred years had passed since the landing of the Normans in Ireland, but no Norman Knight had yet set foot in Thomond. Magrath tells us that King Conor O'Brien, who reigned from 1242 to 1267, would not suffer one of that nation to inhabit even the size of the meanest hut in his flourishing kingdom. Unfortunately we shall soon see how a work which all the dauntless courage of the crusader was powerless to accomplish became but too easily feasible through the treachery of an Irish chieftain.

When Brian the Red usurped the crown of Thomond in 1267, we are told that Turlough, the rightful heir, then a child of fourteen years, escaped the clutches of his uncle and found refuge with the clans of O'Dea and MacNamara. There, beloved by all, noble-minded, kind-hearted, valiant as he was handsome, the boy-king grew to man's estate. In running and leaping, in rowing and racing, in the use of sling and spear, of sword and shield, he surpassed all the youths of Clancullen. With the chiefs he became a favourite for his bravery, with the clergy for his innocence, and with the children for his mildness. The Bards found in him a willing and devoted listener; from them in turn he learned to cherish the beautiful legends, the pathetic songs and the heroic traditions of his people.

Among his comrades there was one whom he loved more than all the rest: for in the heart of Coveha MacNamara the boy-king had found no guile, only valour, truth and loyalty. Together they grew to manhood. Together they proved their manhood in the field. They were foremost in the foray. They were best and bravest in the battle.

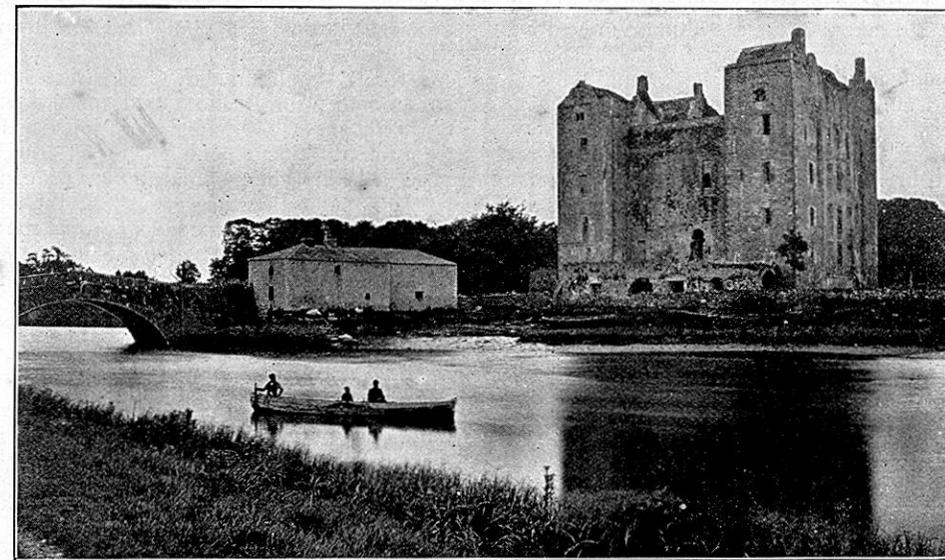
Early in 1276 Turlough advanced against the usurper. The latter fled at his approach, leaving the youthful chief in possession of his ancestral home and dignity.

De Clare, who had married the daughter of the Desmond Fitzgerald, was now at Cork. Hastening southwards Brian met and formed an alliance with the Norman noble. The deposed

what his treacherous ambition would cost to his kith and kin, but little did he dream of the fearful fate which awaited himself at the hands of that very man whom he was about to lead into the heart of his native land.

Late one evening during the closing days of 1276 the allies mustered their forces at Thomondgate in Limerick. In the dead of night they sped along under the woods of Cratloe and fell at early dawn on the royal palace of Clonroad (Ennis.) Turlough was absent in Moyarta and Carrigaholt. His adherents taken completely by surprise fled into the woods and mountains which overhang Lough Derg around by Killaloe and Scariff.

De Clare was now planted in Tradree as



BUNRATTY CASTLE.

monarch could count on the support of the O'Briens of Ara and the O'Gradys of Thomond. De Clare would be backed by the Desmond Fitzgeralds and the Butlers of Ossory. Together they hoped to crush the forces of Turlough when the Norman would secure his royal oaks, and Brian would regain his lost crown.

Their treaty was ratified in a most solemn manner. They swore fidelity to one another on the most sacred relics of Munster, and as a further token of their indissoluble friendship they mingled their blood in the same cup and partook together of the same consecrated host. The alliance, however, was an unnatural one, and like all such unions it was not blessed, but rather cursed in heaven. Brian may have foreseen

securely as Edward of England and Brian of Thomond could make him, but the crafty Norman knew that his title-deeds were not worth the paper on which they were written. He was full well aware that before a year had passed his possession of Tradree would depend alone on the strength of his own right arm. Accordingly he built for himself the powerful castle of Bunratty, which remains to our own day a splendid specimen of the Norman-Irish military keep. Magrath describes it as a thick-walled castle of lime and stone, a sheltered impregnable fortress, founded by de Clare at the clear-harboured mouth of the Ratty.

Turlough had retreated northwards from Moyarta, along by the Atlantic coast into Burren

and Corcomroe. To rid his country of the hated foreign foe was now the young chief's proud ambition. Soon the war cry of the O'Briens, "Lamh-Laidir-Aboo," resounded far and wide from Cratloe to the Cliffs of Moher. The O'Deas of Dysart and the O'Kellys from far away Hy Many forgetting their mutual feuds made common cause with the O'Loughlins of Burren and the O'Conors of Corcomroe. But during all that troubled time Turlough had none to aid him as good, as noble, and as true as Coveha MacNamara, who came to his chieftain's aid backed by all the vigour and the valour of Clancullen.

A year and more had elapsed before Turlough ventured to oppose his light armed Irish against the trained and armoured soldiers of De Clare. They met at Maghgreasin. Overnight the Dalcassians had taken up their position on a gently descending slope. It was well chosen. The dark woods in the background would afford them a secure retreat, while in front a morass which was partly concealed by some marshy meadows might easily prove a death trap to the foe. At break of day the Holy Sacrifice was offered up on a temporary altar erected in their midst. On bended knees they begged of God to bless their coming struggle. When Mass was over Turlough advanced to the foot of the altar and after a moment spent in prayer turned to address his people.

He had on a scarlet tunic which descended to his knees and over it a splendid coat of mail. Around his waist was a saffron coloured belt with chased buckle, and in it was his dirk, strong in the point, wide in the blade, thick backed with a decorated handle of white hazel. His keen-edged sword, deeply fluted, and with a golden hilt, hung in an enamelled sheath which was girded at his side. A mantle of finest silk was fastened on his breast by a beautiful brooch. Close beside him stood Coveha, bearing the chieftain's dark blue shield upon his arm. In his left hand he held a shining helmet, and in his right the thick-shafted, solid-riveted great spear.

Turlough's blue eyes sparkled with excitement. He reminded his people of the days of long ago, when Brian Boru and their heroic forefathers had crushed for ever the might of the murderous Danars. Spell-bound, they listened long to his impassioned words. How their breasts must have heaved; how fiercely must the blood have throbbled through every vein, when with a mingled smile of bitter scorn and indignation he pointed to the degenerate traitors in the plain below! Brian Roe and his Irish allies were coming along in the rear of the Norman host, winding over the plain like the folds of some

hideous serpent. "Behold them," says Turlough, "see how they advance under a hostile banner, to tear like vipers the bosom of their mother country, to shed the blood of us, their kith and kin, that they may humble our common country beneath an alien yoke."

Now, wafted on the morning breeze, came the Anglo-Norman war cry, "For St. George and merry England." Loudly and triumphantly did the Dalcassians respond with a wild "Lamh-Laidir-Aboo." Onward they came—the flower of the Norman's force with their dancing plumes and waving pennons; their dark war-steeds speckled with flakes of snow-white foam; themselves a sea of spears and helmets that flashed and glittered in the morning sun. De Clare was at their head, and by his side rode the heir of Desmond, Maurice Fitzgerald. Onward over the brook they came, and plunged saddle-deep into the treacherous morass.

Strike now, children of Cas! strike straight, strike home, for freedom and for fatherland! Shower after shower of glittering javelins flew from the hillside and plunged into the seething mass below. The Norman nobles winced and writhed under that murderous hail. Then like the fierce roll of an impetuous torrent the Irish were upon them. The spears of both were shivered by the shock. The legs of the entangled war horses were speedily hamstrung. Foot to foot, sword to sword, shield to shield, long and furiously the warriors fought. They cut, and thrust, and hacked and hewed until the clasps and buckles and fastenings of the Norman mail were rent and lost in the marsh, and the green and white and purple tunics of the Dalcassians were stained by mud or red with gore. With a mighty blow of his gleaming battle axe, Coveha cleft in twain the skull of the Desmond Fitzgerald. Turlough was ever to be found fighting fiercely in the foremost rank. At the sound of his cheery voice rising clear above the clash and din of battle, the courage of his men rose high, their valour and their daring increased, until at length the allies had been driven to the brook, whence they broke and fled in headlong flight back to Bunratty.

Gentle reader, we have thus assisted together at a fierce and bloody conflict which was brought about by the treachery of an Irish chieftain, but, alas! the sun has not yet gone down on that day of dishonour. Follow those fugitives back to Bunratty, and before the shades of night have fallen you may assist within its accursed walls at one of the direst deeds that have ever darkened the pages of a nation's story. The tale is fully authenticated. It is recorded in the annals of Innisfallen, of Clonmacnoise, and of Lough Ce. Moreover, it was quoted as an example of

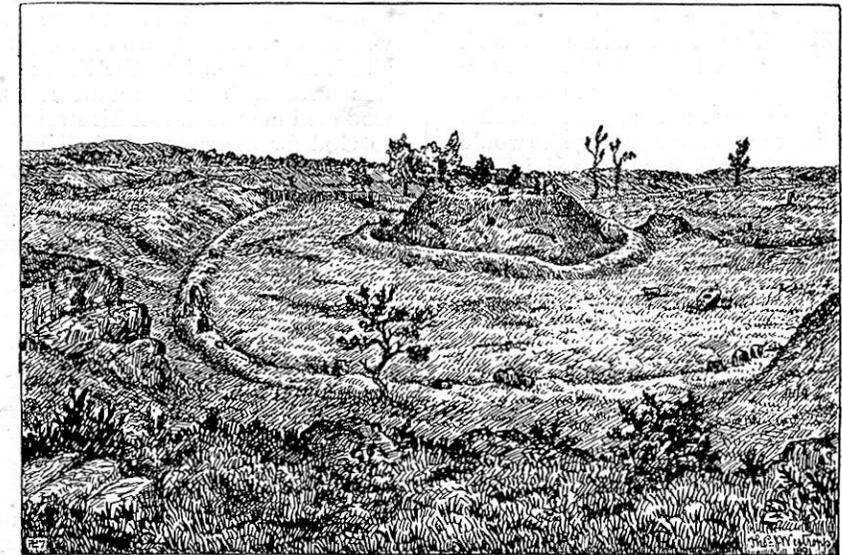
England's perfidy in the famous letter which O'Neill sent to Pope John XXII.

I shall not dwell on the revolting details. Brian Roe and de Clare were seated at dinner within the great hall of Bunratty, when de Clare's wife entered, and denounced Brian as the sole cause of her brother, Maurice Fitzgerald's death. The unfortunate king was seized and dragged from the hall. They bound him between horses, which pulled him asunder limb from limb. His mutilated head was then severed from his body, and the mangled corpse suspended by the feet from a gallows—a trophy to the Norman's prowess! a monument to the chivalry and hospitality of his race!

On Brian's death de Clare made overtures to Turlough, but the latter scorned every offer which came from the perfidious murderer of his kinsman. Not so the child of the murdered man. Donough, Brian's own son, came forward and declared that he was willing to clasp in friendship the hand which was still reeking with his father's blood.

At that fell meeting within Bunratty's walls I shall not ask you, gentle reader, to attend, rather let us follow in the footsteps of Turlough, who now hastened to Magh Adhar, there to be inaugurated King of Thomond.

Some few miles to the north-west of Ard-sollus, on the bank of the Hell river, Adhar,



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MAGH ADHAR FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

[of Thos. J. Westropp, Esq.]

Sixty decades of years have come and gone since Donald O'Neill penned the following lines in his letter to Pope John XXII.: "The hatred produced by the murder of our fathers, our brothers, and our kindred, will not be extinguished in our time nor in that of our sons." His words were prophetic. Quite recently the Right Honorable Arthur Balfour complained in the House of Commons that the Irish people can neither forgive nor forget. This much at least is true that we *have* neither forgiven nor forgotten. It would, indeed, be hard to obliterate the memory of the sad pictures with which England has so copiously illustrated our nation's story. As to forgiveness—even God himself will not forgive the unrepentant sinner.

the last of the Firbolg chiefs, was buried. Over his grave there was raised a large flat-topped mound some 20 feet in height. The summit of this mound is the historic spot on which for centuries the Kings of Thomond were installed.

On the morning of the appointed day the sun shone forth in all its summer splendour. In each oaken tree and hazel bush the little birds poured forth their joyous melody. Heaven and earth seemed anxious to unite in the happiness of the clansmen, who were gathering in their thousands to the plains of Magh Adhar. At mid-day, when the surrounding plain was all aglow with the many coloured mantles of warriors and bards, the king-elect ascended the green grassy slope of

the mound, and stood erect upon its summit in all the glory of his regal manhood. The blue eyes of the Dalcassians flashed loyalty and love as they gazed on their youthful monarch. Standing there before his people Turlough displayed to full advantage—

“The flowing golden hair and comely face,
The tall majestic form of peerless grace,
That showed him sprung from Brian's exalted race.”

Coveha's father, Sioda MacNamara, chief of Clancullen and hereditary marshal of Thomond, was at the king's right hand, and on his left stood the chief bard, clad in a long flowing mantle which was beautifully worked in six different colours. To the bard fell the pleasant task of recalling to the king-elect the ancient glories of that race whose destiny he was now to guide. The king then advanced, and, addressing his people, told them that henceforth their liberty would be dearer to him than his own very life; that their customs he would maintain inviolate, and their prestige he would preserve intact. Sioda here placed in the hands of the youthful monarch a straight white wand. It was a symbol of what his conduct ought to be—straight and stainless. Holding the wand in his right hand, the king walked around the summit of the mound so as to view his newly-acquired dominions towards the North and South, towards the East and West.

The inauguration ceremony being thus concluded, the chiefs retired into the pleasantly cooling shade of the giant oaks, where they played at chess. The more youthful among the warriors engaged in matches of hurling, or challenged one another to run, to leap or to cast the spear. The afternoon passed away merrily, and with evening came the great banquet which was succeeded by song and story, the softly-soothing melody of the harp, and the pleasant tales of bardic lore. Those were happy days, but even then the struggle of centuries had commenced. The Norman was in the land, and with his mailed fist he was slowly crushing a nation's life.

Soon after the great day at Magh Adhar, the newly-elected monarch collected his forces and marched against de Clare. They met at Tulla. The Normans were again defeated, and fled the field in all directions, while the conquerors, marching onward, laid waste the fair lands of Tradree, and under the very walls of Bunratty forced de Clare to pay eric for the murder of Brian Roe, to renounce Brian's son, and to acknowledge Turlough as king of all Thomond. The humiliated Norman departed to look after his English estates.

“Coveha of the fierce steeds spoiled Tradree,
Bunratty's town of high-built houses sacked;
He burned with fire Bunratty's level plain,
Till proud de Clare agreed to leave the land.”

Having thus rid his country of the foreign invader, and being anxious to spare his people the horrors of a civil war, Turlough offered to make peace with Donough.

They met in 1284 on the banks of the Fergus. Donough was so well drunken of mead as to be very noisy, and soon gave the king to feel the rough side of his tongue. When returning from the river bank some of Donough's own friends, who were disgusted at his violent and bitter words, laid plans for his capture. Donough, perceiving their intent, turned and fled. He was followed; his steed was slain, and the unfortunate Prince, who was himself severely wounded, plunged with all his armour on into the Fergus. The river was swollen by the recent rains, and the wounded man soon lost his strength. Calling to God for mercy, so that all his foes heard him, he raised his hands to heaven and was swept under by the current.

Bunratty continued to be garrisoned by English soldiers, but de Clare, who returned in the early days of August, 1287, was killed on the 29th of the same month in a pitched battle under the walls of his stronghold. A blow from the king's massive battle-axe had crashed through the Norman's armour and cloven his shoulder at the neck.

Turlough was now undisputed monarch of Thomond, and we are told that the power and authority to which he thus attained were wielded with a sagacity and success which made his reign one of almost unsurpassed glory, prosperity, and happiness for Thomond.

Magrath declares that the latter years of Turlough's reign may be regarded as the golden age of Clare. The elements themselves seemed to share in man's happiness, and the yellow fields vied with each other in the weight of grain they bore.

While still in his teens Turlough had been a great favourite with the clergy. The friends of his youth were not forgotten in the day of his triumph. The Franciscans of Ennis have left on record a glowing account of his generosity and kindness. Their magnificent abbey, which was founded by King Conor's father in 1242, and completed by Conor himself in 1247, was further enriched and enlarged by Turlough in 1305. The splendid stained glass windows and many of the costly vestments which the abbey possessed were due to the lavish generosity of Turlough. To-day the beautiful ruins of that ancient abbey bear

witness to the impiety of the iconoclast, as well as to the faith and sanctity of the kings of Thomond. In 1577 the sacred edifice was converted into a barrack for the Elizabethan soldiery; its lovely windows were shattered, its jewelled shrines were trampled under foot, and its gorgeous vestments exposed for sale in the market-place. Wandering through those arched aisles tapestried with ivy, or treading the lonely silent chapel, we feel that the very dust beneath our feet is vital with many memories,—memories of piety and perfidy—the piety of one people and the perfidy of another.

In the summer of 1306 Turlough passed quietly away, and a month later, on the feast of the Assumption, Coveha followed his beloved monarch to the grave. In the abbey of Ennis they lie buried side by side.

Two of my best friends are gone, but I have another left with two enemies for him to crush. Murtough, the grandson of Turlough, is described by my historian as a handsome, ruddy-cheeked, dark-haired young prince—the peer of Hector. “As the mountains overtop the plain so,” says Magrath, “did Murtough overtop the warriors.” Of his two enemies, one was Dermot, the son of that unfortunate chieftain who perished in the Fergus, and therefore, the grandson of the murdered Brian; the other was Richard de Clare, the son of Sir Thomas.

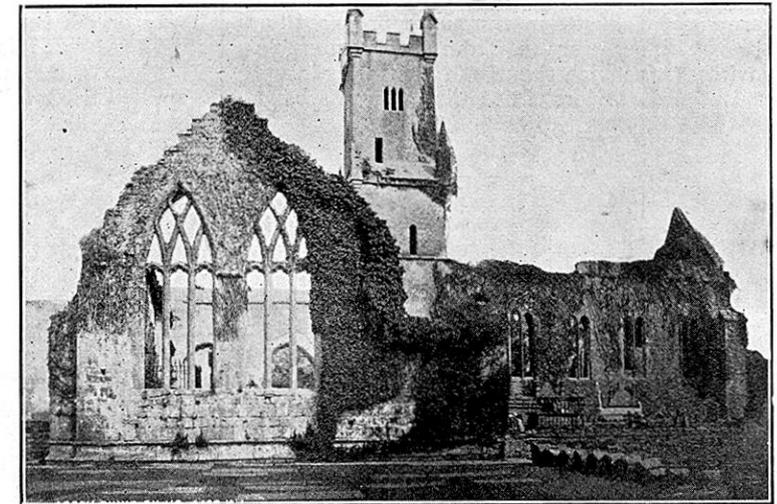
When Murtough succeeded to the throne in 1310 he was attacked by Dermot at Rockforest, whence, after a short sharp skirmish the aggressor escaped to “level-floored Bunratty to keep close company with de Clare.” Two years later Dermot was taken ill, his limbs continuing to swell frightfully, till, as the historian graphically puts it, “death parted him and his disease.”

Richard de Clare lived on till Murtough finally crushed him at Dysertodea in 1318. The Norman power in Thomond was then completely uprooted and the name of de Clare disappeared forever from the pages of Irish story.* Mr. Westropp claims for the battle of Dysertodea a place among the decisive battles of the

Empire. It secured for Thomond an independence of 200 years, and is well worthy of some record here.

De Clare had demanded the surrender of a portion of Murtough's dominions, and to settle the disputed question a conference was held at Limerick. The king refused to surrender a tittle of his territory, with the result that war was declared by the Norman noble.

Murtough and his men retired by moonlight through the Cratloe woods, while de Clare, favoured by the moonlight and high tide, returned by the river to Bunratty. Once more the battle cry of the Dalcassians resounded from Scariff to Loop Head. The sympathy and help of the O'Gradys and Clan



RUINS OF FRANCISCAN ABBEY, ENNIS.

Brian were with de Clare, but the heroes of Clancullen, the O'Deas of Dysert, and the O'Conors of Corcomroe were all on the side of the king.

Setting out from Bunratty, de Clare crossed the Fergus on the evening of Wednesday, May 10th, 1318. During the passage of his troops the Norman's attention was attracted by a hideous hag, who was busily engaged in

* The name “Clare” was not substituted for “Thomond” till about the middle of the 17th Century. It is derived, not from the de Clares, but from a ford of the Fergus, called “*Clar-atha-da-Coradh*.” After Dysertodea the name of de Clare occurs, I think, only once in the Annals of Ireland. In Archdall's “*Monasticum Hibernicum*,” we are told that in 1319, when Peter was Prior at Adare, one Friar Gilbert de Clare was accused of taking by force and violence goods and chattels of the said Prior Peter to the value of 100 shillings!

washing a pile of blood-stained garments in the waters of the river. Approaching, he accosted her. "I am Bronach," she replied, "and I sometimes abide in the fairy hills of this land, but my abode is among the dwellers of Hell, whither I invite you."

On Thursday morning, when about a mile from Dysert, de Clare perceived some of the O'Deas driving a herd of cattle off the high road over a bridge and down along a boreen, which crossed the marshy lands in the direction of Ballycullinan Lake. He despatched a party to head them off, but the O'Deas defended themselves so vigorously that de Clare, who was impatient at the delay, resolved to go in person to the assistance of his men. Followed by the flower of his force, he galloped down the laneway, and thus separated from his main army, was caught in the snare prepared for him by his cunning foe. From the innumerable dykes with which the marshy land was intersected the warriors of the Clan O'Dea sprang

forth in thousands. Some ran to defend the bridge, while the rest fell with merciless onslaught upon their victims. The entrapped Normans made a terrible struggle, but all in vain. Within a few moments de Clare and his son, with some eighty of their noblest followers, had been cut down. Meanwhile the main army had stood motionless and silent, gazing with awe upon the dismal tragedy. They were so intent on watching the awful death-struggle in the marshes as to be ignorant of their own impending doom.

Steadily and silently O'Connor of Corcomroe had crept with his men upon their rear, and then with a wild "Lamh-Laider-Aboo" fell upon the leaderless host. Only a few escaped to carry the dread tidings to Bunnatty, whence de Clare's wife fled at midnight. Her way across the waters of the Shannon was lighted by the flames of that Norman stronghold to which with her own hands she had applied the torch. J. C.



Sgáclán Oiríche Seimhíú coir na Teinead as Mungairte.



Níor lonnuiúg rólar géal zríne an seimhíú talaíh bán bhuirg bhuaié na Sion-ainne an Lá úo. 'Fead 'n lae go léir bí gaoé fuair zríán'oa ríar ó éuaró ag réirdead nac n'oeapnairó aét ríoc líac nah-oiríche roimh rin do éromuzaó a'p'oo éruaóuzaó. Air an aóbar rin buró Lá é 'na mberídead ríuaá zgaat air a' luét boét oibre bí ag cruídead in rna páirceannairó nó timcíoll na m-bótar. Níor mír'oe leó mar g'eall air rin 'n uair éainis tuicim na h-oiríche a'p' am r'zoih; mar ann roin b'féir'oe leó fuacé a'p' ainm'oe na h-oibre a'ap'ruaá air éap a o-tinnceán féin nó air z'reannm'apac tíge an t-peanóuir. Níor b'iongnadó air an aóbar rin zur bairí z muint'oe a' baile bíg Mungairte, beag nac go léir, arcead 1 o-tí z pá'oeap'oe de búirca an tráéhnóna rin. Bí pacad éap'uirde ann a b'oir ag im'oe; agur 'na bóair rin ná raib buairóte ag an tí z reo air a z-ceap'oeáin féin, mar áit in a b'paz'pá z a'h-aon r'geal nuad a bí ag im'ceadé? Ná bídead teime álainn 1 z-comnuirde ann a'p' áit le paz'áil agur páilte mar b' ead air éatáoir, air r'óil nó

air a m-bóiró nó air a' 'recl' nó air z'lín uaine eile? Agur na laeéanta úo go h-áiríte, ná raib r'geal'oe ir feárr 1 Mumain, Tomár Ua Ceallaig ó Contae an Cláir air cuairt 1 b-roáir pá'oeap'oe, agur ná buairt Míceál Ua Sionnacáin a' maiz'oeap'oe r'geale náir airí z féin roim'oe 'na páozal uaine ag a raib níor mó feara aige, ní hé amáin air rean-r'gealtair na h-éir'eann 1 otaoib Oirín ar tíre na h-ó z, na b'fiann, an z'obáin Saoir, aét p'oe ar r'gealtair na n-aim'p'oeap'oe n'oeap'oe 1 b'pao 'na óiaró rin, 'nuair oo bí néalta buba na zcozaó an, oólar, agur na himz'reime ag epomaó ór cionn ar o'tíre mí-á'om'ap'oe.

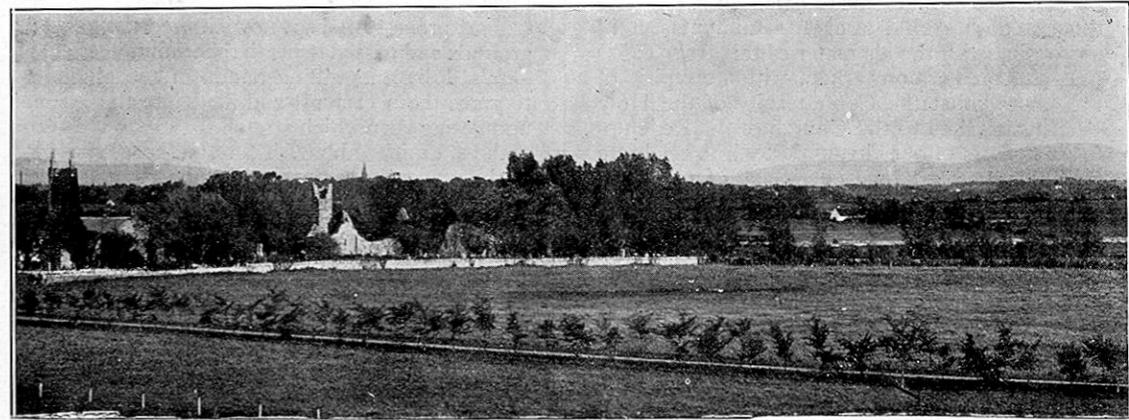
An tráéhnóna ro ar a b'p'uil'oe ag tráét, oo éuaró an r'geal timceall Mungairte go zcait'p'ead Tomár beir ag tr'iall leir ar maroim. Níor b'iongnadó mar rin zur bairí z muint'oe an baile bíg go léir arcead 1 o'tí an búirca z, níor b'iongnadó rin aét oir'ead ná raiz aon nead ar na cáir'aróib.

"Nac uac'bárac r'puaá an ruo rin oo baín oon b'p'ap'oe boét úo ar Contae Loca z'ap'máin éall ann pain tap éir cozaó na

bliaóna '98," ar ré, ag iontóó oon maiz-oeap'oe r'geale. "Cá a r'oeap'oe go léir ar an r'geal rin?" "O'air'geamair tráét éirgin air, aét ní fuil aon r'oeap'oe ceap'oe againn ar cionnur oo éuit ré amad, agur ó fuair mo rean'at'air b'ap', n'oeim'oe Dia tr'oeap'oe air, ní fuil aon nead 'pan mbaile, a tíoc'p'ad leir eolar ceap'oe oo éabairt oúinn air."

"Ní p'ada an r'geal é," ar Tomár. "Ir am'laró oo bí re. Lar mber'oe buairóte r'z'p'oeap'oe oo luét an tír-z'p'aró ag Cnoc Vinegar, r'oeir na buacáil'ib boéta, raib íacáil oóib teit leó, bí aon fear amáin ann, oarb ainm Séamap Ua Úrian. 1 o'oeap'oe oo rinne ré íar'p'acé cur de ó p'oeir Láirze, aét bí an luét raiz'altair ro-áir'eac oó.

aó ré a'oeir ar ar'oe amad ar na rean-fuinneoz'ap'oe. Aon Lá amáin, an uair oo bí ré ag réacáin amad agur ag caint le Máire Ní Coécláin, oo-éonnaic rean'p'az'oeuir, bí 'na éom'nair'oe éall ann pain é. Bí a r'oeap'oe aige ar an móim'oe, 'oe an éuir bí Séamap ann. Óa mían leir an m'oeadé ro roim'oe air'z'io o'p'az'áil oá b'ap'ra, ar mar rin níor r'ead ré nó go n'oeacáiró ré arcead oon mbaile móir, ar zur innir ré oo éair'oein na r'az'oeuir a r'geal. Éainis ceir'oe céad ar ceir'oe r'oeiró aca amad, ar bí r'onn aca íao féin oo éur timceall air an áit, aét éonnaic Séamap íao ag teacé, agur ro éum r'ubail é éom' meap ar bí aige. Níor b'p'ada go b'p'ac'oeap'oe é, agur reo 'na óiaró



sean-máimisteap'oe mungairte.

Cum íao oo meallaó, éainis ré arcead 'na zc'ionn, é féin oo óeanaíh ruar 'na mínaoi oéir'oe agur tr'iall leir go luimneac. Má raiz'ad ré leir é féin oo éur 1 b'p'olac 1 n-áit éirgin le h-air luimniz, tíoc'p'ad leir, b'féir'oeir, 1 zc'ionn r'z'acáin' o'ul ar bóiró luimze agur teit leir zur an b'p'ainc, nó go Sapana Nuad. Níor b'p'ada go raib a r'oeap'oe aige zur baozal oo in'oe an zca'oeap'oe, agur go mb'feap'oe é 1 b'p'olac 1 n-áit éirgin leac 'r m'iz' de. Óo éuir cap'ra, oo bí aige 1 luimneac, rean-máim'oeap'oe Mungairte 'na aig'nead, agur éainis re ann. Bí ór cionn tr'í reacétmáin cair'oe aige ann, ar bí ré ag co'p'ruzaó beir éom' oána rin, ar go b'p'ead-

íao. "Óo bí ré ag léim tap élaró 1 b'p'ejim Tomár Uí Séaz'óa, 'nuair raiz r'geac nó oir'p'oeoz ar éoir air, agur éuit ré go tr'iom éum tal'mán. O'éir'iz ar'oe aét bí ré bacac ar bí éuro maíé aim'p'oe caillte aige, ionnur go o'áir'z'ac'oeap'oe ruar leir go luac, agur éall ann pain láim leir an z'p'oeap'oe, ré rin z'abal oá bó'oeap'oe, r'z'aoil ceann oo na r'az'oeuir'ap'oe leir a z'unna, éuir ré r'ileir tr'ío a é'p'oeir'oe, ar láim'iz ar baill é."

"Óa uac'bárac obann an b'ap' é," ar bean an tíge.

"Ó'feap'oe leir céad uair b'ap' o'p'az'áil mar rin, ná beir'oe ep'oe'oe, mar bead ré go cinnce, oá mb'p'ap'oeap'oe air" ar Tomár.

leacáin saillze.

A GLORIOUS DAY IN JUNE.

THE frontispiece of the present number of the ANNUAL will recall to many of our readers a religious ceremony of surpassing beauty. In many Catholic lands it is the practice of the Church to celebrate those special days of public prayer known as the Rogation Days by solemn religious processions. How this and many other beautiful ceremonials—the outward expression of our faith—disappeared in our own country before a persecution the most cruel and long-continued that has stained the pages of history is too sad a theme to dwell on here. The thought of it would awaken sentiments but ill in keeping with the character of this journal.

It was in harmony, then, with the spirit of the Church that the Confraternity of the Holy Family, attached to the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers of our city, undertook to celebrate the Rogation Days by a pilgrimage of prayer to Mungret Abbey on that memorable Sunday in June, 1886.

And what happier choice could have been made for the term of this pilgrimage than those hallowed ruins—the theatre of so much religious glory in the past? Doubtless, too, many members of the Confraternity rejoiced at a choice which afforded so solemn an occasion of sending up to Heaven a fervent prayer for the many generations of their holy and beloved dead who sleep their last sleep beneath the shadow of Mungret's venerable ruins.

The spectacle presented by the vast procession as it wound its way over the league of distance between the Redemptorist Church and the ancient abbey was imposing in the extreme, and could not be witnessed without a thrill of deep religious emotion. Five thousand members of the Confraternity took part in the ceremony. The entire route was lined with thousands of earnest and devout spectators; countless flags and banners, bearing beautiful religious emblems, floated in the soft summer air, and lent the necessary gleam of brightness and colour to the great moving mass of men! Many of the city bands marched in the procession, adding much to the devotion and solemnity of the day by their pleasing rendering of the music of the sweet and touching hymns of the Confraternity. A cloudless summer sky above enhanced the beauty of the scene, and all combined to form a glorious picture which will live for ever in the memory. But it was above all, when the 5,000 voices of the processionists united

in fervent prayer, in the recitation of the rosary, or swelled out in mighty volume and rose to Heaven in hymn and canticle, that the effect became indescribable and moved men's souls to their depths.

Truly it was a splendid spectacle, and worthy of the best and holiest traditions of our Catholic land, to behold the greater part of the manhood of our dear old city banded together in one magnificent organisation, and giving to the world that glorious testimony of the undying fervour of their faith.

The procession has now entered the college grounds and passed beneath the triumphal arches—raised by the willing hands of the students to grace the occasion—and filed into the green, undulating lawn which stretches away to the rear of the old ruined abbey. There, under the shadow of the gray walls of the ancient church, had been erected an altar of majestic proportions, on the artistic design and graceful decorations of which much thought and labour had been lavished by some members of the Mungret community. Even the hoary old ruins had been forced to renew their youth for this day, and had submitted to be gaily draped and decked out with bright flags and banners.

A few moments later distant strains of sacred music are heard and a solemn procession is seen descending from the college. His Lordship the Bishop, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, attended by acolytes, the Choir and the Fathers of the College community, approaches and passes through the vast reverent crowd on his way to the altar. The scene at this point baffles description. The Bishop and Clergy knelt before the majestic altar, ablaze with light, resplendent with flowers. The immense multitude—of more than 10,000, covering many an acre of the green sward—fell prostrate in reverent worship. Thousands of rich, well-trained voices, accompanied by the strains of the bands, rendered the music of the Benediction. The venerable ruins in the background spoke to all of the days when Ireland was an island of saints and scholars, and when the holy ground on which they knelt was famous throughout Erin. Then a wave of deep religious emotion swept over the mighty concourse of people and held it spell-bound, when his Lordship the Bishop ascended the altar and lifted the Sacred Host on high to bless with God's own blessing that adoring multitude of his faithful people. Benediction ended,

the fine voices of the men of the Confraternity blended together once more and, echoed back by the ruined walls and tower, rose up to Heaven in one magnificent *Laudate!*

Many a scene of wondrous religious fervour and enthusiasm must Mungret Abbey have witnessed down through the long centuries of its glorious though chequered history, when its 1,000 monks, summoned by the sound of matin or vesper-bell, poured out their souls in the praises of the Most High; or when the great community assembled to bid a last farewell to each new band of apostles who went forth, year after year, to spread among the nations the light and love they had drunk in beneath the shelter of its hallowed walls, yet we doubt if a more sublime scene of

the community at large. Our old Catholic city may well be proud to possess this splendid religious organisation, the largest and most flourishing of its kind that exists in the Catholic world.

In the race of mere material progress our city does not yet hold a foremost place, and we would gladly see everywhere around us more and more stronger evidences of commercial prosperity; we would fain see our fine streets and splendid warehouses wear an air more suggestive of intense business activity.

We would gladly see borne on the bosom of our noble river, with each flowing tide, great merchant ships laden with the rich products of many lands. We would gladly see our city stretching forth its arms, North and South, in



BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AT MUNGRET ABBEY, JUNE, 1886.

religious enthusiasm, fervid faith and deep devotion was ever seen even on the holy ground of Mungret than the ceremony of June 16th, 1886.

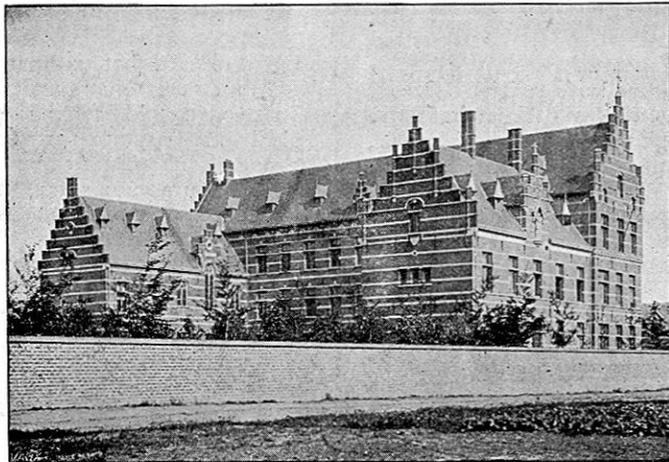
Fourteen years have come and gone and the Confraternity of the Holy Family is still with us, ever extending the sphere of its beneficent influence—ever exercising an incalculable power for good.

No less than 5,000 members—a large proportion of the manhood of our city—are enrolled in this grand spiritual army, living their lives under the never-ceasing influence of its potent spiritual agencies—who can tell with what blessed results to the members themselves, to thousands of Catholic homes, and to the universal good of

long lines of bright and graceful terraces, and hundreds of picturesque villas nestling on the slopes of the encircling hills.

All this and more we wish for the dear old city; but, while awaiting the realisation of our hopes, we may not forget that mere material progress does not constitute man's highest good, nor satisfy his loftiest aspirations; that the spiritual and divine element within him imperatively demands something grander, nobler, more enduring; and that in the influences that tend to foster and develop this higher life, and lead us onward and upward to the realisation of the ideals of our Holy Faith, our city is exceeding rich. T. O. S.

NOTE.—In the immediate foreground of our frontispiece there is a figure which will have been familiar to many of our readers. It is that of the late Maurice Lenihan, the Historian of Limerick.—ED.



THE APOSTOLIC SCHOOL AT TURNHOUT, BELGIUM.

IT was on a bright sunny day in early August that I reached the flourishing little Flemish town of Turnhout. I had come from Louvain to visit its Apostolic School, of which I had already heard a good deal. I was not sorry to part company with the hot, stuffy steam tram, which carried me right across country from the nearest railway station, and which, to my untutored eye, appeared a rather singular method of conveyance, puffing along in rather asthmatic fashion over a narrow and fairly frequented road.

On alighting from this conveyance, I was received with the kindest of welcomes by the Rev. Father Superior of the Apostolic School, who, having heard of my intended visit, had come himself with true Belgian courtesy to welcome me. I was so interested in all that he had to tell me of the Apostolic School as we made our way up the principal street, and out of the region of red brick houses, with their funny Flemish gables, into the more or less open country that lay beyond, that I scarcely noticed a large handsome building on our right till we suddenly turned in by a gateway leading up to it. "Here we are," said my guide. It was a decidedly pleasing-looking structure, very new and fresh-looking, and even to an unskilled observer like myself, it presented, from an architectural point of view,

"lines of beauty" that could not fail to make a very favourable impression.

We had dinner almost immediately, at the conclusion of which, the Father Superior suggested that we should see the Apostolics, as they had concluded their morning classes and were now at recreation. "And you will say a few words to them, Father, won't you?" he added. Now, I have no particular taste or talent for making speeches, but my dispositions in this respect amount to something very much more pronounced than mere disinclination when the medium of conveying my ideas is a language not my own. "I should be very happy to do so," I replied, "but really—the fact is—I never made a speech in my life in French."

It was no use to protest. "Just a word or two. They will expect you to say something to them," and before I had time for further remonstrance, I was standing in a large play hall face to face with all the students of the Apostolic School of Turnhout. The Superior informed them in a few brief sentences that I was an Irishman, that I had quite recently been in charge of their brothers of the Irish Apostolic School of Limerick, and that I had come now to visit them, and would, doubtless, have much that was interesting and edifying to tell them about *les Apostoliques Irlandais*. Meanwhile a curious sort of trembling sensa-

tion had seized possession of my knees, and I believè I should have felt grateful if the entire

However, there was no help for it. I felt horribly uncomfortable at the beginning, and



A CORRIDOR IN APOSTOLIC SCHOOL, TURNHOUT.

house had suddenly come down about my ears and buried me for ever out of sight.

after the first two or three sentences I noticed, or fancied I noticed, some young rascals on

the outskirts of the crowd, shaking with suppressed laughter at my bad French. All the same it was a congenial task to sing the praises of Mungret, so bidding defiance to genders, irregular French verbs, and all such petty linguistic restrictions, I launched forth into a glowing eulogium of the *école Apostolique de Mungret*. At length, under cover of a burst of applause with which the innate courtesy of these young Belgian lads greeted my fervently expressed desire, that henceforth "Ireland and Belgium might go forward hand in hand in the sublime work of calling back the nations to the Feet of God," I beat a hasty retreat in the direction of the nearest door. The task was done, and I mentally resolved that it should never be repeated.

I.—FIRST BEGINNINGS OF THE APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

It is now twenty-eight years since an aged Jesuit, the Rev. Father Boeteman, then in his sixty-sixth year, set forth on an expedition in search of money for the foundation of a work which was destined later on to do great things for God's honour.

Father Boeteman had quite recently had an interview with the Very Rev. Father Paul Goethals, then Provincial of the Belgian Province of the Society of Jesus, and at present Archbishop of Calcutta.

"Father," said the Provincial to him, "I have made up my mind to establish an Apostolic School in this Province, and I want your Reverence to undertake the work. A similar undertaking has already been started in France. Go and examine its organization, and let me know if you think it possible to have the same sort of thing here in Belgium."

An Apostolic School! The good old man afterwards confessed that he had not at that time the faintest notion what was meant by such an institution. However, that did not matter. He set out on the spot for France, made himself thoroughly up in the methods and organization of the French Apostolic School, and returned to his Provincial with an assurance that marked the iron will and enterprising character of the man: "I promise you, Father Provincial, the work will succeed." We shall presently see how fully his promise was realized.

We next find the holy old Jesuit, with all the energy of a young man of thirty, traversing Holland, Germany, France, collecting funds for the work. In Austria, especially, where he had formerly been Rector of the great College of Nobles at Kalksburg, he was everywhere received with a warm welcome. The

homes, and, what was more to the point, the purses of the ancient Catholic nobility of that country were everywhere open to him. He was received with respect and affection by the Imperial family at the Court of Vienna, and wherever he went he kindled all hearts with the generous zeal that burned in his own for the promotion of the great work to which the last years of his life were so completely devoted.

Meanwhile a house was being erected for the Apostolic students within the grounds of the Lay College of St. Joseph at Turnhout. It had been agreed that they should attend the classes at St. Joseph's, while in other respects they should live more or less apart from the Lay students, and receive within their own portion of the College the moral and religious training suitable to their vocation.

From the very outset the new undertaking met with the warmest and most cordial reception from the Belgian Episcopate. The Cardinal Archbishop desired to have his name inscribed among the first and chief patrons of the Apostolic school. The then Papal Nuncio, Monsigneur Ledochowski, warmly approved of the work.

"I congratulate you, Rev. Father," he wrote to Father Boeteman, "on having been chosen by Providence to lay the first foundations of this work in Belgium. . . . I shall not fail to seize on every opportunity of making known your Apostolic School."

Congratulations poured in from every land. Father Desmet, the great apostle of the Rocky Mountains, wrote:—

"If we had missionaries here animated with the spirit of a Xavier, we should bring over the whole of America to the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Rev. Father, God will make use of your work to provide such missionaries."

The same cry of hope was heard from Asia.

"If hitherto the Belgian Mission of Bengal has not prospered to the full extent of our desires, it is simply because we have been unable to procure a sufficiency of proper subjects. Let Belgium only send us the men, which it now promises to do through its Apostolic School, and a new era will open for Bengal."

Africa, too, built high hopes on the future of the Apostolic School.

"What a magnificent undertaking this school of yours is," wrote an African missionary. "Would that we had similar establishments in every land. We missionaries look to them for re-enforcements; they are our great hope."

Scarcely had Mons. Guilloux, the Archbishop of Haiti, received tidings of the erection of the Apostolic School than he wrote a letter of warm approval, and expressed a hope that the wants of his vast diocese would not be forgotten in apportioning the students to their various missions.

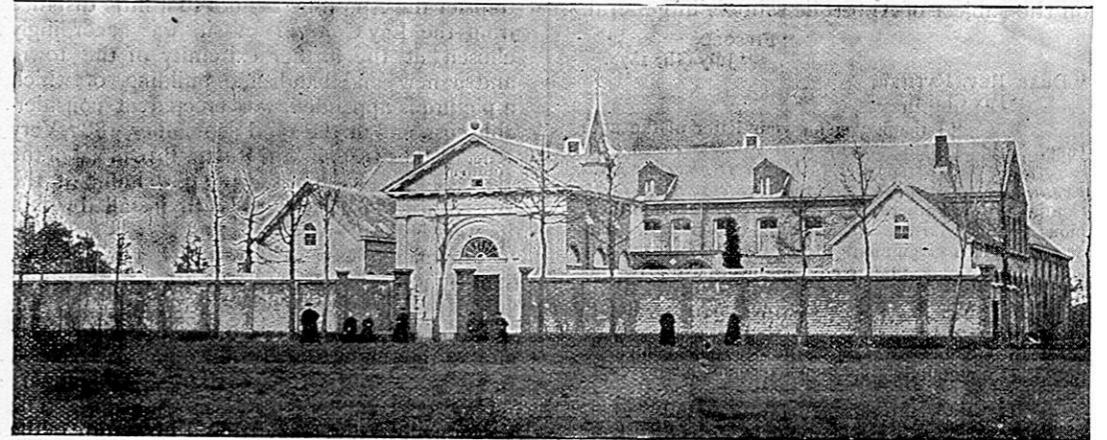
It is the lot of every undertaking that is destined to do great things for God's glory to meet with opposition, and even persecution.

So it was with the first great Apostolic College founded by our Lord; so it is with the Society within whose bosom the Apostolic Schools sprang up, so it has ever been, and ever will be, with the Church of God. To this rule the Apostolic School of Turnhout was no exception. There were those, even holy, prudent, zealous men, who looked upon it with an eye of disapproval or aversion; it was an innovation on existing methods; an undertaking out of keeping with the aims and objects of the Society of Jesus; and, therefore, foreign to the vocation of its members, and no good would come of it, and so forth. Eight and twenty years have run their course, and, despite the cautious counsels of the wise, the Apostolic School lives on,

them be brave and stout of heart, and true in all things to their high vocation, proving themselves the worthy children of an *Alma Mater* that will always hold them dear and look with pride upon their labours in the Master's cause.

II.—FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF THE APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

By the the 25th September, 1872, the new building was more or less in a condition to receive its first instalment of Apostolic students. Father Alberic de Foresta, the founder of the Apostolic Schools, came himself from France to launch the Belgian Institution on its bright career. With him came five of his own Apostolics, already in great measure formed



VILLA HOUSE OF APOSTOLIC SCHOOL, TURNHOUT.

larger, better, and more promising in all its prospects than even its most fervent friends had ever dared to hope for, adding as the years go by fresh laurels to its records of glorious victory and conquest in the cause of Christ.

And from this Belgian Apostolic School the writer turns to another and a similar school nearer home, whose hopes and fortunes he has followed with an ever-deepening sympathy, until to-day he feels that it, too, has done its work full well, and won its place among the foremost of its kind in Europe, and from his heart he cries *Ad Multos Annos*, may it prosper and extend, and spread its saving influence abroad in every land! Aye, and to those that he has known of old, scattered now in every portion of the globe, he sends through the pages of *THE MUNGREY ANNUAL* a message bidding

to the customs and spirit of the Apostolic School.

At the outset the number scarcely exceeded twenty. But their fervour more than compensated for their fewness. With what joy these generous young lads left home and friends to enter on a life of labour and self-sacrifice! For things were but indifferently organized at first, and they had to put up with a deal of hardship and privation.

"And yet how happy we were then," remarks one of the former Apostolic students, Mgr. Heylen, the present Bishop of Tongerlo, "happier even, if possible, than we were in later years when the school began to remind us less forcibly of the poverty of the stable of Bethlehem."

Little by little the numbers grew. Vocations were never wanting. And so the school

became each day larger and better organized. It was plainly God's own work, His blessing was upon it, and it prospered. Owing to the kindness of one of the patrons of the Apostolic School, an excellent country house, with a farm attached, was handed over to the boys as a "villa," where they could have their full fling at every kind of amusement on recreation days and during vacation. This spot was a veritable paradise of delights on "Villa Days" and after the hard work of the year.

Just two years after the foundation of the school the Very Rev. Father Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus, deigned to signify to Father Boeteman his warm approval of the work, and to give it his blessing and the high sanction of his supreme authority. The writer ventures to put some portion of his letter in italics, as expressing the views of his Paternity on the subject of Apostolic schools in general.

"FIESOLE,
"July 6th, 1874.

"DEAR REV. FATHER,
"Pax Christi,

"I thank you for your letter of the 27th June. *The Apostolic School is a work of the highest importance for the glory of God, and it gives me great pleasure to see how entirely you devote yourself to it.* Continue, Rev. Father, your loving care in behalf of these pious youths who are so deserving of our zeal. The details you have given me regarding the buildings recently erected, and the results already obtained, have given me the highest satisfaction. I feel assured that God will vouchsafe to bless this new undertaking which has hitherto proved so great a source of consolation to us all.

"With all my heart I bless the Apostolic School, its professors and pupils alike, and I recommend myself to your holy prayers.

"Your Reverence's servant in Christ,
"PETER BECKX, S.J."

"For twelve years," writes Fr. Boeteman, "all my thoughts were centred in the Apostolic School" ("*l'Ecole Apostolique fut toute ma vie*"). He was devoted to it heart and soul, and watched with all the tenderness of paternal solicitude over its interests. He never grew weary of working for his beloved Apostolics, though, no doubt, they often tried his patience, and made large demands upon the zeal that burned within him for the spiritual and material welfare of his children. "*Vivons à petit bruit*," he used to say. He sought no public proclamation of his triumphs. Yet there was not a little to be proud of, for ere ten years had passed nearly one hundred and thirty of his children had gone forth, and were scattered over distant and laborious fields of toil working nobly in the Master's cause.

And so the work went on, becoming more consolidated, growing with the years in magnitude, sending out Apostles to the farthest

and remotest corners of the globe. But the hand that had directed it throughout its infant years was growing feeble. The spirit that had so long defied the infirmities of age was forced at length to seek repose, and on the 12th April, 1885, at the age of eighty years, Father Boeteman bade adieu to his dear children, and resigned his post into the hands of Father Cranen, ex-Rector of the College of St. Joseph. Needless to say his interest in this his work of predilection never flagged. To the hour of his death his heart was in the Apostolic School.

III.—FINAL DEVELOPMENT.—THE NEW APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

An era of still further development was now at hand. For reasons into which I cannot enter here the Superiors of the Province resolved to transfer the Apostolic School to a little distance from the Lay College. A site was accordingly chosen at the further extremity of the town, and a new and handsome building, of which a picture is appended, was erected at considerable cost, and on the 22nd September, 1887, Very Rev. Father Joseph Van Reeth, Provincial of the Belgian Province, blessed the new home of the Apostolics who were henceforth installed within its walls.

The change was, in all respects, a happy one. Hardly were the Apostolics settled in their new house than vocations began to multiply apace. The genuine apostolic spirit quickly took possession of the school. Everything about it breathed of the great self-sacrificing career of missionary labour that lay before these young apostles. The very corridors proclaimed aloud the nature of the place, and perpetually reminded those who trod them that their lives were given up for evermore to the self-devoting service of the Saviour of Mankind in lands whose very names were synonyms for labour, suffering and privations, possibly to end in martyrdom. Printed in large characters across the ceiling of the corridors, opposite the various rooms, were the names of different foreign missions, for which, presumably, the occupants were destined, or else the names of different Religious Orders told in what direction the different religious aspirations of the boys aspired.

I was especially struck by the cosmopolitan spirit of the place. Every land and every religious order seemed to have its representatives. Eighty-nine past Apostolics were now labouring in Asia, of whom thirty-one were in Bengal and the remainder divided between Burmah, Bombay, Ceylon, China, Madeira, Mongolia, Palestine, Syria, and the Phillipines. In America there were one hundred and seventeen, working

in such places as Alaska, Brazil, Curaçoa, Peru, Haïti, Canada, the Rocky Mountains, New Mexico, &c., &c. Oceanica was represented by the missions of Australia and the Sandwich Islands, where seventeen were now at work. Thirty-nine were labouring in Africa, where I was glad to see that ten were in the Transvaal and seven in the Zambesi, while the rest were scattered over Algeria, Dahomey, Madagascar and the Congo. Well, indeed, may the Apostolic School of Turnhout say in the words of the Latin poet:—" *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*"

It would be impossible in a notice such as this to mention all the Religious Orders that were represented among the past and present members of the Apostolic School—the Augustinians, Capuchins, Carmelites, Dominicans, Friars Minor, Oblates, Passionists, Redemptorists, Jesuits, Trappists, and at least a dozen other Religious Institutes had their representatives. From these few details the reader will form some idea of the

all-embracing nature of this institution. Europe was the only portion of the world that seemed more or less neglected. With the exception of some who had gone on the English mission, there were only four of the Apostolics working in Europe, *i.e.*, two in Norway, one in Turkey Proper, and one in Bulgaria.

In conclusion I wish ever-increasing prosperity to the Apostolic School of Turnhout. Their brothers in holy Ireland send them their best good wishes, and beg to be sometimes remembered in their prayers. May they all advance in the virtues of the apostolic vocation, in learning, and in zeal for souls, that, hereafter, when the day is over and the work is done, we may, gathered round the Throne of Him Whom we have served and loved, receive the rich reward of those that have instructed others unto justice and helped to bring the sinner from the error of his ways.

J. MACDONNELL, S.J.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)
BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

I.
Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft,
Einsam wacht
Nur das traute Hoch-heilige Paar,
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar
Schlaf' in Himmlischer Ruh'!

II.
Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
Hirten erst
Kund gemacht
Durch der Engel Halleluja!
Tön't es laut von fern und nah
Christus der Retter ist da!

III.
Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
Gottes Sohn
O wie lacht
Lieb' aus deinem göttlichen Mund,
Da uns schlägt die rettende Stund
Jesus in Deiner Geburt.

I.
Night of Peace! Night of Joy!
Sleep holds all
Save in the stall
Where Mary and Joseph are watching with care
The Beautiful Boy who, in lowliness there,
Slumbers in heavenly calm!

II.
Night of Peace! Night of Joy!
To shepherds first
By joyful burst
Of song angelical heralded clear,
Thrilling the words thro' the night, far and near,
Christ, the Saviour, is here!

III.
Night of Peace! Night of Joy!
Pure from above,
How Divine Love
Shines from thy face with all-mastering pow'r,
While for us, lost, strikes the life-bringing hour,
Christ, on thy natal morn!

CECIL BROADMEAD ('88)

SIR * FREDERICK * BURTON.

"He loved his country and served his kind."—*Davis.*

NOT quite twelve months ago the greatest of modern Irish painters died at an advanced age in London. Many lovers of art are familiar with the name and works of Sir Frederick Burton, but few, even of his own countrymen, are acquainted with the personal history of this gifted Irishman; and it was with no little surprise we, ourselves, learned at the time of his death that the great painter was a native of Mungret, and born within a few minutes' walk of our *Alma Mater.*

The family residence of the Burtons stood on the rising ground facing the college, on the site now occupied by the farm buildings of Stephen Dowling, Esq., and quite near the spot on which Mr. Dowling's handsome modern residence is erected. This latter was built above half a century ago, and long after the Burton family had ceased to live in Mungret. It was here, almost within the shadow of the ruins of the old historic abbey of Mungret, that Sir Frederick was born in the year 1816, and here he became imbued with that deep spirit of poetry and religion pervading Irish rural life, which he has depicted with so much feeling in "The Blind Girl at the Holy Well" and "The Arran Fisherman's Drowned Child."

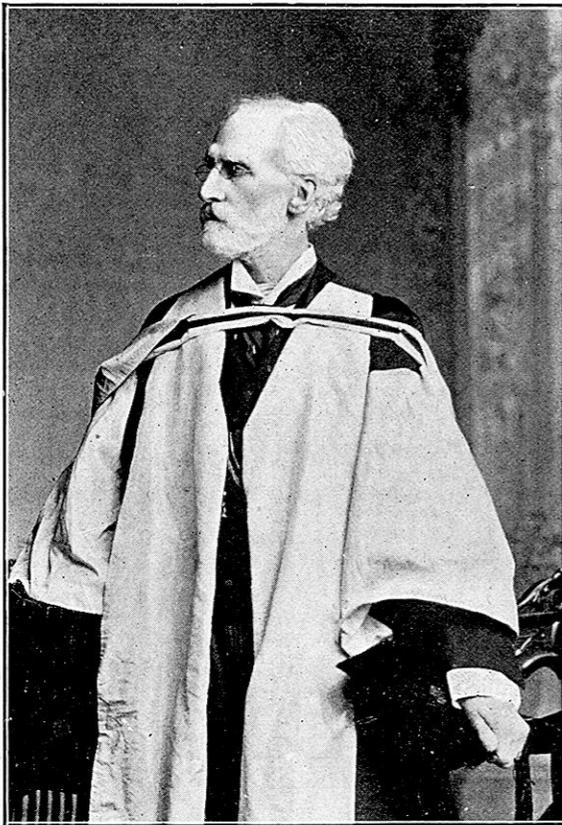
His ancestors came originally from Shropshire, and in the reign of James I. settled in the County

of Clare. The family still possesses estates in the neighbourhood of Carrigaholt, and the excellent state of preservation of Carrigaholt Castle is said to be due to the care of the Burtons.

When they came to Mungret we have been unable to ascertain, but in the beginning of the century we find them holding large possessions in the fertile plain west of the City of Limerick. They are said to have been at one time landlords of the wide area extending along the Shannon from the Ballinacurra River to Newtown, and as far inland as Patrickswell, excluding, of course, the estates of Clarina and Tervoe. The name of Temple Mungret, by which the residence of Mr. Dowling is known, and which, we presume, belonged to the old Burton mansion, is taken from an old ruin formerly visible in the low-lying ground a little to the westward, once a monastery of the Knights Templars, but of which now not a trace remains.

Sir Frederick was educated in Dublin, and his genius must have asserted itself at an early age, for we read of a picture of his being exhibited at the Royal Hibernian Academy at a time when he could not have been more than sixteen. Of the same academy he was elected Associate in his twenty-first year, 1837.

While in Dublin Burton became acquainted



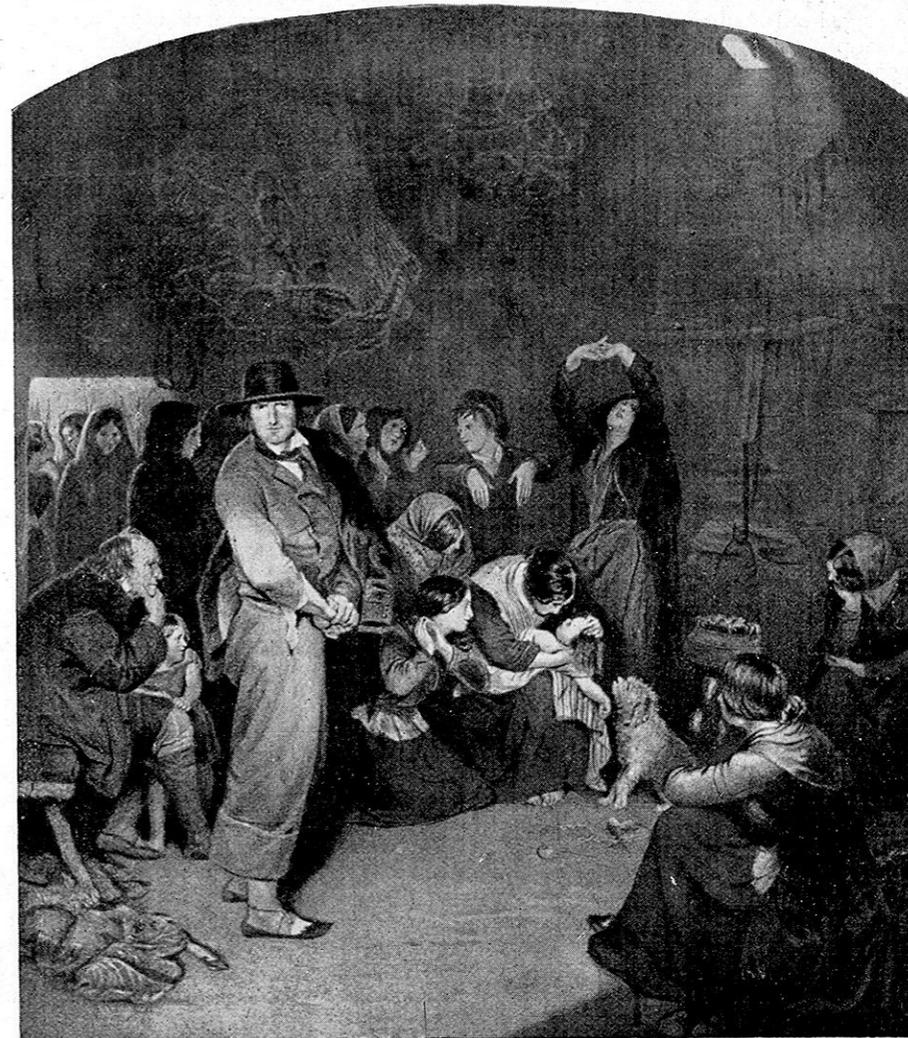
THE LATE SIR FREDERICK BURTON.

B. MUNGRET, 1816; D. LONDON, 1900

(Reproduced by kind permission of Lafayette, Dublin.)

with many of the leading spirits of the Young Ireland Movement. Thomas Davis* was then in Dublin labouring to infuse a higher and more comprehensive spirit of nationality into the social and intellectual life of Ireland. And to this end he knew the national art of Ireland to be an

number of subjects culled from Irish history, as hints for Irish historical paintings. To this Burton ardently replied in a letter, still extant, showing that the idea of a national art could not be practically taken up till Ireland first possessed a distinctive nationality, and that ideal artists and



From a Photo, by McMahon, Limerick.] THE ARRAN FISHERMAN'S DROWNED CHILD.

[of an Art Union Engraving

element of the first importance. It was in connection with this question that Davis and Burton first came into contact. The former, in an article published in *The Nation*, set forth a

* For most of the facts of Burton's connection with Davis I am indebted to the courtesy and kindness of William Rooney, Esq., a prominent member of the Celtic Literary Society, Dublin.

paintings could come into being only in the natural process of development.

Burton, however, seems to have been genuinely zealous for the regeneration of Irish art, and he was one of the first to seek in the beautiful stories and legends of his country subjects for his paintings. Davis was attracted to him by the success of his painting, "The Blind Girl at

the Holy Well," and a warm friendship sprung up between the two. And when Davis joined the Art Union, one of the warmest supporters of his policy there was Burton. Soon after Sir Frederick completed his second picture, "The Arran Fisherman's Drowned Child," which placed him in the front rank of Irish artists. The sympathies of Davis and Burton now ran in a common groove, and urged on by them, the Art Union offered annual prizes for works of Irish art—a proceeding which was attended with immense success. The result included such pictures as "Cup Tossing," by N. J. Crowley; "Sunday Morning in the Country," by H. Brocas; "The Irish Piper," by Haverty, etc.

Burton, though his sympathies were those of a patriot, was not as enthusiastic as the more prominent of the Young Irelanders, nor did he ever advocate the whole programme of that Party; and when he designed the frontispiece of the Spirit of the Nation, in 1843, he did it more from personal friendship for Davis than from any desire to forward the interests of the movement. The design is extremely beautiful and an excellent work of art, and breathes a spirit of patriotism which would lead one to believe that its creator must have been imbued with an intense love of Ireland, and filled with the spirit which the study of her pathetic story, her legend, and her poetry will infuse.

A warm friend and an ardent admirer of Davis during life, he was one of the members of the committee which raised the memorial to him after his death. It is to him, too, we are indebted for the best portraits of Davis as well as of Mangan. Indeed most of the printed portraits of Davis are taken from Burton's sketches which, by the way, were drawn from recollection after Davis' death.

With the unfortunate Mangan Burton was also intimate; he was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius, and tried in some measure to solace the misery of poor Mangan's unhappy life. The "Sketch of Mangan after Death," which now hangs in the National Gallery, is Burton's work. So are the sketch of Professor MacCullagh, the famous mathematician of Trinity College, and several of the portraits in the *Dublin University Magazine*, including one of Davis.

An active member of the Committee of Antiquities, he also became acquainted with such men as Bishop Graves, Petrie, Dr. Todd, Lord Dunraven, Sir Samuel Ferguson, and others, and with them he was associated in laying the foundation of the Royal Archaeological Society of Ireland. It is to Burton's interest in national art that we are in a great measure indebted for the issue of the Art Union plates, which still adorn many of our homes. These plates have familiarized thousands of Irishmen with many

masterpieces of Irish art, none of which, however, breathe more fully the deep, innocent and religious feeling of Ireland than Burton's own; for "The Arran Fisherman's Drowned Child" and "The Blind Girl at the Holy Well" were amongst the very first of the Art Union engravings. Another of his Irish paintings, "The Connaught Toilet," which is said to have been a finer work than either of these, was unfortunately destroyed by fire. Would that the many celebrated artists which Ireland has produced had followed the example of Sir Frederick Burton and studied more deeply Irish life and manners, and so endeavoured "to illustrate their country's history and character, and share their fame with her's!" At the present day, when so much is being done to resuscitate other branches of our old nationality, Irish art is falling rapidly into decay. Finding neither patronage nor pecuniary support at home, our painters and sculptors are forced to seek sunnier climes for the exercise of their talents.

In 1851 Burton bade adieu for ever to his native land. Hitherto he had devoted most of his attention to portraiture, and by his success in this branch of art his early fame as a painter was attained. Now, however, he resolved to seek a wider and more lucrative sphere in which to exercise his genius, and he set out for Munich. He remained in Bavaria for five years, and we have the results of his wanderings in the towns and villages of Franconia, and amidst the forests and mountains of the Tyrol, in many excellent paintings, several of which are delineated with "that true refinement which is compatible with the most accurate rendering of peasant life."

On his return he was made Associate of the Water Colours Society, and in this capacity continued to place many beautiful studies before the world. In 1874, after a quarter of a century of enthusiastic study of the old masters, he was elevated to the position of Director of the National Gallery. This short sketch does not profess to enter minutely into the workings and development of the artistic genius of Burton; neither will its narrow limits allow us to expatiate on the manifold benefits the Art Gallery has derived from his earnest zeal and sound judgment. In 1884 he received the honour of knighthood, and ten years later retired from the exalted position he had filled with so much dignity and grace. From this to the day of his death he lived a quiet, peaceful life, seeking in the retirement of his home-life a solace from the busy labours of his career. Lovers of English art owe him a debt of everlasting gratitude, "nor will Ireland ever cease to honour the memory of one who was not only her greatest painter but a patriot in the noblest conception of the word."

EDMUND J. O'NEILL (B.A. Class).

ON RECEIPT OF A BLACKTHORN FROM HIS NATIVE PARISH.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

I would make a little rhyme
For Glankeen—
They will say 'tis more than time
In Glankeen—
To tell them that a spray
Sent some moons ago to-day
Has come to me to stay
From Glankeen.

"Spray"—the name it is not good
In Glankeen;
'Tis a noble piece of wood
From Glankeen.
No true Irishman was born,
Whose stout hand that brave blackthorn
Would not gracefully adorn,
My Glankeen!

When I look upon its face,
O Glankeen!
On its lithe and tender grace,
O Glankeen!
And then ponder in my mind
On thyself, so good and kind,
Many parallels I find
To Glankeen!

Though 'tis black, 'tis very fair,
O Glankeen!
Like thine own, its beauty rare,
My Glankeen!
When its glistening coating beams,
Set with thorny pearls, it gleams
Like the sunlight in thy streams,
O Glankeen!

'Tis like thee, a brave support,
My Glankeen!
It will always hold the fort,
O Glankeen!
When your legs are getting weak,
And your steps are hard to pick,
Then there's comfort in a stick,
O Glankeen!

And like thee, 'tis ever true,
My Glankeen!
Never bragging what 'twill do,
O Glankeen!
Though its skin is very black
In its heart there's not a crack;
On a friend 'twill ne'er go back—
Nor Glankeen!

There are truths more deep and dark,
O Glankeen!
Hid within that sable bark,
O Glankeen!
The keen knife its sap may spill
But the stick is sturdy still;
He who cut it could not kill,
O Glankeen!

That is Erin's story told,
O Glankeen!
Full a hundred decades old,
O Glankeen!
Latin, Saxon, Norman, Dane
Erin's life-blood strove to drain,
Still life swells her every vein,
My Glankeen!

That poor shrub at home was nought
In Glankeen,
Little valued, little sought
In Glankeen,
But its native home beyond
'Tis a keepsake, fair and fond,
'Tis a charm and magic wand,
My Glankeen!

Thus the man of Irish birth,
O Glankeen!
Has at home nor fame nor worth,
O Glankeen!
But on other soils his name
Lit by Liberty's fair flame
Gilds the pinnacle of fame,
O Glankeen!

Or at home or in exile
O Glankeen!
All my heart's in Erin's Isle
And Glankeen!
And when'er thy gift I see
Love shall swell and throb in me
For my Erin dear and thee,
My Glankeen!

Thine be Heaven's purest joys
My Glankeen!
Tainted not by earth's alloys
In Glankeen!
May the Child-God bring thee cheer
Many smiles but not a tear
Merry Christmas! Glad New Year!
My Glankeen!

M. K. ('86).

✧ SOME ✧ STUDY ✧ AND ✧ MUCH ✧ STORY. ✧

DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE hour was sacred to Mathematics. Cube roots and duplicate ratios were in the order of the night. My neighbour was hard at work on the *Pons Asinorum*, and I myself was deep in the mysteries of Ptolemy's theorem, when suddenly the happy thought flashed across my mind that the morrow would be a playday. Regardless of the direst penalties, I decided to throw up Ptolemy and embrace literature. Tit-Bits was my great favourite, although Hall and Knight with Answers had proved an agreeable combination on several occasions. For the moment, however, I was high and dry. Had I foreseen the necessity, I might have supplied the want, but, as things stood, Sullivan's "Story of Ireland" was the lightest thing available.

Arranging a miniature looking glass upon my desk in front, so as to allow of my keeping an eye on the Prefect, I tucked the rug more snugly about my knees, and resolved to make the best of what I considered a poor go.

Up to that night, history had ever been for me little more than a prolonged series of dates, just as interesting as the Spelling-book Superceded. But I soon found that A. M. Sullivan had a different tale to tell, and I was his, heart and soul, from the very first page right through to the end. In the opening chapter he told me of his desire to get hold of the young people; to interest them in the story of their native land; to offer them not a learned and serious work, which might be associated in their minds with painful efforts to remember when this king reigned, or whom that one slew; but an interesting and instructive narrative of stirring events, abounding in episodes, thrilling, glorious, and beautiful. "And I hope," he went on to say, "that there will follow many besides myself to cater for the amusement and instruction of the young people. For when we who have preceded them shall have passed away for ever, they will be the men on whom Ireland must depend. They will make her future. They will guide her destinies. They will guard her honour and defend her life."

Again and again did I renew my sacrifice of Ptolemy to devour the pages of Sullivan's story. His words touched my inmost soul and forced the blood more fiercely through my veins. Long

ere the tale of a nation's woe had been completed, I felt that there was growing up within my breast a dual passion,—intense love for Ireland and undying hatred for England.

A dozen years and more have come and gone since the mortal remains of A. M. were laid to rest beneath the green sod of his native land. We, the young folks whom he loved and for whom he laboured, cherish the fond hope that his kindly spirit may have long since found a happier home in Tirnanoge—

'That land of youth, that land of rest,
That land from sorrows free,
Which lies far off in the golden west
On the verge of the azure sea.'

The patriot's wish that others might follow his example in catering for the wants of our Irish youth, has been realized to a great extent in these days of Gaelic revival. There is some chaff among the corn, but I was fortunate in securing two such entrancing works as "Old Celtic Romances," by Dr. Joyce, and "The Coming of Cuculain," by Standish O'Grady. Translations from the Gaelic, but adhering more to the spirit than to the words of the originals, they have afforded me many a delightful trip along the pleasant paths and unfrequented byways of Irish story.

When I think of "Blue Beard" and the hundred and one other tales which interested my own earlier years, how sadly do they compare with the romantic fables of ancient Erin! History, as Davis says, is the birthright of a nation. Why do we barter the fond traditions of our own loved land for a mess of English pottage? They are ours—those beautiful bardic tales, with their shadowy romance and mist-woven dreams, their splendour of kings and might of warriors, their ideal fairy world of beauty and grace, of music and song.

Dr. Joyce has given the first place in his collection to that lovely story, "The Fate of the Children of Lir." Finola, Aed, the gentle Ficra, and little Conn with his curls of gold, shared their father's affection, and were accordingly hated by their cruel stepmother Eva. One day she carried them off in her chariot and brought them to the shore of Lake Derravaragh in Westmeath. There she struck them in turn

with a fairy wand, and changed them into four beautiful swans.

"With magical wand and fearful words,
She changed us to lovely, snow-white birds:
And we live on the waters for evermore,
By tempests driven from shore to shore."

On fine summer evenings the people of Erin used to gather on the shores of the lake to listen to the plaintive fairy music of the swans. So sadly sweet were their beautiful songs that the listeners would forget their sor-

rows and their sufferings, and fall into a gentle, peaceful, happy sleep. The tragic fate of Eva, as well as the further wanderings of the snow-white swans, are delightfully told by Dr. Joyce.

While hunting one day at Knockfierna, Finn MacCumhail and his warriors were invited by Midac to his Palace of Kenri. Fearing no harm, Finn with several of his Fena accepted the kind offer of hospitality; but on entering the palace they were treacherously placed under a magic spell. Nor could they be released except on being sprinkled with the blood of



Reproduced from] *ADARE BRIDGE.—FORD OF THE MAIGUE LEADING INTO THE LAND OF KENRI. ["Memorials of Adare.

three terrible kings whom Midac had gone to entertain at his Palace of the Islands. About midnight Midac set out with the three kings to slay the enchanted Fena. Innsa and Ficna, foster-children of Finn, had come to discover their father's sorry plight, and resolved to oppose the passage of Midac and his friends at a ford near the Palace of the Quicken Trees.

The struggle at the ford is most vividly described. Innsa had fallen, and Ficna was fainting with fatigue, when Dermat O'Dyna ap-

rows and their sufferings, and fall into a gentle, peaceful, happy sleep. The tragic fate of Eva, as well as the further wanderings of the snow-white swans, are delightfully told by Dr. Joyce.

The legend of the "Fairy Palace of the Quicken Trees" brings us nearer home. The territory which extends from Ferry-Bridge southwards to Adare, westwards to Askeaton, and northwards to the Shannon, was called in bygone ages, as it is to-day, the land of Kenri. Midac, a prince of old, had two great palaces. One, in Kenri,

*Adare (Ath-dara) means the ford of the oak. That this is the actual ford referred to in the Legend of the Palace of the Quicken Trees I do not assert, although from the circumstances that seems not improbable.

peared, afar off, coming with the speed of the wind from Knockfierna. Too late to save the children of Finn, he avenged their death by piercing with his iron-headed spear the traitorous heart of the murderous Midac. Then killing the three kings, he carried their gory heads in the hollow of his shield to sprinkle with their blood the halls of the enchanted palace. This Dermat O'Dyna is himself the hero of the most picturesque and attractive of all the tales in Dr. Joyce's book, "The Pursuit of Dermat and Grania."

Passing from that fanciful fairy period of Irish literature into the cycle of its historical romance, I found in Standish O'Grady another devoted friend of boyhood. In his "Coming of Cuculain" we have depicted for us in glowing terms the scenes amid which that great champion warrior passed his early years. It was at the beginning of the Christian era, and Conor Mac Nessa was king of the Red Branch. The palace of the Ultonians then stood where now stands the town of Armagh. Thither the youths of the Red Branch were wont to go to be instructed alike in the heroic arts of war and in the beautiful arts of peace. The boy of our time, who is compelled to spend his weary hours in poring over authors which he cannot understand, and in writing themes into which he can put neither sense nor any form of human thought or speech, will linger with longing heart and wistful eye over that story of a bygone age.

Cuculain's arrival among his future comrades is so prettily described by O'Grady that I would fain summarize a portion of it here.

It was on a bright morning in early summer that the youths of the Ultonians broke from the royal palace and came rushing down the grassy slope to the plain of the hurlings. Hard by the north goal there stood a giant oak, beneath whose shadowy branches King Conor and his champion, Fergus MacRoi, were seated. Soon the noise of the stricken ball and the clash of the hurleys, the shouting of the boys, and the cries of their captains filled all the air. Fergus and Conor watched the players. Conor noted their beauty and grace, but Fergus noted their strength and valour.

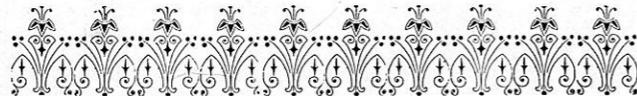
Afar off on the edge of the plain there stood another also who watched the players. He was very young and very fair. He had on a tunic of fine linen, girt at the waist and descending to his knees. A mantle of many colours was fastened on his breast by a beautiful brooch. Shoes he had none. Both head and feet were bare. He had a little shield strapped on his back, two javelins in one hand, and a hurley in the other. He stood afar off, looking at the hurlers, and as he looked he wept. Many a time happy visions had passed before his eyes of the meeting with his future comrades. Now that he was come, he hoped that some one would call to him and welcome him. But none called or welcomed. Silently the child wept, and the front of his mantle was steeped in tears.

"Suddenly, struck sideways, the ball bounded into the clear space not far from him. The captain of the weaker side roared mightily to him, 'Thou of the javelins, the ball is with thee.' Instantly he cast his javelins to the ground, slipped the strap of his shield over his head, flung the shield beside his javelins on the grass, and pursued the bounding ball.

"He outran the rest and got possession of the ball. Now to the right he urged it, now to the left. He played it deftly before every opponent who sought to check his career, and swiftly and cunningly he carried it past each of these, and finally, with a clear, loud stroke, sent it straight as a sling-bolt through the middle of the north goal. The boys of his adopted side shouted their praises of his playing, and especially of that final victorious stroke. Cuculain went back after that and stood by himself near the south goal. His face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled, and he trembled with joy."

"Tis a long cry, as you will say, from Mungret to Armagh. Alas! I have already paid the penalty of my wanderings. In the excitement of that hurling match I forgot to keep an eye on the looking-glass. Long and bitterly did I weep as I wended my weary way from the Head Prefect's room back to study and to Ptolemy.

C. J.



THE * GALVESTON * DISASTER.

LETTER FROM A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT—AN EYE WITNESS OF THE DISASTER.

GALVESTON, TEXAS,
October 15th, 1900.

MY DEAR FATHER C—

In reply to your kind inquiries, I am happy to say that Father Kelly and myself are quite well, having, through the goodness of God and His Blessed Mother, passed unhurt and injured through one of the most dreadful disasters in the annals of recorded time. I should like to send you an account of the storm, but mortal pen and mortal tongue are alike powerless to describe it. Even the hundredth part will never be told. Father Kelly and myself were fortunate in being attached to that portion of the city, where life and property suffered least on the fatal night.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 8th of September, I had already encountered the rising flood, while on my way to say my daily Mass at the Catholic Orphanage, which stands some four miles outside the city. When after great difficulties I had reached home once more, the rain was pouring down in tropical fashion, and the wind was constantly increasing in violence. It was not a cyclone, as some imagine, but a West-Indian hurricane. During the morning many people went down to the beach to enjoy the fun of seeing the Gulf of Mexico rage and foam, and roar. Alas! it was the last look for many of them; their fun and their merriment were soon to be changed into sadness and death.

"God," says St. Gregory, "sometimes preaches by words, sometimes by works." This was a sermon by works, and it was impressive—dreadfully impressive. It drew forth more prayers than all the sermons ever preached in Galveston before.

Gradually the sea rose and the wind increased in violence. By noon the structures nearest the beach had begun to crumble. At 10.30 p.m. the city was under water to the depth of 20 feet, and the wind at times had reached the terrific velocity of 120 miles per hour. After this both wind and waves began to abate in fury; but, oh! the horror of that fearful night, when shall we forget it?

Even those who were sent adrift on the winds and waves, and who survived in some way, which neither they nor we can explain, had no conception of the dreadful havoc that had been wrought

until the grey morning dawn revealed a city in ruins. The floods had then considerably abated, but the streets were still under water. On going out in the early morning the first thing which I saw was hundreds of homeless people "trekking" through the watery streets towards the centre of the city. Everywhere I turned I beheld mud and ruins—loathsome, slimy mud; and ruins, composed of shattered and up-turned houses, street cars (better known in Ireland as tram-cars), telephone, telegraph, and street-car poles and wires; trees, fences, waggons, carriages, beds, chairs, tables, trunks, sofas and stoves; mingled indiscriminately with the dead bodies of horses, cows, goats, donkeys, cats, dogs, men, women and children. Many more lives would have been lost had not the force of the waters been broken by walls of *debris*, which rose in some places to a height of 30 feet.

A friend of mine told me that he had rescued more than 30 persons that morning from the wreckage; but the people in general were still too dazed to think of aught save their own losses and their own dead. In all more than 5,000 souls must have perished, though the exact number can never be ascertained. Ten thousand of the survivors were without house or home. Three Catholic Churches out of five were lost, and of our own congregation more than 200 must have perished. Father T. Keany, your own class-fellow, was crushed to death beneath the ruins of a fallen building. The corpse, when recovered, was all mangled and shapeless. Since leaving Mungret he had gone through several hard years in Texas, and was ever a good and zealous priest. He was the only priest that lost his life in the disaster.—R.I.P.

The city was thus a hopeless bewildering ruin; there was no newspaper, no mail, no telegraph, no telephone, no gas, no electricity, no train, or mode of conveyance, and no food except a limited supply of crackers—a poor and unsavoury kind of biscuit; scarcely any drinkable water, scarcely any fire, and scarcely any clothing save the few wet, torn, cold and mud-covered remnants which people had on their backs.

As soon as I could procure a horse, which was a difficult thing, I endeavoured to pick my way to the Orphanage. Many a time had I ridden there on my bicycle, along by the sea

shore, to say my morning Mass. On my way I had to pass through a portion of the city extending from a hundred yards to two miles in breadth, and some three miles in length, where no trace of life or habitation remained, with the exception of a few bricks and some broken utensils. After hours of plodding and battling with the lingering remnants of the storm, I arrived at the Orphanage to find that of the edifice and the ten Sisters and the 90 orphans, not a trace remained save a few bricks on the ground and some rags fluttering in the trees !!

One of the Sisters came from Cork, one from Tipperary, and one from Dublin. Some few days later three of the orphan boys turned up alive and well. When the building was giving way they had climbed on to the roof, and then on to a tree, with which they had floated out into the Gulf of Mexico, and then back again, till finally when cut, bruised, sore, and more dead than alive, they were stranded on the main land. The bodies of most of the Sisters were recovered. In some cases they had the children clasped in their arms, or bound to them by their cinctures. When I had left the Orphanage on the previous morning the Sisters had no apprehension of danger, for, although the tide was high and the Gulf stormy, yet the Orphans' Home had come safe and uninjured out of many a former flood.

On the day after the storm about a hundred bodies were brought to the undertaking department for recognition. On the second day it was no longer single bodies that were hauled along, but waggon loads, in which the dead were packed indiscriminately like herrings in a barrel.

The dead were now becoming a menace to the living; fears of an epidemic were hourly increasing, and interment was impossible, as the cemeteries were wrecked. The dead bodies were fast decomposing, and becoming unbearable alike to sight and smell. On the evening of the second day some 700 bodies were huddled together on a barge for consignment to a watery grave. Men were needed to undertake the gruesome task. Strong men came and looked at the ghastly spectacle, and turned away in loathing. They had to be forced at the point of the bayonet to accompany the cargo of rotting human carcases to the sea. Far out in the Gulf, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown the bodies were consigned to the keeping of the mysterious deep.

To protect the dead from ghouls and the living from thieves, Martial Law had to be proclaimed. Several people were shot for refusing to work and others for robbing and mutilating the dead. When the dead bodies became too decomposed for removal they were cremated where they lay by fires made from the universal wreck. They are still burning them at an average of twenty

per day although a month and eight days have passed since the storm.

All these things may be intensely horrible, but to me there was something more horrible still in the hundreds of bodies which I saw strewn over the island, away outside the city, bruised, blackened and broken, disfigured and distorted beyond recognition, some with the eyes gone and some with the brain protruding. The memory of that spectacle of indescribable and inconceivable horror will make my blood curdle and my flesh creep even were I to live for a thousand years. The human body on which we gaze with so much pride may in its more hideous forms become inexpressible dreadful to behold. I don't wonder at the vow which Saint Francis Borgia made on beholding the foul spectacle of Isabella's putrid corpse.

Our once splendid church is in ruins, only the statues and two altars remaining. At one of these altars we are now saying Mass, with the heavens for a canopy and the hot morning sun beating down on celebrant and worshippers with semi-tropical violence. The desolate scene recalls to our minds the times we read about when the faithful soggarth said his Mass on the wild mountain-side.

"I am thankful to be alive." "I saved all my family, but all I had is gone." "I lost my family." "I lost all belonging to me." Such were the common expressions to be heard everywhere during the sad days which succeeded the storm.

Could the experience of the thousands who were storm-tossed be ever collected, they would make the most thrilling volume ever written. The wildest fiction would be but tame gossip in comparison. Some people were carried away south into the Gulf and then back again northwards for a distance of fourteen miles. Showers of flying slates dealt death on every side. At times men's heads were chopped right off; at others the slates remained embedded in their victims' skulls. The mournful lowing of the cattle, the distressful cries of women and children, and the merciless howlings of the storm-fiend are things that cannot be expressed on paper.

Here is what a little girl of about six years told me a few days after the storm. "You see," she said, "I wasn't at home at all. I was over at Mrs. M——'s. There were twenty in the house when it went down, and they were all lost except four. Me and another little girl caught on to—— you know that telephone pole of the corner of Thirty four and P." "Yes." "Well we caught on to that, and we saw a raft floating down past us, and we got on that and the wind blew it over. I didn't see the other little girl after that,

but I held on, and in the morning I was found at Thirty-fifth and O (about half a mile away). When they got me I was asleep. Mamma said it was a miracle."

I have said that the hundredth part could not be told, and I think I have now said enough to justify that conclusion. I wish that some one

would help us to thank God for our safety. We can never do it sufficiently ourselves.

With best wishes from Father Kelly and myself, and trusting in your prayers.

Believe me, dear Father C.—

Yours sincerely in Christ,

JOHN T. NICHOLSON.

A FAREWELL REMEMBERED.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

"And rich and happy is the heart
Wherein there always dwell,
Like household gods, the memories
Of many a kind farewell."—Anon

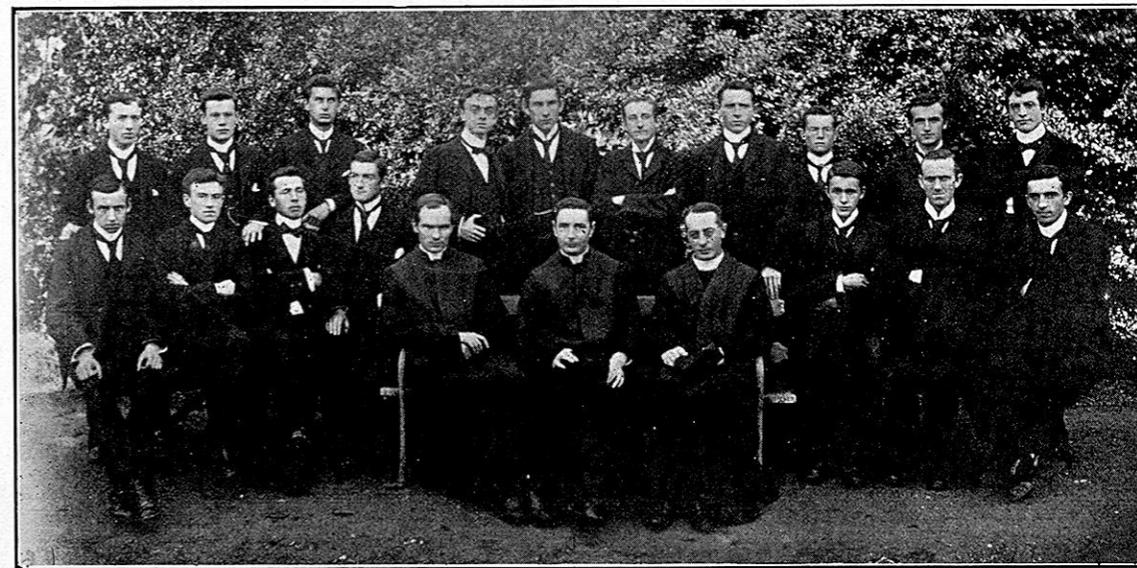


Photo by McMahon

APOSTOLIC STUDENTS OF UNIVERSITY CLASSES, 1899.

[Limerick.]

It was the old, old story—departing, when to remain would have been delight; quitting beloved scenes, cherished associations and friends whose memory is bound to abide. During the years we had lived together, it is certain we had grown very much attached. Together we had worked, played and studied, but above all prayed—going up the aisle two by two to the altar and there kneeling side by side. Difficult, indeed, were it to recall in detail the events that so interwove with one another our lives and our affections; but the fact was ac-

complished; they had been interwoven and united gradually, peacefully, and, I believe, lastingly. They were happy days, now about to end abruptly on this gray, cloudy August morning.

All too commonplace can any ending to such pleasant associations be. In the present instance the little sentimentalities, if I may so call them, which, as a rule, cling gently round and lead softly up to the melancholy event, could not, at least in my case, be indulged in.

While I should have been noting particularly the well-known landscape, and recalling again

the many gently-pleasing events of the past six years—while I should have been storing intellect and memory, imprinting on my very soul the recollections of the words then spoken, and the sympathy and kindness then shown, I was all the while lounging about, seeing as in a haze and feeling as in a stupor. The dulness and depression of two or three days' previous mental suffering prevented me from luxuriating in that other exquisite pain. Whether my companion's feelings were as sluggish as my own, or into what channels his thoughts wandered on that occasion, I was, of course, also unable to observe. So passed with me the evening and night of August 23rd, and now the "*dies amara*" has dawned.

I pass over the time spent in morning devotions, at which we were surrounded by the companions who for six years had knelt with us, but who would do so no more. No skill—much less one untrained as mine—could do justice to a time and act so sacred, or depict on cold paper the feelings and emotions which swept through the heart on that occasion. Breakfast with the kind superiors and teachers, who were so largely responsible for that calm and very enjoyable life of ours; a short talk with each whilst he gave the few parting words of encouragement or counsel, and the leave-taking had begun. Even now, in the midst of the farewells, I could not realize that the parting certainly was for many years, and might be—nay, in many cases, would be for ever. As usual, several on duty here or there were overlooked or forgotten. The good-

byes, we had been so long waiting to say, became at the last moment crowded and hurried—as usual, also. One and another would detain the hand, while now a word of encouragement, now of regret, was spoken, or, again, a tear glistened or a prayer was breathed.

Meanwhile we had been repeatedly called upon "to hurry up." We rushed from the old study-hall, where we had spent so many happy hours. On the corridor going out we clasped numerous outstretched hands, scarce knowing whose they were, crushed through the crowd, now pouring out at the door to see us off; got into the carriage and continued to wave a hand in adieu to some new arrival on the edge of the crowd, whom heretofore we had not seen. Speech had long since been out of the question, for, try as we might, the words would not form on our lips. Off!—and then, the usual parting salute was given. It was meant for a cheer, but was the most broken, faltering cheer I ever heard; and, slowly and sorrowfully, we were borne down the avenue and out ———.

Yes, that cheer; it was Mungret's last word to us. She uttered it brokenly, almost sobbingly, but to us it sounded sweeter than any tribute the most eloquent tongue could bestow. A dismal cheer it was, yet brilliantly successful. It was a prayer from Mungret's heart of hearts for her latest departing children. Already the years have widened the interval: new interests have sprung up, new cares, new hopes, but that broken cheer is not and cannot be forgotten.

JOHN KELLY ('94).



✧ TO MY MOTHER IN IRELAND, ON MY FIRST MASS-DAY. ✧

A REPLY.*

I've read your message, mother,
With tears fast flowing o'er,
Away from Em'rald Erin,
Far from her shamrock shore;

I've stood amid the angels,
The pure Host raised above,
And wore the "golden vestments"
And drank the Wine of Love!

To-day the 'white-haired darling,'
You parted with in tears,
Bent low before the altar,
Crowned priest for endless years.

Mo Mhournin! sure your spirit
Was near me as I read
From the Mass-Book on the altar
A prayer which Heavenward sped

For the dear old kindly mother
And loved ones far away,
Whom the hand of God doth sever
From me, my First Mass-Day!

But tears flowed on the altar
Where stood the Golden Wine—
I missed a mother's presence,
Missed the gentle smile of thine.

I thought of you, so lonely,
A chuisle stor mo chroidhe,
In your ivied-cottage dwelling
Beyond the surging sea.

God gave us tears, alanna,
Why feel I shame to say
They flowed fast for a mother
Who's far from me to-day?

* Sent us by a past Mungret Student. It has been written by one of our readers as a reply to Father Shealy's exquisite little ballad, "To My Mother in Ireland," which was published in our Xmas number of '98.

But the White Host of the altar,
And the Red Wine quickly rose
To Heaven for you, dearest,
And a father's last repose!
'Tis said the day of Priesthood
Is happiest of life's year;
Oh! mine had been thus happy
Were you, my mother, near!
Yes, well do I remember
The little garden shrine
Where you placed the flowers and candles
For this first Mass of mine.

Forget, you tell me, never
The land that gave me birth,
Where'er life's path may lead me
Across this troubled earth.
You know it is my longing
'Neath Irish skies to sleep—
To give this wasted body
To Irish earth to keep.
This wish of mine is holy,
For holy is the place
That clasps the dust and ashes
Of Erin's suffering race.

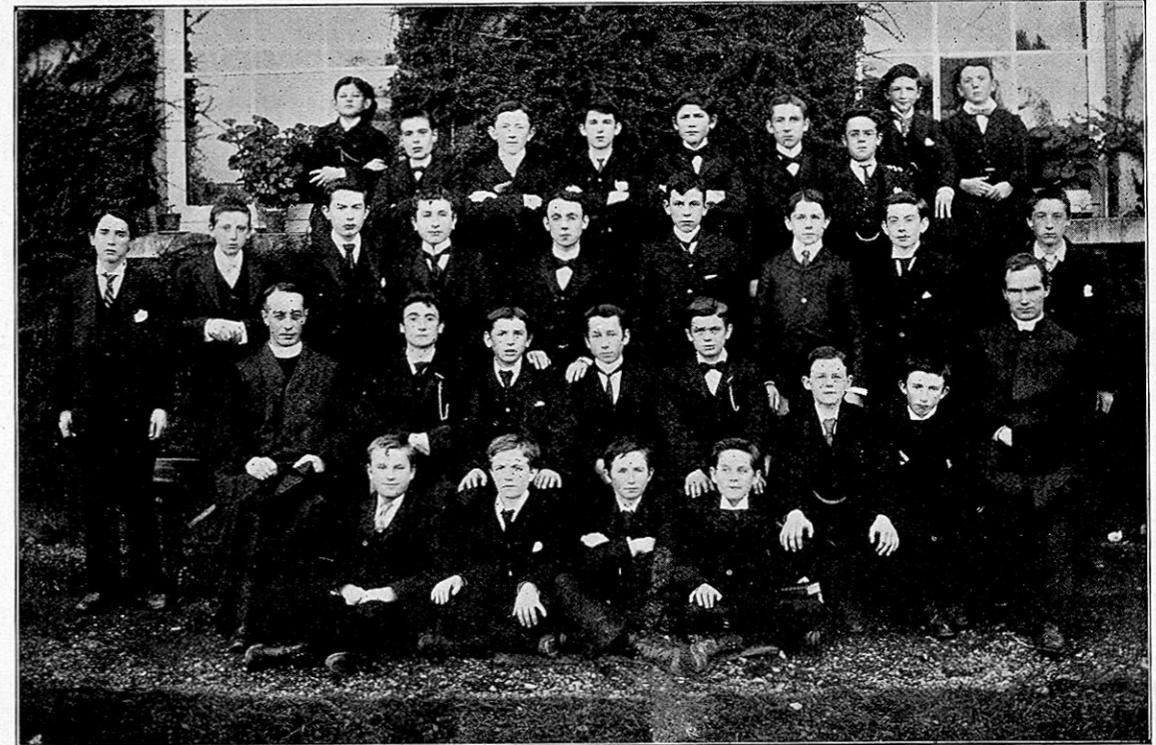


Photo by McMahon

JUNIOR APOSTOLIC STUDENTS, 1900.

[Limerick

It is a shrine of Mary,
Whose soul felt sorrow's dart;
Do you, like that sad mother,
Give God your bleeding heart?
You say that, were you nearer,
Your swelling heart might break—
Such blessedness steals o'er you,
Sweet rapture, for my sake!
Well, God knows best, dear mother,
By His sweet will I'm here—
I'll crush my wish for Erin,
Were it fifty times more dear.

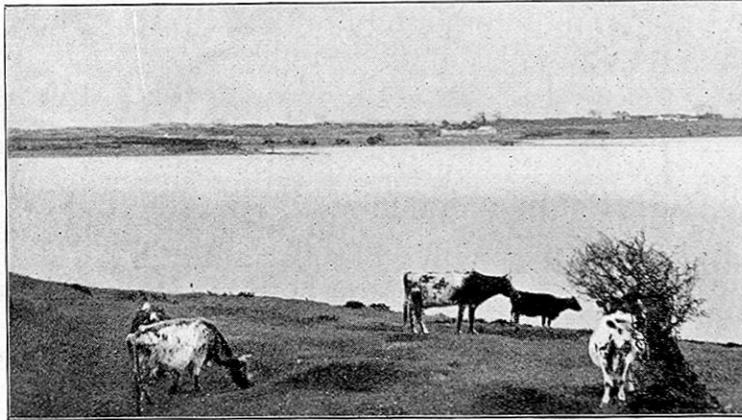
Now Christ and duty calls me—
This letter I must end,
And a young priest's fervent blessing—
My first—to thee I send.
In supplication lowly
Before God's Throne I bow,
I raise my hand anointed
And place it on your brow;
I beg from God in Heaven
His choicest grace to send
To my kind and dear old mother,
My first, most faithful friend.

C.S.S.R.

PLEASANT ♦ DAYS ♦ ON ♦ LOUGH ♦ MORE.

And as they sweep
On sounding skates a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened into joy.
Thomson. — "Seasons."

ON the morning of the 6th of February a hearty cheer woke the echoes of old Mungret, when it was announced that the ice would bear. Our fond hopes were at last to be realized: the tantalizing frost had come at length to stay. Another joyous shout reverberated through the corridors when Father



LOUGH MORE—FROM THE NORTH.

Rector announced class at an end. Books were flung aside with a contempt which their classic contents by no means warranted; skates were brought forth from the realms of devouring rust, and soon we were thronging over the hard, frosty ground towards Lough More, with its seventy acres of clear, smooth ice glancing like a mirror in the rays of the wintry sun. A few moments more, and we were sailing over its surface, free from the thralldom of the class-hall, and high in hopes of a prolonged visit from Master Frost. He did stay this time longer than we had even dared to hope.

With a little practice all, even the beginners, attained a certain degree of proficiency, and after a couple of days our recreation hours would see the surface of the Lough a scene of bustle and activity not easily to be forgotten.

On every side stretched away the never-ending crowd of merry skaters, dashing in and out, up and down, with all the recklessness of youth. They whirr over the deep and dangerous parts, or glide through the gaps in the crumbling walls; then again they break away in a dense throng, their merry laughter blending pleasantly with the rythmical hum of the skates, while the enthusiastic cries of the hockey players ring out clear on the frosty air.

The quality of the ice all through was good, and so fancy skating was much in vogue. Many, however, in their endeavours to cut figures, cut very sorry ones indeed. Over that we, for our part, would fain draw a veil, but the ubiquitous amateur photographer, who goes about seeking whom he might—snap, was there, alas! to immortalise their shame.

Dr. Johnson says that beautiful scenery is much improved by the presence of a good inn, and certainly the pleasure of our skating was much enhanced by the cups of hot coffee which Rev. Mr. O'Mahony, with his usual kindness, had provided for us on the ice. Water was boiled near at hand, and the refreshing beverage was handed round in cups from a temporary coffee-stall over which presided an individual well known to our readers, but who shall be nameless.

After a few days' skating the weather broke, but the frost soon returned, followed by a heavy fall of snow, which covered the ice to a depth of several inches, clothing it in its "winter robe of purest white." George Horan's ingenious brain was soon at work in the construction of a snow-plough, which, with the assistance of shovels and brushes, soon cleared a space for those who liked fancy skating. But most,

preferred to rove afar over the virgin surface, throwing up the snow in white fleecy clouds about them.



LOUGH MORE—COFFEE ON THE ICE, FEB., 1900.

A snowballing match afforded considerable amusement. The invading party, neglecting the lessons taught by the Boer war, advanced to a frontal attack, but paid for their temerity by a well-directed fusillade, which forced them to retire, covered with snow and confusion. The fierce battle, fought in the best of good humour, ended in an indiscriminate scrimmage, in which, fortunately, nothing but snow was spilt.

Hockey on the ice was taken up with great spirit, and several matches were arranged between a team representing the College and a party of gentlemen from the city. The latter included Mr. Matterson (international hockey player) and Mr. Stokes (Limerick Co. F.C.) On the first occasion the Boys fell very easy victims to the skill of their opponents. The second day witnessed the best match of all. Both sides were fully determined to win—the Limerick gentlemen being resolved to retain their laurels; the Boys to redeem the honour of their *Alma Mater*. The College team made good use of their former experience, and at last won a hard-fought battle, by eight goals to seven.

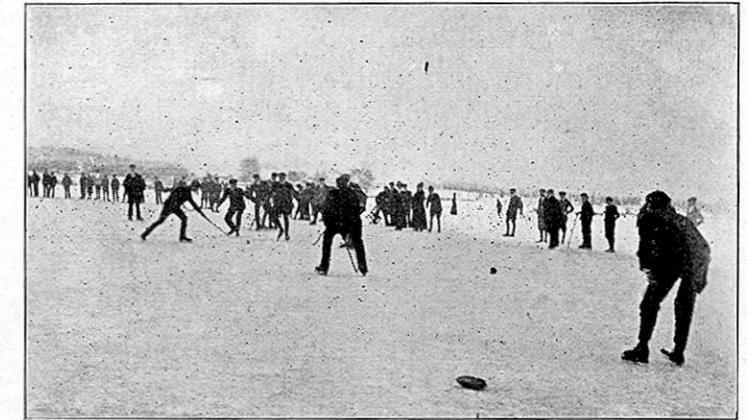
This was a fast and furious game. Up and down the steel-shod players whirred madly after the flying ball. Stokes passes

to Matterson, who gets through the backs and sends the ball whizzing towards the College goal. But Charlie O'Brien is equal to his task, and with a clean, steady stroke he changes the scene of operations to the enemy's territory. It was marvellous how Charlie kept goal that day. Though quite a novice on skates, he made up for his inexperience by pluck and determination, and, equally ready with hand or foot, he defied the fierce onslaughts of the enemy. Willie O'Doherty, with his spirited dash and relentless stroke, completed the disorganization of the opposing forwards. Crowds gathered to witness the match, and a loud cheer greeted the victory of the College.

Mr. Matterson kindly asked Father Rector for an extra half-evening, which was granted for the morrow, when a return match was to have been played. But it never took place, for a thaw set in and hockey had to be abandoned.

"For see! Dense clouds arise, the frost is o'er,
And zephyrs liquify our own Lough More."

And as we crept back to the study-hall in the



HOCKEY MATCH WITH LIMERICK TEAM.

pale moonlight, sad and thoughtful for the departure of the ice, we set down these days as some of the happiest we have spent within the walls of Mungret; as days which in the distant future will be to us associated with many pleasant recollections.

E. J. O'NEILL (B.A. Class).

OUR PAST.

We publish this year a list (imperfect, of course, and incomplete) of the addresses, &c., of Past Mungret Students of both the Apostolic and Lay Schools who are Priests or are preparing for the Priesthood.

o means time and place of ordination; *m* means mission to which each belongs.

Ahern, Fr William, '90-'93 (*o* Killarney, May, 1900; *m* Kerry, at present Glasgow) Chapel House, Mary street, Glasgow
 Ambrose, B.A., Fr Myles, '82-'86 (*o* Glasgow, '97; *m* Glasgow) St. Mary's, Abercromby Street, Glasgow
 Bradley, B.A., Fr William, '81-'88 (*o* All Hallows, Dublin, '93; *m* Lincoln, Neb.) Bishop's House, Lincoln, Neb., U S A
 Bingham, C.S.S.R., Fr Patrick, '81-'86 (*o* Teignmouth, '93; *m* Australia) Redemptorist Monastery, Dundalk, Ireland
 Barry, Fr Patrick, '87-'92 (*o* St Patrick's College, Carlow, '93; *m* St Augustine's, Fla.) Jacksonville, Fla., U S A
 Brady, Fr James, '82-'86 (*m* Little Rock, Ark.) Church of Immaculate Conception, Fort Smith, Ark., U S A
 Bruen, Fr James, '81-'87 (*o* N American College, Rome, '90; *m* Lincoln, Neb.) R I P
 Bruen, Fr Timothy, '82-'87 (*o* St Patrick's College, Carlow, '93; *m* Lincoln, Neb.) Pro-Cathedral, Lincoln, Neb., U S A
 Bergin, S.J., Mr Michael, '93-'97 (*m* Irish Province) University San Joseph, Beyrouth, Syria
 Bithrey, S.J., Mr John, '90-'93 (*m* Irish Province) Belvedere College, Gt Denmark-street, Dublin
 Blackmore, S.J., Mr Henry, '92-'99 (*m* Rocky Mountains) S Heart Novitiate, De Smet, Idaho, U S A
 Byrne, S.J., Mr George, '92-'94 (*m* Irish Province) Seminaire de Vals, Près de Puy, France
 Byrne, S.J., Mr John, '89-'91 (*m* Irish Province) Clongowes Wood College, Co Kildare
 Buckley, S.J., Mr John, '91-'96 (*m* N Orleans) Montserrat College, Cienfuegos, Cuba
 Burke, Mr James, '94-'99 (*m* Mobile) St Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., U S A
 Bresnahan, Mr Patrick, '93-'99 (*m* St Augustine, Fla.) Collegio Americano, Roma, Italia
 Carroll, Fr Thomas, '82-'83 (*m* Alton, U S A) Farmville, Ill., U S A
 Cahill, S.J., Fr Edward, '83-'87 (*o* St Francis Xavier's, Dublin, '97; *m* Irish Province) Mungret College, Limerick
 Carroll, B.A., Fr David, '83-'87 (*o* Maynooth, '91; *m* Limerick) St Munchin's Church, Limerick
 Carroll, C.S.S.R., Fr William, '92-'96 [*o* Kansas City, Mo.; *m* United States] St Joseph's College, Kirkwood, Mobile, Ala., U S A
 Coffey, Fr Patrick, '90-'92 (*o* St Patrick's College, Carlow, '98; *m* Mobile) St Mary's Church, Clinton, Iowa, U S A
 Carr, Fr John, '84-'88 (*o* Irish College, Paris, '92; *m* Limerick) Banogue, Croom, Co Limerick
 Cronin, S.J., Fr Jeremiah, '81-'87 (*o* Woodstock College, 1900; *m* Maryland) Woodstock College, Md., U S A

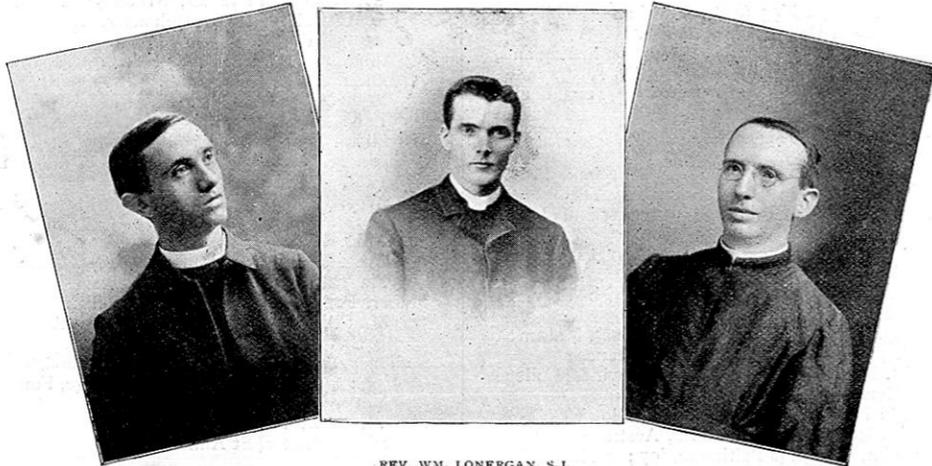
Cronin, S.J., Fr Patrick, '82-'86 (*o* Woodstock College, 1900; *m* N Orleans Prov) Woodstock College, Md., U S A
 Coyle, Fr James, '88-'93 (*o* Propaganda, Rome; *m* Mobile) Rector of McGill Institute, Mobile, Ala., U S A
 Carroll, Mr William J, '93-'99 (*m* Little Rock) Kenrick Seminary, Mobile, Ala., U S A
 Carroll, B.A., Mr Joseph, '91-'97 (*m* St Augustine, Fla.) Collegio di Propaganda, Piazza de Spagna, Roma
 Cronin, S.J., Mr John, '88-'89 (*m* N Orleans) R I P
 Cox, S.J., Mr J, '88-'90 (*m* N Orleans Province) Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., U S A
 Colvin, S.J., Mr Alexander, '92-'97 (*m* S Africa) Manresa House, Roehampton, London
 Cahill, Mr Matthew, '97-'99 St Patrick's College, Carlow
 Casey, S.J., Mr John, '88-'90; 11 Rue de Récollets, Louvain, Belgique
 Cronin, N.S.J., Mr David, '93-'00 (*m* Maryland Province) Novitiate, Frederick, Md., U S A
 Cronin, N.S.J., Mr John, '86-'88 (*m* N Orleans Province) R I P
 Connolly, S.J., Mr Patrick, '90-'93 (*m* Irish Province) Mungret College, Limerick
 Coghlan, S.J., Mr Bartholemew, '91-'93 (*m* Irish Province) Crescent College, Limerick
 Curley, B.A., Mr Michael, '96-1900 (*m* St Augustine, Fla.) Collegio, Americano, Septentrionale, Roma, Italia
 Dwane, B.A., Fr William, '85-'88 (*o* Maynooth, '94; *m* Limerick) Croom, Co Limerick
 Doyle, S.J., Mr James, '87-'93 (*m* Missouri Prov) St Louis' University, Mo., U S A
 Daly, S.J., Mr Patrick, '91-'97 (*m* S Africa) Manresa House, Roehampton, London
 Devane, Mr Richard, '93-'94 (*m* Limerick) St Patrick's College, Maynooth
 Davis, S.J., Mr Francis, '93-'97 [*m* Irish Province] St Stanislaus' College, Tullamore
 Daly, B.A., Mr Daniel, '94-'00 [*m* Manchester, U S A] Theological Séminary, Montreal
 Durgan, S.J., Mr John, '82-'86 [*m* Rocky Mountains] St Louis' University, St Louis, Mo., U S A
 Doherty, S.J., Mr Andrew (*m* N Orleans Province) Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala
 Doherty, S.J., Mr John, '90-'92 [*m* N Orleans] R I P
 Enright, V.G., Fr Patrick, '84-'89 [*o* Emmitsburg, '93; *m* Little Rock] St Andrew's Cathedral, Little Rock, Ark., U S A
 Enright, Mr Michael, '93-'95 [*m* Little Rock, Ark.] Mt St Mary's Theological Seminary, Emmitsburg, U S A
 Eaton, B.A., Mr Thomas, '92-'98 [*m* Mobile, Ala.] Mt St Mary's Theological Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., U S A
 Ennis, Mr Patrick, '94-'00 [*m* Wilcania, Australia] St Patrick's College, Carlow
 Fitzgerald, Fr Edmund, '85-'87 [*o* Paris, '92; *m* Limerick] Templeglantine, Newcastle West, Co Limerick
 Foley, Fr James, '83-'88 [*o* Maynooth, '93; *m* Limerick] Clouncaugh, Ballygarry, Co Limerick
 Fitzharris, N.S.J., Mr Richard, '95-1900 [*m* Rocky Mountains] S. Heart Novitiate, Las Gatas, Santa Clara Co., Cal., U S A
 Flinn, S.J., Mr Joseph [*m* Irish Province] Clongowes Wood College, Co Kildare

Flanagan, S.J., Mr Henry, '91-'94 [*m* N Orleans] R I P
 Floyd, Mr Hugh, '94-'97 All Hallows' College, Dublin
 Fegan, Mr Nicholas, '94-'95 [*m* Galway] Maynooth College, Co Kildare
 Flood, Mr John, '94 [*m* Dublin] Clonliffe College, Dublin
 Gallagher, B.A., Fr Michael, '84-'89 (*o* Innisbrick, '93; *m* Grand Rapids) Grand Rapids, Mich., U S A
 Galvin, B.A., Fr Bernard, '85-'89 (*m* Omaha) 808 North 36th street, Omaha, Neb., U S A
 Gleeson, Fr John (*o* Maynooth, '91; *m* Melbourne) R C Presbytery, St Mary's, Dandenong, Victoria
 Gannon, S.J., Mr William, '91-'92 [*m* Irish Province] Kew College, Melbourne, Australia
 Galvin, S.J., Mr Thomas, '85-'90 [*m* Missouri Province] Jesuit College, Denver, Colorado, U S A
 Gannon, Mr Peter, '95-'97 (*m* English and Indian Missions) Salesian Fathers, 64 Orbel street, Battersea, London, S.W.
 Gilfillane, Mr Joseph, '98-'99 (*m* America) Collegio Americano Septentrionale, via di Humilta, Roma
 Garahy, S.J., Mr Michael, '90-'93 (*m* Irish Prov) St Ignatius College, Riverview, Sydney, Australia
 Horan, B.A., D.D., Fr Patrick, '83-'88 (*o* Nth American College, Rome, '92; *m* Little Rock) Little Rock Ark, U S A
 Henry, Fr Michael, '88-'93 (*o* Rome, '96; *m* Mobile) St Anne's Church Decatur, Mob., Ala., U S A
 Hunt, C S S R, Fr Cor., '81-'86 (*o* Teignmouth, England, '92; *m* Australia) Highgate, Perth, W. Australia
 Hartigan, C S S R., Fr James, '82-'86 (*o* Teignmouth, England, '93; *m* Irish Prov) R I P
 Hannan, S.J., Mr Joseph (*m* Irish Province) St Stanislaus College, Tullamore
 Hogan, S.J., Mr Michael, '91-'95 (*m* Maryland Prov.) St Francis Xavier's W 16th street, New York
 Hughes, S.J., Mr Patrick, '82-'88 (*m* Maryland Prov.) Woodstock College, Md, U S A
 Hughes, B.A., Mr William, '92-'97 (*m* St Augustine, Fla) St Patrick's College, Carlow
 Hartigan, S.J., Mr Austin, '92-'98 (*m* Irish Prov) St Stanislaus College, Tullamore
 Horan, N.S.J., Mr George, '94-1900 (*m* China), Maison St Michel, 3 Boulevard de Tours Laval, France
 Janniere, S.J., Mr René, '84-'88 [*m* Paris Province] College Sainte Geneviève Rue Lhomond, Paris
 Kenelly, B.A., Fr Patrick, '84-'88 (*o* All Hallows' College, '91; *m* Balarat) Balarat, Victoria, Australia
 Kelly, Fr John, '87-'94 (*o* Baltimore, '97; *m* Mobile) St Brigid's Church, Whistler, Ala., U S A
 Kilbride, C S S R, Fr Patrick, '83-'87 (*o* Teignmouth, '95; *m* Irish Prov) Redemptorist Monastery, Belfast
 Kenny, S.J., Fr Michael, '81-'86 (*o* St Francis Xavier's, Dublin, '97; *m* New Orleans Prov) Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., U S A
 Killian, B.A., Fr Andrew, '89-'95 (*o* Carlow, '98; *m* Wilcania), Bourke, N S W, Australia
 Keany, Fr Thomas, '81-'86 (*m* Galveston) R I P
 Kelly, Fr Edmund, '90-'95 (*o* Emmitsburg, '99; *m* Galveston) St Mary's Cathedral, Galveston, Texas, U S A
 Kenny, N.S.J., Mr Patrick, '95-1900 (*m* Syria—Lyons Prov.) Maison St Stanislaus, Missionaires Jesuites, par Beyrouth Ghazir, Syriè
 Keane, O.D.C., Mr Michael Albert, '92-'95, St Mary's, Morehampton road, Donnybrook, Dublin
 Keogh, Mr Denis, '98-'1900 [*m* Dublin] Clonliffe College, Dublin
 Leo, C S S R, Fr Patrick, '82-'84 (*o* Teignmouth, '91; *m* Australia) Mt St Alphonsus, Waratah, N S W, Australia
 Liston, Fr James, '82-'87 (*o* Maynooth, '92; *m* Limerick) Rockhill, Brurea, Co Limerick
 Lonergan, S.J., Fr William, '81-'86 (*o* Woodstock Coll., 1900; *m* Colorado) Woodstock Coll., Md, U S A

Loughran, B.A., Fr Francis, '81-'87 (*o* Nth American College, Rome, '91; *m* Lincoln) Palmyra, Neb, U S A
 Lyons, S.J., Mr John, '91-'93, R I P
 Lyons, S.J., Mr Patrick, '89-'95 (*m* Australia) St Francis Xavier's, Kew, Melbourne, Australia
 Mangan, B.A., Fr Cornelius J, '82-'86 (*o* Maynooth, '94; *m* Limerick) Bulgaden, Co. Limerick
 Mangan, C.P., Fr John J. Bertrand, '89-'92 (*o* Mount Argus, Dublin '97; *m* England) St Ann's Retreat, Sutton, St Helen's, England
 McDonnell, C S S R, Fr Martin, '83-'85 (*o* Dundalk, '91; *m* Australia) Mount St Alphonsus, Waratah, N S W, Australia
 McDonnell, B.A., Fr John, '84-'89 [*o* Louvain, '93; *m* Kansas City, Mo.] R I P
 McCarthy, Fr Charles, '83-'86 (*o* Maynooth, '91; *m* Limerick) Glin, Co. Limerick
 Murphy, B.A., Fr Patrick, '86-'88 [*o* Maynooth, '92; *m* Limerick] R I P
 Murphy, O S A, Fr John, '85-'88 (*o* Orlagh, Rathfarnham, '95; *m* Irish Province) Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo
 Murray, B.A., Father Daniel, '85-'89 [*o* Rome, '93; *m* Mobile, Ala.] R I P
 Murray, C S S R, Fr James, '81-'88 (*o* Teignmouth, '96; *m* Australia) Mt St Alphonsus, Waratah, N S W, Australia
 McMahon, Fr Daniel, '85-'87 [*o* '94; *m* Australia]
 MacMahon, S.J., Fr Michael, '81-'87 (*o* St Bueno's College, North Wales; *m* S. Africa) St Joseph's, Lea, Lancashire, England
 Moynihan, D D, M A, Fr Humphrey, '81-'87 (*o* Propaganda, Rome; *m* St Paul) St Paul's Seminary, St Paul, Ma, U S A
 McCovey, B A, Fr Patrick, '84-'89 (*o* Aix-en-Provence, '95; *m* Manchester) St Anne's Church, Manchester, N H, U S A
 McCovey, Fr James, '88-'92 (*o* Aix-en-Provence, '96; *m* Manchester) Clermont, N H, U S A
 Maher, Fr Michael, '81-'86 [*o* Propaganda, Rome, '91; *m* St Augustine, Fla.] Cathedral, St Augustine, Fla., U S A
 Mahoney, S.J., Fr Michael, '81-'86 [*o* Woodstock College, '98; *m* Maryland] St John's College, Fordham, New York, U S A
 McGill, B.A., Fr James P., '86-'91 [*o* Montreal, '95; *m* Manchester] St Anne's Church, Manchester, N H, U S A
 Moran, M.A., Fr Thomas, '88-'95 [*o* Thurles, 1900; *m* San Francisco), Louvain University, Belgium
 MacDonnell, S.J., Mr Charles A, '88-'91 [*m* Colorado] Sacred Heart College, Denver, Colorado, U S A
 McCabe, S.J., Mr Mathew, '88-'92 [*m* Maryland] Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass, U S A
 McNally, S.J., Mr Michael, '91-'94 [*m* New Orleans] St Stanislaus, Florissant, Mo, U S A
 MacCarthy, S.J., Mr J [*m* N Orleans Province] St Charles College, Grand Coteau, La, U S A
 Mahoney, S.J., Mr Patrick, '82-'87 [*m* Rocky Mountains] Woodstock College, Md, U S A
 Martin, S.J., Mr John, '91-'93 Clongowes Wood College, Sallins, Co. Kildare
 Murray, S.J., Mr J., '91-'92 [*m* New Orleans] St Charles College, Grand Coteau, U S A
 McDonough, Mr Peter, '95-'99 [*m* Manchester] Montreal Seminary, Quebec, Canada
 Maloney, N. S.J., Mr William, '95-'99 [*m* Irish Province] St Stanislaus College, Tullamore
 McAvin, Mr John, '98-'99 [*m* Dublin] Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, Dublin
 Maloney, S.J., Mr Patrick, '90-'95 [*m* Rocky Mountains] Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash., U S A

McKean, S.J., Mr Wm, '91-'93 [*m* New Orleans] St Charles College, Grand Coteau, Ga., U S A
 Mulcahy, Mr John, '94-'95 [*m* Westminster] University of Salamanca, Spain
 Nicholson, Fr John, '89-'94 [*o* Price Hill, Cincinnati, '98; *m* Galveston, Texas] St Patrick's Church, Galveston, Texas, U S A
 Nunan, D.D., B.A., Fr James, '88-'93 [*o* North American College '98; *m* St Augustine] Cathedral, St Augustine, Fla., U S A
 O'Leary, B.A., Fr Thomas, '89-'94 [*o* Montreal, '98; *m* Manchester] St John's Church, Concord, N H, U S A
 O'Leary, M.A., Fr Arthur, '82-'86 [*o* Maynooth, '91; *m* Limerick] St Munchin's College, Henry-st, Limerick
 O'Dwyer, B.A., Fr William, '84-'86 [*o* Maynooth, '91; *m* Limerick] St Munchin's College, Henry-st, Limerick
 O'Connor, B.A., Fr Jeremiah, '82-'87 [*o* Maynooth, '91; *m* Limerick] St John's Cathedral, Limerick
 O'Brien, Fr John, '82-'86 [*o* N. American College, Rome, '91; St Augustine, Fla.] Palatka, Fla, U S A
 O'Brien, N.S.J., Mr Chas, '99-1900 [*m* China] Maison St Michel, 3 Boulevard de Tours, Laval, France

Ryan, D.D., B.A., Fr Francis, '88-'93 [*o* North American College, '97; *m* St Paul] Cathedral Church, St Paul, Ma, U.S.A
 Redden, B.A., Mr Maurice, '93-'99 [*m* Manchester, N H] Grand Theological Seminary, Montreal, Canada
 Ryan, S.J., Mr Patrick [*m* N Orleans Province] St Ignatius College, 214 Hayes street, San Francisco, Cal, U S A
 Shealy, S.J., Fr Terence J., '81-'86 [*o* Woodstock College '98; *m* Maryland Province] Georgetown University, Wash., D C, U S A
 Sheridan, B.A., Fr James P, '90-'96 [*o* Dunwoodie Coll, New York, '99; *m* New York] Catholic University, Washington, U S A
 Stenson, B.A., Fr James, '88-'94 [*o* Capranica College, Rome, '97; *m* Omaha] St Philomena's Cathedral, Omaha, Neb., U S A
 Stritch, S.J., Mr Thomas, '84-'89 [*m* N Orleans Province] Woodstock College, Md., U S A
 Stritch, S.J., Mr John, '84-'89 [*m* N Orleans Province] Woodstock College, Md., U S A
 Stenson, B.A., Mr Jos, '93-'99 [*m* United States]



REV. JEK. CRONIN, S.J. REV. WM. LONERGAN, S.I. REV. PATRICK CRONIN, S.J.
 SOME OF OUR PAST STUDENTS RECENTLY ORDAINED.

O'Connor, B.A., Mr Willie, '93-1900 [*m* Dunedin, New Zealand] All Hallows College, Dublin
 O'Keefe, S.J., Mr William, '90-'92 [*m* Irish Province] St Stanislaus College, Tullamore
 O'Malley, S.J., Mr Michael, '93-'97 [*m* Rocky Mountains] Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash., U S A
 O'Mahony, Mr Florence, '90-'93 [*m* Cork] Maynooth College, Co Kildare
 O'Connell, S.J., Mr James, '95-'98 [*m* English Province] Manresa House, Roehampton, London
 O'Dwyer, S.J., Mr Patrick, '96-1900 [*m* Irish Province] St Stanislaus College, Tullamore, King's Co
 Power, N.S.J., Mr John, '94-1900 [*m* New Orleans] St Stanislaus College, Vineville, Macon Ga, U.S.A
 Redden, B.A., Fr Thomas, '91-'97 [*o* St Joseph's Cathedral, Manchester, 1900; *m* Manchester] Concord, N.H, U.S.A
 Ryan, Fr Patrick, '83-'88 [*o* Maynooth, '93; *m* Limerick] St Mary's Presbytery, Limerick
 Riordan, Fr Robert, '82-'86 [*o* Rome, '91; *m* Balarat] Balarat, Victoria, Australia

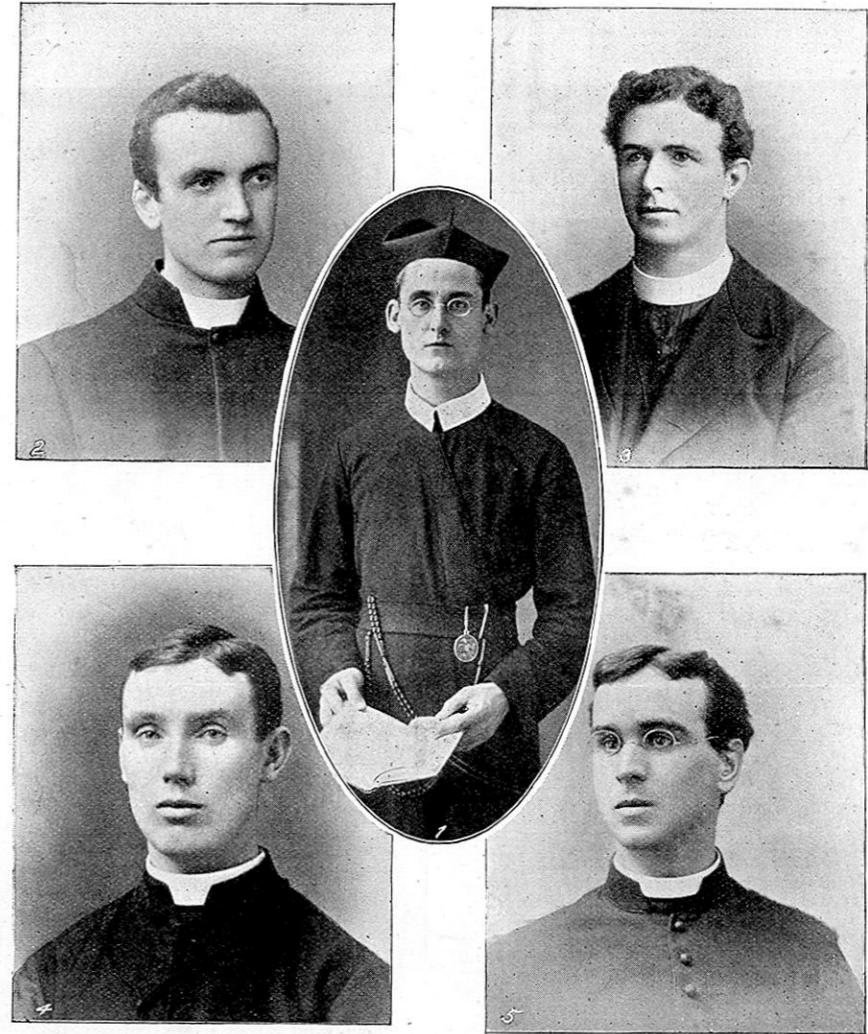
Stephenson, S.J., Mr Wm, '95-'98 [*m* Irish Province] St Stanislaus College, Tullamore
 Turner, B.A., D.D., Fr Wm, '83-'88 [*o* N Amer College. Rome, '93; *m* St Paul] St Paul's Seminary, Ma, U S A
 Turner, C S.S.R., Fr Denis, '88-'91 [*o* Teignmouth, '99; *m* Irish and Australian Province] Redemptorist Monastery, Dundalk
 Turner, B.A., Mr John, '94-'99 [*m* New York] Collegio Americano Septentrionale, Roma, Italia
 Turner, B.A., Mr Patrick, '95-1900 [*m* New York] Universität Strasse, Innsbruck, Tyrol, Austria
 Tomkin, S.J., Mr. James, '94-97 [*m* Irish Province] Stonyhurst, Whalley, Lancashire, England
 Veale, D.D., B.A., Fr James, '90-'95 [*o* North American College, Rome, '99; *m* St Augustine, Fla.] Cathedral, St Augustine, Fla., U S A
 Wright, Fr Joseph, '89-'94 [*o* Baltimore, '97; *m* Mobile, Ala.] Pensacola, Fla., U S A
 Walshe, Mr Patrick, '97-'99; St Patrick's College, Carlow
 Walsh, S.J., Mr [*m* N Orleans Province], Spring Hill College, Mob., Ala, U S A

EIGHT of our past students have this year been ordained priests, three in the Society of Jesus, one in the Redemptorists, and four for the secular mission.

Of the three ordained in the Society, viz :—Fr. WM. LONERGAN, FR. JER. CRONIN, and FR. P.

to the first band of Apostolic students* who left Mungret for the New World in 1886.

Fr. Lonergan belongs to the province of Colorado, North Mexico, and has had many strange and thrilling experiences during his sojourn in the land of the Aztecs. We look forward to some interesting sketches from his pen in the near future.



REV. WM. AHERN. REV. WM. CARROLL, C.S.S.R. REV. THOMAS MORAN, M.A.
 REV. JAMES VEALE, D.D., B.A. REV. THOMAS REDDEN, B.A.

SOME OF OUR PAST STUDENTS RECENTLY ORDAINED.

CRONIN, the two latter were amongst the first to enter the Apostolic school, having done so in 1881, in the Crescent College, Limerick, before Mungret had yet passed into the hands of the society; and FR. PATRICK CRONIN and FR. LONERGAN belonged

Both Fathers Cronin read very distinguished

*The others were Fr. M. Mahony, S.J., Fr. T. J. Shealy, S.J., Fr. M. Kenny, S.J., Rev. Mr. J. Durgan, S.J., Rev. Mr. J. Phelan, S.J., whose early death we recorded last year.

University courses in Mungret; Fr. J. Cronin secured high honours in the B.A. examination, which he passed in 1886. He then taught for a year before leaving Mungret for the noviceship. Fr. Patrick Cronin, who left Mungret after passing his Second Arts, had won honours in that examination as well as in the First Arts.

All three are now reading their fourth year's Theology in Woodstock. Three other past Mungret students are with them, viz.:—Rev. Mr. T. Stritch, S.J., Rev. Mr. J. Stritch, S.J., and Rev. Mr. P. Mahony, S.J.

REV. WM. CARROLL, C.S.S.R., having matriculated in R.U.I., entered the Apostolic school September, 1892, graduated in 1895, and after spending another year in Mungret as study-prefect, entered the noviceship of Redemptorist Fathers in Kansas City, Mo. After his ordination there this year, he was sent to Kirkwood, Mo., to take charge of the

in Locis Theologies and Canon Law; (3) in 3rd year's Theology, *ex aequo* for 2nd medal in Dogmatic Theology and for 1st medal in S. Scripture and Re Sacramentaria; (4) at end of fourth year, the Degree of D.D.

He was ordained December 23rd, 1899, and returned to Ireland in June. He sang the solemn High Mass of St. Aloysius in Mungret, June 21st, and remained several days with us. He paid his *Alma Mater* another visit before leaving Ireland for his mission in St. Augustine, Fla., in November.

REV. THOMAS P. MORAN, M.A., who entered the Apostolic school December, 1887, after graduating in 1894, remained another year in Mungret as study-prefect. He read a distinguished theological course in Thurles College, and in 1897 obtained the M.A. degree in R.U.I. He was this year, March 4th, ordained for the diocese of San Francisco, and is now



REV. PATRICK RYAN.

REV. M. KENNY, S.J.

REV. JAMES BRADY.

juniors of his own Order, while continuing his theological studies.

REV. WM. AHERN, who was in Mungret as a lay-boy 1890-1893, was, after finishing his course in Maynooth College, ordained this year in Killarney, for the diocese of Kerry, his native county. Not being required for some time in his own diocese, he has, for the present, taken up work in Glasgow.

REV. JAMES VEALE, B.A., D.D., who entered the Apostolic School in September, 1890, read a highly distinguished University course, and in his Theological studies at the North American College, Rome, he has sustained the reputation which he won in Mungret. He was an exhibitioner in First Arts and Second Arts, and graduated in 1895 in the honours course. At the Propaganda his roll of distinctions was very brilliant. He obtained: (1) in Philosophy, the medal of the Academia Romana di San Tomasso; (2) in 1st year's Theology, *ex aequo* for 1st medals in Liturgy and Sacred Archaeology and for 2nd medals

in the University of Louvain, studying for a degree in Theology. His course there is likely to occupy him five years.

REV. THOMAS REDDEN, B.A., a native of Dover, N.H., who entered the Apostolic School in 1891, to prepare for the priesthood in his native diocese, acted as assistant prefect of the Lay-Boys for two years, and was Study Prefect during his last year in Mungret. Having graduated in 1897, he went to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, for his Theological studies. His course there has been very brilliant, though from lack of accurate information we are unable to supply the details of his distinctions. After his ordination in Montreal, June 28th, he received instructions from his Bishop to go to Rome for a further Theological course. Owing, however, to his urgent need of priests the Bishop eventually was compelled to detain Father Redden for the immediate needs of the ministry in Manchester, where he is now labouring.

We publish also this year photographs of some past students of the early years of the College, all of whom are now doing good work as priests in different parts of the world.

The name of REV. M. KENNY S.J., is by this time very familiar to every reader of THE MUNGRET ANNUAL, and to him the magazine owes a great deal, both in its foundation and afterwards. His kindly advice and generous sympathy encouraged in no small degree the first editors to undertake a task which at the time seemed hazardous; and the high excellence of his literary contributions and the truthfulness of their spirit to the object of the magazine have been an essential element in obtaining for THE MUNGRET ANNUAL the position it occupies among college journals. We feel confident that we only echo the sentiments of all our readers when we express a hope that Father Kenny will continue to allow many an old friend to enjoy in THE MUNGRET ANNUAL some of the fruits of his spicy wit and his rare creative fancy.

Father Kenny entered the Apostolic School in the Crescent College, 1881. He afterwards read what promised at first to be a very distinguished University course in Mungret, where from the beginning he gave evidence of rare literary talent. Owing, however, to excessive application when studying for a scholarship in Ancient Classics, R.U.I., in 1883, he contracted a tedious head-ache, which resulted in his being compelled to leave Mungret before obtaining his degree. He was among the first band of Apostolic students to leave Mungret for America, and entered the noviceship of the Society of Jesus for the New Orleans Mission in 1886. He read his Theology in Milltown Park, Dublin, was ordained in 1897, and after spending his year of Third Probation in Tronchiennes, Belgium, he returned to America, where he is now attached to Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.

The career of FATHER JAMES BRADY, P.P., (who had been one of the first to enter the Apostolic School in 1881) in the Diocese of Little Rock, Ark., has been one of rare zeal and exceptional success. After a few years he had already practically organized a new parish, which by his efforts could boast of the best school in the diocese; and he had done so in the face of the greatest difficulties and peculiarly disheartening circumstances. Hence we were not quite unprepared for the rumour that reached us some months ago (which, however, has proved to be somewhat premature) of his elevation to the episcopal dignity.

Fr. Brady has been quite recently appointed pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fort Smith, to which is attached the largest and most important parish in the diocese of Little Rock. That Mungret may become the *Alma Mater* of many such children as he, is our earnest wish and most fervent prayer.

REV. PATRICK RYAN, who was five years at Mungret as a seminarist, has been recalled this year to his native diocese of Limerick from Hull, in the

diocese of Middlesborough, where he had been working since his ordination with untiring zeal and with wonderful success. It was there that he published, in 1897, for the use of Catholics, and with a view to propagate the knowledge of Catholicity among those outside the fold, his excellent little treatise, "Catholic Doctrines Explained and Proved," a small octavo volume of more than 200 pages, containing in an English dress and in a simple, readable form, explanations and theological proofs of all the principal dogmas of Catholicity; special stress being laid on the points that come under most discussion in Protestant England. The book also contains some special chapters concerning

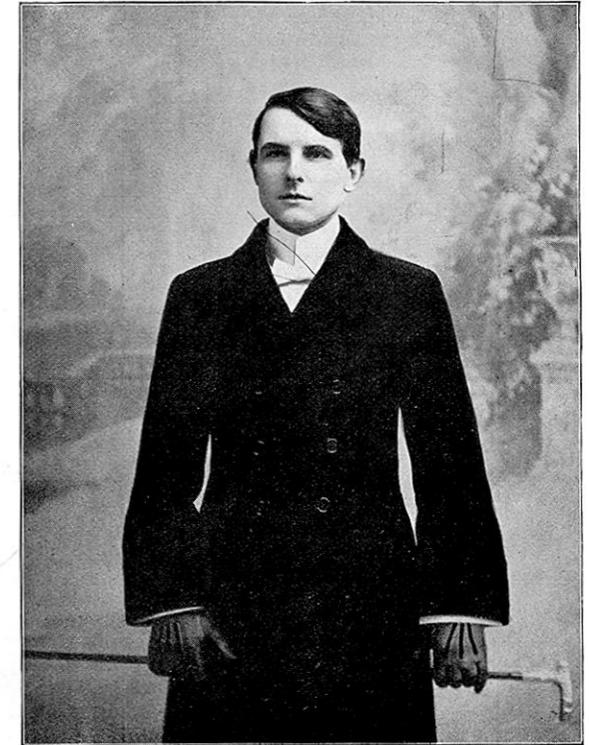


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[Buckley, Limk.

GEORGE WISEMAN (MR. CHARLES LESLIE),
AS "HARRY SELBOURNE," VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

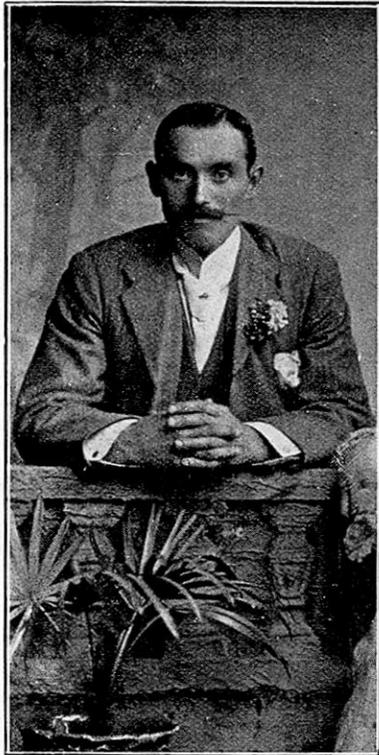
Anglican orders, Monks and Nuns, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and some other subjects likely to prove a stumbling block or to cause special difficulty in a heretical country.

FATHER NICHOLSON and FATHER EDWARD KELLY have got safe through the dreadful Galveston disaster, though both were living in the city. We tell elsewhere of the tragic death of Father Keany on the same fatal night.

We hear a good deal of our past students in Mobile, of whom there is a pretty large number.

FATHER JAMES COYLE still occupies the post of Rector of the McGill Institute, the great Catholic school of secondary education in Mobile.

FATHER JOSEPH WRIGHT, if we can believe the Mobile local papers, is fast making a name as a preacher. It was he preached the panegyric last St. Patrick's Day in the Cathedral, in the presence of the Bishop and an immense congregation. Father Wright's removal from Pensacola to the church of Bessemer, a short time before, had been made the occasion of a presentation and addresses by his former parishioners to testify to their high esteem and appreciation of Father Wright's unselfish zeal.



DAN SHANAHAN

REV. FATHER P. ENRIGHT was early in the year appointed Vicar General of the diocese of Little Rock, and on him devolved the whole management of the diocese during the recent illness of the Bishop, Dr. Fitzgerald.

We sincerely regret to hear of the protracted indisposition of FATHER T. BRUEN, of the diocese of Lincoln. It is now more than a year since he was forced to give up the active duties of his mission. We hope, however, to hear soon of his complete recovery.

FR. J. NUNAN, D.D., (of St. Augustine) is recovering, we are glad to hear, though slowly, from

the severe and dangerous attack of fever by which he was prostrated last October.

FR. FRANK LOUGHRAN, of the diocese of Lincoln, Neb., visited Ireland this year. We should have been glad of an opportunity of welcoming him to his old *Alma Mater*.

FR. JAMES SHERIDAN, who is studying for a degree in philosophy at the Washington University, also spent his vacation in Ireland. His old friends in Mungret were delighted to see him again and receive his priestly blessing.

FR. C. MANGAN, of the diocese of Limerick, has been appointed to the important curacy of Bulgaden, vacated by Father Fitzgerald's appointment as P.P. of Mungret.

FR. P. KILBRIDE, C.S.S.R., has been appointed Professor of Philosophy to the scholastics of his own Order in Belfast.

FR. M. MACMAHON, S.J., is evidently doing good work in Leigh, Lancashire. We received last spring a splendidly got-up little pamphlet which he had prepared in connection with a bazaar got up in aid of the parish schools. The pamphlet contained among other things some well-written literary contributions from Father MacMahon's pen.

REV. MR. J. BITHREY, S.J., has this year taken his B.A. degree in Ancient Classics, winning a First Class Exhibition (£42), and maintaining the position of First in all Ireland, which he has held through all his University course.

REV. M. BERGIN, S.J., who has gone this year to Beyrouth, Syria, for his Philosophy, writes us a most interesting account of his trip across the Archipelago, his experience in Constantinople, and his first impressions of life in the East. We look forward to an interesting article from his pen for our next number.

JOHN TURNER, who entered Dunwoodie Seminary, New York, last year, was this year sent to the North American College, Rome, as a result of his distinguished success in his first year's course at Dunwoodie.

TOM EATON and JAMES BURKE are leading their respective departments at Emmitsburg—the latter the Collegiate and the former the Theological. James Burke secured two gold medals on last summer session's work.

MAURICE REDDEN is among the most distinguished students at Montreal, but we have been unable to obtain the details of his distinctions.

HUGH FLOYD, whom we were very pleased to welcome last June to his old *Alma Mater* among the cricket team of the Past, is reading a very distinguished Theological course in All Hallows, Dublin. Having had to leave the College on sick leave before the examinations last year, his place in his class was of course undetermined.

GEORGE WISEMAN (now known in stage circles as Charles Leslie) will be a name familiar to all past Mungret Students of recent years.

Mr. Wiseman (as we prefer to call him) entered the Lay School in 1891, and after passing the Second Arts in 1895 left Mungret, and began his immediate preparation for the stage profession for which he had displayed very remarkable talents, even during his College career. He made his first appearance in the Shaftsbury Theatre, London, in 1897, and afterwards joined the Vaudeville to which he has been since attached. His rare and remarkable success is sufficiently evidenced by the fact of his already having some times played the title-roll in the Vaudeville Theatre. Besides rare histrionic and musical gifts, George has the further advantage of possessing remarkable grace and facility in literary composition; thus the best pieces in the All Hallows' night entertainment at Mungret this year (the best entertainment of its kind we ever witnessed on a Mungret stage) were his own composition.

Most sincerely do we wish Mr. Wiseman the highest success in his profession, a success which we believe he is destined to attain. Our wishes are all the more earnest, as we know that George's success will be a success indeed, for no jot of it will ever be purchased by a forgetfulness of the high Catholic ideals which were put before him at his old *Alma Mater*.

DAN SHANAHAN, whose fame as a champion athlete is world wide, was a boy at Mungret during the later eighties. Rarely does it happen that a boy in his teens succeeds in establishing for himself a world's record. Yet twelve years ago, within a few months of leaving the college, Shanahan cleared the marvellous distance of over 50 feet, and thus secured for himself the world's medal for the best "hop, step and jump." Ours is an age of broken records, but the twelve years have come and gone and Dan's best is still unbeaten. Nor was his marvellous feat the result of a chance effort. For on the occasion of a walk to Carrigogunnel, during the week previous to his leaving Mungret, Shanahan had covered some 52 feet on the green grassy sward hard by the old rock, while many a time since, our champion has proved his claim to the world's trophy. The occasion of his recent marriage affords us an opportunity of joining with his many friends in wishing him a long life, full of happiness and prosperity.

OLIVER S. J. GOGARTY, who left Mungret in 1891, is now also well known in athletic circles. His cycling feats, especially during the past two years, have been most remarkable. Among the principal are: In July, 1899, he won the 20-miles Irish Inter-club Championship, covering the distance in record time. In the same month, he won the one-mile scratch for Dublin University against Cambridge, and the ten-mile scratch against the London United Hospitals. Last season at the R.I.C. Sports, Ballsbridge, he won the Royal Enfield Challenge Cup outright, by winning the five-miles open two years in succession. In August, at Ballsbridge, riding against time, he lowered the existing Irish record of C. Pease for the three-quarter mile distance by two seconds. Mr.

Gogarty is at present attending the medical lectures in Trinity.

WILLIE IRWIN, who left Mungret last year, has won a Second Class Exhibition in the First Medical Exam., R.U.I., and got first and second places respectively in Physics and Chemistry.

WILLIE SHEAHAN has passed his Second Medical and Second Arts, R.U.I.

J. H. POWER, B.A., JOHN KELLY and JOHN MOORE have passed the First Medical, R.U.I.



OLIVER S. J. GOGARTY.

RAYMOND STEPHENSON has passed his final examination for the solicitorship last October. His place was sixth of twenty-five successful candidates.

Persistent reports have been reaching us during the past half-year that PAUL STEPHENSON, who went to South Africa some years ago, has been killed. We have not, however, received any authentic account, and trust the rumour may be groundless. Accounts vary as to the army he was fighting with, whether with the Boers or British.

JOHN MORAN (Mungret '99) has been recommended for a Lieutenancy, and is now at Sandhurst.

VARIA.

THE Very Rev. Father V. Byrne, S.J., whose name has been so long identified with Mungret, is no longer with us. After a residence of eleven years in Mungret, during the last nine of which he was Rector of the College, he has been called away to other duties, and is now engaged in the work of the ministry at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Gardiner Street, Dublin. The deep personal interest Father Byrne has always taken in the welfare of Mungret will not, we feel assured, be diminished, even though his official connection with the college has ceased.

REV. FATHER FORRISTAL, S.J., who for the past four years has been the Moderator of the Apostolic School and Director of the Sodality of the B.V.M., has also left us. He, too, is engaged in the work of the ministry, as well as in teaching at the Sacred Heart College, Crescent, Limerick.

REV. MR. O'MAHONY, S.J., and Rev. Mr. Tighe, S.J., have both left Mungret last September to commence their theological studies—Mr O'Mahony at Milltown Park, Dublin, and Mr. Tighe at Chieri (Casa San Antonio, Chieri, Italia).

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.—The results of the Summer Examinations of the Royal University have again put Mungret College in the foremost place of all Catholic Boarding Colleges. Its record for the year 1900 is:—

Candidates presented for examination	55
Successful candidates	48
Exhibitions	3
Other distinctions	6

In the Examination for the B.A. DEGREE, SEVEN passed—Michael Curley, David Cronin, Daniel Daly, Francis Fahy, Wm. B. O'Connor, Patrick Turner, John Power.

In SECOND ARTS, EIGHT passed—William V. Doherty, Edmund J. O'Neill, James Shiel, John R. Carey, George Horan, James Clifford, Richard Fitzharris, Joseph A. Heelan.

In FIRST ARTS, TWELVE passed—John Beirne, James Barry, P. Heelan, Joseph Corr, Patrick F. O'Kane, George Barry, Thomas O'Brien, Denis Keogh, William Lenaghan, Maurice Power, John McGrath, Charles O'Brien.

In MATRICULATION, Twenty presented themselves. TWENTY passed.

HONOURS COURSE—Francis Davis, Charles Piler, Timothy Buckley, James Curran, Richard T. Hartigan, Martin O'Sullivan.

PASS COURSE—Gerald Fitzgerald, William Fitzgibbon, William Griffin, C. J. Halpin, Francis Hartin, Patrick O'Dwyer, John J. O'Neill, Daniel T. Sheehan, Alex. F. McCarthy, Percy Stanley, Christopher Tighe, Murty Shiel, Richard Timmons, Patrick C. Treacy.

DISTINCTIONS.

In MATRICULATION, One Exhibition and One First Class Distinction.

EXHIBITION—Francis Davis.

LATIN—First Class Honours—Francis Davis.

In SECOND ARTS—Two Exhibitions and Five Distinctions.

EXHIBITIONS—William V. Doherty, Edmund J. O'Neill.

ENGLISH—Second Class Honours—William V. Doherty.

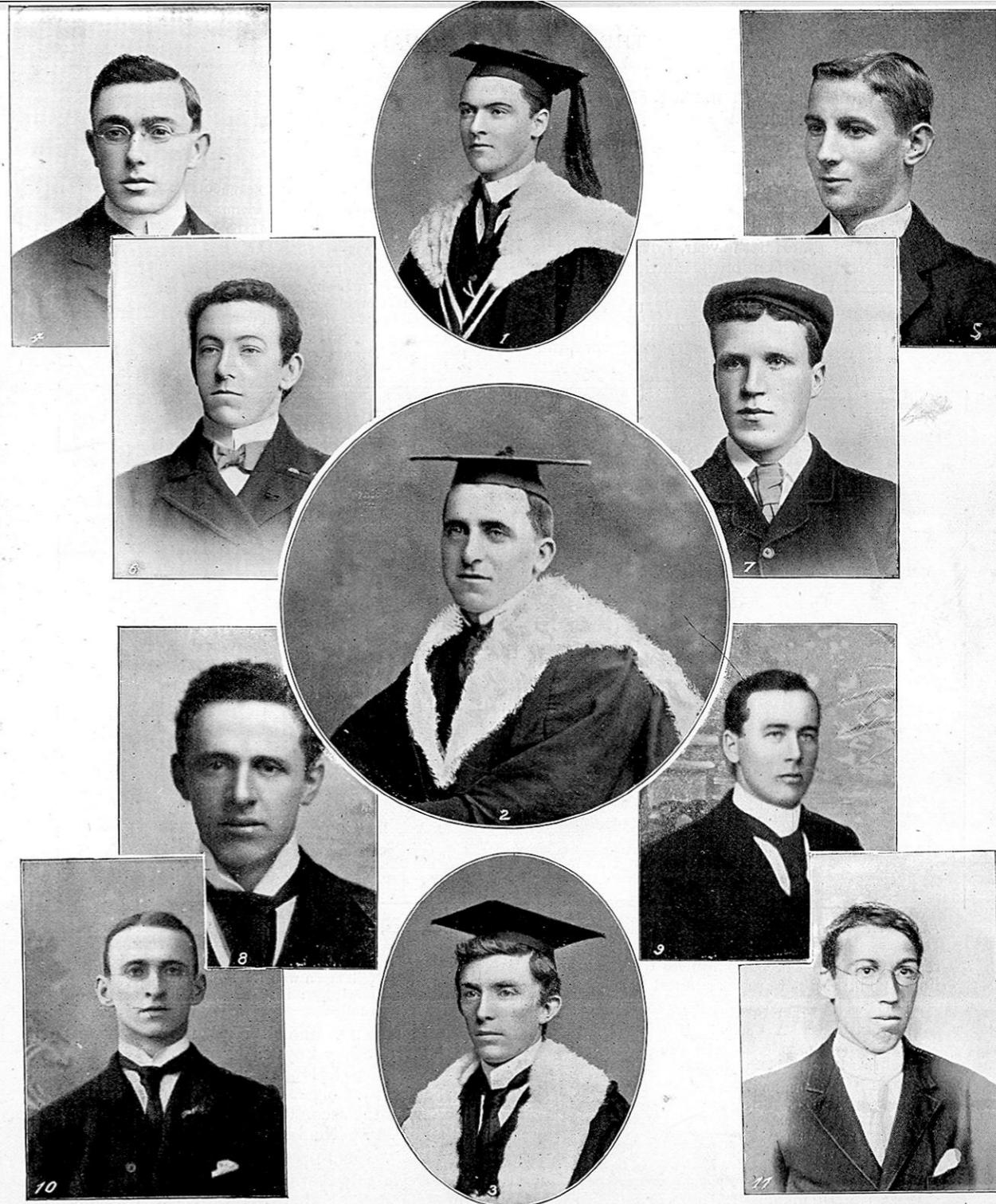
EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS—Second Class Honours—Edmund J. O'Neill.

LOGIC—Second Class Honours—George H. J. Horan, James F. Clifford, James Shiel.

In the AUTUMN EXAMINATIONS, Nicholas A. Colohan passed the Matriculation Examination.

Lower down we briefly notice the striking success of some of our old students in other branches of the University Course.

ON returning, after the summer vacation, we found many of our old familiar friends departed and their places filled with strange faces. Joe Horan, our Captain of last year, is gone to Dublin, and is attending medical lectures at Cecilia Street School; J. Scanlan, J. Beirne, C. McDermott, M. Power have also gone to the metropolis to pursue their medical studies; Patrick O'Dwyer has entered the Noviceship of the Society of Jesus at Tullabeg; Denis Keogh has begun his ecclesiastical studies in Clonliffe College, Dublin. Many of our Apostolic Students of last year are also scattered far and wide, preparing for the great and noble task to which they have pledged their lives and all their energies; Dan Daly, who filled so large a space in Mungret life for many years past, has gone to Montreal for his theological studies; Patt Turner is at the Innsbrück University, Willie O'Connor at All Hallows College, Dublin, M. Curley at the Propaganda, Rome, and P. Ennis at Carlow College. G. Horan, C. O'Brien, and W. Lenihan have obtained their earnest desire of being sent on the Chinese Mission. The two former are now in the Noviceship of the Society of Jesus in Laval; the latter entered the Noviceship of the Vincentian Fathers in Paris. D. Cronin, J. Power, and R. Fitzharris have entered Noviceships of the Society in America. The present address and mission



SOME OF OUR APOSTOLIC STUDENTS WHO LEFT MUNGRET IN THE SUMMER OF 1900.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--|
| 1—MICHAEL CURLEY, B.A. (FLORIDA) | 5—DAVID CRONIN, B.A. (MARYLAND) | 9—RICHARD FITZHARRIS (ROCKY MOUNTAINS) |
| 2—PATRICK TURNER, B.A. (FLORIDA) | 6—CHARLIE O'BRIEN (CHINA) | 10—PATRICK ENNIS (NEW ZEALAND) |
| 3—WILLIE O'CONNOR, B.A. (AUSTRALIA) | 7—WILLIE LENIHAN (CHINA) | 11—GEORGE HORAN (CHINA) |
| 4—JOHN POWER, B.A. (NEW ORLEANS) | 8—PATRICK KENNY (SYRIA) | |

of each will be found in the list of past boys which we are publishing.

ON the evening of the 22nd June all assembled in the Great Hall for the distribution of prizes and also to hear the verdict of the Rev. Prefect of Studies on the work of the closing year. Congratulating the assembly on the spirit of work which prevailed during the year, Rev. Fr. Guinee selected for special mention the Matriculation Pass and Second University Classes. The Grammar Classes, to whom more especially this Summer Report is devoted, received great and special praise for application and steady good work, the

FRENCH—A. Carr.
ENGLISH—T. Sheehy.
MATHEMATICS—H. Byrne.
CATECHISM—C. Casey.
WRITING—C. Casey.
PRIZE FOR PROGRESS—P. O'Connell.
PRIZE FOR DILIGENCE—J. Flynn.

THIRD OF GRAMMAR.

FIRST IN CLASS—Joe Leahy.
LATIN—Joe Leahy.
FRENCH—John Leahy.
ENGLISH—Gerald McCarthy.
MATHEMATICS—Hugh Moran.
PRIZE FOR PROGRESS—Edgar Curr.
PRIZE FOR DILIGENCE—Joe Cahill.



Photo by McMahon]

LAY BOYS OF MATRICULATION CLASSES, 1900.

[Limerick

result of which were apparent in their examinations. The prizes were distributed as follows:—

FIRST OF GRAMMAR.

FIRST IN CLASS—A. Carroll.
SECOND IN CLASS (a Special Prize on account of General Excellence)—E. Stephenson.

LATIN—E. Stephenson.
GREEK—P. Burke.
FRENCH—J. Croke.
ENGLISH—P. Murphy.
MATHEMATICS—A. Carroll.
CATECHISM—P. Murphy.
PRIZE FOR PROGRESS—T. Pegum.
PRIZE FOR DILIGENCE—E. Hearne.

SECOND OF GRAMMAR.

FIRST IN CLASS—H. Byrne.
LATIN—H. Byrne.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—In the Senior Lay Division Edmund J. O'Neill again won Rev. Father Rector's Prize for Religious Knowledge; Pat Turner secured the same among the Apostolics.

E. J. O'NEILL and J. Heelan have been elected by the Lay Boys as Captain and Secretary to replace J. Horan and J. Clifford; M. Sheehan and J. Colgan were chosen for the same positions in the second division, and M. O'Donnell and P. P. O'Neill in the third.

ON the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, which is always celebrated with special solemnity in Mungret, Rev. Father Byrne, C.C., Dublin, brother of our late Father Rector, preached a most impressive sermon on the life and work of the great apostle.

REV. FR. H. BROWNE, S.J., to whom the Apostolical School is so deeply indebted, paid us a short visit during the last Xmas holidays. He exhibited a most interesting and instructive series of magic-lantern views of scenes connected with the life and martyrdom of Archbishop Hurley, whose birthplace at Lickadoon Castle is not more than a few miles distant from Mungret. He also exhibited some views of Chinese life, and told many interesting facts to illustrate the mighty field for missionary zeal which that benighted country offers.

THE results of the Rugby International Matches, which are usually watched with a great deal of interest in Mungret, did not this year create much

ON the 17th March Rev. Father Naughton, S.J., then the guest of Father Rector, preached an eloquent and very touching panegyric on our great National Apostle. His simple but earnest words, and quiet and intense humour made an impression that shall not be easily effaced.

THE Lay Boys Library has lately undergone a complete renovation. The walls have been beautifully painted and decorated with handsome pictures. A new bookcase, new lamps, chairs, etc., add much to its beauty. The boys, we are proud to say, contributed most generously from their pocket-money with the result of enabling Rev. Mr. Connolly considerably to supplement our store of books. We hope some kind and

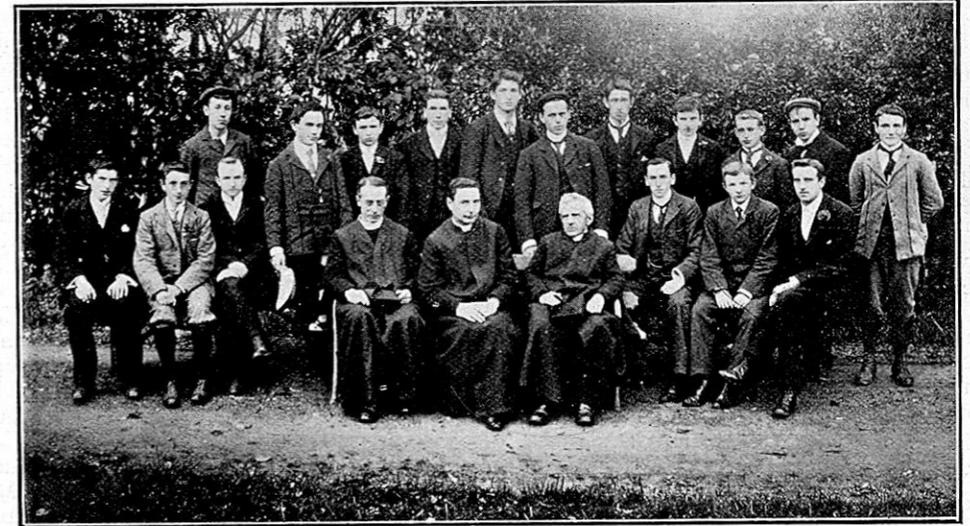


Photo by McMahon]

LAY-BOYS OF THE UNIVERSITY CLASSES, 1900.

[Limerick

excitement This was, of course, partly due to Ireland's failure to retain her premier position. The war, in any case, would have absorbed all the interest the boys had to spare for current topics. In Mungret, as everywhere else in these countries, it was for months the one great subject of conversation. Maps of South Africa were to be seen on all sides; the news of each day was eagerly awaited, and great pro-Boer enthusiasm prevailed as the results of the battles were made known. The visit of Her Majesty to Dublin did not, however, arouse much enthusiasm or interest in our microcosm. We are too far from the metropolis; and many who were engaged in the study of the *Æneid* were heard to remark (not of course with unanimous approval)—"*Timeo Danaos etiam dona ferentes.*"

generous friend will further help towards the perfection of a work so excellent.

THE presence of our late esteemed Rector, Father Vincent Byrne, S.J., amongst us last October was the occasion of a play-day. Long walks were indulged in by both divisions. The Senior Lay Boys went to Adare, but, the Earl of Dunraven being at home, permission to enter the demesne could not be secured.

ON the November play-day, a party of the senior school lay boys went to visit St. Mary's Cathedral—the celebrated old Catholic Cathedral of Limerick, now in the hands of the Protestants. Few buildings in Ireland are more interesting than St. Mary's, and fewer still have centred round them so many thrilling historical recollections. The visit was extremely enjoyable.

THE Apostolics have had several long walks during the Autumn months. One to Manister Abbey, on Sept. play-day, seems to have been immensely enjoyed by all; and though Manister is nearly ten English miles from Mungret, all were easily home for a 3.30 p.m. dinner. The walk to Doonas was not such a success; all did not reach their destination, and many of those who did were unable to return to the college at the appointed time. Walks to the Clare Hills, to Dromore Castle, and one by the Juniors to Castle Troy were also very enjoyable.

ON the Feast of St. Cecilia, 22nd November, the choir had its annual excursion under the auspices of Fr. Joseph MacDonnell, who has succeeded Rev. Mr. Tighe as master of the choir. Castleconnell was this year chosen as the rendezvous. A few pleasant hours were spent wandering amid the lovely scenery on the Shannon banks, and lunch was taken in the old ivy-clad ruin overlooking the roaring waters of the Falls of Doonas. The river was swollen by the recent heavy rains, and the Falls were superb beyond description. Laughter and songs enlivened the journey back to Mungret, which was reached as the shades of evening gathered round.

REV. J. VEALE, D.D., paid us a short visit before the Summer Vacation and sang High Mass on the Feast of St. Aloysius, June 21st. Again, in October, he came to Mungret for a few days before starting for the West. We were delighted to see him; and it is clear enough that his love of his old *Alma Mater* has not been changed or diminished by the years of his absence.

REV. JAMES P. SHERIDAN, B.A., of the Diocese of New York, paid a short visit to *Alma Mater* last October, at the end of a short vacation in the Old Country. He is at present studying for the Doctorate of Philosophy at the Catholic University of Washington.

OUR carnival play-days passed off with their usual pleasures and festivities, though not a few of us were somewhat saddened on the last evening by the news of the brave Cronje's capitulation to Lord Roberts.

REV. FATHER WHITAKER, S.J., and Rev. Father Corish, S.J., who left Mungret September, '99, have returned from Belgium, and both are now in Belvedere College, Great Denmark Street, Dublin.

OUR Debating Societies are going on remarkably well. The most interesting debate we have had for some time—and one that caused immense excitement amongst all—was held during last Xmas vacation. The motion was "That Irish should be taught as a compulsory subject in

the National Schools all over the country, at least in the higher classes."

Rev. Mr. McKenna, P. Ennis, and W. Kennedy supported the motion which, needless to say, appealed a good deal to the sympathy of the audience. Rev. Mr. Corcoran and P. Turner, who formed the strength of the Opposition, made both very telling speeches, asserting the practical impossibility of carrying out such a proposal, and invoking on their side the authority of the most extreme enthusiasts for the Gaelic Revival. "Make the study compulsory," they said, "in the Irish-speaking districts; encourage it by every practicable means in the other portions of the country, and when parents and masters are sufficiently educated you may with profit be able to make such a general law as the one suggested, the passage of which in present circumstances will only bring discredit on the movement, and discourage by its certain failure the still wavering adherence of the majority of the country." The argument might have told were it not for the eloquent and powerful speech of Rev. Mr. McKenna, which closed the discussion. Partly by reasoning, partly by a judicious confusing of the point at issue and strong appeals to the prejudice of his audience, Mr. McKenna completely turned the tables and secured an almost unanimous vote in favour of the motion.

Another fairly successful debate, held in the October of the present year, was on the motion "That the influence of England on the countries she has colonised has, on the whole, been beneficial." The cases of Ireland and of India were expressly excluded from the discussion. The argument, however, based upon the destruction of the American Indians, the wars on the Maoris of New Zealand, and the degradation of the Australian aborigines was not answered, and the motion was negatived by a considerable majority.

THE serious illness and unexpected departure from the college of Rev. Mr. Tighe in the beginning of December last year were made by the Apostolics the occasion of presenting him with a beautifully-illuminated address. When he returned from Bournemouth in the following May, quite restored and apparently stronger than ever, he got a most enthusiastic reception from the boys of both divisions. Michael Curley, who was studying for his B.A. examination, had received the charge of a considerable portion of Mr. Tighe's classes during his absence, and had done the work most thoroughly.

THE trip to Bunratty Castle, which has now become a regular event of the summer holidays for those who remain in the college, was this year a huge success. Three boats contained the whole

party. The weather was superb, and under the auspices of Rev. Mr. Tighe, the trip was accomplished without even an attempt at an adventure. The event of the vacation, however, was the excursion to Killarney. We had seven hours there. Father Rector had chartered a drag, which contained the whole party, minus the cyclists, and we managed to see all that could be seen during a one-day's visit. Killarney is all a dream of beauty, and few of us can easily forget the sensations and the delights of that memorable day.

THE lamented death of Rev. Father T. Browne, the much-respected P.P. of Mungret, whose name and whose genial face must have been familiar to all our past students from the foundation of the college, was a cause of universal regret amongst us as well as amongst his own flock. He had, however, served a long and faithful service, and died as full of years as of merits.—R.I.P. Father Browne had, together with Father Reidy, C.C., Mungret, dined at the college a few short weeks before his death, apparently hale and hearty, though of course advanced in years. Rev. Father Fitzgerald, P.P., who has succeeded Father Browne, also honoured us with a visit, and dined with the community a short time after his appointment.

THE Apostolics' Retreat was this year conducted by Rev. Father Joseph MacDonnell, S.J., who then entered on his office as Director of the Apostolic School. The Lay-Boys' Retreat, which as usual ended September 29th, was conducted by Rev. Father F. Gill, S.J.

THE pretty little Anglican Chapel, which forms

so prominent a feature in the Mungret landscape, must be a familiar and a vivid memory in the minds of all our past students. Our feelings this year on returning from summer holidays to find it unroofed and the windows removed were, needless to say, of a mixed nature. Several other similar chapels through the county of Limerick, long unused, were similarly treated this year by the Protestant Church authorities in order, it is supposed, to be saved the necessity of paying taxes for them. The Mungret Chapel was built in 1826. From about the middle of the century on to a short time before the foundation of the college, the requisite congregation were usually got together for the Sunday service. About that time, however, the effort was abandoned and the church finally closed.

WE were delighted to be afforded an opportunity of seeing again and wishing a last good-speed to many of the Apostolic Students who, as usual, returned to Mungret before leaving the college finally for the completion of their ecclesiastical studies. Pat Turner was with us for a few days towards the end of September; D. Cronin, J. Power, and R. Fitzharris left Mungret for Queenstown to take ship for New York in the middle of October, and M. Curley visited Mungret before leaving Ireland for Rome towards the end of the same month.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sale, Australia, visited Mungret in November. His Lordship had come to Europe to pay the usual visit *ad Limina Apostolorum*, and was making a short stay in his native city of Limerick before returning to his diocese.

✠ LIGHT * OF * THE * WORLD. ✠

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

Light of the World!—Eternal Truth!—
To Thee we cry for aid;
Direct our paths, our hopes, our aims,
Ere yet our visions fade;
Thy Kingdom hasten in our souls,
Speak Thou that we may hear;
From out Thy boundless mercies, Lord,
With us be ever near.

Immortal Love! In Thee we trust,
Send forth Thy strong bright light
To cheer us here on earth below,
For soon it will be night;
Life's ebbing tide shall then reveal
The Great White Throne above;
And may it be for us, O Lord!
The dawn of endless love.

WM. M. K. ('93)

A. M. D. G.

SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

REV. J. McDONNELL, S.J., Director.

OFFICERS:

- Prefect ... E. O'NEILL.
- Secretary and First Assistant ... J. CLIFFORD.
- Second Assistant ... P. O'KANE.
- Sacristan ... G. FITZGERALD.

Under the wise and careful direction of Rev. J. Forristal, S.J., the Sodality got on remarkably well during the past year, and we have good reason to hope that, helped by the fostering care of its present Director, it is destined to uphold in the future its well-won reputation of the past. The forty-eight Sodalists of last year were, at the commencement of the present term, reduced to twenty-seven. Most of the remaining twenty-one have gone to different ecclesiastical colleges to pursue their studies for the Priesthood.

All the officers of the Sodality, together with John O'Neill, another Sodalist, are promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer, of which every boy in the house is an associate. The Apostleship of Study, too, still continues to do a vast amount of good amongst the boys. Last year only one—namely, William O'Doherty—

received the medal of the sixth and highest decoration. The Sodalists at the end of last year were:—

J. Scanlan, G. Fitzgerald, F. McCarthy, J. McGrath, P. O'Dwyer, J. Byrne, J. O'Neill, C. Halpin, C. McDermott, D. Sheehan, R. Hartigan, D. Keogh, C. Tighe, P. Tracy, H. Kenny, P. Clohessy, D. Daly, J. Sheil, F. Fahey, J. Barry, J. Corr, D. Cronin, J. Curran, M. Sheil, J. Carey, J. O'Brien, P. Kenny, T. Buckley, J. Power, J. Moroney, M. Curley, W. O'Doherty, W. O'Connor, P. Turner, G. Barry, R. Fitzharris, W. Griffin, R. Judge, G. Horan, F. Hartin, W. Lenehan, M. O'Sullivan, W. Kennedy, C. Piler.

The members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels at the end of last year were:—E. Stephenson, prefect; G. Cuffe, R. Connolly, A. Curr, E. Hearne, J. Sweeny, M. O'Donnell, M. Bourke, J. Moloney, J. Lyne, H. MacDermott, C. Casey, J. Sheehan, M. Sheehan, W. Curr, E. Curr.

"Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name, whom Thou hast given me; that they may be one, as we also are." (John e. xvii. v. 11).

J. CLIFFORD (B. A. Class),
Sec. Sod. B.V.M.

OUR SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

"Thou lovest to hear the sweet, melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes."—Richard Barnfield.

THE opening entertainment of the season was given on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, 3rd December. It consisted of a concert, followed by an Irish drama.

The scene of the drama is laid in Ireland, shortly after the rebellion of Ninety-Eight. Robert O'Neill, one of the leaders in the Insurrection, is proscribed and outlawed, and his unscrupulous guardian, Blake, tries every means to effect his capture and so possess himself of O'Neill's estates. But, chiefly owing to the resources of Con and his fidelity to his foster-brother, Blake is balked in his designs. Finally O'Neill is pardoned, and his guardian is forced to fly to a foreign land.

It was one of the most successful plays we have ever witnessed in Mungret. P. Turner, the central figure in the piece, never appeared to better advantage. Discarding altogether what is known as the "stage Irishman," he acted the part of Con O'Carrollan with much dash and spirit. P. O'Kane, who personated Molshee, ably seconded the efforts of Con to protect "Master Robert." J. Heelan and P. Byrnes, notwithstanding the fact that they had to face an enthusiastic pro-Boer audience, played the part of the bragging, insolent soldiery in fine style.

Another feature of this gathering was the presence of Rev. Fr. Byrne, C.C., who, having travelled from

Dublin to preach the panegyric of St. Francis Xavier, sang several songs for us before the close of the entertainment. Needless to say, he was loudly encored, "The Wearin' o' the Green" in particular appealing strongly to his patriotic audience.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- CHORUS....."Let the Hills Resound"..... Richards The Choir.
- SONG....."Sweet Chiming Bells".....Shattuck Master C. Halpin.
- SONG....."Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer"...Wallace Master E. J. O'Neill.
- PIANO DUET....."March in C".....Burns Masters E. J. O'Neill and J. McGrath.
- SONG....."As your hair grows whiter".....Dacre Master C. Tighe.
- SONG....."A Sailor's Life".....Dorajowski Master J. Curran.
- SONG....."The Last Dream".....Coven Master E. Hearne.

ENTR'ACTE.

VIOLIN DUET "Garrison Ball Polka".....Gung'l Masters G. Horan and J. McGrath.

PART II.

"THE FAIRY CIRCLE,
Or, CON O'CARROLLAN'S DREAM."
(A Legendary Irish Drama in Two Acts.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- Con O'Carrollan (foster brother of Robert O'Neill) ... Master P. Turner
- Sergt. Edwards (Soldiers in search of Robert O'Neill) ... Master J. Heelan
- Corpl. Jones ... Master P. Byrnes
- King of Fairies ... Master W. McElligott
- Philip Blake (Guardian of Robert O'Neill, and successor to his estates) ... Master F. Fahey
- Edmund Blake (his nephew) ... Master C. Tighe
- Robert O'Neill (a leader in the Rebellion of '98, proscribed and outlawed) ... Master E. J. O'Neill
- General Travers (an officer in Royalist Army) ... Master Jos. Byrne
- Mr. Moore (a Magistrate) ... Master C. McDermott
- Molshee (wife of Con O'Carrollan) ... Master P. O'Kane

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

- Act 1.—Scene 1—Blake's Library.
- Scene 2—Con O'Carrollan's Kitchen.
- Act 2.—Scene 1—The Fairy Circle.
- Scene 2—"By the sad sea waves."
- Scene 3—Con O'Carrollan's Kitchen.
- Scene 4—Blake's Library.

FINALE—"God Bless Mungret."

SECOND ENTERTAINMENT.

This was given on the eve of the Christmas vacation. The proceedings having been opened with a pianoforte duet, we soon came to the "tit-bit" of the evening—"Soldiers of the Queen," with the reply, "Soldiers of Oom Paul." The former, sung by C. McDermott, in the familiar costume of a British soldier, had scarcely concluded when E. Hearne, done up in the garb of a Boer, with Mauser and bandolier, appeared on the scene, summarily ejected our loyal friend, and proceeded to sing the "Soldiers of Oom Paul," an original parody on "Soldiers of the Queen." The chorus ran as follows:—

"And when you see Tommy Atkins run,
And when you ask him where's his gun,
He'll sadly point to some one
Of the soldiers of Oom Paul."

This, following so soon on the British reverse at Colenso, proved too much for the feelings of the audience, and the patriotic Boer could scarcely be heard above the deafening cheers which filled the hall.

"D'ye Know Me Now?" having been once before played in Mungret, fell rather flat; still the individual parts were well sustained.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- PIANO DUET "Aufforderung Tum Tanz".....Weber Masters E. O'Neill and H. McDermott.
- SONG....."Soldiers of the Queen".....Stuart Master C. McDermott.
- With the reply:
"Soldiers of Oom Paul".....Original Master E. Hearne.

- RECITATION... "A Dead Language Duel"... (Mungret Annual) Master J. Corr.
- SONG..... "'Tis but a little faded flower".....White Master C. Tighe.
- VIOLIN DUET..... "The Serenata"..... Braga Masters J. McGrath and G. Horan.
- SONG..... "Thade Kelly's Hen"..... Master D. O'Connell.

PART II.

"D'YE KNOW ME NOW?"
(A Farce in One Act.)

- Nogo Dumps (descended from Dowdin de Dumps of the Blues) ... Master P. O'Kane
- Septimus Sellwell Jolly (a Commercial—Jolly by name and by nature) ... Master E. J. O'Neill
- Jabez Sniggins (Sworn enemy to Jolly) ... Master J. Heelan
- Samuel Waitwell (a Waiter, with plenty of "brass," yet always on the lookout for more) ... Master E. Hearne
- Shopmen ... Master P. Byrnes
- Master J. Byrne

FINALE—"God Bless Mungret."

THIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

During the Christmas vacation the Apostolics had set themselves to get up "Pancratius," as a welcome to the Lay Boys on their return. It was an arduous task, as the play had to be extensively changed and re-adapted from Canon Oakley's dramatized version of Fabiola. They had, however, applied themselves diligently to the work, and, considering the magnitude of the enterprise and the short time at their disposal, the piece was an unqualified success. J. Carey impersonated Cornelius, a Roman noble of lofty character, who corresponded to the Fabiola of the original play. The part was played by him extremely well. John Croke also did full justice to the noble sentiments put into the mouth of the brave youth, Pancratius. In R. Fitzharris, who donned the purple of the Cæsars, the persecuting tyrant was ably represented. C. O'Brien was a good type of the hardy Pannonian, and acquitted himself of his part with much credit. J. Moroney and W. Kennedy made their début in highly important parts, and were pronounced a great success, nor must the humble, high-minded, gentle, brave Eurotas be forgotten, whom Willie Lenehan impersonated so well. P. Turner appeared for the first time on the stage as the villain of the piece, and his acting was very effective. This was Pat's last appearance on our stage, for at the end of the year he was to leave his loved Erin for the University of Innsbrück, to prepare to join several old Mungret boys already labouring in the Diocese of Mobile. Though we shall miss his genial face from our midst, we heartily wish him every success in the noble work to which he has devoted his brilliant talents. Here we must pay a tribute to the untiring and unselfish zeal of G. Horan, to whom much of the success of the piece is due. The dazzling curiasses and glittering "pila" of the Guard were produced by George's skilful hands, and it is also said that the lion, which roared so ferociously from the vaults of the Coliseum, belonged to him. He has chosen a great and noble field on which to dedicate his talents to the service of the Great Master. Most heartily do we wish him success.

A short concert formed a suitable prelude, in which G. Butler's dancing in character was applauded to the echo, and he had to appear again and again. The chorus of the Pannonian Guard was admirably sung, and accompanied by very apt gestures by the legionaries.

PROGRAMME.

"PANCRATIUS."

(A Christian Drama in Three Acts, adapted from "Fabiola," of H. E. Cardinal Wiseman.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pancratius, a Youth (Christian)	Master J. Croke
Lucina (Roman Matron, Christian)	Master T. Buckley
Cornelius (a young Roman noble, friend of Pancratius)	Master J. Carey
Eurotas (a slave in the household of Cornelius (Christian))	Master W. Lenaghan
Corvinus (a young Roman noble)	Master P. Turner
Sebastian (Tribune of the Imperial Guard (Christian))	Master W. Kennedy
Lycidas (Officer of Emperor's Pannonian Guard)	Master C. O'Brien
Arminius (a soldier of the troop of Lycidas)	Master J. Barry
Maximian (Emperor of Rome)	Master R. Fitzharris
Quadratus (a centurian in the troop of Sebastian (Christian))	Master J. Moroney

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

- Act 1.—Scene 1—Apartment in Lucina's House.
 Scene 2—Hall in House of Cornelius.
 Scene 3—Terrace looking towards Colliseum—
 Act 2.—1—The Forum. [Moonlight.
 Scene 2—Ostium of Cornelius' house.
 Scene 3—The Forum—Sunrise.
 Scene 4—The Mamertine Prison.
 Act 3.—Scene 1—Court of Emperor Maximian.
 Scene 2—Apartment in House of Corvinus.
 Scene 3—Apartment in House of Cornelius.

MUSIC.

- OVERTURE—"Serenata di Cremona"..... *Pielder*
 SONG..... "Oft in the stilly night"..... *Moore*
 Master J. Croke.
 DANCE..... Jig and Reel.....
 Master G. Butler.
 SONG..... "The Meeting of the Waters"..... *Moore*
 Master P. O'Callaghan.
 ENTR'ACTE..... Violin Solo.....
 Master G. H. J. Horan.
 SONG..... "Ye Banks and Braes".....
 Master T. Buckley.
 SOLDIERS' CHORUS.
 Pannonian Guard.
 FINALE—"God Bless Mungret."

FOURTH ENTERTAINMENT.

This, which took place on Shrove Monday, was provided by our kind friends, past students of Jesuit Colleges who reside in Limerick and neighbourhood. The following is an extract from an appreciative notice which appeared in the columns of *The Munster News* :—

"The programme of music provided on this occasion would have satisfied the most fastidious

taste, and the efforts of the party were well received by an attentive audience. Encores were the order of the evening, which is a matter of little wonder when we consider how creditably each performer acquitted himself. Perhaps we are bestowing the highest possible praise if we say that the concert was equal, if not superior, to those given on former occasions."

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- OVERTURE..... "Tancredi"..... *Rossini*
 Instrumental.
 GLEE..... "The Chough and the Crow"..... *Bishop*
 Concert Party.
 SONG..... "You and I"..... *Claribel*
 Mr. O'Callaghan.
 SONG..... Comic.....
 Mr. J. P. Hall.
 SONG..... "Anchored"..... *Watson*
 Mr. F. McNamara.
 VIOLIN SOLO..... "Largo"..... *Handel*
 Mr. D. Tidmarsh.
 COMIC SONG..... "McBreen's Heifer"..... *French*
 Mr. W. Hetreed.
 SONG..... "Alice, where art Thou"..... *Claribel*
 Mr. P. Cronin.
 SONG..... "Say but the Word"..... *Corbett*
 Mr. James Gaffney.
 QUARTETTE..... "Sweet and Low"..... *Barnby*
 Concert Party.

PART II.

- CHORUS..... "Comrades in Arms"..... *Adams*
 SONG..... "The Bugler"..... *Pinsuti*
 Mr. F. McNamara.
 BANJO SOLO..... "Polka March".....
 Mr. Geo. Spillane.
 COMIC SONG..... "Her Portrait".....
 Mr. W. Hetreed.
 SONG..... "The Girl of my Heart"..... *Jones*
 Mr. D. O'Callaghan.
 SONG..... "Trust me once more"..... *Mariani*
 Mr. P. Cronin.
 SONG..... Comic.....
 Mr. J. P. Hall.
 SONG..... "The Soldier"..... *Mascheroni*
 Mr. D. Tidmarsh.
 SONG..... "Why should we say good-bye?"..... *Cooke*
 Mr. James Gaffney.
 SONG AND DANCE (by request).....
 "All Among the Roses"..... *Cutler*
 Messrs. Cronin, Hall, and Tidmarsh.
 FINALE..... "Soldiers' Chorus from Faust"..... *Gounod*

Again do we place on record our sincere gratitude to the above-named gentlemen for the delightful evening's entertainment they afforded us—many of them at great personal inconvenience.

FIFTH ENTERTAINMENT.

On Shrove Tuesday evening, Mr. J. F. Sheridan, of Dublin, afforded us a "few hours' pleasant pastime" with a variety of entertainment bearing the characteristic name of "Bits and Scraps." His acting was well above the average. He adapted himself well to the spirit of the various characters impersonated. His comic songs were favourably received,

but we must confess that some of his jokes fell rather flat, though he was fairly successful in keeping up the attention of his hearers right through. He was assisted by Mr. Briscoe, whose playing and singing left nothing to be desired. "The Holy City" and "Killarney" in particular were exceedingly well rendered. We append the programme, of which each item speaks for itself.

PROGRAMME.

"BITS AND SCRAPS."

PART I.

- 1.—"Humorous Vocal Sketch," illustrating some ball-room eccentricities—the society-dancer, the masher, the knock-kneed swell, and the stiff-legged Major, with song, "One More Polka."
- 2.—"Jacob Sneezee" (an eccentric party), subject to violent fits of sneezing, with song, "Atchoo."
- 3.—"Joe Buffers" (a railway guard), with imitations of eccentric passengers, and song, "The Bray and Kingstown Porter."
- 4.—Song—"The Holy City." Mr. W. J. Briscoe.
- 5.—Hans Vanderblink (a Dutch vendor of Sausages) with song, "I vas a Poloney Sausage Boy" and "Dot's Him up in de Vinder."
- 6.—Swiss Serenade—"The Cuckoo," with Tyrolean Jodel.
- 7.—Song—"Let Me like a Soldier Fall." Mr. Briscoe.
- 8.—Humorous Song (descriptive)—"Merry Christmas."

Entr'acte—10 Minutes.

PART II.

- 9.—Teddy O'Sullivan (Irish character sketch), racy of the soil, without the stick and blunders, with songs, "The Love of the Shamrock" and "The Dudheen."
- 10.—Song—"A Dream of Paradise." Mr. Briscoe.
- 11.—Humorous Recital—"An Invitation Card," à la Grossmith.
- 12.—Signor Bawlhi (an operatic terror), with song, "The Baby on the Shore."
- 13.—Song—"The Sailor's Grave." Mr. Briscoe.
- 14.—Simon Hardecash (a fussy old man), fond of his newspaper and writing to the Editor, with song, "With a sigh my bright youth I recall."
- 15.—Eccentric Vocal Sketch—"The man who never smiled," a dismal, doleful ditty, sung by a very melancholy man in a very melancholy manner.
- 16.—Song—"Killarney." Mr. W. J. Briscoe.
- 17.—Conclusion—Song—"Pleasant Pastime."

Contrary to our usual custom, we had no entertainment to celebrate the Feast of our great Apostle, St. Patrick. We hope, however, to see our splendid concerts of Irish music renewed this year. This day of days to all true Irishmen should not be let pass without a fitting celebration.

SIXTH ENTERTAINMENT.

On the Feast of All Saints, 1st November, 1900, a highly-interesting and instructive entertainment was provided for us by our old school-mate, George Wiseman. His acting was an example of consummate grace and skill. In "English as She's Spoke by English, French and Irish" he introduces to us a London newsboy and a French tourist, both wonderfully true to nature, and in his third he brings before us a typical South of Ireland character in all its originality. His singing and playing left nothing to be desired. "Eileen Alannah" could not have been rendered better, and all of his songs were loudly applauded. For one individual to sustain such a long and difficult programme is a task arduous in the extreme, but Mr. Wiseman's efforts were crowned with success. Not for a single instant did he lose his originality, while his manner, humorous and winning in its naïveté, appealed strongly to the sympathy of his audience. The great number of original pieces, both songs and recitations, interspersed through the programme, give proof of his facility of composition, and show him to have complete mastery over his subjects.

PROGRAMME.

- PIANO SOLO..... "Old Gold"..... *Rozetti*
 Master P. O'Neill.
 CHARACTER IMPERSONATION.....
 "English as She's Spoke by English, French
 and Irish"..... *Original*
 SONG..... "Come Back to Me"..... *Hayward*
 RECITATION..... "The Brothers"..... *Original*
 SONG..... "Soldiers in the Park"..... *Moncton*
 SONG..... "The Rare Fair Maid"..... *Bingham*
 RECITATION..... "Christmas Eve"..... *Original*
 CHORUS..... "Marching through Georgia".....
 Choir.
 SONG..... "The Bugler Boy"..... *Original*
 SONG..... "The Tin Gee-Gee"..... *Cape*
 SONG..... "Irish Lullaby"..... *Needham*
 MONOLOGUE.....
 "The Artist's Story; or, The Mad Musician"
 ... *Original*
 CHORUS..... "Deep in Canadian Woods"..... *Sullivan*
 Choir.
 RECITATION.....
 "When Father Nailed the Carpet on the Stairs"
 ... *Jackson*
 SONG..... "A Simple Little String"..... *Moncton*
 SONG..... "The Gay Tom Tit".....
 SONG (by special request).....
 "Eileen Alannah".....
 MONOLOGUE..... "A Village Concert".....
 Impersonations of an Aged Clergyman, a Soprano,
 a Maimed Reciter, an Italian Duet, a Stuttering
 Orator.
 RECITATION.....
 "The Story of a Funny Family"..... *Original*
 FINALE—"God Bless Mungret"

The Divisional concerts held in the various play-rooms were numerous and successful. One impromptu concert, held in the large marquee on the cricket ground on Whit-Monday, proved most enjoyable. Among the contributors to the programme were Tom Pey and Hugh Floyd, who, having come to play on the Past team, remained with us a few days.

EDMUND J. O'NEILL (B.A. Class).

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

COMMITTEE.

J. HORAN.
 J. CLIFFORD. J. HEELAN.
 E. O'NEILL. J. SCANLON.
 Starter—J. CLIFFORD.
 Judge—W. B. O'CONNOR.
 Timekeeper—E. O'NEILL.



OUR Annual Sports, which regularly occur on the two days after Easter, have been improved year by year, till at present they have become an event which for completeness of equipment and perfection of arrangement leave almost nothing to be desired. J. Horan, the energetic Captain of the Lay Boys, himself a splendid all-round athlete, aided by his secretary, J. Clifford, and the Managing Committee, left nothing



AFTER THE SPORTS.

undone, even to the very minutest detail, to make the Sports a success. The result of their labours was satisfactory in the extreme. To mention one feature—the writer himself has often seen championship bicycle competitions on tracks which could not boast even equality with our 220 yards and half-mile courses. All acknowledged the Sports of 1900 to have been days of rare enjoyment and all round a great success.

A handsome medal, the gift of L. Roche, Esq., Kilmallock, was put up for competition to be awarded to the one scoring the highest number of points. The points were to be counted as follows:—

- 5 points for every first place.
- 3 points for every second place.
- 1 point for every third place.

The coveted trophy fell to J. McGrath (Second Division), who scored 30 points out of a possible 35, securing six firsts out of the seven events in which he competed. J. Heelan (First Division) was second, with a total of 23 points, and P. Byrnes (First Division), with 18 points, was third.

A remarkable event of the Sports was the magnificent throwing of the cricket ball by T. O'Brien. He sent the ball over the splendid distance of 105 yds. 1 ft. 6 in. This is a feat which very few Irishmen can equal.

E. O'Neill's very creditable feat in slinging the 56 lbs. proves how compatible athletic prowess is with a hard student's work, crowned with distinguished academic success.

Another event worthy of special mention was the long jump in the Third Division. Here H. Byrne cleared the splendid distance of 16 ft. 4 in., beating the previous record of 15 ft. 8 in. in 3rd Division, made by P. Fallon in 1898.

J. A. HEELAN (B.A. Class).

Details:—

SLINGING 56 LBS., with follow (h'cap).—*Lay Boys*.
 1st and Second Divisions—1, E. O'Neill; 2, J. A. Heelan; 3, J. O'Neill. Distance, 22 ft. 10 in. This resulted in a tie between O'Neill and Heelan, and the former won the toss.

Apostolics.

Juniors—1, W. Griffin; 2, R. Judge. Distance, 12 ft. 11½ in.

100 YARDS (h'cap).—*Lay Boys*.

1st Division—1, J. Lyne, 2 yds.; 2, J. O'Dwyer, 6 yds.; 3, J. Heelan, scratch. Time, 10 1-5 secs.

2nd Division—J. McGrath, scratch; 2, R. Connolly, 3 yds.; 3, W. Curr, 2 yds. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

3rd Division—1, M. Hearne, 6 yds.; 2, E. Byrne, 15 yds.; 3, H. Byrne, 6 yds. Time, 12 1-5 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, W. Kennedy, scratch; 2, F. Hartin, scratch. Time, 11 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Delaney, 1 yd.; 2, C. Beveridge, 15 yds.; 3, R. Harris, 6 yds. Time, 11 4-5 secs.

220 YARDS (h'cap).—*Lay Boys*.

1st Division—1, P. Byrnes, 2 yds.; 2, J. A. Heelan, scratch. Time, 24 4-5 secs.

2nd Division—1, J. McGrath, scratch; 2, E. Hearne, 9 yds.; 3, R. Connolly, 9 yds.

3rd Division—1, P. O'Connell, scratch; 2, M. Hearne, 6 yds.; 3, A. Curr, 12 yds.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, F. Hartin, scratch; 2, W. Kennedy, scratch. Time, 26 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Delaney, 4 yds.; 2, R. Harris, 17 yds.; 3, J. Croke, 10 yds.

120 YARDS HURDLE (h'cap).—*Lay Boys*.

1st Division—1, J. A. Heelan, owes 10 yds.; 2, M. Power, owes 7 yds. Time, 23 secs.

2nd Division—1, M. Sweeney, owes 8 yds.; 2, R. Hartigan, owes 3 yards. Time, 23 seconds.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, F. Hartin, owes 7 yds.; 2, M. Shiel, scratch. Time, 22 4-5 secs.

LONG JUMP (scratch).—*Lay Boys*.

1st Division—1, J. A. Heelan; 2, J. Beirne. Distance, 19 ft. 10½ in.

2nd Division—1, J. McGrath; 2, W. Fitzgibbon. Distance, 16 ft. 5 in.

3rd Division—1, H. Byrne; 2, J. Kilgannon. Distance, 16 ft. 4 in.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, F. Hartin, scratch; 2, M. Sheil, 15 yds. Time, 65 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Cantwell, scratch; 2, J. Delaney, 8 yds. Time, 67 secs.

880 YARDS (h'cap).—*Lay Boys*.

1st Division—1, J. O'Dwyer, 40 yds.; 2, P. Byrnes, scratch. Time, 2 mins. 20 secs.

2nd Division—1, J. McGrath, scratch; 2, G. Cuffe, 35 yds. Time, 2 mins. 32 1-5 secs.

3rd Division—1, P. O'Connell, scratch; 2, D. Morris, 8 yds. Time, 2 mins. 45 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, F. Hartin, scratch; 2, M. Sheil, 40 yds. Time, 2 mins. 28 1-5 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Delaney, scratch; 2, R. Harris, 6 yds. Time, 2 mins. 34 secs.

1 MILE (h'cap).—*Lay Boys*.

1, J. O'Dwyer, 100 yds.; 2, J. O'Connell, 120 yds. Time, 5 mins. 10 secs.

Apostolics.

1, F. Hartin, scratch; 2, M. Sheil, 100 yds. Time, 5 mins. 14 1-5 secs.



SACK RACE.—CHRISTY TIGHE WINS.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, T. O'Brien; 2, W. Kennedy. Distance, 19 ft. 2½ in.

Juniors—1, J. Cantwell; 2, R. Judge. Distance, 15 ft. 4½ in.

Consolation Race, Sack Race, Tug-of-War, Etc.

HIGH JUMP (scratch).—*Lay Boys*.

1st Division—1, J. A. Heelan. Height, 5 ft. 2½ in.

2nd Division—1, J. McGrath; 2, D. O'Connell. Height, 4 ft. 2 in.

3rd Division—1, H. Byrne; 2, M. Hearne. Height, 4 ft. 2½ in.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, W. Kennedy; 2, T. O'Brien. Height, 4ft. 11 in.

Juniors—1, J. Cantwell; 2, R. Judge. Height, 4 ft. 2 in.

440 YARDS (h'cap).—*Lay Boys*.

1st Division—1, P. J. Byrnes, scratch; 2, M. Power, 14 yds. Time, 63 secs.

2nd Division—1, J. McGrath, scratch; 2, G. Cuffe, 25 yds. Time, 65 secs.

3rd Division—1, M. Power, 8 yds.; 2, P. O'Connell, scratch. Time, 70 secs.



THE 220 YARDS.—JACK M'GRATH WINS.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.—*Lay Boys*

1st Club—1, P. Byrnes; 2, M. Power. Distance, 98 yds.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, T. O'Brien. Distance, 105 yds. 1 ft. 6 in.

RECORDS.

The College records—athletic and otherwise—established at various times, of which account has been preserved, are as follows:—

100 Yds. Flat Race. Time, 10 1-5 s.	M. Garrahy, '93. J. Bergin, '94. P. McDonough, '98.
220 " " " 24 4-5 s.	J. Bergin, '94.
440 " " " 57 1-5 s.	T. J. Pey, '99.
880 " " " 2 m. 27 s.	J. Horan, '98.
1 Mile " " " 4 m. 56 s.	T. Roberts, '94.
High Jump. Height, 5 ft. 3 1/2 in.	J. A. Heelan, '99.
Long Jump. Dist., 20 ft. 10 in.	T. J. Pey, '99.

Shying Cricket Ball. Dist., 116 yds. 1 ft. P. McDonough, '98.
Slinging 56 lbs. weight. Dist., 22 ft. 11 in. T. J. Pey, '99.
120 Yards Hurdle Race (owing 10 yards). Time, 20 secs. J. A. Heelan, 1900.

CRICKET.—Batting—Highest Score—*103, by T. J. Pey. (Eleven v. Community, '99.)
Highest in Outmatch, 71 - J. Tomkin, 96.
BOWLING.—9 wickets for 9 runs—T. Roberts, Outmatch, '95; 7 wickets for 7 runs, J. Horan, Outmatch, 1900.
* Signifies not out.

CRICKET.



THE material from which Joe Horan had to set about constituting a team in the beginning of last season was none of the most promising. The Second Division of last year, had indeed, supplied some good material, notably Frank McCarthy and Dan Sheehan, but Tom Pey, J. O'Keefe, and our previous popular Captain,

W. Moloney, had left vacancies which it was difficult or impossible to fill. Continual practice at the net, however, gradually wrought a remarkable improvement, and it soon became clear that the team could stand comparison with the best of former years. In the field we were particularly strong, and in this department the visitors gave us unstinted praise. The bowling department made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. Besides the Rev. Mr. Corcoran, C. McDermott, J. Horan, and D. Sheehan, we had no really skilful bowler, but against such opposition no team could stand long enough to make a change of bowlers necessary.

Amongst the Apostolics P. Ennis and T. O'Brien turned out splendid bowlers, and were no unworthy successors of J. Burke and M. Redden of the preceding year, whilst in the batting D. Cronin could rival the best bat we have had for years, and G. Horan, P. Ennis and T. O'Brien were well up to the standard.

The first match of any importance was played on Thursday, May 10th. The eleven opposed twenty two selected from the Community, the prefects and the remainder of the boys. With such a field, high scoring was out of the question, and the Eleven were dismissed with a total of 22 runs; they got rid of their opponents, however, with an average of 1 run to two men, proving the superior value of quality to quantity in cricket as in all things else.

The next match, the "Eleven v. Community" was on the following Sunday, and once again were the Eleven victorious this time by an innings and 21 runs.

Favoured by glorious weather the first outmatch, "Present Students v. Past," came off on Sunday, June 3rd. The Past were strongly represented, and before the match commenced we were not without some misgivings as to the result.

Going to the wicket first, the "Past Students" began very steadily but the scoring was very slow, and the whole side were eventually dismissed for 20. They seemed utterly unable to understand the bowling of Horan and McDermott, the former of whom took no less than seven wickets at the cost of as many runs. This is a remarkable feat, and will well bear comparison, with the record of T. Roberts who captured 9 wickets for 9 runs in a similar match in '95.

The College team began well, and playing well throughout ran up a score of 82.

The "Past Students" went a second time to the wickets, requiring 59 to avoid a single innings defeat. Thanks to the sound batting of Rev. F. O'Connor, Rev. F. Cahill, and H. Floyd, they just managed to avert the danger, compiling 65 before they were finally dismissed.

With 7 runs to win. J. Clifford and C. McDermott again opposed the visitors bowling, and remained together until stumps were drawn, each having scored 11 during the few minutes that remained.

Details:—

1st Innings		2nd Innings.	
Rev. W. O'Keefe, s J	b Horan 4	c Mr Corcoran, b Horan	0
T. J. Pey, b Horan	.. 4	c Dwyer, b Horan	.. 9
H. Floyd, c Power, b Horan	.. 0	b Mr. Corcoran	.. 14
T. Roberts, b McDermott	0	b Horan	.. 6
J. Cuffe, b McDermott	0	b Mr. Corcoran	.. 0
Rev. Fr. Cahill, S.J., b McDermott	.. 0	not out	.. 10
C. Blake, not out	.. 7	b Horan	.. 5
W. Kenneally, b Horan	1	b Horan	.. 0
P. Fallon, b Horan	.. 0	c Mr. Corcoran, b Horan	0
J. Hanrahan, b Horan	.. 0	c O'Neill, b Mr. Corcoran	.. 0
P. Hartigan, b Horan	.. 0	run out	.. 0
Rev. Fr. O'Connor, b Mr. Corcoran	.. 3	c Sheehan, b Horan	.. 14
Extras	.. 4	Extras	.. 7
Total	.. 23	Total	.. 65

MUNGRET COLLEGE.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
J. Clifford, b Floyd	.. 10	not out	.. 11
C. McDermott, b Floyd	4	not out	.. 11
Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., c Pey, b Rev. Mr O'Keefe	3		
E. O'Neill, c and b Floyd	4		
F. McCarthy, c Pey, b Roberts	.. 10		



PLAY-DAY IN JUNE, 1900.

J. Horan, c Pey, b Roberts	3		
J. Heelan, b Rev. F. O'Connor	.. 18		
P. Byrnes, c Pey, b Roberts	0		
J. Scanlon, b Pey	.. 1		
D. Sheehan, c Rev. Mr O'Keefe, b Floyd	.. 4		
J. O'Dwyer, c Roberts, b Rev. Fr. O'Connor	.. 7		
Extras	.. 18	Extras	.. 1
Total	.. 82	Total	.. 23

Our next match was against the "Past Students of Jesuit Colleges." Their combination this year was much stronger than usual, and we were defeated by a margin of 32 runs on the first innings.

The College team having won the toss, elected to send the visitors to the wickets first, and M. Spain and A. Lawlor, were sent to oppose the bowling of McDermott and Horan. Both batsmen played well, until Spain sent an easy catch off Horan to Power at mid-on. J. O'Gorman joined Lawlor who was batting well, when given l.b.w. to Horan for 24. In the next over O'Gorman was similarly given out, having added 5 to the score. Wm. McDonnell whose hitting propensities have now come to be thoroughly well recognised at the College was next in, but was rather unfortunate in sending the first ball from Mr. Corcoran into Heelan's hands at point. J. S. Gaffney, who was the only other double was responsible for a sound 16 and the innings closed for 77.

C. McDermott commenced well for the home team, sending Lawlor twice to the boundary in the first over but fell a victim to the same bowler in the third ball. P.

Byrnes was playing well until he gave a rather easy chance to O'Gorman, of which the latter was not slow to avail himself. E. O'Neill was next in and played a sound and steady 21, after which a complete rot set in, no less than 4 wickets going down before as many consecutive balls, and though D. Sheehan and J. O'Dwyer managed to remain at the wickets for some time, runs were not to be had, and the latter eventually succumbed to Spain in the slips, the innings realising only 45.

Details:—

PAST STUDENTS.	
M. Spain, c Power, b Horan	.. 9
A. Lawlor, lbw, b Horan	.. 24
T. O'Gorman, lbw, b Horan	.. 5
W. McDonnell, c Heelan, b Mr. Corcoran	.. 0
J. O'Mara, b Horan	.. 2
J. S. Gaffney, lbw, b Mr. Corcoran	.. 16
P. O'Donnell, b Mr. Corcoran	.. 2
A. Spain, b Horan	.. 2
J. Spillane, b Mr. Corcoran	.. 1
L. Kelly, b McDermott	.. 8
W. Hetreed, b McDermott	.. 0
Extras	.. 8
	77

MUNGRET COLLEGE.

C. McDermott, b Lawlor	.. 0
P. Byrnes, c O'Gorman, b Spain	.. 11
Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., b Lawlor	.. 2
J. Horan, b Lawlor	.. 0
E. O'Neill, not out	.. 21
F. McCarthy, b Lawlor	.. 0
J. Heelan, b Spain	.. 0
D. Sheehan, b Spain	.. 1
J. Scanlon, b Spain	.. 0
J. O'Dwyer, c Spain, b Lawlor	.. 1
M. Power, b Lawlor	.. 0
Extras	.. 3
	45

Amongst the Apostolics there were some very exciting matches during the year, but the great match was that of



MATCH WITH "PAST," MAY, 1900.

the Eleven v. Sixteen representing the House. The laurels were carried off by the Eleven, thanks to the bowling of P. Ennis and Tom O'Brien; these also together with D. Cronin made very high scores. Willie Kennedy's "sixers" for which he seems to have a great propensity, contributed much to raise the score for the Eleven.

Let us hope that, in the coming season, more interest will be taken by the Apostolics in the game, and more desire for excelling in it displayed than has been during the past year or two. In Mungret we have never put cricket on a par with football. It is "English, quite English you know," and that I suppose naturally establishes a presumption against it. Still it has advantages, and when all has been said, we know of no peculiarly Irish game that suits the Irish summer season in college.

The most important batting averages of the year are as follows:—

	Average.	No. of Innings.	No. of Runs
D. Cronin ...	33	15	495
C. McDermott ...	29	15	435
P. Ennis ...	28	15	420
E. O'Neill ...	16	20	332
J. A. Heelan ...	15	16	240

J. HEELAN (B.A. Class).

FOOTBALL.

THOUGH we have not yet been afforded an opportunity of testing our skill in the football field by a contest with an extern team, the game has always been more popular amongst us than Cricket, presumably because it approaches more nearly to a real Irish game.

During the year there were many matches of interest in both divisions. Among the Lay Boys, the great match of the season, which was played three times in all, was "Limerick v. The House." On the first occasion Limerick were easily disposed of with three goals to nil, a result due in no small degree to the over-confidence of some members of the Limerick team. The return match resulted in a draw of two goals each, and the excitement had reached such a height, that it was decided to have a third match on St. Patrick's Day. On this occasion the result was again a draw, the scores being one goal each, though the Limerick team complained that they had had hard luck, as the play seemed much in their favour.

F. McCarthy deserves great praise for the creditable manner in which he filled the arduous and, in this case, particularly unenviable position of referee.

Another match in which unusual interest was centred was that in which the 2nd eleven of the first division, more familiarly known as "Pato's Eleven," played the 1st eleven of the second club. The latter, after a stiff contest, were victorious by two goals to nil.

The Lay Boys' 1st eleven was constituted as follows:—

Goal—J. A. BEIRNE.

Backs—

E. O'NEILL (right wing) J. HORAN (centre) J. LYNE (left wing)

Halves—

H. KENNY (right wing) J. CLIFFORD (centre) M. POWER (left wing)

Forwards—

C. McDERMOTT (right wing) J. SCANLON (inside right) P. BYRNES (inside left) J. HEELAN (left wing)

Among the Apostolics, the playing was, on the whole, very good. At the beginning of the term we had hoped to see once more the famous "Munster v. House" match renewed, but it turned out that Munster was not able to put on the field a representative number of players, so the project fell through. The match of the season was "Munster v. Leinster." This was played three times, the Leinster men finally coming off victors. In the first encounter Leinster won the day, scoring six goals to five. The return match was more keenly contested and resulted in a draw, which made each side look forward more anxiously to the final contest. This last exciting struggle proved the superiority of the Leinster men, who won after a "proelium aliquamdiu anceps," which left them victors by four goals to three.

The Apostolics' 1st eleven was constituted as follows:—

Goal—R. FITZHARRIS.

Backs—

W. KENNEDY (full) F. FAHEY (half)
F. HARTIN (half) P. TURNER (centre)

CHAS. O'BRIEN (right wing) J. MORONEY (left wing)

Forwards—

T. BUCKLEY (right) D. CRONIN (inside right) T. O'BRIEN (inside left) M. CURLEY (left)

J. A. HEELAN (B.A. Class).

HANDBALL.

WE regret to say that, quite contrary to custom, the handball this year received little attention. As a necessary result, the play throughout the annual tournament was anything but brilliant, and the games proved very uninteresting. In the final P. Pendergast and P. Byrnes, after going successfully through the various rounds, eventually disposed of C. Cashin and R. Connolly, after a slow but nevertheless close contest.

Handball is universally acknowledged as one of the best and most invigorating of athletic exercises. It trains the eye to quickness, gives precision of judgment, and brings into play every muscle of the body. We hope such a fine old Irish game will receive more attention in future.

J. A. HEELAN (B. A. Class.)

BILLIARDS.

THE Billiard Tournament, which has now become an annual event, was commenced on Sunday, January 21st. The first round was uneventful. The feature of the second round was the play of P. J. Power, who obtained 200 well within the half-hour. Altogether, the play showed a decided improvement on last year, and breaks of from 20 to 40 were not uninfrequent. The semi-finals produced good games. The first fell to P. J. Power, who won by over 100 points from P. Byrnes in a game of 300 up. The second semi-final, between R. Hartigan and J. F. Clifford, resulted somewhat similarly, in favour of the former. The final, between P. J. Power and R. Hartigan, caused a good deal of excitement. It was commenced on Sunday, February 11th. From the beginning Hartigan got a substantial lead, and maintained it to the finish, winning by a margin of 80. The score stood:—

R. Hartigan ... 500
P. J. Power ... 420

The principal breaks during the game were:—

P. J. Power—46, 39, 33, 33, 32, 30, 18, 17.
R. Hartigan—30, 31, 30, 28, 25, 25, 25, 26, 23, 23, 20, etc

Obituary.

REV. THOMAS KEANY ('86), VELASCO, TEXAS, U.S.A., SEPTEMBER 9th, 1900.

JOHN LARKIN ('97), SANTIAGO DE CUBA, WEST INDIES, 1898.

AMONG the victims of the dreadful storm and flood of September 9th on the Texan coast was one whose name will be familiar to all Mungret Students of the early years of the College. FR. THOMAS KEANY was amongst the first to enter the Apostolic school at the Crescent, Limerick. He came

Velasco, a port on the gulf some 25 miles from Galveston. Velasco is in the diocese of Galveston, and was a portion of Fr. Keany's Parish, which covered a very large district. Fr. Keany was the only priest lost in the Texan flood. R.I.P.

JOHN LARKIN entered Mungret as a lay-boy in 1891,



Photo. by Zahn, Texas.

REV. THOMAS KEANY.

with the others to Mungret in 1882, which he left in 1886 after completing his philosophy. He was ordained in 1890, for the diocese of Galveston, Texas.

His career in Texas was one of a good and very zealous priest. He was also rather distinguished as a preacher, and being a man of a broad, generous heart, was very successful with the people. He had built, in 1897, a handsome church and school at Houston; and, we believe, organised a new parish there. Later, he was given charge of the scattered Catholics of Brazoria county, where he was working hard when death interrupted his career. On the fatal night of September 9th, Fr. Keany was crushed beneath the ruins of a fallen building at

and remained till 1897, when, after passing Second Arts, he went to Manhattan college, U.S.A. From here he volunteered, with several others, for service in the army of the U. States, in the Spanish-American war of 1898. He was killed at Santiago the same year. At Mungret John had been very popular with the boys; and was elected secretary in 1896. A fact, however, better calculated to console us in the circumstances of his untimely death, is that he had been for several years a prominent and most edifying member of the sodality of B.V.M., and during his whole time in Mungret was known as a good and pious student. R.I.P.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

POEMS, SONGS, AND DIRGES. By Geoffrey Keating, D.D. Edited, with vocabulary, appendices, etc., by Rev. J. C. McErlean, S.J.

If some lucky chance discovered to us an Irish Pompeii,—engulfed, let us suppose, by an upheaval of bog and morass such as is at present causing some considerable destruction in one part of the country,—and if we could thus walk through the streets and lanes of some town in ancient Ireland, observing the inhabitants, their dress, their ornaments, their arms, their amusements, all their ways of life, not only crowds of Irishmen, though so *incuriosi suorum*, but the learned and the curious from all parts of the world would rush to see this premature resurrection of the dead. Yet, to a thinking mind, the appearance of such a book as that now before us is infinitely more interesting. In it we find rescued from complete oblivion the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the temptations and aspirations and ideals of one of Erin's noblest sons, living in the most interesting period of her history, and playing an active part therein; of one who sums up in his own personality almost all that Irishmen have to be proud of when thinking of their past.

Geoffrey Keating was an active and saintly priest—a martyr, too, if we may trust tradition; an eloquent orator, a learned and enlightened historian, an ardent and clear-sighted patriot, and a majestic poet. Born in 1570 and dying in 1650, he lived through the stormiest period of our history, and was himself tossed about on its waves. Returning from the Continent, where he had taken his degrees of Doctor of Theology, he exercised his sacred ministry with great zeal throughout the counties of Tipperary and Waterford. His fearless invectives against immorality soon brought upon him the anger of the loose-living Carew, Lord President of Munster. He thus had to fly, with a price upon his head, into the fastness of Aherlow. Debarred from a missionary career, he devoted himself to writing his famous history of Ireland, to accumulate materials for which he travelled through the whole island under various aliases and disguises. He lived on terms of intimacy with many of the old chieftains through the country, particularly with the Butlers, though this did not prevent him from bravely taking his stand with Owen Roe's party in 1641. Indeed, one of the first poems in the book, "*Muscail ds mhísneach a Bhanbha*," is a fierce denunciation of the unworthy intrigues of the Ormond faction.

The character of the man may be seen very clearly in the present book. From several of his poems it is evident that he felt intensely the allurements of the frivolous, adventurous, and often voluptuous life of the nobles' castles, where he had often been harboured and welcomed on his journeys. But not merely did he ever bear about with him that most potent *agnus castus*, grief for his anguished people, but his strong religious feeling and clear-sighted faith inclined him to lead a life of sternest sacrifice, and inspired him with poems full of gentle rebuke and solemn prophecy.

The qualities of his patriotism are worthy of a longer study than we have here place for. It is romantic in the first place. He seems to find a sweet relish in pronouncing the names of the legendary chieftains and kings, and he lingers with evident fondness on the beautiful old legends, on the sorrows of Deirdre, the love of Grainne,

the chivalrous prowess of the old Red Branch and the Fenian Knights. The ancient Celtic mythology is for him far more real, we think, than the Greek mythology was for Pindar, for example. It is not for him a storehouse of coloured stuffs and glittering stones to dress out some commonplace thought or to adorn the bust of someone in return for ready cash. It is a nobler and more beautiful world, peopled by a race of heroes, like to the gods in nobility of soul and glory of form, to be imitated from afar, and not merely admired. Again, he is one of the first writers in Ireland whose mind soared above the narrow conceptions of family and tribe, and loved Erin as the mother of all the tribes and clans, and even of the Sean-ghoill. To her he addresses five of the poems in this book. His is no purblind or merely instinctive love of country. Precisely because he knows so well the true nobility of his country, and the causes of pride that are hers, he can rebuke her faults and weaknesses with bitter and stinging words. Listen to him as he chides her for defiling herself by welcoming the Saxon:—

“Do-chim-se a mhalartach ranchtmuiseach ruaireach,
Gur treigeadh leat, gidh beart nar dhual dhuit,
An dream d' fhuing go minic a dtuargain
D' fhaobharaibh lann nglas dteann is cruaidh-shleagh
Do dhoirtis do dhuil a bhruid gan tsuaireceas,
Ar gach castaie o Shacsaihb da ngluaiseann,
Saoiltéar libh gur ridire ruagmhar.
Ghach nduine dar bh' arm an raca is an tsluasad.”

The songs of Ireland must necessarily be in a sad minor key. Of these poems, no less than nine, or nearly three-quarters of the whole, are dirges. Yet the sadness of the poet is the sadness of a strong man, who rises from his fit of tears nerved to act a brave part. The note of despair is never heard. In perhaps the noblest of his poems he points, by the light of the torch of hope burning brightly, the road we must follow to the promised land. Men firm and just, true to the old faith, rejecting the bribes and honours of the stranger, above all, united, and seeking not to pull down him who is uppermost,—such alone are Erin's loyal sons.

“Ag so an chlann is clann dariribh
Riu so is sinte sugh do choich.”

On the poetic value of this work space prevents us from dwelling. But we say with confidence that we have here revealed to us in our own household a poet of the highest order, one of which any race or age might well be proud. Though all, or nearly all, his poems have reference to contemporary events, they are never merely versified rhetoric. Not merely do they make the heart thrill by their sincerity of feeling and their elevation of sentiment, but the poet seems to speak a language more sublime than that of man, and think in images almost oriental in their unexpectedness, variety, and grandeur. The majestic, organ-like music of his dirges and national poems is in perfect accord with their solemn theme. He uses the Gaelic accentual metre, that most musical and sensuous and haunting of all forms of verse, in his most impressive odes, but he moves with equal ease in the older, stately measures of the Bardic systems. Of his rich vocabulary I say nothing, for the exuberant wealth of the Irish poetic language is the despair and the wonder of all students.

We cannot say that we sympathize with the learned editor* of the book in the very severe labour which he must necessarily have gone through in the collation of the corrupted manuscripts of Dr. Keating's poems, for he must have felt during his work the consoling and inspiring conviction that he was introducing the grandest of our Irish poets to his own nation. This little book, worthy of being bound in gold and precious stones, as were the old books of the Irish Saints, ought to win for its compiler the everlasting gratitude of all who think their country's language is worthy of their loving study. Alas! that they are so few.

M.

THE IGNATIAN ALBUM. *Reminiscence of St. Ignatius at Rome, Manresa and Barcelona. 2nd Edition. Revised and enlarged. Price, 2s. nett. (Guy & Co. Ltd., 114 George-street, Limerick)*

At the present day the illustrated magazine, the album, and the printed placard are used for the most part as a means to popularise shams, or sadder still, to pander to evil passions. Only too rarely, at least in our country, do we find the resources of photography and art skilfully called into play for the purpose of bringing home to the mind and imagination the inspiring history of the heroes of Christianity.

Father Daly's "Ignatian Album," is a work full of suggestiveness as well as of sterling worth. Wishing to arouse a keener interest in the wondrous career of the sainted founder of the Society of Jesus, he places before the public a summary of the most thrilling and momentous portions of his life in a series of 40 full-page illustrations, each accompanied by a short historical sketch. Thus we have practically a short biography of a truly great career placed before us in a manner simple and attractive enough to appeal to the intelligence and sympathy of the child, whilst the intellectual man may find in it ever-renewed pleasure as well as edification.

Few men of modern times have wielded an influence for good deeper or more widely extended than Ignatius of Loyola; there is none, perhaps, whose career will better repay a careful study. Father Daly's work cannot fail to arouse an interest in the history of that noble life, and the many beautiful engravings, oftentimes taken from paintings of rare value, must have the effect of impressing on the memory and imagination some of the lessons of heroic humility and fortitude which are written broad on its every phase.

The history of the Spanish noble, the knight, without fear and without reproach, whom God struck down at the height of his glory, revealing to him a nobler chivalry—to do knight's service to a Lord greater than man, to serve a Queen above women for loveliness and virtue, and to win a triumph unending, would in the dullest biography inflame the imagination. In these pages he seems to live and move before our eyes. We see him hang up his sword at the Shrine of Montserrat, and pledge his service for evermore to the Queen of Heaven; we see the warrior of European fame sit among the boys to learn the rudiments of Latin, because Latin was required to carry out his designs; we visit in spirit the memorable grotto, where for weeks he was wrapped in ecstasy, and where under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he penned those wondrous constitutions, which have since been the wonder and admiration of the world.

*Rev. Mr. McErlean is at present a member of our Mungret College staff.—Ed.

Fr. Daly must be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of a work eminently useful and laborious, though the labour doubtless was a labour of love. We sincerely wish that someone would follow his example, and utilise some of the rich materials that might be got together to give us in a similar form the life of a St. Columba, a St. Malachy, or a St. Francis Xavier.

Messrs. Guy and Co. have had charge of the printing and getting out of the book, and have done their part extremely well. The whole get-up of the volume shows high artistic taste, as well as good and careful work, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to the notice of our readers.

C.E.

MY NEW CURATE. By Rev. P. A. Sheahan, P.P., Doneraile. (Art and Book Company.)

Deriving all our ideas from a corrupted and decaying Protestant nation, we, as the Bishops lately warned us, are in imminent danger of losing the purity of morals and firmness of faith, which are our precious inheritance. Fr. Sheahan is doing a patriotic work in supplying us with books that can fascinate us without either questioning our first principles or exciting a prurient curiosity.

This his latest work has all the excellences of his former works, the brilliant style, the vivid description, the pictured imagination, the deep thought and lofty ideas of life, while in the development of the story and in skilful characterization, he has made a distinct advance. The two very vividly-drawn characters, Father Dan, the genial, fatherly, old-fashioned and learned Parish Priest, and Father Letheby, his active, inventive, organising, up-to-date curate, will always live in our memories. Though each of them is very lovable, and represents a very high ideal, we may be permitted to suggest what would appear to us a blemish in their characters. Father Dan, a Parish Priest, on the sea-board of Connaught, the father of his people, and listening continually to what he himself calls the "soft musical Gaelic tongue," yet seems to have remained a stranger to the language in which his people prayed to the God, of Whom he spoke to them, and in which they expressed the deepest feelings, good and bad, of their passionate nature. Father Letheby, too, might, we think, have found in the past of his country, and even of his parish, a more useful and appropriate theme for his periodical articles, than in the *Divina Comœdia* or in German *Evangelis*.

There is hardly any other point on which the most exacting criticism could find a hold. We heartily congratulate Fr. Sheahan on having given us a book of such splendid literary worth, and on having made such a precious addition to that scantily-furnished division of our library, Irish Catholic literature.

M.

CUCHULAINN, THE IRISH ACHILLES. By Alfred Nutt. 52 pp. 16 mo. Price, 6d. (David Nutt, London.)

This little volume contains a very clear and interesting summary of that portion of the ancient literature of Ireland, which centres around the youthful Ulster hero, Cuchulainn. The popularity of this cycle is, no doubt, correctly ascribed by Mr. Alfred Nutt to the predominant influence of the Northern Ui Neill, who, from the coming of Patrick till the rise of Brian Borumha, had enjoyed almost uninter- ruptedly the sovereignty of the country.

After a rapid but very readable sketch of the career of Cuchulainn, follows a clever comparison between Cuchulainn and the state of society in Ireland at the commencement of the Christian era, and Achilles and the social condition of Greece in the heroic ages (*circa* 1000 B.C.), as depicted by Homer. We think we can do nothing better for our readers than to give a portion of Mr. Nutt's able comparison of the two heroes. "In both cases," says Mr Nutt "the ideal is, of course, purely warrior-like; the pre-eminent hero cannot but be the chief fighting brave of the race. Superb and fiery courage, passionate and irresistible energy, fierce and utter devotion to the standard of honour recognised by himself and his fellows, such are the dominant traits. Barbarians both are, but magnificent and admirable barbarians, and of the two the hero of the ruder race is nearer to our ideal—more admirable. The Gael is a better gentleman than the Greek. Cuchulainn fighting for his land and tribe is nobler than Achilles fighting in revenge of personal injury. Cuchulainn granting, in admiration, the dying request of his foe, Loch Mor—"tis a warrior's boon thou askest"—appeals to our sympathies, where Achilles rejecting Hector's last appeal, repels them."

An interesting portion of the book is that where Mr. Nutt gives us the reasons which have led the French and German philologists to maintain that the stories of the Cuchulainn cycle must have taken permanent literary form at the latest in the 7th century, about the same time as Beowulf, some 100 to 250 years before Scandinavian mythology crystallised into its

present form—at least 200 years before the earliest draft of the Nibelunglied. "Irish is," continues Mr. Nutt, "the most ancient *vernacular* literature of Modern Europe—a fact which of itself commends it to the attention of the student."

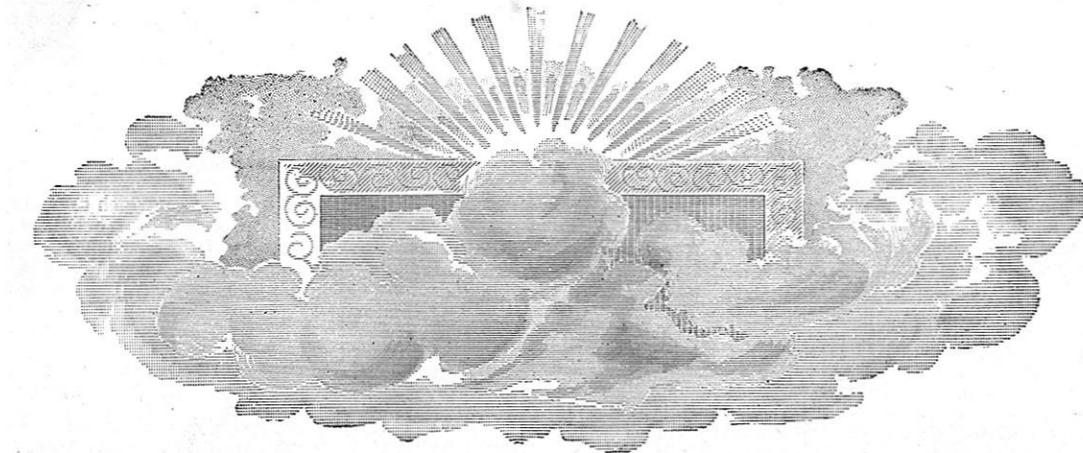
To those who would wish to get a general but exact idea of the cycle, we would strongly recommend Mr. Nutt's useful little work, but we would recommend our readers much more strongly still to qualify themselves by the study and cultivation of the only language, which is or can be called our own, in order to appreciate the beauties of what has been praised by foreigners as the Iliad of the Gael.

EOIN.

EXCHANGES.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following:—

All Hollows Annual, Alma Mater, Castleknock College Chronicle, Clongownian, Dial, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown College Journal, Holy Cross Purple, Mangalore Magazine, Notre Dame Scholastic, Sacred Heart Collegian, The Xavier, Zambesi Mission Record, Spring Hill Review, Fleur-de-Lis, Bulletin de La Salle.



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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 Honors 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. WILLIAM HENRY, S.J.,

Mungret College, Limerick. 12