

MUNGRET
ANNUAL

1897 - 1901

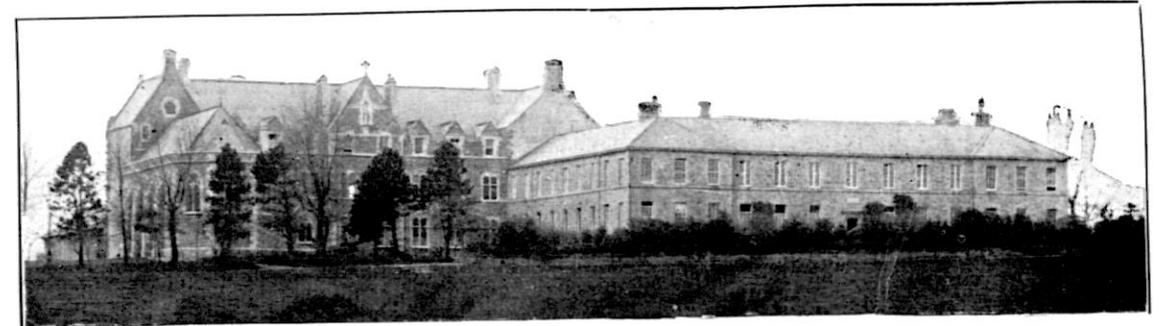
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THE MUNGRET ANNUAL

No. 5.

CHRISTMAS, 1901.

VOL. II.



Editorial.

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

AGAIN we send heartfelt greetings to all our Past Students both far and near. It is ever a source of pleasure to us to have tidings of them in whatever sphere of life their lot is cast; and we fondly hope that our message of love and friendship is welcome to them all.

We have to complain of the seeming unwillingness of most of our Past Students to make suggestions to us as to how THE MUNGRET ANNUAL might be made more useful and interesting to them. For such hints and suggestions we are always most grateful. We may add that some of the features of our former numbers that gave most general satisfaction were the result of suggestions from outside.

It is still difficult to obtain the photographs of our past Students, and our album is still but scantily furnished. We again beg them to cooperate with us in a work which would become such a source of pleasure to all. If each one does his own part by sending his photograph, the scheme will be a complete success. And again we repeat, every scrap of news concerning the

doings of our Past Students is most welcome to us, and is always gratefully received.

Copies of the first volume of the Annual, consisting of the four first numbers, may still be had on application to the Editor. The volume is very handsomely bound in green cloth—price 5/- nett. As back numbers of the magazine will always be very limited, we would impress on all our Students the importance of preserving for themselves a copy of each number. A book that contains so much matter, both literary and pictorial, of deep personal interest to each of them, will always have for them a value increasing as years go by, quite independent of literary or artistic merit.

In our prize competition of last May, Eddie O'Neill's sketch of the Abbey of Mungret, which we publish in full, was *facile princeps*. Books on Irish subjects to the value of *one guinea*, are again offered to our present Students for the best historical essay on Mungret or neighbourhood. A substantial book prize will also be given for the second place, provided always that the essays reach a good standard of merit, and are handed in within the week after Easter,

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◊ THE ◊ ABBEY ◊ OF ◊ MUNGRET. ◊

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

"Thou relic grand of our own Patrick's years,
And lovelier far in death than all that gold
Of tyrants builded to their priestless creed.

Thou chronicle the firebrand could not burn,
Writ with all the ruthless, wrongful past,
And holding out, in thy prophetic store,
A golden promise of the golden years
To come.
Another Mungret, dowered with thy strength
And glorious name."

—T. J. SHEALY, S.J.,
(*Mungret Annual*, '98, p. 16).

OF the countries of Western Europe, Ireland alone never acknowledged the sway of Rome. No haughty proconsul claimed the allegiance of Erin, nor did the proud imperial eagle ever fan the breezes of the Virgin Isle of the West. God had a nobler destiny for the chosen Irish. He had prepared them for a purer conquest—the conquest of His love. He had saved them from the exactions and orgies of pagan Rome to win them to His own glorious standard and to make them the zealous pioneers of His work among the nations of the West.

In the fifth century of the Church's history St. Patrick brought his message of peace to this fiery race. Instantly strife and discord disappeared, their bitter feuds were forgotten; bard and warrior, chief and Druid knelt together at the foot of the Cross, and in a union of love bound themselves to the faithful service of the God of Patrick.

With the spirit of Faith our National Apostle introduced into Ireland another spirit, which was to perfect the former—the spirit of Monasticism. In his own person he united all the eminent virtues of the monastic life—the spirit of fervent prayer, self-sacrifice, and zeal for the Faith of Christ, which formed the basis of those grand monastic orders that were the triumph and glory of the ancient Church. He had drunk deeply of this spirit from the teaching of St. Martin of Tours, from St. Germanus, and finally from St. Honoratus in the island monastery of Lerins. No wonder, then, that the newly-converted Celts were inspired with the enthusiastic fervour of St. Patrick, and that, eager in their search after religious perfection, they embraced Monasticism

in its highest and grandest forms. Their ardent faith and their deep love for knowledge and truth are amply testified by the numerous monasteries and schools which everywhere sprang up in the path traversed by St. Patrick, and from which zealous missionaries went forth, bearing the standard of Christianity into far-distant lands. And when the fierce North poured forth its dark deluge of vandalism, which swept away the letters and science of Europe in its mighty flood, the Monks of Ireland kept the lamp of learning burning brightly in their midst; they raised Ireland to a degree of civilization then unexcelled in Europe; they made her the home of knowledge, of culture, and of faith, and won for her the glorious title of "*Insula Doctorum et Sanctorum*"—Island of Saints and Scholars.

Among these hallowed institutions the ancient abbey of Mungret once held an honoured and exalted place.* Now all that remains of its once stately splendour is a heap of venerable ruins, hoary with the mists of time. Its halls, which once resounded with the solemn chant of the monks and the merry laughter of the scholars, are now deserted and lone. The scholars are scattered and gone, and the monks sleep peacefully in their green mounds beneath the shadow of their saintly home. Their chant is silent, and the low moaning winds, weeping

* "In former times it was spelled as a word of three syllables, Mungairit. Doctor Joyce does not give its etymology, but O'Donovan conjectures the name to mean a 'short hill,' *maine-gairridh*—'a gress,' he modestly adds, 'as apt to be wrong as right.'"—Father Denis Murphy, S.J., M.R.I.A., in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries*, July, 1899.

through the trees and through the battered gables, alone break the stillness of the mouldering aisles. The ruins are being slowly hidden from view in the ruthless clutch of the clustering ivy; and mosses and lichens overrun the cloisters, where now the birds of the air make their homes.

Seen on a summer evening, when the sunset sheds its golden glories over plain and sky, and the stately tower stands forth majestically from the dark green foliage, it forms a scene worthy of the glowing canvas of the painter: a scene redolent of peace and fervour which the lively imagination will not soon forget. What an air of sanctity and sublimity still hovers over these mute relics of a hallowed past, and awakens in our breasts a feeling of love and

of this type.* They rather resembled rude villages of wooden and wattle huts, built in irregular order around the church or around the oratory of the Abbot. Each monk had his own separate hut or cell, while the numerous scholars who attended the schools were accommodated with similar habitations. The whole, often many acres in extent, was surrounded by a fort or rampart, which offered a protection against external violence and formed a limit to the sacred sanctuary of the monastery.

"Prior to the twelfth century," says Petrie, "there were no great architectural buildings. Abbot and monks occupied separate cells, but used the church in common. These cells were often, when stone could not be had, built of wood or clay; hence the absence of any remains that would testify to their extent, and hence

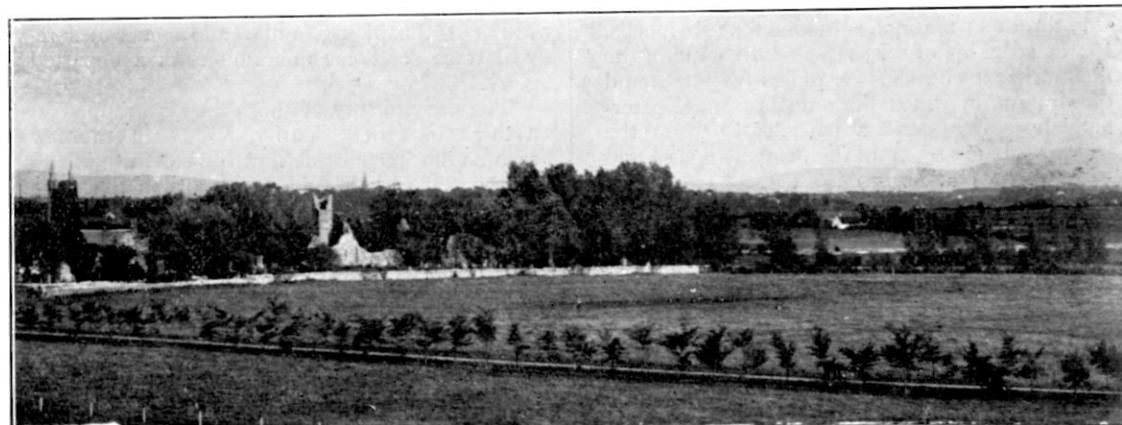


Photo. by

MUNGRET ABBEY, AS SEEN FROM THE COLLEGE.

[Guy, Limerick.

reverence for this ancient home of things beautiful and great! Which of us, as he stood beneath the old ruin, has not experienced a deep sense of awe steal over his heart, and has not felt imbued with the deep spirit of faith and of trust in God which still lingers amid those chancels? What grand lessons of generous enthusiasm and noble self-sacrifice are to be gleaned from the study of such sanctified spots, and from the contemplation of the heroic lives of the silent monks to whom Ireland is indebted for her proudest title and her most glorious traditions.

The general notion of a monastery is associated in our minds with the elaborate stone structures erected in the Middle Ages, whose majestic ruined piles still attract our admiration. None of the primitive Celtic monasteries were

also the readiness with which they were burned, and the rapidity with which they rose from their ruins."

A well-preserved example of a primitive Celtic monastery is to be found off the rugged coast of Sligo in the island of Innismurray. Here flourished the celebrated Monastery† of St. Molaise, and here the cashel or fortification, the bee-hive shaped habitations of the monks, and the primitive old churches are still pointed out. From this we can form some adequate conception of what Mungret was in the days of its brightest glories.

* Cf. Dr. Healy's "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars," p. 91 and seq., and Stokes' "Ancient Irish Church," *passim*.

† For a detailed and interesting description of this Monastery cp. Wood Martin's *History of Sligo*, p. 144 and following pages.

The ecclesiastical remains of Mungret may be divided into three parts* :—

I.—On the roadside we have an old church, a massive, well-built edifice, forty-one feet long by twenty-three broad. The side walls are three feet thick by fourteen feet high, built of good stones and excellent lime-and-sand mortar, which seems to baffle the fury of the elements. Judging from the gables, which are remarkably high and pointed, this building resembled St. Columkille's house at Kells, and St. Kevin's at Glendalough, and, like them, was probably covered with large, square, slate-like stones, of which many are still found in the neighbourhood. The doorway, old Irish church fashion, is in the west gable. There were two windows in the south side, and the eastern gable contains a rude round-headed window at the height of ten feet from the ground, measuring inside five feet ten inches by two feet eight, and on the outside three feet ten inches by one foot six inches. Petrie, speaking of this, says :—"In some of the most ancient churches examples may be found of windows in which the arch is formed externally by several stones, particularly when the windows, being of more than usually contracted breadth, required it, as in . . . the ancient church of Mungret. Similar examples are to be found in the south side of the great church at Glendalough." On the lintel stones marks of fire are still noticeable—traces, perhaps, of those evil days when fierce Danish hordes sacked our sanctuaries and shrines.

II.—A small distance south stands a smaller church fourteen feet wide. What its length was we cannot tell, as a modern wall replaces the western gable. It is separated from the third and largest pile of ruins by a narrow roadway.

III.—The most picturesque and also the largest of the ruins is of much later construction than the two former. It is enclosed by a circular wall, and is stated to have been a house of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. These religious, introduced into Ireland by St. Lawrence O'Toole in the middle of the twelfth century, took possession of many of the old Celtic Monasteries, as the rules of the latter had at that time become somewhat relaxed and a change was deemed necessary. These Canons Regular had at one time 230 houses in Ireland, and ten abbots of the order sat as Spiritual Peers in

* Rev. Fr. Denis Murphy, in his Essay in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries*, makes but two divisions, in neither of which he includes the large building surmounted by the tower. This we have marked off as the third portion, and to this we particularly refer as the Abbey in the beginning of this sketch.

the Irish House of Parliament.† This portion of the ruins consists of a church divided into three unequal portions, communicating by low arches. At the western end it is surmounted by a stately square tower with ruined battlements. The doors and windows of the church have either horizontal stone lintels or that sort of round arch-head which denoted the Romanesque, less correctly the Norman, architectural period which preceded the introduction of the pointed style.‡ The eastern gable of the choir contains a remarkable narrow-pointed window, while the nave, which is large, is lighted by windows of similar character.

Such is the comparatively mere vestige which antiquity has handed down to us of the Abbey of Mungret. The bee-hive cells of the monks, the wattle-huts or bothies of the scholars, and the old rath or dun have long since disappeared from view, but even as far north as Temple Mungret the plough and spade sometimes reveal traces of these monuments of a departed glory.

The early history of the abbey is wrapped in a thick mist of obscurity, and even the few records that have come down to us entire are so interwoven with legend and tradition that it is difficult to discern the authentic facts. The date of the foundation of Mungret is a much debated point. We know, on good authority, that Christianity existed in Ireland, and particularly in Munster, before St. Patrick set foot on our shores, and O'Halloran, who was a Limerick man, states that there was a monastery at Mungret as early as the fourth century. There is not much foundation for this statement, however, and the first authentic mention we find of Mungret is in the Tripartite Life, where it is related that St. Nessian was installed first Abbot by St. Patrick.

When St. Patrick came into the territory of Hy-Fidhgente (part of which coincided with the portion of the County Limerick west of the River Maigue), Loman, the king of the district, prepared a banquet for the Saint on Knock-Cae. The Apostle was attended by Mantan, a deacon of his household. Before the feast a party of jugglers appeared on the scene, and, accosting Patrick, demanded food. He referred them to Loman and Mantan, but those, wondering at the audacity of the jugglers, for the feast was yet untouched, rudely refused their demands. The Saint was in a dilemma: his honour was at stake, for he had promised the food, and yet he did not wish to remonstrate with his host. The

† Cf. Canon O'Hanlan's "Lives of the Irish Saints," under the account of St. Nessian of Mungret.

‡ Cf. Lenihan's "History of the County Limerick."

difficulty was soon solved. A youth approached, accompanying his mother, who bore on her shoulders a ram as an offering to the king. St. Patrick asked the boy for the ram to save his honour by complying with the laws of hospitality, which were ever imperative in Celtic Ireland, and

"The shepherd youth gave then the wether small,
With both his hands outstretched and liberal smile;
He gave it, though with angry eye askance
His mother grudged it sore."*

An account of the blessing of Nessian by St. Patrick is found in the Martyrology of Donegal, under date July 25th, which is celebrated as Nessian's feast day. St. Nessian was a contemporary of St. Senan of Inniscathy and St. Carthage of Elden. We are told that he made great progress in virtue during his youth, and that he lived for some time under the training and direction of St. Ailbe of Emly. The great learning and experience of the holy Bishop furnished to



Photo. by

RUINS OF SMALLER CHURCH, MUNGRET ABBEY.

[McMahon, Limerick.]

The Apostle gave his benediction to the boy, saying: "Like a palm one day shall rise thy greatness." This shepherd was Nessian, whom St. Patrick then baptized and soon after installed as Abbot over the recently-founded Church of Mungairit. The mother was punished for her grumbling—

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

Nessian a very considerable amount of theological information, and frequently the two holy men had conversations on subjects of a spiritual and doctrinal nature. Though Nessian appears never to have attained a higher rank than deacon, he was held in high repute for his learning and sanctity, and is ranked by Cummain in his Pascal

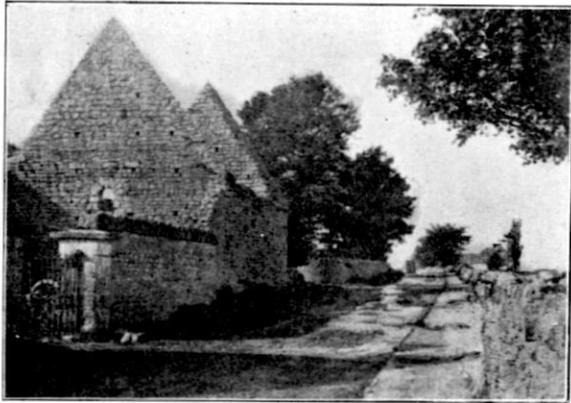
* "The Feast of Knock-Cae," in "The Legends of St. Patrick," by Aubrey de Vere, by whom the whole story is admirably and touchingly related.

Epistle among the greatest doctors and pastors of the Irish Church. He is said to have resembled Laurentius the Deacon in his habits of life, and Cuimin of Condeire gave testimony that he never told a lie—

“Nessan, the holy deacon,
Love's angelic, pure devotion;
Never came outside his lips
What was untrue or guileful.”

He was surnamed the Leper, and as a coincidence we may remark that near the eastern borders of the parish of Limerick, opposite Ballinacurra, are situated the ruins of an ancient hermitage, said to have been afterwards an hospital for lepers.

The exact date of Nessan's death is also a matter of much conjecture. Colgan assigns 551 A.D., but, considering the Deacon's relations



OLD STONE CHURCH, MUNGRET ABBEY.

with St. Patrick, it is scarcely probable that he lived so long. He was succeeded as abbot by St. Munchin, nephew of Bloid, King of Thomond. Some ascribe the foundation of the Monastery to St. Munchin, and, as under his care it attained its greatest celebrity, his title to the claim is by no means unwarranted. Owing to his unexampled piety and learning, he had been ordered to undertake the instruction and guidance of St. Patrick's converts in Connaught. He ruled Mungret for many years in wisdom and in sanctity, and in his old age is supposed to have retired from community life, and to have built himself an oratory in the neighbourhood. Around this humble cell a few more habitations arose, and the cluster of little huts soon attained the importance of a village. Such is stated to have been the humble origin of the present city of Limerick. Munchin was its first Bishop, and he is still venerated as the patron of the city and diocese.

The Abbey of Mungret is stated in the Psalter of Cashel to have contained six churches, and to have had a community of 1,500 monks, of whom 500 gave themselves to teaching, 500 to preaching, and the rest to the divine offices, such as we find at Luxeil under Columbanus, where choir succeeded choir in turn, till there was not a single moment, night or day, during which the praises of God were not sung. Many regard this number as incredible, but we find on the best evidence that other celebrated monasteries contained proportionately large communities. We must also bear in mind the fact that the first great monasteries of Ireland were nothing else, to speak simply, than clans reorganized under religious form—a development of the family or clan system so characteristic of ancient Ireland. “Many of the chieftains converted by St. Patrick embraced the monastic life. Their families, their clansmen, their dependents, followed their example. A prince, in becoming a monk, naturally became also an abbot, and in his monastic life continued as he had been in his worldly existence, the chief of his race and of his clan.”* Besides the monks, Mungret was attended by a vast crowd of scholars, who, attracted by the fame of Ireland's learning, came from all parts to drink at this fountain of the living waters of knowledge and of faith. Lord Dunraven, in his “Memoirs of Adare,” says Mungret was much frequented by Anglo-Saxon scholars, and this statement is confirmed by the number of Anglo-Saxon coins found close by.

Like most of our primitive monasteries, Mungret must have been once a vast monastic city. Its inhabitants were dependent on the outside world for nothing, for it was a fundamental principle of our primitive Irish monasteries that the monks were to maintain themselves by the labour of their hands. The bread that nourished them, the coarse habit that clothed them, the roof that sheltered them, were each and all the fruits of their toil. Even the very land had often to be reclaimed from the weary waste of the wilderness. The monastic lands attached to Mungret were very wide in extent, and they were in later times further increased on the suppression of the order of Knights Templars, † whose estates were granted to the Abbey.

In this monastic city was trained an entire population of philosophers, of writers, of architects, of carvers, of painters, of musicians, poets

* Cf. “The Monks of the West,” Vol. I.—Comte de Montalambert.

† The Knights Templars were established some distance from the Abbey in the townland now known as Castle Mungret. Their name still survives in Temple Mungret, the residence of Stephen Dowling, Esq.

and historians, but, above all, of missionaries and preachers destined to spread the light of the Gospel and of Christian learning throughout Europe, from the rugged northern coasts of Caledonia to the peaceful, secluded valleys of the Alps. Here they preserved the literary treasures of antiquity, illuminating them with loving care. Here their boundless hospitality opened the door to the poor and the stranger; here the weary fugitive from oppression sought a home and a shelter, and the sinner, tired of the wicked ways of the world, at length found a haven of peace and consolation. The treasures of knowledge were open to all: the rich and the poor, the slave as well as the freeman, had ready access, and paid nothing.

What a picture of peace, sweet and tranquil, the Monastery must have been in the days of its golden prime! Paint in fancy the lowly wattle huts, clustering in picturesque disorder round the stately church, from which is borne on the still air the gentle cadence of the solemn chant. The birds pour forth their shrill, luscious notes, vying with the monks in singing the praises of their Creator. In the fields all is calm and still, save where the white-robed monks toil patiently in groups or herd their lowing flocks on the upland slope. Within the enclosure is a scene of life and animation. Monks innumerable are seen on all sides, passing silently to and fro. Some are busy in the scholars' halls, teaching and lecturing; some transcribing, others illuminating volumes. Here are no empty distinctions of birth or class; all wear the same lowly habit, and are united in the one great desire to serve God by a life of sacrifice and mortification. A variety of trades and professions, from the lowly artisan to the most skilled carver; monks everywhere, each pursuing his avocation in silence and contributing his share to the great work of God. Some are intent on the duties of the household; some with kindly smile and words of consolation distribute food to the poor, who bless the monks as their fathers and their friends. From the large flagged kitchen a streak of smoke ascends into the still air, which is rent with the cries of the scholars in their picturesque girdled tunics, as they wield their camans on the green sward. In the smaller raths around solitary white-robed figures may be seen kneeling in silent prayer, while away to the north, over the low-lying ground, the Shannon rolls its majestic course by the pine-clad hills of Clare. Here the fisher-monks ply their rod and line to supply with fish their lowly repasts. But the sun is already setting over Carrig's rugged steep, tingeing with its ruddy glow the Monastery walls, as the sound of the great bell summons the monks to the evening prayer. The hum of

labour is hushed; the fields and riverside are deserted, and soon the silver moon rises over the church tower on a scene of calm and tranquil repose.

After St. Munchin a long series of abbots ruled Mungret in peace and glory, but there is nothing specially eventful in its history till the barbarous Danes overran with fire and sword the fair plains of Thomond, when the Abbey sustained ruin and disaster at the hands of those ruthless hordes.

Towards the close of the eighth century the Danes made their first appearance on our shores, and, roused to anger by the military and missionary activity of Charlemagne among their brethren of Northern Germany, they vowed eternal vengeance against all things holy on Irish soil. Sailing along the coast in their



RUINS OF AUGUSTINIAN ABBEY, MUNGRET.

pirate galleys, the broad bosom of the Shannon, washing the fertile plains of Limerick and Clare, naturally attracted their attention, and they sailed up the river in search of plunder. The sight of Mungret gladdened their savage hearts, and they exult in anticipation of the massacre and spoil. We can imagine the scene: the monks, pursuing their devotions as usual, little mindful of the dire calamity which threatened them from the red-haired Gentiles, who, under the cloak of the thick marsh fog, had crept unheeded to the Monastery rath. Suddenly a shout goes up, as the fierce Northerners rush on the helpless monks. The scholars seize their bows and their battle-axes to ward off the enemies of Christ; but in vain. The surprise is complete. Scores of monks stained their white robes with their hearts' blood, and many young noble students fell in the fight. The sacristies and shrines are desecrated and plundered; the holy chalices, reliquaries, and gold ornaments are seized on by

sacrilegious hands, and everywhere is confusion and bloodshed. The plunderers go on their way rejoicing, and the Monastery, before so peaceful and quiet, is now changed into a scene of carnage and desolation.

Such acts of barbarity roused the resentment of the Irish, who attacked the foreign marauders and forced them to retire with heavy losses. But, owing to the presence of their galleys, to which they could swiftly retire when worsted on land, the Danes continued to hold permanent possession of the estuary, and on several occasions repeated their depredations. Thus, between the years A.D. 820 and 850 Mungret was several times plundered by the Danes, and on two occasions destroyed by fire. Yet its recuperative power was astonishing, for on each occasion we see it rising from its ruins with renewed and quickened vigour. That spirit of love and faith which has ever characterized the poor persecuted Irish was deeply rooted in the heroic breasts of the monks, and the foreign force which destroyed their altars and homes could not break that undaunted spirit. As often as these vandals reduced their churches to a heap of tottering ruins, leaving not a stone upon a stone, so often were the faithful monks ready to begin the work of their restoration. Bravely and patiently they raised again their temples to the Lord, while intoning hymns of praise and thanksgiving for His wondrous gifts to man. Yet, while the Danes continued in force on the Shannon, Mungret could not flourish, for science and letters could not be successfully cultivated when the monks lived in constant dread of attack and had to keep ceaseless vigil over the low-lying ground for the stealthy coming of the foe. However, it still remained a place of much importance, for after this time we find the names of several abbots prominently mentioned in the Four Masters. But it was not till Brian Boru finally broke the power of the Danes at the battle of Clontarf that Mungret rose once more to a position of eminence among the schools of Ireland.

We are told that Cormac MacCullinan, the famed King Bishop of Cashel, was a student of Mungret, and that before setting out to battle with the King of Leinster he bequeathed to Mungret three ounces of gold, an embroidered vest, and his blessing. Another important name mentioned in connection with the Monastery is that of Mughron O'Morgair, Professor of Divinity at Armagh, who found a home for his old age in the school of Mungret, where he died in 1102 A.D.

The bell of Mungret, which is alluded to by Keating, was dug up at Loughmore, and a drawing of it is given in the 4th Volume of the

Dublin *Penny Journal*. It is described as composed of a mixed metal, hammered and riveted together, and showed some specimens of very rude and antique workmanship. It was square in form, and very much corroded by time. What has become of it is not known.

The story of the classical controversy of the monks of Mungret with another monastic school of the South, and the famous legend of the "Wise Women of Mungret," is too well known to need repetition here. It is but one of the many traditions of the school which are still current about Limerick.

We now come to the last page of Mungret's story: a page painful to Irishmen to read, for it records the spoliation of Mungret by native Irish princes. History shows us that the overthrow and devastation of monasteries have not always been accomplished by fanatic hordes of foreign conquerors, but that it was too often the crowned descendants of the ancient benefactors and founders who raised destruction to a system. Such was the case in England and in many countries of Europe when tyranny laid its hand on the defenceless old age of the monk, and the legal vandalism only paused when there was nothing left to plunder. Ireland, we must reluctantly confess, was not an exception. Its chiefs did not escape some of the worst taints of the Middle Ages, and often plundered the shrines of their kindred with a cruelty worthy of the Huns and Goths. Mungret, which had passed almost unscathed through the fierce storm of Danish rage and persecution, was destined to be the object of the cruel and black ingratitude of those Irish chiefs who prided themselves on their Faith, and whose greatest glory it should be to defend, with their hearts' blood if necessary, the sacred monuments of their island home.

Consumed by a conflagration in 1080, which left it a heap of charred and smoking ruins, the Abbey had scarce risen from its ashes when it was attacked and destroyed by a native prince, Dohall MacLochlann, "King of Ireland," with the forces of Ulster. And the last entry concerning Mungret to be found in the Four Masters is the sad and shameful record of its pillage and plunder at the hands of Murtoth O'Brien in 1107. Six years before Murtoth gave a grant of Cashel of the Kings to the religious of Ireland in general. He is also said to have led an army into Innishowen (Donegal), and to have demolished Grianan Ailech in revenge for Cenn Cora, which had been left in ruins twenty years previously by Dohall MacLochlann. In 1134 Mungret must have suffered in a terrible storm of hail, which the "*Chronicon Scotorum*" (under the date mentioned) tells us "destroyed everything

on which it fell from Mungret to Limerick; each of the hailstones was of the size of an apple."

Even after the devastations of the native princes, Mungret was not obliterated; nor was the ancient spirit dead within it, for once more it rose in triumphant glory from its ashes, and under the fostering care of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine it became again an eminent seat of learning. Above we have spoken of the connection of this order with Mungret. They ruled it certainly about the middle of the twelfth century, but how long they continued there we cannot say, for here the chronicles of Mungret abruptly cease.

In the History of the Dominican Order, by De Burgo, Bishop of Kilkenny, where he speaks of the Dominican houses in Munster, we come across the following statement:—"Mungairer (Mungret) in eodem agro, Abbatia fundata a S. Patricio quinto saeculo." This seems to point to the fact that Mungret was once a Dominican House, but beyond this sentence we have no proof in favour of the statement. This shows us how little is recorded of Mungret since the twelfth century. However, from the language of O'Curry, in his "Manners and Customs," we may infer that Mungret long vied in power with the celebrated schools of Bangor and Clonard.

So it continued till the cruel and rapacious Henry VIII., aided in his sacrilegious work by his cowardly courtiers and debased people, armed himself with the pretext of the exorbitant wealth of religious corporations, in order to suppress the

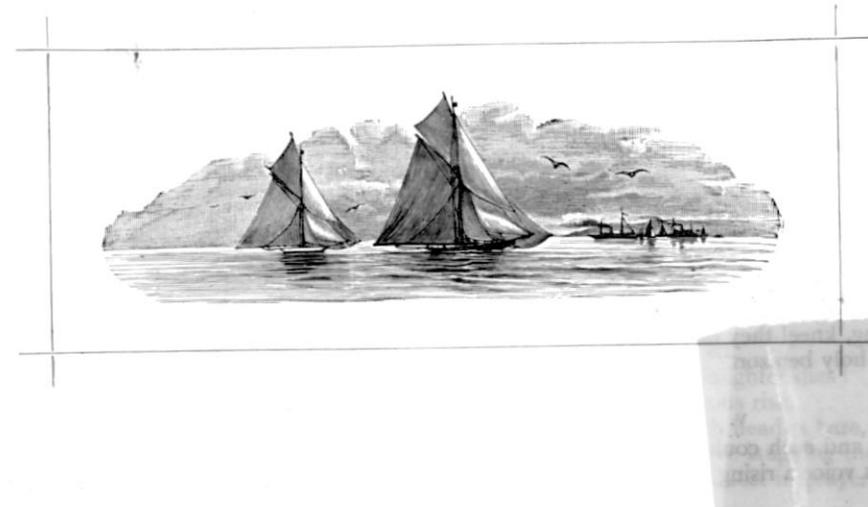
monasteries, to drive out the defenceless monks, and annihilate in blood and slavery the good work of countless ages. The Abbey was pillaged, its shrines polluted and profaned, and its lands confiscated to the Crown. The monks were driven forth, and the lamp of learning, which they had fed so faithfully and so long, was at length extinguished. The once famous school of Mungret was no more.

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

Yes! the spirit which had slumbered during the centuries at length rolled away the stone from its guarded sepulchre, and came forth full of life and vigour. The sanctity, the learning, and the apostolic zeal of the ancient monks have revived once more by Shannon's waters, and the prophesy is strikingly verified in the spirit of the New Mungret which has risen on the ruins of the old,—a New Mungret which gives promise of a glorious Future, worthy of the rich heritage of the Past.

EDMUND J. O'NEILL, B.A.

* A tradition has been handed down amongst the peasantry of the neighbourhood that the glories of ancient Mungret are destined yet to revive.



A * DEAD * LANGUAGE * DUEL.

OR THE WISE WOMEN OF MUNGRET.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

FYTTE III.

I.

HE gentle dawn not yet had kissed
From Shannon's breast the silvery mist
That lay all night at Mungret's feet,
When hark! a melody most sweet
Pealed forth and throbb'd thro' all the air.
Eftsoons, a harmony more fair,
Replied in tones of holy prayer,
And David's psalms and Sedule's song
Did Mungret's monks till dawn prolong;
When holy Mass to song was wed,
And monks and students softly tread
The aisle to share the Holy Bread,
Then ponder what the Master said.

II.

And when the matin meal was o'er—
Coarse bread and water from the fount—
Thro' many a carved arch they pour,
And, spreading, people all the mount;
And monks dispute, and students play,
For Mungret holds high holyday.
Yet many in dim cloister pray
That glorified be Mungret's name,
And her good sons this fateful day
May win their mother deathless fame!

III.

The Abbot rose from bended knee,
Which floor of stone had hollowed:
Thus long had he been wont to dree
That God's good Will and high Decree,
At home or o'er the parting sea,
By him and his be followed.

IV.

Rise with their sire a chosen band,
Who wait expectant his command;
And, nearing, kneel they one by one
To win his holy benizon.

V.

"*Filioli!*" and each could hear
Thrill in his voice a rising tear—

"*Vos benedicat Trinitas!
Vos benedicat Unitas!
Pater semper Omnipotens!
Pater semper Omnisciens!
Filius Unigenitus!
Et Spiritus Paraclitus!*"

VI.

Strengthened arise that holy band
With light of grace and mind aflame,
And hearkening, reverent they stand.

VII.

"My children, much were I to blame,
If holy monks and brethren wise
Demeaned them in irreverent guise,
And sullied thus our ancient fame.
Not such my thought, nor such my will;
Great is my hope that we shall still
Meet Cashel's monks in Mungret halls;
Nor fear I, looking on these walls,
Where classic tones have echoed long,
That we be weak and they be strong.
Nor would I that mere strategy
Should steal unworthy victory.
But much our students long have sought
That when our classic cause is fought,
They too might prove what we have taught.
And since, by terms clear drawn and signed,
The contest is to monks confined,
I deem it due their loyalty
To grant the opportunity
That Brother Finnbar's wit devised,
Of championing our cause, disguised.

VIII.

"But while this ruse our students play,
No monks shall share their comic fray,
Or mask in womanish array.
Yet, meetly garbed, some brethren grave
May hover near them as they lave,
And guide and temper seemingly
Their young impetuosity,
That, e'en in disputation's heat,
They mind them of the reverence meet

X.

Due Cashel's ancient sanctity
And lore and wise profundity;
And let not word nor look nor jest
Assoil the sacred name of guest,
Nor sully Mungret's ancient fame!
Now go ye, children, in God's Name!"

IX.

Gray Dawn had grown to glorious Day,
And royal Sun shoots bright his ray
Across Camailthe's furrowed brow;
And all the earth is gleaming now

My muse declines, tho' oft I asked,
To rhyme the garbs in which were masked
Mungret's defenders, as they passed
Thro' Mungret's grounds with footsteps fast.
Three thousand students loudly laugh,
And much they cheer and much they chaff
The costumes of yon motley file.
E'en fathers grave are fain to smile,
And some try hard, but fail, to frown;
And one St. Paul on women quotes,
Who surely never sought renown
For classic lore through petticoats!



BALLINACURRA RIVER NEAR THE MUNGRET ROAD.—WALK-DAY IN NOVEMBER, 1901.

With radiance of life and light.
Fair Hope illumines all Mungret's height,
For far Knockfierna's flashing face,
And yonder laughing hills of Clare
And grim Camailthe's new-born grace
And heightened glories of Adare,
And Shannon's glowing silvery maze,
Seem all to make obeisance fair,
And message send by golden rays:
"Mother, to thee success and fame!
This day may glory crown thy name!"

But little reck they as they tread,
That student band, what things were said,
For Brother Finnbar's at their head,
Whose quips in lightning currents flow,
Back flashing ever *quid pro quo*.
"Much you offend St. Paul," he cries,
"Who e'en in baskets sought disguise!"

XI.

But hush! the merry laughter dies!
As peals of bells sonorous rise,
Each face is grave, each head is bare,
And thousands now were laughing there,
And thousands now are lost in prayer!

—'Tis God's own gift, this interplay
In Irish hearts of grave and gay.
God guard it still, nor banish thence,
The binding link, sweet Innocence :—

XII.

Loud to the bells that tuneful ring,
God's praises do these students sing :—

(*Laudate Dominum de Caelis.*—Psalm 148.)

- * " Praise ye the Lord, the heaven's above ;
Praise Him, the firmament's vast pall ;
Praise Him with canticles of love,
Ye Angels and ye Virtues all !
- " Praise Him, O Sun and Moon on high ;
Praise Him, ye myriad stars and light ;
Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens bright ;
Praise Him, ye waters beyond the sky !
- " For He did speak and ye were made,
Comanded and from nought ye rose ;
Forever your foundations laid,
And ye will stay unto earth's close.
- " Praise ye the Lord all things of earth,
Dragon and depths—He gave you birth ;
Fire, hail, ice, snow, and cold and warm ;
Praise Him, ye spirits of the storm !
- " All ye His fiat did create !
Praise Him, ye mounts and hills elate ;
Ye beasts of earth and cedars tall,
Ye fruiting trees and cattle all ;
- " Serpents that creep and birds that wing,
Peoples lowly and lofty king ;
Princes and all ye judges, haste,
Elders and youths and maidens chaste,
- " The Name of the Lord in praises cry !
His Name alone is exalted high ;
His glory is on land and sky !"

XIII.

While thus they sing with heart and voice,
And saints of heaven and earth rejoice,
These students march exultingly,
Nor fear they now for victory.
As Shannon's waves puissant roll,
So course the currents of their soul ;
And feel they strong that heaven's light,
With theirs, doth in one stream unite,
Obscure transmuting into bright.

XIV.

Elate, yet grave, they onward tread
Adown the mount's slow drooping brow,
Then sudden pause, for reach they now
Ballinacurra's silver thread.
There solemn thought affrighted fled,

* The translations of the "*Laudate*" and "*A Solis Ortus Cardine*" are, of course, original.—Ed.

As streamward, linen burdens bring
These students gay, while blithe they sing :—

*Curas omnes deponamus
Nunc tandem aliquando ;
Res in medias eamus,
Haec lintea lavando !*

Chorus :

*Rite omnia mundemus,
Micante solis lumine,
Et immunda maceremus
Ballinacurra flumine !*

*Tunicas hic abluamus
Indusia togasque ;
Mappas mundas faciamus,
Mantilia braccasque !*

Chorus :

*Quae saponis refrigeremus
Sub almo solis numine,
Iterumque verberemus
Ballinacurra flumine !*

*Monachi Cassilienses
Adveniunt citissime,
Quos prudentes Mungretenses
Vincemus peritissime !*

Chorus

*Vestes veteres lavemus
Ballinacurra flumine ;
Linguas veteres debemus
Lavare mox acumine !*

XV.

But lo ! approaching they decry
A stately band. All sudden die
Their mirth and song, such holy awe
Struck in their souls the sight they saw.
Stately of frame and grave of face,
With eyes where genius lit her ray,
Like prophet-kings yclad in grace
God's noblemen in sooth were they !

XVI.

Good Brother Finnbar cries amain,
All tremulous in voice and soul,
" Come greet them with a noble strain,
And forth in mighty chorus roll
Sweet poesy to Christ, the King !"
And catching up the grand refrain,
Their hearts and voices throb and ring,
And Shannon's vales re-echo long
The melody of Sédul's song :—

" *A Solis Ortus Cardine.*"

" From where the sun-gates ope to morn
Unto the broad earth's farthest rim,
Let us to Christ, our Chieftain, hymn,
Our King of Mary Virgin born !

" The Author blest of light and life
Put on the body of a slave,
That, freeing flesh from carnal mesh,
He might not lose the lives he gave.

" Within the breast of Mother chaste
New gift enshrined did heaven set,
And lo ! a virgin's womb is graced
With secrets that it knew not yet.

" That home of heart immaculate
Doth God's own living shrine become,
And maid unstained—O, wondrous fate !—
Conceives a Son in virgin womb.

" And Him brought forth that Mother-maid,
Whom Gabriel had prophesied,
Whom John, exulting, had descried
Within her virgin womb inlaid.

" He deigned to make of straw His bed
Strewn on a crib in lowly grot,
And eke of milk He sparely fed
Through Whom e'en birdlings want for nought.

" All heaven's choirs are lost in joy,
And angels sing to God on high,

And Shepherd to the shepherds give
Creator of all things that live !

" Jesus to Thee, may glory be,
Thou, born of virgin blest Marye !
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Glory till age in age is lost !"

XVI.

The Mungret champions, pausing, saw
Cashel's grave faces pale with awe,
And doubt and wonder and amaze ;
Which noting, Brother Finnbar says,
In joyful tones : " Δ ὄρουις, well done !
Three-fourths the victory is won ;
Lean ar ḡ póil : 'τᾶ 'ςuinn in pon,
And they shall soon have frighted fled,
And we shall home in triumph tread,
If you but do what things I said ;
And wit and water deftly pour,
And with your linen wash your lore,
And put some *life* in *Language Dead* !"

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

(*To be continued.*)

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

LETTER FROM AN OLD MUNGRET STUDENT.

My dear Father C—,

YOU ask me to write something of our
life at Mungret, fifteen years ago. I
would willingly do so, but, truth to say,
I do not well know how to begin, or in what
way to treat the subject.

As I think it over now, our life at Mungret
seems to have been not without strange incon-
sistencies. For most of us those were really
happy days, and, as a rule, we really and
ardently loved our "*Alma Mater.*"

There were, indeed, not a few things in our
surroundings naturally calculated to damp the
ardour of our affection. The College was then
in its infancy, and we, of course, had to endure
most of the hardships and inconveniences which
usually fall to the lot of pioneers. Yet, I
repeat, Mungret did inspire a strange love and
enthusiasm into her children, an enthusiasm as
well for herself as for the high aims and prin-
ciples which she taught. "Dear, Dirty Dublin,"
says a well-known authoress of her native city :
so the Mungret of those days, dreary, uncom-
fortable, to all external appearances unamiable,

was still beloved. Perhaps the very hardships
we had to endure helped to endear the scenes of
our labours ; it may be that the exceptional
freedom which the boys were sometimes allowed
counterbalanced, to some extent, much of the
unpleasantness that otherwise occurred.

More cogent explanations can, however, be
given. Side by side with boyish selfishness and
intolerance of discomfort, there is in the boy,
more than in the man, a highmindedness, a
susceptibility to lofty sentiment, and a love of
the pure and holy. These tendencies call also
for their proper gratification, and the pleasures
derived from dreams of the ideal make a far
more lasting impression and inspire a far deeper
and stronger love, than any arising from the
gratification of the material appetites. This
high-sounding principle may perhaps be
applied to our little problem, and may, in part,
explain it.

Mungret was not all clouds and darkness.
There were frequent gleams of sunshine, made
all the brighter by the austere surroundings. One

of these pleasant phases of our life was our excursions. They were by no means unfrequent. A walk, a drive to Adare or Plassy, or even to Doonass or Killaloe, on a fine day in Autumn or Spring, was not at all an unusual occurrence. We made in truth a merry party; songs, speeches and anecdotes kept our spirits at boiling point on the way. The Rector himself, and one or two of the younger members of the community, would usually join us at our destination, and all would lunch in the open air. On such occasions we seldom dispersed without having sung the *Magnificat* and *Ave Maris Stella*, or some similar piece in which all could join. It was Fr. René's



GROTTO, TERVOE GROUNDS

way of raising the minds of the boys, even in the midst of dissipation, to higher things.

I remember one of these excursions which took place the last year of my stay in Mungret. The senior boys, or rather the members of the senior class, together with their professor, Fr. Daniel, and the Rector, Fr. René, drove to the Clare Glens. It was the first time that any of us had visited the place, and a more romantic or exquisitely beautiful spot could, I thought, be scarcely conceived. The songs we sung, the subjects we talked of or argued on and above all, our enthusiastic admiration of the place, I can still vividly recall; and the whole day I look on as one of the pleasantest of a not unusually unhappy life.

I remember another occasion on which we boarded the Shannon steambot near Tervoe, at seven o'clock on a beautiful morning in June. We were landed near Kildysart and after a glorious swim took our lunch near the bank, and spent an extremely pleasant day in roving about the woods of Cahercon, till the homeward-bound steamer again came in view.

There were three boats belonging to the Apostolics, and most of us were good oarsmen, or at least we became so after some time. Our expeditions in the boats were often romantic, frequently indeed had more romance than prudence. How we invariably escaped drowning I could never understand or explain, except by a special Providence watching over us. Precautions about the weather we usually neglected, and not unfrequently, very rough weather indeed overtook us five or six miles from home, with an overladen, flat-bottomed boat, of which not one on board understood the management. During the summer vacation we sometimes rowed as far as Foynes, returning of course rather late. For amateurs this must be considered a most creditable achievement.

Then what races we used to have, and what enthusiasm they evoked! How often we made the Shannon banks, or the woods of Tervoe or Cratloe, resound with our ringing cheers. They often re-echoed too to the solemn

Magnificat. This was the favourite hymn, and was sung by the boys on almost all occasions, so that every one of its sublime and magnificent sentiments must have made an impression on many a young heart. The sweet strains of the "*Ave Maris Stella*," too, were frequently heard, so that Mary's personality and maternal care became gradually, and almost without effort, a part of our regular consciousness. From being accustomed to turn to her in the midst of dissipation, we gradually came to realize better her ever-anxious and loving solicitude for each of our individual concerns.

How well I remember one night in the May of '86, when all the boys of the College, Apostolics, Seminarists, and Lay Boys, dined at

Tervoe House, on the kind invitation of the late Lord Emly! A visit to the beautiful grotto of the Blessed Virgin in the grounds behind



GOING FOR A SWIM—SUMMER VACATION, '83.

the house had been arranged for after dinner. Accompanied by all of Lord Emly's household and the Fathers of the Community, we went in procession to the grotto about 10 o'clock on that lovely summer night. The path was lighted by hundreds of lanterns, and the grotto itself all ablaze with lights. We, of course, had our brass band, and sung the Litany of the B.V.M. to the accompaniment of the cornets; played and sung the "Daily, Daily," and other hymns; recited the beads, in which we were joined by hundreds of the good peasantry, who had gathered in from the neighbouring country. We marched home to the music of our brass band, and reached the College late at night.

The brass band, which for many years was kept up extremely well, was a never-failing source of enlivenment and pleasure. I can never forget those mornings in spring and summer when the first notification we got of a free day was a sudden burst of music from the playground, or when a blast of a cornet from the corridor at the end of class thrilled us with the unexpected news of a half-evening.

But the séances formed perhaps the pleasantest variety in our life. These were usually not very elaborate or artistic, but always most homely, and thus they were intensely enjoyable. Theatricals were by no means unknown in Mungret, even at this yet undeveloped stage of her history. I have witnessed most ambitious attempts in this way: portions of Richard III., of Julius Cæsar, of the Merchant of Venice were represented, to the satisfaction at least of the

actors, and of a large portion of the audience. Such a luxury as a raised stage was, of course, undreamt of; foot-lights, side-scenes, or, indeed, scenes of any sort, were refinements altogether too advanced for us. For dress we usually had to draw on our own private wardrobes—not always, I need not mention, too sumptuously provided; but necessity is the mother of resource, and if the end of the drama is amusement, our theatricals should rank high indeed. A king with no other stage dress than a piece of mitred gilt card-board, formed to look like a crown, and a great vari-coloured rug, which covered almost the whole person, may not be true to life or history; but the audiences were not critical, and it pleased and amused. I may further add, in justice to many old friends, now scattered far and wide, that it was only in the accessories that our Mungret theatricals were deficient; in powers of acting many of the boys were excellent.

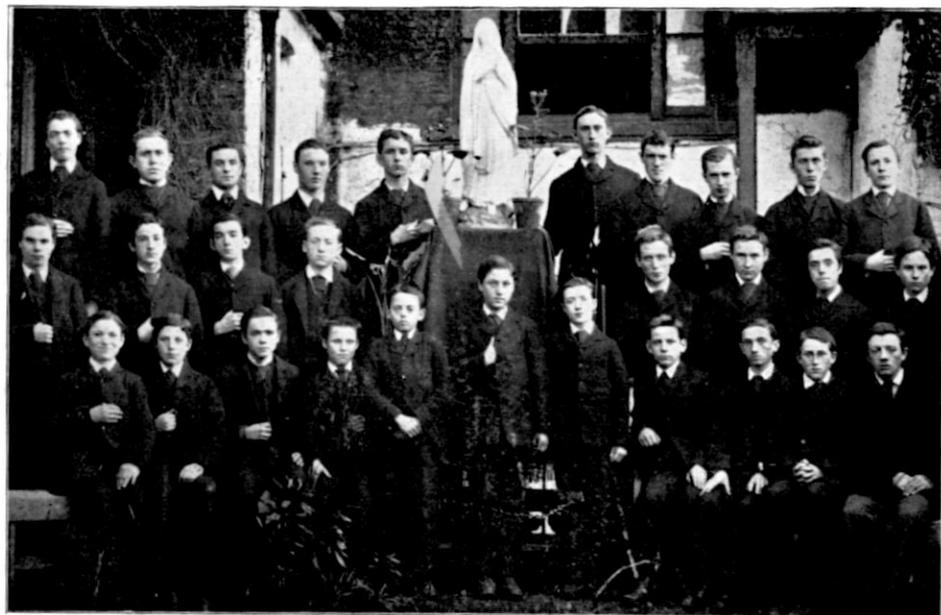
But theatricals were not the chief feature of those family reunions. Songs, declamations, reading of original pieces, either in prose or



IN TERVOE WOOD—A PARTY OF APOSTOLICS, '84.

verse, also had the place. Many of the latter treated of the glory of Mungret of ancient days,

or of the future greatness of the new one. Some treated of the life and works of the saint whose feast was celebrated. I well remember a beautiful original poem on the conversion of St. Francis Xavier, read by one of the boys on the night of his feast; and a lecture on the work of St. Patrick, delivered by another on St. Patrick's night. Debates, too, conjuring, conundrums, mesmerism, Punch and Judy (for we were not without our ventriloquist in those days among the boys), all in their turn helped to vary and enliven our entertainments. They usually closed with a short address from the Rector, who generally presided. He commended what was worthy of commenda-



PIONEERS OF THE APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.—CRESCENT COLLEGE, LIMERICK, '81.

tion; referred again to any sentiment which specially pleased and always managed to give some spiritual turn to the whole. These entertainments were of very frequent occurrence. They fostered a spirit of union among the boys, and helped to inspire them with sentiments towards their *Alma Mater*, which would astonish one who knew only of the external working of the house. For, as I have said, the cold, dreary, uncomfortable college generated a strange enthusiasm, and inspired into the hearts of most of the boys a deep and lasting love.

But the séances did or helped to do something better. The apparent accidents of life are often its turning-points. It is not always in the lecture-

hall or class-room that the greatest or most characteristic work of a college or university is done. It is in the daily inter-communication between the inmates of the house, in the recreations and conversations of the students, in the incidents of every-day life that the refinement, and polish, and peculiar stamp of any university or college is permanently imparted. And so I believe that these entertainments, meant merely for amusement, instructed, elevated and refined us in no inconsiderable degree. They gave birth, I believe, in our minds, to many a high thought and many a noble aspiration, which have since brought forth abundant fruit in many a generous soul.

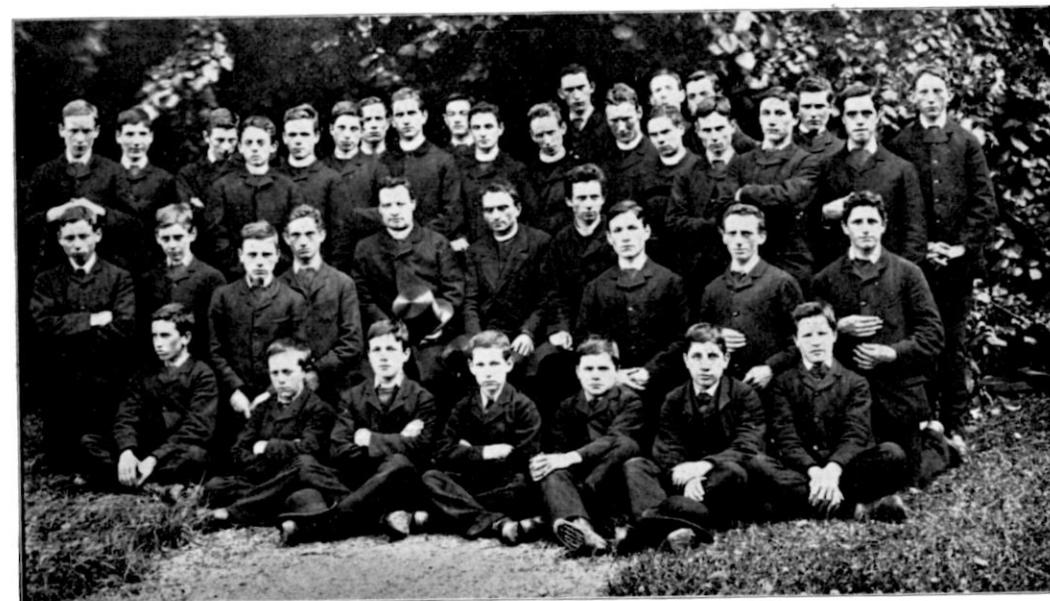
Accordingly, absence of irksome routine, frequent recurrence of those outdoor and indoor diversions, all conducted in the most homely fashion; the spirit of union and good-fellowship among the boys, and the unsophisticated simplicity which makes life pleasant as being easily amused, all were the lot of the Mungret students of those days, and all tended to make them happy.

As an example of the spirit that then reigned at Mungret amongst the boys, I have a vivid recollection of the reception we prepared for Father Ronan returning from his mission in the United States, and the wild enthusiasm with which we welcomed him home. Triumphal arches were erected at the outer gate and on the

avenue, with suitable legends. The Refectory was decked out as for a unique occasion of joy, and I can answer for the fact that, at least with the majority of the boys, the joy was genuine and heartfelt, for we realized the nobility of his work and the debt of gratitude we owed him. He was met at the outer gate of the avenue by the whole College, both Community and boys; and I remember how an accident nearly occurred, when the horse tried to bolt, terrified by the wild cheering. Rev. Père de Maistre, however, who held the reins, soon regained his mastery. An address of welcome was here read to Fr. Ronan by the Apostolics. Then all went straight to the chapel, where

of the Queen of Heaven was erected in some suitable corner of the College grounds. There the students would assemble in the twilight, and, having lighted the altar with hundreds of candles, would sing hymns and play selections of airs on their brass band for an hour or two. The gathering was sometimes made still more attractive by a bonfire lighted at a convenient distance.

Thus time passed pleasantly and profitably; work was varied and enlivened by recreation; and recreation was elevated into spiritual training. If the material man suffered, as he often did, a something must be there which rendered hardship tolerable, and took the sting from pain. And through it all a lofty spirit of devotion,



APOSTOLICAL STUDENTS, '83.

there was solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the *Te Deum* was sung by the choir in thanksgiving for the wonderful success of Fr. Ronan's mission. He himself officiated at the Benediction, and I shall not easily forget the pathos of the moment, when his voice broke into sobs as he tried to intone the *Te Deum*.

Space does not permit more than a passing mention of many things which would deserve a fuller record, and which all tended to the same end. The May devotions, and the processions and Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament in the open air, which were of regular yearly occurrence, were carried out very elaborately. It often happened too that an altar in honour

loyalty, and even heroism, grew and flourished, and has since borne glorious fruit.

These are a few ideas, put down partly at random, concerning some phases of our college life, which have made the most vivid impression on me. What must have formed the staple part of the employment of the boys, their studies, classes, spiritual lectures, their relations with the other portions of the college, I have not touched on. Do not wonder at my speaking so highly of a body of which I was myself a member. I have spoken honestly as I feel. Because a small branch is weak and puny, and of little account, it does not follow that the tree is not noble and flourishing, and its boughs useful and strong.

To conclude : to the present Apostolic Students of Mungret I wish every prosperity and success. They have a high reputation to sustain and high traditions to perpetuate. The learning, the sterling piety and the lofty character of their predecessors, since proved in the lecture-hall, the pulpit, and the toilsome missionary's life in many distant lands, invite and encourage them to high things. May their response be generous and noble! May the same spirit of piety

and thirst for knowledge, the same high-souled generosity and heroic desire, still flourish and ever grow within Mungret's walls, till the flames enkindled there be felt in every land. This is the ardent desire of one who still looks with gratitude and love to the kind nursing-mother of his vocation, and who has and ever hopes to have her best interests at heart.

With best wishes, I am, my dear Father C—,
Yours sincerely in Christ,
J. E.

A WISH.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

I.

Had I the poet's spirit
To fire the breasts of all,
I'd sing of Erin's sorrow,
I'd tell of Erin's thrall,
Till men were moved to pity
By the pathos of my song,
And hardest hearts were melted
To tears at Ireland's wrong.

II.

Had I the brush of artist
To wield it at my will,
I'd paint a tragic picture
Beyond all limners' skill;
'Twould show our martyred Erin
Crushed 'neath the Tyrant's heel:
'Twould make each hero's scabbard
Refuse to hide its steel!

III.

Had I the potent chisel
That gives the marble voice,
I'd carve a hero-figure
From Erin's sons at choice;
I'd wake a conquering Niall,
Or Brian, or Owen Roe,
To rally all the Clan-na-Gael
And crush her viper foe.

IV.

Had I the power of wonders
Her saints possessed of yore,
Her ancient tongue to Erin
In fullness I'd restore;

That language gemmed with flowers
As a paradise in June,
Where wit like lightning flashes,
And voice melts into tune!

V.

Had I the tongue of Grattan,
The souls of men to thrill,
Our isle would be a nation
And independent still:
I'd speak with voice of trumpet
To the Celts afar that roam,
To rally round the Green Flag
And strike one blow for home.

VI.

Had I the harp of Tara
That chieftains roused to fire,
I'd wake such strains as never
Had throbbed to Orphic lyre;
Till armies rose and marshalled
To the thrilling melody,
And heart and hand united
To set dear Ireland free!

VII.

But oh, my hand is feeble,
And oh, my voice is weak,
To strike for thee, my Erin,
Or trumpet-tongued to speak!
I may but ask the Father
To keep thy *spirit* free
And grace thee, as He willeth,
To nobly do or dree!



Photo. by]

FRANCISCAN ABBEY, ADARE.

[Lawrence, Dublin

ADARE ABBEY.

BY REV. JOHN C. MACERLEAN, S.J.

The following little poem on the burning of the Franciscan Abbey of Adare is of the highest interest. Those who have admired the beauty of the Monastery in the grounds of Adare Manor must have often wished for some authentic details regarding its final destruction, about which, unfortunately, very little information seems to have been hitherto forthcoming. Father Mooney, Provincial of the Irish Franciscans, writing in the year 1617, gives us many interesting facts concerning the Abbey from its foundation in the year 1464, by Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and Joanna, his wife, daughter of James, Earl of Desmond, in honour of St. Michael the Archangel, down to his own day.

Passing over the vicissitudes which the Abbey, in common with all other religious houses in Ireland, underwent during the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I., the following seems all that was known about its destruction. In the "Memorials of Adare" we read:—"During the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., this Abbey is said to have been burnt down by the Earl of Inchiquin, called 'Murrough of the Conflagrations.' During the excavations and repairs which were carried on about the year 1829, some charred wood was found among the ruins, and the marks of fire were plainly visible, thus corroborating this tradition."

This information is decidedly meagre. Fortunately, however, I have been able to confirm and fill out the rather hazy tradition here recorded by the Countess of Dunraven. In a manuscript preserved in the Royal Irish Academy (classed 23/G 3), which was transcribed by Diarmuid Ua Conchubhair (well known under the Anglicized form of his name, Dermot O'Connor, as the translator of Dr. Geoffrey Keating's History of Ireland), we find a beautiful little poem, marked by great depth of feeling and religious spirit, describing the burning of the Abbey, and the martyrdom, capture, and dispersion of the friars in the year 1646, by the hordes of Murchadh Ua Briain, who is still vividly remembered under the name of Murchadh an Toiteáin, *i.e.*, Murrough of the Burnings, and whose deeds of cruelty and vandalism can hardly be paralleled in the history of Ireland.

The poem is cast in the form of a dialogue between the Ruins of the Abbey and the Spirit of Uilliam Ua h-Icidhe, one of the friars who perished in the flames. The O'Hickeys were a branch of the Dál gCais, or Dalcassians of Thomond, and seem to have been closely connected with the Franciscan Abbey of Adare from the time of its foundation. Father Mooney tells us that "Marianus O'Hickey, who subsequently took our

habit and died in Adare, built the refectory; and it was he who furnished the northern side of the choir with its beautiful panellings and stalls; and, further, that "the remaining portions of the building were completed by different persons whose names are inscribed in an ancient register, which I saw in the hands of Father James Hickey, formerly guardian of the convent, and which was read in the chapter-room on all Fridays of the year, when it was customary to pray for the salvation of our benefactors' souls."—Rev. C. P. Meehan's "Irish Franciscan Monasteries" pp 26-27.

The Rev. T. O'Reilly, O.S.F., has kindly furnished me with the following additional items from the Franciscan Archives, preserved in the valuable library at Merchant's Quay, Dublin. They are collected from the Acts of the Chapters of the Franciscan Order in the years 1645-1648. "Anthony Hanly (vid. infra stanza xxix.) was made Guardian of Adare in 1645. Edmond Geraldine was Guardian in 1647 and 1648. At the end of the appointments of Guardians, etc., in 1647 are the following paragraphs:—"Forty-six of our brethren have died since our last Provincial Chapter (1645). The following have suffered at the hands of the heretics:—Rev. Fr. Christopher Ultan, who died in prison in London; besides whom Rev. FF. Andrew Hickey and Robert Mastone, Bns. Owen Mac Colin and Teige Rethan, lay-brothers of our Institute, have been put to death." This shows the close connection of the O'Hickey family with the Irish Franciscan Order at the date of our poem. Though Fr. William O'Hickey is not mentioned in the above records, he was also certainly highly respected at least around Adare, where he was known and beloved. To those who would be inclined to hazard conjectures, I would suggest that Anonimiar (Andrew) would satisfy all metrical requirements as well as uilliam (William).

I know of only one copy of the poem, namely, that in the above-mentioned MS. on p. 228 of which the scribe has appended this colophon:—"Do ríobhadh an leabhar go le Diarmuid Ua Conchubhair an naoimh lá uo'n máire i n-aoir an t-íosa na míle ir reacht scéas ir cúis bliadhna uéas." ("This book was written by Diarmuid Ua Conchubhair on the 9th day of March in the year of the Lord, 1715 A.D.") For the benefit of a certain class of our readers who are still ignorant of their own language (a class which we have reason to hope is gradually diminishing), I have felt myself unwillingly compelled to add a verbatim prose translation, which, though it completely destroys the beautiful rhythm and harmony of the original, may still let them catch some faint glimpse of its poetic charm.

eoin caemáolac mac gíolla eáin, c.i.

OC! A OIA NA MBREAC
SCARIC!

(As go mainistear boct dea dapa, do bi as oio sain ppoimriar, noc do uo'cao le murcao ua brian, i. darrun no iarlta ipe ui cuinn, anno dom. 1646.)

an mainistear as gearan:

I.

OC! A OIA NA MBREAC SCARIC!
OP TU IR UOAIK SAC UOAS-BEAPIC,
ASUR TURKAP EIKCALC TRKAN,
'S MURCLAP FORCALC NA BPIKAN.

II.

AN COULAO OUIT, A RI NA RIOS,
A AON-MIC OCA AN AIKO-PIOS?
AR LEISIR DO CUP AP SCUL,
NO AR EPREISIR AN T-OPKO MIONUP?

III.

AN BPAICE BHPICE PTUIK NA MBKAP,
MAIKPICKI UPKO SAIN PPOIKPÉIK,
IP AN CAP MOP KO AP A CLOIKK
I MEAPC BKACAP EPICE UP-CUINN?

Ah! God of the Righteous
Judgments!

(Poem on the burning of the poor Abbey of the Franciscans of Adare by Murchadh O'Briain, Baron or Earl of Inchiquin, A.D. 1646.)

THE ABBEY LAMENTS:

I.

Ah! God of the righteous judgments!
Since Thou art the reward of every good deed,
And demolishest the strength of heresy,
And quickenest the comfort of the faithful!

II.

Art Thou sleeping, O King of Kings,
O only beloved Son of the Supreme Lord?
Hast Thou allowed Thyself to be rejected,
Or hast Thou abandoned the Order of Minors?

III.

Hast Thou seen the rudder of morals broken,
The Abbey of the Order of St. Francis,
And this great disgrace to his children
Amongst all the friars of the land of ancient
Conn? *

* Conn Céas-Éasac, King of Ireland 177-212 A.D.

IV.

FEAC FÉIK NA MANAIS GLAPA,
SEAPAPÉIK AP UOAPK-LAPA,
OPKSC CUPKAP ME BAP PEIKC
CAP ÉAC UITE OO COIKPICE.

V.

AN T-OPKO TUK MOP-KPAC OUIT,
OPKO BOCT EAPKALCA AN EPACAC,
OPKO ACAP MIAK AN PA CION,
A OIA! NI HAM A UTPREISIK!

VI.

AN PAICEANN FUAIP PPOIKPÉIK FÉIK
AR MULLAC SLEICE HAITBÉIK,
RE FEACA SCUIS SCPEACCT O NEAK,
UAC MEACA SAN TU OAC COPKAK.

VII.

OPK-PA, A OIA! OO CUIT T' FEAPK,
'S NAC ME OO CUIT O OIBKPK?
TUK MURCAC 'P A SKPACA PLOIK
UPCAP OOM BPAICPÉIK I N-AON-LÓ.

VIII.

OIAK OIOB MAPB, IP OIAK I LAKK,
IP AN CUIT EICE AP REACRAN,
IP ME CAP A N-ÉIK, MO TPACK!
MAP GLKAP MASCAC LE SALL-PLUAC!

IX.

AN T-UAN OO B'FEAPP 'RAN TRKAC,
OO KNACT O OOM COIKMÉAC;
'S SALL ME TPACK OUIT, A ÉLAK MUMAN,
A CUITIK ME PLUAC AN BAPAKAN.

X.

FEAPP A BEACA GLAN ME BAP,
OO FUKKPK PÉ SAN UACBAP;
A MOLA O MAP NAKK CAIL 'P I BHP,
AN COLANN TPKIM SAN OOMBLAP.

XI.

TOIK IP PIAN IP CUP OIKKAC,
OP IAO OO-KNIO MAIKPÉAC,
FUAIK CUP O OIA, IP TOIK UAKO FÉIK,
IP PIAN O EIKCIB ANTRÉIK.

XII.

OO CUIT MO PAC IP MO FÉIK,
CÉ SUP PAKCAP MO CAICPÉIK,
I N-AON-PEACCT ME PCOCT NA BPEAP;
NIOK CUPBICE A CUITIK 'N-A AONAP.

XIII.

OO CUIT ME AS CUITIK O O,
NI FUKKIM ANOIK ACCT LEAC-BEO,
'S COIK OO CUITKAP MAP AON SUP,
CÉIK OO MAIK-PEAN OO MAIKPEAP.

IV.

Do Thou, then, look upon the grey friars,
The seraphim burning redly,
Who prized with charity exceeding great
Above all else Thy protection.

V.

The Order which showed Thee great affection,
The poor apostolic Order of religion,
An Order which is ever beloved;
O God! untimely wouldst Thou forsake them!

VI.

The patent, which Francis himself received
On the summit of Mount Alverno
Stamped with the seal of the five wounds from
heaven,—
'Twere sad, didst thou not defend it.

VII.

On me, O God, hath fallen Thy anger,
Though I deserved not Thy displeasure;
Murchadh and his guard of hosts
Have slain my brethren on a single day.

VIII.

Two of them dead and two imprisoned,
The rest all gone and scattered,
Whilst I remain behind, alas!
A laughing-stock to the foreign Protestant
hordes.

IX.

The lamb, the best of the flock,
His was my care for ever;
Worse than sorrow is it to thee, O plain of
Munster,
His slaying by the Baron's hosts.

X.

Better was his pure life with the death,
Which he suffered without dismay;
His praise for sanctity extended far and wide;
How graceful and guileless was his body!

XI.

Will and suffering, and a just cause,
'Tis they that make the martyr,
The cause was God's, the will his own,
From tyrant heretics came the suffering.

XII.

My prosperity and my sway are gone
(Though Paradise is my triumph),
Along with the choicest of men;
It was not meet that he should fall alone.

XIII.

I have fallen with his fall,
For now I am but half alive;
Justly have I fallen with him,
For whilst he lived, I lived.

XIV.

Ῥεᾶέ, ἃ Ῥοιήθε, μαρ τᾶ ριν
Ὅ ἔρ ῤαν ορῶ, ῤαν ἀρρῶνν,
ῤαν ἔαιλρ ἀρρῶ νᾶ ὀρ,
ῤαν ἔρῶρ, ῤαν ἔλῶς, ῤαν ἀτῶρ.

XV.

ῤῶδ ἄοιθῖν ῶ ῆ ἄν ἔορᾶ,
Ῥ-ἃ ῆῖῶδ ρῖῶ ῶ ῆρ ρῖῶρ-ῆῖῶῶδ,
Ῥῖ ῤῖῖ, ἃ ῤῖῶῶ, ἄῆ ἃ ῆῖῶῶ ἄν;
Ὅ ῖῖῖῖ μαρ ῆῖῖ ῆῖ ῆῖῖῖ-ἔρῖῖῖ.

XVI.

Ῥῶ ῆρῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ἔῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ,
'S ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ;
Ὅῆ! ῆῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ-ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ;
Ὅ ἔρ ἄῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

ἄν ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἄῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ:

XVII.

ῤῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ, ἃ ῤῖῖῖ, ῶῖῖ ῆῖῖῖ,
ῤῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῶ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ;
ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ;
ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ-ῖῖ ῶ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XVIII.

ῖῖῖῖ ἄν ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ-ἃ ῆῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ
ῶ ῖῖῖῖ ἄν ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ,
'S ῶ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ-ἄῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ
ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XIX.

Ῥῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἔρῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ
ἄῖῖῖ ἄῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ἔῖῖῖῖῖ,
ῶῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ-ῖῖ, ῖῖ ῖῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖ ἄν ῖῖ-ἄῖ ῖῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XX.

Ὅ ἔῖῖῖῖ ῶ ῖῖῖῖῖ, ῖῖ
ῶ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ἄῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ;
ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.
'S ἔ ῶ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XXI.

ἄν ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ, ῖῖ ῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖ
ἃ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ-ῖῖῖ,
ἄῆ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XXII.

Ῥῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ
ῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ἔ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ
ἄῆ ῖῖῖῖ ἔῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XXIII.

Ὅ! ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ἃ ἔῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖῖῖ-ῖῖ ἄν ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖ ἔ
ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XIV.

Behold, O Lord, our wretched plight
Now, without religion or Mass,
Without a chalice of silver or gold,
Without cross or bell or altar.

XV.

Though charming was the choir,
Where Thou used to be continually praised,
Nothing remains, O Love, but its place;
It has gone, like the hawthorn blossom.

XVI.

My brethren all are in want of me,
And I am a waste and desert.
Ah! were this frame but mortal,
After him to-night, I would not live.

THE SPIRIT ANSWERS:

XVII.

Cease henceforth, O Love, from thy sorrow,
Though clear the cause of thy distress;
Be patient, lowly for a while:
Thy community will yet return to thee.

XVIII.

The sin of the people among whom thou art
Hath drawn this disgrace upon thee,
And God hath taken in payment for their crimes
William as a sacrificial offering.

XIX.

The abbeys of the land of Fál (*i.e.*, Erin)
Are all envying thy glory:
Methinks no shame her (*i.e.*, Erin's) jealousy!
As Adare is true to its character (*i.e.*, poor and lowly).

XX.

Since thou hast lost thy community,
Be humble as befits thy name;
Pomp ill beseems thy Order,
Thy beauty is in thy ruin.

XXI.

Yea, Rome herself,—her glory is not
Her towers and palaces of blazing gold,
But the bodies and relics of the saints;
That is her fairness and her true beauty.

XXII.

Just as the King of the Universe descended
Into the womb of the glorious Virgin:
No court was it, nor shining hall,
But a stable and house for cattle.

XXIII.

O! follow Francis and his sons,
And Jesus' poverty together;
Imitate the stable, and be like it,
With cold, damp, rugged surface.

XXIV.

ἄῖῖῖῖ ῶ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ
ἃ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἄν ῖῖῖῖῖῖ;
ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ἄν ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ
ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XXV.

Ῥῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ἃ ἔρῖῖῖῖ
ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ-ῖῖ, ῖῖ ῖῖ ἃ ῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XXIV.

Be not ashamed to imitate
The fostering place of the Creator;
Behold, the whole land is with thee,
Alas! in the same condition.

XXV.

As Francis himself and his heart
Were poor and wounded alike,
It were a fault for thee, his house,
To be poor without being wounded.

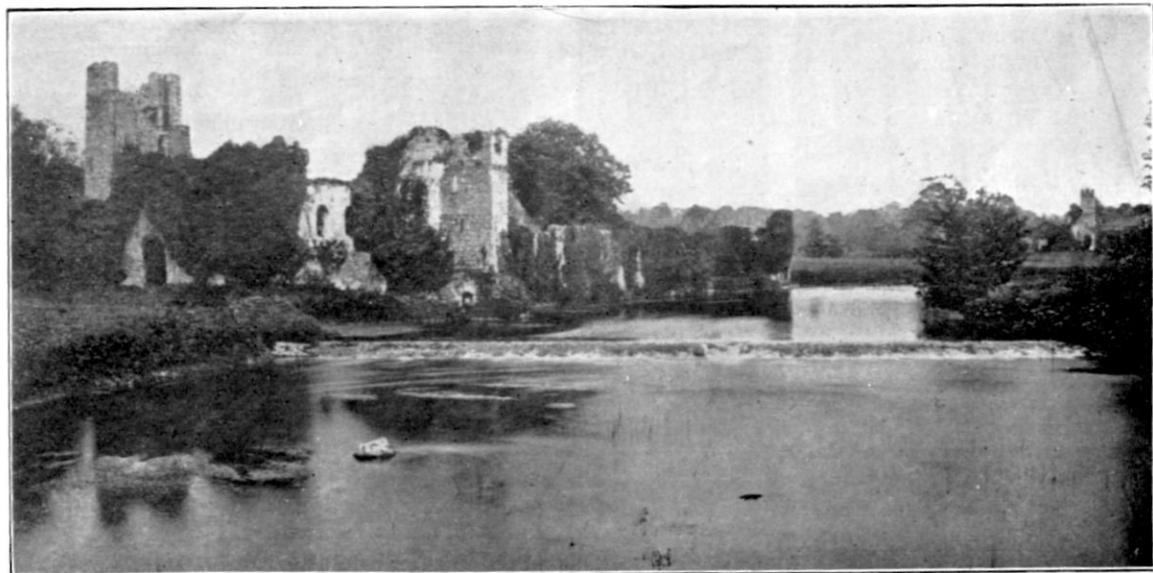


Photo. by]

CASTLE OF THE GERALDINES, ADARE.

[Lawrence, Dublin.

ἄν ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ:

XXVI.

ῤῖῖ ῖῖ, ἃ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ,
ἃ ῖῖῖῖ ῶ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ?
'S ῖῖῖῖῖ ῶ ῖῖῖῖῖ, ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

XXVII.

ἄν ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ, ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ,
ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ἄν ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,
ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ,
ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἄν ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ?

ἄν ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ:

XXVIII.

ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ
ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,
ἄῆ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ
ἄῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

THE ABBEY:

XXVI.

Who art thou O brightly shining vision,
O lamp of brilliant light?
Thy countenance, which wins my love,
Resembles a bishop's or a patriarch's.

XXVII.

Art thou Francis, for whom I was reared,
Image of the Passion of the Lord,
And of the true crucified body of the Son of the
living God,
Wounded picture of the Supreme King?

THE SPIRIT:

XXVIII.

Francis of the Five Wounds I am not,
To whom thou wast dedicated,
But a poor friar of his Order,
Coming to thee with comfort.

AN MAMISTEAR:

XXIX.

'Dé tú do naoimáib ar n-uirt,
'S ro-ghlóimhar ribh san éontaobairt,
Nó an tú an phoeniceir donda glic
Antóim na naoim n-oiric?

XXX.

Cóirte an Dúilim, naé beas mórtar,
Iao ní cuibíde an comórtar,
Scáitán ar n-uirt bhatac-ghair,
Sriandán cúirte Paréair.

XXXI.

An donn truinis tú, fuair martra,
Daniél 'r a naoim éirídeáca,
Óóirte go léir tré Chríort a bfuil,
'S rígne na céadta míorbuil

XXXII.

'S móráin do éuaró tar áireamh,
Do-rígne iao péin o' fupáileamh
Ar éirídeam ar páir ar gleo
Ar péin ar bár ar anró.

AN SPIORAIO:

XXXIII.

I mearc an truirte rin bhácar
Níor éiríear mo deas-éranna,
Do fuiting mipe bár doom deoin,
'S tuillear mar éac mo coróin.

XXXIV.

Níor oirdear tam-ra mar éac
Imdeac go críocá págan;
Fuairar taob arciú don mhúr
Roza báir mar abantúr.

XXXV.

Ní éitream fearca cia rinn,
A Maimirtear éiríde éumainn;
Ní biam 'ao éur as caoirde;
'S mipe uilliam ua hícríde.

AN MAMISTEAR:

XXXVI.

A mhírnín m' oéca ir mo éiríde,
Do bí san loét ar don-taob,
A bhácair ba éirídeac mear,
A ghráó 'r a éumainn uilear.

XXXVII.

Céad "Deo Gratias" le Dia mór,
Mé doo fáicrin an t-áiló
I gceim ir olúc doom ghóir,
Ir do éur mo éú ir m' onóir!

THE ABBEY:

XXIX.

Whoever thou be of the saints of our Order,
Thou art most glorious doubtlessly;
Or art thou the wondrous prudent phoenix,
Anthony* of holy merits?

XXX.

Hosts of the Creator of endless fame,
Unseeming it is to compare with them,
The mirror of our grey-clad Order,
Soller of the court of Paradise.

XXXI.

Art thou of those who martyrdom endured,
Daniel and his holy company,
Who shed for Christ all their blood,
And performed hundreds of miracles?

XXXII.

And others, a countless throng,
Who bravely dared
Sword and suffering, and combat
Pain and death and misery.

THE SPIRIT:

XXXIII.

Amid so noble brethren
I cast not my happy lot;
I willingly suffered death,
And gained like the rest my crown.

XXXIV.

I was not fitting, like others,
To go to pagan countries;
I found within the cloister walls,
A happy fate, a glorious death.

XXXV.

I will no longer conceal who I am,
O Abbey affectionately beloved,
I will no longer cause thy tears to flow:
I am William O'Hickey.

THE ABBEY:

XXXVI.

O darling of my bosom and my breast,
Who lived'st without stain or fault!
O brother of religious fame!
O love! O dear affection!

XXXVII.

A hundred *Deo Gratias* to the Great God,
That I have seen thee once again
In dignity close-bound with my glory,
Cause of my fame and my honour.

XXXVIII.

A éinn na mbácair páirta
Lep roinn íora mór-gháirta,
A fír fuairc líoméca loig teanra,
Fuair báir gáca fo-gluma.

XXXIX.

Déir ó tine go tine
I n-Éirinn ar ghráde-éimhne,
'S déir 'ao mólaó go lá an tuain
I mbéalaib daome go bit-buan.

XL.

Oé! ir cúir ac-tuirre liom,
Ó éite anoir go fearfam;
Dá mbao bhácair mar éac rinn,
Do loig go bhac do leanfainn.

AN SPIORAIO:

XLI.

Sioc ríor go bhuaip mipe bár,
Níor fearar leat ar don-éar;
'S fearar dúit m' eadar-ghuirde a-noir
'Ná mo éonraó 'n uair do máirear.

XLII.

Déir mo túéraac ir mo gurde
Agaic, a laois, go ríorruirde,
'S mo éorp mar éomárea ghráca,
Go n-áireirge mé an t-áilá.

XLIII.

Déir ruirde cléire a-rír an cóir,
Airmionn uirt ir fearnmóir;
Ní élaoirríor tú le cogsaó,
'S maireir o'ér gac ionnarbca.

XLIV.

Rhíbléir ir mór fearca,
Fuairar tar éac o' íomarca,
Sur bheir áille beirear tuic
Léir-reimor o' fágbáil do náimtib.

XLV.

Ir tú críoniceir ar n-uirt,
Somplaó fíreanta mionúr,
Eiríomláir naoimáca meáca
Do fáir i bhréim na humláca.

XLVI.

Ir tú fóir an loig daingean
Ar fáirge péppucurion;
Ó carca do éir ra éimn,
Ir tú an áire ar an nóilinn.

XXXVIII.

O chief of the easily-contented friars,
On whom Jesus bestowed great graces,
Pleasing, polished, skilled in many tongues,
Who excelled in every science!

XXXIX.

Thou wilt be from generation to generation
In Erin ever fondly remembered;
Thou wilt be praised till judgment's day
By the lips of men continually.

XL.

Ah! it is a cause of renewed grief to me
To part from my comrade now;
Were I, like the rest, a friar,
Thy steps till doom I would follow.

THE SPIRIT:

XLI.

Though truly I have suffered death,
I have not parted from thee;
Better for thee my intercession now
Than my help, whilst still I lived.

XLII.

Thou shalt have my devoted service and prayers,
O darling, for eternity,
And my body as a token of love,
Till I rise again on the last day.

XLIII.

The choir shall be the seat of clerics once more
The Order's Mass and sermons again be heard,
Thou shalt never be crushed by war,
And thou shalt live down every oppression,

XLIV.

Of privileges miraculously great
I have found in thee an exceeding store;
And thy beauty has gained increase,
Now thou art plundered by thy foes.

XLV.

Thou art the chronicle of our Order,
True image of the Minors,
Example of the sanctity of a Law,
Which grew from the root of humility.

XLVI.

Thou art moreover the firm-built bark
On the waves of persecution;
Since thy country has been inundated,
Thou art the ark in the deluge.

*Anthony Hanly, Guardian of Adare, appointed 1645.

XLVII.

Ἐ' ἀνεσπε ἰρ ἰ ἀν ὑμῖλαετ,
 Ὁ εἰρᾶνν πεοῖλ ἀν ὑοῦταναετ,
 Σεοῖλ να λυγγε ἀν ἀιβῖο ἑλαρ,
 Ὁ εἰρορῖς μέ εἰμ φλαῖεαρ.

XLVIII.

'S ἰ κόρη ἑσοῖτε εἰρῆεαρ ὄυτε
 Τριοβλόρο πάρ ἀσυρ ὄιβητ;
 'N ὑαῖρ φαιλῖεαρ εἰ ὑεῖ εἰρῖοτε,
 ἰρ ἀνν ὄιορ τῦ ράβῖλτε!

XLIX.

Λεορ ἀνοῖρ ἀ προυβαρτε λαετ,
 Διαο φεαρτα ὑαῖρ ἀς ἰμῖελαετ;
 Ρῖγῖρεαο ἑο βράε ἑλεανν να πῖοερ,
 ἰρ μοῖραο τῖαε μο εἰρῖοῖρ.

ἀν ἰαῖμῖεαρ:

L.

Ὁε! ἑῖοδ ραοα λαετ ἀταοῖ
 ἑαν οὔτ ἑο φλαῖεαρ ἀν ἀἰρῖο-ρῖοῖς;
 Ὁεῖν, ἀ ἑρῖαδ, ἑο ρῖοῖλ μοῖλ
 'S ἀν ἑἰρῖαδ λαετ ρυλ ρεαρραμ.

LI.

Ἰ ἑεαεα το ἰαε-ραῖλα
 ἰ μεαρε ἀῖμε βῖαῖερεαῖλα;
 Μο βεανναετ λαετ ἑο νεαῖ ἀ-νοετ,
 ἀ ρεοε εἰρῖαδβαῖο να ἡ-εἰρεανν!

ρῖνῖς λεῖς ἀν ἰαῖμῖεαρ:

LII.

ἀ ἑἰρ εαρραλα εἰρῖοδ ἰοῖοῖαῖρ ἑἰρεαντα,
 Ἰ ἑἰρ φεαρτα το ρῖορ, ὄαρ πῖοῖς, ἰ ἑρῖε
 εἰρεανν;
 Ὁα εἰρεαρτα το ἑἰορ ἰ ἑοῖρ ἀν τῖοῖρ
 εἰρ,
 ἰρ τῦ βεαννῖεαρ ρῖορ τε ρῖορ ἑαε ρῖοῖεἰοε.

LIII.

ἀ ἑἰρ ἀβρταλα λεοῖμαντα ἰο-ἑἰλᾶν ἑἰρεαντα,
 Ἰ ἰεαρραῖμ ἑυρ βεο το ρῖορ-ρα ἑρῖε
 εἰρ;
 Ὁα ραῖαῖλ τε ρῖοῖλ το ἑἰορ ἰαῖρ
 ρῖοῖελαε ἀρ ἰαῖοῖν ἀρ μεαῖοῖν ὑῖμ
 ἰοῖν ἰρ ἀρ λῖεῖε
 ἑρῖεμ.

LIV.

Ὁ μεαῖλαδ ἑο ἰοῖρ ἀν εἰορ ρε
 ἀν ὑῖοῖ-
 ἰεῖμῖς,
 'S ἑαν ἀῖαῖνν να πῖοεῖοδ
 ἰαῖρ ἰοῖν ἀετ ὄῖοῖ
 ὄεἰρῖε,
 'S ἑυρ ραῖρῖνῖς, μο
 βῖοῖν! ἀν ρῖοδ ἑο
 ρῖεῖε
 ἀρ πῖοαοῖεα;
 Μαἰρῖς ναε ἑεοβαδ ἰ
 ρεοῖο ἀν εἰοῖλ-εἰεἰμ!

XLVII.

Humility is thy anchor,
 Poverty thy main-mast,
 Thy sails the grey habit,
 Which guided me to heaven.

XLVIII.

The fair wind which wafts thee along
 Is trouble, suffering and exile,
 And when thou art thought to have been over-
 whelmed,
 Then hast thou found salvation!

XLIX.

Enough now have I said to thee,
 Straightway from thee I part;
 I will leave the vale of tears for evermore
 And praise awhile my Creator.

THE ABBEY:

L.

Alas! though long it seems to thee
 That thou art absent from God's kingdom;
 Tarry, O loved one, yet awhile,
 Ere I part from thy embrace.

LI.

I have never seen thy equal
 Amidst the throng of brethren:
 My blessing be with thee to heaven to-night,
 O Flower of Erin's piety!

CONCLUSION OF THE ABBEY'S WORDS.

LII.

Brave, modest, faithful, apostolic man,
 None like thee now, methinks, are to be found
 in Erin's land;
 Sweet was thy voice in true evangelic justice,
 Blessed art thou with every privilege.

LIII.

O lion-hearted, pure, faithful, apostolic man,
 Like thee there lives none in the land of Eibhear;*
 Thy voice, like Paul's, announced the gospel
 At morning and noon, at eve and set of sun.

LIV.

Since this company of our gentle-hearted brother
 has been so foully deceived,
 And we have naught, since they are gone, but
 the begging of alms,
 Though wide the road, alas! that leads to dam-
 nation,
 Woe be to him who treads not the narrow path!

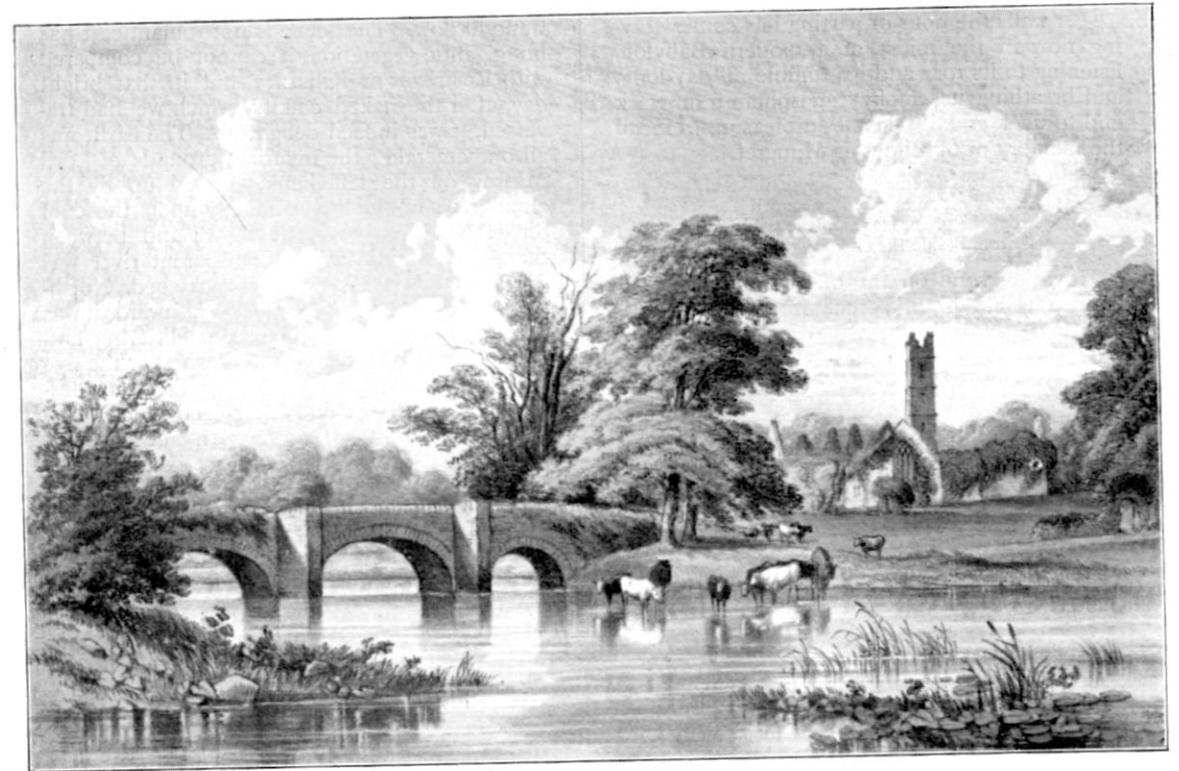
* Eibhear, son of Mile Easpaine, otherwise called Milesius, was one of the four leaders of the Milesian invasion of Ireland. Subsequent to the conquest of the country, the island was divided into halves, the southern half falling to the lot of Eibhear, and the northern half to his younger brother, Eireamhóin.

*LV.

Μαρ εεανῖατ τῦ ἰ τ' ὄῖε εἰοῖοδ ρῖοῖεἰοε
 ἀς ρεαεναδ ρῖοῖρ ἰρ ἑἰοῖρ ἀν τῖοῖρ
 βῖεαῖς,
 Ὁο ἰαῖρῖα εἰοῖοδ ρα ὄεοῖδ ἰ
 ἰαῖρῖοῖν
 εἰοῖρῖαῖν
 ἰρ ὄεαρῖ ἑαν ἑἰοῖ ἑυρ ὄῖορ
 τ' ἑἰρεανταετ.

LV.

As thou didst bind thyself in thy youth with
 the privileged cord,
 Avoiding the riches and glory of this deceitful
 world,
 In the end thy martyrdom of blood in the
 Palace of the Quicken Trees,*
 Hath in very truth been the crown of thy fidelity.



Reproduced from] THE BRUIDHEAN CHAORTHAINN AND THE FORD, AS THEY ARE TO-DAY. ["Memorials of Adare."

* The *Bruidhean Chaorthainn*, or Palace of the Quicken (Rowan) Trees, on the borders of the territory of the *Caonraige* (now the Barony of Kenry, Co. Limerick), is famous as the scene of the celebrated Fenian tale, known by that name. The Anglicized reader will find an interesting version of that story at pp. 177-223 of the charming book of Dr. P. W. Joyce, entitled, "*Old Celtic Romances, translated from the Gaelic.*" (London, Keegan, Paul & Co. 1879). This passage is extremely interesting as identifying its site with that of the Franciscan Monastery in the grounds of Adare Manor. All that was hitherto known, seemingly, was that it was so close to the ford that voices of those fighting could be heard in the *Bruidhean*.

DOONASS AND THE HOLY WELL OF SAINT SENAN.

THE old home knows me no more. After four happy years spent within the college walls the hour of parting has come. Living now in the midst of a modern Babylon, listening to its roar and its rumble all day long, and breathing its smoky atmosphere from week end to week end, it becomes a pleasure to recall the memory of old times at Mungret.

“Come back, come back, my childhood,
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wildwood,
From beside the charmed well.”

How delightful on the off-days when Father Guinee would grant a truce from themes and theorems! How joyously used we then abandon the sacred ways, the shattered pavements and the dust of the classics, to wander at will by the murmuring Maigue or Shannon shore.

On such occasions during the earlier years of my stay at Mungret, Adare was the popular pilgrimage, but in later years the lovely demesne of the Earl of Dunraven was more difficult of access, and Castleconnell and Falls of Doonass became the favourite resort on many a play-day ramble. We lost but little by the change.

Much of the charm of Adare is due to the river Maigue, to the ivy-mantled castle of the Geraldines, and to the ruined cloisters of the poor Abbey. But the splendour of the Shannon at Castleconnell* far exceeds the beauty of the Maigue, the fortress of the DeBurghs is as picturesque in its ruins as the court of the Geraldines, and Doonass possesses in Saint Senan's Well a relic of religion, more ancient and more interesting than the Abbey of Adare.

Conscious that my own pen is powerless to portray the beauty of the scene, I shall quote a pretty passage from the notes of an English protestant, who visited Castleconnell some seventy years since. Embarking at the foot of the isolated rock, whereon the ruined stronghold stands, he ordered the boatmen to descend the stream, and thus describes the trip:—“Swiftly we glided on the amber-coloured and brilliant river, which flashed and foamed along its course, till, having shot the first rapid and come into calmer water, we landed on the opposite bank about a mile below the village. From this spot we walked for about a mile upon the well-wooded

* See Frontispiece.

margin of the river, sometimes looking down on its foam, sometimes pleased with its more tranquil flow. The scene is not romantic, it has no gigantic vegetation, it cannot be compared with Rostrevor or Killarney, but in that bright day, after the naked country which we had traversed, it was indeed delightful. The earth was all one emerald; the luxuriant grounds of Lord Massey on the left bank, lighted up by the cloudless sun, looked smilingly upon those of Sir Hugh Massey on the right; and between them the broad, bright, transparent river was dashing and sparkling over its rocky bed. Northwards it was rolling to our feet, southwards it was hurrying far away to the ocean, glittering and dancing in the sunbeams. And whether the eye explored the stream upwards, or traced its descent till it was lost behind the projecting headland, still there was nothing to be seen but lawn and wood, those gentle slopes and that exulting river, except where, far off, the blue and hazy mountains seemed to look in tranquil majesty upon the peaceful scene.

“But in Ireland there is an omnipresent mischief—and when you would let your thoughts repose among the sweet influences of nature, and would hush your heart into a tranquillity like that of the unruffled lake, or the sleeping foliage on a breathless summer's evening, then Popery looks in upon you like a spectre, or when half concealed, like a snake among the flowers, there comes a token like a scorpion's sting, warning you of its hateful presence. I felt it at Killarney, I felt it at Rostrevor, and here it was again. In the heart of Sir Hugh's grounds there is a sacred well, reputed to be of power to cure various disorders and infirmities. Thither the crippled and the sorrowful resort. The trees are blackened with their consecrated candles, the circuit of the well is beaten by their naked knees, the water is turbid with their frequent ablutions, the bushes are disfigured with their votive rags, and multitudes of little wooden bowls, there consecrated to Saint Senan, testify their superstitious hope that the Saint will be pleased with their devotions, and will heal their griefs.”

The peace of mind of our Protestant friend was evidently much disturbed by the spectre which he saw at Doonass. But visitors to our island home must be prepared to meet our family ghost. The more lovely the landscape

the more surely is it haunted. The spirit of Catholicity permeates the very atmosphere of holy Ireland, and makes its presence felt at every step throughout the length and breadth of the land—at Rostrevor and Killarney, at Clonmacnoise and Castleconnell, amid the sylvan splendour of Adare as in the wild vale of Glendalough, by the luxuriant banks of the Boyne and the Blackwater as on the lone mountain summits of Brandon and Croaghpatrick.

Taking a special interest in the holy well of Doonass we are thankful to the writer for his description of surroundings of the spring as they were seventy years since, and we are prepared to pardon the severity of his remarks, because being neither of our faith nor of our fatherland he could not be expected to appreciate the piety of the pilgrims or the sanctity of the spring. Unfortunately there are others of our own kith and kin who are imbued with the same spirit of modern progress and indifference, who regard devotion to a holy well as a remnant of medieval monkery and who scoff at the simple peasant when he kneels beside the sacred fountain in deep and earnest prayer. George Petrie, that distinguished Irishman and renowned archaeologist, contributed an article to the *Dublin Penny Journal* under the title of “Saint Senan's Well,” wherein he maintained that the well-worship of the Irish people is pagan in its origin and condemned as idolatrous by the Catholic Church. We are far from denying that well-worship was practised in Ireland prior to the Christian era. On the contrary, we regard its practice as a proof of the pastoral and poetic spirit which animated the religion of our pagan forefathers. But we hold that there is an essential difference between the well-worship of that pagan period and the belief of the Irish of to-day in the sanctity of their sacred springs. In the dark days of the Druid rite the people knelt to and adored the spring as if it were itself a god, whereas the Irish Catholic merely kneels beside the holy well and venerates it as being in some special manner sanctified in the service of God and His saints. When proving that the devotion to blessed wells is contrary to the teaching of the Catholic

Church, Petrie calls to his assistance the works of a certain Dr. Charles O'Connor, whom he describes as “A Roman Catholic clergyman of distinguished ability and learning.” Now, Petrie was himself a Protestant and his distinguished ally was a suspended priest—two poor authorities where there is any question of Catholic doctrine, but poorer still when they are opposed by an ecclesiastic whose position among the Catholic bishops of Ireland is a truly exalted one.

Writing in *Irish Monthly* of March, 1884, Dr. Healy says:—“There are some persons who deem any reverence paid to our holy wells to be superstitious; they sneer at the simple faithful who perform their devotions at the holy spring,



PILGRIMAGE TO T. SENAN'S WELL—PLAY-DAY IN NOVEMBER, 1901.

and in their own great knowledge and superior Christianity pity their ignorance and folly. If these people are Protestants we cannot argue with them now,—those who will not reverence the cross of Christ cannot be expected to venerate holy wells. But if they are Catholics we must take the liberty of telling them that the due reverence of these holy wells is not superstitious; that prayers to the saints in any spot hallowed by their abode, their miracles or their labours is all the more likely to be efficacious; and that the church has no sympathy with the hollow smile and frozen sneer of their scepticism. If abuses arise, let them be corrected; if they cannot be corrected, and the evil is greater than the good, then let the pilgrimage be stopped. But meanwhile call them not superstitious—the

men and women of simple faith and loving hearts, who still go to the holy places where dwelt the saints of God, to ask their prayers and call to mind the bright example of their lives."

When Saint Patrick was in the neighbourhood of Mungret about the year 448, he was visited by a great crowd who came to him across the Shannon from Clare, and entreated him to return with them to teach their people the great truths of his new religion. Having blessed, instructed, and baptized them, Patrick said, "There is no need for me to visit your country, since God will provide for you an illustrious and beloved patron. A being beloved of God and man shall spring from your race. His name shall be Senan. As long as you look to him as your protector, and invoke his name in love and reverence, all things shall succeed with you." Then the men of Clare returned to their own country, rejoicing in the great blessing which Patrick had foretold.

Thirty years later a child was born near Kilrush to whom his parents gave the name of Senan. From his earliest days he gave promise of wonderful sanctity, and many and marvellous are the stories which are related of his boyhood years. When approaching the age of manhood, he was returning one evening with his cattle from the west and on coming to the shore of a large creek, over which he could have passed at low water, he found that the tide was now many feet high. The night was falling fast and he would have had long to wait for the ebbing of the tide, when suddenly he beheld the sands become dry, and was enabled to cross in safety with his herd. On looking back from the farther shore he beheld the waves rolling once more over the huge tract of sand. Forcibly attracted by this special manifestation of God's goodwill, he forthwith fixed his staff in the soil, and having attached another stick to it in the form of a cross, he knelt before that sacred emblem and consecrated the remainder of his life to the special service of his divine master.

Years passed by and Senan, now an aged and venerable monk, is presiding as abbot over a great monastery which he himself has founded.

His own exceeding charity and the wonderful gifts of God endeared him to the hearts of his people.

Were I to recount in full detail the many marvellous deeds which he performed, it would scarcely suit my present purpose, yet there is one incident to which I should like to call the attention of my youthful reader, in the hope that it may win from him, for Senan, the fond tribute of a schoolboy's love.

It was on Scatterry Island, near Kilrush, that Senan had built his monastery, and thither there flocked in great numbers the noble youths of

many counties, to be trained by the good monks in learning and piety. On one free day—perhaps their monthly play-day—two of the boys got into a boat in the company of one of their professors and pulled out to a distant rock in search of fish. This rock, which was completely covered at full tide, was connected with the shore at low water. Fastening their frail craft here, our friends climbed across the rock to fish from its farther side. At low water the professor returned alone to the monastery, leaving the two lads busily engaged in tackling with the tiny denizens of the deep. At length the encroaching tide warned them that it was time to seek their boat and return to the island. But alas! the rush of the in-coming tide had already swept their frail *corrach* from its mooring and sent it drifting towards the distant shore. Higher and higher the ruthless waters rose, till one huge wave washed the two boys from the summit of the rock and when the morning came their lifeless bodies were lying beside the little boat upon the island shore. Hearing of this dire disaster, the parents of the boys came to the abbot, and besought him with tears to restore to them the youthful lives which they had committed to his care. Moved to pity by the sad fate of his little friends and the sight of their sorrowing parents, the holy man told one of the monks to command the deceased boys, in the name of the Saviour, to return to earth. Restored to life and strength, the little lads came running to their parents, and the latter were delighted, but the boys themselves were sad. They reproached their parents for tearing them away from a happy home, and declared that the whole world, with all its riches and all its pleasures, would be to them a prison after the delights which they had recently enjoyed, and to the enjoyment of which, with their parents' consent, God was willing to restore them.

Senan secured for his little friends the consent of their parents and gave them Holy Communion, which they received as a viaticum with joy and thanksgiving and then, as the Bollandists relate, they fell asleep in the Lord and were buried side by side in the churchyard of the monastery.

When Senan had lived and laboured much for the loved land of Thomond, when his work was done and the days of his earthly pilgrimage were fast drawing to a close, he looked around for some sequestered spot to which he might retire, there to commune in peace with his God alone. We can imagine the holy man sailing from Iniscathy up the broad estuary of the Shannon, then landing at Limerick and pursuing his way on foot along the river bank till he reached that sweet abode of enchanting beauty by the well of Doonass. There the pleasing

shade of the overhanging oaks would be welcomed by the weary traveller, the soft thick dewy grass would be most grateful to his tired feet, while the waters of the well, cool, clear and sparkling, would afford him a delicious draught, and then in turn the holy man would bless the grateful spring and kneeling by its side would offer up to a kind Creator the generous outpourings of a sinless soul. There he would remain for days and weeks in deep communion with his heavenly Father, sometimes straying thro' the lofty woods, sometimes wandering by the Shannon shore, or, at the solemn silent close of day, seated on one of those rocks which ages have not altered, he would contemplate the varied beauties which surrounded him and conclude from their surpassing splendour to the glories of that celestial paradise, towards which, with enthusiastic hope, he unceasingly aspired.

Then, somehow, the secret of his retreat would be discovered, the fame of his sanctity would spread far and wide, and multitudes would come to see him in his lonely solitude and to ask his blessing and advice. Mothers would bring to him their little ones that he might baptize them in the waters of the well. The blind and the lame, the sick and the sorrowful would come to crave a cure, and we can easily imagine how, in imitation of the gospel story, Senan would bid them to lave their wounds in the crystal waters of the saving stream. And as the blind man who washed, by command of Christ, in the pool of Siloe, returned seeing, so would Senan's friends be freed from their affliction and returning to their homes would relate to many the sanctity of Senan and the wonders of the well. Even when the old man's days were numbered and he had gone back to die at Iniscathy, the

people would still come to the holy well at Doonass, to pray where he had prayed and to drink of the waters of which he drank.

Centuries later, when the Northman and the Saxon invaded their land, when their altars were levelled to the ground, and their priests sought



BLIND GIRL AT THE HOLY WELL.*

a shelter in the caverns of the mountains, then would the poor persecuted people of Thomond, remembering Patrick's promise, betake themselves to the blessed well to implore their patron's aid in their hour of dire distress.

And as it was of old, so it is to-day. Should my reader happen to visit Doonass, he may

* From the painting of Sir F. W. Burton, R.H.A., a native of Mungret, of whom a sketch appeared in our last number.

witness scenes of lively faith which are well calculated to move his heart and inspire his mind—scenes however which are seldom appreciated, because they rarely occur outside the humble homestead of the poor and the lowly. Sometimes it is a poor old man who comes to the holy well to implore the blessing of the saint on the labours of his toiling offspring, and if you draw near you may see his knotted hands writhed together in the fervour of his supplication. Or again, it is a simple peasant mother, who thus fulfils a long made promise by bringing her little boy to make the "rounds." Watch them as they tread the beaten path around the holy well, the mother is telling her beads with all the fervour of deep devotion, and by her side the little lad is walking with his tiny hands joined in prayer, and his large, liquid eyes lustrous with delight.

Father Scanlan, the revered pastor of the parish, tells us of the miraculous cure of a poor blind man which took place at the Blessed Well some years ago. The poor sufferer, who was a

native of New York, was admonished in a dream to make a pilgrimage to Doonass. With the assistance of his friends he crossed to Ireland, and came to the village of Clonlara. There he secured the help of a little boy to guide him to the well. Together they journeyed down the road and together they made the rounds of the sacred spring. Then the poor blind man knelt beside the Blessed Well and bathed his eyes in its saving waters, begging of God to restore to him his sight thro' the merits of the saint. His prayer was granted, his sight was restored, and many and fervent were the thanks which he returned to God and Saint Senan.

With what delight must Senan look down from his high place in heaven on these simple, generous souls, who offer through him, to their eternal Father, the rich gifts of a humble heart and confiding faith.

"Thou chosen spring of sacred gift
By prayer and penance blest,
Here, on thy knee-worn margin, let
My wanderings find a rest."

J. C.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

Ding, Dang, Dong!
Ding, Dang, Dong!

With a clash and a bang, and a cling, clang, clang,
Dinga-donga, dinga-donga; ding, dang, dong.

Hurry, hurry; scurry, scurry; bang, bang, bang.

Oh! the everlasting books,
Oh! the irate master's looks.

Worry, worry; hurry, hurry; cling, clang, clang;
Dinga-donga, dinga-donga, ding, dong, dang.

Oh! the feverish trepidation,
Oh! the wild reverberation

Of the Bell.

Thou clamorous sprite of resonance, progenitor
of scare,

Thy myriad-echoing blatant note rendeth the
tranquil air.

Thou fragile fabric of an art, that delved thy
hematite

From out the grudging cavern's seam, forsooth!
pre-Adamite

Thy tocsin clangour shrill disturbs my fair,
ambrosial dreams,

When eerie spectres fly, dispelled by morning's
roseate beams.

And when the summer noontide sleeps on
Thomond far and wide,

When sunshine laughs on Cratloe's fells, and
gleams the burnished tide.

When Keeper's silvery brow looms out through
all the circling haze,
And fervent life is pulsing through the glamour
of the days.

When the purple heather on the hills by golden
sunshine kissed,
Glow in the lustrous slanting light with sheen
of amethyst.

When all the world would tempt me forth, and
flowers cry "come away,"
The jangle of thy brazen voice must bid me
still to stay.

Ah! friend, withhold thy rancorous ire; why
rail at blind regrets?

Stern duty's quaint vernacular my tongue but
interprets.

Prepare thee for the world's great stage, mid
other scenes than those,
Whose fascination, lotus-like, might lull thee to
repose.

When guerdon of the years thou'st gained, per-
chance with joy thou'lt tell

The lesson nobly taught thee by the Mungret
College Bell.

Ding, Dang, Dong!
Ding, Dang, Dong!

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

TWO IRISH ARTISTS.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

To collect into and make known and publish in Ireland the best works of our living and dead artists, is one of the steps towards procuring for Ireland a recognised national art, and this is essential to our civilisation and renown.—THOMAS DAVIS, *Prose Writings*, p. 146.



THE reasons why Irishmen should study and speak their own language are familiar to all Mungret Boys, Past and Present. The birth and evolution of a nation cannot be compassed without this element, which, if not the sole potent principle, is perhaps the most vital. Political autonomy doubt greatly helps the growth of nationhood; but the majority of Irishmen are now convinced and rightly so that nationality demands something more substantial and far-reaching than mere autonomous institutions. Nationality may be defined as that distinctive character, which marks and differentiates the peoples of various countries. Its birth and growth are largely dependent on the influence of time, place and circumstances—on environment and heredity say the ethnologists. Under the head of circumstances we may range institutions and laws of every description that are so potent in the development of a nation's character, and the most mighty of all is unquestionably literature. Suffice it to mention as an historical fact corroborating this statement the revival of the Finnish language concomitant with the rise and progress of the Finns.

"Any scheme, industrial, political, artistic or literary for this country" says the *Leader*, "that is not based on the fact that this country is abnormal, abnormal to an extraordinary degree, is, we submit, fundamentally wrong. This country is a mongrel country and it will not be normal until it is made Irish through and through." We have lost our national character to a great extent by an unhealthy admixture of foreign elements that have filtered in amongst us in every conceivable fashion, but especially through the medium of English literature. This evil is now combatted all over Ireland by the Gaelic League, whose influence for good in every department merits the highest praise. It has used our ancient tongue as a fulcrum to move the country from the slough in which it had

stuck for generations and send it "down the ringing grooves of change."

However it is not a defence of the revival of the Irish language that I have proposed to myself in this article. That, I am glad to say, has been fully and ably done by more versatile pens than mine. But it seems to me that the very same arguments that prove the congruity, advisability and even necessity of reviving the Celtic tongue equally urge the formation of an Irish School of Art. The mighty influence of art in the formation and development of a nation's character cannot be gainsaid. It is self-evident to any one who has the most elementary notions of the principles of art, and who can appreciate in some small degree a masterpiece. No one has ever called in question the ennobling power of music, painting and sculpture—and surely there is scope in our island home for their full development. We cry out day after day against the introduction of foreign art—art immoral, unspiritual, vulgar, degrading—art that is not worthy of the name—art that reflects in its inane rottenness the character of an effete and self-worshipping age. Let us put our words in practice and supply our people with something in their stead. Churches must be furnished with paintings, sculptures and stained windows. We are glad to say that the last need is now supplied by Irishmen, who are trained in Dublin by a great master in this art. The others are still to be seen to and the sooner the better. We are inundated with caricatures from foreign cities—caricatures is the only term for those lifeless, unspiritual gimcracks that are scattered broadcast over our beautiful island, bringing down to their level a most artistic people.

Let us not, however, exaggerate or be Quixotic, or imagine that these things will rise from the dead for the mere asking. Art requires a long and patient evolution, and its history shows us that it goes hand in hand with a nation's prosperity, and that its culmination has ever coincided with the culmination of the country's moral, intellectual and true material progress. A nation, like an artist, must have leisure and wealth before it can become the home of the highest art.

My readers, if any of them have come so far,

will wonder what has all this to do with the title: "Two Irish Artists." It is not my intention to give any lengthy description of the work of John B. Yeats and Nathaniel Hone; but only so far as it is necessary, in order to gain the sympathy and coöperation of Mungret boys in the formation of an Irish School of Art. There is, perhaps, nothing so essential to the life of art as generous and true intellectual patronage. Many of my readers will have read Mary Atkinson's essays on the sculptors Hogan and Foley, and will remember therefrom the ignoble manner in which Irishmen treated them. Inane sarcasm and wit-

is a more unerring art-critic than the man who, without this quality, has read through volumes on the laws that govern art. All I ask, therefore of my readers is that, just as they support the Gaelic league in the great work of reviving the Irish language, they would also, and for similar reasons, help towards the nationalisation of art.

Miss Purser, a distinguished Irish artist, merits mention as one of the chief organisers and supporters of this new movement. We owe solely to her the exhibition of some seventy-two paintings and drawings, the works of John B. Yeats and Nathaniel Hone. This interesting



Photo. by]

SENIOR APOSTOLICAL STUDENTS, 1901-1902.

[MacMahon, Limerick.

less sophistry drove these two distinguished artists to seek an asylum and patronage in other lands. Such treatment is, of course, now-a-days, out of the question; but there is a coldness, and lack of enthusiasm, and want of encouragement, that blasts as deadly as hostile criticism.

I do not presuppose any subtle knowledge of art and its *technique* in my readers, and, indeed, I do not profess to have these qualities. "What is important, then, is not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect, but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects." He who possesses this enviable gift, and the majority of Irishmen do,

and instructive collection was on view at 6. St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, from October 21st, to November 3rd, and attracted many lovers of native art. "Both these artists," says Mr. Martyn, "are among the most distinguished that have appeared in this country during the last quarter of a century." Though very different in the subject and method of their work, they bear at least one striking resemblance—love of the special and salient character of each object, with a remarkable neglect of detail.

Mr. John Butler Yeats is the father of Mr. William Yeats, poet and dramatist, and of Mr. Jack Yeats, who had a very interesting exhibition in Merrion Row, towards the end of October, of

original paintings, illustrating life in the West of Ireland. He is an artist gifted with that sensitive spirit which can assimilate the characteristics of almost any school of painting, and which never seems satisfied. He has painted almost every mood, from the highest idealism down to modern realism; but his realism never degenerates so far that matter dominates spirit. Two of the greatest prose-writers and art-critics of the nineteenth century, John Ruskin and Hippolyte Taine, say that there is but one grand style in the treatment of all subjects, and that style is based

the real character of a piece, is what Mr. Yeats seeks to reproduce. He does not concentrate his powers on mere gorgeous accumulation of accessories, and fine-wrought expression of subsidiary truths.

"In a Gondola," and "Pippa Passes," two beautiful paintings suggested by Browning's poems, illustrate Mr. Yeats' early predilection for Preraffaelism. They are both of exquisite colouring and finished execution. But the success he achieved in this high, imaginative field of art failed to turn him from the more congenial work



Photo. by]

LAY-BOYS OF THE UNIVERSITY CLASSES, 1901-1902.

[MacMahon, Limerick.

on the perfect knowledge, and consists in the simple unencumbered rendering, of the specific characters of the given object, be it man, beast, or flower. Now the specific character may be given with perfection, and the details of the picture neglected, or the artist may linger fondly over both. The latter is the distinctive characteristic of the great masters; the former is the characteristic of John B. Yeats. His early paintings show a marked tendency towards Preraffaelism, which preached specific character, united to the perfection of detail; but his impetuosity of execution demanded a less rigid system, and caused him to forsake the school of Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti. The dominant feature,

of portrait-painting. "Mrs. Travers Smith when a child" can be distinguished by internal evidence to be the first of this new series. The rich mellow toning, and almost faultless execution of the details, still betray the influence of the Preraffaelite school. "Katherine Tynan" is a very fine portrait; it shows much force and individuality, the colouring is subdued, perhaps too much. His finest, and most characteristic, painting is "The Portrait of a Lady," which, however, would have been much improved, as Mr. Martyn remarked, by the suppression of the nude arm. This useless accessory takes away from the unity of impression, and weakens considerably the intellectual force expressed in the

face. There are many other beautiful things over which we should fain linger; for, if Mr. Yeats does not always send a thrill through the whole man, both body and soul, he never fails to speak to his intellect. "In all he does," remarks Professor York Powell, "whatever the measure of his success, he is always a Seeker, a Mystic," and not seldom he makes us feel that he is a Seer, an Interpreter. Life is made the richer by those who in their own way interpret and make manifest things and effects of which we were only half conscious before, and especially is this true in the sphere of Art.

Nathaniel Hone is a landscape painter and with a few exceptions all his scenes are Irish. He is President of the Royal Hibernian Academy and is at present far advanced in years. He studied in France and was the friend of Corot; but his painting does not bear much trace of French influence. Perhaps it is not perfectly correct to call him a landscapist, as in every one or nearly every one of his paintings water enters as an essential element. Yet he never ventures so far out to sea that land is lost sight of. There is a wildness and barrenness in his scenes that precludes the society of men, and whenever one poor Irishman wanders in amid this bleakness he is quite a minor element thrown in to give vitality and variety to the whole. What pleased me most was "The Coast, Co. Clare." The unity of impression combined with the exquisite smoothness of colour and execution are the work of a master. This picture has the large simplicity, broad masses and suppression of minor details, so characteristic of Mr. Hone. "The Shower" is a rather powerful conception and on the whole well executed; but it was far too ambitious a subject for an artist who neglects the delicate touches and infinite patience required in the expression of such manifestations of nature. Beside one another were hung "Villefranche" and another "Coast, Co. Clare." I was glad to see that he expressed on canvas the remarkable difference of outline in southern and northern landscapes. Anyone, who has seen these two paintings, must have been struck by the distinctness and sharpness of the outlines in "Villefranche," and the blurred confused masses in the "Coast, Co. Clare." This phenomenon, due to the clearness of the atmosphere, influenced Italian painters so much that H. Taine made use of it to distinguish schools of art. The collection contained many other exquisite pieces illustrative of Irish life and scenery; but I must not tax too much the patience of the reader, if indeed I have any. Let me, however, remark with George Moore: "Directly we see a picture by Mr. Hone, we know that he has seen his subjects under many aspects, and has chosen

this one. His mind is in his pictures—a mind nurtured on grey skies and large estuaries, where the tide rises high, and where the wind races like a flame."

It is our earnest hope that hundreds of Irishmen will follow in the footsteps of those two pioneers, and that art will co-operate with literature in the glorious work of nation-building. There are unearthed treasures in our storied past that will afford inexhaustible matter to men like Mr. Yeats. We are grieved to notice that he so soon abandoned a work that should have proved most useful to him and to us. He showed in his powerful, weird, and fantastic "King Goll" what wealth of pathos and harmony of colour he could strike out of our ancient legends. If we had a few painters working on the same lines as Dr. Hyde, Mr. Martyn, and Lady Gregory in literature, the cause of nationalisation would move at a quicker pace.

Surely there are colour-poems to be wrought out of our sagas as fine as ever came from the hand of man! Again, in our history so varied, such in its nobleness and pathetic grandeur, such in its unselfishness and mysticism, such in its memories of learning and sanctity, we have as wide, if not a wider, field than any other country in Europe. The portrait-painter also can find a thousand and ten thousand models amongst our Irish, who in beauty, moral, intellectual, and physical, equal those of any age or clime. We are famous the world over for uniting in an eminent degree those qualities of mind and body which are most sought after by the true artist—by the artist who has right conception of his mission, and who seeks to ennoble with healthy pleasure his fellow-men. Lastly, the landscapist cannot complain of barrenness, for our island home has scenery of a type calculated to ravish the most prosaic. Every variety is to be met with, from the most sublime amid the mountain ranges of Kerry, Donegal, and Connemara, to the most exquisite and graceful on every hill and dale. Nathaniel Hone has only painted one little type—a reach of sea and land robed in a certain loneliness and barrenness characteristic of present Ireland—and yet what a mine of art he discovered.

It is intense pleasure for the mind, and sweet balm for the heart, to look into the future and see what Ireland may one day be. In every little corner, now so desolate, we hope to see stately monuments of architecture arise, industries flourish, and men and women chatter in the mellifluous tones of the Celtic tongue. We shall no longer be an Anglo-Irish race. We shall have our own literature, our own music, our own painting, our own sculpture; and our second birth will be more glorious than our first.

P. C. ('93)

In Memoriam.

POOR Paul! Such will be the almost unconscious cry of many of my readers when they look once more at that familiar face and think of the young life which has been cut so short. Paul was little more than a child when his name was first inscribed on the college roll, and when he left us last April it was only to return to his father's home there to die. Thus cast adrift at an early age on the troubled waters of a college career, the "little homo" never feared to face the storm. He never shammed. He was never known to cry or to complain. Possessed of singular strength of character, he was a boy whom it was possible to lead but not to drive, to break but not to bend. Slender and fragile in appearance, yet well able to hold his ground in many a tough contest—at the sports, on the cricket crease, and in the football field. Nor was he a laggard in the schoolroom.

In that great race which all school-boys are for ever running along the rugged road of the classics, Paul soon outdistanced many of his comrades and was chosen to compete for honours. Although a willing pupil he had but little taste for mathematics, and was delighted when he had passed the First Arts and was free to bid a fond farewell to roots and ratios. He had, however, a special aptitude for French, and within the past twelvemonths I have heard his master—a professor of rare experience—declare that Paul was fit to hold his own in Logic among the best who ever studied in our college halls. He was to have entered for the Second Arts of Royal University in June and

was assured of success, but ere that time arrived he had already stood and passed his last exam.

During Holy Week Paul took part with his comrades in making the Jubilee processions to Raheen. There was a bitter east wind then blowing from which he suffered severely, but of which, unfortunately, he did not complain until it was too late. On Easter Monday morning I met him near the archway as he was going out to see the sports; he looked very tired and complained of a pain in his knee. Next day he was ordered to remain in bed and was afterwards carefully examined by the doctor, but failed to reveal any symptom of that fell disease, which was destined a few weeks later to play such havoc with his fragile frame. On the following Monday he left for home and soon the reports which reached us were far from reassuring.

On the third Saturday in May I rode over to Kilmallock to see him. He was much changed. His drawn cheek and pallid brow bore evident testimony to the ravages of consumption. Sitting beside his bed I spoke to him of his friends at Mungret. He could not hear me. He could only smile and say a few words about returning to his class. When I pressed his wasted hand at parting, I felt that Paul was sinking fast to his grave. Another short week and the end had come. The sad news reached us on the morning of Whit Sunday. That same evening the body of our comrade was laid in its last resting place beneath the green sod in Dromin churchyard.

We have no desire to ascribe to Paul anything



PAUL HEELAN.

like ideal sanctity, but out of a school roll of 130 Paul was one of the select few who were deemed worthy, by their companions and professors, to be received into the Sodality of Mary, and we think that there is something more than mere coincidence in the fact that the day on which he died was the last Saturday of Mary's month. Moreover, the priest who attended Paul in his last illness was speaking to our Father Rector

on the day of the funeral and assured him that Paul's was one of the happiest deaths at which he had ever assisted.

Several months have now gone by since poor Paul crossed for the last time the threshold of the college, but many months and many years have still to flow down the river of time ere his memory will have faded from the mind of many a schoolboy friend. R.I.P. J. C.

OUR PAST.

IN order to correct some of the errors, and supply as far as we can the omissions that occurred in our list of last year, we again publish the list of our Past Students who are priests or preparing for the priesthood.

We have to express our special acknowledgments to those kind friends who have enabled us to correct some of the many inaccuracies which had crept into our first edition. We shall be again most grateful to all who will enable us to render the list still more accurate and complete.

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
 Barry, Fr Patrick, '87-'92 (*o* St Patrick's College, Carlow, '93; *m* St Augustine, Fla) Jacksonville, Fla, U S A
 Bergin, S J, Mr Michael, '93-'97 (*m* Irish Province) University San Joseph, Ghazir, Beyrouth, Syria
 Bingham, C.S.S.R., Fr Patrick, '81-'86 (*o* Teignmouth, '93; *m* Australia) Redemptorist Monastery, Dundalk, Ireland
 Bithrey, S J, Mr John, '90-'93 (*m* Irish Province) 11 Rue de Récollets, Louvain, Belgique
 Blackmore, S J, Mr Henry, '92-'99 (*m* Rocky Mountains) St Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo, U S A
 Brady, Fr James, '82-'86 (*m* Little Rock, Ark) Church of Immaculate Conception, Fort Smith, Ark, U S A
 Bradley, B A, Fr William, '81-'88 (*o* All Hallows, Dublin, '93; *m* Lincoln, Neb) Bishop's House, Lincoln, Neb, U S A
 Bresnehan, Mr Patrick, '93-'99 (*m* St Augustine, Fla) Collegio Americano, Roma, Italia
 Bruen, Fr James, '81-'87 (*o* N American College, Rome, '90; *m* Lincoln, Neb) Washington, June, '95 R.I.P.
 Bruen, Fr Timothy, '82-'87 (*o* St Patrick's College, Carlow, '93; *m* Lincoln, Neb) Kinnevarra, Galway
 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

Byrne, S J, Mr George, '92-'94 (*m* Irish Province) College of St Ignatius, Riverview, Sydney, Australia
 Byrne, S J, Mr John, '89-'91 (*m* Irish Province) Clongowes Wood College, Co Kildare
 Cahill, S J, Fr Edward, '83-'87 (*o* St Francis Xavier's, Dublin, '97; *m* Irish Province) Mungret College, Limerick
 Cahill, Mr Matthew, '97-'99; St Patrick's College, Carlow
 Carey, B A, Mr John, '95-1901 (*m* Wilcania) All Hallows College, Drumcondra, Dublin
 Carroll, B A, Fr David, '83-'87 (*o* Maynooth, '91; *m* Limerick) St Munchin's Church, Limerick
 Carroll, B A, Fr Joseph, '91-'97 (*o* Propaganda, Rome, '91 *m* St Augustine, Fla) Wilcania, N S W
 Carroll, Fr Thomas, '82-'83 (*m* Alton, U S A) Farmville, Ill, U S A
 Carroll, C.S.S.R., Fr William, '92-'96 (*o* Kansas city, Mo, 1901, *m* United States) St Joseph's College, Kirkwood, St Louis, Mo, U S A
 Carroll, Mr William, '93-'99 (*m* Little Rock) Kenrick Seminary, St Louis, Mo, U S A
 Carr, Fr John, '84-'88 (*o* Irish College, Paris, '92; *m* Limerick) Banogue, Croom, Co Limerick
 Casey, S J, Mr John, '88-'90, Mungret College, Limerick
 Clohessy, Mr Patrick, '95-'98 (*m* Colorado) Denver, Colorado
 Coffey, Fr Patrick, '90-'92 (*o* St Patrick's College, Carlow, '98; *m* Mobile) St Mary's Church, Clinton, Iowa, U S A
 Coghlan, S J, Mr Bartholomew, '91-'93 (*m* Irish Province) Belvedere College, Gt Denmark street, Dublin
 Colvin, S J, Mr Alexander, '92-'97, St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, Blackburn, England
 Connolly, S J, Mr Patrick, '90-93, (*m* Irish Province) Belvedere College, Gt Denmark street, Dublin
 Cox, S J, Mr Wm J, '88-'89 (*m* N Orleans Province) St Stanislaus College, Vineville, Macon, Ga, U S A
 Coyle, Fr James, '88-93 (*o* Propaganda, Rome, '97; *m* Mobile) Rector of Mobile Institute, Mobile, Ala, U S A
 Cronin, N S J, Mr David, '93-'00 (*m* Maryland Province) Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, Frederick, Md, U S A
 Cronin, S J, Fr Jeremiah, '81-'87 (*o* Woodstock College, 1900; *m* Maryland) St Frances Xavier's, W 16th-st, New York, U S A

Cronin, S J, Mr John, '86-'88 (*m* N Orleans Province) *d* at Grand Coteau, '89 R.I.P.
 Cronin, S J, Fr Patrick, '82-'86 (*o* Woodstock College, 1900; *m* N Orleans Province) Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala, U S A
 Cuffe, S J, Mr Charles, '95-'97 (*m* Irish Province) Chieri Torino, Italy
 Curley, B A, Mr Michael, '96-1900 (*m* St Augustine, Fla) Collegio Americano, Septentrionale, Roma, Italia
 Daly, B A, Mr Daniel, '94-'00 (*m* Manchester, U S A) Theological Seminary, Montreal
 Daly, S J, Mr Patrick, '91-'97 (*m* S Africa) Maison St Louis, St Helier, Jersey, Channel Islands
 Davis, S J, Mr Francis, '93-97 (*m* Irish Province) St Stanislaus College, Tullamore
 Devane, Fr Richard, '93-'94 (*m* Limerick, *o* Maynooth, 1901) St Patrick's, Marsh street, Middlesborough, Yorkshire, England

Enright, Fr? Michael, '93-'95 [*m* Little Rock, Ark] Mt St Mary Theological Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md, U S A
 Ennis, Mr Patrick, '94-'00 [*m* Wilcania, Australia] St Patrick's College, Carlow
 Fegan, Mr Nicholas, '94-'95 [*m* Galway] Maynooth College, Co Kildare
 Fitzgerald, Fr Edmond, '85-'87 [*o* Paris, '92; *m* Limerick] Templeplantine, Newcastle West, Co Limerick
 Fitzharris, N S J, Mr Richard, '95-'00 [*m* Rocky Mountains] S Heart Novitiate, Las Gatas, Santa Clara Co, Cal, U S A
 Flanagan, S J, Mr Henry, '91-'94 [*m* New Orleans] *d* St Charles College, Grand Coteau, Feb, 1900 R.I.P.
 Flinn, S J, Mr Joseph, '88-'94 [*m* Irish Province] Clongowes Wood College, Co Kildare
 Flood, Mr John, '94 [*m* Dublin; *o* June, 1900] ?
 Floyd, Mr Hugh, '94-'97, All Hallows College, Dublin



APOSTOLICAL STUDENTS, 94-'95.

Doyle, S J, Mr James, '86-'93 (*m* Missouri Province) St Ignatius College, Pilsen station, Chicago, Ill, U S A
 Doherty, S J, Mr Andrew, '91-'92 (*m* N Orleans Province) College of Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, La
 Doherty, S J, Mr John, '90-'92 (*m* New Orleans) *d* Grand Coteau, La, '98 R.I.P.
 Dargan, S J, Mr John, '82-'86 (*m* Rocky Mountains) St Louis University, St Louis, Mo, U S A
 Dwane, B A, Fr William, '85-'88 [*o* Maynooth, '94; *m* Limerick] Croom, Co Limerick
 Eaton, B A, Mr Thomas, '92-'98 [*m* Mobile, Ala] Mt St Mary's Theological Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md, U S A
 Enright, V G, Fr Patrick, '84-'88 [*o* Emmitsburg, 93; *m* Little Rock] St Andrew's Cathedral, Little Rock, Ark, U S A

Foley, Fr James, '83-'88, [*o* Maynooth, 93; *m* Limerick] Clouneagh, Ballingarry, Co Limerick
 Gallagher, B A, Fr Michael, '85-89 [*o* Innsbruck, '93; *m* Grand Rapids] Grand Rapids, Mich, U S A
 Galvin, B A, Fr Bernard, '85-89 [*m* Omaha; *o*?] Box 163, Alliance, Neb, U S A
 Galvin, S J, Mr Thomas, '85-'90 [*m* Missouri Province] St Beuno's College, St Asaph, North Wales
 Gannon, S J, Mr William, '91-'92 [*m* Irish Province] Kew College, Melbourne, Australia
 Gannon, Fr Peter, '95-'97 [*m* English and Indian Missions; *o* Battersea, London, 1901] Salesian School, Surrey Lane, Battersea, London, S W
 Garahy, S J, Mr Michael, '90-'93 [*m* Irish Province] St Ignatius College, Riverview, Sydney, Australia
 Gleeson, Fr John [*o* Maynooth, '91; *m* Melbourne] R C Presbytery, St Mary's, Dandenong, Victoria

Hannan, S J, Mr Joseph, '95-'97 [m Irish Province] Batt-hanyplatz, Pressburg, Hungary

Hartigan, C SS R, Fr James, '82-'86 [o Teignmouth, Eng-land, '93; m Irish Province] d Mt St Alphonsus, Limerick, '99 R I P

Hartigan, S J, Mr Austin, '92-'98 [m Irish Province] St Stanislaus College, Tullamore

Hartin, Mr Francis, '95-'01 [m United States]

Henry, Fr Michael, '88-'93 [o Rome, '96; m Mobile] St Anne's Church, Decatur, Mobile, Ala, U S A

Hogan, S I, Mr Michael, [m Maryland Province] Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md, U S A

Horan, N S J, Mr George, '94-'00 [m China] N D de Bon Secours "Highlands," St Saviour's, Jersey, Channel Islands

Horan, B A, D D, Fr Patrick, '83-'88 [o North American College, Rome, '92; m Little Rock] Little Rock, Ark, U S A

Hughes, S J, Mr Patrick, '82-'90 [m Maryland Province] St Francis Xavier's, W 16th street, New York

Hughes, B A, Mr William, '92-'97 [m St Augustine, Fla] Cathedral St Augustine, Fla, U S A ?

Hunt, C SS R, Fr Corn, '81-'86 [o Teignmouth, England, '92; m Australia] Highgate, Perth, W Australia

Janniére, S J, Mr René, '85-'88 [m Paris Province] Uni-versität Strasse, Innsbrück, Tyrol, Austria

Joyce, Adm, Rev Fr Timothy, '88-'91 [o Carlow, '96; m Clonfert] St Michael's Ballinasloe

Keane, O D C, Mr Michael Albert, '92-'95, [m Ireland] St Mary's, Morehampton road, Donnybrook, Dublin

Keany, Fr Thomas, '81-'86 [m Galveston; o '90] d Galves-ton, Texas, 1900 R I P

Kelly, Fr John, '87-'94 [o Mt St Mary's College, Mary-land, '98; m Mobile] St Brigid's Church, Whistler, Ala, U S A

Kelly, Fr Edmond, '90-'95 [o St Mary's Seminary, Em-mitsburg, '99; m Galveston] St Mary's Cathedral, Galveston, Texas, U S A

Kenelly, B A, Fr Patrick, '84-'88 [o All Hallow's College, '91; m Balarat] Balarat, Victoria, Australia

Kennedy, Mr William, '93-'01 [m South Africa] All Hallow's College, Drumcondra, Dublin

Kenny, S J, Fr Michael, '81-'86 [o St Francis Xavier's, Dublin, '97; m New Orleans Province] St Charles' College, Grand Coteau, La, U S A

Kenny, Rev Francis, '91-'94 [o Propaganda, '99; m Australia] Australia

Kenny, N O P, Michael, '85-'87 [m India] d in Domin-ican Novitiate, Belgium, '88 R I P

Kenny, N S J, Mr Patrick, '95-'01 [m Syria—Lyons Pro-vince] Maison St Stanislaus, Missionaires Jesuites par Beyrouth Ghazir, Syrie

Keogh, Mr Denis, '98-'01 [m Dublin] Clonliffe College, Dublin

Kilbride, C SS R, Fr Patrick, '83-'87 [o Teignmouth, '95; m Irish Province] Redemptorist Monastery, Belfast

Killian, B A, Fr Andrew, '89-'95 [o Carlow, '98; m Wil-cania] Bourke, N S W, Australia

Lenihan, Mr William, '97-'01 [m China] University College, Stephen's green, Dublin

Leo, C SS R, Fr Patrick, '82-'84 [o Teignmouth, '91; m Australia] Mt St Alphonsus, Waratah, N S W, Aus-tralia

Liston, Fr James, '82-'87 [o Maynooth, '92; m Limerick] Rockhill, Bruree, Co Limerick

Loneragan, S J, Fr William, '81-'86 [o Woodstock College, '00; m Colorado] Manresa House, Roehampton, London

Lynch, Mr Patrick, '92-'96 [m Buffalo, U S A] Niagara University, Niagara, New York, U S A

Lyons, S J, Mr Patrick, '89-'95 [m Australia] St Francis Xavier's College, Kew, Melbourne, Australia

MacAvin, Mr John, '98-'99 [m Dublin] Holy Cross Col-lege, Clonliffe, Dubiin

MacCarthy, S J, Mr Michael, ?-'92 [m N Orleans Province] Spring Hill College, Mobile, La

MacCarthy, Fr Florenee, ?'94 [o Maynooth, '00; m Cork]

MacCarthy, Fr Charles, '83-'86 [o Maynooth, '01; m Limerick] Glin, Co Limerick

McCabe, S J, Mr Matthew, '88-'92 [m Maryland] Wood-stock College, Md, U S A

McCabe, Mr Denis, '92-'95 [m Boston] St John's Ecclesi-astical Seminary, Boston [Brighton] Mass, U S A

McCooney, B A, Fr Patrick, '86-'90 [o Aix-en-Provence, '95; m Manchester, U S A] St Aloysius, Nashua, Charles City, Iowa, N H, U S A

McCooney, Fr James, '89-'92 [o Aix-en-Provence, '96; m Manchester, U S A] Clermont, N H, 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

McDonnell, C SS 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] d Texas City, '96 R I P

McDonnell, S J, Mr Charles A, '89-'91 [m Colorado] Sacred Heart College, Denver, Colorado, U S A

McDonough, Mr Peter, '95-'99 [m Manchester] Montreal Seminary, Quebec, Canada

McMahon, S J, Fr Michael, '81-'87 [o St Bueno's Col-lege, North Wales, '98; m S Africa] St Joseph's, Leigh, Lancashire

McMahon, Fr Daniel, '85-'87 [o '94; m Australia]

McNally, S J, Mr Michael, '91-'94 [m New Orleans] St Louis University, St Louis, Mo, 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 Stanislaus College, Florissant, St Louis, Mo, U S A

Mahoney, S J, Fr Patrick, '82-'87 [o St Louis University, Mo, 1901; m Rocky Mountains] St Louis Univer-sity, Mo, U S A

Maloney, S J, Mr William, '95-'99 [m Irish Province] The Seminary, Stonyhurst, Blackburn, England

Maloney, S J, Mr Patrick, '90-'95 [m Rocky Mountains] Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash, U S A

Mangan, B A, Fr Cornelius, '82-'86 [o Maynooth, '91; 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

Martin, S J, Mr John, '91-'93 [m Australia] St Francis Xavier's College, Kew, Melbourne, Australia

Meagher, O D C, Mr Joseph, '95-'96; [m Ireland] St Mary's, Morehampton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin

Moran, M A, Fr Thomas, '88-'95 [o Thurles, '1900; m San Francisco] Louvain University, Belgium

Moynihan, D D, M A, Fr Humphrey, '81-'87 [o Propa-ganda, Rome, '91; m St Paul] St Paul's Seminary, St Paul, Minn, U S A

Mulcahy, Fr John, '94-'95 [o English College, Lisbon, 1901; m Westminster]

Murphy, B A, Fr Patrick, '86-'88 [o Maynooth, '92; m Limerick] d at Limerick, '99 R I P

Murphy, O S A, Fr John, '85-'88 [o Orlagh, Rathfarn-ham, '95; m Irish Province] Ballyhaunis, Co Mayo

Murray, B A, Fr Daniel, '85-'89 [o Rome, '93; m Mobile, Ala] d at Mobile, Ala, '97 R I P

Murray, C SS R, Fr James, '81-'88 [o Teignmouth, '96; m Australia] Mt St Alphonsus, Waratah, N S W, Australia

Murray, S J, Mr Joseph, '87-'90 [m Colorado] Sacred Heart, Denver, Col, U S A

O'Connell, S J, Mr James, '95-'98 [m English Province] The Seminary, Stonyhurst, Blackburn, England

O'Dwyer, B A, Fr William, '84-'86 [o Maynooth, '91; m Limerick] St Munchin's College, Henry street, Limerick

O'Dwyer, N S J, Mr Patrick, '96-'00 [m S Africa] Manresa House, Roehampton, Putney, London

O'Keefe, S J, Mr William, '90-'92 [m Irish Province] Clongowes Wood College, Co Kildare

O'Leary, M A, Fr Arthur, '82-'86 [o Maynooth, '91; m Limerick] St Munchin's College, Henry street, Limerick

O'Leary, B A, Fr Thomas, '89-'94 [o Montreal, '98; m Manchester] St John's Church, Concord, N H, U S A

O'Mahoney, C C, Mr Florence, '90-'93 [m Cork; o May-nooth, '00] Drimoleague, Co Cork

O'Malley, S J, Mr Michael, '93-'97 [m Rocky Mountains] Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash, U S A



REV. JOS. CARROLL, B.A.

REV. WILLIAM HUGHES, B.A.

REV. TIMOTHY NUNAN.

SOME OF OUR PAST STUDENTS RECENTLY ORDAINED.

Moloney, Mr James, '98-1900; St Patrick's College, Thurles

Moloney, Mr John, 1900-1901; Carlow College

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 Augus-tine, Fla, U S A

Nunan, Fr Timothy, '91-'93 [o Maynooth, '00; m Cork] Blackrock Convent, Cork

O'Brien, Fr John, '82-'86 [o North American College, Rome, '91; m St Augustine, Fla] Palatka, Fla, U S A

O'Brien, N S J, Mr Charles, '99-'00 [m China] N D de Bon Secours, "Highlands," St Saviour's, Jersey, Channel Islands

O'Connor, B A, Fr Jeremiah, '82-'87 [o Maynooth, '91; m Limerick] St John's Cathedral, Limerick

O'Connor, B A, Mr Willie, '93-'00 [m Dunedin New Zealand] All Hallow's College, Dublin

O'Sullivan, S J, Mr Peter, ?-'92 [m N Orleans Province] College of Immaculate Conception, N Orleans, La, U S A

Power, N S J, Mr John, '94-'00 [m New Orleans] St Stanislaus College, Vineville, Macon, Ga, U S A

Power, Mr Michael, '99-'00 [m Cashel] St Patrick's Col-lege, Thurles

Redden, B A, Fr Thomas, '91-'97 [o St Joseph's Cathedral, Manchester '00; m Manchester] St Mary's Church, Dover, N H, U S A

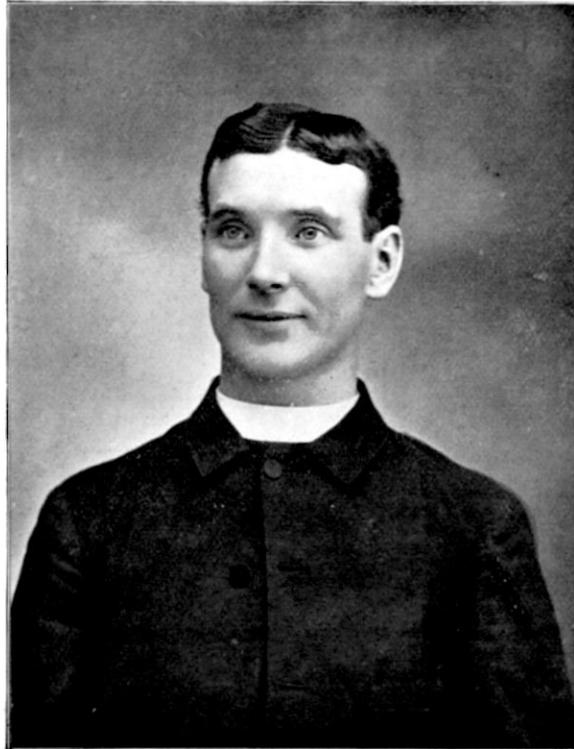
Redden, B A, Mr Maurice, '93-'99 [m Manchester, N H] Grand Theological Seminary, Montreal, Canada

Riordan, Fr Robert, '82-'86 [o Rome, '91; m Balarat] Balarat, Victoria, Australia

Ryan, D D, B A, Fr Francis, '88-'93 [o North American Col lege, '97; m St Paul] Cathedral Church, St Paul, Ma, U S A

Ryan, Fr Patrick, '83-'88 [o Maynooth, '93; m Limerick] St Mary's Presbytery, Limerick

Ryan, S J, Mr Patrick, [m N Orleans Province] St Ignatius College, 214 Hayes street, San Francisco
 Shealy, S J, Fr Terence J, '81-'86 [o Woodstock College, '98; m Maryland Province] St Stanislaus College, Florissant, St Louis, Mo, U S A
 Shiel, N S J, Mr James, '95-'01 [m South Africa] Manresa House, Roehampton, London
 Sheridan, B A, Fr James P, '90-'96 [o Dunwoodie College, 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
 Stenson, B A, Mr Joseph, '93-'99 [m United States]



REV. PATRICK MAHONY, S.J.

Stephenson, S J, Mr William, '95-'98 [m Irish Province] St Stanislaus College, Tullamore
 Stritch, S J, Mr John, '85-'89 [m N Orleans Province] Woodstock College, Md, U S A
 Stritch, S J, Mr Thomas, '85-'88 [m N Orleans Province] Woodstock, College, Md, U S A
 Tomkin, S J, Mr James, '94-'97 [m Irish Province] The Seminary, Stonyhurst, Blackburn, Lancashire, England
 Turner, CSS R, Fr Denis, '88-'91 [o Teignmouth, '99; m Irish and Australian Prov] Redemptorist Monastery, Dundalk
 Turner, B A, D D, Fr William, '83-'88 [o N American College, Rome, '93; m St Paul] St Paul's Seminary, Minn, U S A

Turner, B A, Mr John, '94-'99 [m New York] Collegio Americano, Septentrionale, Roma, Italia
 Turner, B A, Mr Patrick, '95-1900 [m Mobile, Ala] Collegio Americano, Septentrionale, Roma, Italia
 Veale, D D, B A, Fr James, '90-'95 [o North American College, Rome '99; m St Augustine, Fla] Jacksonville, Fla, U S A
 Wright, Fr Joseph, '89-'94 [o Baltimore, '97; m Mobile, Ala] Pensacola, Fla, U S A
 Walsh, S J, Mr M, ?-'92 [m N Orleans Province] College of Immaculate, N Orleans, U S A
 Walshe, Mr Patrick, '97-'99, St Patrick's College, Carlow

Nine of our past students have been recently ordained priests: one in the Society of Jesus, one in the Salesian Fathers, and seven for the secular mission. We have been able to procure photographs of only five. These we publish.

FR. PATRICK MAHONEY, S.J., brother of Fr. Michael Mahoney, S.J., of whom a notice appeared in our issue of Christmas, '98, entered Mungret as an Apostolic student in '82, the year of the opening of the College. He left in '87 before taking his degree, and entered the noviceship of the Society of Jesus at Florissant.

During his years of study and of teaching (at which latter he has been extremely successful) he seems to have cultivated in a special manner a taste for science, and even several years ago we read of him delivering public lectures on questions connected with electricity. Fr. Mahoney read the first two years of his Theological course at Woodstock College, Md; he then returned to his own province, and was ordained priest at St. Louis University, Mo.

FR. WILLIAM HUGHES, B.A., after leaving Mungret in '97, read his first year's Theology in the Propaganda, Rome. Owing, however, to weak health, he was compelled to return to Ireland in the following year, where he soon regained most of his old vigour. He completed his course at St. Patrick's College, Carlow. At Carlow College he still further enhanced the very high reputation for piety and studiousness that Mungret students have gained there. Owing to the lamented death of the late Dr. Moore, Bishop of St. Augustine, Fr. Hughes has not yet, as we write, got his appointment.

FR. JOSEPH CARROLL, B.A., read his course throughout with Fr. Hughes, and went to Rome with him in '97 to study Theology at the Propaganda. He was this year ordained there by his own Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Wilcania. In company with him he obtained the great privilege of an audience with His Holiness. Fr. Carroll last September accompanied Dr. Dunne to his Diocese in Australia.

FR. PETER GANNON entered Mungret as a Lay Boy in '97. He passed the Matriculation of the R.U.I. at the end of his first year, and after reading the First Arts course, in the following year entered the noviceship of the Salesian Fathers in Buenos Ayres, desiring to work on the Indian missions. He knew a good deal of that country from the fact that his father had possessed extensive estates there, which Peter inherited. After a year in Buenos Ayres, he was compelled to return to Europe, owing to weak health. He completed his course of studies at the

Salesian House, Battersea, London, teaching meanwhile in the schools there. He was ordained this year on Saturday, September 8th.

When Fr. Gannon visited his native town of Clara, Co. Meath, a few days after his ordination, bonfires were lighted in his honour, and the Clara Band, accompanied by a large gathering of the townspeople, turned out to meet him and to escort him from the railway station to his mother's residence. This tells not a little of the reputation Fr. Gannon had already acquired with those who knew him intimately before he left home; and we know that the character he left after him in Mungret, both with superiors and companions, was not less high. He is now working in the Salesian School, Battersea, London. Most cordially we wish him every success in the high ministry and the noble calling to which God has chosen him.

FR. F. NUNAN and FR. FLORENCE MACCARTHY both were in Mungret as Lay Boys. They entered Maynooth College in '93, and were ordained priests there in the June of 1900, both for the Diocese of Cork.

FR. JOHN FLOOD was also in Mungret as a Lay Boy. In '94 he entered Clonliffe College, Dublin, where he was ordained in June, 1900, for the Diocese of Dublin.

FR. RICHARD DEVANE entered Mungret as a Lay Boy in '93. In the following year he went to St. Munchin's College, Limerick, from which he entered Maynooth in '95. Here he was ordained priest last June. He is working for the present in the English mission.

FR. JOHN MULCAHY, who was one year in Mungret as an Apostolic student—viz., '94-'95—was last June ordained in the English College, Lisbon, for the Diocese of Westminster, where he is now working.

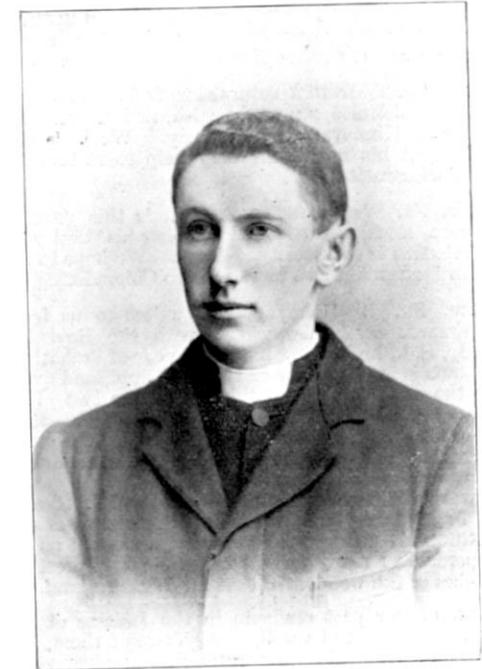
We also publish this year photographs of three of our past students of the earlier years of the College. One, Father McCooey, was in the Apostolic school; Father Leo was a Seminarist; and Father Joyce belonged to the Lay school. All three are now doing great work in the sacred ministry; but at three different quarters of the globe.

FR. PATRICK MCCOOEY, B.A., came to Mungret in '86. He was the first, or amongst the first, of the many American youths Mungret has trained for the diocese of Manchester, N.H., a band of which their *Alma Mater* has reason to be proud. After taking his degree in the R. U. I. in '90, Fr. McCooey entered the Montreal Grand Seminary, where he read two years' philosophy. He then went to France, to the Grand Seminary of Aix-en-Provence; and here he was ordained priest by Archbishop Gouthe-Soulard, June 29th, '95. His first appointment was to his native parish of Dover, N.H. He afterwards worked in Laconia, and at St. Ann's, Manchester, and finally a short time ago, owing to a scarcity of French priests, he was sent to St. Aloysius, Nashua, N.H., the largest French parish in the diocese of Manchester, where only French is spoken.

FR. PATRICK LEO, C.S.S.R., was a Seminarist in Mungret during the first two years after the opening of the College. He passed the Matriculation in '83,

and after reading the First Arts course the following year, he entered the Noviceship of the Redemptorist Fathers in Bishop Eaton, Liverpool. Fr. Leo was the first Mungret student to enter the Redemptorist Noviceship. Six others—three from among the Seminarists, and three Apostolics—followed his example within the space of a few years. He was ordained priest at Teignmouth, '91. After working for some time on the Irish Mission, he was sent to Australia in '98, in company with two other young Redemptorist Fathers, both past students of Mungret—Fr. J. Hartigan, and Fr. M. MacDonnell. Here Fr. Leo has since been working as a very zealous missionary.

FR. TIMOTHY J. JOYCE will be a name very familiar to all Mungret students of '89 to '91. He was the



REV. PETER GANNON.

first prefect* of the Sodality of the B. V. M. (when it was started in the College in '90, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Gallery, S.J. Fr. Joyce was also, as far as we know, the first Mungret Lay Boy raised to the priesthood.

He entered Mungret as a lay boy in January, '89; passed his Matriculation the following year, and after reading the First Arts course entered Carlow College in September, '91, in order to prepare for the foreign missions, which had been from his childhood the whole desire of his life. In Carlow, however, his health gave way, and he was compelled to abandon all idea of working in the foreign missions; and on

* The others were—Rev. Mr. John Byrne, S.J. (Jan. '61), Rev. W. O'Keefe, S.J. ('91-'92), Thomas Kennedy, Esq. ('92-'93), William Daraher, Esq. (April, '93), Joseph Fost, Esq. ('94-'95), Rev. James Tomkins, S.J. ('95-'97), J. L. McCarthy, Esq., B.A. ('97-'98), Rev. W. Maloney, S.J. ('98-'99), E. J. O'Neill, Esq., B.A. ('99-'01.)

Low Sunday, '96, he was ordained for his native diocese of Clonfert, by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, in his own parish of Portumna. Immediately afterwards he was appointed curate in this same parish. Here he continued to work until '98, when he was transferred to Ballinasloe, which is one of the Bishop's parishes of the Diocese of Clonfert. Though only five years a priest he has been quite recently appointed Administrator of the parish.

Fr. Joyce, while in Mungret, had acquired an extremely high reputation for solid and unaffected piety, and gave promise of becoming a very holy and zealous priest. It is clear that the promise of his youth has been realized. Though such a short time engaged in the work of the sacred ministry, he has already, so far as we can gather, won golden opinions both from his ecclesiastical superiors and from his flock. While wishing him every success in his high calling, it is our earnest prayer that his *Alma Mater* may become the mother of many such children as he.

REV. FR. T. BRUEN returned to Ireland last June in a very delicate state of health, and is with his friends at Kinnevarra, Co. Galway. We hope sincerely that his native air may help to restore his shattered constitution.

REV. FR. WM. LONERGAN, S.J., is this year at Manresa, Roehampton, London, doing his third year of Probation in the Society of Jesus. We hope to see him in Mungret before he returns to Colorado.

REV. FR. M. MAHONEY, S.J. writes to us from Florissant, St. Louis, where, with the Rev. Fr. Shealy, S.J., he is doing his Third year of Probation. St. Louis is in the valley of the Mississippi, and quite near the college is a splendid view of the two giant rivers of America. That is the country of Marquette, and in the garden of the college is buried the great De Smet. The locality too is full of the remains of Indian braves of days gone by.

Surely, with such rich materials at hand Fr. Shealy and Fr. Mahoney will remember the claims of the MUNGRET ANNUAL on their charity, and send us for the perusal of many an old friend some interesting sketches of the wonders of that far Western land.

ALL of our past students in the Diocese of St. Augustine seem to be well, though two of them, Fr. Barry and Dr. Veale, were stationed at Jacksonville, which, as our readers will remember, was recently burned down.

We were very sorry to hear of the lamented death of Most Rev. Dr. Moore, the zealous and indefatigable Bishop of the Diocese of St. Augustine. Dr. Moore had visited Mungret in '86, and had brought the first Mungret missionaries to Florida. He always had the highest opinion of the Mungret priests of his diocese, and was often heard to say that he wished all his priests were from Mungret. R.I.P.

We are glad to know that REV. FR. M. KENNY, S.J., who has been recently very ill, is now quite hale again. We publish in this number the third portion of his very interesting poem. He says that in the next number the story is likely to be completed, and the "old women polished off forever."

PAT TURNER left Innsbruck a short time ago, and has gone to the North American College, Rome, to complete his course. His old enemy, the headache, had been giving him trouble in Innsbruck, and the climate there was not favourable.

Golden accounts reach us of the success of our students in the Grand Seminary of Montreal. Maurice Redden led his class (2nd year's Divinity) in the last Summer Examinations. The class numbered close on one hundred students. He is likely to be ordained priest next summer, and then to go to Rome for a three years' post graduate course: so we hope to have an opportunity of welcoming him to his old *Alma Mater*.

Fr. Thomas Redden is, we are glad to say, now quite recovered from the extreme weakness and delicacy from which he suffered after his ordination. The delicate thoughtfulness which prompted Fr. Redden to send last Christmas a substantial present to his former brother Apostolics in Mungret, deserves a higher acknowledgement than we can give it here.

REV. MR. BITHREY, S.J., completed his University course this year. He took his M.A. degree in Ancient Classics in October, still preserving his place of First in Ireland. He is now in Louvain, studying Philosophy.

REV. MR. F. DAVIS, S.J., took the Scholarship in Classics R.U.I. in October. He got First place, and his examination is accounted all the more brilliant as the two students who took second and third places had behind them an exceptionally brilliantly record won in Intermediate Examinations.

REV. MR. J. MARTIN, S.J., sailed for Australia last September, and is now teaching in St. Francis Xavier's College, Kew, Melbourne.

JOE MEAGHER, who was a Lay Boy in Mungret in '96-'97, entered the novitiate of the Dicalced Carmelites, Morehampton Road, Donnybrook, last January.

JOE HARTIGAN, who left Mungret in '96, has completed his medical course, and is now practising in his native parish of Croom.

J. H. POWER, B.A., paid us a short visit in September. He has since passed his second medical examination, R.U.I.

WILLIE IRWIN has passed Second Arts.

The reports of the death of PAUL STEPHENSON, which we referred to in our last number, were, we are glad to say, quite unfounded. He is serving in Thornycroft's Horse in South Africa.

We regret our information concerning most of our past lay boys is so meagre and so disjointed. We hope, in future numbers, to have collected more items of news. In the meantime we shall be extremely grateful to those who send us information concerning themselves or others.

The following notes, culled from some interesting jottings, very kindly placed at our disposal by one recently returned from the United States, will, we believe, be of great interest:—

NOTES OF A JOURNEY.—Some months ago, I happened to be in San Francisco. Providence so ordered that I should unexpectedly meet one to whom Mungret College, and many of its past students, owe a great deal. If those who have known Fr. René

heard from his lips an account of his labours, they would certainly confess that he never preached anything which he does not now practise.

A little item of his last year's trip to the Yukon will give some idea of his work. Having finished the visitation of the various missionary stations along that river, he was waiting at a certain place for the steamer, which was to take him to Juneau. But the steamer was not coming,—and winter was approaching. Delay was becoming dangerous, for at any moment the river might be blocked by the ice. At length, he started with two Indians in a little canoe on his journey of 300 or 400 miles. After a few days a storm arose. The river, which at that place has the appearance of an inland sea, was lashed to fury. The Indians became terrified, and in spite of the father's promises and prayers insisted in making for the shore. There they deserted him. In can be imagined what a night he spent, all alone and exposed

Indians of the Rocky Mountains, with that unconscious simplicity and vigour which are marks of the true missionary.

I had to travel into the heart of the great state of Nebraska before coming across the next Mungret man.—Fr. B. Galvin has his headquarters in the little prairie town of Alliance, but, according to his own account, his ministrations extend over an area limitless in extent. He holds himself in readiness, he went on to say, at all hours to travel as best he can, by rail, by buggy, or on bicycle, hundreds of miles in any direction at the call of duty. His friends, however, may be glad to know that this painful prospect of work does not damp his spirits or effect any perceptible change in outward appearances.

At Denver, Colorado,—the Queen City of the Plains,—I met three Mungret men, Fr. Lonergan, S.J., Mr. C. McDonnell, S.J., and Mr. J. Murray, S.J. There is great work to be done among the rising



REV. PATRICK M'COOLEY.

REV. PATRICK LEO, C.S.S.R.

REV. TIMOTHY JOYCE, ADM.

to the mercy of an Arctic storm. In the morning he chanced to see an old Canadian, who, for a goodly sum, agreed to make an attempt to continue the journey. The storm still raged, and it required all the skill of the old frontiersman to keep the little shell above water. Fr. René told me of tricks unknown to boatmen in more favoured climes, but I have not space here to mention them. The storm had not yet abated when they arrived, stiff and drenched, at their journey's end.

But Fr. René, in spite of his labours, keeps up a lively remembrance of all who were under him in former time. It was touching to hear him asking for news about those far and near, nobody was passed over; the welfare of all was yet dear to him.

At Spokane, Mont., Mr. P. Moloney, S.J., gave me a hearty welcome. He told me of his work among the

generation of this great state. All they wanted, they said, to make the Church and Catholic influence dominant among a people eager for the faith, was a greater supply of good priests; and for lack of these, many in whose veins flows the blood of martyrs are losing, or have lost, the precious heritage they brought with them from Ireland.

It seemed strange to them, as it seems to me now, that Mungret does not come to the rescue, that some could not be found there yearly to undertake to preserve the faith among the Irish Catholic millions of the great West. And many think, not without cause, that this work constitutes the almost sole *raison d'être* of the institution that has risen so wonderfully under the shadow of the inspiring ruins on the banks of the Shannon.



VARIA.

ON the 6th of June we had the pleasure of welcoming Rev. Fr. Ronan, S.J., back again to Mungret. After an absence of fourteen years, he has come to spend, we hope, the autumn of his life in the College which owes him so much. He had been living for some years past in the South of France, recruiting from the effects of over work and worry, but now we are glad to say he looks quite strong and vigorous.

We sincerely wish Fr. Ronan many long years of merit and usefulness. We congratulate him on the prosperity of the cause for which he laboured so devotedly. His was a work, not of to-day, nor of to-morrow, but for all time. Rev. Fr. Rector granted a play-day on the occasion of his arrival.

REV. FR. T. GUINEE, S.J., after a residence of ten years in Mungret, during the last six of which he was Prefect of Studies, has this year been called away, and is now Prefect of Studies in St. Ignatius College, Galway.

REV. FR. CHARLES WALSH, S.J., so long a familiar feature in Mungret, whose kindly smile and gentle word many of our past students will remember well, has left us too. In the first number of our Annual we told of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission into the Society. On Sunday, October 20th of this year, during the boys' second Mass, he was called away by the Great Master. Rev. Fr. Head, who said the nine o'clock Mass, preached to the boys after the Gospel on the Particular Judgment. Immediately after the sermon he received and conveyed to the boys the quite unexpected news of Fr. Walsh's death. On the following Tuesday we bore his mortal remains to be laid to rest in the little cemetery at the end of the walk. R.I.P.

REV. MR. MCKENNA, S.J.; REV. MR. MACERLEAN, S.J.; REV. MR. CORCORAN, S.J.; and REV. MR. CONNOLLY, S.J. have also left us, the two former to commence their Theological studies at Milltown Park, Dublin, Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Connolly to teach at Belvedere College, Dublin.

UNIVERSITY RESULTS.—In the University Examinations Mungret still holds a leading place amongst the Colleges of Ireland.

The lists of the Passes in the recent Summer Examinations are as follows:—

In the Examination for the B.A. DEGREE, Four sent in. ALL PASSED—Edmund J. O'Neill, William V. Doherty, James Shiel, John Carey.

In SECOND ARTS, Five sent in. Four passed—Honours Course—Patrick O'Kane, James Barry, George Barry, Joseph Corr.

In FIRST ARTS, Eleven Passed—Honours Course—Richard Hartigan, Daniel Sheehan, Charles Piler, Timothy Buckley, James Curran.

Pass Course—Gerald Fitzgerald, Patrick Treacy, James Gannon, Morgan Lane, Murty Shiel, Percy Stanley.

In MATRICULATION, Eighteen passed—Honours Course—Michael McGing, Edward Stephenson, John Cullen, John Croke, Martin Croke, John Delaney, Richard Judge, Patrick O'Callaghan.

Pass Course—Richard Conolly, Patrick Hogan, Stephen Hayes, Thomas Pegum, Bernard Treacy, Peter McCartney, George Kilbride, John Lyne, Patrick Power, Thomas Sheehy.

In the Autumn Examinations, Cornelius Halpin and Willie Fitzgibbon passed the First Arts.

THE PROGRAMME OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE has been this year slightly remodelled, and the time assigned for its study has been increased. The following is a copy of the printed programme as it now stands:—

DIVISION I.

B.A. Class: Second Arts: First Arts: Honours Matriculation.

Christmas Term.

1. Maynooth Catechism: Words of the Text and Exposition of the Doctrine (cc. 1-XVII). Manner of Serving at Mass.
2. Fander's Catechism: Part II; The Commandments (pp. 101-139).
3. Church History: The Fall of Constantinople to the End of the 17th Century (Manual, cc. VII-IX).

Summer Term.

1. Maynooth Catechism (cc. XVIII-XXX). Manner of Serving at Mass.
2. Fander's Catechism: Part II; The Commandments (pp. 139-187).
3. Church History: Jansenism to the Beginning of the 19th Century (Manual, cc. X-XII).

DIVISION II.

Pass Matriculation and I Grammar.

Christmas Term.

1. Maynooth Catechism: Words of the Text and Less Minute Exposition of the Doctrine (cc. 1-XVII). Manner of Serving at Mass.
2. Fander's Catechism: Part III; Grace in General; Baptism; Confirmation; Holy Eucharist (pp. 188-228).
3. Church History: Foundation of the Church to Constantine (Manual, pp. 1-44).

Summer Term.

1. Maynooth Catechism (cc. XVIII-XXX). Manner of Serving at Mass.
2. Fander's Catechism: Part III; Penance; Indulgences; Extreme Unction; Holy Orders; Matrimony; Sacramentals; Prayer; Ceremonies of the Church (pp. 229-282).
3. Church History: Constantine to the Fall of the Western Empire (Manual, pp. 47-92).

DIVISION III.

II. and III. Grammar.

Christmas Term.

1. Maynooth Catechism: Words of the Text and Simpler Explanations (cc. 1-XVII). Manner of Serving at Mass.
2. Nature of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, and the Manner of Receiving them; Prayer. (Professor's Explanations.)
3. Bible History: History of the Old Testament.

Summer Term.

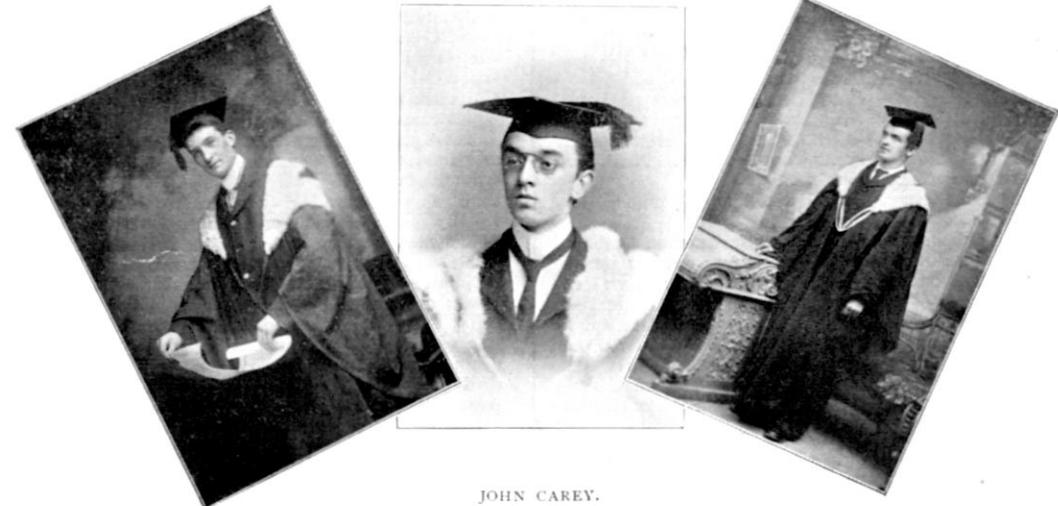
1. Maynooth Catechism (cc. XVIII-XXX). Manner of Serving at Mass.
2. The Commandments: Sin (Professor's Explanations).
3. Bible History: History of the New Testament.

In Division I. the programme is identical for Apostolic Students and Lay-boys.

Division II. of the Apostolics includes Pass-Matriculation and the Grammar Classes. The programme is:—
(1) Maynooth Catechism, etc., and Fander's Catechism

James Clifford, we regret to say, is unable to resume his studies owing to ill-health, and is still at home. Joe Heelan we hope soon to see amongst us again. Con Halpin, Dan Sheahan, F. McCarthy, and John Lyne are attending Medical lectures, the two first in University College, Dublin; Frank McCarthy at Queen's College, in his native city; and John Lyne in the College of Surgeons. John McCarthy, who had last year passed the Solicitor's preliminary examination, has begun his apprenticeship with his father in Sligo. Michael Power has entered St. Patrick's College, Thurles, to study for the priesthood. Eddie Stephenson is attending lectures in University College, Dublin.

Of the Apostolics of the B.A. Class of last year James Shiel has entered the noviceship of the Society of Jesus at Roehampton. John Carey and Willie Kennedy have begun theology at All Hallows', Dublin. Frank Hartin left Ireland for the Western Continent in October, but we have not yet heard in what college there he is to complete his ecclesiastical studies.



EDDIE O'NEILL.

JOHN CAREY.

JAMES SHIEL.

SOME OF OUR GRADUATES OF 1901.

as prescribed for Division II. above. (2) Bible History, as prescribed for Division III. above.

The Maynooth Catechism for all Divisions is taught daily in Class before Latin Lesson. The other portions of the programme are for the Sunday Classes.

REGULATIONS.

Valuable Book Prizes will be awarded for First and Second place in each Division of both Lay-boys and Apostolics on the combined results of the Examinations to be held at Christmas, 1901, and May, 1902.

Those who do not pass will be disqualified for the receiving of any prize in any other class, and will besides have to appear before the Rector for further examination.

The standard for a pass in all Divisions will be 50 per cent. on the Maynooth Catechism, and 25 per cent. on the examination generally.

BOYS OF LAST YEAR.—Eddie O'Neill, our popular and efficient captain of last year, who for some time had filled so large a space in the college life, did not return this year. After six years in Mungret, having read a brilliant University course, he this year got his degree, though still little over 18 years: a record, we believe, in the history of the college. He is now at his father's business in Kinsale. We wish him every happiness and success.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.—We shall miss not a little Rev. Fr. Guinee's spicy and interesting papers read at the distribution of prizes each year. They always served to brighten up an occasion which for many has something about it particularly sad and solemn, being the eve of a parting from many loved associations. In the report of last June Fr. Guinee mentioned amongst other items of importance that the best results of last year's work were not likely to appear in the University Examinations of that year, as the most promising class was not yet going in.

Rev. Fr. Rector afterwards congratulated all on the spirit of work manifested during the year, and still more warmly on the spirit of genuine piety among the boys, which he said he never saw exceeded and rarely equalled in his long experience of college life. He specially congratulated Eddie O'Neill on his obtaining the Catechism prize, which, he said, "is very rarely won by the boy who is peculiarly brilliant in the ordinary classes, and still more rarely by one who is the leader in the games." He added how pleased he was to bestow the prize, and with it his heartiest congratulations, on one "who had shown himself so good a captain and so good a boy."

The prizes were distributed as follows:—

FIRST OF GRAMMAR.

Catechism.—First—Eddie Stephenson.

Second—Willie Moran.

First in Class—James Flynn.

First in Latin—James Flynn.

First in French—Daniel Dooley.

First in English—Denis Morris.

First in Mathematics—Philip O'Neill.

Prize for Progress—James Crowley.

Prize for Diligence—Charles Casey.

SECOND OF GRAMMAR.

Catechism (II and III of Grammar)—Michael O'Donnell.

First in Class—Tim Gallivan.

First in Latin—Gerald McCarthy.

First in English—James D'Arcy.

First in French—Joseph Leahy.

First in Mathematics—Tim Gallivan.

Prize for Progress—Jerry O'Brien.

Prize for Diligence—Edgar Curr.

THIRD OF GRAMMAR.

First in Class—John Healy.

First in Latin—John Healy.

First in English—John Pegum.

First in French—Robert O'Connell.

First in Mathematics—John Pegum.

Prize for Progress—Charles Sharry.

Prize for Diligence—Finton Sweeney.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

In the Senior Lay Division, Rev. Fr. Rector's prize for Religious knowledge was won by Eddie O'Neill, for the third time in succession.

James Shiel secured the coveted trophy among the Apostolics.

Patrick O'Kane was awarded the Declamation Prize.

JUST before the Christmas vacation we were honoured by a visit from our new Father Provincial, Very Rev. Fr. Jas. Murphy, S.J. The remembrance of the night when he announced to us his intention of prolonging our Christmas vacation for a week will long remain fresh in the minds of most of us. The greatness and unexpectedness of the boon caused quite an uproar of joy and jubilation. The boys take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks to Rev. Fr. Provincial for his many acts of goodwill towards them during the year.

REV. FR. VINCENT BYRNE, S.J., has been appointed a member of the missionary staff of the Jesuit Fathers in Ireland. We confidently hope that his great gifts as a preacher will enable him to do immense good; for which now so wide a field is opened to him. We look forward to a visit from Father Byrne very soon.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Many improvements were effected in the house last summer. New and improved ventilators have been put up in the dormitories. The infirmary has been connected with the main part of the building by a short corridor running through the old Physics classroom and engine-room. Natural Philosophy is now taught in the classroom on the upper corridor known as No. 9, to which all the instruments, etc., have been transferred. This is gradually being fitted out with all the appurtenances for philosophy experiments. The little Community Chapel has been enlarged by the addition of the boys' former magazine room; a lamp-room has been built; the kitchen premises have been enlarged; and the sewerage system over the whole house thoroughly overhauled and improved.

The order of time has been this year considerably changed. Morning studies before breakfast are abolished, and instead of six o'clock the regular time for rising is at 6.55. Night studies and spiritual reading are continued to 10 p.m. The time of sleep for Apostolics has been extended by 25 minutes, and recreation for all by a quarter of an hour.

IRISH.—At the beginning of the present year an increased appreciation of all things Irish manifested itself in the College. The teaching of Irish, which was begun last year under so competent a master, has made progress, and is now taught to the boys of all the classes. Irish history is also receiving more special attention.

On the playground, too, the same spirit is manifesting itself: Rev. Fr. Connell has introduced the *camán*, and, notwithstanding many difficulties, has succeeded in establishing amongst the boys this, the prince of all athletic exercises. We sincerely hope that all will co-operate in keeping up the enthusiasm, which is essential to the success of a new game.

BROTHER CARTER, S.J., so familiar to most of our past students, having been in Mungret since '87, and having filled during a considerable portion of that time the responsible post of infirmarian, left us last May, and is now in St. Stanislaus College, Tullamore. Brother Rickaby, S.J., replaces Brother Carter as infirmarian.

Brother Dempsey, S.J., and Brother Campbell, S.J., have also gone, the latter to Crescent College, Limerick, and Brother Dempsey to Clongowes Wood College.

CHRISTMAS VACATION last year was spent very pleasantly and happily by the Apostolics, all of whom remain in the College during the Christmas holidays. There was the usual decorating of the house before Christmas, and the usual concerts full of life and pleasantry. After Christmas the boys had some very successful paper-chases, which caused immense excitement.

These paper-chases were organized in a peculiar manner, and the system worked admirably. Captains were chosen, who selected each a batch of men. During the chase each captain had to keep his men together, as his claim to the prize could not be considered till the last of his men was in. The hares, besides marking the trail with papers, hid at intervals in the course peculiarly-shaped pieces of tin, numbered and stamped. These the pursuing bodies were supposed to find and bring home. The victorious captain was he whose party had scored the highest number of points. One point was given to a captain for each tin possessed by his party; eight for catching the hares in the course with all his party present; five for being first to the rendezvous with his whole party, and four for being in second; three for being in third, etc.

In the first chase the papers were not spread in sufficient quantities, and most of the pursuers hopelessly lost the trail. The third, which occurred on the last day of the vacation, was a most exciting run and an unqualified success. Willie Kennedy's team secured the prize.

Another rather memorable event of the vacation was our visit to the cinematograph exhibition in Limerick, on January 12th. It belonged to a Scotch company, who boomed a great deal their series of representations of the scenes of the Passion Play of Ober-Amergau. These we thought rather disappointing, but some others of their series were extremely good.

An incident that caused not a little excitement a few days after Christmas was the accidental burning of the Crib in the Church on the morning of the Feast of the Holy Innocents. The Church itself was for a short time in danger, but the buckets of water which soon appeared in willing hands from all sides quickly left the flames quenched, but the Church sadly unfit for the celebration of a great festival.

DEBATES.—Another feature of the Christmas vacation were the debates. There had been among the Apostolics during the previous term, only one debate of much consequence, in which the motion was that "A Republican form of Government is preferable to the Monarchical," and this had not been very satisfactory or successful, owing to the practical difficulty of distinguishing between the monarchical and republican forms, seeing that most

modern governments partake of the nature of both.

The great debate of the vacation was on the motion that "A satisfactory measure of Home Rule is, in present circumstances, more desirable for Ireland than total separation from England." The debate was continued for two sessions, and aroused a good deal of interest, as the Apostolics are at present all of nationalist sympathies. The arguments of the two last speakers opened up new phases of the question, and made a profound impression upon all. The chief of these arguments were—(1) A distinct nationality can be preserved in its entirety without total separation. (2) A satisfactory measure of Home Rule would enable the country to do for itself everything that it could do with complete independence, and would have an element of

In a division the motion was carried amid immense excitement.

In the Lay Boys' Division there were also several most interesting and successful debates during the year under the conduct of Rev. Mr. Corcoran, S.J. The most important and successful of these occurred after the Christmas term on the motion that the "Young Irelanders were justified in seceding from O'Connell." E. O'Neill defended the Young Irelanders, on the grounds that O'Connell was at this time in a state of senile decay; that his policy was weak, vacillating, and shaped at this period not by himself, but by his incompetent son; and that no progress was being made towards Repeal, notwithstanding the immense and overwhelming power of the agitation which O'Connell's own genius had aroused.



[MacMahon, Limerick

Photo by]

REV. L. POTTER, S.J. T. SHEEHY. B. TRACY. H. KENNY. G. FITZGERALD. J. COLGAN. M. SHEEHAN. T. DILLON. REV. J. CASEY, S.J.
J. BUTLER. J. O'NEILL. P. O'KANE (Capt.) J. O'DWYER.
R. O'CONNELL. G. KILBRIDE. R. FITZGERALD. T. CORCORAN. R. HARTIGAN. F. TRACY

HURLING TEAM, 1901-1902.

stability which the latter would want. (3) The transition from the present state of dependency to complete autonomy would be too sudden, and in the present unsatisfactory state of Catholic education would jeopardise, in vital points, the interests of the Church. (4) It would be dangerous in the present crisis to draw off the attention of the country from a struggle in which more vital and far-reaching issues are at stake, viz., the saving from destruction the last vestiges of our language and literature, without which a distinct nationality is impossible, and which, if lost now, can never be regained. (5) The best and wisest in the country, including the Hierarchy and clergy, seem to be almost all in favour of Home Rule, and out of touch with the more extreme party.

P. O'Kane was leader of the opposition. He and his supporters briefly rehearsed O'Connell's unparalleled services; his unsparing labours for the cause of Ireland; the magic influence of his genius over the minds of his countrymen; and his staunch Catholic instinct, of which the Young Irelanders so often fell foul. They showed the dangers to Catholicity which lay lurking in much of the Young Ireland policy, albeit supported by such high-minded patriots as Davis and O'Brien: for Davis, with all his genius, never sounded fully the mind and the ideals of a nation round the very fibres of whose being Catholicity had so inextricably entwined itself. "In fact, was not the young Ireland policy," said they, "with all its high ideals of nationhood, its generous enthusiasm

its genius, and its poetry, was it not tinged throughout with a spirit born of Trinity College, which through the whole course of its history has never once grasped or appreciated Irish ideals." The motion was negated by a large majority.

BROTHER McEVOY, S.J.—On Sunday, February 3rd, occurred a very touching and memorable service—the funeral of Brother McEvoy, S.J., of the Crescent College, Limerick. None of the boys knew Brother McEvoy, but he had worked at Mungret during the years '88-'91, and the tradition of his extraordinary piety and of the austerity of his daily life were not quite extinct. Rev. Fr. Guinee, S.J., who preached that Sunday morning spoke of him at length. He held up before the boys that high example of a humble life of labour and detachment, now rewarded with eternal rest and all the riches of God.

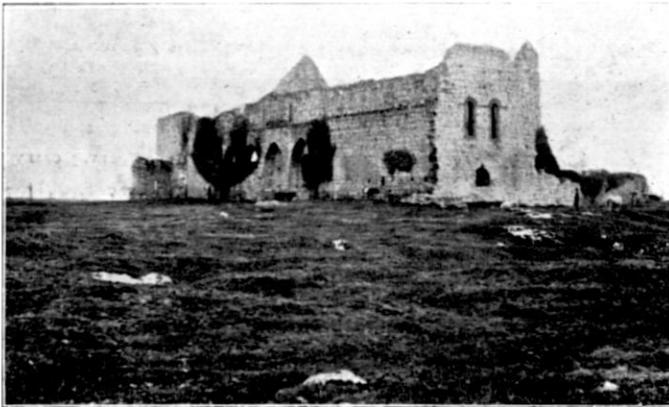
The funeral arrived from Limerick at 10-30 a.m., and the hearse halted at the end of the black walk nearest the College. From there the coffin was borne to the little cemetery by the senior boys, who were anxious and delighted to perform such a touching service.

The same sad ceremonial was repeated in October, when we conveyed to the same quiet resting-place the last remains of Fr. Charles Walsh, S.J., to whose death we alluded before, and of whom a sketch is given elsewhere.

In the procession junior Lay Boys came immediately after the cross-bearer and acolytes, then the senior Lay Boys, next Apostolics, followed by the choir, then the clergy vested in surplice, and bearing lighted candles; lastly the coffin, followed by some senior boys and the Lay Brothers. The boys walked in twos during the procession, the *Dies Irae* was sung by the choir, and the beads recited aloud by the boys of each division. The *Benedictus* also was sung at the grave.

WALKS AND EXCURSIONS.—Last year long walks were luxuries seldom indulged in by the Senior Lay Boys. How different from the days when our race of giants prided themselves on their walking powers! This year, however, there are unmistakable signs of a renaissance.

On the October play-day a party of some twelve Lay Boys, with two members of the Community, set out at 9-50 a.m. for a cross-country run to Tory Hill. We all arrived there in good time. We took our lunch on the hill, chatting over the fate of the last ill-starred Earl of



MANISTER ABBEY.

Desmond, who had from that very spot witnessed the final overthrow of the Desmond power in the battle of Manister, which he watched from Tory Hill. From Tory Hill Knockfierna seems temptingly near, rising abruptly

from the midst of the great Munster plain. We much regretted not having started earlier, as we thought we could easily have reached it, and thus performed a feat hitherto unapproached in the history of Mungret walks.



KILKEE.

More moderate cross-country runs have been since then quite common on half-evenings, when the ground or weather made hurling or football impossible.

A large party of the Senior Lay Boys visited Lord Limerick's residence, Dromore Castle, on the November play-day.

A walk to Manister on the October play-day is becoming an institution with the Senior Apostolics, since the day when the shower interrupted Patt Turner's memorable reverie, as he "stood on his lofty perch" on Manister's ivy-covered wall. The record of that same reverie, printed in *The Annual* of '99, has given the place a peculiar interest for us.

On the February play-day the Senior Apostolics opened up a new region in an interesting walk to Carass, a beautiful spot on the River Maigue, more than a mile north-west of Croom, and the property of Sir David Roche.

The owner, whom they met, kindly invited them to see his beautiful, historic gardens, first laid out in the time of Charles II. of England, and retaining still much of their old beauty. They did not reach that day the celebrated round tower of Dysert Aengus (one of the very oldest in Ireland), which is less than two miles further on—a feat we hope to see accomplished in the near future.

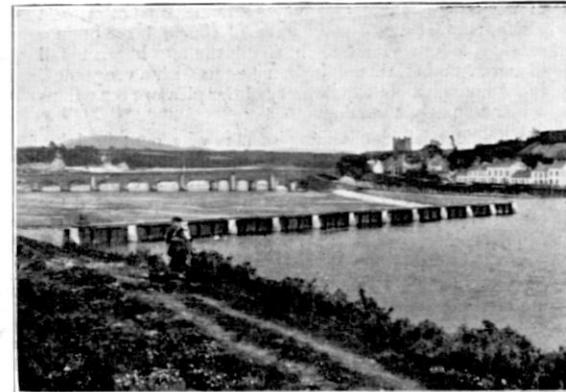
On the May play-day again the Senior Apostolics, under a broiling sun, set out to visit the camp on the Cratloe Hills. Most reached their destination, and all, we are pleased to state, returned to Mungret alive.

Perhaps the most enjoyable and successful walk of the year was the one to Doonass on a clear, crisp day of last November. Not quite a dozen reached St. Senan's Well, and we fear that fatigue damped the fervour of their devotion at that celebrated shrine. We give elsewhere the pretty photograph taken on that memorable occasion by Jack

McGrath, who met them at the well with his camera.

Adare, "the loveliest village of the plain," whose peaceful and sombre loveliness seems never to pall; Castle Troy, on the edge of the Shannon above Limerick, with

its splendid scenery of mountain, wood and river; Friarstown, Dromore Castle, were all in turn visited by the junior Apostolics last year—a record year, we suspect, in the number and excellence of the walks taken.



KILLALOE.

On Sunday, June 9th, the Honours-men had their excursion, in the form of a trip to Kilkee. It was a most enjoyable day, and the members of the party wish to tender their best thanks to Rev. Fr. Rector for his kindness on the occasion.

On Monday, 10th June,—the eve of the First University Examinations—the members of that class had a very enjoyable excursion to Castleconnell. A swim in the Shannon and a lounge amid the beautiful scenery of Doonass refreshed them mentally and physically for the eventful struggle on the morrow.

The Choir had their annual excursion this year on Wednesday, November 20th. They took train to Adare, accompanied by Rev. Fr. Connell, S.J., and had an extremely pleasant day.

VISITORS.—In the beginning of May, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial paid his customary annual visit to the College and granted the usual play-day. His earnest, practical address to the Sodality made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers.

Most Rev. Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Wilcania, Australia, paid a short visit to the College in February.

During the Christmas vacation Rev. Fr. H. Browne, S.J., visited the College. He again very kindly exhibited an interesting series of lantern slides, which afforded the boys a pleasant evening's entertainment.

Rev. Fr. Patrick Kane, S.J., so well known to most of our past students, dined at the College towards the end of November. He has recently returned from Cairo, whither he had been sent, partly to recruit his health, partly to teach English, and act as chaplain to the English troops. His health, we are glad to say, is much improved, and he has brought back immense stores of most interesting information concerning his experiences in Egypt and in the Holy Land. We hope to have an interesting sketch from Father Kane in our next number.

Rev. Wm. Bradley, of the diocese of Lincoln, Neb., who had been taking a much-needed rest with his relatives in Oxford, paid a short visit to his old *Alma Mater* last June, before returning to Nebraska. He remained about a week. Needless to say all were delighted to see and welcome Fr. Bradley, who was already, under the title of "Cecil Broadmead," quite familiar to us from the pages of the *MUNGRET ANNUAL*.

We were sorry that the Rev. John Kelly, who visited Mungret early in September, was unable to remain with us longer than a few days. He managed, however, to steep himself pretty thoroughly in old recollections, and renew many old acquaintances. The kind thoughtfulness which prompted Fr. Kelly, before leaving America, to procure a suitable present for some of the faithful old dependents of the College, whom he knew here as a boy, deserve to be recorded in letters of gold. His generous yearly subsidy to the *MUNGRET ANNUAL* funds have placed under a great obligation all who take an interest in the magazine, and bears unmistakable witness to a loyal and generous heart.

Rev. Fr. William Hughes, and Fr. Joseph Carroll also brought us, in June, their priestly blessings after their recent ordination, and remained some days in the *Alma Mater*. Both came again before leaving Ireland for their different missions.

Rev. Mr. Thomas Galvin, S.J., of the Province of Colorado, remained some days at his old *Alma Mater* in September, on his way to St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, whither he was going for his Theological studies.

J. D. Lynam, Esq., I.N.S., so well known to all our past students of the early years, paid a short visit to the College last June, accompanied by Mrs. Lynam. He has been for many years Inspector of National Schools, and lives in Templemore, Co. Tipperary. Mr. Lynam's affectionate remembrance of all his former pupils in Mungret is refreshing, and almost pathetic. We believe we are sure of our assertion when we say that his kindness, gentleness, and other sterling qualities as a teacher and as a man, have made an impression on the minds of all, or most of those pupils, which after a lapse of some seventeen years is still strong and fresh.

Early in September James Shiel, B.A., paid us a short visit before leaving Ireland for the Jesuit Novitiate, Southampton.

John H. Power, B.A., paid a short visit to Mungret in August. He is evidently doing very well in his medical studies in Cork.

Eddie O'Neill and Joe Heelan spent a pleasant week in the College towards the end of October. They did a good deal during their short stay to help on the games for which they had done so much last year. Both were enthusiastic about the hurling, and got up some good matches in the senior club. Joe has since sent us



BUNRATTY CASTLE.

some first-class balls, and helped us in many ways in the organizing of the game.

Patt Clohessy called to see and say good-bye to his old friends, before leaving Ireland for Colorado last October.

His stay in the Newcastle Sanatorium Co. Wicklow, seems to have quite cured him of the lung affection. He intends to do his philosophical studies for the priesthood in Sacred Heart College, Denver, Colorado.

J. Moroney and Tom Brien both visited Mungret in October. Neither, we are sorry to say, is yet able to resume study. We hope, however, that both will be soon hale and hearty again.

SUMMER VACATION.—Those of us who remained in the College for the summer vacation had this year a more than usually pleasant and lively time. The excursions, always one of the great features of the vacation, were as pleasant and as exciting as usual; and this year there were very many novel features, all conspiring to make the vacation full of extremely pleasant memories.

Our first Excursion this year was quite a venturesome one, no less than to Galway City—the most distant point, we believe, yet reached in a Mungret excursion. For days before we had stormed Heaven for a fine day, and the day turned out as bright and glorious as we could have desired. The journey in the train occupied three hours. We visited a lot of churches on our way to the Salmon Weir, where we gazed with astonishment at the hundreds of stately salmon facing motionless and solemn up against the rapid current of the Corrib. The Warden's house was visited, and in the Claddagh some of us listened wistfully to the musical tones of the Gaelic, now, alas! too little heard even there. Dinner was prepared for us at St. Ignatius College of the Jesuit Fathers where, too, we were delighted to meet some old friends.

Dinner over, we started for the sea. With what delight we gazed for the first time on the wide expanse of the far-famed Galway Bay, the sun now dancing brightly upon its waters and lighting up the hills on the opposite side! And how we did enjoy the dips (some of us bathed nearly half-a-dozen times that day) in the clear sparkling brine of the Atlantic! We found supper waiting for us at St. Ignatius', and then a race to catch the train at 7 p.m. The journey home was lively and pleasant, needless to say; for we had reserved carriages, plenty to talk about, and spirits at boiling point. Nor did Rev. Fr. McDonnell, who was with us, allow us to forget that we also had each our Rosary beads.

The Excursion to Bunratty, in canoes, now a time-honoured institution, came off as usual; and some of us, whose first experience of seafaring it was, are not likely to forget it to our dying day.

Father McDonnell's boat led the way and many of us soon began to be secretly but very really grateful that we had recited, as usual, before pulling off from the bank, the Litany of Loretto for a safe voyage. Once clear of Tervoe woods and out into the open expanse of the river, a stiff breeze blew in our teeth, and as we rowed with the tide we had of course to encounter the inevitable swells.

The present writer was in the largest boat, and felt safe and comfortable enough, except that occasionally the crest of a breaker might cause a flutter in our dovecote by tumbling in over the gunwale; but looking at Rev. Mr. Casey's boat, which was some distance in our rear, he often felt dreadfully uneasy, and when it would seem at one moment almost to stand erect on its stern, and the next to dive headforemost, apparently under the billow, and then to dance lightly on its crest, he felt constrained to pray fervently that Mr. Casey (who, by the way, is a splendid seaman and was all the time hugely enjoying the fun) might bring in all his crew, and if possible his boat, safely to Pilot Island. So eventually he did; and of course he and Willie O'Doherty (another seafaring man) opened

their eyes in astonishment on learning that they had gone through an adventure, and were in danger of going to the bottom with their crews!

We lunched on Pilot Island, and a goodly party went then with Father McDonnell to explore the imposing pile of Bunratty Castle. Our voyage home was calm, and violin, mandolin and song were of course brought into play. Before we reached the Creek the rain began to fall in torrents; but, though it drenched us with a vengeance, it did not wash out the memory of the pleasant sensations of our Bunratty excursion.

Killaloe, with its charming scenery of mountain, lake, and forest, was the bourne of our Third Excursion. Two large drags carried our whole party, but the rain—the arch-damper of our Mungret holidays—prevented the excursion being an unqualified success.

The daily swim at the Creek went on as usual. A new feature, however, was added this year in the shape of Aquatic Sports. These lasted two days and were a great success. A special prize was given to Willie O'Doherty for his magnificent long dive of 36 seconds' duration.

Baseball was introduced this year as a vacation game, and created for a time a great *furor*. We hope that this and the lessons in Fencing and Single Stick, the Handball Tournament, the Lessons in the Tonic-Sol-Fa, and, finally, the frequently recurring Open-air Concerts, all of which were most enjoyable features of last summer's vacation, have come to stay. Most of these items bring with them solid and permanent utility and all materially tended to make last summer's vacation one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable on Mungret record.

JUBILEE PROCESSIONS.—During Holy week and Easter week the boys of both divisions, under the conduct of Rev. Fr. Joseph MacDonnell, S.J., and accompanied by most of the Fathers of the Community, went in procession to Raheen Church to pay the prescribed visits for the Jubilee. They recited the beads aloud on their way to the church.

Few cities in Christendom could, we believe, show such an imposing spectacle as might be seen in Limerick on Sunday, May 19th, the day of the closing Jubilee Procession of the great Confraternity of the Holy Family. The Senior Apostolics and some of the Lay Boys went to witness it. It was magnificent beyond description, worthy of Limerick's best traditions. Probably about 8,000 men took part in the procession, and the streets were lined with thousands of spectators. The sacred images borne along at intervals, the flags and banners waving in the summer breeze, the music and hymns sung by so many thousands of persons, and the mighty prayer sent up by such a multitude of voices, all served to heighten the solemnity of the occasion; and as we stood to witness it, thoughts came rushing in upon us: thoughts of Ireland's real greatness—Faithful and true, amid all the storms of persecution, faithful and true she still remains.

More than two centuries have passed since an historic and ever-memorable procession passed through Limerick's streets, when after the battle of Benburb the citizens and Irish garrison of Limerick accompanied Rinnucini and the most eminent ecclesiastics of Ireland in procession to St. Mary's Cathedral, bearing the spoils and trophies won in the great Owen's almost bloodless victory. Ireland has passed through an ordeal almost unexampled in history since the great-souled Catholic champion was laid to rest at Cloughoughter. But, witnessing the display of May 19th, we confidently did say "her story is not ended." A leader of the Catholic Irish would have a nation at his back still, as truly Celtic and as truly Catholic as ever responded to the call of the chivalrous O'Neill.

REV. FR. DENIS MURPHY, S.J., preached this year the panegyric on St. Patrick. The sermon was eloquent and practical. Father Murphy has himself since then been called to a work requiring no small measure of Apostolic zeal. He went last September to the mission in Ceylon.

THE Apostolics' Retreat was this year conducted by Rev. Fr. Ronan, S.J., and that of the Lay Boys by Rev. Fr. Jeffcoat, S.J.

REV. MR. TIGHE, S.J., we are glad to say, seems to have fully regained all or most of his old healthy

REV. FR. FORRISTAL, S.J., so well known to our students of more recent years, went last September to Milltown Park, Dublin, to lecture on Dogmatic Theology.

LAST October, the senior Lay Boys, including many who had not returned to Mungret this year, sent to Rev. Mr. Corcoran, S.J., at Belvedere College, a splendid gift and a beautifully illuminated address. The address mentioned as the motive of the souvenir their wish to show their appreciation of the deep interest Rev. Mr. Corcoran had shown during his stay in Mungret in all that concerned them.



Photo. by

JUBILEE PROCESSION, LIMERICK, MAY 19TH 1901.

[Bernard, Limerick.]

vigour. He is now at San Luigi, Posillipo, Naples, studying Theology, in immediate preparation for the priesthood.

THOSE of our past students of the nineties who knew Rev. H. Potter, S.J., in Mungret, will be glad to hear of his ordination to the priesthood last July, at Gardiner-st. Church, Dublin. He is now completing his course at L'Ancienne Abbaye, Tronchiennes, Belgique.

FR. CONNELL has taken over charge of the College Choir, and under his attentive care great things may be expected of it in the near future. The post of organist, which was last year filled by Edmund J. O'Neill, is now held by his brother Philip.

LAST winter the heavy rains swelled Lough More to an abnormal size, but, alas! no frost would come to congeal that wide expanse, though all looked forward eagerly to renewing our splendid hockey matches on the ice.



R. M. D. S.

SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

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

- OFFICERS:
- Prefect ... P. O'KANE.
 - Secretary and First Assistant ... G. FITZGERALD.
 - Second Assistant ... J. O'NEILL.
 - Sacristan ... P. TRACY.

As each year rolls by we miss many familiar faces from our Sodality Circle. This year the Sodality has lost among others two of its most prominent members—E. J. O'Neill, who was prefect of the Sodality and captain of the House, and J. Clifford its Secretary. The latter we regret to say is still prevented by ill health from entering an ecclesiastical college for the priesthood, but we hope soon to hear of his complete recovery. Another prominent and very edifying sodalist—P. Heelan, of whom a sketch is given elsewhere in the present number, was called to his reward in May, and is now, we confidently trust, reaping in Mary's company the reward of a true and faithful Child of Mary. Michael Power has entered Thurles College to pursue his studies for the priesthood. Before the Summer holidays thirty-nine boys were members of the Sodality. At the opening of the present year the number diminished to twenty-three.

The following is a list of the members of the Sodality at the close of the scholastic year:—J. O'Neill, C. Halpin, D. Sheehan, R. Hartigan, P. Tracy, H. Kenny, T.

Pegum, P. Heelan, J. Hanratty, M. Power, B. Tracy, T. Keating, A. Colahan, J. Sheil, J. Barry, J. Corr, J. Curran, M. Sheil, J. Carey, T. O'Brien, T. Buckley, J. Moroney, W. O'Doherty, G. Barry, W. Griffin, W. Kennedy, C. Piler, R. Judge, F. Hartin, W. Lenihan, J. Cullen, P. McCartney, R. Timmins, C. Smyth, J. Delaney, A. Carroll.

The members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels were:—H. McDermott, C. Casey, R. Connolly, J. Sheehan, P. O'Neill, A. Curr, M. O'Donnell, D. Hurley, P. O'Connell, J. O'Donnell, H. Moran, J. Leahy, E. Curr, D. Morris, C. Linehan, T. McCarthy, R. O'Connell, J. Butler, J. Pegum, E. Byrne, G. McCarthy, J. Healy, J. D'Arcy, F. Healy, F. Sweeney, J. Hillary.

We are glad to say that devotion to the Sacred Heart is increasing, as is brought home to us by the great number of boys who receive Holy Communion on each First Friday. Special interest is taken in the recipients of the sixth and last Decoration of the Apostleship of Study, and breathless anxiety prevails when Fr. Director is about to make known those on whom the envied distinction is to be conferred. The following are those who at various times during the year received the Sixth Decoration:—P. O'Kane, J. Corr, T. O'Brien, J. Moroney, and M. Sheil.

G. FITZGERALD (2nd Arts),
Sec. Sod. B.V.M.

OUR SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

"Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above."—Pope.

On the evening of St. Francis Xavier's Day we opened the musical and dramatic season with a concert and comediatta. In the concert Eddie O'Neill's beautiful song, "The Holy City," and the "Gens d'Armes," by J. Curran and T. Buckley, were encored again and again.

PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
- OVERTURE....."Fleurs de Mai"..... Sidney Smith
Master Edmund J. O'Neill.
 - SONG....."Sweet Chiming Bells"..... Shattuck
Master Con Halpin.
 - DUET....."Gens d'Armes"..... Offenbach
Masters James Curran and T. Buckley.
 - DANCE.....Jig and Reel.....
Master G. Butler.
 - PIANO SOLO....."Happy Darkies"..... Godfrey
Master P. O'Neill.
 - SONG....."Soldiers of the Queen"..... Stuart
Master T. Buckley.
With the Reply:
"Soldiers of Oom Paul"
Master P. O'Neill.
 - SONG....."The Holy City"..... Adams

- SONG....."Up to Heaven on a Moonbeam"..... Thornton
Master Gerald McCarthy.
- SONG....."The Meeting of the Waters".....
Master P. O'Callaghan.
- GRAND FINALE—"God Bless Mungret".....
Choir.

PART II.

"MAKE YOUR WILLS."

(A Comediatta.)

- Mr. Ireton (a wealthy gentleman,
afflicted with gout and a hot
temper) ... Master E. J. O'Neill
- Charles (his son, an excellent young
man) ... Joe Heelan
- Septimus Plotter (his nephew,
whose character is in keeping
with his name) ... J. Carey
- Process (an Attorney, with an eye
to his own interests) ... G. Barry
- Joseph Brag (a servant to Plotter,
a thorough rascal) ... P. F. O'Kane
- Mrs. Foresight (Ireton's house-
keeper, an honest, outspoken
domestic) ... W. Kennedy

SECOND ENTERTAINMENT,

December 19th, on "The Eve of the Christmas exodus."

Many most pleasant memories centre round the events of this evening. What with the excellent entertainment, the pleasant forecast of the morrow's joys, and the unexpected boon that Very Rev. Fr. Provincial granted us, the boys' happiness seemed to be complete. It was Rev. Fr. Provincial's first visit to Mungret, and we were delighted that he honoured our concert with his presence; and, needless to say, still more so, when at the close of his beautiful and touching address, he told us that he had obtained Rev. Fr. Rector's consent to extend the Christmas holidays for a week in honour of the new Fr. Rector and Fr. Provincial.

It was with considerable regret that we learned that the Apostolics had prepared nothing during the Christmas holidays; the excellent manner in which they had staged and presented "Pancratius," in the previous year had led

of view, left little to be desired, and we all look back on that evening as among the pleasantest of the year.

Two items in the first part of the entertainment failed to give pleasure to the patriotic audience who heard them, but there was a marked absence of the objectionable element in the remainder of the programme. His recitation of "Kissing Cup's race" was splendidly done; his hearers were completely carried away by the deep feeling and passionate energy with which he declaimed it.

FIFTH ENTERTAINMENT.

The concert on the evening of our great Apostle's Feast was the best given by the boys during the season. The programme throughout breathed a genuine air. Its items were well chosen, and in most cases presented with grace and spirit. W. O'Doherty's two pieces were received with tremendous applause; so was James Barry's rendering in Irish of "The Harp that Once." Now that so many in the College are studying our grand old mother tongue, we hope that such songs will be more



Photo by

LAY-BOYS OF PREPARATORY CLASSES, 1901-1902.

[MacMahon, Limerick.]

us to expect great things of them, and so our disappointment was all the greater. We hope, however, we shall not have cause to complain of the same omission next term.

THIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

Shrove Monday.

This concert, as usual, was given by past students of Jesuit Colleges, and we have to thank them all for what was certainly a most delightful evening. Mr. McNamara's song of the "Croppy" deserves special mention. The deep, rich tones of his melodious bass expressed a passion and depth of feeling one seldom meets.

FOURTH ENTERTAINMENT,

Shrove Tuesday.

By Mr. William Lee.

On Shrove Tuesday, by good fortune, we succeeded in securing the services of Mr. William Lee. This gifted artist gave us an entertainment that, from the artistic point

usual than heretofore. Edgar Curr's "The Dear Little Shamrock" was sung very sweetly. Eddie O'Neill appeared before our footlights for the last time in this concert. He sang with great pathos Davis's "Penal Days," and afterwards recited with spirit "The Muster of the North." For more than five years he had contributed much by his brilliant talents and musical accomplishments to the success of our theatricals. Most sincerely we wish him every happiness and success in the life he has chosen.

PROGRAMME.

St. Patrick's Day.

PART I.

- PIANOFORTE DUET.... Irish Airs.....
Masters Edmund J. and P. O'Neill.
- "THE BLIND BEGGARS." — Offenbach
(An Operetta in one Act.)
- Zachariah Morgan } Artful { Master James Barry
Buffles } Mendicants { " T. Buckley

SONG..... "The Memory of the Dead"..... Davis
Master J. Croke.
RECITATION..... "O'Connell".....
Master W. O'Doherty.
SONG..... "The Green Shores of Erin".....
Master J. Curran.
SONG..... "Penal Days"..... Davis
Master Edmund J. O'Neill.
SONG..... "Our Own Little Isle".....
Master T. Buckley.
MANDOLIN SOLO..... "Oh, Breathe not his Name".....
Master P. Killian.
INTERLUDE.
PIANO SOLO..... "St. Patrick's Lancers".....
Master P. O'Neill.

PART II.

SONG..... "Clare's Dragoons".....
Master T. Buckley.
RECITATION..... "The Muster of the North".....
Master Edmund J. O'Neill.
SONG..... "The Harp that Once" (in Irish)..... Moore
Master James Barry.
SONG..... "The West's Asleep".....
Master C. Halpin.
RECITATION..... "A Dream of the Future"..... D. F. McCarthy
Master P. F. O'Kane.
SONG..... "Let Erin Remember".....
Master T. Pegum.

SONG..... "Avenging and Bright"..... Moore
Master M. Hearne.
SONG..... "Dear Little Shamroek".....
Master Edgar Curr.
SONG AND MANDOLIN ACCOMPANIMENT
"Steer my Barque to Erin's Isle".....
Master P. Killian.
SONG..... "Carrigdhoun".....
Master P. O'Neill.
SONG..... "Paddie's Evermore".....
Master J. Croke.
ANTHEM..... "God Bless Mungret".....
The Choir.

The number of improvised concerts in the play-room has considerably increased this year, and on the whole they were very successful. Notably on All Saint's Day both Lay-boys and Apostolics had exceptionally good Divisional concerts. With the Lay-boys the concert was prepared to grace the occasion of the visit of the ex-Captain and Secretary, and it was very successful. At its close Rev. Fr. Connell said a few words in praise of the visitors, and E. O'Neill in responding expressed the regret he felt at parting with his old friends. The Apostolics' concert on that night was one of the best of its kind given for a considerable time.

PATRICK F. O'KANE (B.A. Class).

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

*Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
Neque segni pede victus.—Horace, 3 Od. XII.*

COMMITTEE:

EDMUND J. O'NEILL, *Capt.*
J. A. HEELAN, *Sec.* J. O'DWYER.
J. CLIFFORD. P. PRENDERGAST.
Judge—J. BARRY.
Starter—J. CLIFFORD.
Timekeeper—H. KENNY.

THIS year our Annual Sports were a decided success. Owing to an accident which Rev. Mr. Cohnolly met with some short time previously, Rev. Mr. O'Mahony, S.J., had come from Milltown Park to take charge of the boys; he and the members of the Committee left nothing undone to make the sports an unqualified success.

Easter Sunday broke bright and cheerful, and the playground was soon alive with attractions—Aunt Sally, shooting galleries, roulette, etc. Plenty were found simple enough to part with their pence, and "shop" was besieged by the winners.

"Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day."

And so, perhaps, it was with our worthy Captain, E. O'Neill, on that eventful Sunday night. At any rate, he was wild and unmerciful enough to rouse a half-dozen of us from our warm beds at an unearthly hour on Monday morning to re-erect the large marquee which had been laid prostrate by the storm of Sunday night. We had

things put to rights before six in the morning, and, besides having acquired a huge appetite for breakfast, had the pleasure of relating an adventure, which latter in our Mungret life is a much rarer phenomenon.

The weather was remarkably good on the two days of the Sports. The field was as gay as gay could be, decked out as it was with flags innumerable, marquee, tents, etc., and to crown all, a lofty flag-staff, erected by Rev. Mr. Corcoran, from which waved a large green flag, with embossed harp.

The running was very good all round. In the First Division, Lay Boys, P. Prendergast was *facile princeps*. The times returned, however, for his 100 yards and 220 yards races were called in question, as the chronometer was not believed to be quite accurate; and so we do not put these events on our record list. In the long jump J. A. Heelan acquitted himself very creditably, clearing a distance of 20 ft. 9 ins. He further caused no little wonder by throwing the weight (28 lbs.) the remarkable distance of 35 ft. 4 ins. After the cricket shy, J. Clifford, who did not himself compete, threw the ball 94 yards. In the competitions of the Apostolics James Cantwell secured by far the largest number of events.

A silver medal presented by Eddie O'Neill, our respected Captain, for all-round competition in the First Division, was won by P. Prendergast, who obtained 33 points. In the Second Division R. T. Hartigan secured first place in five events, and second place in another.

The 440 yards in the Third Division Lay Boys was one of the best races of the day, M. Hearne securing first, and P. P. O'Neill second. The last mentioned won the



HIGH JUMP—JOE HEELAN WINS.

high jump. In giving his "exhibition jump," he fell and badly injured his arm. We were glad to see him all right again after a few weeks.

We were unable to get through all the events in two days, so had to defer some to the following Thursday, including the mile championship, won by J. O'Dwyer.

The tug-of-war was very good in the Senior Apostolics. W. V. O'Doherty helped his side not a little towards success, with more than his usual muscular power.

This year we were presented with a number of beautiful prizes, as under. We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to those who so kindly presented them to us.

Valuable Photographic Camera, with twelve plates, presented by Michael O'Dea, Esq., 12 Lorne Terrace, North Circular road, Dublin: not yet finally assigned.

Gladstone Bag, won by P. J. Power, presented by Messrs. O'Connor & Co., 123 George-st.

Electro-plated Entree Dish, won by M. Hearne, presented by Messrs. Cannock & Co., 139 George-st.

Leather Dressing Case, won by P. Killian, presented by Messrs. Cannock & Co., 139 George-st.

Leather Dressing Case, won by P. Prendergast, presented by Messrs. Guy & Co. Ltd., 114 George-st.

A Case of Carvers, won by R. T. Hartigan, presented by Messrs. A. W. Gamage & Co., London.

Silver Watch and Chain, won by J. Lynch, presented by Mrs. L. E. Ryan, 25 George-st.

Aceteleyne Cycle Lamp, won by R. T. Hartigan, presented by A. Nestor, Esq., 28 George-st.

Zither Harp, won by P. Prendergast, presented by Messrs. P. McCarthy & Sons, 38 George-st.

Cycle Lamp, won by J. O'Dwyer, presented by Mrs. M. Peacocke, 66 William-st.

Oak Biscuitaire, won by R. T. Hartigan, presented by Messrs. Goodwin, William-st.

Queen Anne Clock, won by P. P. O'Neill, presented by P. Kelly, Esq., Roche's-st.

A Writing Desk, won by M. Hearne, presented by Mr. Jack McGrath, 30 William-st.

Autograph Cricket Bat, presented by Messrs. Gunn & Moore, Nottingham.

Silver-mounted Fruit Dish, won by P. Prendergast, presented by Michael Egan, Esq., Patrick-st.

Silver Watch, won by J. Flynn, presented by Rev. Fr. Joseph McDonnell, S.J.

We take this opportunity of again thanking Very Rev. Fr. Provincial for the great kindness which prompted him to send a handsome and generous contribution towards our Sports. The act was of a piece with the other instances of thoughtful kindness which we had seen from him during the year.

R. T. HARTIGAN, (2nd Arts.)

Details:—

100 YARDS (h'cap).—Lay Boys.

1st Division—1, P. Prendergast, scratch; 2, W. Kenally, 6 yds.; 3, J. A. Heelan, scratch. Time, 10 3-5 secs.

2nd Division—1, R. T. Hartigan, 2 yds.; 2, J. D'Arcy, 3 yds.; 3, M. Lane, scratch. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

Tie for second place—J. D'Arcy won the toss.
3rd Division—1, M. Hearne, scratch; 2, C. Lenaghan, 4 yds.; 3, J. Mulcahy, 6 yds. Time, 12 1-5 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, P. McCartney, 2 yds.; 2, J. Cantwell, scratch; 3, W. Griffin, 2 yds. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Flynn, 2 yds.; 2, C. Beveridge, 10 yds.; 3, W. Demouey, 15 yds. Time, 12 1-5 secs.

220 YARDS (h'cap).—Lay Boys.

1st Division—1, P. Prendergast, scratch; 2, G. Hogan, 9 yds.; 3, J. A. Heelan, scratch. Time, 24 secs.

2nd Division—1, R. T. Hartigan, 7 yds.; 2, J. D'Arcy, 6 yds.; 3, P. Stanley, 4 yds. Time, 25 secs.



HUNDRED YARDS.

3rd Division—1, M. Hearne, scratch; 2, G. F. McCarthy, 5 yds.; 3, C. Lenaghan, 7 yds. Time, 26 2-5 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, J. Croke, 22 yds.; 2, P. McCartney, 12 yds.; 3, J. Delaney, 9 yds. Time, 24 4-5 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Flynn, 5 yds.; 2, J. Fitzgerald, 10 yds.; 3, J. Cullen, 15 yds. Time, 27 1-5 secs.

120 YARDS HURDLE (h'cap).—*Lay Boys.*

1st Division—1, P. Prendergast, owes 10 yds.; 2, P. J. Power, owes 7 yds.; 3, J. A. Heelan, owes 10 yds. Time, 21 secs.

2nd Division—1, R. T. Hartigan, owes 10 yds.; 2, R. Butler, owes 10 yds.; 3, P. Stanley, owes 10 yds. Time, 22 secs.

3rd Division—Extra Special Race (scratch)—Competitors securing first or second place in any other race excluded—1, J. Hillary; 2, M. O'Donnell.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, W. Griffin, scratch; 2, J. Cantwell, owes 3 yds. Time, 22 4-5 secs.

Juniors—1, J. Flynn, owes 3 yds.; 2, M. O'Keeffe, scratch.

440 YARDS (h'cap).—*Lay Boys.*

1st Division—1, P. Prendergast, scratch; 2, J. A. Heelan, 8 yds.; 3, W. Keneally, 15 yds. Time, 59 secs.

2nd Division—1, R. T. Hartigan, 25 yds.; 2, J. D'Arcy, 12 yds.; 3, M. Lane, scratch. Time, 61 secs.

3rd Division—1, M. Hearne, scratch; 2, P. P. O'Neill, 18 yds.; 3, G. McCarthy, 15 yds. Time, 83 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, P. McCartney, 25 yds.; 2, J. Croke, 25 yds.; 3, W. Griffin, 5 yds. Time, 62 secs.

Juniors—1, P. O'Callaghan, 25 yds.; 2, J. Cullen, 25 yds.; 3, J. Harvey, 30 yds. Time, 68 secs.

LONG JUMP (scratch).—*Lay Boys.*

1st Division—1, J. A. Heelan; 2, P. J. Power; 3, P. Prendergast. Distance, 20 ft. 9 ins.

2nd Division—1, M. Lane; 2, P. Stanley. Distance, 16 ft. 9 1/2 ins.

3rd Division—1, C. Lenaghan; 2, J. Mulcahy. Distance, 14 ft. 9 ins.

Apostolics.

Juniors—1, J. Flynn; 2, J. Fitzgerald. Distance, 15 ft. 4 ins.

HIGH JUMP (scratch).—*Lay Boys.*

1st Division—1, J. A. Heelan; 2, P. J. Power; 3, P. Prendergast. Height, 5 ft. 1/2 in.

2nd Division—1, R. T. Hartigan; 2, J. Gannon. Height, 4 ft. 4 ins.

3rd Division—1, P. P. O'Neill; 2, H. Moran. Height, 4 ft. 1/2 in.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, W. Griffin; 2, R. Judge. Height, 4 ft. 3 1/2 ins.

Juniors—1, P. O'Callaghan; 2, J. Flynn. Height, 4 ft.

880 YARDS (h'cap).—*Lay Boys.*

1st Division—1, P. Prendergast, 25 yds.; 2, P. Power, 25 yards; 3, W. Keneally, 60 yards. Time, 2 min. 17 secs.

2nd Division—1, J. Lynch, 80 yds.; 2, C. Sherry, 70 yds.; 3, R. Connell, 55 yds. Time, 2 min. 23 secs.

3rd Division—1, G. McCarthy, 65 yds.; 2, P. McCarthy, 80 yds.; 3, John Leahy, 110 yds. Time, 2 min. 45 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, J. Cantwell, scratch; 2, P. McCartney, 60 yds.; 3, J. Shiel, 10 yds. Time, 2 min. 28 1/2 secs.

Juniors—1, R. Harris, scratch; 2, P. O'Callaghan, 25 yds.; 3, J. Cullen, 20 yds. Time, 2 min. 42 secs.

THREE-QUARTER MILE RACE (h'cap).—*Lay Boys.*

2nd Division—1, J. Lynch, 85 yds.; 2, R. Hartigan, 100 yds.; 3, J. D'Arcy, 10 yds. Time, 4 min. 6 secs.

1 MILE (h'cap).—*Lay Boys.*

1st Division—1, P. J. Power, 90 yds.; 2, J. O'Dwyer, scratch; 3, P. Prendergast, 100 yds. Time, 5 min. 18 3-5 secs.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, J. Cantwell, scratch; 2, P. McCartney, 80 yds.; 3, W. Griffin, 50 yds. Time, 5 min. 29 1/2 secs.

Juniors—1, P. O'Callaghan, 60 yds.; 2, J. Harvey, 50 yds. Time, 6 min. 10 secs.

SLINGING 28 LBS. (between legs, with follow—h'cap)

Lay Boys.

1st and 2nd Divisions—1, J. A. Heelan, scratch; 2, P. J. Power. Distance, 35 ft. 4 ins.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, W. Kennedy; 2, J. Cantwell. Distance, 32 ft. 9 ins.

Juniors—1, J. O'Brien; 2, C. Smyth. Distance, 22 ft. 8 ins.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.—*Lay Boys.*

1st and 2nd Divisions—1, J. O'Dwyer; 2, W. Keneally. Distance, 82 yds. 1 ft.

Apostolics.

Seniors—1, J. Cantwell; 2, P. Killian. Distance, 84 yds.

Juniors—1, P. O'Callaghan. Distance, 72 yds.

MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Won by J. O'Dwyer.

Consolation Races, Siamese Races, Sack Races, Tug-of-War, etc.

RECORDS.

Last year we gave the College Records—athletic and otherwise—which have been established at various times. Since then another new record has been secured. The following, therefore, is the list of Records as it stands at the end of 1901:—

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.
Slinging 28 lbs. Weight. Dist., 35 ft. 4 in.	J. A. Heelan, 1901.
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.

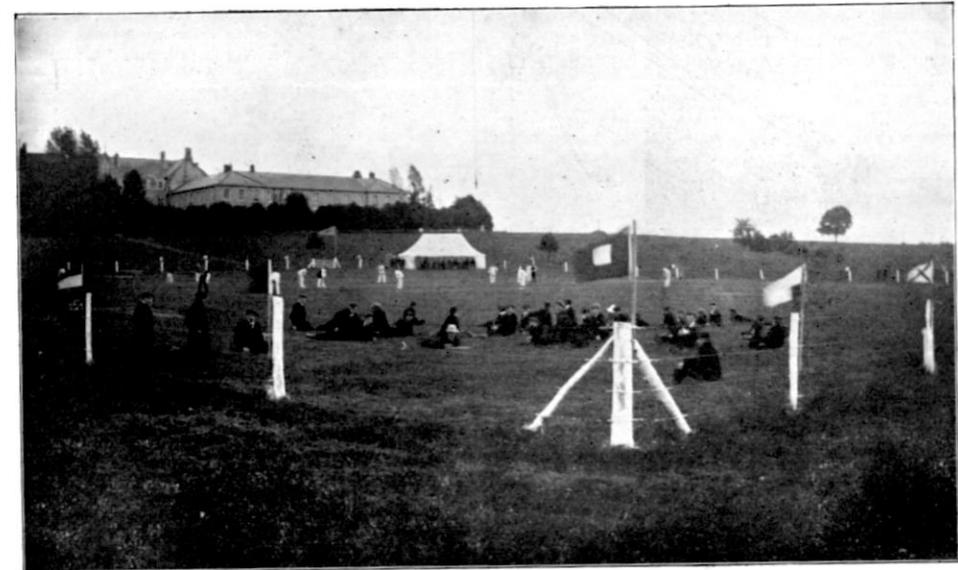


Photo. by

OUT-MATCH, JUNE, 1901.

[MacMahon, Limerick.

CRICKET.

OUR first match this year was played on Sunday, 21st April, in the "Ager Taurinus." Our usual Cricket crease was unfit for use, owing to some heavy rain. Constant practice soon freed us from "rustiness," and our captain found he had good material from which to select his XI.

The second club supplied amongst other efficient players M. Sheehan and P. Stanley. The former, with his brother Dan, were two of the best bowlers we have had for some time. In the batting J. O'Dwyer, E. J. O'Neill, and W. Keneally did much good work. Rev. Mr. Corcoran, S.J., showed up well both in bowling and in batting, though in the latter branch he was this year rather unlucky.

Amongst the Apostolics W. Kennedy and J. Corr were particularly good; bowling found its men in J. Cantwell and R. Judge; and a certain individual who shall be nameless, frequently gave as substantial help to his side as any one could, by a novel method all his own. His stentorian "Come on," and his terrific onslaught, and endeavours to get a run by sheer force of character often saved a seemingly desperate case.

The fact that we had no out-match this year with "Past Students," was a cause for much regret. We sincerely hope, however, that the series of mishaps which caused the disappointment will not recur.

In the first important match among the Lay Boys, viz., Matriculation v. House, the former won a decisive victory. At Whitsuntide we had a rather interesting match, viz., the House XI v. Mr. Corcoran's XI, composed of the community and members of the first and second club. The match occupied the whole of Whit-

Sunday, and was played again on the following Tuesday. Appended are the scores:—

		REV. MR. CORCORAN'S XI.	
		First Day.	
	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	
Rev. Fr. J. McDonnell, S.J., c O'Dwyer, b M. Sheehan	...	o	c Stanley, b M. Sheehan
Rev. Fr. Cahill, S.J., b M. Sheehan	...	10	b M. Sheehan
Rev. W. O'Keeffe, S.J., b D. Sheehan	...	4	b D. Sheehan
Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., c Stanley, b M. Sheehan	...	2	b D. Sheehan
W. V. O'Doherty, b M. Sheehan	...	0	run out
P. Power, b D. Sheehan	...	1	b M. Sheehan
J. Butler, c Keneally, b M. Sheehan	...	1	c O'Dwyer, b M. Sheehan
Jas. Sheehan, c R. Connolly, b D. Sheehan	...	9	c E. J. O'Neill, b M. Sheehan
P. O'Connell, c F. McCarthy, b D. Sheehan	...	0	not out
John O'Neill, b M. Sheehan	...	4	b M. Sheehan
R. O'Connell, not out	...	7	b M. Sheehan
Extras	...	4	Extras
Total	...	42	Total
			...
			37

HOUSE XI.		
First Day.		
1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	
E. J. O'Neill, b Corcoran	1 b O'Keefe	... 1
J. O'Dwyer, b Corcoran	7 played on, b O'Keefe	18
F. A. McCarthy, c P. Power, b O'Keefe	3 b Corcoran	... 1
D. Sheehan, b Corcoran	4 c O'Doherty, b Corcoran	2
P. Stanley, b O'Keefe	0 b Corcoran	... 0
J. Lyne, c P. Power, b O'Keefe	0 b Corcoran	... 3
W. Kenneally, c and b O'Keefe	9 b Corcoran	... 6
M. Sheehan, b Corcoran	0 b O'Keefe	... 1
J. McCarthy, not out	3 b Corcoran	... 1
P. Prendergast, c and b Corcoran	0 c O'Keefe, b Corcoran	5
R. Connolly, b Corcoran	0 not out	... 7
Extras	1 Extras	... 8
Total	28	Total ... 53

On Whit Tuesday there was only one innings completed. Result—Mr. Corcoran's XI, 45; House XI, 52.

On going in a second time the House XI. made 69 for 5 wickets.

The only out-match of the season was played on Sunday, June 16th.

The following detailed account drawn up by a dear friend*—no longer with us—and which appeared in the *Munster News*, of Saturday, June 22nd, will be of interest:—

MUNGRET COLLEGE XI. v. MR. SPILLANE'S XI.

More than a dozen years have come and gone since Mr. Spillane marshalled for the first time a team of past Tullabeg and Clongowes men to do battle with the boys of Mungret College. During those years the tide of victory has ebbed and flowed, and in consequence the annual struggle has ever provoked the keenest enthusiasm.

This was more especially the case on last Sunday, when the fluctuating fortune of the match created intense excitement. The College boys had prepared themselves by a series of well-contested house matches, and the prospect of success was confidently discussed. Mr. Spillane's team was a strong one. Some of his men had already done good work for the County during the season; others had proved their prowess with bat and ball long ago in Tullabeg; while two at least were fresh with honours from Clongowes Wood—one of them having been captain-elect at the beginning of the present year.

With batsmen of no mean merit on either side, the comparative smallness of the score is itself a proof of the superior fielding and bowling powers of both teams, especially as the weather was brisk and the wicket fast. Winning the toss, the visitors elected to bat, and ran up over seven decades, towards which Messrs. P. O'Donnell and Andy Spain were the chief contributors. Resuming after lunch, the College XI were called on to defend their wickets against the bowling of Lalor and Spain. That this was no easy task the boys were well aware, as the same pair of trundlers had dismissed the College XI. of last year for 45 runs. Yet it was not without dismay the boys beheld the fall of their tenth wicket, when the total score stood once again at 45. It was now four o'clock, and as there remained scarce an hour and a-half for play, it seemed impossible for the home team to avert a crushing defeat. In their second innings, however, the whole of the visiting XI. succumbed to the College bowlers for a paltry total of 27, and by five o'clock J. Dwyer had brought the College score up to 40 for the loss of four wickets. The tide had turned, and the homesters had high hopes of victory.

* The "J. C." of the MUNGRET ANNUAL.

Dwyer was splendidly backed up by Willie O'Doherty, who literally stole the runs, much to the amazement of the fielders, but greatly to the delight of the boys, who cheered him to the echo time after time. Only 18 runs to win, with six wickets to fall, and 25 minutes to play! Success seemed secure. *Eheu fugaces!* Dwyer was held at cover point by Dr. O'Mara, Tom Kelly secured the college captain at long on, Andy Spain bowled Kenneally, and all the while the score remained unchanged. By steady play, however, McCarthy and Sheehan added on another 5, then the latter hitting out drove Spain over the boundary for 4. Sheehan endeavoured to repeat the stroke, but Mr. Spillane had now taken up a position far in the out field, close to the boundary wire, and there, high up, with one hand he held a splendid catch. McCarthy then touched a leg ball, and was smartly held behind the wickets—Willie McDonnell by this catch fairly rivalling the late successful effort of his genial captain. As the last wicket did not realise any further score, the visitors remained victorious by a narrow margin of 8 runs. A call for three cheers for Mr. Spillane's team was heartily responded to and warmly acknowledged. The two XI's were then photographed by Mr. T. MacMahon, of George Street, and so a pleasant day drew on towards a successful close.

By the way, it is said that there is to be no more cricket for the Celt. A more ancient game, we are told, is soon to replace its Saxon rival on all the college playgrounds of Ireland. 'Tis possible that the thought of Cuchullin, as he played at hurley with the sons of Conor on the plain of Emain Macha, may inspire our Irish hearts and encourage us to wield our *camans* with vigour, even under the heat of a summer sun, but naught can ever obliterate from our minds the memory of the pleasant days which we ourselves have spent in friendly contest on the cricket crease.

MR. SPILLANE'S XI.

1st Innings.		
Arthur O'G. Lalor, c Kenneally, b D. Sheehan	... 2	
T. Kelly, l b w, b D. Sheehan	... 6	
M. Spain, c McCarthy, b D. Sheehan	... 2	
W. McDonnell, c O'Dwyer, b D. Sheehan	... 3	
P. O'Donnell, b D. Sheehan	... 22	
A. Spain, b M. Sheehan	... 16	
L. Kelly, b M. Sheehan	... 7	
Dr. O'Mara, b D. Sheehan	... 0	
J. Spillane, not out	... 6	
W. Hetreed, c and b M. Sheehan	... 4	
M. Egan, run out	... 1	
Byes	... 6	
Total	... 75	

2nd Innings.		
Arthur O'G. Lalor, b M. Sheehan	... 11	
T. Kelly, b M. Sheehan	... 10	
M. Spain, b M. Sheehan	... 0	
J. Spillane, c Connolly, b D. Sheehan	... 1	
W. McDonnell, b Corcoran	... 0	
P. O'Donnell, not out	... 3	
A. Spain, b Corcoran	... 0	
L. Kelly, run out	... 0	
Dr. O'Mara, b Corcoran	... 0	
W. Hetreed, c and b Corcoran	... 0	
M. Egan, b M. Sheehan	... 0	
Byes	... 2	
Total	... 27	

MUNGRET COLLEGE XI.

1st Innings.		
J. Dwyer, b Spain	... 8	
Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., b Lalor	... 1	
W. V. O'Doherty, c Spillane, b Lalor	... 0	

Rev. P. J. Connolly, S.J., c Spillane, b Lalor	... 13
D. Sheehan, b Lalor	... 4
E. J. O'Neill, c Spillane, b Lalor	... 0
W. Kenneally, b Lalor	... 10
F. A. McCarthy, b Spain	... 3
M. Sheehan, c Spain, b Lalor	... 3
P. Stanley, not out	... 0
P. Prendergast, c and b Lalor	... 0
Byes	... 3
Total	... 45

Amongst the Apostolics the first match of any importance was Hon. Matriculation v. XI representing the House. This resulted in an easy victory for the House. In the return match, however, chiefly owing to the bowling of Rev. Mr. Corcoran, and R. Judge, Hon. Matriculation succeeded in bearing off the palm of victory. Another match which excited very great interest was Juniors' First XI v Seniors' First XI minus the bowlers. The Juniors gained the day by the narrow margin of four runs. In the return match the Seniors, by sheer determination, regained their lost honours. In our next match of im-



Photo. by [MacMahon, Limerick. W. KENEALLY. W. O'DOHERTY. E. J. O'NEILL (Capt.) P. POWER. P. PRENDERGAST. P. O'KANE. P. STANLEY. D. SHEEHAN. J. O'DWYER. M. SHEEHAN. F. M'CARTHY.

CRICKET XI, 1901.

2nd Innings.		
Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., b Lalor	... 6	
J. Dwyer, c O'Mara, b Lalor	... 18	
W. V. O'Doherty, c McDonnell, b Lalor	... 1	
Rev. P. J. Connolly, S.J., c and b Spain	... 2	
M. Sheehan, b Lalor	... 5	
W. Kenneally, b Spain	... 0	
E. J. O'Neill, c Kelly, b Lalor	... 0	
D. Sheehan, c Spillane, b Spain	... 5	
F. A. McCarthy, c McDonnell, b Spain	... 4	
Percy Stanley, not out	... 0	
P. Prendergast, c Kelly, b Spain	... 0	
Extras	... 8	
Total	... 94	

portance, viz., the XI v. XI composed of the Community and the remainder of the Apostolics, the XI were victorious; although Willie O'Doherty and Rev. Mr. Corcoran played an extremely good game for their side.

The principal batting averages of the season are as follows:—

	Average.	No. of Innings.	No. of runs.
J. O'Dwyer	... 24	16	384
W. Kenneally	... 15	8	120
M. Sheehan	... 10	6	60
E. J. O'Neill	... 10	6	60
D. Sheehan	... 8	8	64

R. T. HARTIGAN (2nd Arts).

FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL has always been more popular with us than cricket. It remains to be seen whether the *camán*, which Rev. Fr. Connell, S.J., has introduced amongst us this year, is not destined soon to supplant both.

The football season of last year was a great success, although we have not yet had an opportunity of trying conclusions with an outside team. The great event of the season was the Community match, played on Shrove Tuesday. This caused immense excitement. The Community XI was made up of four members of the Community, together with Rev. Fr. Gleeson, S.J., who had kindly come from Limerick to play the match, and of the different Prefects. The following was the arrangement of the sides:—

COMMUNITY AND PRAEFECTS XI.

Goal—F. Hartin

Backs—

Rev. J. McErlean, S.J. (right wing)	W. Kennedy. (centre)	J. Barry. (left wing)
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Halves—

P. O'Connell (right wing)	Rev. Fr. Cahill, S.J. (centre)	R. Timmins (left wing)
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Forwards—

W. V. O'Doherty (right wing)	Rev. Fr. Gleeson, S.J. (inside right)	Rev. P. Connolly, S.J. (inside left)	Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J. (left wing)
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HOUSE XI.

Forwards—

J. Heelan (left wing)	P. Heelan (inside left)	E. J. O'Neill (inside right)	P. Prendergast (right wing)
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Halves—

H. Kenny (left wing)	G. Hogan (centre)	J. O'Dwyer (right wing)
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Backs—

J. Lyne (left wing)	J. Clifford (centre)	P. Power (right wing)
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Goal—D. Sheehan

From the start the play was brisk on both sides. For the Community Rev. Fr. Gleeson and Rev. Mr. Connolly played well as forwards, while Rev. Mr. McErlean and W. Kennedy were splendid backs; but on the whole, the XI had the best of the play.

For the XI, J. Heelan and E. J. O'Neill were good forwards. The one goal secured resulted from a pass from O'Dwyer to O'Neill, who by a quick and clear shot, turned the tide of victory in favour of the XI. As centre back, J. Clifford did splendid work for his side. With

his clean, unerring kick, he again and again changed the whole trend of the play, and enabled his side to assume the offensive.

When the whistle finally sounded the score stood:—
Community and Prefects, 0. House XI, 1 goal.

We had, during the season, the usual county matches, sweet matches, etc., and also the usual inter-divisional match between the 2nd XI of 1st club, and 1st XI of 2nd club, which this year again resulted in a victory for the latter.

Among the Apostolics there were some very interesting matches. In Munster *v.* Leinster the latter, after a hard struggle, won by a goal. Score:—Leinster, 2 goals; Munster, 1 goal. T. O'Brien played splendidly, even though the delicacy which compelled him to give up study some few weeks afterwards must have already set in. We hope soon to see him again strong and vigorous as ever.

The next interesting match was First XI *v.* XI chosen from the Community and remainder of Apostolics. This match was played twice. The Community were successful in both, each time beating their opponents by a goal.

Perhaps the match which provoked most interest and excitement was Seniors 2nd XI *v.* Juniors. It was played three times in all. First match—Seniors, 1 goal; Juniors, 2 goals. Second match—Seniors, 2 goals; Juniors, 1 goal. Third match—Seniors, 2 goals; Juniors, 0.

Immense excitement was aroused in the Junior division by the match Matriculation Honours (under Rev. Fr. Cahill, S.J.) *v.* House (under Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J.). This was played three times. Each side secured a victory, third match resulted in a draw.

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

Goal—J. P. Cantwell.

Backs—

F. Hartin (right wing)	J. Barry (centre)	W. Griffin (left wing)
R. Judge (half)	P. McCartney (half)	

Forwards—

T. Buckley (right)	J. Shiel (inside right)	C. Piler (centre)	W. Kennedy (inside left)	J. Corr (left)
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HANDBALL TOURNAMENT.

This aroused a great deal of interest last season, and showed some exceptionally good play. J. Darcy and M. Lane, after having in a very closely contested game disposed of M. McGing and A. Curr in the Semi-final, were, in the Final, themselves worsted by J. O'Dwyer and B. Tracy. They had a handicap of 4 aces and had secured 17 in all when "Game" was called.

R. T. HARTIGAN (2nd Arts.)

EXCHANGES.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following:—

Record of the League of St. Columba, Clongowman, Castleknock College Chronicle, Alma Mater, Xaverian, 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, De La Salle Magazine, Sulesian Bulletin.

Obituary.

REV. CHARLES WALSH, S.J., MUNGRET COLLEGE, OCTOBER 20th, 1901.

PAUL A. HEELAN, KILMALLOCK, MAY 25th, 1901.

FR. CHARLES WALSH, S.J.—On the 20th October the holy and happy death of Fr. Charles Walsh took place. He had just completed the seventy-fifth year of his age and the fifty-fourth of his religious life; having

been born, been received into the Society, and died in the month of October. Though he was for only a comparatively short time confined to his bed before his death, he seems to have been convinced of his approaching end. The hours immediately preceding it were hours of great pain which he bore with patient fortitude and resignation. The night before he died, speaking to one of the fathers, he remarked, "Do you know, I do not feel a bit afraid of death." As the hours of darkness wore slowly on, and the intensity of his pain increased, he prayed continually, in a manner, that, says one who was present, "was most touching and edifying," repeating the Sacred Names with a continuity, and an intensity of feeling, that bespoke the fervour of the heart within. In the early grey of the October morning he received the Extreme Unction, and almost immediately became unconscious. A little afterwards he passed calmly and peacefully to his eternal rest, having spent his last hours in close and fervent union with God.

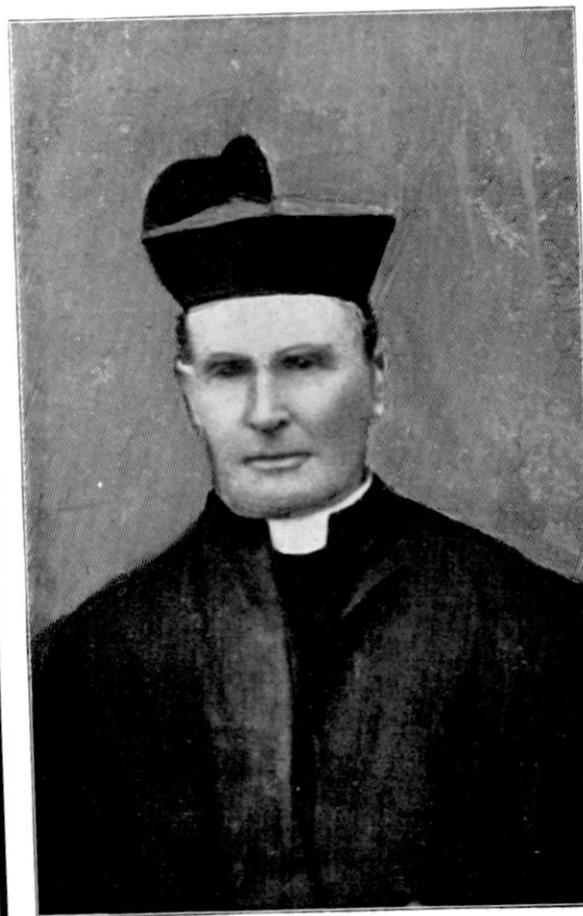
In Father Walsh, or "Father Charlie," as we loved to call him, we have lost as kindly, and as genial a spirit as ever lived. Who is there that knew him, that can ever

forget what Shakspeare calls the sudden "flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar"? To few indeed, may Hamlet's description more justly be applied. He was, in truth, a man "of infinite wit, of most excellent fancy." "He possessed," writes one who knew him well, "the keenest humour, and the greatest good-nature." Even to the last his fund of humour never failed him. Despite the grim approach of death, and the grievous sufferings that so sorely tried him, the witty word would drop at times, one would almost say unwittingly, from his lips.

Yet, underneath it all there was the simple, child-like piety, and the solid virtue deeply seated in the heart, that marks the genuine son of St. Ignatius. For many years before his death he was, like most men of remarkably keen humour, a victim to occasional depression of spirits, and this, together with the physical suffering arising from extremely feeble health, afforded him no trifling occasion of practising patience and amassing merit.

Father Walsh was born on the 13th Oct., 1826. His father, who had been an army surgeon, settled later on in Naas,

in the County Kildare, where he had a large practice, and was one of the most popular and best known men in the county. On leaving Clongowes, where he was educated, young Charles Walsh entered the Society in October, 1847, at the age of twenty-one. Shortly



REV. CHARLES WALSH, S.J.

after finishing his novitiate he was, in 1851, appointed Prefect of Discipline in his *Alma Mater*. As Prefect he seems to have been a great success. He was pre-eminently a strong man, and the boys liked as well as feared him. The year 1856 he spent in the South of France. His Theological studies seem to have been rather interrupted. The first year (1857) was spent at St. Beuno's in North Wales, the second in the House of Studies at Frederick Street, Dublin, and the rest in Vals. Many were the witty anecdotes and laughable adventures that he had to tell about his residence in these two latter places.

On the completion of his Theology, Father Walshe went, first as Prefect and then as Master, to Clongowes. In the summer of 1862 he was transferred to Belvedere, where he remained as Professor till his Tertianship. The years 1865 and 1866, following his years of Third Probation, found him on the mission in Scotland, and then in Preston. In 1867 he was Minister in Tullabeg. In 1872 he returned to the English missions, first in Skipton, and then the following year in Rhyl, where he remained in charge of the handsome little church and residence of the Jesuit Fathers of the English Province for the next ten years (1873-'83). In Rhyl Father Walshe did excellent work. His genial disposition and kindly good nature won for him a host of friends, and enabled him to exercise an influence for good over the somewhat floating population of the town, both Catholic and Protestant, that few could hope to have attained. The latter years of his life were spent between Tullabeg, Dromore, and Gardiner Street, till finally he came to Mungret in the year 1894. Here, as has been seen, he spent the closing years of his career. God tried him towards the end with many sufferings, that served, no doubt, to purify his soul and prepare him for the happy, holy death that put the seal upon a life of fifty-four years spent in the Society.

Father Walshe possessed intellectual qualifications of a high order. His taste in literary matters was most refined. His translation of the old French Ballad of "*Griselidis et Sir Gaultier*," not merely rivalled, but, in the opinion of competent critics, much surpassed in beauty and elegance of diction that of the far-famed "Father Prout." He was an accomplished French scholar, and was congratulated on his perfect pronunciation of that language by a critic no less exacting than the famous Jesuit preacher, Père de Ravignan. To refinement of intellect he added in a rather remarkable degree refinement and elegance of manner. The old world courtesy of manner, that adds such a charm to social life, sat so naturally upon him that it seemed inherent in his nature. With "Father Charlie" has passed away one of the few survivors of another age, and of another order of ideas, whose lives are as a precious link between us and the past. May he rest in everlasting peace!

(J. McD.)

PAUL A. HEELAN was born at Kilmallock, Co. Limerick, in the year 1882, and entered Mungret as a Lay Boy in 1894. His quiet, unassuming manner, and his amiability of disposition, soon made him a general favourite amongst his comrades, and they showed their admiration for his qualities by choosing him to fill their positions of trust and honour. Thus in his early school days we find him Secretary of the Third Club, and later on he was chosen almost unanimously as Captain of the Second Division.

In higher and more important paths of duty, too, he acquitted himself in a manner which won the respect both of his masters and companions. Devout and recol-

lected at his religious duties, attentive and industrious at his class work, he went about his occupations in such an unobtrusive manner that it needed a keen penetration to discern the sterling qualities which underlay that quiet and gentle exterior. He was a boy of good parts, and his talents became more marked as he progressed in his studies. In the latter years especially of his college career he won golden opinions from his professors, and some of them conceived very high hopes indeed of his future. Alas! little did they think his future was so soon to begin in a region fairer and more enduring than ours. He was reading for his Second University Examination when the hand of death snatched him away.

He ever had a deep and tender devotion to our Blessed Lady, and was a devout and exemplary member of her Sodality. And she seems to have marked him for her own, for it is known to have been Paul's intention, had God spared him, to devote his life and talents to the service of the Sacred Ministry. In his college career he was a living example of what was good and virtuous, and we learn from one who knew him at home that "he was an excellent boy, ever attentive to his religious duties."

If his life was exemplary, much more so was his end. Nothing could be more edifying and consoling than the happy death which crowned his short and promising career. Last winter he did not seem to enjoy his usual good health, but, loath to cause the slightest trouble, he did not mention the fact to anyone, preferring to suffer on in patience. About Easter, however, his malady could no longer be hidden or ignored, and he was forced to take to his bed. A few days later he was removed to his home in Kilmallock, and then it was seen that consumption was claiming another victim. Poor Paul lay on his death-bed.

For more than a month he lingered on, suffering great pain, but buoyed up by his wonderful spirit of cheerfulness, and his faith and trust in God. His devotion to our Lady was strongly marked in this last painful illness, and it seems to have been a special mark of her favour, that he died on the day specially dedicated to her and in her own sweet month of May. Early on Saturday morning, May 25th, a change for the worse set in. The Last Sacraments were administered, and he received them with the greatest reverence. He expressed the joy he felt at the hope of so soon seeing his Blessed Mother, and before morning broke he peacefully passed away to receive the crown of glory destined for her devoted children. R I P.

"We loved him in life, let us not forget him in death."
—St. Ambrose.

(E. J. O'N.)



MUNGRET COLLEGE.

RECTOR:

REV. FR. WILLIAM HENRY, S.J.

COLLEGE STAFF:

REV. FR. WILLIAM FLYNN, S.J., Minister.
REV. FR. EDWARD CAHILL, S.J., Prefect of Studies.
REV. FR. THOMAS HEAD, S.J., Spiritual Father.
REV. FR. JOSEPH McDONNELL, S.J., Moderator of the Apostolic School.
REV. FR. WILLIAM RONAN, S.J.
REV. FR. JOHN McDONNELL, S.J.

REV. FR. PATRICK BARRETT, S.J.
REV. FR. FRANCIS CONNELL, S.J., Prefect of Discipline.
REV. FR. WILLIAM KANE, S.J.
REV. T. L. L'HERITIER.
REV. MR. JOHN CASEY, S.J.
REV. MR. LAWRENCE POTTER, S.J.
REV. MR. JOHN EGAN, S.J.

SCHOLARS:

LAY SCHOOL. APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

M.A. CLASS.

William V. O'Doherty, B.A.
(Prefect, 1st Club)

B.A. CLASS.

O'Kane, Patrick F.
(Captain)
Barry, George C.
Barry, James J.
(Prefect of Apostolics)
Corr, Joseph J.
(Prefect, Lay Study)

SECOND ARTS.

Fitzgerald, Gerald M.
Fitzgibbon, William G.
Hartigan, Richard T.
Tracy, Patrick C.
Buckley, Timothy A.
Piler, Charles L. J.
(Prefect, 2nd Club)
Sheil, Mortimer P.

FIRST ARTS HONOURS.

Kilbride, George A.
Tracy, Bernard J.
Croke, John T.
Croke, Martin F.
Cullen, John J. A.
Delaney, John J.
Griffin, William J.
Judge, Richard J.
O'Callaghan, Patrick F.

FIRST ARTS PASS.

Colohan, Arthur N.
Hayes, Stephen F.
Hogan, Patrick T.
O'Neill, John J.
(Secretary)
Pegum, Thomas E.
Sheehy, Thomas J.
Peter J. McCartney
(Prefect, Jun. Apostolics)

MATRICULATION HONOURS.

Casey, Charles E.
Cleary, Michael J.
Corcoran, Thomas F.
Hurley, Denis J.
(Captain 2nd Club)
Kenny, Henry R.
Leahy, Joseph P.
McCarthy, Gerald F.
Morris, Denis V.
Mulcahy, John J.
O'Neill, Philip P.
Sheehan, Michael J.
Bourke, Patrick F. J.
Carroll, Andrew G.
Dooley, Daniel J.
Fitzgerald, James J.
Flynn, James P.
Gallivan, Timothy
Hayes, Daniel C.
Killian, Patrick J.
(Prefect 3rd Club)
Madigan, Thomas J.
Maher, Thomas B.
Murphy, John J.
Smyth, Charles J.

MATRICULATION PASS.

Colgan, John J.
Carr, Alfred A.
Carty, James F.
Gerald, Richard M.
Garrahan, William F.
Lynch, James G.
McCarthy, Frederick J.
Butler, George A.
Crowley, James T.
Delaney, Vincent A.
Demouey, Charles W.
Harvie, Patrick J. A.
McNevin, William F.
O'Brien, Jeremiah J.

LAY SCHOOL. APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

Matriculation Pass—continued.

McCormack, John J.
McDermott, Henry A.
(Secretary, 3rd Club)
O'Donnell, Michael J.
O'Dwyer, Joseph A.
Ryan, Edmund J.

FIRST OF GRAMMAR.

Connolly, Rupert G.
Curr, Edgar A.
Dillon, Thomas J.
Farrelly, Bernard J.
Hearne, Michael J.
Holmes, Albert C. J.
Leahy, John F.
Lenaghan, Cornelius J.
McMahon, Morgan P.
Moran, Hugh P.
King O'Donoghue, Thomas
Sharry, Charles J.
Sheehan, James J.
(Secretary, 2nd Club)
Cantwell, James P.
Carroll, James J.
Kelly, Joseph B.
King, Joseph D.
McCormack, John
Tobin, Andrew W.

SECOND OF GRAMMAR.

Butler, John J.
Connolly, Leo F.
Gallagher, Matthew A.
Hayes, James S.
Healy, John J.
Healy, Francis P.
Hynes, Patrick J.
Kennedy, James J.
Kohlreiser, Arthur Athanasius
Connolly, Simon A.
Hartnett, Benjamin A.
McNally, Nicholas

Lee, Henry G.
McCarthy, Paul F.
Murphy, Patrick J.
O'Connell, Robert J.
O'Grady, Jeremiah J. A.
O'Mullane, Michael F.
Pegum, John S.
Rice, James J.
Sweeney, Finton A.
(Captain, 3rd Club)
Walshe, James A.
Walshe, John M.
Walshe, Joseph F.

THIRD OF GRAMMAR.

Byrne, Cyril R.
Fitzsimmon, Richard McD.
Gubbins, Patrick F.
Hayes, Alphonsus M. D.
O'Connell, Patrick J.
Spain, James S.
Spain, William J.

A. M. ✠ D. G.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, MUNGRET.


PROSPECTUS.


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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Further particulars may be had on application to the Rector:—

THE REV. WILLIAM HENRY, S.J.,

Mungret College, Limerick.