

MUNGRET
ANNUAL

1902 - 1907

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A. M. ✠ D. G.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, MUNGRET.

PROSPECTUS.

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

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

In the Preparatory School the younger, or less advanced boys, are thoroughly grounded in Classics, Irish, 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 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. THOMAS V. NOLAN, S.J.,

Mungret College, Limerick.

A. M. ✠ D. G.

Apostolic School of the Sacred Heart,

MUNGRET COLLEGE, LIMERICK.

PROSPECTUS.

The object of the Apostolic School at Mungret is to train boys for the Priesthood, with a view to increasing the number of English-speaking Missionaries throughout the world.

The Apostolic School forms a distinct portion of the College, and its students are kept quite apart from the Lay students. It is worthy of remark that, in its scope and system, the Mungret Apostolic School is quite unique in the English-speaking countries.

Only those candidates are admitted who give sufficient guarantee of a vocation to the Priesthood, and who are, besides, anxious to devote themselves to work for the salvation of souls in the Foreign Missions. Ordinarily, none are received who do not, besides, give evidence of more than average ability.

The pupils are put through a very special and thorough system of training, extending over many years, which is calculated to turn out men eminent alike for intellectual culture and ecclesiastical virtue.

The complete course extends over a period of six or seven years, and it is supposed to fit a student to enter immediately upon the higher ecclesiastical studies. The scholastic curriculum begins with Grammar, and ends up with Philosophy. It gives access to the B.A. degree, and in some cases to the M.A. degree of the Royal University of Ireland.

The usual age of admission is from fourteen to eighteen years; although, in the case of very promising boys with a decided vocation, exceptions to this rule are sometimes allowed. The qualities required in a candidate are:—Good health, pleasing exterior, mental abilities above the average, sincere piety, a solid vocation to the Priesthood, and an earnest desire of Missionary life.

The students are left free to join either the secular Priesthood in the Foreign Missions, or to enter a religious Order; and in the latter case they may choose any duly authorised religious Order in the Church, provided only it sends subjects on the Foreign Missions. Parents are required to guarantee not to interfere with their son's vocation, nor to make any difficulty in taking him back immediately to his family if he should be judged unfit for the Apostolic life.

The pension for Apostolic students is £30 a year. There is at the disposal of the College a number of burses founded for the training of students for the Foreign Missions. Some of these have been founded in the interests of particular dioceses in America and Australasia. Some also for the Chinese and Eastern Missions; but most are not restricted to any particular country. By this means a limited number of boys can be received each year on considerably reduced pensions; and the preference is given to the most promising candidates.

The usual time for entering the Apostolic School is the last week in August, although, in exceptional cases, boys are received at other times of the year.

Examinations of candidates are held at an earlier date in the same month. The examination is meant as a test of vocation and ability, as well as of acquired knowledge; a good grounding in English in all its branches and in Mathematics is expected of all, and preference is given to those who have made some progress in the study of Latin. The distribution of burses is regulated by these examinations.

An application for admittance to the Apostolic School should be accompanied by a letter of recommendation from the Parish Priest, or from one of the Parochial Clergy.

The programme for the entrance examination will be sent immediately on application.

Further particulars may be had on application to the Rector—

REV. THOMAS V. NOLAN, S.J.,

Mungret College, Limerick.

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VIEW OF COLLEGE FROM CASTLE MUNGRETT.



1907

TENTH YEAR.



The
Mungret
Annual.

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No. 10.

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VERY REV. FRANCIS XAVIER WERNZ, S.J.,

GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

*Born in Wurtemberg, 1842. Entered Society of Jesus, Dec. 5th, 1857.
Elected General in Rome, September 8th, 1906.*



MUNGRET ANNUAL

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Editorial.

"The Present meets the past
The Future too, is there."

ON the fourteenth of September, 1907, our College will celebrate her Twenty-fifth Anniversary. It is intended that a Special Jubilee Number of the MUNGRET ANNUAL be issued next Summer to signalise the event, and we hope that the Jubilee Number shall be worthy of the occasion.

We should like well to do for our past Lay Students, what was successfully done for the first time six years ago for our past Ecclesiastical students, and compile a list more or less exhaustive, of all the Lay-boys who spent any considerable period in the College, with their present addresses.

Pending, however, the compilation of such a list, which is a task of very considerable difficulty, we are always eager for addresses and photographs of our past students. This is all the more true just now, when we have undertaken to prepare a Jubilee number of the ANNUAL.

As we have so often said already, a letter to the Editor, a card, a newspaper, or clipping containing any scraps of news concerning any of our past students will always be most gratefully received.

—*—

We are very much pleased to learn that what has so long been spoken of is at last within measurable distance of realisation, and that an *Alumni Association* of past Mungret Ecclesiastical students is about to be inaugurated in the

United States this year. As the Southern States are the scene of the labours of the greater portion of our past Apostolic students, the centre of the association will probably be in the South. It will be, however, open to all the past Ecclesiastical students of Mungret; and means will, we hope, be adopted to bring at least all our past Ecclesiastical students in America within the Association. The details of its organisation have not yet been made public.

We congratulate most sincerely those who have undertaken the laborious task of starting the association. The Silver Jubilee Year of the College is a well-chosen time to lay the foundation of an organisation, which we may well hope will have no small influence in promoting the interests and shaping the destinies of the Apostolic school, and which cannot but be a source of mutual help and encouragement to our past students. For, it were a very great pity that the bonds of union which, during their long course here in Mungret, became in most cases, so peculiarly and uniquely close, should be allowed in after-life—when a brother's help is so needful, and when a true friend is such a priceless treasure—to lose their strength and die from inanition.

Needless to say, the Alma Mater will follow the doings of the new association with the closest and deepest interest; and we shall esteem it always a privilege and a duty to do everything possible to promote an association which is so closely connected with Mungret.

The question of a Union of Our Past Lay Boys is also mooted. We believe that very soon we shall have, if we have not already, past Lay students enough, in every way fitted to form the nucleus of such a union. Some of our Past have been discussing the matter for some time, and we hope that in the near future steps may be taken to bring it about.

It is a source of pleasure to us to be able to record that the jubilee year of the foundation of the College finds Mungret prosperous and full of vigour. With its position and surroundings, almost matchless for healthiness and natural beauty, the College has always had peculiar advantages and attractions. Now, however, these are increased. The recent additions have imparted an appearance and a reality of completeness to the collegiate buildings, and have made possible fuller and more perfect equipment; and, by providing the long-needed accommodation for an increasing number of students, as well as in many other ways, have opened up many new possibilities of development.

In the University examinations this year, Mungret has been remarkably successful. In

the Honours lists, she holds fourth place among the Catholic male colleges, being beaten only by the University College, Dublin, Maynooth College, and Blackrock; while, in the percentage of passes (out of 59 candidates, 52 were successful), she has probably been surpassed by no college in Ireland.

In a dedicatory poem published in THE MUNGRET ANNUAL a few years ago, the Alma Mater is represented as addressing all her children, whether in Erin or in lands beyond the sea. After reminding her past Apostolic Students that it is "to imitate the privations and the labours of Christ and Mary," "to light the wax candles of the Apostles beyond the sea, liberating souls with the doctrine of the Great Spirit, etc.," that they were sent far away the Great Mother addresses as follows her lay students:—

"S an méir dom' ḡarraig éalma éréizteac,
 u bfuil fá maire 'r i n-ḡraoam i n-Éirinn,
 ḡac ceartar leanaíó i m-beaḡa 'r i m-briéirib,
 Cum buairt ir cearna buir u-talam do peitioḡ.

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

It is a consolation to us while recording each year the doings of our past students both ecclesiastical and lay, or even while fulfilling the sad duty of paying a tribute to the memory of those who have departed, to find so many instances where these ideals of the poet have been splendidly realized. Not to quote again remarkable instances recorded in previous years, we have brief notices in our present number of two of our past lay students whose short lives, full of achievements for their country, have won the admiration and praise of those best qualified to judge such matters. Besides being men of marked ability they were pure high-minded patriots of the truest type, men whose history we hope shall be a source of encouragement and inspiration to many of our present and past students.

Our columns of "Letters from Our Past," is, this year, fairly well filled with interesting jottings coming from different quarters of the globe. We feel, however, that this portion of our magazine contains great possibilities, still undeveloped. If our Past students will write to us a little more, our readers may, each year, look forward to matter of rare and unique interest in these columns.

* See MUNGRET ANNUAL, 1899, p. 6.

We are very much pleased to have to notice in our *Varia* columns the large number of our Past students who visited the College during the year. Such visits are always a source of genuine pleasure to all. We wish that their frequency be still more increased.

Nicholas McNally's essay on "Brian Boru" has this year been awarded the prize. Books on Irish subjects, to the value of 20/-, are again offered as a prize to our present students for the best essay on some Irish historical subject. We suggest the following subjects, without confining the competitors' choice to them: (a) "The Southern Geraldines," (b) "The Cistercians in Ireland," (c) "Carrig-o'-Guinnell Castle."

Michael Saul's sketch, entitled "A Visit to Tara," which we publish, has suggested to us the idea of establishing a new competition, which, we hope, may prove an encouragement to some of our students to devote a portion of their leisure time during vacation to literary work. A well bound set of THE MUNGRET ANNUAL (2 volumes) will be given for the *Best Vacation Essay*. The subject matter must be some actual vacation experience of interest, such as a visit to a place of historic interest, a description of home surroundings, a sketch of some contemporary local event which the writer may have witnessed, such as a fair, a "pattern," a country wedding, a procession, etc. This essay may be short, containing less than 2,000 words, and should be

handed in to the Editor before the end of September, 1907.

Finally, a bound volume of THE MUNGRET ANNUAL is offered for the *Best Set of Original Photographs*. The set should contain at least three pictures of a good standard of excellence, from a photographic as well as an artistic standpoint, and should be handed in before June 1st. Local views, or views in illustration of a vacation essay, or a prize essay, will get preference; other views, however, will also be received.

The 1904 number of THE MUNGRET ANNUAL has long since been exhausted, and we shall be very grateful to any of our readers who can procure and send us a copy of that number. We shall be most happy to accept each such copy in lieu of *subscription for two years*.

To conclude, we send again the oft-repeated message of sincere and hearty greeting to each and all of our past students, whether at home in Ireland or doing the work of the Master in foreign lands.

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



VIEW IN LAY BOYS' PLAYGROUND—AN EVENING IN JUNE.

[Photo. by Rev. J. Egan, S.J.]

THE WALSH MEMORIAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF A DISTINGUISHED PAST STUDENT OF MUNGRET.



THE LATE JOHN J. WALSH.

It is now three years since we had to perform the mournful duty of chronicling in the MUNGRET ANNUAL the early death of Mr. John Walsh, of Athlone, who had been a boy at Mungret in the early nineties.

Mr. Walsh was clearly a man of very rare qualities of mind and heart. We can recall no instance in our times in Ireland in which the death of so young a man called forth such an extraordinary outburst of admiration and regret. And this was not a thing of a day or a month. For months the local Journals constantly referred to the loss which Athlone itself, and Ireland had sustained by his death. At the early age of twenty-six years he was looked upon as the first man in his native town, and was evidently a man born to lead and influence his fellow-men.

The writer of the sketch of Mr. Walsh which appeared in the MUNGRET ANNUAL of 1904, knew him intimately as a pupil. He describes him as "gentle, genial, and warm-hearted," and speaks of him as "as noble and high-souled a boy as ever passed through Mungret." It is clear that in all this the boy was father of the man. As a man he had exceptional powers of winning

attachment and love, and all his energies and extraordinary gifts were devoted unselfishly to the interests of his fellow-townsmen and his country.

Last October, 1906, nearly four years after his lamented death, a beautiful Celtic Cross was erected to his memory in the public Square of his native town. The occasion of the unveiling of the monument witnessed again an extraordinary demonstration. All sections of the community, clergy and laity, Catholic and Protestant alike, vied with one another to do honour to the memory of one whom we may justly describe as "the departed hero."



THE WALSH MEMORIAL CROSS, ATHLONE

The Right Rev. Monsignor Kelly, Dean of Elphin, presided at the ceremony, and the monument was unveiled by Mr. John Redmond, M.P., the distinguished leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Mr. Redmond is reported to have said on the occasion that "it was an honour to him to be called upon to unveil the monument. He believed that if a long life were given to that young man he would have done much for the nation's cause. Ireland, to-day, wants the assistance of her young men. He would, there-

fore, ask the young men of Athlone when they are passing this monument to draw inspiration from it, and to devote themselves, as Mr. Walsh had done, unselfishly to the cause of the national movement."

Would that our College may become the mother of many an alumnus of the type of Jack Walsh—men generous, able, energetic, imbued with a deep unselfish devotion to the interests of the country, and filled with the true religious spirit, without which no man, and above all no Irishman, can achieve anything great!

MUNGRET ANTHEM.

[The following adaptation of a popular song made by one* of the students some twenty years ago, and sung as a Final Chorus at the entertainments which from time to time break the monotony of study, may interest our readers, and recall to past students some pleasing memories of bygone days.]

I.

God bless Alma Mater's name,
May the bright but hidden flame
Which has smouldered in her midst so very
long,
Once more diffuse its light
As ever nobly bright,
When the nations round her halls did fondly
throng.

CHORUS:

God bless Mungret, pray we loudly,
May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall,
And may she ever stand, as a queen in this old
land,
Teaching, preaching truth and charity to all.

II.

Where our sainted fathers lie
We shall raise our banner high,
'Neath its folds shall marshal every gen'rous
man
And emblazoned there shall be,
Marked in letters bold and free,
"Ad Majorem Dei Nostri Gloriam."

Chorus.

III.

If our faith we shall defend
By a martyr's noble end,
Or amid some hallowed cloister walls expire,
Oh! then we shall bless the day,
And our parting breath will say,
"Twas Mungret, dear old Mungret! lent its
fire."

Chorus.

IV.

Then, brothers, up and on;
Oh! the battle must be won,
No matter what may trouble or annoy,
And triumphant we shall sing,
Oh! 'tis all for Christ our King,
Till we reach the goal of happiness and joy.

CHORUS:

God bless Mungret, pray we loudly,
May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall,
And may she ever stand, as a queen in this old
land,
Teaching, preaching truth and charity to all.

*Now Rev. M. McMahon, S.J., Rector of St. Walburgas, Preston.

Brian Boru and His Times.

PRIZE ESSAY.



From Hall's Ireland.

KINCORA.

SOME two miles east of Killaloe the clear waters of Lough Derg lap the sands that lie at the foot of an ancient rath. Unlike the lordly river that has flowed by changeless and unchangeable for so many centuries, the appearance of the tranquil, shady fort, now overgrown with moss and briar and fern, forms a sharp contrast with what we may imagine that old rath to have been a thousand years ago. This was the principal fortress of Brian Boru, the great Dalcassian Chief, hard by his palace of Kincora.

We will take the reader back for a while to the days when that fortress was garrisoned by the trusty sons of the Dalcas race, in order to sketch very briefly the fortunes of Thomond's most illustrious son. For Brian was, probably, the greatest man of action that Ireland has produced, and is the only Irish king who has gained a place in European history.

Ancient Thomond is, practically, co-extensive with the present Diocese of Killaloe. The name dates from the time when the aboriginal inhabitants of that country were first conquered by the Milesians, probably somewhere about the opening of the Christian era. Among the Milesian tribes which occupied it, the Dalcassian families seem to have exercised a certain pre-eminence; for their reigning chief is styled King of Thomond. The clan included the O'Briens, the MacNamaras, and the O'Deas. They traced their descent to Cormac Cas, the son of Olioll Olum, the first Milesian chief that settled in Munster of whom we have any authentic record. They lived in the country now occupied by the Baronies of Upper and Lower Bunratty, Upper and Lower Tulla, and Inchiquin.

History seems to show that the Dalcassian people are a race of exceptional moral and physical vigour. It is from them the impetus came which broke the power of the Norsemen in Ireland. In later times, they made a stand against the Normans, more vigorous and successful than any other portion of the country, except those who, like the extreme Northern and

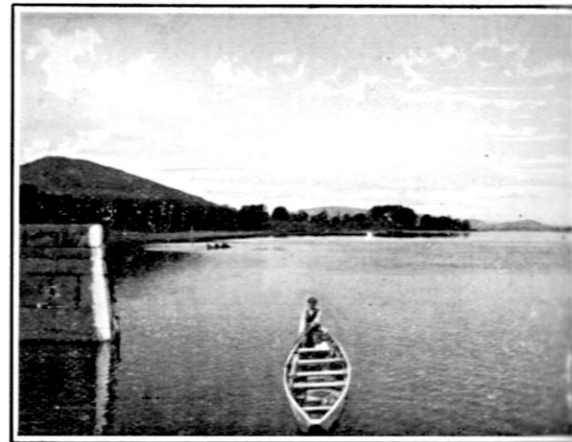


Photo. by

[Rev. J. Ryan, S.J.]

SHANNON AT KILLALOE—BRIAN'S FORT IN MIDDLE DISTANCE.

Southern tribes, were enabled to entrench themselves in the fastnesses of an impenetrable country. Even after the conquest of Ireland by the Tudors, Clare still retained a certain independence under its own native chiefs who, indeed, remain there to this day, and are at the head of the county gentry. It was from Clare—and by a Dalcassian chief—that the "Wild Geese" were recruited, who formed for many years the flower of that magnificent army which, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,

meant, and it probably depended to a large extent upon the ability of the actual king to enforce the authority which he claimed. The right of alternate succession was said to have been arranged by the will of Olioll Olum, who thus showed his impartiality towards his two sons, Cormac Cas, the progenitor of the Dalcassians, and Owen Mor, from whom the Eugenians were descended. It was a source of endless feuds between the two tribes, and the right was but very imperfectly observed. Besides the rights

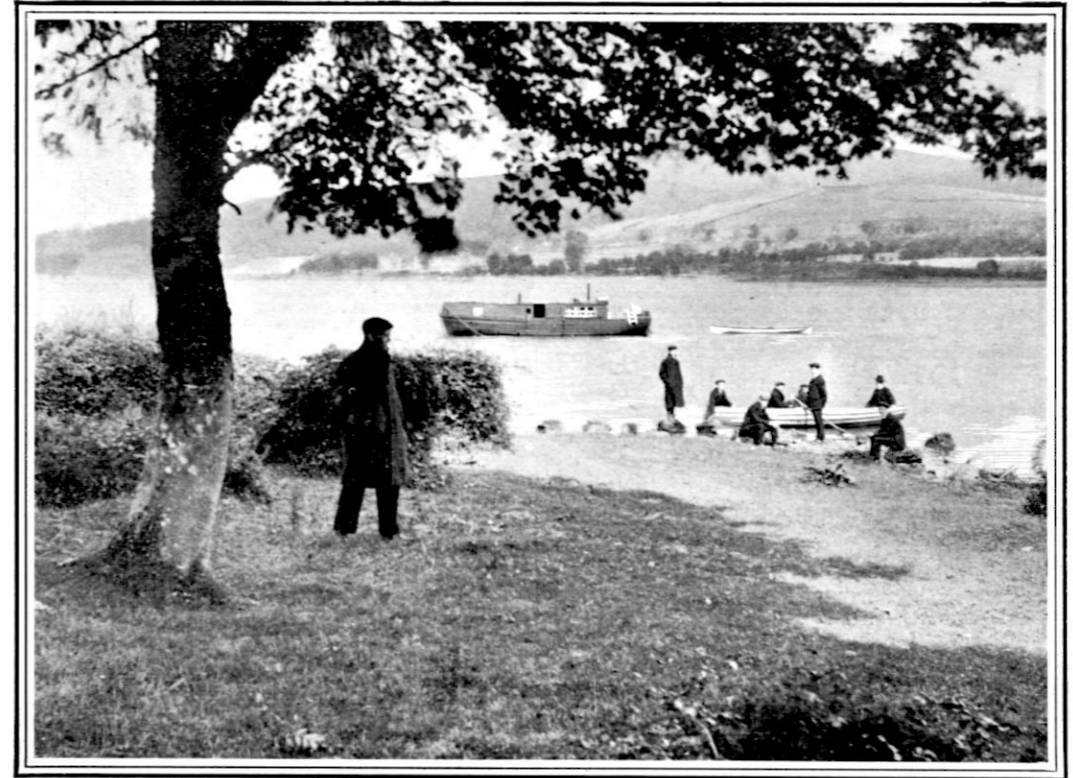


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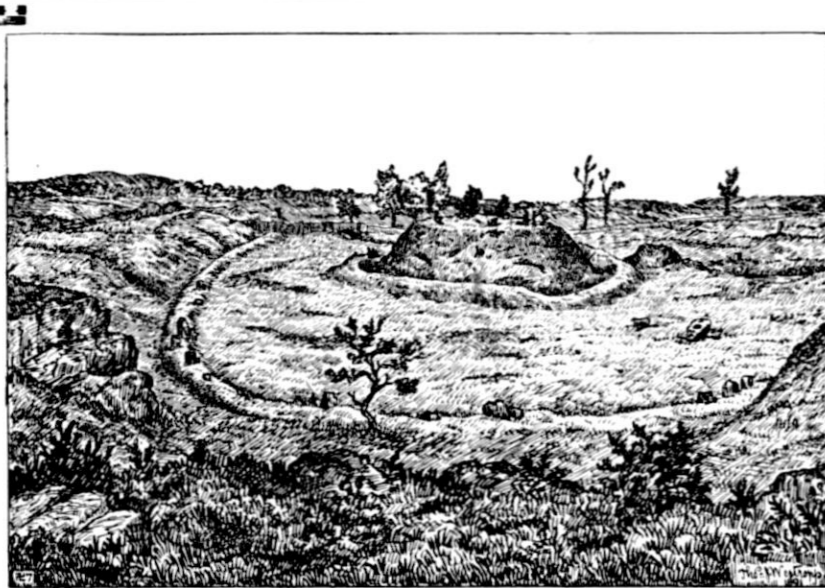
AT BALBORU—AN EXCURSION FROM MUNGRET IN AUGUST.

H. Johnston (1st Arts Class)

made the valour of Irish soldiers known and acknowledged in every country of Europe. Hence, going back to the tenth century, the period when might was right, we are not surprised to find that the Dalcassian tribes claimed and possessed some prerogatives beyond most other tribes in Munster. Besides being the sovereign tribe in Thomond, they also claimed a right—alternating with the Eugenians of South Munster—to the kingship of Cashel, and the supreme authority of Munster. It is hard to define exactly what this kingship of Munster

we have named, viz:—the sovereignty of Thomond and an alternate right to the sovereignty of Munster, the Dalcassians possessed also some exceptional prerogatives and privileges amongst the Munster tribes. One of these the sons of Clare claim even in modern times, the right namely of being "the first into battle and the last out of it."

Brian belonged to the Dalcassian race. His life, like that of many another hero of mediæval history, is involved in a tangled web of legend and fiction, and it is not easy to fix the limits



By kind permission of] [Thos. J. Westroff, Esq.
MAGH ADHAIR—PLACE OF CORONATION OF THE KINGS OF THOMOND.

of our exact knowledge of his career. The central facts, however, are certain and well-known; these may be summed up in a few sentences:—

Under King Brian, the Norse were expelled from Thomond, and the power of the Danes was broken in Ireland to such an extent that his career marks the turning point in their attempts at the subjugation of the country. By his genius, one great family obtained a position of rank and power in Munster and in Ireland, which bade fair to bring about a National unity. He was the first and the only real King of Munster, and the man who, of all the Milesian princes, came nearest to merit the title of King of Ireland. His strong hand brought peace and security to the Ireland of his day, and his influence in general tended towards the advancement of religion, art, and learning in the country.

Our chief authority for the details of his life is the "Wars of the Gaill and Gaedhil"—a history of the Danish wars in Ireland, ending with the battle of Clontarf. This is supposed to have been written by Mac Liag, the chief Bard of Brian Boru, and is evidently meant as a panegyric on Brian and his family. The other chief sources of information are: portions of the Book of Leinster, the Book of Rights, and many of the old Norse annals and chronicles, especially the "Burnt Njal."

About the year 950 A.D., we find Brian, then about twenty-five years of age, and Tanist*

* In the Irish succession the law of primogeniture did not hold. On the selection of a new king the clansmen

of Thomond, serving under his brother Mahon, who was chief of the Dalcassians and King of Thomond. Brian had probably, spent some time in the famous school of Inisfallen. The name Borumha, is supposed to have been taken from the name of a village near Killaloe.†

The Danes and Norsemen were then powerful in Munster, and from their fortress in Limerick were attempting the conquest of the south, so that Mahon and Brian were compelled to abandon to them the country around Limerick, and with-

draw to the fastnesses of Clare.

The story of this remarkable people is most interesting to the student of history. Dwelling in secluded spots at the head of the long, narrow bays of Norway, each family, separated from the rest by bleak mountains and rocky promontories,

chose someone as his successor. He was called the Tanist. He was not always the son of the king, but usually belonged to the royal house. He held a position next in rank and dignity to that of the king himself.

† Others say the name was given as the result of his reimposing on the Leinstermen after the battle of Glenmama the Boru tribute which they had formerly paid to the Ard-riagh. I do not know, however, if we have any authority for believing that Brian did actually renew the odious tribute, other than the fact of his surname of Boru, of which, according to these, we have no other probable explanation.



ST. FLANNAN'S CATHEDRAL.—
SHOWING DOOR OF ANCIENT ORATORY, KNOWN AS "BRIAN'S VAULT."

constituted a little world in itself. When forced by want, or by political disturbance, the Norseman took to the sea as his home, and scoured the ocean far and wide under the name of pirate or Viking. Banded together in such circumstances, the Northmen sailed southward in search of subsistence rather than plunder, but they generally managed to secure a fair share of both. Their battle-flag was a black raven, and their glittering shields usually hung along the sides of their ships. They first descended on the Irish coast about the year 790 A.D. Since then there had been a prolonged and hopeless struggle in the country, resulting in the partial extinction of civilization and the debasement and degradation of the people, stripped as they were of property, schools and commerce. The peculiar organization of the tribal system rendered impossible the subjugation of Ireland by the Danes, while the amalgamation of two races so different in every way was never dreamt of either. The Danes who settled in the country kept close to the sea, and thus many important Danish cities, such as Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick, grew up on the seaboard, from which the foreigners could make regular hostile incursions into the interior. They ravaged the country far and wide, burned and sacked monasteries, churches, and palaces, and everywhere left behind them scenes of ruin and desolation; on three several occasions our own

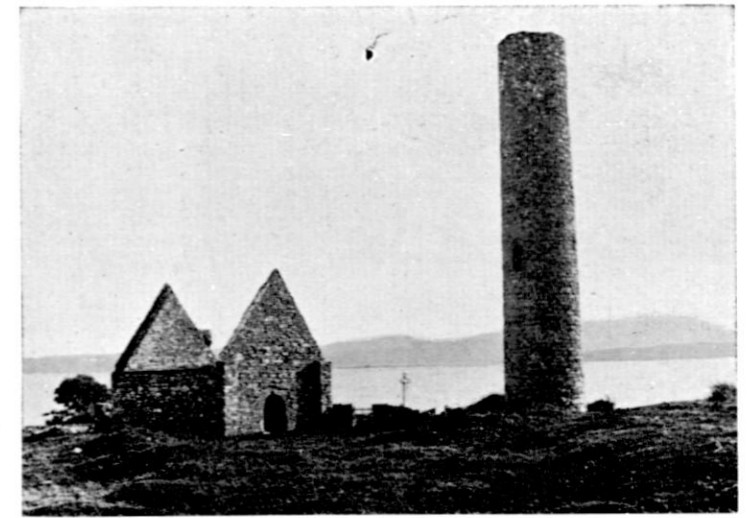
Abbey of Mungret was pillaged and burned by these marauders. At the time of Brian they had established a fortress at Bunratty to furnish a convenient basis of operations for ravaging the land of Tradree, a territory including the present Bunratty and Cratloe, and the country lying between the Fergus and the Shannon

For months Mahon had been fighting and evading the Danes in the forests of Thomond without decisive issue. Both Dane and Celt were tired of this guerilla warfare, and a truce was made; but Brian refused all terms. He carried on the struggle for some time in the woods of North Munster with a small band of followers, and seems, by his influence with the clan, to have forced his brother Mahon to renew the struggle. In the year 969 A.D., a decisive battle was fought at Sulcoit, now Sologhed Beg,

near the Limerick Junction. Brian and Mahon left 2,000 Danes dead on the field behind them as they pursued the drooping raven in flight towards Limerick. That night the fortress of Limerick was reduced to a heap of smouldering ashes, and its rich spoils were the prize of the Dalcassians.

Mahon soon after became King of Cashel. After a reign of six years, however, he was treacherously murdered at Bruree by Ivar (the Danish King of Limerick), in consort with the Eugenician Princes, O'Donovan and Molloy. Brian succeeded him as Prince of Thomond and King of Cashel or Munster.*

In this position, not only did he aim at exercising a real sovereignty over Munster, claiming



By kind permission of] [The Catholic Truth S. I.]
INNISCALTRA, LOUGH DERG.

much more from the tributary chieftains than any of his predecessors had ventured to do, but it soon became clear that he meant to establish himself as supreme ruler in Ireland. It was, probably, with this idea that he caused the Book of Rights to be drawn up. In 984 A.D., he received homage and hostages from the Kings of Leinster, and thus became sovereign of all Leath Mogha, or the southern half of Ireland. Some years later, he put forward a claim to the throne of the Ard-riagh of Erin. Malachy was the then King of Tara. He resisted for a time, but after a few reverses yielded to Brian's superior force and vigour.

* The hallowed spot neath the great oak tree at Magh Adhair, in which the Kings of Thomond were inaugurated, has been identified with an ancient rath in the present Moyre, near Tulla, in County Clare.

By the great victory of Glenmama, in County Wicklow, in 1,000 A.D., Brian crushed the rebellion of the Leinster clans who, in conjunction with the Danes, had risen against him, and thus finally secured his position on the throne of Ireland. Just as his supremacy did not rest on hereditary right or popular election, so his aim from the beginning seems to have been to make the High-kingship more than the traditional honorary title with no clearly defined rights of government. He made his power felt throughout the greater portion of Ireland, (South and North; and he wielded that power well for the maintenance of law and justice. He may be called a usurper, but his usurpation was better

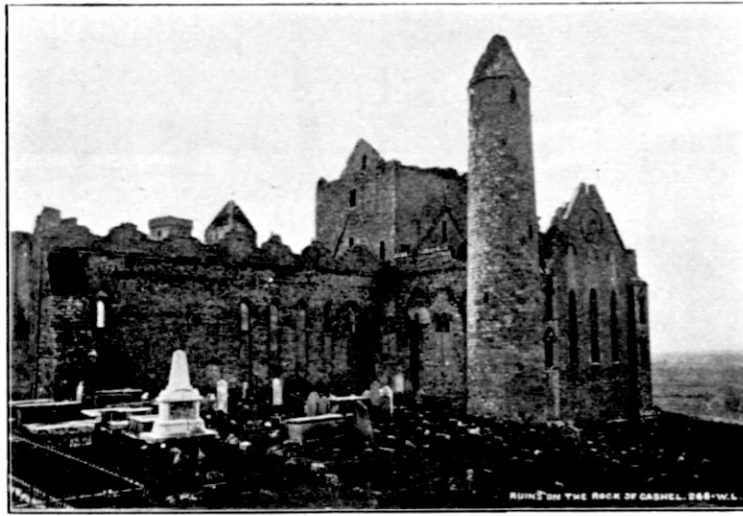


Photo. by]

RUINS AT CASHEL.

for Ireland than would have been the regular succession of a shadowy king.

For ten years Ireland was governed firmly and well under his strong hand and eminent statesmanship. His reign is celebrated in our old Gaelic literature everywhere as a golden age of peace and tranquility. He banished and enslaved the foreigners and rescued the country from their oppression. Mac Liag makes a remark in this connection, which Moore has crystallised in the song—"Rich and Rare were the Gems she wore." "A lone woman," he says "might have walked in safety from Torach (now Tory Island, off the north coast of Co. Donegal) to Clíodhna (or, Carraic Clíodhna, a rock in the harbour of Glandore, Co. Cork, *i.e.*, through the whole length of Ireland) carrying a ring of gold on a horse rod." The arts of peace began

once more to be cultivated in Erin. Literature and religion—which had well-nigh died—began again to appear; churches began to rise, and the monasteries were allowed once more to flourish. The monarch himself caused several churches of his own immediate principality of Thomond to be rebuilt or repaired. Among those the churches of Killaloe, Inniscaltra and Tomgraney are specially mentioned. Brian, too, sent for professors and books to the Continent to replace what had been destroyed by the Danes. On an excursion to the North he visited Armagh, and he placed an offering of twenty pieces of gold on the altar there, and had an entry made in the Book of Armagh, whereby he formally recognised the supremacy of that See, and secured for it the primacy of all Ireland.*

As was to be expected, the petty provincial kings welcomed with an ill grace the national unity, and were ever on the watch for an opportunity to change a state of things which meant for them real subjection to a powerful monarch. Brian's old foes, too, the vanquished Danes, watched his progress with a jealous eye. All waited only for the opportunity to strike a blow. In the year 1014 A.D., fourteen years after Brian's accession, active preparations were being made among all the Norsemen for a great incursion on the Irish coast. The Danes of Norway, Iceland, the Orkneys and Hebrides, the Isle of

[Lawrence, Dublin.

* A facsimile of this entry, as found in the Book of Armagh in the handwriting of Brian's secretary, is given with English translation in O'Curry's "Manuscript Materials of Irish History." The entry reads as follows:—
 Sanctus Patricius ierit ad coelum mandavit totum fructum laboris sui tam baptisiam tam causarum suorum elemosinarum referendum esse Apostolicæ urbi que Scotice nominatur Ardd Macha. Sic reperit in bibliothecis Scotorum. Ego scripsi in ept Calvus perennis in conspectu Briani Imperatoris Scotorum et que scripsi pinguis pro omnibus rebus maceriae. O'Curry's translation is:—

"St. Patrick going up to Heaven commanded that all the fruit of his labour, as well of baptisms as of causes and of alms should be carried to the Apostolic City which is called Scotice [*i.e.* in Gaelic] Ardd Macha. So I have found it in book-collections of the Scots [*i.e.* the Gaelic]. I have written [this] that is [I] Calvus Perennis [lit. Bald for ever, *i.e.* Maelsuthain] in the sight of Brian, Emperor of the Scots, and what I have written he determined for all the kings of Maceriae [*i.e.* Cashel or Munster]."

Man and the Baltic, all equipped their galleys to take part in this great expedition, which really meant a final effort of the Northern power to secure the conquest of the Western land.

An event occurred in Ireland that precipitated the expected invasion. Maelmora, King of Leinster, the victim of Glenmama, received an insult at Kincora from Brian's son, Murrough, over a game of chess; he left the palace in a rage vowing vengeance; and Leinster was soon in revolt. In conjunction with Sitric, the Danish King of Dublin, Maelmora sent messages to the already prepared Danish flotillas to assemble by Palm Sunday in Dublin Bay. Brian on his part, was not remiss in his preparations, and by Holy Thursday he had gathered a goodly army near Dublin, the flower of the clansmen of Erin. Old feuds were forgotten, and almost all the tribes of the country except Maelmora's stood side by side, united for the first time in the history of the country, by the ability and statesmanship of Brian Boru. By the Norsemen the combat was regarded as the last struggle of heathendom with the Christianity they hated.

On Good Friday, 1014 A.D., the battle of Clontarf was fought. All day the slaughter went on. That evening saw the Danes flying seaward in their glittering mail before the Irish clansmen; while Brian lay in his tent a lifeless corpse, his head severed from his body by a blow of the battle-axe still clutched in the hand of Brodir, the Dane, who was bleeding to death by his side. The tide of invasion was hurled back, and the power of the Norsemen finally broken; but Ireland had lost him who meant more for her than a host of warriors, and nearly all the best and bravest of his house had fallen.

It is hard to decide who were really the victors in the battle of Clontarf. The Danes were defeated, but the loss of the Irish was so great that they can hardly be described as victorious. It is true, of course, that Ireland was delivered from the dominion of the Danes, but, on the other hand, by the fall of Brian, she was deprived of the blessing of a just and powerful government. The dethroned Malachy, after the battle, resumed his kingship, as if his reign had never been interrupted, and Brian was looked upon as a usurper. The Norse retained their position on the sea coast, and when the Normans

came a century later amalgamated with them as a kindred race.

Brian's career and achievements can be regarded as suggesting the idea and the possibility of National unity, but the span of a single life was too short to secure the permanence of his ideals, and he left none behind capable of continuing his policy. To judge his work by its after effects, his career must be considered as disastrous to the country. The situation in Ireland after the battle of Clontarf is well summed up in a brief paragraph, which we take the liberty to quote *verbatim* from Mr. Richey's "Lectures on the History of Ireland":—"Upon the Celtic nation fell ruin and disorder. There was none powerful or wise enough to carry out the great views of Brian. The old system—ill-constructed as it was—had lost hold of the national mind. The constitutional principle under which the Ard-ri had been exclusively elected from the descendants of Niall of the Hostages, was no longer acquiesced in. The Princes of Connaught and Leinster asserted claims to the throne, maintaining they had as good a right as Brian to become Ard-ri in their turn. So, from the death of Malachy to the arrival of Strongbow, Ireland was a chaos in which the chiefs of the great separate tribes struggled to secure temporary supremacy. It is not so strange that the English invasion succeeded in 1170 A.D., as that so tempting a field had not been previously occupied by some other adventurers."

However, Brian was a great warrior, a great statesman, and a munificent friend of the Church. Had he been allotted a longer span of life, he might have succeeded in solidifying more thoroughly the constitution he had formed, and would, probably, have taken measures for the continuity of a real, national monarchy. His reign, at any rate, stands forth as an oasis on which the eye may rest with pleasure for a while in an age of disaster and ruin.

Would that Ireland had a Brian to shape her destinies to-day. A mighty personality were needed even now to weld the different races of our nation into one; and now, as then, the only hope for the country must lie in a National Unity.

NICHOLAS McNALLY (B.A. Class).



PATRICK'S EVE IN EXILE.

I.

Far away on the Southern Ocean,
Far away 'neath the blue Texan sky,
My heart pulses quick with emotion—
None is gladder and sadder than I.
For, to honor the Saint of our sireland
Her exiles exultant prepare ;
But as yet comes no sign from dear Ireland
To me from the friends I love there.

II.

In sadness I fly the thronged city
To stroll where the fierce billows rave,
And seek consolation and pity
In the dash and the splash of the wave.
And I gaze far across the blue waters
Where the Day-Fire dies out in the West,
Soon to gleam on the sons and fair daughters
Of Erin, the loved and the blest !

III.

"O Sun, lighting all, all encircling !
When on Erin you beam your first ray,
Let it speak for the hearts that to *her* cling
In this land on her Saint's festal Day."
Say, we're loyal to Erin, our Mother,
Tho' to earth's farthest rim we may roam ;
Tho' our flesh and our frame's in another,
Our soul's in the dear land at home !

IV.

"And when you peep down on a valley
And hillside of emerald green,
Where you came first and long loved to dally,
The sweet sunny vale of Glankeen :
Speed thy ray to the cozy thatched dwelling
Half-hid by the sycamore trees,
And cheer the dear hearts in it, telling
Good news of their boy o'er the seas.

V.

"Say, he's happy and strong, and that ever,
As pass him the chariots of time,
He acts with grace-strengthened endeavor
The part of his calling sublime ; [him,
And should sadness dark-winged hover o'er
And sorrow be craped on his brow,
The fond thought shall to gladness restore him ;
'They are saying the Beads for me now !'

VI.

"Bless the land ! bless the hearts that adorn her !
Say her child o'er the sea far away
Shall never forget her nor scorn her
When you light her to Patrick's Day !"
And the sun seemed to glow with emotion
And gleam his assent to my plea
In one last brilliant flash o'er the ocean
Ere he bowed himself under the sea.

M. K. ('86.)



THE COLLEGE, FROM THE FIRST CLUB FOOTBALL FIELD.

[Photo. by M. Saul, 1st Arts Class

A VISIT TO TARA.



VACATION ESSAY.

TAKING a keen interest, as I do, in everything connected with Irish history, the ancient swelling mounds and the hoary ivy-clad ruins which recall so vividly the memories of other times, have always a peculiar charm for me ; and I eagerly seize on every opportunity of exploring these venerable relics.

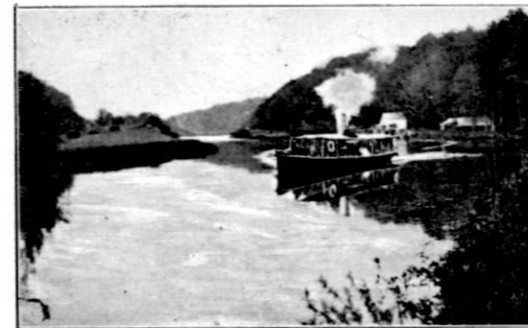
Accordingly, I made it my special object during the summer vacation to visit all the places of historic interest in the counties of Meath and Louth, which lay at a convenient distance from my home. Naturally, the first place which claimed my attention was the Royal Hill of Tara, and I determined on the first available day to visit that venerable spot. I had not long to wait. A few days after my vacation began, the bright, genial warmth of the morning sun, its slanting beams tinging the eastern hills with a golden radiance, heralded the dawn of an ideal day for an expedition of exploration ; and I was well on my journey before the heat of the day commenced.

Following the course of the Boyne from Navan,

savage grandeur which characterizes Killarney or Connemara. The Boyne flows tranquilly along, its banks marked here and there by the gaunt, desolate spectre of what was, but a short time ago, a busy and prosperous mill, grinding away with cheerful hum, and giving employment to numbers of workmen, whose hearty laugh and merry song once enlivened the now solitary vale. On both sides rise verdant, gently sloping hills, crowned here and there with groves of Irish ash and oak. Sometimes, too, the river flows through wooded glens which lie embowered among the hills, and from whose shady recesses the roofs and chimneys of fine mansions and comfortable farmers' houses can here and there be discerned.

After a gradual ascent of about six miles Tara first becomes visible from the road at a distance of about a mile. The Hill of Tara rises gently and gradually on every side, and although not very lofty, it commands an extensive prospect, as beautiful as it is varied. Standing upon the ruined mounds which crown the summit, on that clear summer day, I was enchanted and delighted beyond description by the view spread before my gaze. To the north-east rose the Hill of Skreene, separated from Tara by a slight depression in the ground. Away to the south-east the hazy mass of the Wicklow mountains loomed out against the sky, with the smoke of Dublin lying like a pall upon the nearer extremity. In the opposite direction the bleak heights of Cavan and Monaghan could be seen, while due north arose the range of the Carlingford mountains, its lower portion screened by a swell in the intervening plain.

In all other directions a scene of surpassing beauty spreads out before the delighted eye. Verdant grassy plain and wooded hill, with the Boyne flashing here and there in the sun-light, leave an impression of rich and peaceful beauty not easily surpassed. Ah, what might not Ireland have been had fate been kinder ! How sad to



VIEW ON THE BOYNE.

the road to Tara lies through a country which, for fertility of soil and peaceful, homely beauty, is unsurpassed. There are no mountains, no sheer cliffs or precipices ; none of that wild and

imagine these fair features bedimmed with tears ! How difficult to reconcile the chivalry and unsullied glory of the distant past with the ruin and desolation of the present.

Here, beneath our feet, lies Tara, where the Royal Court of Ireland, with all its Druidic pomp and ceremony was held, while the Seven Hills of Rome were yet naked and desolate, before even the shrine of Athena crowned the Acropolis of Athens.* Here, Cormac MacArt, renowned as monarch and legislator, as historian and literateur, whose works have been the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages, held his court.

among the hills. Between Navan and Kells lies the plain of Tailteinn, the Gaelic Olympus, the scene of many a manly contest in wrestling, hurling, and other games. There, under the fostering care of the royal court and the leadership of Finn, the stout Gaels enjoyed the games which, thank God, their descendants are so energetically reviving at present.

Right on the crest of the royal hill, on the spot called "The Croppies' Grave," is a life-sized statue of Saint Patrick, in granite, with outstretched arms, apparently invoking a blessing upon the fair land and faithful people whom he



THE TOWERS OF TRIM.

[From Hall's Ireland.]

"Teamir, choicest of hills,
For which Erin is now devastated,
The noble city of Cormac, son of Art,
Who was son of great Conn of the hundred battles."
(Cuan O'Lochlainn, 10th Century.)

Here, too, the last despairing stand was made by the Wexfordmen, whose graves lie within the circle of one of the most central of the royal mounds. Right beneath the eye, rising from a verdant, rich, but desolate prairie, apparently within a stone throw the towers of Trim can be discerned, while a little further west lies "Kells of the Crosses," Saint Columba's home, embowered

* See, however, on this subject the interesting lectures of Mr. McNeil, lately published in the *New Ireland Review*. ED.]

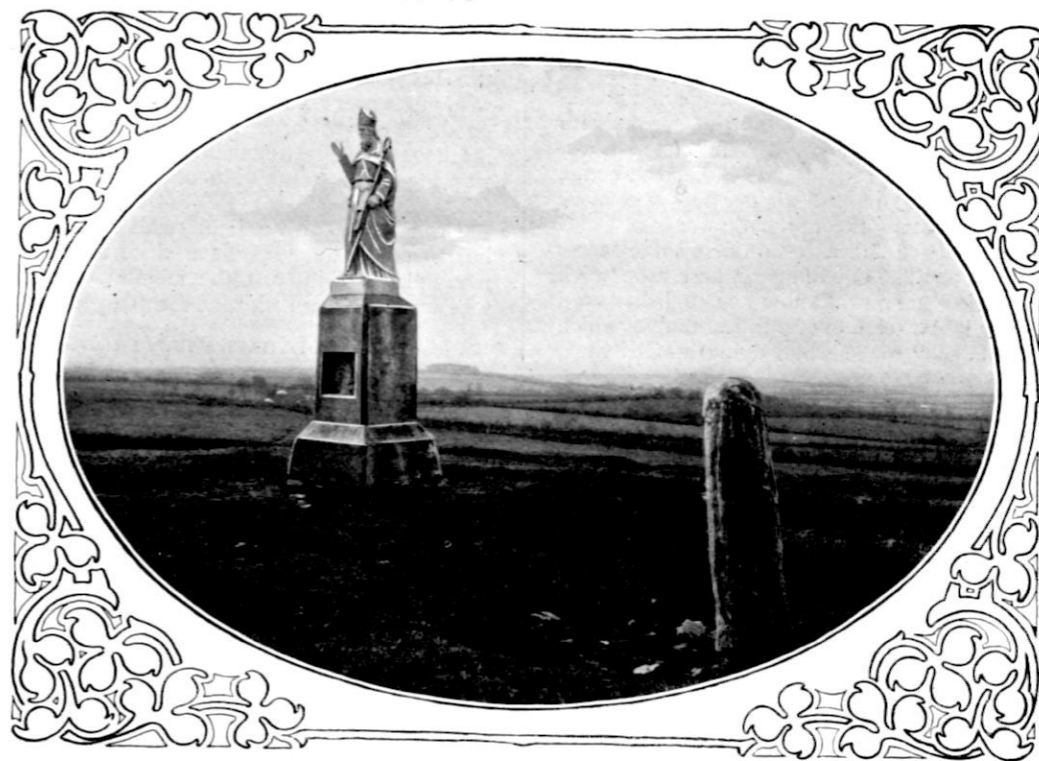
loved, and who first submitted to the sweet yoke of Christ, upon this very spot, at his bidding. This monument is a modern addition, and was designed and executed by a humble stonemason of Navan. The sculptor is said to be still living. Whether living or dead, the memory of this humble patriot will live in Irish hearts as long as the magnificent production of his love and veneration adorns the royal hill.

About the middle of the sixth century, owing, the traditions say, to the curse of Saint Ruadan, the Royal Palace of Tara was deserted. This was the first fatal blow to the Irish nation, for when the supreme power of the Ard Righ no

longer held the many tribes and chieftains in national unity, the sad story of Ireland's woes began; the wane of that power set in which checked even the advance of the victorious Romans.

Thus musing, I wandered among the lonely mounds of Tara, my heart full of proud and melancholy yearnings, till the very earth, clothed with its rich carpet of Shamrocks, seemed to live again with the forms, which for centuries were unknown. Ah! once again the royal court appears in Tara in the immense banquetting hall the

place among the revellers. They leave the mighty hall and throng eagerly around the northern brow of the hill, speaking excitedly, and pointing over towards the north. Looking to see what may be the cause of the commotion, lo! I behold a venerable white-robed figure approaching, holding a cross on high, while in his features, his gait and his whole figure there is a calm dignity and sweetness of expression which captivate the wild tribesmen and fill them with reverential awe. I see, in a word, the first conquest of the Cross in Ireland.



TARA, SHOWING ST. PATRICK'S STATUE AND THE CROPPIES' STONE.

[Photo. by Lawrence.]

courtiers and chieftains of Erin hold revel. The harper, aged and hoary, draws forth with deft fingers sweet and changeful melodies. Enraptured I listen to the mighty strains of the *pois caeta* and in its martial thundering chorus, I hear re-echoed the clash of spear and shield, the wild cry of victory, or the despairing moan of the dying. Now, the harp laments the death of a gallant chieftain, calling forth tears from the fierce wild eyes of the listening warriors, with the sweet pathos and sobbing plaint of the instrument made vocal by the master's touch. The music is now silenced and a great commotion takes

Too soon, however, the grand pageant of Ireland's ancient chivalry vanishes, and as I pass on in imagination to the dark days of her woe and suffering, the rude reality is again around me; the bare deserted mounds tell me that the Tara I dreamed of is no more. But oh! is Erin too—the Erin that I love, my dark Rosaleen—destined to perish? Her fair green plains lie lonely and deserted; the monotonous lowing of oxen alone breaking that silence which the harp of deserted Tara, now so long voiceless, once chased away with sweet thrilling pulsations. The fine mills which here and there interrupted the sedate

swelling flow of the Boyne, are all lying idle, fast falling to ruin—

The kings are dead, who raised their swords
In Erin's right of old;
The bards who dashed from fearless chords
Her fame and praise, lie cold.

The mournful lament of the harp is taken up and continued in the heart-rending cry at Queenstown, as the stalwart young Irish lads leave home and kindred to seek amid strangers a subsistence denied them in their own country.

Deeply moved by these sad reflections, I sat amid the mounds and gazing out upon the great limestone plain, I hummed, in a mournful key, "The Harp that Once," while the echoes all around joined in chorus. As I finished the mournful, but soothing strains, my eyes rested once more on the stone image of Patrick, now bathed in the hazy glow of sunset, with the hands of the Saint raised in blessing over Erin. A certain re-assurance seemed to come, as I looked, and hope of brighter days once more filled my heart as the prophetic words of Saint Malachy flashed like a beam of sunshine across my mind. "The day of ages," and "the week of centuries" are now, I know, accomplished, and the "terrible discipline of purification," of which Saint Malachy spoke when dying at Clairvaux,

has been realized through the unexampled suffering of the nation for more than 700 years.

And shall I live to see the day break in Erin? Oh, is it, can it be the dawn which I seem to myself already to see breaking through the gloom of Ireland's darkest hour? "Though long shall it be desired, my country shall one day stand forth in its might and be fresh in its beauty like the rose"—this, I know, is the time spoken of by Malachy, and ours is the generation in which the fulfilment of his promise is due.

Down I knelt on the green sward and, with a full heart, I prayed for the salvation and regeneration of Erin. I prayed to Patrick, to Brigid, and to Mary, I prayed to Him who holds in His hand the destinies of nations. I prayed fervently for the success of the Gaelic Revival, if God, in His wisdom, sees it tends towards the nation's highest good. I prayed for light and help and guidance for those noble-hearted men and women who are working for the restoration of Ireland's national life.

I rode home with a lighter and more hopeful heart, and although I have since then visited many places of interest, the memory of my visit to Tara will remain with me for many a day.

MICHAEL SAUL (1st Arts Class.)



MUNGRET COLLEGE—DISTANT VIEW FROM NORTH-WEST.

[Photo by M. Saul (1st Arts Class.)

VITAE SEXTAE SANCTAE BRIGIDAE.

AUCTORE SANCTO CHAELIANO SEU COELANO* INIS-KELTRAENSI,

PROLOGUS.

Δς πο υίθ, α ζαετίλζεοίρί, ιαρμαετ το εζααρ αρ ποιμ-μάο θεαεαό θρηζιρε ναομέα, ó Láim Naomh éaeliám, ó airtreuzao. Ó ré peo an éeao uair aзам аз табайт ре обайт ó á leifeiro, tá púil aзам ná beiró ríth ró-úian oim. Ир тóса зур мó,í an óánaeт uaim é, 7, ар аон т-рлióe, бióó 'рiор азайб ná пуil аоинне, óá léižpíó é, ар léipe óó соm upóe-рнуióте 7 аtá ré, ná маr ир léip uom réin. Δετ, ар нуóiž, má ueip an pean-focal "ir pearr lom ná léan" ná ueipeann ré leip "ir pearr ppeabán ná poll?" Óá θρηζ pín, ré otc maie é, peo úib é! Ó' péuip зо n-aontoeáo сuro азайб зур "pearr Séamar—óá olear é—ná beir 'na eažmuip."

I
Finibus occiduis describitur optima tellus,
Nomine, et antiquis Scotia scripta libris,
Insula dives opum, gemmarum, vestis et auri:
Commoda corporibus, aere, sole, solo.

II
Melle fluit, pulchris et lacteis Scotia campis
Vestibus, atque armis, frugibus, arte, viris
Ursorum rabies nulla est ibi; saeva leonum
Semina nec unquam Scotica terra tulit.†

III
Nulla venena nocent, nec serpens serpit in herba,
Nec conquesta canit garrula rana lacu.
In qua Scotorum gentes habitare merentur:
Inclyta gens hominum, milite, pace, fide.

IV
De qua nata fuit quondam sanctissima Virgo,
Brigida, Scotorum gloria, nomen, honor,
Turris ad igniferi pertingens culmina coeli,
Lumen inexhaustum, celsa corona Dei.

I
Ар ёрвоeайб рiар тá тiр рó-úlam,
Óe náom ир аоibнеар рiарпуióe lán puар,
'Sé Seóic тá рiор i реpibinnib áppa
Маr аимн зо рiор ар an θpial-oileán ро.

II
Níl beitip ná piaeт ná miol te pažáil ann,
Níor puapao leožan píoemар 'r níor píoipao
pipož žpánna ann,
Δετ míl žan maioeам ар рiаb ир ар θán
ann
Ир uaeтар ир im ар an iae ар áitneaeт.

III
Ир ealma a тaoié i ηζηiаeт ир ар áp-énoe
I žceipó ир lioméa a paoir 'r a páp-рiр
'S ир elipte uo бióó žae paoi азур бápó ann
Stioeт uapal na θpianн 'r an тiр ро in ánn
uóib.

IV
Ар an žcineaó ро pial 'b paó piar ó'n lá ро
Óo pužao náom θρηζиt, bean éaom-žlic
páipteaeт,
Éuz žlóip uo'n Riž eómmužeann ар áp-
neam
Óuan-лóepan uo píoipuz te uiožmuip ир
epáibteaeт.

* So Colgan in his "Trias Thaumaturga," page 582, and again explicitly at the foot of page 597. The following are his words:—"Auctoris etiam aetas, partim ex proxime dictis, partim ex ipsius verbis colligi videtur. Ipse enim in Prologo refert Sanctos Ultanum, Eleranum, etc." The writer is aware that at page 255 of the "Trias" Colgan attributes the same Prologus to St. Donatus, an Irishman, though bishop of Fiesoli in Italy, 827-873 (?) This latter view is accepted by Lanigan (vol. 3, pp. 281 and 284). Could it be that only the first twelve lines were written by Donatus and the remainder added by Coelan? This would, of course, imply that Coelan lived as late as the middle of the ninth century—a view supported by other reasons.

† This line and the last line of the poem do not scan. We give them as we found them.

V

Fons benedictus ovans Scotorum corda re-
formans,
Recreat ipsa ipsos curat, alit, vegetat
Scala parata viris, pueris excelsa, puellis,
Matribus et sanctis; tendit ad astra poli.

VI

Dubtachus ejus erat genitor cognomine dictus;
Clarus homo meritis, clarus et a proavis;
Nobilis atque humilis, mitis pietate repletus;
Nobilior propria conguge, prole pia.

VII

Scripserunt multi virtutes virginis almae,
Ultanus doctor, atque Eleranus ovans,
Descripsit multos Animosus nomine libros
De vita, et studiis Virginis, ac meritis.

VIII

Ordiam a minimis: necnon majora sequentur;
Sed prato pleno floribus apta legam:
Ordine, si coeli fulgentia sidera cernens,
Altivago cursu scire quis illa queat.

IX

Littore quis minimas numero discernat arenas,
Turbida quas terris sparserat unda maris;
Hic numerare potest virtutes rite puellae
In qua perpetuus mansit ipse Deus.

V

Níl fear ná rmaoineann sup 'b i do foláear
Ceartugad dá éroithe asur sriof ra éarán é
ápo-rcaíor' do éaitini doilxiopaéa 'r
mnaib i
Dun-tiofraio tilit 'ri, iarrann sac sriar
tóib.

VI

D' é Dubtác, móir-taoipeac de ériaé-fuil
san cámeaó
Ói mar áear 's an mgin ró-naoim ir ró-
éaró reo
Fear i sceannraéé ói tilit 'r in umlaídeacé
rár-maíé
Oiréaie 'na mnaoi 'r i deaíéise sac
pubáitce.

VII

Ar an Maigoin éaoim ar rsiob 'rar ériacé
túinn
As cur rior ar a srioméaib tá 'n raoi
Elerian ann,
O ápo úreacain na míre earbos srioméar
Ulcán túinn,
Mar son le ánméaró as riar-rsiobacó le
sriaró ói.

VIII

Síó sup éuirge áomúigim mé 's sriomáó 'r
as áipeam
Sa rreír sac réitín, sac cloicín ar an
o-tráig móir
'S an mDoéna bopb-lionta le ciantaib dá
ráóacó ruar
Dá rcaipeacó 'r dá ríneacó ar tír nuair ir
lán ói

IX

O'n rcoé-beacáó áoibinn so raicéioiaé,
lucéáipeacé
Ar ríocacó topnuigim 'meaie na mílte rá-
blacé ann:
'Mar rinne Dia réin ríor-ríúde asur árar
Ní h-iongnacó in óiaó íomacó sriomá maíé
má rásraó.

Óroicéacó na Seioie.



THE IRISH PRIEST ON THE FOREIGN MISSION FIELD.

BY REV. M. PHELAN, S.J.

PART III.—PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

THE pulpit, as an instrument for the salva-
tion of human souls, holds, after the
Sacraments, first place. Indeed the
frequentation and proper reception of the
Sacraments themselves largely depend upon it.
Never since the first Pentecost was its agency
a more pressing necessity than to-day. The
apostles of evil are busy. The printing press
teems beyond all precedent, obscuring truth and
belching forth poison over the world of intellect
with a reckless audacity that scorns all restraint.
The powers of darkness have seized, polished
with unstinting labour, and sharpened into slash-
ing efficiency the varied weapons in the armoury
of the orator—crispness of style, brilliancy of
diction, a declamation that covers the want of
argument and gilds sophistry till it passes for
truth. The question for us is—how shall we
meet the enemy with steel as highly tempered as
his own?

Cicero embraces within the compass of three
words the whole scope of the orator.

Docere. To instruct the intellects of his
hearers.

Placere. To use those varied arts and graces
by which the instruction is rendered palatable
and agreeable.

Movere. To move their wills to action.

The last function is by far the most important.

The preacher's triumph lies not in the con-
viction of the intellect, nor in the approbation
of the tastes, but in the arousing of the wills of
his hearers. The will is the goal-point at which
he aims from the beginning.

A doctor may persuade his patient that bitter
medicine and active exercise are necessary, but
so long as the sick man lies on the sofa and
nods assent this barren conviction is of little
profit. When, however, the persuasion forces
him to take a six-mile walk and swallow the
revolting draught, then, and only then, is

triumph secured. So, a preacher may convince
the habitual sinner of the heinousness of sin;
he may win his applause by the cogency of his
reasoning and the brilliancy of his style; but
not till he has moved his will to fling the old
fettors to the winds, not till he brings him a
tearful penitent to the confessional is his work
complete.

We shall now take the three words of Cicero
in order.

Docere.

How shall we accomplish all implied in that
word "docere?" how embed conviction in the
minds of our hearers? Fill your own head to
repletion with the subject; be ambitious to
leave, if possible, no book unread, books of even
collateral bearing. The more thought stored
up, the more complete will be your mastery over
the subject and the more abundant the materials
from which to select. I was struck by a letter
from Father Faber to a friend:—"I intend writing
a book on the Passion. I have already read a
hundred works on the subject, see if you can
get me any more." A hundred volumes, yet he
looks for more! Hence his brain was saturated
with his subject, and when he tapped it, how
copiously it flowed.

What books should you read? The solid
matter in Theology and the Sacred Scriptures
and their developments. A book of sermons is
the last to open. Why? You wish to raise a
structure, then go to the original quarry where
you have material in abundance. The arguments
that bear the shaping of your own chisel, though
not as polished as those you would borrow, will
fit more naturally and adorn with greater grace.
There are two great risks in reading sermon
books—a tendency to imitate the style and a
temptation to filch the jewels. The style may
be very sublime, but the question is will it suit
you. Your neighbour's clothes may fit him
admirably, but on you they would hang lop-sided.

The second danger is even more fatal. A

struggling tyro who makes an inartistic attempt to adorn his discourse with the most brilliant passages from Bossuet renders his production not only worthless but grotesque. The man who can build a labourer's cottage handsomely should be content; but when he attempts to engraft upon it the turrets and pilasters of the neighbouring mansion he covers his work not with ornament but ridicule. "Am I then," you will ask, "to cast aside the brilliant thoughts and happy imagery I meet in my reading?" No, I only ask you not to use them *not*. Note them for re-reading. Cast them as nuggets into the smelting-pot of your own brain. Trust to time and

is no knowing what rich ore it may strike. When the brain throbs in labour with thought struggling for birth, when the soul is full, and the imagination in flame, this is the golden moment. Each idea now stands out clear cut as a cube of crystal and colours of unwonted richness are draping the fancy. Hence, at all hazards, lay hold of this inspiration. Close the most interesting work; leave the most fascinating society; heed neither food nor sleep till it is secured.

For you, this spirit may never breathe again. Let this moment pass and when you do invoke the intellect it is cold and barren, and the heart, that yesterday blazed with living fires, holds

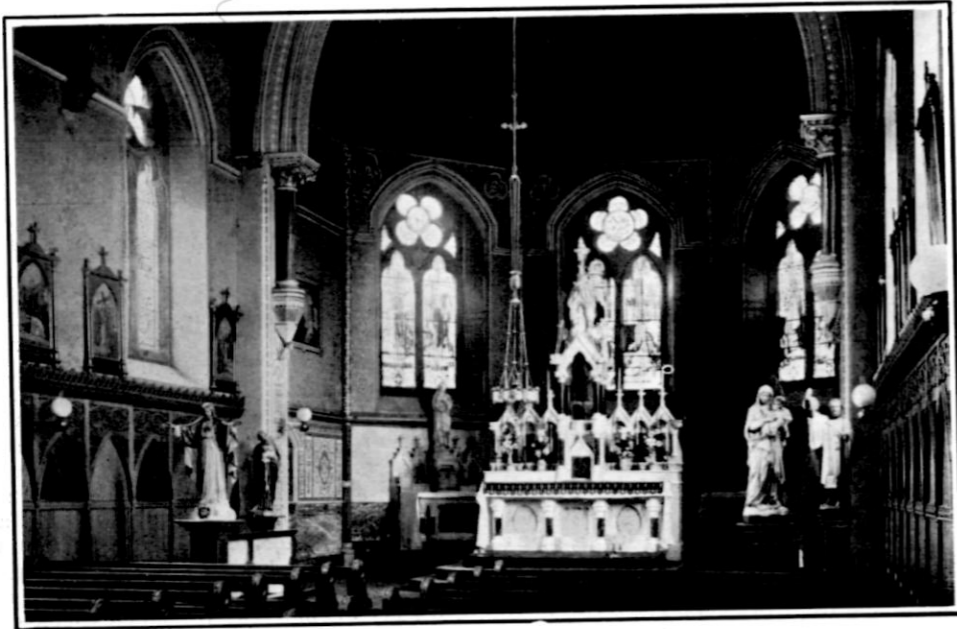


Photo. by Rev. D. Kelly, S.J.]

BOYS' CHAPEL, MUNGRET COLLEGE.

the alchemy of thought to transmute them. Wait till these thoughts become your thoughts. The intellect will assimilate this foreign material and send it forth on some future occasion, palpitating with the warm blood of natural life, to strengthen the frame-work of your reasoning or adorn your composition with veins of natural beauty.

How shall I read?

Read with a pencil and paper slip beside you; not only to jot down arguments and illustrations but to seize on the inspirations that may come. The thoughts we get from books are not at all as valuable as the train of natural ideas these books excite. When the mind is once set going there

lifeless ashes now. It is not always when you have pointed your pencils and spread the virgin page before you thought will come. The ideas that have revolutionized the world came at times and in places most unlooked for.

When musing on the swaying Sanctuary lamp during Benediction, Galileo discovered the laws of the pendulum. Such a trifle as the fall of an apple suggested the laws of gravitation to Newton; and the first idea of the locomotive came to Watt while he was watching the lid rising from the boiling kettle. During a royal banquet the argument to crush the Manicheans grew on the great mind of St. Thomas, and the king made his secretary write it down on the spot. Had

not these men trained themselves to admit and welcome the angel visitant, no matter when or where he came, the stagnant pool of the world's ignorance might have remained for ever unstirred.

Your notes are now before you, some the offspring of original thought, and others culled from reading. The former require only polishing and shaping, but the latter must pass through your own intellect; every thought must feel the brain heat before it becomes palatable. We do not ask people to eat meat raw, so we should take care not to offer them ideas cold and untouched by the warmth of our own reasoning. Think over, ruminate, roll them from side to side, let them sink down through the tissues of your own brain and settle there; then when you send them out warm, bearing the stamp of your own minting, they will be found effective.

Remember, that to translate dry theology into questionable English, encumbered with technical expressions, is not writing a sermon; but the man who takes up dry theological principles, simmers them in his own thought, wraps them in the transparency of clear language, illustrating it with his own imagery and thereby bringing it within the grasp of the meanest intelligence, that man, in a sense, creates the truth anew.

You begin the work of construction by making out a sketch argument. Let a well-jointed syllogism underlie, and form the framework of your sermon. The conclusion of that syllogism must be the goal point at which you aim. That once selected, all other parts of the sermon should tend towards it. As all roads lead to Rome, so all members of the argument should converge to this point. The congregation should leave the church with that idea fixed and clear as a star of light before their minds.

In writing, as in committing to memory, you should keep the audience ever before the mind's eye. Attack it on every side; pursue it with argument, and never leave it in the power of an intelligent man to say "I do not understand what he means."

This habit of writing with the audience before us, not only secures cogency and point for our

arguments, and clearness for our illustrations, but it saves us from the fatal mistake of producing, not a sermon, but an essay.

Placere.

So far we have been studying how to mortise the joints of our arguments into well-knit and shapely strength; the pure scholastic, however, possesses but half the weapons of the preacher. The best built skeleton is repulsive till it is clothed with flesh, colour and beauty. This is the rhetorician's task. He comes with his graceful art, and drapes the dry bones of hard reasoning, clarifies the arguments by illustrations, clothes them in language crisp and sparkling, weaves around them the warm glow of fancy and renders the hardest truths palatable by the



THE CHAPEL, MUNGRET COLLEGE.

grace of diction and delivery. He accomplishes all implied in the word "*Placere*."

When rhetoric and logic clasp hands the standard of triumph is fairly certain to be planted above the stubborn heart. We must, however, remember that the arts of rhetoric are subordinate to the reasoning, and must be brought forward only for the purpose of driving the reasoning home. But since man's faculties are not divided into watertight compartments, neither should the sermon intended to influence him.

Our reason is not independent of our passions; our feelings so influence our judgment that even in our greatest actions it is hard to disentangle and say so much is the product of one and so much of the other. The sermon should be con-

structed to fit the man; argument and emotion should not stand apart but dovetail and interlace.

In the art of entwining the garlands of rhetoric around the framework of argument Sheil stands conspicuous. Lecky says of him—"His speeches seem exactly to fulfil Burke's description of perfect oratory—half poetry, half prose. Two very high excellencies he possessed to the most wonderful degree—the power of combining extreme preparation with the greatest passion and of *blending argument with declamation*."

We know scarcely any speaker from whom it would be possible to cite so many passages with all the *sustained rhythm and flow of declamation, yet consisting wholly of the most elaborate arguments*. He always prepared the language as well as the substance of his speeches. He seems to have followed the example of Cicero, in studying the case of his opponent, as well as his own and was thus enabled to anticipate with great accuracy."

The hint contained in the last paragraph is invaluable to the man who proves or expounds doctrine. It sometimes happens that there is an objection so natural that it seems to grow out of the reasoning. Perhaps, while the preacher is speaking, it is taking shape on the minds of the hearers; at least sooner or later it is certain to recur.

How is it to be dealt with? Let it pass and the audience carry away the argument with a cloud of doubt hanging around that goes far to destroy its force. Or it may be that when he opens the morning paper it confronts him, set forth in the most convincing shape, with the advantage of having, at least, twenty-four hours to rest on the public mind before he can touch it. Therefore, let no such objection pass, but grapple with it here and now, and tear it to shreds. Here you are master of the situation, and can present the objection in a shape most accessible to your own knife. By anticipating an antagonist you break his sword and render your own position unassailable.

Before our preacher goes into the pulpit just one word in his ear—Beware of two very common defects—(1) *Rapidity of speech, and, (2) Want of proper articulation*. A people who think warmly, as we do, speak rapidly. Thought is rushed upon thought and sentence telescoped into sentence. Before sending forth an idea, take care that its predecessor has got time to settle on the minds of your hearers. In articulation try to earn the eulogy passed on Wendell Phillips. "He sent each sentence from his lips as bright and clear cut as a new made sovereign from the mint."

Movere.

What is the main weapon of the orator?

Demosthenes answers—"Action." Mr. Gladstone—"Earnestness." But St. Francis Borgia probably explains what both mean when he advises us to preach with an evidence of conviction that makes it clear to the audience you are prepared to lay down your life at the foot of the pulpit stairs for the truth of what you say.

Without this deep-seated conviction and the enthusiasm that flows from it, your fire is but painted fire, your thunder the thunder of the stage. This living earnestness is the vital spark that illumines and vitalizes all. Without it the best built sermon is but a painted corpse; but when the soul gleams forth in the flashing eye and quivering lip, waves of unseen fire are issuing with every sentence, and arrows of light silently piercing every heart. The most stubborn prejudices are forced to melt and the most depraved wills are swept on the crest of the grand tidal wave, slowly gathering from the start; but when the preacher forgets himself and his surroundings, flings self-consciousness away, goes outside himself, pouring the hot tide from his own glowing heart, till every flash of his eye and every wave of his hand becomes a palpitating thought; then his audience surrender; their hearts are in the hollow of his hand, wax to receive any impression; their wills can be braced and lifted to the sublimest heights of heroism—this is triumph.

It is said that the great mastery O'Connell exercised over the people mainly sprang from the passionate earnestness of his conviction. The nation's heart seemed merged into his own. He stood forth her living, breathing symbol. When he spoke it was Ireland spoke. Her passions rocked his soul; her humour flashed from his eye; her scorn gleamed in his glances, and her sobs choked his utterance. Ah! if preachers were as filled with the Spirit of Christ as this man was with the spirit of patriotism what a revolution we might witness!

You ask—"How then do actors move people since there can be no enthusiasm when men know they simulate unreal people and unreal passions?" I answer, that the first step towards becoming a great actor is to fling aside that knowledge and hand yourself over the willing victim of a delusion. You must not *act* but *live* your part: persuade yourself that you are the character you personate: surrender your heart to be torn by real passions and wrung by real sorrows.

The answer is well known which a celebrated actor once gave to a divine:—"How is it that you so move people by fiction and our preachers fail to move them by truth?" "Sir, we speak fiction as if it were fact and your preachers speak truth as if it were fiction."

Here, we leave our preacher facing his audience and filled with but one idea: I have a great message to deliver and I will lay hold of every means to send that message home; voice, passion, style, gesture, these are my arms and with these I hope to conquer.

In parting, we take a glance at the preacher's exalted mission, and we may well ask: what in the whole range of human occupations does this world hold worthy of being compared to it?

The battle-field it is true, has its glories, but it has its horrors also. Who can paint the pride with which Napoleon saw the triumph of his skill crush two Emperors at Austerlitz, or the rapture with which he beheld the trophies of great kingdoms at his feet? The fatigues of winter marches are forgotten when in the fiery flashes of his veterans' eyes he read his own renown, while their applauding shouts fell like music on his ears. But blood soils the proudest trophies of war, and across the perspective of victory the spectres of murdered men will stalk.

Human eloquence, too, has its conquests, the purest, the most beautiful in the natural order. How the pride flush heightens on the orator's cheek as he watches the crusts of prejudice melt, and hostile hearts surrender; when he marks the bated breath and the hushed silence attesting his victory more eloquently than the stormiest applause. He sees the varied moods of his own soul mirrored in the faces around him, as he summons forth what spirit he lists: tears or laughter, murmurs or applause answer to his call.

What pen can picture the ecstasies that thrilled the soul of Grattan as he gave utterance to the spirit of expiring freedom in those orations that rank among the world's masterpieces? The

snows of age melted and the decrepitude of years was flung aside and his eyes gleamed with strange fires as he beheld sodden corruption struck dumb and hang its guilty head; when he saw the wavering drink fresh courage with each new outburst, and men of commonest clay transformed into heroes by the blaze of his genius. Glorious triumphs indeed, but alas! human and as such doomed to die.

But in the sublimity of his purpose and the imperishable nature of his conquests, the preacher stands alone. Compared with his, the greatest trophies of the battle-field or the forum are feeble trifles.

The preacher, in prayer and study, goes down over the green swards of Calvary and there gathers the ruby drops of Redemption. He ascends the pulpit and pours them as a purple tide over souls that are parched and perishing. As when the Pentecostal fire rested on the Apostles' heads, a new light filled their minds and a new flame sprung up within their hearts. So, when the same Spirit breathes through the preacher's lips, the clouds of ignorance dissolve, and the light of truth divine glorifies the minds and inflames the souls of his hearers. The ears of faith can hear the applause of angels, and the eyes of faith can read Heaven's approval in the flashing glances of the Blest, as with each stroke the preacher widens the empire of the Precious Blood, and piles palpitating trophies before the Sacred Heart. Ah! here is a field worthy of the highest ambition that ever burned within a human breast.

Hence, we should toil, toil, toil, and call no labour excessive that we put forth, in burnishing into polished efficiency every weapon God has given us for the service of his pulpit.

AN ALPINE CHAPEL.

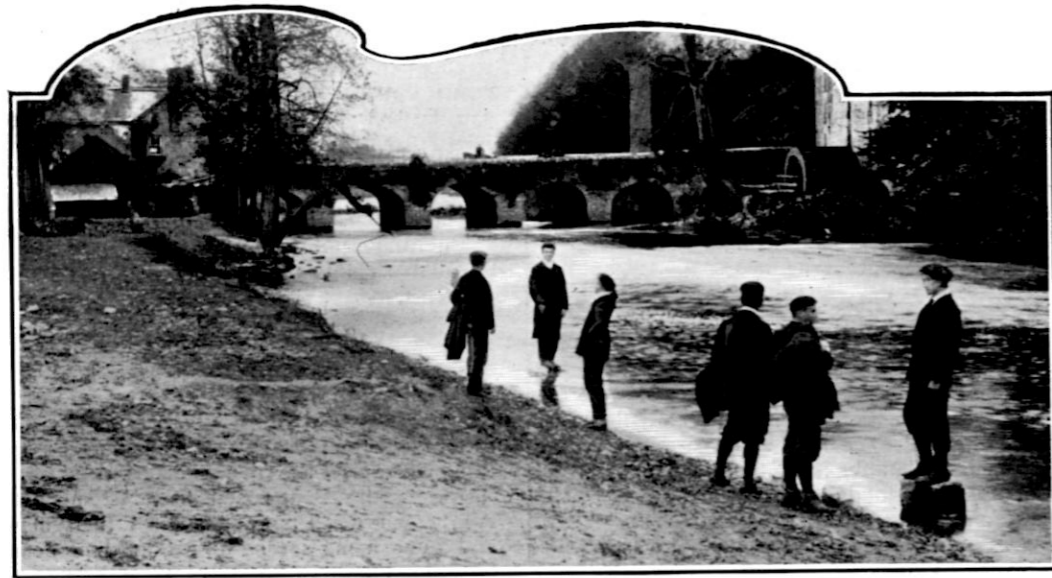
FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

A convent chapel reared on high
Peeps down into the silent dell;
A shepherd youth, by fount and mead
Sings sweetly of his native fell.

Afar rings out the solemn peal—
Soul-stirring is the cloistral plaint,—
His joyful song is hushed the while,
He lists intent to echoes quaint.

Above, they ope the grave for him
Whose days below were short and free.
O shepherd! take to heart the scene;—
Anon the monks will chant for thee.

W. GANNON S.J., ('92.)



THE MAIGUE AT CROOM.—A PLAY-DAY IN NOVEMBER.

(Photo. by M. Saul (1st Arts Class.)

❁ **ḡilṡe na mṡige.*** ❁

(MAIGUE POETS.)

IT is with no ordinary pleasure that we direct the attention of readers of the MUNGRET ANNUAL to this volume. Its chief interest will, of course, be for those who can read and appreciate our modern native literature. But we venture to think that even those unable to read Irish will regard as a good Two Shillings' worth the learned Editor's lucid and illuminating "Introduction" of some forty pages. It has long ago become a Gaelic League commonplace that perhaps the most baneful effect of the general adoption of an alien speech has been to cut the Ireland of to-day adrift from its own past, and especially from its more immediate past. Good histories of the "Penal Agony" we may possibly have. But, speaking generally, they have come from the pens either of English or of Anglo-Irish writers of the nineteenth century. They give us the political and wider social aspect of that dark period. But as regards its intimate, its domestic aspect, they are sadly wanting. How could they be otherwise? The contemporary literature in which that phase is crystallised was for the writers a sealed book. In his masterly "Introduction," Fr. Dineen puts before us clearly and succinctly what, as the fruit of his wide reading of our eighteenth century Munster literature, he conceives the intimate social life of that period to

have been, at any rate in the southern province. For, although as he says, the Munster Lyric Poets "did not trouble themselves about the psychology of nations, about the philosophy of history, about the manner in which a writer of genius reflects his surroundings, his age, his race; yet, they spoke from the heart, and gave unerring expression to the thoughts and feelings of their contemporaries." The poems they wrote, therefore, "though barren as regards formal fact, tell us the history of the inner life of the people as no other documents can. State papers, paintings, wills, private letters of public personages, have all their value in interpreting for us the character of a people at a given period in their historical development, but they have not the power of introducing us to the inner sanctum of the people's life where their emotions well forth in all their native vigour." The obvious truth thus set forth being taken for granted, Fr. Dineen proceeds to show the

*ḡilṡe na mṡige, nṡ dṡirṡin ṡeṡm uṡ ṡuama ḡ dṡirṡar ṡṡic ṡṡaṡe —an ṡ-d. ṡ. uṡ Duinnṡn uṡ ṡurṡ ṡ n-eṡṡar—ṡṡ n-a ṡṡurṡ ṡṡaṡ uṡ ṡ. h. ṡill ḡ a ṡac uṡ ṡṡillṡṡ ṡlan.

The Maigue Poets, or the Songs of John O'Toumey and Andrew McGrath, now edited for the first time by Fr. Dineen—Dublin, Gill & Son. Paper 2/- nett; Cloth, 2/6.

place held by the Tavern in the social economy. This naturally raises the question whether the frequent allusions to this institution, to the merry folks that were wont to frequent it, and to "the cup that circled then" among them, prove that drunkenness had already assumed the proportions of a gross stain upon the national character. The "Popish" schoolmaster exercising his noble calling in the teeth of the law—his status, his acquirements, the tremendous, often overwhelming disadvantages under which he laboured, his temptations, his weaknesses, his faults and his virtues—also claims attention.

These poets, fierce and wayward, often, we know, levelled their bitterest shafts of satire against priests who, rightly or wrongly, had incurred their displeasure. One might, therefore, at first blush, fancy the laity tainted, even in the agony of the national Church, with the virus of anti-clericalism. Fr. Dineen thinks and shows that nothing could be farther from the truth. Such satire was purely personal, directed not against the Order but against the individual. For, should a weak-kneed Catholic, above all a Priest, yield to the blandishments of the rival religion, these same poets bewail in strains of heart-rending anguish what they evidently regard as a blot on the national escutcheon and an irreparable disaster to the national Faith.

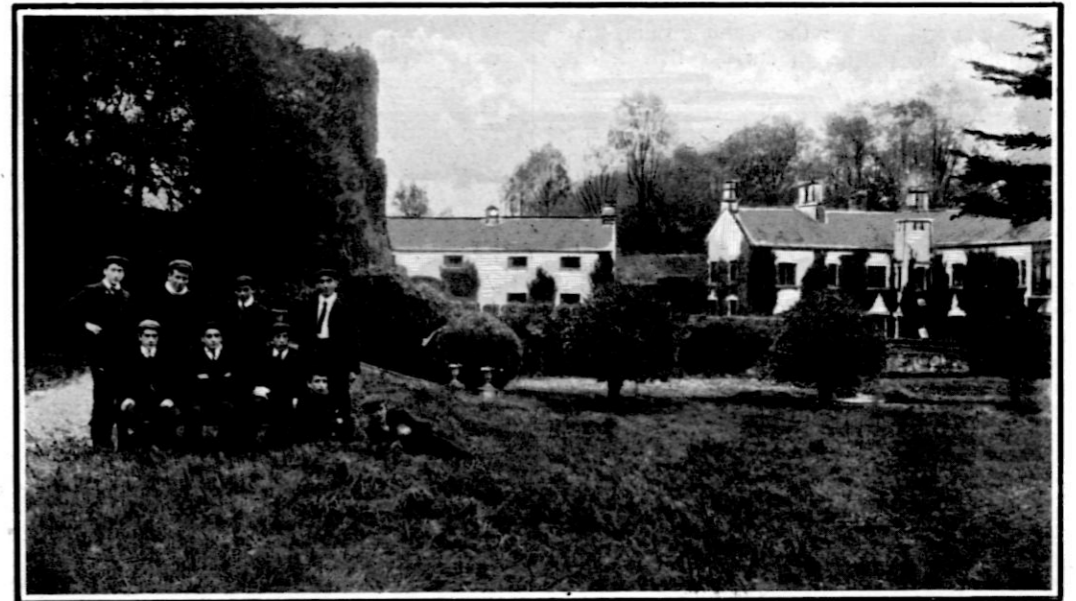
These few, out of many questions discussed, will, we think, suffice to show how interesting is this book even to the mere English reader. Are there among our readers "beginners," who, in the weary early stages feel their steps falter and

the ardour of their first efforts to glow less brightly? Are there any of Chanel's "chronics" among them? We commend them the "Introduction." We think on finishing it they will try *Sṡṡn te mṡige* or *Cuirte na h-ṡṡṡe* with results unexpectedly satisfactory.

The poems themselves are, undoubtedly, a valuable addition to our available modern literature. They are short, unconventional and, many of them, simple enough to be read with pleasure even by students not very long released from the O'Growney leading-strings. In our judgment they reach and maintain a high degree of literary merit; and while aglow with true lyric warmth, they are always temperate in their enthusiasms, never strained or extravagant.

It has been contended, and we fear conceded by not a few even among the enthusiastic friends of Irish, that the "complicated technique" of its versification, while resulting in "a high state of poetic melody," fetters the freedom and emasculates the thought of the poet. With this contention we unhesitatingly join issue. Indeed, to speak our whole mind, we have a shrewd suspicion that those who put it forward view the matter altogether from the English standpoint. They forget that "Lyric, beyond every other species of poetry, ought to pay attention to melody and beauty of sound, and, other things being equal, those Odes may be justly accounted the best in which the harmony of the measure is most sensible to every common ear."* They

* Blair—Lecture 39.



AT CROOM CASTLE.—A NOVEMBER PLAY-DAY.

(Photo. by M. Saul (1st Arts Class.)

forget, too, that "every language has powers and graces, and music peculiar to itself, and what is becoming in one would be ridiculous in another."* In the hands of one but imperfectly acquainted with our tongue, the restraints imposed by the lyric metres, would, of course, be fatal to genuine poetry. But, on the movements of the imagination and passions of men like O'Toumey and McGrath—men "who knew how to write their native language with accuracy and precision," men who had at their command a vocabulary practically unlimited—these metres imposed no restraint whatever. And hence we find throughout these poems such pregnancy and terseness, such incisiveness and felicity of phrase, as would alone suffice to refute this ill-judged contention. Expressions like "Cúiread Cnuair" "a literary man with a well-stored mind:" "ó fáruis béite an méirío reo i ngruair," "since damsels have made conquest of these and brought them into trouble"—to quote a few out of many examples—have certainly nothing about them of that fancied "weakness caused by the cramping exigencies of those complicated metres." To this vigour of phrase there is wedded a subtle melody of verse that lingers in the ear and haunts one like fairy music.

So far we have dwelt on the contents of this volume from the point of view of their own intrinsic worth and general interest. But the band of sweet singers who wrote these poems lived and wrote, died and lie buried amid the very scenes with which we are familiar. At least one of them, Séamus Ua Dálaigh, rests under the hallowed shadow of our own Mungret Abbey. It was the Maigue that we know, our own Croom and Adare; the Shannon valley and the blue and purple mountains that frame Limerick's grassy vale, that supplied them with a theme and quickened their inspiration. Going back in fancy some hundred and thirty-five years, we can see them met in Bardic Session on Knockfirne, or Lios-na-Righ, presided over by O'Toumey, or the Franciscan, Fr. O'Donnell. For our Present then, for our Past, and for natives of Limerick all the world over, this volume will have a special appeal. In it there are twenty-one poets represented, the vast majority hailing from the Maigue valley;—"a galaxy," says Fr. Dineen, "of which any country in Christendom might well be proud." But, of the eighty-seven poems that comprise the volume as thirty-six are by John O'Toumey and twenty-six by Andrew McGrath, inexorable arithmetic reduces, alas! the number by the majority of the other lights to a single piece. Quickened, as they were, by such intellectual activity, they must, one and all, have written considerably

more. We hope the learned editor will soon unearth enough from the manuscripts to give us a second volume of our Maigue Poets.

As regards the editing, Fr. Dineen tells us in his preface that he has followed "the method which has proved so successful in my *Διρτί Σαερίτζε* and my *Υπεράα Σαερίτζε*. The more difficult passages are translated and an attempt is made to render knotty constructions plain and easy . . . I believe that this method is better calculated to put the student in touch with the author's thought than an alphabetical vocabulary be it ever so elaborate." As between the merits of a thoroughly complete vocabulary and the system here followed we are not prepared, nor do we deem it necessary, to pass judgment. But one thing we do know,—and we hope it will not seem ungracious in us to say it,—the system of annotation here adopted is beyond all comparison preferable to such vocabularies as the editor appended to some of the Munster poets that could be named. Let us not be misunderstood. In this field Fr. Dineen is our most industrious pioneer. We appreciate, we think to the full, the labour involved and the difficulties that beset his path. We are quite aware, for instance, that for the text of some of the poems of the present volume from seven to nine manuscripts have been read and collated, and that some of the manuscripts consulted are preserved outside Ireland. But, experience may possibly have prejudiced our readers against Fr. Dineen as a helpful editor from the struggling student's point of view. Such a prejudice we would fain remove. Good, say the philosophers, is self-diffusive. Having, ourselves, experienced the keenest delight in reading these poems, we want our readers to share it with us. And, therefore, we say that whatever the shortcomings of some of the other work of Fr. Dineen, in this the most captious critic can find really little to carp at. Of the four sections we have carefully gone into three, and for these, with a restriction, we can therefore vouch. As regards the "Warrants" the Rev. Editor gives us fair warning that he has not gone quite fully into the linguistic difficulties they raise. May we hope he will do so in a future edition? To the last three or four poems too he has given no notes. But, as, by the time he reaches them, the student will know the author's vocabulary, they will probably give rise to no difficulty that cannot be solved by the aid of the dictionary.

In conclusion we congratulate Fr. Dineen on the admirable way he has edited this book, and we assure all lovers of our native literature among our readers who may not have yet read it that there is in store for them a genuine treat.

"Céite Íopa."

EARTHQUAKE IN CHILE.

LETTER FROM A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT—AN EYE-WITNESS.

San Luis English College,
Estacion de Nos, Chile,
October 12th, 1906.

My dear Father C.—I came out here last January as master in an English college which was then in Limache, a town about fifty miles north-east of Valparaiso.

I say that the College *was* in Limache: just at present there is no Limache—and no college. Limache was a fair-sized town—a charming spot for a college; a delightful climate—during nine months of the year not a drop of rain, and very few drops during the other three months. A beautiful country; good railway facilities; a plentiful supply of excellent water; large grounds; a delightful garden with its luxuriance of tropical flowers and plants;—such were the surroundings of San Luis English College de Limache. Verily, Limache was an ideal spot.

The college was in a most flourishing state. It was, perhaps, the most aristocratic in Chile; it certainly was one of the most efficient. There were eighty-seven students when I came, and applications for places were pouring in every day. To meet the demand for places the Rector, Mr. Hamilton, a Galwayman, had begun the erection of a new wing—in fact, it was almost finished—at a cost of something like £2,000. The college would then have accommodated 120 boys. Now, there is no Limache, and no college. All were wiped out in the earthquake.

Things were going along splendidly. Winter had just passed, and the ever-welcome spring—welcome even in these climes where there is no winter deserving of the name—was close at hand. On the 18th September the Chilians celebrate, each year, the anniversary of the liberation of their country from Spanish tyranny—alleged or real—and for a few days they deliver themselves up to feasting and holiday-making. All the schools in the country close for a fortnight, and everybody in San Luis was in high spirits looking forward to the "dieziocho salida," when, suddenly and unheralded, came the dire disaster of the 16th August.

A great deal has been said and much written about the calamitous catastrophe that, in a few moments, changed the face of a whole country, but no tongue could tell, nor pen paint, even faintly, what an earthquake really

is. To realise its horrors you must experience them!

Of course, there are earthquakes and earthquakes. In this country earthquakes—what the natives call "tremblores," that is, tremblings or shocks—are an everyday occurrence. Sometimes, there are two or three of them in the day. First you hear a dull, rumbling, underground sound which increases in intensity for three or four seconds; then the house shakes and jolts more or less violently for two, or three, or four seconds, rattling the windows and furniture, and then—all is over! The foreigner at first is inclined to be alarmed when he finds the house suddenly indulging in a kind of war-dance, but he soon becomes accustomed to the "tremblores," and after a time he ceases to pay them any attention at all. The Chilians themselves, however, grow nervous at the slightest shock. They become quite pale, make the sign of the cross; and, if an unusually violent tremor comes, they rush from the house and remain "al fresco" until they consider all danger past.

There had been many such *tremblores* since my arrival in Chile, but, on the evening of the 16th August came a real earthquake,—what the Chilians call a "terremoto." It was about 7-45 o'clock in the evening. The boys were in the study preparing the lessons for next day, all except four or five who had gone to bed early, and I was sitting in my room having an afternoon chat with another master, when suddenly and without the slightest warning the house began to rock and shake. At first, I did not take much notice of the affair, as I thought it was merely a tremor—of more than the usual violence—but, instead of ceasing after a few seconds, as in the case of a tremor, the rocking and shaking increased to such an extent that I became somewhat alarmed.

The few boys who had been in bed rushed out into the corridor screaming, and I went to my door to call them to order, but when I had got there the motion of the house was so violent that I could scarcely stand. I made my way along the corridor as best I could with the intention of going down stairs to get the boys all out into the open. It was with great difficulty that I could do so: at each step I was being thrown from the bannister to the wall, and from the wall back to the bannister.

* Idem. *Ibitem.*

When I got down to the hall a scene presented itself to my eyes that I shall not easily forget. Pictures were dropping from the walls; furniture was falling about in all directions; walls were cracking and tumbling down on all sides; lamps were over-turning; children were screaming and rushing out into the open; and all to the accompaniment of a subterranean noise that was simply appalling. The first shock—for there were two of them—lasted for four minutes, and during all that time the house was rocking and reeling and cracking and creaking as if some mighty monster had laid hold of it and were trying to shake it to pieces.

We had just got all the children out into the garden and were beginning to breathe freely again when the second shock began. Then, indeed, I thought the end had come. It was even more intense than the first shock. The earth rose and fell even as the waves of a storm-tossed ocean, and at each moment I expected to see it open and swallow us up—or down! But, thanks be to God, it did not do so, and we all escaped with our lives.

We brought the children down to the play field, and were just beginning to prepare some kind of shelter for the night when it was noticed that the house—or what was left of it—was on fire. A lamp in one of the rooms had been overturned by the commotion and had set fire to a bed; the fire had spread with such rapidity that it was already too late to stop it. A couple of the masters and some of the bigger boys did, indeed, volunteer to try and save—I will not say the house, for the earthquake had already destroyed that—something from the flames, but the Rector drew his revolver, pretty well everybody carries one in this country, and threatened to shoot anyone who went near the tottering, burning building. As he said afterwards, it were better loose a dozen colleges than that anyone should run the risk of losing his life. So we could only stand and watch the college burn itself down to the ground. Absolutely everything perished in the flames; we saved nothing but the clothes on our backs, and, of course, our lives; and I can tell you we felt very grateful to Almighty God for having saved them!

Had I more time at my disposal, I could tell you tales at once terrible and touching of the dark, dreary days that followed the fateful 16th August; towns wiped out of existence; homes wrecked; families mourning for their dear dead; hospitals filled to overflowing with wounded; wealth and poverty lying down side by side in the streets and in the public

places; starvation stalking over the land; and—greatest horror of all—man preying on his fellow-man in the hour of universal desolation! For in those days the highwayman was abroad, and woe betide the victim on whom he seized. In Valparaiso alone three hundred robbers taken in the act were shot in public. Martial law was proclaimed in the city; and, to their eternal honour be it said, the military authorities acted in a very firm manner. Stealing—even to the extent of a box of matches—was punished by instant death. The culprit was in every case, brought to a priest, or a priest was brought to him, and given a chance of making his peace with God, then tied to a lamp-post—and shot!

My time is very limited, so I must rapidly draw to a close. The railways in parts of the country had been destroyed, so it was impossible to have the children sent—I do not say to their homes, for few of them had homes left to go to—to their people immediately; but gradually their friends began to arrive for them, mostly on horseback, and at the end of ten days we had got the last of them off our hands. Meanwhile, some of the most influential of the citizens of Santiago, fathers of pupils of the college, had been using all their influence with the Government on behalf of the Rector and masters, their chief plea being that but for the courage of the masters some of the boys must have lost their lives, and that had the masters been less solicitous for the safety of the boys they could have saved all their belongings from the fire. The result of these pleadings was that after all the boys had gone, a telegram came inviting the masters to Santiago, where we were clothed, boarded, and lodged for five weeks, until, in fact, arrangements had been made to re-open the college here.

By the way, we did not get one halfpenny out of all the thousands of pounds that were sent from England. When the Rector applied he was told that the money was already all distributed!

So here I am in Nos, a most beautiful part of the country, even more so, if possible, than Limache. We are now in the middle of Spring, and the weather is delightful. Really, for climate and for natural scenery, I do not think there is any country in the world to beat Chile.

But enough of Chile! What I want to know is something about *Mungret!* etc., etc.

Yours affectionately in Christ,
W. LENAGHAN.



Photo. by Vandyke.]

LAY BOYS—SECOND CLUB—OCTOBER, 1906.

BACK ROW—G. Walsh, J. Shiel, M. Graham, T. Sheedy, J. Stack, P. Kelly, G. O'Brien, W. Kelly, G. Byrne, C. Sheehan, E. Heffernan.
MIDDLE ROW—J. Kennedy, M. Sheedy, T. Cronin, P. O'Connell (Captain), Rev. Fr. O'Reilly, S. J., W. Ryan (Secretary), J. Pomeroy, J. A. Barry, J. O'Gorman.
FRONT ROW—A. Keogh, J. Connolly, M. Cregan, J. Liston, J. Owens, J. Keogh, J. Cremin, P. Garry, S. Ambrose.

WHAT NOT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS.

IT was a warm, August day in Dublin. I had just come up from the country for a short holiday. I was walking quietly along Stephen's Green, when I suddenly came across Tom D—, an old schoolfellow of mine. When I last saw Tom, three years before, at College, he was only a junior boy, about fourteen; he was now, just seventeen and looked rather juvenile for that.

"Hello, Tom," I said, "up in town, already. Sick of the country after a month."

"Well, yes. A fellow does get rather tired of the humdrum life down there, and it does one good, you know, to see a bit of city life. Besides, my people wanted me to start studying for my profession as soon as possible. They are very keen on it. I suppose I shall get to like it some day, too, though at present I don't feel very enthusiastic over it.

"Do you know anyone in town, here?"

"Not a soul. There are some friends of my family up here, but I don't want to meet them. I would only have to visit at their place, and then, you know, I would have to keep up to scratch. A fellow is really much more free when he knows nobody."

"What do you do with yourself during the day?"

"Class starts about ten o'clock, and goes on till one. Then I go for a stroll till dinner time. After dinner I read a bit, and then knock about till tea time. After tea, I generally go to the theatre. There is usually something good on at one of the music halls."

"Have you got a bicycle with you in town?"

"No. I did not think it would be any good bringing a bike."

"But you have splendid country for cycling round about you."

"Yes, so I believe. I was out to Kingstown on the tram the other day. The country looks very well out that way."

"Do you care for boating, or games of any sort?"

"Oh! rather. But my people don't want me to go in much for these things while I am up here. In fact, I think they would not like me to have a bicycle even, it might distract me

supper, but he said we were tired, and preferred to go home. I did not get into my "digs" till one o'clock in the morning. I was pretty tired, I can tell you. This morning I did not get to class till 11-30, but they did not seem to mind much. They took it as a matter of course that a fellow should be late now and again. Oh! by the way, I must be off. I have an appointment for lunch to-day at the D.B.C., with my friend of last night



Photo by]

LAY BOYS—FIRST CLUB OCTOBER, 1906.

[Gastellia, Link.

BACK ROW—J. Clandillon, P. Slattery, W. O'Donnell, J. Garry, F. Hayes, S. Crowley, J. McMahon, J. Ryan.
SECOND ROW—R. O'Donnell, M. Howard, J. Enright, J. Cullen, J. Smith, H. O'Neill, C. Hennessy, J. D'Arcy, M. McMahon, T. Mullins.
THIRD ROW—J. Raftery, Rev. P. Cannon, S. J., M. Dwyer (Capt.), Rev. Fr. Rector, R. Fitzsimon (Sec.), J. Lynch, Rev. Fr. O'Mahony, S. J.
FRONT ROW—P. Liston, J. Raverty, F. Daly, J. Fegan, J. B. Barry, J. Ryan.

from my studies, you know!"

"Hard lines, poor fellow. So you are confined to town, and forced to walk the streets for your only pastime. You must be very tired of that already."

"Well, a little bit, but you meet so many decent fellows here, in town, that you soon get quite used to it. I met a very lively chap last night with whom I had a very jolly time. We met some friends of his—ladies—and we accompanied them home. They invited us to

I did not see Tom again for a good while. I went over to England for two years, as I could get no good dispensary in Ireland. I came back again last spring to Dublin, and met Joe S—, another school friend of mine. We got talking about old times, and Tom D—'s name came up in the course of conversation.

"Oh! you don't know, then," said Joe, "that Tom has gone out of the country this six months."

"Never heard a word of it. How could I,

off in England—away from the whole crowd of you. How did it happen?"

"Well. He was not doing so well here in Dublin. In fact, he got off the track altogether after a few months; gave up going to lectures and went from bad to worse in a very short time. He got through a lot of money, sent up by his father for books and lectures. Then the bills came in to the father again at the end of the year, and there was a big row. Tom tried to pick up a bit, but it was too late; he got into

"Did you know Tom well at school; what sort of a fellow was he?"

"Well, I should think I did know him. We were together for four years. He was a very decent fellow and very popular with the boys, but he did not get on so well with the authorities. His mother was too fond of him; she would never believe anything wrong about her only son. Once, I remember, when a scorching report was sent home about his idleness and unsatisfactory conduct, she threatened to with-

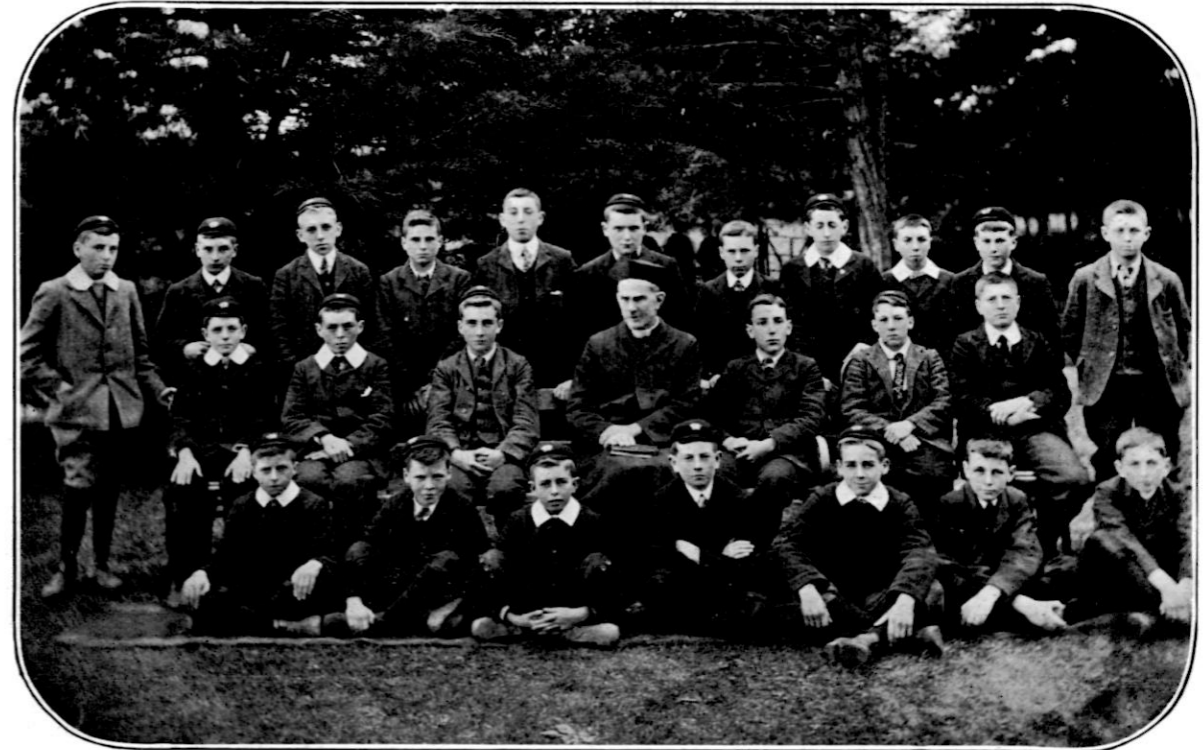


Photo by]

LAY BOYS—THIRD CLUB—OCTOBER, 1906.

[Gastellia, Link.

BACK ROW—G. Gaynor, T. Dunphy, G. King, F. Crowley, E. O'Sullivan, F. Kenny, J. Farrell, M. Glynn, D. O'Regan, B. Keyes.
MIDDLE ROW—B. Stephenson, M. O'Farrell, D. Crowley (Capt.), Rev. Fr. W. Kane, S. J., P. King (Sec.), H. Glynn, J. Sheedy, P. McDermott.
FRONT ROW—T. O'Shaughnessy, G. McElligott, R. Colohan, W. Harnett, B. Barry, L. Neary, H. Kelly.

serious trouble over some betting transaction, and had to clear out of the country altogether. The father paid up the amount of the debt; his mother paid his passage to Australia. The last I heard of him is that he is driving a tram out there in some town.

The father is savage over the whole thing. He says that if he had twenty sons instead of one, he would never send one of them to a boarding-school again. So much money spent on Tom's education, and all for nothing. There is the result of it all—driving a tram."

draw him at once. She said that with regard to his bad conduct: 'She was sure his father's son could never be guilty of such a thing; that they never had any trouble with him at home; it must be the companions he met with at College that were leading him astray. His idleness, she was sure, was due to his not being taken kindly by his masters; of course, Tom was a high-spirited boy, and resented being treated 'harshly.'

"I know myself, that at home he had everything his own way. His father never interfered;

he left all to the mother, and she, poor woman, was too good to the darling boy. God help her! I believe she is heart-broken over him now. They say she never mentions him to the father; in fact, they scarcely speak at all. I heard recently that he has taken to drink in disgust, but I don't believe that."

"Well, really, they have themselves to blame. They should not have sent Tom up to Dublin by himself, and so young. It is too much to expect a young fellow to keep straight, when there is not a soul he knows in the city that has any influence over him. The supplies come up regularly every week, with often an extra pound from the fond mother; and there are so many ways of getting through money in Dublin."

"By the way, I met his cousin, Miss S——, the other day. They are greatly cut up about the whole thing. He never went to see them the whole time he was in town. They would have been most happy to have him visit them, and would have introduced him into good society; they move in a very good set themselves."

"Yes. It is a great pity that he did not get into a good set. He would have got on very well; he had a good manner, and sang very well, I believe. However, it is all over now with the poor fellow. He has sown his wild oats, and is now reaping the bitter harvest. The worst of the whole thing is, that his is only one such case in hundreds. I wonder what can be done to stop this wretched system, which robs the country of so many promising lives to furnish merely bricks for the back-blocks of the Empire!"

"It is very hard to know what to do. One thing is certain, unless a fellow has a real taste for the work he is put to, he cannot be expected to take any interest in it. He will at most try and shuffle through it as lightly as possible, if he even does that much. The real fault is with the thoughtless parents who wish to make a Doctor or a Solicitor of their dear Johnnie and who never think it worth while finding out if Johnnie has any taste in that line at all."

"Well that is the real fault in the whole system. And on the contrary fellows who really care for and take an interest in their work get on so well. Now I know several cases where fellows who were by no means brilliant at College are getting on right well, simply because they really like their profession and are anxious to get on at it."

"Another thing is that a fellow should keep to his religious duties. I believe that when a Catholic gives up the practice of his religion, he is generally much worse than a Protestant in the same condition. The Protestant has not the strong feeling of conscience on this matter which a Catholic has, and moreover, he manages

generally to keep up a certain external good behaviour. But once a Catholic gives up his religion he loses all self-respect and nothing is too low for him.

"I believe that there are several Sodalities here in Dublin now for young fellows studying here."

"That is true, but then there is a very large section untouched by their influence. You see there is no connection or very little between these Sodalities and the Colleges from which the majority of the young fellows come, and the result is a large proportion are never reached by them at all.

"I have heard that the Protestants have a very good system for having their students introduced into good society in Dublin, as well as for getting them to attend service. The Head of the College from which they come, communicates with the Rector of their parish in Dublin. He looks them up and invites them to attend service and generally introduces them into a good set. This is a very good system for young fellows who know nobody in Dublin."

"Well I think in this we might take a hint from the other side with advantage. In some cases at least, our young fellows could be helped in a similar way."

"But the greatest good can be done by a really good Catholic doctor or solicitor. For the students will always have a great respect for such a man on account of his position, and also on account of his intimate knowledge of their life and their difficulties; and they will generally follow his advice."

"However, as long as parents force their sons to be doctors and solicitors, whether they like it or not, and what is worse keep them at it, even after they have declared their dislike for it, we cannot hope for much improvement."

"Well, there it is. The parents think business not good enough, and the young fellow who might have made an excellent business man, and be a credit to himself and his country, finds himself in surroundings for which he was never intended; and, of course, goes to the bad."

"We talk about nation-building at the present time, but I am afraid there is not much hope for the nation as long as the best of our youth are yearly taken away from commercial life, the very calling for which good men are needed in Ireland, and trained for professions which they cannot hope to practice to advantage in their own country. It is working up the raw material at our own expense, and then giving away the finished product to some foreign town, not merely for nothing, but actually with a bonus for taking it in."

FELIX BURNS, '00.

THE QUALITIES OF A BUSINESS MAN.

"Here in Ireland we are much affected by the old feudalistic idea that business lowers a man and that the only career worthy of a man of education is one or other of the learned professions." Editorial—MUNGRET ANNUAL, 1905.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the qualities of character and intellect required for success in business are of a low order, or that a commercial career should be proposed only to those who owing to want of means, or of ability, or of industry, do not find themselves in a position to obtain what is called a Profession. The very reverse is in reality the case. The qualities of mind required for success in business are of a kind quite different from those which insure success in a professional career, but whether they are not of a much higher order might well we think be disputed.

This is especially the case in the Ireland of to-day, where business and industry are too often in a state of stagnation, and a man to succeed must do more than follow a beaten track and keep up established traditions. He has to initiate and to create, and he has often to venture on ground hitherto quite untrodden. He has to examine for himself and decide, often with little help from predecessors, what particular lines of speculation will suit the locality, and the people with whom he has to deal. He has first to acquire self-reliance, and then win the confidence of his customers; and he has to train his subordinates to whom business traditions and instincts are too often quite strange.

The country requires good business men, and can supply careers for them if they are of the right sort, and it is a well-known fact that Ireland loses an untold amount of trade yearly owing to want of well-trained, enterprising business men. It is a mistake, too, to think that Irishmen, Irish Catholics in particular, cannot as a rule attain to a first-class rank in business qualifications. Their success at business in America and the English Colonies sufficiently disproves this idea. In fact some of the very qualities which are most necessary or most useful for commercial success

are those which are generally admitted to be peculiarly characteristic of Irishmen.

A good business man must be a man of well-balanced judgment; he must have a firm will, and a clear head. He should be genial or at least patient and courteous towards all. While knowing well the value and power of money he must be strictly honest. He must not let the excessive love of gain dominate him, nor let occasional losses cause him to despair. He must make it his study to please his customers, where possible, even anticipating their wants. He must be prompt and reliable in attending to orders. Carelessness and slovenly methods are too often the bane of our Irish business houses. Correctness in accounts is also absolutely essential, for many good customers are lost owing to a failing in this respect. He must be bold and enterprising; but prudence and caution must always be present. He should be ready to speculate when a good opportunity offers; he should be shrewd to see every chance, and prompt and decisive in availing himself of it. He should exercise foresight in all his calculations and duly weigh every possibility of mishap.

A good manager must be watchful in all the details of his business, and not trust too much to others. While always insisting that work be well done, he must be kind to his employees; he must not be too rigid in his dealings with them, but always show himself ready to make all reasonable allowances. He must repay well any good service done, and make his subordinates realise that it is for their interest to serve him faithfully and well. He should be diligent, and give constant application to his work. While taking all due precaution to preserve health, often severely tried by his calling, he should avoid excessive devotion to sport, a danger to which not a few fall victims. He should be ambitious and never lose a chance of increasing his business, but above all he must be upright, honest and straightforward. He must be determined and energetic, and keep on his way with indomitable perseverance, overcoming discouragement and ennui. He should

be able to adapt himself easily to circumstances and should not be too solicitious nor easily put out by trifles.

In the conduct of his business an enlightened patriotic man will be mindful of the duty he owes to his country. He should try by every means in his power to push the sale of Irish-manufactured goods, giving first preference to those produced in his own locality, not, however, to the detriment of sound, economic principles; for preference should foster industry not lull it into repose. Neglect of this principle means ruin to both manufacturer and merchant; whilst rivalry prudently directed is to the advantage of both.

Before opening business on his own account a young man should become proficient in whatever branch he means to take up. He should not in the beginning initiate business on a large scale, but should advance little by little. And if he has directly succeeded to a large going concern, he should be slow to make changes in established methods, until he has gathered a large stock of experience; and even then he should change only when the change will be a clear improvement on previous methods. If he has only small business premises he should make them look as attractive as possible, for people nowadays judge very much by appearances. He should not lag behind time but should endeavour to stock up-to-date goods. He should buy in the proper markets, giving where possible home-production a decided preference. He should not get his goods through middlemen, but make himself conversant with the fountain-heads, and deal where possible with the manufacturers or producers only. He will thus secure for his own business the profits too often swallowed up by intermediaries, and will obviate many dangers

of being compelled to supply his customers with an inferior article.

Business is known as the road to wealth, renown, and success, and persons engaged in it have amassed huge fortunes and have reached the highest pinnacle of worldly honour and fame. It would even seem that business training is very valuable for proficiency in other walks of life. We know of many striking instances of the success of those who began life as humble business-men and afterwards distinguished themselves in the church, the court, the battle-field and in parliament.

Not alone is business a sure road, but it is also a quick road to wealth, if only proper attention be paid to it. The following instance has come under my notice:—A few years ago a young man, with scarcely any capital, opened a small business in a provincial town. He made so much profit, not by overcharging his customers, but by buying saleable goods in the proper markets, and by following the principle of "quick sale and light profit," that after a little while he had sufficient capital to open new premises on a larger scale. He increased his business year by year, till at last he had four large warehouses, in which one could procure anything from an anchor to a needle; and he had about eighty employees in the town, in which a few years before he was the solitary occupant of his house. This man's business is still increasing, and he is now besides one of the largest landed proprietors in his county.

Success of this kind requires character, ability and energy, of a very high order, and, given these, it is my belief that a business career opens at the present day more and better opportunities for advancement than any other walk of life in Ireland.

JOSEPH P. RAFTERY (1st Arts.)



ON EASTER MONDAY, BEFORE THE SPORTS—VIEW FROM APOSTOLIC DORMITORY.

Photo. by Rev. D. Kelly, S.J.



MUNGRET COLLEGE, SUMMER-HOUSE AND CRICKET GROUND—VIEW FROM LIBRARY WINDOW.

[Photo by Rev. W. O'Leary, S.J.]

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MUNSTER-CONNACHT EXHIBITION.

THE boys paid a visit to the Limerick Exhibition on August the 15th. Rev. Mr. O'Kelly, S.J., organised the affair and accompanied them. The following jottings, extracted from essays written by several of them on the visit, will convey a pretty full idea of the general impressions created by that memorable event.

"At about three o'clock in the afternoon of August 13th," writes Michael Saul, "we reached Limerick after a brisk walk of less than an hour. Passing in single file through the battlemented portals we began immediately our tour of the Exhibition, and were soon feasting our eyes on a sight calculated to inspire with hope the most despondent well-wisher of Ireland, suggesting as it did the thought that 'She is not dead, but sleeping,' and that brighter fortunes are in store for her in the near future.

We found the officials most courteous and obliging, and everything carried out in a business-like manner that left nothing to be desired."

"The sight of the Sunburst floating in the breeze brought joy to every Irish heart," characteristically writes Eugene Sands, one of our Alabama students, "and the presence of the Stars and Stripes was a proof of the close relations existing between Ireland and the greater Ireland."

"In the booths on all sides," continues M. Saul, "the products of Irish industry and enterprise were displayed, and that, too, in such abundance and variety that we were fain to confess that the illustrated placards, which we had seen from time to time, during the preceding months, promising that the Munster-Connacht Exhibition would be a 'Revelation of Irish Industry,' contained this time more truth than an ordinary advertiser's self-glorification. The whole place was gaily ornamented. The decorated arches and gaudy hangings gave a most pleasing

effect. This was especially the case at night, when the halls and gardens were lighted up by myriads of electric lamps, which in that calm moonlit summer night suggested to some of us impressions similar to those created by descriptions in the Arabian Nights of the rich and varied splendours of an Eastern pageant."

"The first object that caught my attention," says John Grehan, "was some specimens of anthracite coal procured from the Kilkenny mines, and we felt happy to know that Ireland can show coal as a home product. Just a few yards onward from the Kilkenny coal exhibit we saw a most interesting individual, whom we quickly surrounded. He was a middle-aged, dapper little man seated at an antique looking, curiously shaped machine which he worked with his feet, alternately passing at the same time a pointed block of wood from one hand to the other. He seemed completely absorbed in his work and took no notice of the scores of curious eyes now gazing at him, and the foolish remarks and questions passed around amongst us. It was an Irish weaver working at his loom, and converting, as he wove his warp and woof, the natural



MUNSTER-CONNACHT EXHIBITION, LIMERICK—THE ENTRANCE.

Photo. by J. J. McGrath ('98-'01.)

covering of peaceful sheep into Irish tweed for the benefit of his countrymen. The machine itself was a quaint, loo'ing article, and was constructed of the rudest materials, and in the simplest way; but the weaver seemed an adept and manipulated the work cleverly and methodically, and although at first we thought the process slow, the woven material gradually lengthened out before our eyes as the weaver successively opened the threads of the warp and threw in the shuttle to interlace the woof, and *vice versa*."

"Although in name," writes W. McEvoy, "the Exhibition was confined to Munster and Connacht, there were exhibits from the other provinces, and even from Great Britain. Thus models of ships built in Belfast, homespun cloth from Donegal were in view, whilst Wales sent her coals, and Scotland some models of boats built in Glasgow. Dublin, too, lent her contributions in the shape of specimens of plants, etc., from the Museum.

"However, Munster and Connacht gave the bulk of the contributions. Cork sent leather and agricultural instruments, including a very instructive stall, where the manufacture of the Youghal stained glass could be viewed in all its stages. There were some very fine specimens of

Connemara marble, and of stones from limestone quarries in Connacht. But, almost three-quarters of the exhibits belonged to Limerick firms. Everything conceivable from a ham to a gramophone was represented there, to show the industry and prosperity of Limerick—hams, tobacco, leather, milk, butter, printing machines, pianos, plumbing materials, gas engines, carpentry work. There were several stalls, showing the different stages of the manufacture of clothes, etc., from the spinning of the thread to the fashionable coat and trousers. It was interesting to note the difference between the splendid modern spinning machine, and the old well known cottage loom. Perhaps, the most instructive stall of all was that of Guy's Printing Works. The compositor very kindly showed how printing was done, explained the uses of the different types, and the manner in which engravings were made. The Cinematograph afforded a very pleasant half hour. In the Art Gallery the prices of the paintings and statues astonished very many."

It would not be useful nor much to the purpose to transcribe at length the accounts given of the various industrial exhibits. Almost all speak of the

"Stalls of exquisite furniture, of carpets, of tweeds, of ironmongery, all of which were guaranteed to be the work of Irish hands."

And again, "we were pleased at the boot-making, bicycle making, tapestry, and carpet weaving and glove making which we saw."

Most speak of the exhibits of Irish lace, embroidery, etc., coming from the convents in the different parts of the South and West, and of the exhibits sent from the Christian Brothers' Industrial Schools. Many bear witness to the perfection and splendour of the illumination. This was done by acetelyne gas, which with the magnificent fittings were supplied by the Carbide Works, of Askeaton, Co Limerick.

"Passing along in the train of my companions," says Michael Saul, "I admired the Irish soaps, Irish matches, Irish leather. In one place the various classes of machinery for printing lay just alongside a splendid exhibit of a complete angling outfit, in the midst of which we saw a fine specimen of salmon, caught in the Shannon at the Rapids of Doonas."

"We admired much," says J. Grehan, "the models of the huge liners built in Belfast. The 'Oceania,' for a long time Queen of the Ocean, was there, also the 'Ivernia.'"

"The models of the 'Fulmar' and the 'Killiwake,'" writes E. Sands, "which are lightships designed to out-ride weather of the roughest description on the exposed Irish coast stations, occupied the attention of some to such an extent that they gave little notice to what many thought most interesting of all, namely, the models of the great ocean steamers of the White Star and Cunard Lines."

"Now that we have seen what was in the Exhibition," continues W. McEvoy, a native of Waterford, "let me call attention to a few things that might have been in it, but were not. I noticed that Waterford was not at all represented among the exhibits. This was disappointing,

considering the numerous factories that city can boast of. Galway, too, as far as I could see had sent nothing to swell the number of the exhibits, nor did I come across any exhibit from Tipperary, Dungarvan or Clonmel. The Limerick merchants, as we have seen, formed the greater bulk of the exhibitors."

"The Home Life and Home Industry Section," writes P. Burke, "was, for the majority of us, the most interesting portion of the Exhibition. The special aim of this is to place higher ideals of home life and home work before the minds of the people. This was done on the principle that the home must be cheerful and happy if Irish life is to be made brighter. Hence an Irish cottage was erected, intended as a type of the dwelling in which our labourer or artizan class should dwell. From the outside it looked exquisitely pretty, with its neat gardens and trailing roses. It is meant to accommodate a family of four or five persons, and is fitted up according to the principles of simple comfort and cleanliness, not an inch of space in it being wasted."

"This little cottage," says E. Sands, "erected and fitted up under the directions of Miss O'Conor Eccles, is to the dirty hovels which, unfortunately, still survive among our poor people in many parts of the country, what the white lily is to the nettle, and it clearly suggests the lesson that home to be worthy of the name, should be a haven of peace, and happiness, and love; and for those ends order and neatness and economy are essentials."

"The village shop," continues P. Burke, "which is close at hand is also very interesting. It is a model of what a village shop should be. Everything included in it may be made entirely with the hand or by the simplest machinery."

"It would certainly," writes P. McEvoy, "work a transformation in Ireland if our villages were modelled upon the Irish village in the Exhibition. Though the furniture was by no means costly, the shop and cottage were emblems of neatness and cleanliness; the village hall was also simple in design, and just what would suit a village of a few hundred inhabitants."

"How far, alas, are we fallen from the ideal! The village of Mungret, within a few furlongs of the College, has hardly a population of two hundred, all told, and an excellent hardworking honest people they seem to be, but in the village the only two shops worthy of the name are public houses, where the principal commodity sold is the one which makes most for the lowering and degradation of the people. And the case of Mungret is typical of the ordinary Irish village of to-day—a police barrack, a public house, and a general shop or two, where usually nothing but imported goods are to be found, are pretty generally the most prominent buildings in the village."

The Hall of Art and Antiques seems to have claimed the most universal interest. The following note is from J. Grehan:—

"We saw numerous paintings by Hone, Danby, Orphen, and other well known Irish painters. Some of them were exquisite. The one entitled 'Dead to the World,' by Nassau Blair Browne, especially attracted

me. It represented a nun taking her vows. It was very realistic. Another worthy of mention was 'Eileen.' This one was from the brush of Sarah Purser, and represented a young girl who had just received her First Holy Communion. This picture is valued at £500. The majority of the great Irish patriots were there in oils, and there was one, perhaps the most striking in the whole place, portraying the masculine features and forcible countenance of Moira Ruadh, whose memory still survives as a name of terror in Clare. There were many splendid paintings by Mr. Dermot O'Brien, of Caher-moyle, among them a very fine one of Aubrey de Vere."

M. Saul writes on the same subject:—"On entering the Art Department we were presented with programmes explaining the objects placed for inspection. What a collection of interesting works of art and objects of historic interest were here! Great, costly pictures, many of which seemed almost animated, hung on all sides, while upon a stand running along the centre of the apartment, were placed implements of stone and bronze used in Ireland long before the Christian Era. In a corner,



O'CONNELL MONUMENT, LIMERICK.

[Photo. by Guy & Co., Limerick.]

securely laid in a glass case, was a collection of sacred vessels to almost all of which a history was attached. Ancient croziers and shrines, ancient gorgets of silver and gold, curiously engraved and chased, could be seen there. There also was a chalice, presented to the Bishop of Limerick by Sarsfield. We, unfortunately, missed the opportunity of seeing Bishop O'Dea's crozier and mitre, which were not on view on that night; but a small chalice of pewter, although dinged and dusty, recalled the mind to days which will ever cause to Irish hearts a thrill of pride and joy. It was a chalice used in the penal days. Gazing upon that tiny brown vessel I could see, in imagination, the priest offering the Holy Sacrifice in some lonely dell or bleak barren mountain-side, his only shelter the azure canopy of heaven, surrounded by his faithful flock who often sealed their devotion with their blood. Down from the Great White Throne into this little dusty vase came the Master and Lord of the Universe, at the call of His persecuted minister, to strengthen and console his faithful people. Oh! What incomprehensible mercy, what unutterable love!

"From these delightful reveries, I was roused by an invitation from our indefatigable superior, to see a cinematograph display. I was a trifle bored by this

performance as the subjects had, unfortunately, no interest for me, and it was with a sigh of relief that I left that dark chamber in the wake of my companions.

"At this point we separated into small bodies, each to explore whatever appealed to him most. I, with a couple of companions, listened for a while to some fine gramophones which sang and played old Irish airs, in which I always take an especial delight. Close by could be seen some fine specimens of the Irish harp, whose notes will, I hope, shortly break the 'cold chain of silence,' which has so long held their deep melodious thrill in silent servitude.

"As I passed along from these graceful instruments I heard a sharp, heavy, and regular beating noise in an adjoining department, and on going in the direction from which the sound proceeded, I found an apparatus for weaving, but, Oh! how different from the first primitive machine. This one worked automatically; the man in charge having nothing to do, but keep it oiled and running freely. Close to this were several fine gas engines, manufactured by the firm of Crossley, whose massive wheels, revolving so regularly and symmetrically, turned the big dynamos which supplied the electric light.

I had now made a tour of all the Exhibition, when suddenly I remembered our appointment to meet at Ross Castle at 6.30 p.m., where we were to have our tea. On

arriving at that imposing looking edifice, fronted with its battlements of brown paper, I found my companions already assembled. Tea over, we strolled about the beautiful gardens, which the mellow glow of the sinking sun, enshrouded with a misty, golden radiance. The whole scene was at this time becoming very lively, as the merchants and business men of the city came strolling in after their day's toil. The still air resounded with the strains of the band, while the hurdy-gurdy of the merry-go-rounds produced a confusing din which was not unpleasant.

"As was but natural, we all became great sages and vehement patriots as we proceeded leisurely through the moonlit country towards Mungret, each one vigorously stating his views on Ireland, her wrongs and her sorrows.

"At anyrate, the Exhibition showed us that although we are all destined to quit her fair shores to labour in a more glorious cause, there are few amongst us who will not while life remains cherish loving remembrances of their motherland. Although leagues of ocean lie between we shall still roam in imagination through her brakes and mountains; shall hear the ripple of the waves as they break upon her shores; we shall sympathise with her in her sorrows and, please God, rejoice with her in her hour of triumph!"

LETTERS FROM OUR PAST.

UNITED STATES.

REV. THOMAS EATON (Mobile, Ala.) in a very interesting letter touches on many important questions, concerning which we should like to hear more from our Past Students. Amongst other things he writes:—

"Possibly, you have heard it said that the work in America is finished, and that there is nothing left to appeal to the energies of the well-trained Mungret student. This seems to me mere imagination, and must be founded on a total ignorance of true conditions. How can anyone who knows anything whatsoever of the reality say that the work is finished in the South and West? In the more populous regions in the East and elsewhere there is, indeed, no need for missionaries, but, in the South and West there is and will be for years to come a laborious and fruitful field; and surely the United States to which Mungret is so largely indebted, should have a first claim upon the student of Mungret."

The following extract from a letter of Fr. M. Kenny, S.J., under date October 22nd, 1906,

* To the last statement of Fr. Eaton with which we fully agree, it may not be out of place to add that very many of the foundations made by benefactors of the Apostolic School in recent years have been made primarily to provide for the missionary needs of the Far East, while the contributions and foundations for the American mission have diminished or remained at a stand still. So true indeed is this, that missions other than the American missions have, just now, a prior claim on a very large number of the Apostolic students in Mungret.—Ed.

relates incidents which seem so characteristic of missionary life in the Southern States of America that we venture to quote it:—

"On my way last year to Palm Beach, on the eastern coast of Florida, I made Jacksonville, Florida's chief city, a half-way house. I was received with open arms by my old friend and fellow Tipp, Father Michael Maher, and I assure you I never felt nearer to Mungret or Tipperary since I left them. God be with them both! Fr. Maher is pastor, and deservedly held in high respect by all. He is at present building a \$100,000 church, which is not likely to be in debt when completed. Fr. Veale who has charge of missions in the neighbourhood—that is, within sixty miles or so—dropped in while I was there, on the grounds that he had a right to a short rest, having just completed a school edifice, every brick of which he laid with his own hands. He proved himself as proficient in the nicest points of Theology as in brick-laying, not to mention 'innocent jollity.' Fr. Veale is a man of earnest and efficient zeal and solid, unassuming ability, of whom Mungret may be proud. We 'phoned to Fr. O'Brien, at Fernandina—about 100 miles away, and the same evening he was taking supper with us. It was a great pleasure to me to meet him, for he is the same quiet, warm-hearted scholarly old friend as in Mungret days. We were soon—the four of us—on both sides of Shannon's banks, and while we recalled reminiscences of all kinds, and praised and blamed, we felt that Mungret is very dear to a Mungretman.

My stay was short perforce, but its pleasant memories had not faded from my mind when, after travelling several hundred miles my train stopped at St. Augustine, the oldest city in America, and I was met at the station by another Mungretman, Father Curley. He took me to the Cathedral, where my name alone made me welcome. Bishop Kenny is the worthy prelate who rules the Floridas. I told him I was rejoiced that, after struggling hard for a thousand years, the Clan-Kenny had at last succeeded in producing a bishop (St. Kenny was only an abbot, I believe). After that we took a genial swim together in the broad Atlantic. The bishop spoke in the highest terms of the zeal and ability of his Mungret priests. Those I have met, including Fr. Parry, (whom I had the pleasure of entertaining in Augusta, last

Washington State is particularly noted for its beauty and fertility. Only last fall, J. Hill, a railroad magnate, presented each of the crowned heads of Europe with a box of Yakima apples. Yakima is about six hours' ride on the train from Seattle.

"The population of Seattle itself has gone from 60,000 in 1893, to 200,000 just now. This is approximate, as the census is taken only every ten years. Everything predicts a glorious future for this the Queen City of the Pacific. Labour is at a premium. Plasterers are on strike for seven dollars a day of eight hours, not content with six-and-a-half. Food and clothing are not so awfully expensive, but then an American tradesman will always receive you in his carpeted parlor, and, if you so desire, his daughter will play the latest airs on the piano. A

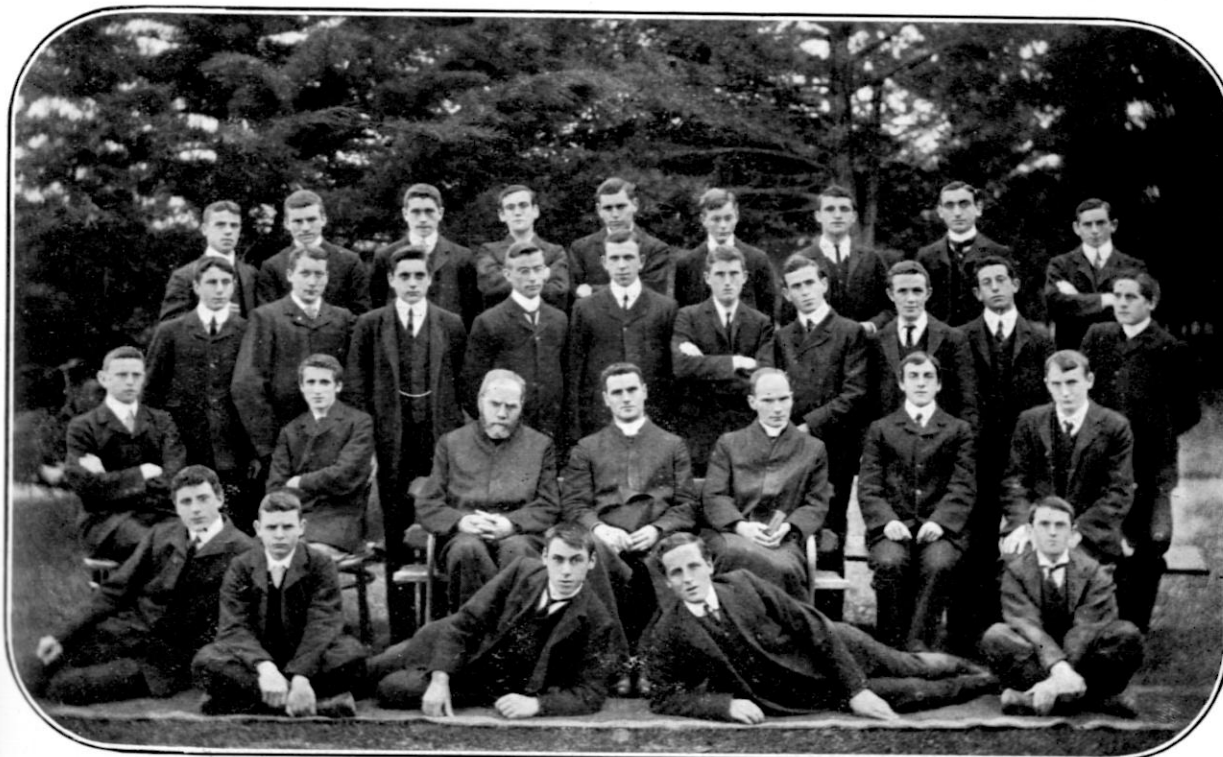


Photo. by

APOSTOLIC STUDENTS—SENIOR DIVISION—OCTOBER 1906.

[Gostellia, Limk.]

BACK ROW—J. Whitehead, M. Curtin, T. Butler, J. J. Burns, M. Saul, W. D. McEvoy, J. O'Donoghue, P. Joy, J. Sexton.
SECOND ROW—J. Byrnes, J. Feely, N. McNally, D. Nugent, J. Cantwell, J. Colgan, J. Grehan, J. C. Murphy, T. Finn, P. Burke.
THIRD ROW—J. Reardan, W. Tobin, Rev. Fr. W. Ronan, S.J., Rev. Fr. Rector, Rev. Fr. E. Cahill, S.J., E. Sands, A. Cullen.
FRONT ROW—J. Sheridan, J. F. Kelly, M. McKiernan, J. Ring.

February) are certainly a credit to their Alma Mater; and our Florida fathers are loud in praise of all the Mungretmen in that diocese."

Rev. R. Fitzharris, S.J., writes from Seattle College, S.J., Wash. U.S.A., under date October, 1906:—

"I do not believe American scenery can compare with Irish, but it bears the impress of all things American—it is huge, vast—endless prairies, uninterrupted mountain ranges, perpetual snow, limitless water supply, immense cascades. It is the American character—lavish profusion.

labourer who sweeps the streets or roads in the Park—I have it from their own lips—tells his wife to subscribe her name for fifty dollars if it is a question of building a new church, etc. I like Seattle immensely. Its climate much resembles that of Ireland.

"The Indians are a thing of the past. Once in a while you see them on the street corners selling their fancy handiwork. This they manufacture in their tents far away from the hum and bustle of city life. During our vacation we met quite a number; but few of them retain the blanket save when the tribe has been kept together, a rare thing just now.

"Our College has 155 boys this year, about 8 or 10 of whom are Protestants. They are a mixture of French, German, English, Scotch and Irish. I do not think there is any nationality under the sun not represented in Seattle. The fact of our having to handle the youngsters with kid gloves often makes our school hours rather long.

Gradually, however, thanks to God, the old and venerable idea of the rod is beginning to occupy the position of trust and efficiency that has rendered it sacred for ages in the old world. Parents living in ease and luxury, dispensing, as a matter of course, with all care and responsibility over their children, require some startling examples to arouse them to a sense of duty.

"Just imagine. In this State of Washington last year, there were on an average, two-and-a-half divorces per day. Church progress must of necessity, be slow out West. Many come here not only for the mere purpose of making money, which leaves them no time for church going, but avowedly intent on avoiding everything pertaining to God. Consequently, to get their children to keep them, and do as much good as possible for them, must be an important factor in our educational programme. Perseverance, patience, and above all, prayer is most necessary for us. Churches are going up in all directions around us."

A past Lay-boy writes from the States:—

"Can I tell you anything about America? Well, I know too much of the States by this to wish any more of my friends to come out here to earn a livelihood.

"The Catholic Church here is the only Church worthy of the name, and, though there are back-sliders, the wonderful faith and zeal of the Irish would put their brothers and sisters at home to shame. As for the other nationalities, with the exception of the Germans, well—less said the better. With all my wanderings and travels I may be insular, but, after seeing all nationalities, with an honest heart I can say *míle buíochas ar le tuis*, I am an Irishman."

"I am glad to know that you understand so thoroughly what the Gaelic League stands for. For myself, you may call me 'crank,' or 'enthusiast,' or, what you will, but I assure you that the *spiritual side* of the matter has always appealed to me the most strongly of all; and my travels in the States have only helped to convince me more and more of the necessity of the Gaelic League principles."

FR. CURLEY writes from De Land, Fla.:—

"The ANNUAL came last January. I recall the day well. Hurrying through dinner I took it to my room, and there comfortably seated in a rocker went through it from cover to cover, omitting (I confess it to my shame) from inability to read it, one article—the one written in the tongue which was not given to us as a heritage, although in it long years ago my grandfather and grandmother by Shannon's stream recited their daily Rosary. To say I enjoyed the ANNUAL puts it mildly. I know that the perusal of it does me much good. As I write I have it on my desk before me, having just gone through it again."

He describes his work in some paragraphs which will give a fair idea of the nature of the missionary priest's ordinary work in the Southern States of America:—

"If the priest become a lion in society occupying the place of honour at every social affair, etc., etc., then I say good-bye to his priestly ministrations. Look at his confessional on a Saturday night,—it is deserted, whilst the priestly priest has to sit up until midnight doing the work of an ambassador of the infinitely merciful God. My experience on the mission is not of many years, but it took very little time to learn that the young priest who is sure to work

wonders for God and human souls in this country is he who, first, last, and all the time, is a priest; and, while evincing under all circumstances a deep, unselfish interest in those who are committed to his charge and all their affairs, keeps always before his mind his own exalted dignity. The people expect a great deal from the priest. If they are disappointed, the priest's work is without success. To those who are preparing to engage in ministerial work in this country I would say—'Make up your minds to cut the purely social work off your programme.' I do not mean that the priest is to be a crank; Americans have no room for such. Nor, do I mean that the priest is to live like a hermit—no; the priest must be one of his people, but must be always the 'Priest among his People.'

Of his present mission of De Land, he writes:

"De Land is a pretty little town of about 1,500 permanent residents, with a tourist increase of about sixty per cent. during the Winter and Spring. It is beautifully situated in the centre of a high, dry, pineland country. It was started some thirty years ago, and has grown remarkably

There is an abundance of at least one article in America—forms of religion. Every-ism, from the highest of Ritualism to lowest form of 'Holy Rollerism,' finds a congenial home in this country of untold wealth, of boasted independence and of so-called advanced ideas.

"The number of resident Catholics here is not large. Our little community, however, is very perceptibly increased by our tourist co-religionists who come here to escape the rigours of a Northern winter. Our little church was erected some twenty-three years ago by our present Bishop, then Father Kenny. A neat, little cottage home is in course of erection. We hope by continued residence to build up a good-sized little congregation.

"From here I attend several missions, going as far as one hundred-and-eighty miles from home. Travel is done by train, or carriage, as required by location of place to be visited. Besides the little church here I have three other chapels. The priest in a missionary country has to put up with all kinds of inconveniences. I have said Masses in all kinds of places—from a public hall to some old tumble-down hut, and on all kinds of supports—from a sewing machine to a bacon box. Here, there are no choice snaps; it is all a question of work. The difficulties are increased by the fact of our Catholics being very much scattered; and by mixed marriages—an everlasting source of carelessness and loss of faith. The children of such unions are, in many cases, raised in the class of 'nothing at all,' as far as religion is concerned.

"The Winter and Spring are heavenly seasons. There is no grander sight than to see the orange trees weighted down by their burden of round, red fruit; or to take a stroll on a March evening at sundown through the woods when the air is redolent of orange blossoms and the ground carpeted with flowers. Florida is surely the 'land of fruit and flowers.'

"Our summers are six months—long and warm. Yet we never hear of sunstroke or death from heat, as is so often the case in our Northern cities. Our evenings are delightful. The warm day is followed by cool nights and we are thus enabled to enjoy our evenings in the porch and our night's rest, without any disagreeable sweltering.

"Florida is healthy. Many a one is enjoying life here as could not be done elsewhere. Thank God, my health is good. Irishmen lose their red cheeks; our warm weather thins their blood; nature does its work all right.

"Let us return to dear old Mungret before finishing. Looking over the illustrations in the ANNUAL, I find oft-recurring the picture of one whom we boys dearly loved:

it is the picture of Mr. John Corcoran, S.J. In him we ever found a sincere sympathiser in our little troubles. I could not restrain my tears as I grasped his hand for the last time at Naples, in 1902. If Father John Corcoran is still in this 'vale of tears,' let him rest assured the lads of 1900 loved him. Tell me all about him, dear Father.*

"That picture of the creek brought back many pleasant memories of the past. What pleasant swims during the vacation time! How Paddy Turner used to dive! A twenty yards' run, and then—a moving of the waters. Pat always came up and is now diving into hard work in Mobile. The cricket grounds and football fields are interesting pictures. If I could but do a little sketching I would depict to life 'James Tomkins' record poke,' or,

paraiso, wrote to his father a graphic account of the awful disaster which destroyed Valparaiso and Santiago de Chile, last August:—

"The night of August 16th, was, indeed, a terrible one for Chili. At five minutes to eight the most central part of the country, including the two principal towns, was visited by a terrific shock, succeeded some moments later by another less violent, and followed by a number of small intensity during the succeeding days. Thanks be to God, I escaped from the awful danger, and I shall tell you now the details.

"I was in charge of a study-hall from 7-30—8-30. Being the winter season, it had been dark since a little



Photo: by]

APOSTOLIC STUDENTS—JUNIOR DIVISION—OCTOBER 1906.

[Gostellia, Limerick.

BACK ROW—M. Gilbert, R. McN. Donoghue, P. Geehan, T. O'Connor, L. Fahy, T. Culhane, D. P. O'Connell.
SECOND ROW—J. Boyd, T. Cassidy, J. Cotter, J. O'Mullaly, J. O'Connor, M. Breene, J. Norton, P. Delaney, M. Moriarty, J. Cassidy.
THIRD ROW—Rev. Mr. J. Finucane, S.J., Jer. Kelly, B. O'Reilly, J. Fitzgerald, W. Burns (Prefect), J. McAuley, P. McNamara,
Rev. Fr. W. O'Leary, S.J.
FRONT ROW—J. J. Kelly, H. Path, R. Boyle, F. Moynihan, R. Butler, V. Cummins.

the Cavan backs kicking football and shins during the 'Munster against the House' match."

VALPARAISO.

JOHN CAREY, whose health gave way some years ago during his Theological studies, and who is now engaged as professor in a college at Limache, a town about thirty miles from Val-

* Father J. Corcoran, S.J., is now a priest in Australia. A letter to St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney, will always find him.—Ed.

after six. All was proceeding as usual when, at five minutes to eight, the house was shaken violently to such an extent that the boys, all small, in the room rushed to the door. In the midst of the awful shock which lasted perhaps 30 seconds, I helped the boys out, lifting any who fell. I stood at the door till the last boy left, and then saw a boy who had gone to bed early coming down stairs from the dormitory. He seemed paralysed with fear, and I had literally to drag him out. Our way lay through a small corridor which rocked to and fro as I passed, and in a hurried glance I saw the wall at one side opening. Through another classroom I hurried with the terrified

boy, the dust of cracking walls in my face, into a covered play-yard, and from that to the open air. It was raining, and the ground had already been trodden into mud by the works connected with the new buildings. We were nearly all in slippers, some of which were lost in the rush through the mud, and the rest soaked with mud and rain. When all were safely outside, the second shock came, and it was awful to stand and listen to the falling walls and the cries of the younger boys. Mr. Hamilton* and some of the bigger boys ran through the house putting out the lights, and, as the second shock came on, left it, having succeeded in extinguishing all the lamps.

"We took the boys to a safe distance from the house and began at once to make a shelter in the garden. All at once our attention was directed to a light in the sky over the College. At first we thought it was the house of Señor Eastman, whose property adjoins the College. In a few minutes it became apparent that it was the front part of the College building that was burning (we were at the back). It was impossible to think of saving it. There is no fire brigade in the village, and the construction of the building, which is of the ordinary kind in the country, lent itself to the flames. The old building was soon a mass of flames. But worse still. The new building, not yet finished, and which, on account of its less weight, had remained intact from the two shocks, soon caught fire. The whole College edifice was thus in a short time, reduced to ruins.

"You may imagine what a plight we were in with eighty-seven boys on our hands to look after. Fortunately the rain ceased, and we got them to sleep on rugs, mattresses and blankets, which at the last moment had been thrown out of the windows.

"All during the night there were frequent slight shocks of earthquake. The next day we had to look about for food for the boys, as all the College provisions had been burnt. There was no bread to be had in the town, and the first thing we could give them was some meat roasted over the coal heap which lay at one extremity of the ruined building. Later on, we got a quantity of milk; and in the evening we had got together a good stew, and began to bake some bread from flour which we obtained from the town.

"There being no communication with the outside world, the poor boys knew nothing of their parents. Rumours of the most alarming kind came in from all sides: thus passed Thursday. On Friday a courier passed bringing the awful tidings of the fate of Valparaiso to the Government of Santiago. From neighbouring towns like ill-news poured in. On Saturday, a few boys got tidings of the safety of their friends in Valparaiso; and late on Saturday night a train managed to reach Limache, bringing news from Santiago. The father of one of the boys came, and from him we heard that Santiago had suffered practically nothing in comparison with Valparaiso; and he was able to assure all the boys from that city of the safety of their parents.

"On Sunday morning he left with a contingent of Santiago boys, and messengers and parents gradually came dropping in to carry off their boys. When the news from Valparaiso gradually took shape, it was seen that the calamity there had assumed enormous proportions. The whole city had suffered more or less, and some portions of it were a heap of ruins. San Feo de Limache and Limache are simply scenes of ruin and misery. People do not count the houses that are fallen, but those that are left standing. What a merciful interposition of Providence he it not then been, that the entire College should have escaped without a single life been lost!

* Mr. H. was President of the College. He is an Irishman from Galway.—Ed.

Willie Lenaghan, who was a professor in the same college, and whose thrilling account of the disaster we publish separately in this issue, ends his letter from Santiago de Chile, under date October 12th, 1906:—

"What remains to be said? nothing. But ere I close, I would send a message of love to the old Alma Mater, and to all her children in whatever part of the world they may be; and I would offer up a prayer that God may bless both her and them, and strengthen them to do the work for which He has appointed them.

"For myself, I know not what the future may have in store for me.

"But in whatever part of the world I may be; or, whatever be the path in life I may tread, I shall ever look with loving thoughts and grateful heart towards the dear old spot by the side of the Shannon, where I learned some of the best lessons, and spent some of the happiest days of my life; and I shall ever thank God for the privilege of being able to claim dear old Mungret as my Alma Mater. And of all her sons, and she has many of which I am the least worthy, I think there is none—could be none—who loves her more tenderly; who thinks of her more kindly: who thanks and blesses her more fervently. God bless Mungret!"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

FATHER J. MURRAY, C.S.S.R., writes from Waratah, N.S.W.:—

"In case our Fathers go to the Philippine Islands, I consider it very likely that some of our Mungret men will be in the pioneer band, and, if so, the fortunate man will certainly have some interesting items of news to send to the 'Alma Mater,' and, probably, some interesting curios for its museum. A letter from the Archbishop of Manila, a few days ago, tells us that one of the great difficulties there is the number of different languages spoken by the natives—at least forty dialects springing, as he said, from seven 'trunk' languages. That seems a little discouraging, but still, I believe, it is not difficult to get up sufficient of the native tongue in any place to make oneself understood, and to give little instructions. Another Bishop there told us that he had hundreds of thousands of native Christians in his diocese who are now almost without priests, so that there is no doubt, the consolations of good priests there will easily outweigh the difficulties."

A distinguished friend of the Apostolic School writes on the same subject:—

"In the United States, I gathered information as to the climate and the conditions of life in the principal towns of the Philippines. At Notre Dame I met ten or twelve Filipino boys, and, at St. Mary's, some girls who impressed me as representatives of an intelligent and religious people. In all places I heard praise of these pupils from their respective superiors. The Roman authorities are most desirous that we should help the destitute dioceses of the Philippines.

"It is the opinion of Cardinal Moran that the Irish Missionary is called to the gates of the East, the Philippine Islands. He proved his sympathy by lending some of his priests. The financial difficulty which pressed so heavily on four of the Philippine dioceses is now settled in principle; the Bishops will thus be able to pay for their students."

CHINA.

Willie O'Dogherty writes from Zi-Ka-Wei, near Chang Hai:—

"You ask me to give some account of my surroundings and my work. Not so easy a task—things and ways and customs here are so fundamentally different from everything you know in the West. There are lots of things and of methods you never heard of, and of whose existence you do not dream. It is, in fact, another civilization, and one which would, perhaps, throw a great deal of light on the ways and civilization in the East in our Lord's time. I might take you for a stroll and show you the people, the characters and the things we meet with. But I do not know these things well enough yet to give you a true idea. So I will tell you something this time of the college and our boys.

"We have no less than fifteen native professors—all former students—the Fathers and Scholastics not being numerous enough. We have two sections in the college—the Christians and the Pagans. Their quarters are mostly distinct, but they attend classes together.

"But hear what a noise the lads make as they study their lessons! Strange as it may seem they all study aloud, just as they recite their prayers. But do they not disturb the others? No; they are so calm; besides, they are accustomed to this method. The study-halls of the two sections are, for the most part, distinct, so are the play-grounds, the dormitories and refectories. The fee for the pagans is considerably higher than that for the Christians, and hence, the former have a better table; but all meet together in class and seem to get on well together.

"There is not, as far as I know, any emulation for good places between the two sections as such. You have camps for instance, on the French system—the two sides of the class-room fighting for their respective flags; and when the captains choose their soldiers, there does not appear to be much or any preference for one simply because he is a pagan or a Christian. Nor would it be easy to say that the pagans give less satisfaction, and perhaps too, they are even more docile and politer, due possibly to the fact that they may not be quite so much at home as our own Catholic boys. I wish you could have seen the class-rooms during the month of May. There were really splendid decorations in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Formerly, the pagans took part in the various exercises of piety, but such is no longer the case. The college was not organised then for the pagans as it is now. They have, however, their own Catechism class. Rarely does a conversion occur; formerly, they were more numerous but not solid. Home influence exercises perhaps too strong a counteracting influence. You grow to like these pagan boys, in part so polite, intelligent and amiable. And, perhaps, you would grow sick at heart to feel that these young souls know no higher worship than Buddha or a family idol, and that their hearts have never known what ours have.

"As to their abilities, I should say their memories are brighter than their intellects. The Chinese system of study tends especially to develop imitation and amplification. There is some want of life and energy, due in part to the enervating climate, in part to the phlegmatic disposition of the Chinese. On the other hand, they have great patience, and you would admire their imperturbable calm.

"During the months of July and August, many of the Fathers come to Zi-Ka-Wei from the districts. I wish you could have a chat with them about work done and work to be done. It is especially in the Siu-tcheou-fou where the results have been consoling, and where prospects are greatest. Here there has been of late a great movement towards Christianity.

"Some twenty years ago the Siu-tcheou-fou, I am told, could not boast of a single Christian. Now there are about 15,000, and those preparing for baptism are still more numerous. One district, which has some 1,800 Christians, has no less than 10,000 catechumens. This is portion of a larger district which was divided two years ago. It is now, itself, already ripe for division into three or four parts. But where are the priests? The more numerous the priests, the more systematically and effectually can the work be carried on. In this individual district whole villages are Catholic—and fervent Catholics too. There was not a single defection there amid the troubles of the Boxers, although several villages were burned, not a single house being left standing. This might be expected when men, and even children will come from thirty-five miles to hear Mass.

"Again in Pei-hien, a district opened up some ten years ago in the North of Siu-tcheou-fou, the Father has some 1,800 Christians around him now after his ten years labour. Moreover, about 500 or 600 have died. The district can boast of a church and residence, a school for boys and girls, and a catechumenate for men and women. There are, besides, eleven chapels in the district. The district should be, really, divided, as the work that offers is far too great for one. The Father makes a visit to different chapels every six or eight weeks, and during his little trip hears in the week 300 or 400 confessions. Home cares there are too, as the schools and catechumenate at the residence must be attended to. This district has been sorely tried by the 'Big Knives' and Boxers, but the Christians were staunch."

INDIA.

A friend of the Apostolic School, now a missionary in Dalhousie, India, writes under date, December, 1905:—

"We have great excitement and grand doings in India just now because of the visit of the Prince of Wales. He will be in Lahore next week, and the Rajahs and other native rulers are trying to outdo each other to welcome him, and show their Oriental magnificence; for magnificent they can be, and gorgeousness they can show, quite unlike anything our dull, North Western Island taste can dream of. And you must not imagine them to be darkies and half-savages. I would defy even Ireland, to produce finer-looking specimens of mankind than can be seen here under the picturesque turban, especially among the Mahomedans and Hindoos of high caste.

"Ah! You there, living in sight of old Limerick's towers, and over-looking your own lordly Irish river—breathing Irish air—pressing Irish soil, and surrounded by Irish faces, and listening daily to the rich, Irish brogue, what can you know of the heart-yearnings of an exile for life!

"I recommend you to look up the life of St. Columbkille, at Iona, when the greatest penance he could give to some repentant sinner was 'perpetual exile from Ireland.' Even now, as I write this with numbed fingers and look through my window at the higher peaks of the Himalays, (we are only 8,000 feet above the sea level here) where the snow threatens us in the distance and will soon close in about us, I ask myself—'can they in their magnificence appeal to an Irish heart half as much as Galteemore, or even Keeper?' And the answer is,—No!"

SOUTH AFRICA.

Last December, we had a very interesting letter from FR. WILLIE KENNEDY, from Cape

Town, giving an account of some of his experiences in the voyage to South Africa. Amongst other things he writes:—

"We made a short stay in the Catholic port of Madeira. It is a strikingly pretty place, rising up from the sea-level over three thousand feet. The streets are rather narrow but the place is not congested, and everything looks very bright and remarkably clean. The houses show more architectural beauty than you would find in towns of equal importance at home.

"We said Mass in the Cathedral there. I was very much impressed with the fervour of the people. Were it not for the foreign language spoken you could easily imagine yourself back in Ireland again. I noticed a very great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. There was a large statue placed in the middle of the church, richly decorated with flowers and having on a long, streaming garment. The people would come and genuflect profoundly before it, and kiss this garment most reverently. When we were leaving this island I was amazed at the crowds of people coming into the pier in steam launches. A man seeing my curiosity volunteered the information in broken English—'These are ze peoples from the country comin' up for ze fest.' It seems they were to have a procession in honour of the Blessed Virgin, or some patron saint in the town, and all the country people were congregating from all parts of the island to take part in it. One of the priests told me that there were about 180,000 people in the place, and all were Catholics. I left Madeira delighted with the place, delighted with the people and everything I saw.

"I must say my eyes were opened when I got on shore at Cape Town. I never dreamt that I would find myself in a place so up-to-date; but we have got most peculiar ideas of other countries in Ireland. We received Irish hospitality from the Bishop and priests there. In fact, I felt lonely when I was leaving Cape Town so warm was the reception we got. There is a very nice Cathedral there and a very fine congregation of Catholics. You would see the church well filled at the Masses on Sunday and at the evening devotion.

"Some say that when you leave Ireland you will not find anywhere else the same exterior reverence for the person of the priest. Well, go through the streets of Cape Town, and not only will every Catholic take off his hat, but also every Protestant, no matter what his rank or position is, if he is acquainted with you. There is absolutely no bigotry amongst the Protestants here. They will subscribe towards the building of your churches and convents, and send their children to your schools. The governor, mayor, and others of social rank will only be too happy to do anything for the priests, and will patronise any concert or bazaar got up for a charitable purpose. The Protestants in the higher walks of life send their children to the convent schools, so that in a school where there are three hundred pupils, two hundred would be a mixture of Jewesses and Protestants of every church. Of course, this state of things might have its disadvantages, but, if you exclude all but the Catholics, the convents would not be self-supporting.

"If I were to write on everything I saw worth talking of, I would keep you occupied for a week. I met a Mr. O'Keilly from the city of Limerick, who was Mayor of Cape Town a few years ago. You meet a good number of Irish here, especially from Tipperary."



Photo. by M. McMahon (Metric. Class)

(and J. Raftery (1st Arts Class).)

MUNGRET, OLD AND NEW—VIEW FROM THE LIMERICK ROAD.

A. M. ✠ P. G.



Sodality Notes.

OFFICERS:

Prefect	...	M. J. DWYER.
Sec. and First Assistant	J. W. DARCY.	
Second Assistant	...	J. RAFTERY.
Sacristan	...	T. MULLINS.

DIRECTOR:
REV. EDWARD CAHILL, S.J.

THE Sodality of the B.V.M. has made rapid and steady progress this year.

The Sodalists, alive to the duties which their privileges entail, are earnest in their endeavours to encourage their companions by their good example, and spread amongst them a genuine spirit of piety.

Two of our Lay-boy Sodalists of last year entered the Jesuit Novitiate, at Tullabeg, last September, and two of last year's Sodality officers—M. O'Mullane, B.A., and M. Cleary—have already begun their theological studies in preparation for the priesthood. To all we sincerely wish every blessing and success.

The members of the Sodality at the end of last year were:—

M. O'Mullane, M. Dwyer, J. Gubbins, M. Cleary, J. Deevy, J. McGrath, M. Garry, J. D'Arcy, S. Pegum, W. Dennehy, J. Sweeney, T. Fennessy, A. Carroll, J. Cantwell, P. Burke, J. Flynn, N. McNally, D. Nugent, J. Colgan, E. Sands, J. Sexton, M. Saul, J. Feely, Jn. Murphy, H. Johnston, J. Ring, W. Burns, W. McEvoy, P. Carroll, M. McKiernan, J. Byrnes.

The Sodality of the "Holy Angels," over which Rev. W. Kane, S.J., has charge, is also a source of much edification and piety; and its influence is not a little felt among the second and third divisions of the Lay-boys.

The members of the Sodality of Holy Angels at the end of last year were:—C. Henessy (Prefect), H. O'Neill, J. O'Donnell, W. O'Donnell, J. Pomeroy, M. Sheedy, S. Ambrose, J. Cremin, J. Kennedy, F. Daly, F. Bennett, A. Hayes, D. Crowley, E. O'Sullivan, E. Heffernan, J. Shiel, J. Spain.

Our Holy Father the Pope having this year by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council given his final approval to the frequent and even daily reception of Holy Communion, the effect of the Decree is plainly visible amongst us here in Mungret. It is most edifying to see such a large number of the students, including the majority of the Apostolics, daily approaching the Altar-rails to receive within their breasts the Lord of Lords.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart is—and indeed has always been, since the foundation of the College—practised with exceptional piety. As is always the custom, every individual in the house receives Holy Communion on the First Friday. There is also on that day the usual Exposition and Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

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

JOHN W. D'ARCY, (Sec. of Sod., B.V.M.)

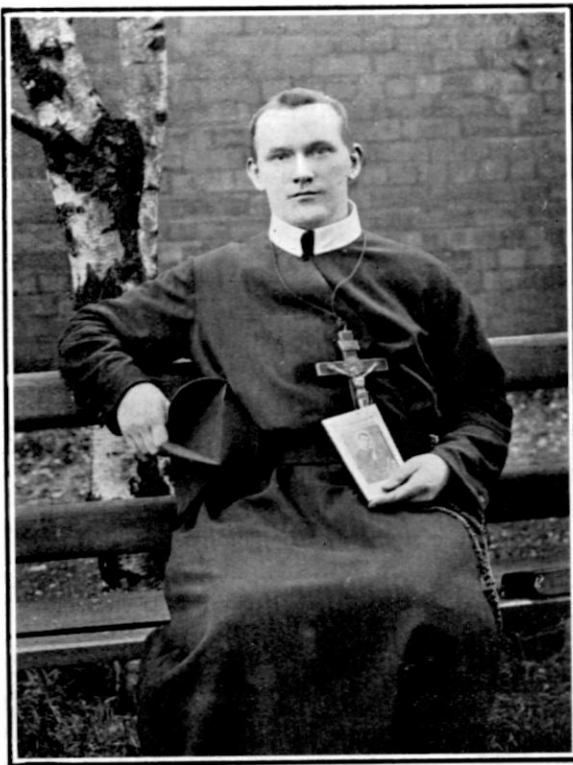


OUR PAST.

WE again remind all our Past Students how grateful we always are for any items of interest concerning themselves or others.

We wish also again, to record our complaint of the special difficulty we have in obtaining either photographs of our Past Lay Students, or, as much authentic news of their doings as we or our readers would wish. Contributions of this nature are always gratefully received.

Rev. James Barry, who left Mungret in 1902, after a five years' course there, at the end of which he graduated in the R.U.I., was ordained in All Hallows last June. Late in September he sailed for his mission of Tasmania, being the first Mungret Priest to go to that distant land.



REV. PATRICK LEO C.S.S.R. (PHILIPPINES).

Rev. Patrick Ennis ('94-1900), who did his Ecclesiastical studies in Carlow, was ordained last summer for the diocese of Leeds, England.

Rev. James Tomkin, S.J. ('94-'97), who was in Mungret as a Lay-boy, and entered the novitiate of Tullabeg after graduating in '97, was ordained priest last summer at Miltown Park, Dublin, where he is now completing his Theological studies.

Rev. James Curran, C.P. ('97-1900), who left Mungret to enter the Congregation of the Passionists, was ordained in October, 1905, in the Collegio Germanico, Rome. He is now in St. Mary's Retreat, Carmarthen, South Wales, in charge of the Novices and Juniors of his own Order.

Rev. Patrick Leo, C.S.S.R. (1882-1884), who studied in Mungret as a "Seminarist" in the first years of the College, and has been for several years Superior of the house of his order in Ballarat, Australia, has gone to the diocese of Cebu in the Philippine Islands, with the pioneer band of Redemptorists who have founded a house there. Father Leo has gone as Superior of the new foundation.

Rev. P. Kilbride, C.S.S.R. ('83-'86), writes to us from Esker College, Athenry, where he is professing Theology for the Scholastics of his own Order. His brother, **George Kilbride**, is among the Theological students in the same College.

Rev. William Turner, D.D. ('83-'88), author of the now well-known "History of Philosophy," has been appointed to the Chair of History of Philosophy in the Catholic University, Washington. He entered upon his office, October 1st, 1906.

Rev. James Burke ('94-'99), of the diocese of Mobile, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. He entered on his duties there last September.

Rev. W. Carroll, C.S.S.R. ('92-'96), who returned to Ireland for a vacation and rest in December, 1905, is, we are glad to state, restored to health and strength once more. His ailment seems to have been the result of over work in his difficult post of Superior of Kirkwood College. He returned to America last July.

The following item occurs in a letter from N.S. Wales—"I am glad to say that **Fr. J. O'Carroll** is much stronger. **Fr. A. Killian** will, probably, visit Ireland next year."

We have the following from a correspondent in Nebraska:—"Fr. **James Stenson**, who is at present in charge of the Cathedral in Omaha, is, in every respect, a credit to Mungret. **Rev. B. Galvin**, who belongs to the same diocese, is at present engaged in building a new church at Spalding."

And Mr. Raymond Stephenson, who was travelling in the United States last summer writes—"I met Father **James Stenson** in New York, and was delighted to find him the same old Jim as of old, and in splendid health and spirits."

Rev. J. McCooney ('89-'92), returned to his diocese from Rome last summer, having got his degree of D.D.

We learn something of **Rev. Michael Gallagher**, ('85-'89), by the following extract in a letter from the United States:—"I met Father M. Gallagher, who is secretary to Bishop Richter, and was treated royally by him. . . . He has got quite bulky, and his physical strength must be enormous. Being once lately induced by some friend to take a turn at a strength-testing machine, he put the needle spinning round by a punch of his brawny arm, leaving far behind the recorded blows of several famous pugilists."

Fr. M. Kenny, S.J. ('81-'88), writes in his usual racy style from Augusta, Ga.—"On my way to Mobile, I stopped at Birmingham, Ala., to say Mass at Father Coyle's church. (Incidentally he coaxed me to preach twice that day). St. Paul's is a fine edifice. . . .

Fr. Coyle gave me a royal welcome. He soon took me on a twenty-five mile electric car trip to Bessemer, whose spiritual destiny is in the hands of **Fr. John Kelly**. . . . Brian Boru himself would not be ashamed of Father Kelly's hospitality. We three talked Mungret, of course, Father Kelly occasionally varying the discourse by recitals from *The Leader*. **Fr. Coyle** has an idea of forming a Mungret Alumni association, which seems quite feasible, as Mungret Alumni seem most numerous in the South. This has been brought home to me very forcibly in the last few years. Having had occasion to travel from Texas in the West to the Eastern coast of Florida, I was entertained at almost every stopping-place by a Mungretman. **Fr. E. Kelly**, in Galveston, **Fr. Nicholson** in Houston, Texas, **Frs. Horan** and **Enright** in Arkansas, **Frs. Burke** and **Turner** in Mobile, **Frs. Coyle** and **John Kelly**, and several other Mungret Alabamians will give you good cheer along your way for nearly a thousand miles. We are represented in Louisiana by **Fr. P. Cronin, S.J.**, who teaches poetry and quite a number of other things in New Orleans, and **Fr. John Stritch, S.J.**, who is Prefect of Studies at Shreveport. I am the sole and unworthy representative in the great State of Georgia."

There were various reports in the Central States papers last year connecting the names of **Rev. P. Horan** ('83-'88), and **Rev. James Brady** ('82-'86), with the coadjutorship of the diocese of Little Rock. Another, however—**Mgr. Morris**—not a Mungret priest, has been appointed to undertake that weighty responsibility.

Fr. Curley ('96-1900), writes us a most interesting letter, part of which we publish elsewhere, from De Land, Florida—"A little town in Volusia County, in the centre of the 'Land of Flowers,' with the mercury registering 90° and a tropical shower tearing up the shell surface of our streets." He describes himself as a "young Mungret priest alone in the pinewoods of Florida."

Another Mungret student writes of Father Curley:—"Father Curley is doing fine work in his diocese—keeping, as usual, the even tenor of his way. He is the type of man we need in the South."

Rev. M. Hogan, S.J. ('90-'95), writes us from Woodstock College, Md.:—"I am now entering on my third year of Theology, and the *Mountain* which I have been looking at in the dim distance for fifteen long years, at last appears brighter and clearer. **Mr. D. Cronin** is the only other Mungret man in Woodstock, and he begins his third year's Philosophy."

Frank Hartin ('95-1902), was ordained deacon in the Propaganda last summer. He expects his ordination to the priesthood very soon.

Richard Judge ('98-'04), took his vows in the Congregation of the Vincentian Fathers at Holland, last October.

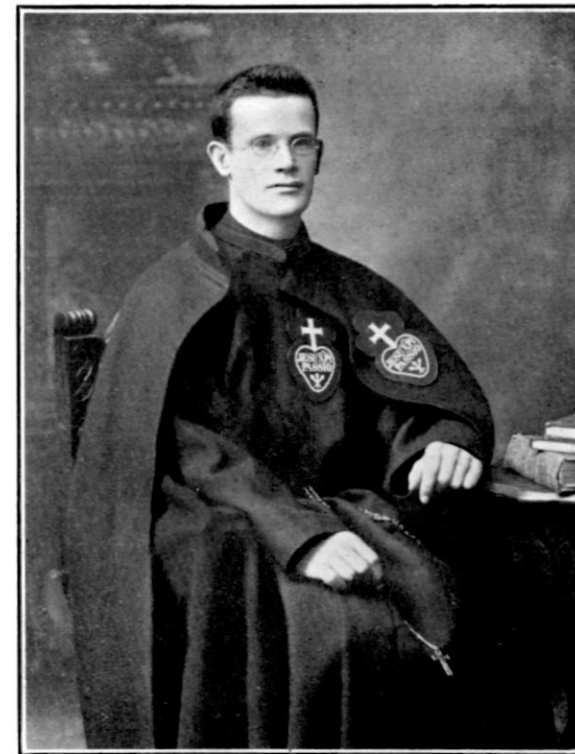
Rev. M. McMahon, S.J. ('81-'87), Superior of St. Walburgis, in Preston, is much spoken of on the English mission as a most efficient missionary, and a powerful and masterful preacher.

Rev. W. Kennedy ('93-'01), writes from the Bishop's House, Beaufort, Grahamstown. He is labouring enthusiastically in the work of his far Southern mission. In a letter received from him last Spring the following items occur—"Jerry Dinneen was in Port Elizabeth Bank. He is now removed to Durban. He is one of those laymen who is a credit to his college and a credit to Ireland. No morning will pass that he does not hear Mass, and he is in every way most edifying. He is most enthusiastic about the Gaelic movement. He speaks Irish fluently, and was the life and soul of the Gaelic Society during his stay in Port Elizabeth. **Willie Horan** is here for the past week. He comes every day to the Presbytery to see me. He is in the Cape Mounted Rifles. He is five feet eleven inches in height, and is no longer that pale creature he was wont to be formerly."

Rev. R. Janniere, S.J. ('85-'88), is engaged in reading a post-graduate course of two years in Theology, in Jersey, preparatory to his taking up the rôle of Professor of Theology in the Jesuit College at Shang-Hai, China.

We sometimes hear from **Rev. M. Mahony, S.J.** ('81-'86), and we regularly receive the *Fordham Monthly*, which he conducts with such marked ability and success.

Rev. R. Fitzharris, S.J. ('95-1900), writes from Seattle College, Washington:—"Rev. **D. Daly** has been changed from Seattle, which is too low, and, consequently, too damp for his lungs. All the other Mungret men are doing nicely. Messrs. **C. O'Brien**,



REV. JAMES CURRAN, C.P.

H. Blackmore, M. O Malley and I spent a glorious vacation together. We indulged in swimming as of old in Mungret, boat riding, horse riding, hunting, long walks, excursions; and were as enthusiastic as any Apostolic ever was over the *vac.*"

Rev. P. Mahoney S.J. ('82-'87) is well as usual, and is working in Missouri as vigorously as ever. We very much regret that an unhappy misprint in one of our recent issues, in which the "1" of Rev. P. Maloney's name was changed to "h," conveyed to many of Father Mahoney's friends the startling and unlooked for news that his life's work was already completed and the Master had called him to his reward!

Rev. P. Turner ('95-1900), writes us an interesting letter under date September, 1906, from the Cathedral, Mobile, where he is working. He is well and strong.

Fr. N. Fegan ('94-'95), writes from Boston: "I spent three weeks with **Dr. J. Turner**, of New York, and the same with **Fr. Thomas Reddin**. Nothing could exceed their kindness to me, and many and many a long chat did we have and enjoy about dear old Mungret. They are both well and doing more than their share to sustain the great name which the Mungret men have for being 'good priests.'"

Father Fegan himself, is still prosecuting his arduous mission in the United States—collecting funds for the completion of the church in Spiddal. So far he has been very successful, but the San Francisco disaster naturally has put serious difficulties in his way, by well nigh exhausting the ordinary sources of charities of that kind.

Rev. D. O'Carroll ('83-'87), is doing more than a man's work in the parish of St. Munchin, Limerick; for most of the parochial work, as well as the onerous duty of repairing the church are being done by him.

We hear sometimes of **Fr. Cornelius Mangan** ('82-'86), of Bulgaden, Co. Limerick, as a zealous promoter in his district of the cause of our National Language.

We congratulate most sincerely, **Mr. P. Power** (1900), on his recent marriage with Miss Hartigan, of Croom, four of whose brothers we number among our



REV. J. BARRY, B.A., TASMANIA.



WILLIE IRWIN, A.B., B.M.

past students. Mr. Power, we are glad to say, has settled down to farming near his native place.

We also sincerely congratulate **Mr. P. J. Egan**, Tullamore ('88-'91), on his recent marriage.

We have also heard of the marriage of **Mr. J. L. McCarthy, B.A.** ('93-'98) in Sydney, and congratulate him very sincerely. Mr. McCarthy is son of the well-known Dr. McCarthy, of Sydney, and brother of Miss Maud McCarthy, the distinguished violinist. He is, himself, engaged in business in Sydney.

Willie McElligott ('96-'99), writes from Waterville, in the Co. Kerry—"You may remember a Mungret student named **Keating** ('93-'96, I think). He is now a building contractor in South Africa, and doing *exceedingly* well. Since he left Mungret he has been Cable operator, Insurance agent, Tea planter (India), Volunteer (with Lumsden's Horse Regiment in late war), and several other things; and he is now on the way to be a millionaire."

Mr. Joe Stenson ('95-'99), who was compelled to leave the Jesuit Noviceship some years ago from ill-health, is now on the point of being called to the American Bar. He was in Ireland last summer and managed to see many of his old Mungret masters and friends.

Mr. W. Keneally ('98), Waterford, is now practising as a Dentist in his native city.

Rev. A. Hartigan, S.J. ('92-'98), has returned from Beyrouth, Syria, having completed a most successful course in Oriental languages and sciences. He is now teaching in Clongowes Wood College.

We are pleased to be able to publish this year a photograph of **Mr. John O'Hart Devine** (1895), which did not come in time for reproduction last year. During the past year Mr. Devine has been appointed to a very responsible and important position in the Four Courts,



JAMES P. MCNAMARA, LIMERICK.

Mr. J. P. McNamara ('94), who was a distinguished student of Mungret in the early nineties, having been an Exhibitioner in the First Arts, R.U.I., in '93, was appointed last summer to the important post of Director of the Carnegie Library and Curator of the Museum in his native City of Limerick.

We have already noticed the little volume entitled "Catholic Doctrine Explained and Proved," by **Rev. P. Ryan** ('83-'88), who is now working in the parish of Kilmeeady, Co. Limerick. This book has already gone through three editions, and is excellent in its kind.

Father Ryan is now on the point of getting out another handbook of a similar kind, which will, probably, be published early in 1907. This, we understand, treats of the ascetical side of the Catholic teaching, and promises to be a most useful book.

Dr. J. J. O'Mahony, B.A., M.B., whose photograph we publish this year, was in Mungret (1889-1891), with his two brothers, Florence and James. He afterwards graduated in Arts in the R.U.I., and took out the Medical Course at Q.C.C., where he was twice first scholar and won several prizes. He took his M.B. in the R.U.I. in October, 1900. He is now Medical Officer in Bantry.

His brother, **Fr. Florence O'Mahony**, is working as a curate at Timoleague, Co. Cork, and the third brother, **Dr. James O'Mahony**, is practising in Wales.

Doctor Peter Irwin, M.D. ('97), has been appointed to the post of Assistant Medical Officer of the District Asylum, Limerick.

Dr. Willie Irwin, A.B., B.M. ('93-'98), writes to us

from Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham, where he is now practising as a Doctor. Dr. Irwin has read a most distinguished Course in Arts as well as in Medicine. He was an Exhibitioner in Mungret in the First Arts, R.U.I. in '98. He also secured Exhibitions in Second Arts and B.A. In the latter he got First Class Honours. In his Medical Examinations he was always one of the three first.

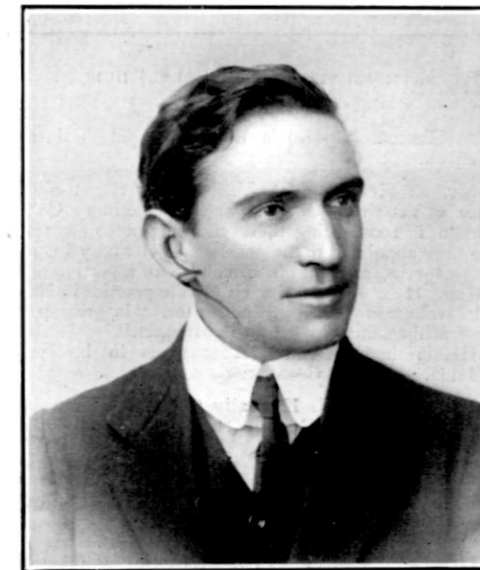
Rev. Thomas Roberts, O.S.F. ('94), who entered the Noviceship of the Franciscan Order in 1902, writes to us from St. Isidore's College, Rome, where he is now studying in immediate preparation for the priesthood.

Willie Lenaghan went to Valparaiso, Chili, last January, on a three years' engagement to teach in an English College there. His health is much improved, and he hopes to be able after that time to resume his studies for the priesthood. We were very glad to learn last Sept. that neither he nor the other past Mungret students who are there, suffered anything more than a good deal of inconvenience in the awful earthquake by which the city was wrecked. We publish elsewhere a graphic account of the disaster from **Mr. John Carey, B.A.**, as well as one from Mr. Lenaghan.

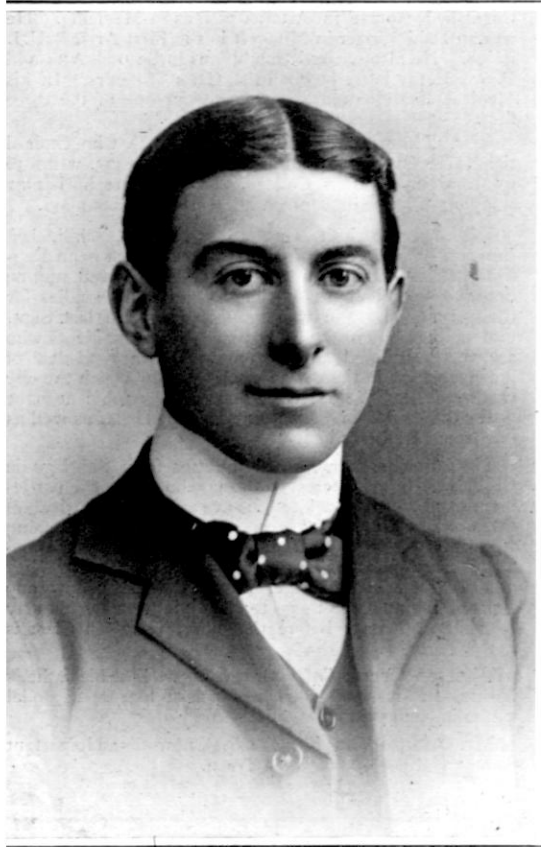
The following extract from a letter from Santiago de Chili, will be of interest to those who know the parties mentioned:—"Quite lately I have seen a great deal of three or four 'Mungret' boys who are out here teaching English. All are exceptionally steady and straight,—and all are very proud of Mungret and their masters. They are esteemed by everyone, for they do not show any signs of human respect—go to Communion every Sunday—say their Rosary before the boys, etc. This last is heroic here."

Thomas Crook ('96-'99), is doing well at his father's business in Preston. We hear much of him as a model Catholic young man.

Mr. George Vaughan ('90-'92), now fills an important commercial position in Cape Town.



JOHN O'HART DEVINE, DUBLIN.



RAYMOND STEPHENSON (SOLR.,) DUBLIN.

A. Sinnott ('85-'88) is doing well at business in Sheffield.

Mr. E. Hearne, M.C.V.S. ('99-1901) got his diploma as Veterinary Surgeon in the Veterinary College, Dublin, in 1905, being then only 22 years of age. He has been appointed to the position of Veterinary Inspector under the Department of Agriculture for a portion of Co. Cavan. He is also carrying on private practice in Navan. "I attribute my success," he writes, "in great part to the teaching, etc., I received in Mungret."

His brother, **Michael Hearne**, is in business in London.

Mr. William M. Keneally ('93), has been lately appointed to the Editing Staff of the *Daily Mail*, London.

Dr. Maurice Power, and **Dr. John Beirne**, passed their final Medical Examinations in the College of Surgeons, last April.

Dr. J. H. Power, B.A., M.B. ('94-'99), has been during the past year, in charge of the dispensary in Cahircolish, Co. Limerick, and has been practising as a doctor in the neighbourhood. He is now practising in his own native town of Tipperary.

We are glad to be able to publish this year the photo of **Mr. Raymond Stephenson** ('91-'95), which came too late last year for insertion. He is practising his profession of solicitor with great success in Dublin, as a member of the firm of O'Keefe & Lynch, who are one of the foremost firms dealing with the Land Question in Ireland.

John Lyne (1899-1902), has gone most successfully through his medical course in the College of Surgeons, not losing any examination. He is to stand his final, under the Conjoint Board of Ireland, early in 1907, after which he is likely to assist in his father's practice at Castletown Bere.

P. Murphy ('901) is doing well in Worcester, Mass., acquiring a thorough knowledge of Electrical Engineering, at the "Worcester Polytechnic Institute."

P. J. Byrnes ('98-1900), of Mallow, is doing well as a Pharmaceutical Chemist in Dublin.

J. J. McGrath ('98-1901) is reading a very successful and distinguished medical course in the R. U. I. He passed his Third Medical last October, securing an upper pass in most of the subjects.

Richard Hartigan (1900-1903), has been engaged during most of the past year as Secretary to the Committee of the Munster-Connacht Exhibition, and has contributed not a little towards its success.

Morgan McMahon ('99-1903), is conducting in conjunction with his brother, his father's business in Limerick.

Willie and Alfred Carr are in business in Chicago. Edgar is doing well in Brown, Thomas & Co., Dublin.

Charlie Cashin ('96-'99), is doing well at Clery & Co. Dublin. His brother, **Thomas Cashin** ('96-'98), is conducting the family business in Nenagh.

Dr. W. Sheahan ('95), is now practising his profession in the Zambesi, South Africa.

Mr. Joseph Lynch, B.A., Croom, who was a student in Mungret in the middle eighties, and **Mr. W. Danaher, B.A.**, who read a distinguished University Course in Mungret in the early nineties, are both successful and efficient Teachers under the National Board, Mr. Lynch, in Croom, and Mr. Danaher in Atha, Co. Limerick.

Hugh Moran, who is apprenticed for a Solicitor to his father, passed the First Arts last October. He got together the Past team most successfully last summer, and fulfilled his role of Captain with due authority and dignity.

James Crowley (1902-1905), writes to us frequently from London, where he is working and studying hard to become master of the profession he has chosen—that of Electrical Engineer.

In a letter last spring he says: "I met **Maurice Flanagan** here the other day. He seems quite well."

Phil O'Neill is at present working in his father's business in Kinsale. His headaches, we are glad to say, are much improved.

An interesting article by the **Rev. P. J. Connolly, S. J.** ('90-'93), who has been for the past two years Editor of the *Clongowinian*, in Clongowes Wood College, on "Principles of Criticism, Old and New," appeared in the Sept. number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. The object of the article is to deduce a philosophy of literature from Aristotle's Theory of Aesthetic pleasure; and in the

light of the latter, the author examines some of the most famous of modern canons. We understand that another article from the same writer, treating of the Trilogie of Jovis Karl Huysmans, is to appear in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Dr. James Gannon, who was in Mungret in the later nineties, has read a very distinguished medical course, securing first place and a scholarship every year in Medicine in Q. C. G. Last October he took the degrees of M.B., B.Ch., B.O., in the R. U. I. He intends to practice in his native city of Galway.

John McCarthy B.A., L.L. B., (1899-1901), has received his diplomas as a Solicitor, and is practising in conjunction with his father in Sligo. **Paul McCarthy** is also apprenticed to his father; and **Gerald** is studying for the Bar.

John Leahy ('99-1902), is at business in Oughterard. **W. Hedderman** (1903), and **J. Power** (1903) have passed their second medical examinations.

J. Sweeney is carrying on business at Ahascragh, Co. Galway, and **Fintan Sweeney** is at business in Loughrea.

Denis Morris (1899-'93), **F. Keane** and **P. Warde** are studying Medicine at Queen's College, Galway.

Yorick O'Flaherty (1902), is farming at Ballyconeeely Clifden.

James Hayes (1905), is studying for Engineering, at Queen's College, Cork.

W. Meagher (1904), and **R. Connolly** ('99) are apprenticed to Mr. Ryan, Solicitor, in Thurles.

BOYS OF LAST YEAR.

Andrew Carroll, B.A., is studying in Carlow College for the mission of Wilcania, N.S.W.

Thomas Madigan, B.A., and **James Flynn, B.A.**, are in Thurles College, and with **Murty Shiel**, are destined for the diocese of Cebu, in the Phillipines.

M. Clery is also in Thurles College, and **M. O'Mullane, B.A.**, is in All Hallows.

Harry Johnston, John Deevy, and **James Gubbins**, have entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus in Tullabeg.

Daniel Bergin is in Dublin, apprenticed to a solicitor.

James Byrne, Frank Williams, C. Barragry, Michael Garry, and **Michael Curley**, have begun their Medical studies in Dublin.

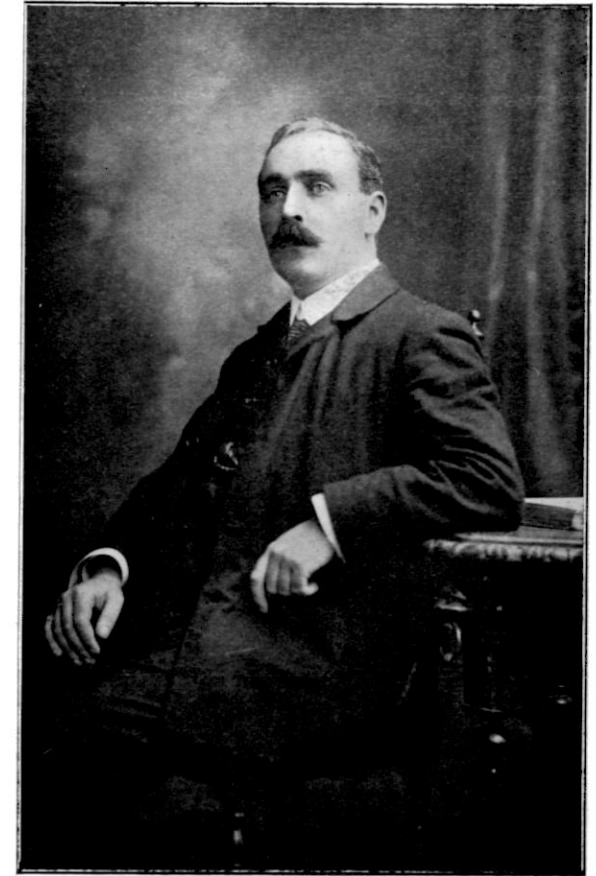
Jack Sweeney is in Clongowes Wood College.

P. O'Connell is at school in Cork.

L. Roche is at business in Cork.

W. Deevy is assisting in the management of the family business in Waterford.

Patrick Gubbins, W. Dennehy, Willie O'Keefe, S. Pegum and **John M. Cullen**, are in Dublin study-



J. J. O'MAHONY, B.A., M.B., BANTRY.

ing for the Civil Service, the three first at Skerries Academy; **S. Pegum** at University College, and **J. M. Cullen** preparing for King's College, London.

James O'Donnell has entered his father's business in Killenaule, Co. Tipperary.

W. Spain is being trained in Liverpool to enter business with his brothers. **James Spain** has entered Clery's, Dublin; and **Jack McCormack** is apprenticed at Findlater's, Dublin.

Thomas O'Malley and **John McGrath** have taken up farming at home.

F. Fennessy has entered his father's business in Waterford.

P. Walshe and **B. Pomeroy** are studying for the Bank of Ireland.

W. Kenealy and **J. Crowe**, are studying in the Veterinary College, Dublin.

DEBATES.

THE Apostolics Debating Society still continues to prosper. During the past year we have had some first-class discussions, which aroused, at the time, considerable interest, although, on the whole, the subjects chosen were



PATRICK MURPHY.

not of the same immediate practical importance as attached to most of the subjects discussed during the preceding year.

The Lay Boys' Debating Society which has been inactive during the greater portion of the past year is again, we are glad to say, taking an interest and a practical part in life. The meetings will be re-opened on December 9th, 1906.

On that evening the motion will be discussed: "That the movement for the Revival of the Irish Language is better calculated to advance the best interests of the country than the Political Movement." The principal speakers will be:—

For the Affirmative—Joseph P. Raftery, John A. Barry, William J. Ryan, John B. Barry.

For the Negative—Michael J. Dwyer, John Raverty, Richard T. Fitzsimon, Gerald C. Byrne.

Rev. Fr. W. Kane, S.J., will preside. We hope in our next number to have the pleasure of recording several vigorous discussions of the Lay Boys' Debating Society.

The following contains an abstract of the debates of the Apostolics' Debating Society of the past year:—

1906.—March 8th. "That the action of the Young Irelanders in seceding from O'Connell was patriotic and deserving of approval."

For the Affirmative:—A. Carroll, P. Burke, M. Saul. For the Negative:—H. Johnston, J. Grehan, James Murphy.

Some Members of the Community and some of the other boys also spoke.

For the affirmative it was argued:—

(a) Notwithstanding all the veneration which the character and achievements of O'Connell must excite in the breast of every Catholic Irishman, it must be remembered that in the last years of his life his health was breaking down and his powers on the wane.

(b) In 1843 he made the great mistake of his life in hazarding the prophecy that in six months Repeal would be accomplished.

(c) His contract with the Whigs, by virtue of which some of his close friends accepted office, was not wise nor the best way to obtain concessions from the British Government, and it seriously weakened O'Connell's influence in the country.

(d) The Purpose of the group of gifted men called the "Young Irelanders," was not conspiracy or civil war, but, by education, to make the people fit for freedom, and to unite all classes of Irishmen.

(e) The Young Irelanders were really forced by the machinations of John O'Connell, who was jealous of their growing popularity, to take the step they took when he brought forward in Conciliation Hall the absurd resolution to which he foresaw they would not, and could not subscribe, condemning, without qualification, appeal to arms under any circumstances.

For the negative it was argued:—

(a) It was O'Connell's genius that first discovered and developed the enormous power of United Political

Agitation. As he tells us himself: "From the failure of the United Irishmen I learned that it was necessary to work within the bounds of the constitution."

With energy and skill equally marvellous he, by this weapon, freed his fellow-Catholics from being legal outcasts, and achieved many other reforms for the whole country. To the new spirits, young and chivalrous, but impatient of restraint, his cautious policy was distasteful; and they, by their opposition, ruined O'Connell's cause.

(b) In this matter the Catholic priests were against them; and Dr. McHale rebuked them for adopting the principle of "Mixed Education."

(c) In the circumstances of Ireland O'Connell was the only man who could succeed, but not even he could succeed without a United Ireland. This they deprived him of. Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that his methods were faulty, what could they hope to effect by overthrowing him or separating from him? Their breach with him undermined their own popularity; and what *did* they effect? A disastrous rising which only added to the general confusion in Ireland.

(d) The recognised policy of the present day is that of O'Connell, not that of the Young Irelanders.

In reply, it was contended:—

That the Young Irelanders, as a party, were not for a resort to force. Mitchell and O'Brien were the most advanced, but they were not leaders of the Young Ireland Party, and, in fact, did most to upset its plans. Besides, are we, in any event, to repudiate the ideal of "A Nation once again?"

Division:—For the Affirmative	...	17
For the Negative	...	9

Majority for the motion	8
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1906.—May 13th. The motion was discussed that "Grattan was superior to Flood, as an orator, a statesman, and a man."

The speakers were:—

In favour of Grattan:—J. Feely, W. Ross, M. McKiernan, J. Donoghue, J. Reardan, J. F. Kelly.

In favour of Flood:—Thomas Finn, J. Ring, M. Curtin.

(a) The supporters of Grattan dwelt on the effect produced by his imaginative and fiery eloquence, not only on the House of Commons, but on the whole nation. He addressed at once two audiences—those before him, and the thinking minds throughout the country.

(b) He was the first statesman in Ireland who aspired to national independence, and was the first to treat Irish questions in a broad national spirit, being a genuine patriot, in touch with the character and circumstances of his country, and a herald of civilisation and humanity.

(c) An absence of sectarian bigotry, and because he saw that national independence was impossible without the Catholics, made him desirous to extend equal rights to all. Hence, he was the most consistent and loyal advocate of the Catholic claims, and prophesied the Union unless they were conceded. On the other hand, Flood's acts and speeches are tinged with bigotry. Like the bulk of his Protestant contemporaries, he seems to have regarded the Catholics as an inferior race, fit only to be trampled on.

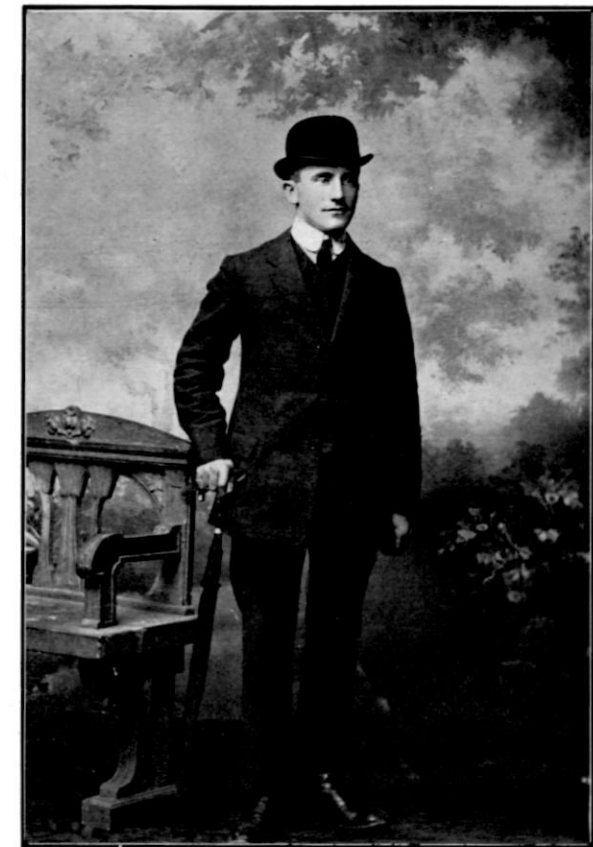
On behalf of Flood it was argued:—

(a) That apart, perhaps, from effects upon the populace, he was regarded by his contemporaries as at least equal as an orator to Grattan, whose delivery, for instance, was

grotesque; while in intellectual qualities he was his superior.

(b) Flood was still greater as a statesman than as an orator. Grattan, on the other hand, lacked prudence and sound judgment, and has left no reputation for statesmanship. Thus, Grattan was satisfied with a mere repeal of the Declaratory Act of VI. Geo. I; while Flood argued that Ireland was not safe without a substantive enactment of her legislative independence; and who would now deny the soundness of this contention?

(c) Flood was before Grattan in supporting the national ideal. Although he had entered Parliament at a very stormy period, yet, by his prudence and foresight and patriotism, he brought about reforms which made it possible for those coming after him to work with some hope of success.



EDWARD HEARNE, M.C.V.S.

Indeed, he was the first to suggest and initiate many of the reforms which are most closely connected with Grattan's name. Grattan entered Parliament at a time when, owing to Flood's exertions and success, salutary measures were more easily carried; and circumstances enabled him to enter into the fruit of the labour and genius of Flood.

(d) Grattan's moral principles, at least in his early life, are discreditable to him. After the declaration of independence also there is much in Grattan's conduct, specially with reference to the offer made to him of

£100,000, half of which he accepted, and in his subsequent support of the English Ministers, which is equivocal, and has not been satisfactorily explained.

(e) Again, his treatment of the Volunteers leaves a blot on his reputation.

(f) Flood's attitude towards the Catholics is certainly to be regretted, yet, his error was all but universal at the time, and it at least shows his honesty, which, indeed, cannot be doubted.

As against these criticisms it was urged:—

(1) That the £50,000 was a gift from the nation for services of inestimable value rendered by Grattan. Not being of independent means, it would have been at once churlish and imprudent of him to reject such an offer.



THOMAS MADIGAN, B.A.

(2) Could Flood, himself, afford a scrutiny so lynx-eyed of his actions; he who accepted the place of Vice-President, silently drew a fat salary for many a year, and lost the confidence of the people.

(3) It was Grattan's very success which seems to have aroused the jealousy of Flood. Else why such Philippic against "Simple Repeal," a question on which minds might innocently differ.

(4) It is true that after his period of glory Grattan's popularity suffered a partial eclipse—shall we call it an era of calumny? But, on the other hand, he had also his period of resurrection, when he made that gallant stand against the Union and supported the Catholic cause till his death. Well did he deserve the noble eulogy of Wilberforce, who declared that "never had he met a man

in whom patriotism seemed so completely to extinguish all private interest."

Thomas Finn's speech in support of Flood, is worthy of special mention. It had, perhaps, most to do in securing a majority against Grattan.

Father Cahill and some others of the Community having spoken:—

There were on a division: for Grattan 10 votes
for Flood $\frac{11}{1}$ "

Majority in favour of Flood, 1

1906—Nov. 8th.—On this evening the first debate of the present school year was held.



JAMES FLYNN, B.A.

The motion was: "That Napoleon Bonaparte must be accounted greater than Julius Cæsar in the attributes of genius."

The speakers were:—On the affirmative side, N. McNally, J. Grehan, W. Burns; on the negative, W. Tobin, P. Burke, James Murphy.

The principal arguments on the affirmative side were:—

(a) Cæsar's campaigns were, for the most part, against the half-barbarous Gauls, whilst he had on his side the civilization and unsurpassed military organization of the Roman legions. And when it was question of his fighting with Romans, he is acknowledged by most to have been

inferior in military tactics to Pompey, and perhaps to some others of his contemporaries. Napoleon, on the other hand, was fronted by adversaries as highly civilized as himself; and when army and nation went down before him, and time and space and all human calculations seemed to succumb to his will, the only special influence on his side was his own matchless genius.

(b) When Cæsar succeeded in seizing the supreme power in Rome, he became by that fact the first man in the world; for Rome was mistress of the world. Not so Napoleon, who, from being a young ensign in the army of one European nation, not only became emperor of that nation, but in a few years had almost a Europe at his feet.

(c) The *Code Napoleon* proves that Napoleon, as a statesman and legislator, can claim a place second only to his rank as a general.

(d) If it be true that Napoleon's life shows blots in his moral character, surely Cæsar's is not stainless. If Napoleon did imprison the Pope, it was he, too, who dethroned the Goddess of Reason, re-opened the churches, and re-established religion in France.

On the negative side it was argued:—

(a) If Cæsar's adversaries were, for the most part, barbarians, his own Roman legions had neither the training nor weapons that Napoleon's had. Besides, many of Cæsar's victories were won over Roman legions which, in one case at least were under the command of Pompey, one of the great generals of all time.

(b) Cæsar excelled as an orator, a general, a statesman, an historian, an astronomer, a writer, and a grammarian. Although he was practically never in a camp till his fortieth year, nevertheless he suddenly burst upon the world as the greatest general of his time, if not the greatest the world has yet known.

(c) In spite of the lapse of twice ten centuries, the halo of glory which surrounds the name of Caius Julius Cæsar is still undimmed. The figure of Napoleon looms large, it is true; but, then, his career is still fresh on our minds. Why! the veterans of Napoleon were as well known to the men of forty years ago as the heroes of the Crimea—old and dying, it is true—are to us to-day.

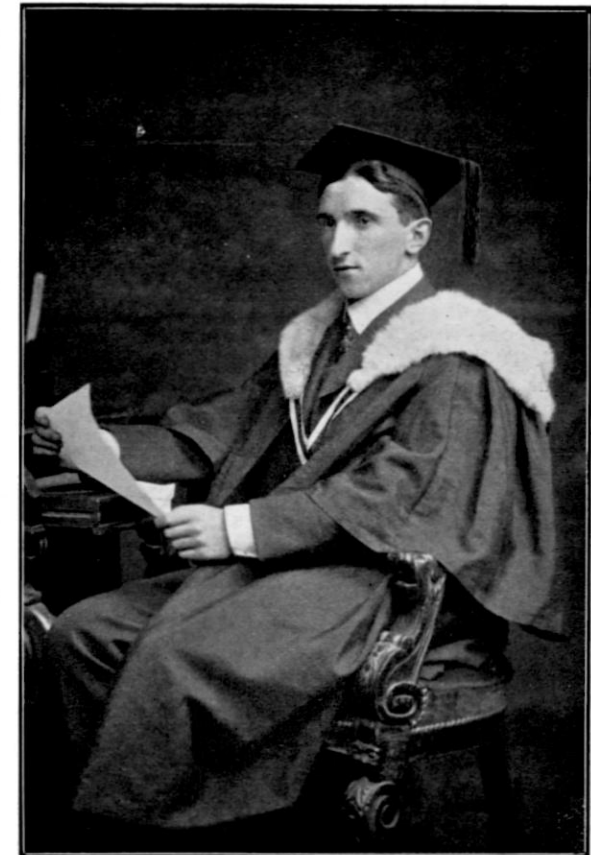
(d) Cæsar's very name is still used to-day as the synonym of greatness and power. It appears in the German "Kaiser," and the Russian "Czar." In other words, Cæsar has left such an impression on the minds of his posterity that great rulers have seized on his name as a fit designation of their power and their rule.

(e) Finally, as Rev. Mr. Gannon said, "Cæsar had the genius to know what he could do; Napoleon was lacking in this respect. Call to mind the time when three mighty armies were marching down from three different directions on Paris. Napoleon, by one of these masterly strokes of genius for which he is famous, succeeded, by seizing like lightning on a mistake made by one of the opposing commanders, in practically annihilating two of these armies. The remaining one then sued for peace on terms highly favourable to the French; but Napoleon, flushed by his recent victories, refused to listen to any proposals. Here was one of the great mistakes of his life-time. He had too high an opinion of his own powers, and had overrated his real strength. Therefore, I say, he lacked the true genius which should be the guiding star of truly great men in the great moments of their lives. Had he acted otherwise on this occasion, might we not have looked for a different end to his great career? Is there not some ground for hope that he would have died otherwise than a poor, heart-broken, disconsolate exile on the lonely isle of St. Helena."

In reply it was again urged:—

(a) The fame of some great men is rather increased than diminished by the lapse of time. Shakespeare's fame in his own time was nothing to what it is to-day. Again, Marlborough's military genius has only come to be realised in its full greatness at the present time. And Napoleon is one of those whose personality and genius are too great to be seen to full advantage, except at a great distance.

(b) Besides, many collateral reasons can be assigned which account, to a large extent, for the perpetuity of Cæsar's fame, independent of his personal greatness. He



MICHAEL O'MULLANE, B.A.

happened to live at the time when the Republican Government of Rome had spent itself, and a radical change was inevitable. Cæsar had the ability and insight to understand this, and to make the change in the only possible way; and thus he became founder of the imperial system of government in Rome. Hence the line of rulers, who derive their greatness from the fact of being at the head of a mighty empire, perpetuated and handed down to posterity the name of Cæsar as their first founder; and so the name of Cæsar comes to be almost synonymous with Emperor in the titles of "Kaiser" and "Czar."

(c) Again, although Cæsar's age is separated from ours by a lapse of 2,000 years, the literature in which his

history is told, and in which his personality looms so large, is still studied in our schools, and still dominates and influences the intellectual world. This fact bridges so completely the chasm of time that many Roman names, whose owners have no pretence to greatness, are to-day almost household words among us.

(d) Cæsar's moderation, magnanimity, philanthropy, it is true, imply in him a moral greatness from which Napoleon's unalloyed selfishness and unscrupulous ambition must completely exclude him. But the question at issue does not concern moral worth, but pure intellectual power.

In this debate W. Tobin made an excellent and most telling speech in favour of Cæsar. Rev. Mr. Gannon's speech, on the same side, had probably most influence on the result. Father Cahill and Father Hart spoke in support of Napoleon.

On a division the voting was—

For the Affirmative 10 votes.
For the Negative 15 "

Majority in favour of Julius Cæsar	5 "
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1906—Nov. 25th.—“That the character of M. Tullius Cicero is, on the whole, worthy of our approval.” The principal speakers on the

affirmative side were:—D. Nugent, J. Colgan, E. Sands. On the negative—W. McEvoy, M. Saul, T. Finn. Some of the community also spoke, as well as N. McNally and J. Grehan. The speeches were good, and the subject well discussed.

The principal charges laid at Cicero's door by his adversaries were:—His excessive vanity; his ambition for personal glory and praise; his shifting policy in public affairs; his mode of action after Cæsar's murder; the apparent want in his domestic relations, evidenced by the fact of his having divorced two wives in succession.

The defence was able, and most thorough.

If Cicero had faults (and who is perfect?) he stands forth the noblest and the purest of a corrupt generation. He was a high-minded, incorruptible patriot, a faithful friend, a kind master (when kindness to inferiors was almost unknown). If he shows vanity that is sometimes almost childish, that very fact proves the absence from his character of the deep-seated pride which would conceal such vanity. His treatises on the Nature of God, on Friendship, etc., show a mind and a character of an elevation that is rarely met with in history; and the history of his life bears out the testimony of his writing!

On a division there were—

For Cicero 16 votes.
Against 8 votes.

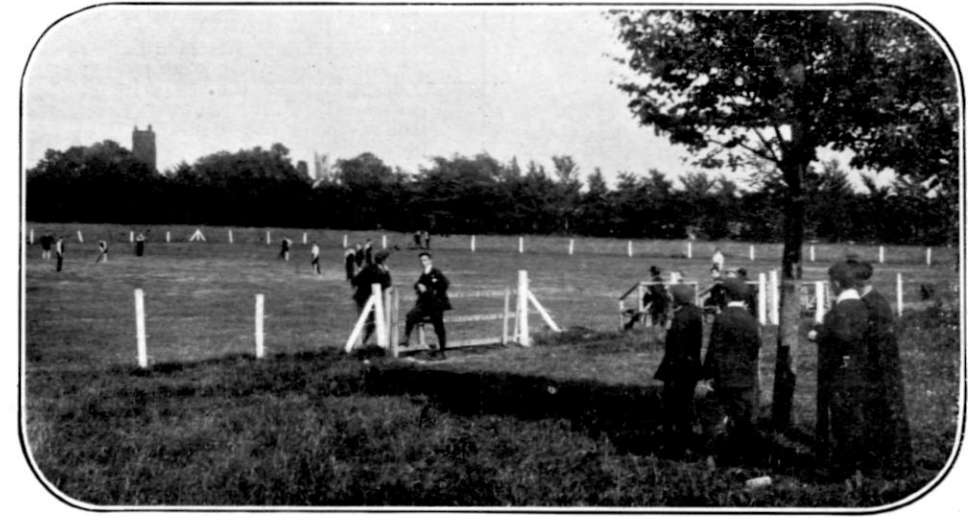
Majority in favour of Cicero ...	8 votes.
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Photo. by]

THE "ABBEY WALK."—MUNGRET COLLEGE.

[Rev. J. Egan, S.J.]



FIRST CLUB AT CRICKET—A SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

[Photo by H. Johnston (First Arts Class.)



Compiled from notes supplied by P. Burke (B.A. Class), N. McNally (B.A. Class), M. Dwyer (2nd Arts Class), J. Rafferty, J. A. Barry, and M. Saul (1st Arts Class.)

REV. FATHER W. FLYNN, S.J., who had filled the post of Minister in the College for eleven years, and had in that capacity attended so well to all our material wants, has left us. He is now doing missionary work, and lives in Milltown Park, Dublin. Further on in the diary we give a summary of the farewell address presented to Father Flynn by the Apostolics before he left Mungret, and which, we believe, expressed pretty accurately the feelings entertained towards him by the boys of all divisions, as a result of his long connection with them.

Father Flynn's place as Minister is taken by **Rev. R. O'Reilly, S.J.**, who filled the same position in the College in the early nineties.

Rev. Mr. A. O'Kelly, S.J., who was Assistant Moderator for nearly three years, has gone to Milltown Park for his Theological Studies, as well as **Rev. Mr. J. Flinn, S.J.**, who was Prefect of Discipline last year.

Rev. J. O'Mahony, S.J., has resumed his position as Prefect of Discipline, which he had previously held for many years.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

The results of the Examinations in the R U.I. have been this year extremely good. Out of

the 56 candidates who presented themselves from Mungret, in June, and three who presented themselves in September, 52 were successful, and, in the nature and in the number of the Distinctions won, the College has secured a high place among the first-class Colleges of the country.

The following are the names of the successful candidates:—

B.A. DEGREE.

Carroll, Andrew (Queen's Co.)
Flynn, James (Co. Cork.)
Madigan, Thomas (Co. Limerick.)
O'Mullane, Michael (Co. Cork.)

SECOND ARTS.

Burke, Patrick (Co. Tipperary.)
McNally, Nicholas (Co. Tipperary.)
Nugent, Denis (Co. Cork.)

HONOURS.

Latin, 2nd Class—McNally, Nicholas M.
Greek, 1st Class—(4th Place)—McNally, Nicholas M.
Greek, 2nd Class—Burke, Patrick F.
Logic, 2nd Class—McNally, Nicholas M.
Logic, 2nd Class—Nugent, Denis.

EXHIBITIONS.

1st Class—(Value £36)—McNally, Nicholas M.
2nd Class—(Value £18)—Burke, Patrick F.

FIRST ARTS.

Barragry, Christopher (Co. Tipperary.)
Burns, William (Co. Kerry.)
Byrne, James (Co. Longford.)
Dwyer, Michael (Co. Tipperary.)
Deevy, John (Co. Waterford.)
Grehan, John (Co. Galway.)
Gubbins, Patrick (Co. Limerick.)
Johnston, Henry (Co. Limerick.)
McKiernan, Michael (Co. Leitrim.)
Murphy, James (Co. Kerry.)
Pegum, Stephen (Co. Limerick.)
Sexton, John (Co. Clare.)

HONOURS.

Latin, 1st Class—(4th Place)—Johnston, Henry A.
Greek, 2nd Class—(1st Place)—Johnston, Henry A.



THE "MIDDLE CORRIDOR."

[Photo. by E. Heffernan, (Matric. Class)]

EXHIBITION.

2nd Class—(Value £15)—Johnston, Henry A.
N.B.—Henry Johnston competed for a Classical Scholarship in October.

MATRICULATION.

Barry, John B. (Co. Kerry.)
Byrne, Cyril (Co. Dublin.)
Carroll, Patrick (Co. Limerick.)
Colgan, John (King's Co.)
Crowley, Stephen (Co. Cork.)
Curley, Michael (Co. West-meath.)
Dennehy, William (Co. Cork.)
D'Arcy, John (Co. Tipperary.)
Donoghue, John (Co. Galway.)
Fahy, Lawrence (Co. Dublin.)
Feely, James (Co. Tyrone.)
Garry, Joseph (Co. Clare.)
Garry, Michael (Co. Clare.)
Gubbins, James (Co. Limerick.)
Keatinge, Redmond (Co. Limerick.)
Kelly, John F. (West Australia.)

Keneally, Vincent (Waterford.)
Howard, Michael (Co. Cork.)
McAuley, John (Dublin.)
McEvoy, William (Waterford.)
McCarthy, Corlis (Co. Cork.)
O'Keeffe, William (Co. Tipperary.)
Pomeroy, Bernard (Co. Cork.)
Raftery, Joseph (Co. Galway.)
Ring, John (Co. Cork.)
Reordan, James (Co. Limerick.)
Ryan, William (Limerick.)
Saul, Michael (Co. Meath.)
Stack, James (Co. Kerry.)
Sweeney, John (King's Co.)

IN THE AUTUMN EXAMINATIONS.

Barry, J. A. (Co. Cork.)
Butler, Thomas (Dublin.)
Curtin, Michael (Co. Limerick.)

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

On Thursday, June 28th, the whole College assembled as usual in the Theatre for the last important function of the scholastic year. Father O'Leary read the results of the Summer Examinations. Father Rector then distributed the prizes, and spoke briefly to the boys of their essential duties of piety, obedience and work. All then adjourned to the church for Solemn Benediction and the singing of the Te Deum.

The prizes were distributed as follows:—

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE

DIVISION I.

LAY BOYS—1, M. O'Mullane;
2, S. Pegum
prox. access.—W. Dennehy,
Jas. Gubbins
APOSTOLICS—1, N. McNally;
2, A. Carroll
prox. access.—Jas. Murphy,
P. Burke

DIVISION II.

LAY BOYS—1, H. O'Neill;
2, J. Raftery
prox. access.—Cyril Byrne

APOSTOLICS—1, J. Fitzgerald; 2, P. Geehan
prox. access.—J. McAuley, J. Cassidy

DIVISION III.

LAY BOYS—1, J. Shiel; 2, F. Hayes
prox. access.—J. Cremin, M. O'Farrell

DECLAMATION.

DIVISION I.

LAY BOYS—1, S. Pegum; 2, M. O'Mullane
prox. access.—J. Sweeney, M. Dwyer
APOSTOLICS—1, Jn. Murphy; 2, H. Johnston
prox. access.—A. Carroll, N. McNally

DIVISION II.

LAY BOYS—1, J. Raftery; 2, J. A. Barry
prox. access.—E. Heffernan
APOSTOLICS—1, J. O'Mullaly; 2, J. McAuley
prox. access.—J. Norton, T. Cassidy

DIVISION III.

LAY BOYS—1, D. Crowley; 2, M. O'Farrell
prox. access.—F. Crowley, J. Sheil

PREPARATORY MATRICULATION HONOURS.

First in Class—P. Geehan
prox. access.—Jas. Byrnes, T. Finn, J. A. Barry
Latin—1, J. Byrnes
prox. access.—P. Geehan, J. Fitzgerald, M. Curtin
Greek—1, J. Byrnes
prox. access.—P. Geehan, J. Fitzgerald, M. Curtin
English—1, J. Byrnes
prox. access.—J. A. Barry, J. Fitzgerald, T. Butler
French—1, J. A. Barry
prox. access.—T. Butler
Mathematics—1, P. Geehan
prox. access.—T. Finn, T. Butler, J. A. Barry
Physics—1, P. Geehan
prox. access.—T. Finn, M. Curtin, Jas. Byrnes

FIRST OF GRAMMAR.

First in Class—E. Heffernan
prox. access.—J. Cassidy, J. L. Kelly, A. Cullen
Latin—1, Jas. Cassidy
prox. access.—E. Heffernan, J. L. Kelly, T. Mullins
Greek—1, Jas. Cassidy
prox. access.—A. Cullen, J. L. Kelly, E. Heffernan
French—1, E. Heffernan,
prox. access.—A. Cullen, P. O'Connor, T. Mullins
English—1, Jas. Cassidy
prox. access.—J. Raverty, E. Heffernan, J. L. Kelly
Mathematics—1, E. Heffernan
prox. access.—P. O'Connor, A. Cullen, J. Cassidy
Irish—1, H. O'Neill
prox. access.—P. O'Connor, P. Walsh, J. Enright
Book-keeping and Physiography—1, J. Smyth
prox. access.—P. Walsh, H. O'Neill, A. Hayes

SECOND OF GRAMMAR.

First in Class—Jer. Kelly
prox. access.—M. Breene, R. Boyle, T. Cassidy
Latin—1, T. Cassidy
prox. access.—G. King, Jer. Kelly, P. King
Greek—1, Jer. Kelly
prox. access.—M. Breene, T. Cassidy, R. Boyle
English—1, J. Norton
prox. access.—Jer. Kelly, P. Delany, R. Boyle
Irish—1, P. Kelly
prox. access.—Jas. O'Donnell, M. Sheedy, J. McCormack
French—1, M. Breene
prox. access.—T. Cassidy, R. Boyle, J. Norton
Mathematics—1, P. Slattery
prox. access.—Jer. Kelly, M. Breene, R. Boyle
Book-keeping—1, Jas. O'Donnell
prox. access.—S. Ambrose, H. Glynn, M. Sheedy

THIRD OF GRAMMAR.

First in Class—P. McNamara
prox. access.—J. Sheil, V. Cummins, H. Kelly
Latin—1, Jos. Sheil
prox. access.—P. McNamara, H. Kelly, V. Cummins
English—1, J. Sheil
prox. access.—P. McNamara, H. Kelly, V. Cummins
French—1, P. McNamara
prox. access.—M. O'Farrell, H. Kelly, Jas. Sheil
Mathematics—1, P. McNamara
prox. access.—V. Cummins, J. Sheil, M. Moriarty
Writing and Dictation—1, P. McNamara
prox. access.—J. Boyd, J. Sheil, V. Cummins.

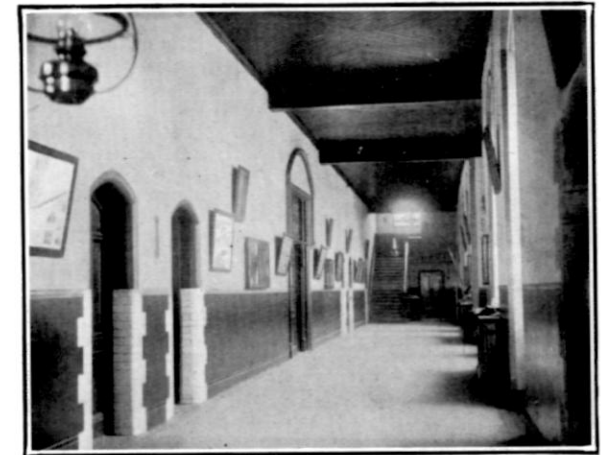
IMPROVEMENTS.

Matter under the above heading is, we are glad to say, unusually plentiful this year. The new building is completed and the contractor, with his masons and

carpenters, has disappeared, and the mud and dust and draughts and unmusical noises, and general inconvenience, and lively speculation, that usually accompany a builder's presence in a house have gone too; and things have again assumed a definite and permanent shape. The new storey has completely transformed the outward appearance of the College. The College buildings on the front view, as seen from the cricket ground or the road, now present an appearance which has been truly described as palatial. The words of Father McMahon's poem "Voices from Afar," published in the '98 number of the ANNUAL, are far more applicable to the College now than they were at that time.

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

The new building has added one large dormitory, and has also made the large rooms in the middle corridor available for class-rooms. Separate refectories are also



THE "STONE CORRIDOR." [Photo. by E. Heffernan (Matric Class)]

provided for the two divisions of Lay Boys and Apostolics—an improvement long desired.

The Ambulacrum has been painted, heated by a large stove and fitted up as the College Theatre. A splendid Theatre it is, and very pretty too when fitted out, as it is on great occasions, with furniture and carpets and drapery.

The two great corridors of the new house have been beautifully painted. A fine series of engravings of the Madonna, by the great masters, have been hung in the middle corridor. The refectories, study halls and class-rooms have also been painted and ornamented. All this gives the interior of the College quite a different appearance from the one it wore a year ago.

A very pretty summer-house, commanding a charming view of ancient ruins and city and Shannon and mountain, has been erected in front of the College overlooking the cricket ground. A row of horse chestnut trees have been planted round the *Ager Taurinus*, which now is the football ground of the Second Club.

Amongst the new pictures hung up in the Apostolics' study is a beautiful crayon portrait of Rev. Father René, S.J., who had been so much identified with the

Apostolic School during the first six years of its existence. Father René is now Professor of Theology in Spokane College, Wash., U.S.A.

DIARY.

December 3rd, 1905. the Feast of St. Francis Xavier. Rev. Father M. Browne, S.J., Rector of the Crescent College, Limerick, preached during the Solemn High Mass a most impressive and touching sermon on the career and virtues of the great Patron of the Apostolic School. That night witnessed the usual dramatic entertainment.

December 8th. There was a large reception of candidates into the Sodality. Rev. Father Rector presided at the ceremony.

Skating has almost ceased even as a memory with us in Mungret. We have had none worth speaking of for many years, and not even this year was the ice broken.

The examination week before the Xmas. vacation passed off as usual. A period of intense application and excitement was followed by a half day of discussion and



[Photo by Rev. W. O'Leary, S.J.]

"THE EXAMS. ARE OVER."—SOME OF THE FIRST ARTS CLASS. JUNE, 1906.

P. Gubbins, C. Barragry
Rev. E. Cahill, S.J., Jas. Byrnes, M. Dwyer, S. Pegum, Rev. Fr. Rector, J. Deevy

speculation, till finally in solemn conclave in the Theatre the Rev. Prefect of Studies read the results and report that tell tales with such inexorable truth as to the nature of each boy's application to work during the preceding term. In a brief address Father Rector pointed out the lesson of the ceremony, and the necessity for all, with a view to success or happiness, of regular methodical work. He then gave those going home some advice for their conduct during the vacation, and finally announced the return day—making it clear that for the future all were to be back on the appointed day.

CHRISTMAS VACATION.

The following morning witnessed also the usual scenes. The centre of the College becomes on this occasion shifted to the hall door, and the whole morning is a time of trunks and caps and overcoats and hand-shaking and cheering. Probably no pleasure on earth is more unalloyed than the college-boy's home-going for Xmas. vacation: hence, small wonder if the happy lads are generous on that day of their hurrahs and their applause. The

cheering and confusion and bustle are pretty well over at 10 a.m. when nearly all the Lay Boys are gone.

Meanwhile, within the house another centre of interest is gradually being formed. Two stalwart sons of toil from Mungret village have delivered an immense load of holly and ivy at the back door, brought fresh from Tervoe wood; with solemn assurances, of course, that never was such a supply brought to the College before, although on this particular year unheard of hardships and toil had to be undergone to procure it.

As the cheering and rushing about of the home-going lads has been gradually dying away, the Apostolics' two recreation rooms are being put into shape for the fascinating toil of the next few days—the labour of garland-making, designing and painting, singing and story-telling. A list soon appears in the Cloister distributing the work and assigning the responsibility of different parts to the most competent artists. The chapel, the refectory, the study hall, and the recreation rooms have all to be clothed in their Christmas garb. And as interest gathers and speculations become rife concerning ability of the workers, and the chances of throwing into the shade the brilliancy and beauty of all our predecessors' decorations, the memories of books and examinations disappear; and before the first day is at a close the very existence of the boisterous lads is forgotten, who romped and cheered and shouted less than ten hours ago, as if none were in the College but they. So, I suppose, it will be with us all. Our place shall know us no more. Like all things else on earth we too shall "have our day and cease to be."

Anyhow, the decoration days are a homely and a happy time for the decorators. Each day's interesting toil is closed by a merry evening, when songs, old and new, and stories, fresh and stale, are sung and told in the light and warmth of a cheerful fire.

In the afternoon of Xmas. Eve the work is completed. The Crib in the Chapel is a central point of interest. The refectory and study hall, too, present a beautiful appearance, with their shields and legends and garlands. And the designers listen eagerly to the general appreciation of their efforts. The recreation rooms are now cleared of the last vestiges of the holly leaves and holly brambles; the Xmas. pictures are hung on the walls, and the illustrated papers brought in. After supper there is silence for Confessions, and the Xmas. Festival really begins with the singing of the *Adeste* in the Chapel after night prayers.

On Xmas. Day after the morning devotions and the morning congratulations there is a visit to the Crescent Church, and to a few of the other principal churches of the city. One of the events of the evening's festivities is the distribution of the letters which have been allowed to accumulate for the three preceding days. Later on in the evening in one of the recreation rooms at about 9 p.m. when the dancers and musicians and singers begin to weary, a new lease of interest and excitement is created by the arrival of the Fathers of the Community, who make merry with the boys till all are tired enough to retire to rest.

Among the most interesting and instructive entertainments of last Christmas vacation were two lectures given by Rev. Father Henry Browne, S.J., on "Recent excavations at Gnosus, in Crete." They were illustrated by beautiful limelight pictures, the originals of most of which had come from Mr. Evans, the principal excavator. The lecturer being a master of his subject succeeded in imparting to it an interest which otherwise it would not have had for many; and the views were exceptionally good. The occasion was availed of by the Apostolics to present Father Browne with an address in recognition of the unvarying kindness and self-sacrificing zeal he had always exercised in everything that concerned the interests of the Apostolic School or its pupils.

The paper hunt this year was signalised by a remarkably good run in the case of several; but was not, on the whole, a success. The papers were not scattered in sufficient quantities, and very many got on the trail only after a search of an hour or two. Hence, the prize was deferred, to be decided by a second hunt, which, owing to the weather and the pre-occupation of a large number in the play, did not eventually come off.

During the last week of the vacation almost all the seniors were busy working at the play *Richelieu*, so that under great pressure most had mastered their parts pretty well in eight or nine days.

SPRING TERM.

The Lay Boys returned on January the 15th, and the work was soon again in full swing. Nearly all returned on the first day.

On Thursday, February 8th, we had the usual monthly play-day. Some of the Clubs had a very enjoyable walk to Corbally.

Father Provincial's play-day occurred not long after. The "Senior Club" had a very enjoyable walk in the direction of the Cratloe Hills.

Sunday, February 18th. Rev. Mr. Lockington, S.J., assisted by Mr. Moloney, from Limerick, gave us a very interesting lecture on New Zealand, illustrated by limelight views. The pictures were superb. After the lecture Rev. Father Rector, in a short address, after expressing his appreciation of the views and commending the instructive nature of the lecture, spoke of the blameworthy restlessness which led too many a young fellow to leave his own country (which now requires the service of all) in search of adventure, or from no reasonable motive.

On St. Patrick's Day, Rev. Father J. Keane, S.J., from Tullabeg College, preached during the Solemn High Mass a very beautiful sermon on the life of our National Apostle, and the mighty results of his life's work. A short time after Mass most of the boys of both divisions walked to Limerick to witness the great national and industrial procession which had been organised there under the auspices of the Gaelic League. "Although we could not wait to see much of the actual procession, we came home pleased and encouraged. There were immense crowds, and the industrial portion of the procession was considerable. Everything was orderly. No signs of drinking were visible; and all the public houses were apparently closed."

On that night we had a very good concert in the College Theatre, followed by a short but most amusing farce.

On March 18th, practice for the Sports began. We got a half-day on the occasion.

EASTER TIME.

Holy Week was celebrated with the usual ceremonies and solemnity. *Tenebræ* is chanted by all on the afternoon of the three greater days. On Holy Thursday, there is at the community Mass general Holy Communion which Fr. Rector distributes to all, both priests and laymen. There is the procession of the Blessed Sacrament after Mass on that day and the adoration all day at the Altar of Repose, at which, as at the First Friday adoration during the year, all the members of the Sodality B.V.M., as well as all the Apostolics, are privileged to have their turns. On Holy Thursday and Good Friday, the morning service is carried out with full solemnity. Rev. Father Rector preached on the Passion on Good Friday night, after the Stations of the Cross.

On Easter Sunday, we had the usual pastimes preparatory to the Sports—*aunt-sally*, and the wire throwing, and the putty man, and the shooting gallery regaining their usual annual importance for a day.

On Easter Monday and Tuesday the Sports went on in the usual elaborate style, arousing this year, if possible, more interest and excitement than usual, owing to Mr. Paul Bernard's Challenge Cup.

On Easter Tuesday night, Rev. Fr. J. Gwynn, S.J., gave a very interesting lecture in the Lay-boys' play room on the "Language Revival in Hungary." The reverend lecturer showed clearly that, from this point of view at least, there is no parallel between Ireland and Hungary. Father Gwynn is now labouring as a missionary, and resides in University College, Dublin.

Since the Apostolics have ceased to compete in the Sports, Easter Monday has come to be looked forward to by them as a day of exploration for the discovery of beauty spots in Limerick and Clare, hitherto unknown by many and unvisited.

"This year, Cratloe, or, rather the summit of Woodcock Hill was fixed as the goal of our excursion. On arriving at Tervoe Creek we were ferried across the Shannon to the Clare bank in a little flotilla of three boats under the command of Dan McKnight.

"Poor Dan! It was the last of a long series of services

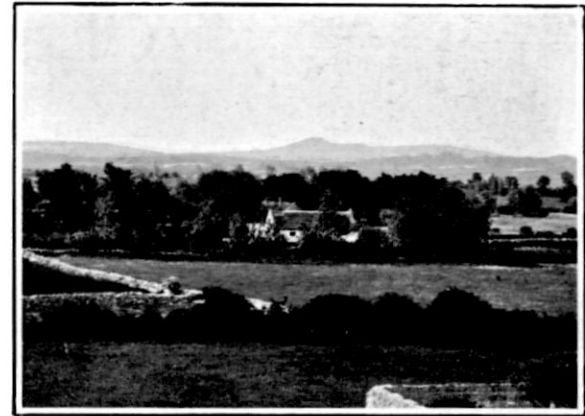


Photo. by Rev. T. Egan, S.J.

FROM APOSTOLICS' DORMITORY—LOOKING EAST.

performed for the Mungret boys. We did not think then that he himself was to cross the Great River so soon to rejoin his wife and forefathers in the land where old age is unknown, and the tailor and fisherman are judged and classified by a truer standard than even Mungret can shew; and, 'be all accounts,' if we are to trust the opinions of his neighbours, Dan will have to take a seat in the new order of things many places higher than he had enjoyed, even in the village where he was loved and respected by all.

"When we arrived at the creek we were horrified to hear of the awful accident that had occurred in the river there on the preceding evening. Five young men had come from Limerick in a pleasure boat. They hoisted a sail when returning and the boat was overturned. Only one succeeded in reaching the Clare shore; the four others had met a watery grave. The news caused consternation in Limerick, and practically, the whole city was in mourning.

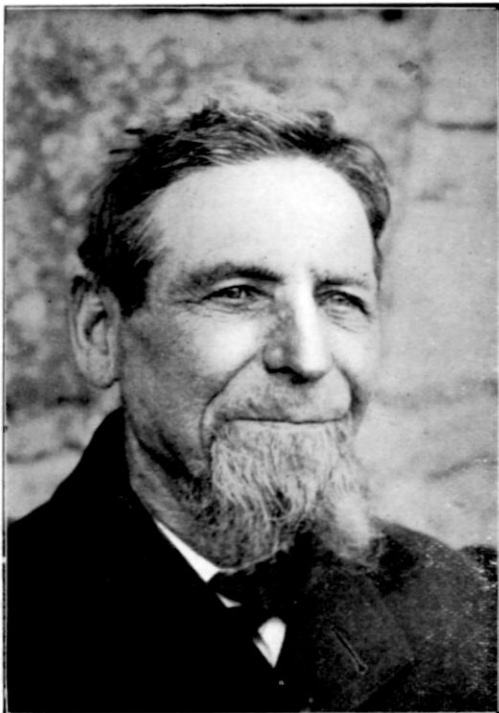
"The bracing air on top of Woodcock Hill was exhilarating, and we did enjoy our lurch, stretched on the sweet-scented heather under the midday April sun. From the top of the hill we had a matchless view embracing

nearly all the county Limerick and many miles down the course of the Shannon. Harry Johnston photographed us as we sat and then we started on our homeward journey. By the time we reached Limerick many of us were as wearied as we well could be; all, however, managed to crawl up the avenue and arrive in time for dinner."

SUMMER TERM.

The distribution of sports' prizes in the library, which took place early in the term, was an interesting ceremony. There were this year some unusually valuable presentations; among them being Rev. Father Provincial's bag, Mr. Bernard's magnificent cup, and a nice silver cup from Messrs. Gamage & Co.

During the month of May we had the usual devotions. The Altar of B.V.M. in the chapel, was decorated this year with exceptionally great taste; it is always lighted



DAN M'KNIGHT.

up during Rosary and night prayers. The Litany B.V.M. is recited after Mass every morning; the Rosary is recited every evening with special solemnity, and, after supper, there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On May 6th, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Fr. Downing, S.J., from the Crescent College, Limerick, preached an eloquent and very touching sermon.

It was with very great regret that we learned about this time of the death of Father Charles Lynch, S.J. He passed away peacefully in Tullabeg College at the ripe age of 88 years. Many of our past students will vividly remember the venerable old man who, at our summer concerts, so frequently gave proof of the possession of a youthful heart; and few will easily forget the animation and fire which lighted up his fine, strongly marked face when he got all the boys at a concert to join him in the chorus of the "Gathering of the MacGregors."

May 15th, we had a play-day in honour of Rev. Father Provincial's usual annual visit to the College.

May 24th, Ascension Thursday, thirteen new members (eleven Lay-boys and two Apostolics) were received into the Sodality B.V.M.

June 5th, the First Arts Examinations commenced. This is always a time of special interest for the whole College, as the First Arts is the earliest of the University Examinations, and its commencement marks the beginning of the end of the scholastic year. The preceding day was free for the candidates. The Lay-boys drove to the Clare Glens, one of Limerick's beauty spots, and the Apostolics went by train to Adare, another of the many homes of beauty in the neighbourhood of Mungret. Both were back in good appetite and exuberant spirits for dinner.

On June 14th, the Feast of Corpus Christi, we had the usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

On the morning of the same day poor Dan McKnight died very happily and peacefully in his cottage at Mungret, after an illness of little more than a week. He was 67 years of age, and had been serving the College as tailor and sometimes as boatman, since its foundation. Dan was a fine type of an Irish peasant, and was much respected by his fellows in the village. He had had experience of stormy times, too, and was "out" as a Fenian in the sixties. It may be of interest to reprint here a passage from a little sketch entitled "Tervoe Creek," which appeared in the MUNGRET ANNUAL of 1899, written by Father J. Corcoran, S.J., concerning an episode in Dan McKnight's life, which is typical:—

"One other episode anent the creek. This time, my storyteller is one whose name and features are familiar to every Mungret boy, past or present. He, too, remembers that dark period when many an Irishman measured justice by the length of his trusty pike, or sighted the Justices themselves along the barrel of his rebel rifle. The seizure of a pike meant imprisonment, and the capture of a rifle meant death. Nevertheless our hero dearly loved the weapon which lay concealed in its case in the *haggara* wall, not a hundred yards from the village *cross*. From time to time he would take it out and carefully clean away every speck of rust. Then he would plant its stock against his shoulder, glance along its shining barrel, feel its trigger with his finger, and hope. Months passed into years, and the years became decades, and all the while the rifle lay concealed in the *haggara* wall. One day Parnell came to Limerick, and telling the people how England had at last promised them Home Rule, he begged of them to destroy all illegal weapons.

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

On June 22nd, Feast of the Sacred Heart, Father R. Kane, S.J., preached in his usual eloquent and beautiful style.

June 25th was the eve of the Matriculation Examinations. The Lay-boys again chose the Clare Glens as the rendezvous of their excursion.

"Two great drags from town contained the twenty of us, and a light-hearted party we made. Songs, of course,

sung individually and in chorus, enlivened our sixteen mile drive. It was an ideal day for the Glens. After lunch, we roamed through the labyrinthine walks, with the bright sun peeping through the trees, while the birds sang sweetly above us. The perfume of the rhododendrons filled the air, and their brilliant hues lent enchantment to the scene. The gentle murmur of the cascade soothed our spirits, and the pleasant bathe in the cool waters at its feet was a delightful treat. For that day the grinding toil of the preceding month and the ordeal of the following days were alike forgotten."

The Apostolics spent the day nearer home, but, perhaps, no less pleasantly. They bathed in the creek, then wandered through Tervoe along mighty Shannon's banks to the mouth of the Maigue, and along its right bank to Ferrybridge.

Poor old Mrs. Fitzgerald, who was such a familiar feature at Tervoe Creek to every generation of our



Photo. by

A VIEW IN CLARE GLENS, CO. LIMERICK.

[Rev. J. Egan, S.J.]

students since the foundation of the College died happily in June, 1906, after a protracted illness. R.I.P.

SUMMER VACATION.

Only seven Apostolics remained in the College this year during the month of July. They give glowing descriptions of the high times they had. They speak of their excursion with Mr. O'Kelly, S.J., to Askeaton, and its beautiful Abbey and imposing castle overhanging the Deel—the western twin sister of our own Maigue. They tell, too, of their visits to the Munster-Connacht Exhibition; of their days in the garden teeming with fruitful memories; of Eugene Sands' futile attempts to immortalise some of their excursions with his camera, films and P.O.P.—the horrid things would never come out right—of their day at the Regatta, and their charming day at Castleconnell, with its woods and ferry and roaring rapids, and matchless beauty.

The Apostolics who had gone home returned on August 1st, and, after a few days, the usual features of the summer vacation were in full swing. Tervoe Creek, as usual, springs into a position of primary importance. The mis-

chievous goat was not there this year to guard the passage to the promontory; and the great divers could have their plunge without running the risk of being forced or tossed ungracefully into the current off the horns of the redoubtable "Poll." An important feature of the first week was the visit to the Exhibition with Rev. Mr. O'Kelly, S.J.

A prominent source of enjoyment was the nightly "ceit'oe," in "The Hut." J. Grehan, it is said, poured out song and story interminable, and ghost stories became so weird and numerous that, after the first week, they were voted out by the nervous majority. Baseball was played a little. A handball tournament proved an interesting contest. In this, J. Sexton and J. Feely won the crown.

On the morning of the Feast of the Assumption, Father McWilliams, S.J. and Brother Rickaby, S.J., took their last vows of the Society of Jesus in the College Chapel. In the evening we had a very successful concert in the

Theatre. This was made the occasion by the Apostolics to say a word of farewell to Rev. Father W. Flynn, S.J., who was to leave the College a few days after. One of the first items in the concert was an address read by Nicholas MacNally in the name of the Apostolics.

After a brief word of congratulation to Father McWilliams, and a promise to Brother Rickaby that the Apostolics should not forget his unvarying and self-sacrificing goodness, and a few words of welcome to Father R. O'Reilly, the address went on:—"Another and a sadder thought fills our hearts to-night. We know that we are soon to miss from amongst us a well-known and well-beloved face; and a fatherly presence, which, for nearly a dozen years, has contributed in no small degree to render our Alma Mater a real home, is soon, alas! to be withdrawn. We can only say, dear Father, that we shall not forget that unvarying and thoughtful kindness which the Apostolics know from an experience of

many years; and amid the many dear and happy recollections with which our Alma Mater must ever live in our memories, Father Flynn's genial smile, and ready joke and kindly act must ever have a prominent place. We beg of you, dear Father, to continue to remember us at the Altar, that we, like you, may one day be enabled to do the Master's work; and we promise on our part not to forget you in our prayers."

On August 16th, the following day, all started early to catch the train for Killaloe. "The morning threatened rain, but eventually, the day was splendid. We had, of course, the usual bathe or two in the Shannon at Kincora, near Balboru. After lunch, some climbed Crag Hill, others rowed on the lake with Father Casey; and Harry Johnston took some exceptionally beautiful photos. After tea, which we took under a spreading oak tree on the river bank, we started for home which we reached about 9 p.m.

"The vacation was terminated by the usual boating excursion to Bunratty, whose historic ivy-clad castle standing on Shannon's banks will be a familiar memory to every Mungret student who has spent a vacation in the College.

"We started betimes for the Creek on the morning of the appointed day to find our little flotilla rocking gently on the waves of a magnificent spring tide. While the commissariat was being stowed away in the capacious bosom of the 'Sally Brown,' which, with some other boats had been kindly lent us by two of the Limerick Rowing Clubs, a little excitement was created by the dropping of a rowlock into the river and its almost immediate recovery by one of the party who had stripped and dived after it before most of us realized that it must have gone to the bottom. After reciting aloud the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, we slipped our moorings and steering cautiously down the narrow passage soon reached the broad expanse of the Shannon.

"Our veteran mariner Father Casey, assumed, as usual, the rôle of admiral, leading the van in the light, swan-like 'Thomond.' A competent seaman had also been appointed to the command of each of the other boats.

"The passage down the river was rougher than we bargained for. There was a big swell on, and the foam-crested billows would now rise over our heads, apparently with the intent to overwhelm us, while the next moment would find us in our little boat, which danced like a cockle shell, riding on the lofty backs of the mighty monsters. However, when the green slope of Pilot Island came into view all fears were forgotten in the anxiety to be first to land. The honour seemed doubtful for awhile, but at the last moment, 'Sally Brown,' commanded by Mr. Healy, S. J., who had kindly come from the Crescent to add life to our excursion, with a swift swoop outdistanced all the others and shot in well ahead towards the landing stage, beating Mr. Dillon's boat only by a few yards. We had the customary bathe from the landing stage, while the ambulance corps prepared dinner on the slope of Pilot Island. After dinner we ferried ourselves across the Ratty and walked along its bank to the De Clare's majestic but gloomy looking pile. At six o'clock we were again in our places at the oars, with our faces set towards the creek. The gale of the morning had now died away and the broad expanse of the river lay extended like a mirror reflecting the last slanting beams of the setting sun. It was a scene of peaceful and solemn grandeur, as night gradually came down upon the waters and we watched the stars stealing forth from space to twinkle at us, while the rugged outlines of the hills of Cratloe stood strongly outlined against the sky. Through this scene we pulled along, our oars rising and falling with a pleasant monotony and forming a kind of accompaniment to the Litany which we sang this time in Latin. The Litany was followed by the Rosary, testifying our gratitude for a day of enjoyment now so gently drawing to a close. Then, after pulling away amid jest and song for another half hour the lights of Limerick came into sight, and, at about 8.30 p.m., we all glided in the wake of 'Sally Brown,' leisurely once again into the now gloomy creek."

A dancing master came to the College during the vacation to give lessons in Irish step-dancing. The results were so satisfactory that a regular dancing class

has been organised. Two lessons in the week are given, and all are to stand at Xmas, time a public test of proficiency in the matter assigned.

AUTUMN TERM.

September 3rd. The Lay-boys returned, School reopened, and things soon assumed the usual routine.

September 13th. We had a play-day in honour of the new Father-General of the Society of Jesus, who had been elected a few days before in Rome. The First Club of the Lay-boys had a most enjoyable walk to Castle Troy, enjoying to the full the matchless view of lordly river and lofty mountains along the Shannon's banks, and the hour spent around the massive, picturesque ruins of the castle itself.

The Senior Apostolics paid on the same day, their annual visit to Manister Abbey. The more stalwart of the Juniors went to Adlare, the others went to Carrig-



Photo. by]

AT "CLUBS."—JUNIOR APOSTOLICS. [Rev. J. Egan, S.J.]

o-Gunnell, whose majestic and elevating beauties never seem to pall.

September 16th. The Lay-boys Retreat commenced on this day, a week earlier than usual. Rev. Fr. H. Lynch, S.J., from Gardiner Street Church, Dublin, conducted it.

October 11th. The boys paid a visit to the Munster-Connacht Exhibition. They started from the College early and had two hours to view the various exhibits. As the day, however, turned very wet the visit was not so pleasant as it otherwise would have been.

The same day a second expedition to Croom was fitted out (the first one had failed completely, having got weather-bound near Patrickswell) and went forth immediately after breakfast, with loaded camera and high hopes to photograph some of the scenes amid which Shemus McGrath and the "Maigue Poets" passed their lives. After a day of toil and adventure sufficient to fill a little volume, the artists straggled home two hours late for dinner. One blurred picture taken in the driving rain, having one of the artists in the foreground of what would have been in more favourable circumstances a lovely scene, with his boots

VISITORS.

Of our visitors, the most welcome and most worthy of special mention always will be our past students. The list will be found elsewhere of the visitors who came last summer for the annual cricket matches. Among them we were pleased to welcome to their Alma Mater—Father J. O'Connor (Limerick); Messrs. T. Pegum (Glin); J. O'Dwyer (Roscrea); J. Bergin (Roscrea); H. Moran (Limerick); R. Hartigan (Limerick); T. Kelly, (Solv. Limerick); J. Dowling (Limerick); W. McElligott, (Waterville).

A goodly number of visitors came last January notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather to witness the acting of Richelieu. Among them we were glad to welcome Lord and Lady Emlý.

Rev. Wm. Carroll, C.S.S.R., who had paid a short visit to Mungret before Xmas, just after arriving from the United States, died at the College during the Xmas vacation, together with Rev. Father Murray, C.S.S.R. We had a Concert in his honour, some of the best items in which were those contributed by himself. He spoke also very touchingly and with great earnestness of the deep and everlasting debt which he said he owed to Mungret, and to those by whom he had been trained there. Speaking of missionary work in the States he said that those who intended making America the field of their Apostolic labours need have no solicitude about being forestalled by the immense number of Priests labouring there. "No! America is a practically limitless field to work on. If you have the zeal and self-sacrifice to put your hand to the work, it will be your task to bring the good tidings of the Gospel to minds to whom it is as foreign as if they lived in the ages before our Lord had yet come on earth."

Later on in the vacation **Rev. H. Moynihan, D.D.,** who was then in Ireland for a brief stay, paid a short visit to his Alma Mater. He addressed the Apostolics in the study hall. He, too, spoke very touchingly of the sweet memories he still retained of Mungret. He had he said had long and wide experience of Ecclesiastical Colleges in different parts of the world, many excellent in the highest degree. Still he thought that Mungret had something which placed her quite in a class apart, and he looked back to his training there as one of the greatest privileges of his life. He insisted especially on the spirit



Photo. by Monsieur]

[L'Abbe L'Herrittie]

CARRIG-O'-GUNNELL CASTLE—A SUNDAY IN OCTOBER.

and stockings in the grass beside him—he had waded across the Maigue to pose in the picture "to give some life to it," he said—was the fruit of this memorable expedition.

A Camera Club has been started this term under the presidency of Father O'Leary, S.J. Some excellent photos have been already taken. The MUNGRET ANNUAL Staff are in high spirits over the matter, and look forward to a number next year which, in artistic beauty, will out-distance all its predecessors.

A class for Solesmes Chant, consisting of more than half of the Apostolics, has been organised under the guidance of Rev. Father O'Mahony, S.J. The Solemn High Mass on All Saints' Day was sung by them in remarkably good style.

On the evening of the same day both Lay-boys and Apostolics had the usual concerts in their respective play-rooms.

November 8th. On the November play-day a third attempt was made to get photographs of some of the beauty spots of the Maigue at Croom. A goodly party of the senior Apostolics started forth after an early breakfast. The day was ideal; and all returned in time for dinner, satisfied with themselves, and in great spirits over the four "charming views" they had secured. But, alas! again, for the vanity of human hopes. Before dinner was well over, the crushing news reached the refectory that of the four plates one was broken, a second was blank, a third was "most interesting," having been exposed twice for different views! The fourth, however, still survives, and we publish* it and what remained of the broken one to solace our unlucky artists.

November 13th. We had a half-day in honour of St. Stanislaus. Rev. Father McWilliams had preached for us a very beautiful sermon on the saint, on the preceding Sunday.

* See illustrations with the article entitled the Maigue Poets, p. 26.



Photo. by Rev. D. Kelly, S.J.]

CASILE TROY—ON SHANNON, CO. LIMERICK.

of union and charity and good-fellowship, which, he said, attained a perfection in Mungret which made it a home of very peculiar happiness.

We have already alluded to the visit of **Father H. Browne, S. J.**

Father Jos. McDonnell, S. J., came at the end of the Xmas vacation to conduct the Apostolics' short retreat.

Paul McCarthy, Sligo, came to the College last July to see some of his old masters. About the same time **Rev. H. Floyd**, from the diocese of Duluth, U.S.A., who was then having a much-needed vacation in Ireland, came to Mungret for the same purpose.

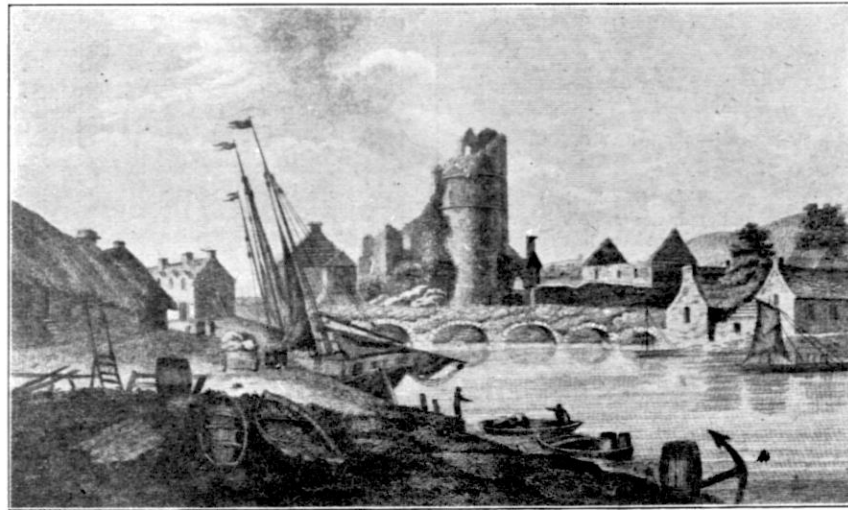
Mr. M. Spain, Limerick, has been in Mungret now and then during the year.

Early in September **Willie Ryan** (Cashel), spent a portion of a day with us, and was welcomed by many an old friend.

Thomas Cashin (Clonmel), also visited his Alma

present there is in China a decided movement towards Christianity. "I am told," said Father Louail, "That I am addressing sixty Apostolic students. That all of you here should come to China is, I know, impossible. But of this I am certain; were the whole sixty of you to come with me I should have work for all; and, furthermore, I can add that, in a few years you would find yourselves absolutely unable to cope with the widening work of conversion which your presence would create."

He exemplified this by some astonishing facts:—He knows missionaries, each with 5,000 Catechumens on his rolls, while a man cannot possibly instruct and baptize more than 300 of these per year. Hence, even if no fresh applicant for admission to the faith appeared, each of these has work at hand which he cannot reach in sixteen years. But, as a fact, the candidates are increasing in almost geometrical proportion. Hardly ever now can a missionary afford to admit a detached candidate as Catechumen. A



ASKEATON CASTLE AND BRIDGE.

[Reproduced by kind permission of Thos. J. Westropp, Esq.]

Mater in September. **Richard Hartigan** sees us in Mungret now and then.

John J. McGrath also visits his Alma Mater from time to time when home on vacation. He gave some useful assistance to the Editors of the ANNUAL last October and November, in procuring and preparing some of the photographs.

Towards the end of September the **Rev. P. J. M. Louail, S. J.**, Superior of the Mission of Kiang-nan, in China, spent a few days in Mungret. He came, of course, in quest of volunteers for the arduous, but flourishing Missions of China. In his address to the Apostolics he mentioned many facts concerning the Chinese Missions, well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of those whose object it is to win souls to Christ. Of the 400,000,000 population of that mighty empire, less than 2,000,000 are Christian. But now is the golden opportunity; for the harvest is being now reaped which has ripened as the result of the blood of generations of martyrs. At

candidate for Christianity must apply with his whole family, and in some provinces the missionaries will only receive the application of a whole village. The political China, too, he said, is unquestionably awakening. By reason of its unwieldy size, the reform will work more slowly than it did in Japan, but the final result will be inevitably similar. Roads and railways are being opened over the country, Education is going ahead, etc.

English-speaking missionaries are, he said, specially needed, for, of the foreign languages there, English is beyond comparison the most useful; in fact it is quite essential for the work in the great cities.

Early in September **Fathers C. Mangan, M. Ambrose**, and **D. O'Carroll**, paid a short visit to Mungret, and were welcomed by their old masters and old friends there.

Father H. Lynch, S. J., spent some time in the College in September. He came to conduct the Lay Boys' retreat.

About the middle of October **Father Thomas Eaton** paid a short visit to his old Alma Mater before returning to Alabama. His three months vacation seemed to have completely restored his health. He addressed the Apostolics in the study hall on the morning of his departure, and spoke in glowing terms of the "Land of the South." "It is," he said, "unquestionably one of the gardens of the world. It is the land of sunshine, of fruit and flowers. It is, too, a land of refinement and culture such as few countries in earth, if any, can surpass. The Southern States," he added, "are again fast recovering from the stagnation consequent upon the Civil War, and are regaining their old energy and prosperity." No country in the world, in his opinion, offers a more fruitful or more promising field of labour for the zealous priest than the Southern and Western States of America. The minds of the non-Catholic population are absolutely unprejudiced, and their ignorance of the Faith is most complete and profound. With very many of them conversion follows as an immediate and inevitable result of their knowledge of the Catholic teaching. Multitudes of Irish are there," he said, "brought up in absolute ignorance of the faith of their

fathers from sheer want of priests to look after or instruct them."

Indeed, so enthusiastic seemed Father Eaton about the great work waiting for missionaries in the States that he almost seemed at a loss to understand how the Apostolics could think of any other field of labour.

Frank Williams, Phil O'Neill, Willie Neville, and **John O'Neill**, Tipperary, all visited Mungret in September and October. Early in October we had the pleasure of welcoming **Mr. James Sheehan**, of Fermoy, for a short visit to his Alma Mater.

Towards the end of October **Rev. V. Byrne, S. J.**, now Rector of Clongowes Wood College, made a stay in Mungret, to make his retreat.

Allusion is elsewhere made to the visit of **Father W. Butler, S. J.**, and to the musical treat which he gave us.

Early in November **Rev. Fr. Provincial** visited the college; having a short time previously returned from Rome.

Rev. Fr. Tighe, S. J., often visited Mungret during the year, and sometimes kindly sang at our improvised concerts. He is now in Tullabeg College (Tullamore), assistant to the Master of Novices.



Photo by Rev. W. O'Leary, S. J.]

IN RICHELIEU'S PALACE (see p. 70—account of play in Our Social Gatherings.)

Chevalier De Mauprat—" . . . No trace of blood reveals the deed—
Strangled in sleep. . . ."

(Rich. Act III, Sc. 1.)

OUR SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

FIRST ENTERTAINMENT.

THE first entertainment of the year was held on the 3rd of December, the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, and was given by the Lay-boys.

The Programme was very well selected, consisting of a musical sketch entitled—"His Only Coat," which, together with some vocal and instrumental items, formed the first part of the performance. The second part consisted of a farce in one act—"A Fish Out of Water." In the first part of the programme, E. Heffernan, J. B. Stack, and W. Spain figured in "His Only Coat," as "Sparkler," "Vere," and "Bill," respectively. All three showed considerable ability for singing and acting in their different roles.

"A Fish Out of Water" was well executed by some of the Senior Lay-boys. This farce affords plenty of fun. Sam Savory, a chef, is applying for a situation in Sir George Courtly's family just at a time that a secretary is also about to be engaged.

The rather fussy old steward of the Ambassador mistakes his applicants, and the cook is accepted as secretary; and the secretary, who wishes at any cost to get into Sir George's household, is given charge of the culinary department. Once the new duties are entered upon there is great fun. Savory does not know how to write even his own name, and the secretary cannot make a cup of coffee. However, they agree to help one another in their respective duties, and the humorous situation is sustained for a good while, until in the end the mistake is found out, and Savory returns to his real sphere—the kitchen, and the secretary takes up the literary work.

M. O'Mullane, as Sir George Courtly, made an ideal Baronet, whilst M. Dwyer in the part of Sam Savory, acted very well, as he always does. The other actors acquitted themselves creditably of their different parts.

Appended is a programme of the entertainment:—

PART I.			
Overture	... "La Revue" ...	Behr	
Duet		
	J. Sweeney and M. Cleary.		

"HIS ONLY COAT." Musical Sketch.

(By J. J. Dallas and Walter Slaughter).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.			
Sparkler (the Victim)	... Master	E. Heffernan	
Vere (the Torturer)	... "	J. Stack	
Bill (the Instrument)	... "	W. Spain	

Scene—Sparkler's Lodgings.

INTERLUDE.

Song	... "Ye Banks and Braes" ...	—	
	J. Spain.		
Banjo Solo	... "The Darkie's Dream" ...	Lanning	
	W. O'Keefe.		

Song	"She is Far from the Land"	Lambert	
	R. Keating.		
Violin Solo	"Serenade Bardine" ...	Gabriel	
	Mr. Bernard.		

PART II.

"A FISH OUT OF WATER."

A Farce in One Act.

(By J. Lunn).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Courtly	Master M. O'Mullane	
Alderman Gayfare	" D. Bergin	
Charles Gayfare	" S. Pegum	
Sam Savory	" M. Dwyer	
Steward	" J. Hayes	
Footman	" R. O'Donnell	

Scene—Study in Sir George Courtly's House.

SECOND ENTERTAINMENT.

This Entertainment was prepared by the Apostolics during the Xmas. Vacation, and took place on the 31st of January, when we were all settled down after vacation.

We cannot give a better idea of the excellence of the play than by giving the following extract from the *Munster News*, which was written by an eye witness:—

MUNGRET COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

"On Wednesday evening a most successful Dramatic Entertainment was given by the pupils of the Apostolic School, Mungret College, in the presence of the community, Lord and Lady Emly, and a number of other visitors from Limerick and the neighbourhood. The piece chosen was Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu," and the choice was splendidly justified by the result. The play, despite all its faults, abounds in striking situations and affords ample scope for fine acting. Though a good deal of what the author wrote had to be omitted or altered, the changes were so skilfully made that the interest was nowise impaired. The historic background of the piece is the famous conspiracy to murder Richelieu, imprison the King and place the worthless and dissolute Gaston of Orleans on the throne. With this is coupled the design of inducing Bouillon, commander of the French forces operating in Italy, to come to terms with the Spaniards and lead a Spanish army on Paris in order to overawe all opposition to the new regime. Richelieu, though perfectly informed by his spies of the course of the plot, is yet unable to check it until the despatches sent by the conspirators to Bouillon are in his possession; and as his plan for intercepting them fails, he has to wait until it is almost too late. Finally, the important document comes into his hands, and the King, convinced at length of the truth of Richelieu's assertions about the treasonable designs of the conspirators, entrusts himself and France once more

to the guidance of the one man capable of coping with the difficulties of the times. To Master J. Murphy fell the difficult duty of representing the great "Cardinal-Statesman," in whose commanding personality the chief interest of the piece is centred, and the manner in which he acquitted himself of his task deserved and received the highest praise. Master N. McNally, as "Baradas" (a court favourite who is jealous of the Prime Minister and eager to supplant him) was very fine, acting with great naturalness and spirit. Master H. Johnston in the somewhat ungrateful role of "Joseph," secretary to Richelieu, showed considerable histrionic power, especially in the prison scene, which was one of the most life-like of all. Master P. Burke had, in the "Chevalier de Mauprat," a really difficult character to impersonate, and must be complimented on having succeeded so well. Master W. Tobin, as "Francois," page to the Cardinal, was highly animated and entertaining. Indeed, all, in their degree,

junior members of the school during the second entr'acte. That it was greatly appreciated was testified by the loud applause with which it was greeted.

The following is the PROGRAMME—

Overture	—	
	"RICHELIEU."		
	(By Lord Lytton).		
	Historical Drama in Five Acts.		
ACT I.—Scene I	A Room in Antoine's Inn	
Scene II	Richelieu's Study—	an apartment in	the Palais Cardinal.



Photo. by

RICHELIEU—THE CHARACTERS.

[Rev. W. O'Leary, S.J.]

BACK ROW—Clermont—J. Donoghue, Joseph—H. Johnston, Ambassador—J. Grehan, Guard—J. Reardon, Guard—T. Butler, Guard—W. Burns, Ambassador—T. Finn, Antoine—J. Cantwell.
MIDDLE ROW—Duc d'Orleans—E. Sinds, De Mauprat—P. Burke, Richelieu—Jno. Murphy, King Louis—J. Colgan, De Baradas—N. McNally, De Beringer—J. Sexton, Huguet—P. Carroll, Captain of the Guard—M. Saul.
FRONT ROW—Page of Louis—J. F. Kelly, Francois—W. Tobin.

made a very creditable display, and can congratulate themselves on having afforded a most enjoyable evening to all who had the pleasure to be present. Great praise is also due to those who were responsible for the staging of the drama. Both scenery and dresses* were surprisingly fine for a school theatre and showed that quite exceptional pains had been bestowed upon every detail. Nor should we forget to mention the very intricate four-hand reel performed with great grace and precision by four of the

*We owe our sincere thanks to the kind friends who, at the cost of much trouble and inconvenience, assisted us on this as on many other occasions, in preparing the costumes.

Our thanks are also due to the Superior of the Christian Schools, Limerick, as well as to Mr. Fogarty, of the Theatre Royal, for having kindly lent us some scenery.—Ed.

ACT II.—Scene I	An apartment in Mauprat's new House	—	
Scene II	Same as Act I., Scene II.	
Entr'acte	Irish Dance—Four-hand Reel	
ACT III.—Scene I	Same as Act I., Scene II.—after midnight	
Scene II	Room in the Palace—still night	
ACT IV.—Scene	The Gardens of the Louvre	
ACT V.—Scene I	A corridor in the Bastille—running by the condemned cells	
Scene II	The King's Closet at the Louvre	
Finale	God Bless Mungret.	

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.	
Louis XIII.	Master J. Colgan
Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Brother of Louis XIII.	" E. Sands
Cardinal Richelieu	Master John Murphy
Baradas, favourite of the King	" N. McNally
The Chevalier De Mauprat	" P. Burke
The Sieur De Beringhen, the King's 1st Valet de Chambre	" John Sexton
Joseph, Secretary and Confidant of Richelieu (the Father Joseph of history)	" H. Johnstone
Huguet, an Officer of Richelieu's Household Guard	" P. Carroll
François, 1st Page to Richelieu	" W. Tobin

PROGRAMME.	
PART I.	
Quartette ... "Morning" (Tolhurst)	Violins—Masters W. Ryan, H. O'Neill, P. O'Shaughnessy, J. A. Barry, Mr. P. Bernard.
Song ... "Lotus Land" ...	San Toy
	Master R. Keatinge.
Piano Solo... "Warbling at Dawn" ...	Master J. Sweeney.
Mandoline Solo "Chiming Bells" ...	Master W. Dennehy.
Song "Let me Kiss him for his Mother" ...	Master J. Stack
Violin Duet "Simple Aveu" ...	Masters J. Barry, W. Ryan
Dance ... "Irish Jig" ...	Masters J. Darcy, J. Cullen, M. Dwyer.
PART II.	
Piano Quartette "March Flambeaux" ...	Masters M. Cleary, W. O'Keeffe, J. Sweeney, Mr. P. Bernard.



Photo. by

IN THE GARDENS OF THE LOUVRE.

[Rev. W. O'Leary, S.J.]

Richelieu : "Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wear a crown —
I launch the curse of Rome."—(Rich., Act IV.)

Captain of the King's Household Troops	Master M. Saul
Antoine, Innkeeper—in Richelieu's pay	" J. Cantwell
First } Secretaries of State ... {	" J. Grehan
Second }	" T. Finn
Page	" J. F. Kelly
Courtiers, Guards, &c.	

THIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

As usual, we had a very good Concert on Shrove Tuesday. A very attractive programme was presented by the Lay-boys, assisted by Mr. Bernard and Rev. Fr. O'Leary, S.J. All the items were well applauded, but the step-dancing seemed the most popular.

Song ... "The Irish Reaper's Hymn" ...	Rev. Fr. O'Leary, S.J.
Violin Solo	Mr. P. Bernard
Dance ... "Hornpipe" ...	Master M. Dwyer
Piano Solo	Master W. O'Keeffe
Song ... "'Tis the Day" ...	Master R. Keatinge
Piano Duet	Masters M. Cleary, W. O'Keeffe
Violin Quartette ... "Evening" (Tolhurst)	

FOURTH ENTERTAINMENT.

Our entertainment on St. Patrick's Day consisted of a Vocal and Instrumental Concert, followed by the amusing Farce—"A Lad from Tipperary"—a piece adapted slightly, to suit our needs, from Seumas McManus's "A Lad from Largymore."

The concert was excellent, and Mr. Paul Bernard deserves the highest praise for the good playing of his pupils.

Mr Bernard himself played a delightful selection of Irish Airs, and he also took part in the first item—"La Marche Irlandaise," in which all the players showed fine execution and good tone production. Rev. Fr. O'Leary, S.J., besides a song, also gave a fine piece of declamation. Redmond Keatinge sang a couple of pleasing songs, and P. Burke declaimed well.

In the Farce all the actors did exceedingly well, and it would be almost invidious to make distinctions. Still, one must say a word of the highly creditable first appearance on our stage of John Cullen, who, as Constable O'Flaherty, scored a great success.

We append the programme :—

PROGRAMME.	
PART I.	
Violin Quartette "Marche Irlandaise" ...	H. Tolhurst
Masters W. Ryan, H. O'Neill, J. A. Barry, P. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. P. Bernard.	

PART II.

"A LAD FROM TIPPERARY."

A Farce adapted from "A Lad from Largymore" By Seumas MacManus.

Mr. McDonagh, a farmer).....	M. O'Mullane
Margaret Blake (a widow, Housekeeper to the farmer)	M. Dwyer
Constable O'Flaherty.....	J. M. Cullen
A Lad from Tipperary (A Boy looking for a Master)	W. Spain
Scene—McDonagh's House at Night	

FIFTH ENTERTAINMENT.

On September 30th, we had a most enjoyable Concert. Most noticeable among many pleasing items were the beautiful Violin Solos of Father Butler, S.J. The Irish Dances were splendid. Mr. Healy, S.J., gave a fine display of Indian Club practice, and helped, as he has so



Photo. by

IN THE GARDENS OF THE LOUVRE.

[Rev. W. O'Leary, S.J.]

All : "The Cardinal ! the Cardinal !"
Baradas : "The dead return to life !"—(Rich. Act IV.)

Song	"Avourneen"	King
	Master R. Keatinge.	
Declamation "Constitutional Agitation" ...	T. F. Meagher	
	Master P. Burke.	
Piano Solo "Come Back to Erin"	Kuhe	
	Master J. Sweeney.	
Mandoline Solo "Irish Airs"	Balfe	
	Master W. Dennehy.	
Song ... "The Dear Little Shamrock" ...	Moore	
	Rev. Fr. O'Leary, S.J.	
Declamation "The Celtic Tongue"	Higgins	
	Master John Murphy.	
Violin Solo .. "Irish Airs"	Stewart	
	Mr. Paul Bernard.	
Song ... "The Meeting of the Waters" ...	Moore	
	Master R. Keatinge.	
Banjo Solo ... "Irish Airs"		
	Master W. O'Keeffe.	
Song ... "The Exile's Return"	J. Locke	
	Master P. Carroll.	

often done on former occasions, to make our entertainment successful.

The following is the programme :—

Overture—Piano.....	Master J. A. Barry
Song....."The Rhein Wine"....	Master J. Stack
Irish Jig.....	Masters M. Dwyer, J. Darcy
Violin Solo.....	Rev. Fr. Butler, S.J.
Song....."I'll Take You to your Home, Kathleen"	Master E. Heffernan.
Cello Solo "The Lost Chord" ...	Master R. O'Donnell
Song....."The Upper Ten and Lower Five"	Masters J. Graham, J. Whitehead.
Violin Solo.....	Rev. Fr. Butler, S.J.
Indian Clubs.....	Rev. Mr. Healy, S.J.
Irish Dance.....	
Song... "The Old Plaid Shawl" ...	Master R. O'Donnell
Mr. and Mrs. Dooley.....	Masters J. Raverty, M. Dwyer
Violin Solo.....	Rev. Fr. Butler, S.J.

J. A. BARRY (1st Arts Class).

ATHLETICS.

SPORTS.

President.—REV. J. FLINN, S.J.

COMMITTEE:

M. J. DWYER, *Captain.*

J. GUBBINS, *Secretary.*

M. GARRY.

M. CLEARY.

J. CULLEN.

Judge—REV. FATHER O'LEARY, S.J.

Starter—M. J. DWYER.

Timekeeper—M. GARRY.

OUR Annual Sports came off, as usual, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, in ideal weather. The track, which was artistically laid out with gaily coloured flags, was in excellent order. All the events were well contested, and many keen and excellent finishes were witnessed. The sight of tents, marquees, aunt-sallys, and shooting-galleries dispersed through the field transported our thoughts to regions far beyond the College walls, while the bright costumes of the competitors running to and fro, lent animation to the scene.

Highest praise is due to our popular captain, M. J. Dwyer, who discharged his duties as general manager so efficiently. The committee were, also, indefatigable in their exertions to make the sports a complete success.

The sports this year caused greater excitement than usual owing to the generous action of Paul Bernard, Esq., I.S.M., in presenting a magnificent trophy in the shape of a massive silver cup for the All-Round Championship of the College. So keen was the competition for the cup, that the contest ended in a tie—P. Walsh, S. Haier, and Cyril Byrne scoring eleven points each. These boys have had their names engraved on the cup, and were also presented with a silver medal each as a further token of Mr. Bernard's generosity.

The 100 Yards College Championship was somewhat eclipsed this year by the All-Round Championship; yet it evoked considerable interest. This race was won on the tape by M. Garry, who also created a surprise by winning the 100 and 220 yards handicap. The other athletes who distinguished themselves in the First Club were P. Walsh and J. D'Arcy, both of whom showed exceptional all-round form.

The most successful competitor in the Second Club was S. Haier. Much sympathy was felt for J. B. Barry, who was placed in several heats on the first day, but meeting with a slight accident was unable to take part in the finals. Cyril Byrne had things very much his own way in the Third Club events.

We here take an opportunity of tendering our sincerest thanks to the many kind friends of the College who, on this, as on previous occasions, have testified their warm interest in our sports by presenting valuable prizes.

JOSEPH P. RAFFERTY (1st Aits).

Details:—

ALL-ROUND Championship of College. (Bernard Cup).

P. Walsh, }
S. Haier, } 11 points each.
C. Byrne, }

100 YARDS College Championship. (Captain's Medal).

1, M. Garry; 2, P. Walsh; 3, J. B. Barry.

100 YARDS.

First Club—1, M. Garry; 2, P. Walsh; 3, J. Gubbins.

Second Club—1, W. Dennehy; 2, W. O'Donnell; 3,

J. Sweeney.

Third Club—1, F. Kenny; 2, T. Sheedy; 3, J. Kennedy

220 YARDS.

First Club—1, M. Garry; 2, P. Walsh; 3, J. Cullen.

Second Club—1, S. Haier; 2, W. Dennehy; 3, J.

O'Donnell.

Third Club—1, C. Byrne; 2, T. Sheedy; 3, D. Crowley.

300 YARDS.

Third Club—1, C. Byrne; 2, G. King; 3, M. Curley

440 YARDS.

First Club—1, P. Walsh; 2, J. Byrne; 3, J. Darcy.

Second Club—1, S. Haier; 2, J. O'Donnell; 3, E.

Heffernan.

Third Club—1, T. Sheedy; 2, C. Byrne; 3, G. King.

HALF-MILE.

First Club—1, J. Darcy; 2, P. Walsh; 3, J. Byrne.

Second Club—1, S. Haier; 2, J. Spain; 3, J. O'Donnell.

THREE-QUARTER MILE.

Second Club—1, W. Spain; 2, S. Haier; 3, J. Spain.

ONE MILE.

First Club—1, J. Cullen; 2, J. Darcy; 3, T. Mullins.

HURDLE RACE.

Second Club—1, E. Heffernan; 2, W. Spain; 3, J. Stack.

Third Club—1, C. Byrne; 2, G. King; 3, D. Crowley

CONSOLATION RACES.

First Club—F. Fennessy. Second Club—C. McCarthy.

Third Club—F. Crowley.

SACK RACES.

First Club—P. Gubbins. Second Club—W. Spain.

Third Club—F. Kenny.

SLINGING 28 LBS.

1, J. Gubbins; 2, M. Garry; 3, J. McGrath.

Distance—29 feet.

HIGH JUMP.

First Club—1, R. O'Donnell; 2, P. Walsh.

Second Club—1, P. O'Shaughnessy; 2, J. Spain.

Third Club—1, D. Crowley; 2, C. Byrne.

LONG JUMP.

First Club—1, P. Walsh; 2, S. Crowley.

Second Club—1, W. Dennehy; 2, P. O'Connell.

Third Club—1, D. Crowley; 2, C. Byrne.

CRICKET. The Cricket Team of 1906 showed good form, and thanks mainly to good bowling and fielding, the three important matches were won.

On Ascension Thursday, on a wet wicket that made run-getting very difficult, a team representing "The Past" were defeated by 13 runs. Mr. Joseph Dwyer bowled very well for the visitors, and took 8 wickets for only 9 runs—a performance which is a record, we believe, for games played here.

Willie Spain replied well for "The Present" by clean bowling 6 wickets for 11 runs.

Mr. Hugh Moran kindly brought a team on Whitsun-

worth going far to see. The II. Club possessed the two best bowlers of the College XI., and were thus able to challenge the Senior Club. An exciting match ended in a win for II. Club by 2 runs on the first innings, but in the second innings the I. Club played such a good game that they may fairly claim to have retrieved their honour, and would, most likely, have turned a defeat into victory for themselves had time permitted; for, with 6 wickets still to fall they only needed 15 runs to win the match.

For the I. Club, Redmond Keatinge, in batting, and John Enright and Vincent Kennealy, in bowling, distinguished themselves; and for II. Club, Willie Spain



MUNGRET COLLEGE FOOTBALL XI.

[Photo by Vandyke, Limerick.]

TOP ROW—H. O'Neil, right-full, C. Hennessy, right-half, J. Smith, centre-half, J. D'Arcy, centre-forward, M. Howard, inside-left.
MIDDLE ROW—R. Fitzsimon, Sec., right-wing, M. Dwyer, Capt., left-half, J. Enright, goal.
FRONT ROW—J. Garry, right-full, J. B. Barry, left-wing, J. Cullen, inside-right.

day, and the College XI. won by 16 runs on the first innings. For the Visitors, Mr. Lalor played excellent cricket, and Rev. Fr. Gwynn bowled well. For the home team, Redmond Keatinge batted well, and Jim Spain, who bowled excellently, took 8 wickets for 22 runs.

The Boys repeated their victory of 1905 over a good team representing the Community. Rev. Mr. Healy, S.J., batted and bowled well, but the Boys succeeded in winning an exciting match by three runs, thanks mainly to the excellent bowling of Willie and Jim Spain, and the keen fielding of their side.

There were many excellent home matches, and the struggle for supremacy between I. and II. Club was

bowled finely, and Jim Spain did well in both batting and bowling.

In the annual match played between the Matriculation Class and the rest of the School, the former team won easily, thanks mainly to a fine score of 36 made by Rev. Father Rector, who was playing for the Matriculation. When he was partnered by Stephen Crowley (who also played a capital game) nearly 60 runs were added in very quick time, and the Matriculation team had a good total when the last wicket fell.

We append the full scores of the more important matches:—

COMMUNITY MATCH.

COLLEGE XI.	
W. Spain, c Mr. Flinn, b J. Flynn	6
R. Keating, c Mr. Flinn, b J. Flynn	0
J. Spain, b J. Flynn	0
J. Cullen, b Mr. Healy	0
M. Cleary, b J. Flynn	4
M. O'Mullane, c Mr. Lockington, b Mr. Healy	5
M. Dwyer, b J. Flynn	3
S. Crowley, c Fr. Kane, S.J., b Mr. Healy	6
V. Keneally, st Mr. Dillon, b Mr. Healy	3
W. Dennehy, not out	10
J. Enright, c and b Mr. Healy	0
Extras	5
Total	42

COMMUNITY XI.

Fr. Rector, b W. Spain	0
Fr. Gwynn, b J. Spain	5
Mr. Healy, b J. Spain	22
Mr. Dillon, b W. Spain	0
Fr. Kane, c R. Keating, b W. Spain	2
Mr. Flinn, b W. Spain	0
Mr. Lockington, did not bat	0
Mr. Egan, c M. Dwyer, b W. Spain	0
Fr. O'Leary, htw, b W. Spain	0
Fr. Cahill, run out	2
J. Flynn, not out	2
Extras	6
Total	39

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—COLLEGE XI.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
W. Spain	5	0	10	6
J. Spain	5	0	23	2

COMMUNITY.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Mr. Healy	10	1	26	5
J. Flynn	7	1	3	5
Mr. Lockington	3	0	8	0

H. MORAN'S XI.

T. Kelly, b J. Spain	0
Fr. O'Connor, b J. Spain	10
E. Spillane, b J. Spain	0
Fr. Gwynn, b W. Spain	1
H. Moran, b W. Spain	6
T. Pegum, b J. Spain	0
A. Lalor, b J. Spain	15
J. Dowling, c R. Keating, b J. Spain	0
Fr. Cahill, b J. Spain	0
Mr. Egan, lbw, J. Spain	0
R. Hartigan, not out	4
Extras	3
Total	39

COLLEGE XI.

Fr. Rector, b Fr. Gwynn	3
Mr. Dillon, b Mr. Lalor	4
W. Spain, b Fr. Gwynn	0
J. Spain, c and b Fr. Gwynn	4
R. Keating, b Mr. Lalor	16
M. Dwyer, b Mr. Lalor	5
J. Gubbins, b Fr. Gwynn	1
W. Dennehy, b Fr. Gwynn	12
J. Cullen, run out	3
S. Crowley, b Fr. Gwynn	2
M. Cleary, not out	1
Extras	4
Total	55

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—COLLEGE XI.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
W. Spain	8	2	14	2
J. Spain	8	0	22	8

MORAN'S XI.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
A. Lalor	13	2	26	3
Fr. Gwynn	13	2	25	5

J. W. D'ARCY (1st Arts).

The Apostolics won their two cricket matches against a powerful side representing the Community. Mr. Healy, S.J., bowled finely for the latter, but he could not save his side from defeat. Harry Johnston and Andy Carroll did very well both in bowling and batting for the Apostolics. The fine fielding of the Apostolics XI. had much to say to their victory on each occasion.

The Junior Apostolics having defeated the Seniors Second XI. at football, repeated the challenge for a cricket match and were fairly confident of winning. However, as is often the case at cricket, the unexpected thing happened, and the Seniors' team won comfortably. Having dismissed the Juniors' XI. for 30 runs, they succeeded in getting 60 runs themselves. In the second innings they clearly showed their superiority again; for the Juniors only made 20 runs and the Seniors made 50 runs quickly, thus handsomely avenging their defeat at football early in the year.

W. D. McEVoy (1st Arts).

FOOTBALL. The football team of last year was a good one, and won both the out-matches which were played fairly easily. Thanks to the careful coaching of Rev. Mr. Flinn, S.J., the XI., generally speaking, made considerable progress in scientific play, and the half-backs in particular played a really good game. They knew how to kick low and quietly to their own forwards, and were always on the spot to tackle an opponent. The forwards were a hardworking lot, and had they shown more combination, they would have been excellent. Selfish play, however, was often noticeable.

The backs cleared quickly, tackled well, and showed consistent form. The goal keeping in both out-matches was excellent. Through the kind permission of Father Rector we were able to arrange two out-matches last year.

On December 8th, we went to Limerick to play the Crescent College XI. on their ground. Our team took some minutes to get accustomed to the novelty of playing away from home, and our backs had plenty to do in repelling the Crescent forwards. On steadying down, however, our forwards did better, and we crossed over at the interval leading by one goal to nil.

During the second half, our men kept up the attack upon their opponents' goal, and O'Malley and Garry managed to pierce their defence a couple of times each, leaving the final score—

Mungret College	5 goals.
Crescent College	Nil.

Our team was as follows:—

J. Enright
D. Bergin (Sec.) M. Dwyer (Capt.)
J. Cullen J. Gubbins M. Cleary
R. Fitzsimon M. Garry P. Walsh T. O'Malley R. Keatinge

Our second out-match was against Mr. Lalor's team, and was played on our ground. A very strong wind was blowing, which interfered much with neat play and kept the game almost entirely along one of the side lines. Again, the Mungret defence was very reliable, the halves especially distinguishing themselves.

The forwards did not make good use of the many opportunities they had in the first half and only scored

once, when a good piece of play by P. Walsh and V. Keneally, resulted in the latter scoring. In the second half, our team was kept well within its own territory; and for the visitors, Acheson sent in several good shots, but our goal-keeper proved equal to the attack and we were left finally winners.

Mungret College, 1 goal.

Mr. Lalor's team Nil.

HOME MATCHES.

The most interesting of the home-matches is that against the Community. This year the latter had a strong team and succeeded in avenging the double defeat of the preceding year by two victories.

The first was a keenly contested match and good form was shown by both sides. Fr. Rector, Fr. Gwynn, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Lockington scored for the Community, as did M. Garry and P. Walsh for the Boys.

Final score—

Community	4 goals.
House XI.	2 goals.

In the return match, the House XI. had to supply a couple of vacancies caused by the absence of some of their regular team, whereas, the Community had the same team as before. This time the Boys were only beaten by one goal to nil, and very probably the Boys would have even won, or, at least, drawn the match, if some of the forward line had played less selfishly.

In the annual match played between the Matriculation Class and the Rest of House, the former, although they had an unusually strong team, were defeated by two goals to nil.

M. J. DWYER, Capt. (II. Arts).



Photo by Vand. ke, Limerick.

SECOND CLUB.—FOOTBALL XI.

J. Stack, G. O'Brien, P. Kelly, J. Kennedy, C. Byrne, J. Pomeroy, W. Ryan (Sec.) P. O'Connell (Capt.) J. A. Barry, T. Cronin, E. Hefferman.

Amongst the Apostolics last year some well-contested matches were played. The Community who brought a very strong side were defeated after a hard struggle. For the Apostolics, Andy Carroll was the life and soul of the attack, and mainly to his fine play was due the victory of his side. John Sexton and M. Saul in the back division, stoutly resisted the Community's forwards, and the final whistle left the Apostolics winners by three goals to one.

The Munster men are, usually, strong enough to challenge the Rest, but this year they were assisted by three strong Ulster players. Thanks to this powerful alliance they succeeded in winning three of the four matches played against the Rest. Andy Carroll played finely each time for the Rest, but no one of his own stamp was in the forward line to assist him.

Matriculation Class, united with First Arts' Class, also played the "House," and won the first match by three goals to one. In the return, however, the "House" was victorious, the score being exactly reversed.

Formerly, the first XI. of the Juniors played the worst XI. of the Seniors, but this year the Juniors challenged the second XI. of the Seniors. The result justified their confidence; and, although many spectators thought the Seniors had the best of the play, still the Juniors managed to score once, and kept their doughty opponents from piercing their defence. Thus, the end saw the Juniors victors by one goal to nil.

W. D. McEVoy (1st Arts).



Photo by Vand. ke, Limerick.]

THIRD CLUB.—FOOTBALL XI.

M. Glynn, E. O'Sullivan, G. King, E. Keyes, J. Sheedy, P. King (Sec.) D. Crowley (Capt.) F. Kenny, H. Glynn, R. Barry, M. O'Farrell.

S. Obituary. S

The hand of death has been during the past year unusually busy amongst our Past Students. Not less than four students of the early Nineties have heard the great summons within the past six months; and, in the preceding April, one who was in Mungret in the very early years of the College went to his reward. In the case of all, the sad duty we have to perform in recording their early deaths has its consoling features. All lived and died good, pious Catholics; and some leave behind memories that cannot fail to be an inspiration and an encouragement to their contemporaries.

JOSEPH J. FITZGERALD. Our past students of the early days of the college will remember well Joe Fitzgerald, of Mallow, whose clear, ringing voice, when he sang the "Dear Little Shamrock" at our improvised concerts, will not be easily forgotten by his contemporaries. Few, perhaps, who knew him then, could foresee the sterling and quite exceptional worth of which his character contained the germs. Last April, his native town and the host of friends he possessed were startled and dismayed by the unexpected news of his early death.

Mr. Fitzgerald was in Mungret, 1884-1887. He subsequently took his B.A. degree in the R.U.I. He was on the eve of being called to the Bar when the summons came calling him to another world.

Though only 33 years of age, his life was one of great achievements. He did much as a member of the Local Boards, and as a member of the Cork County Council he was untiring in his efforts to get the working classes well housed. He was a thorough sympathiser with the National movement, and was all through his life the ardent friend and devoted champion of the labourers.

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., on receiving the tidings of his death, telegraphed from the House of Commons—"Cannot tell you how shocked and horrified I am by the dreadful news . . . Ireland has not lost in my time a young man of such great ability and unselfishness."

Mr. D. D. Sheehan, M.P., writes in *The Irish People*, April 14th, 1906—"Ireland has lost one of the best and most excellent of her sons in the death of Mr. Joseph Fitzgerald. At the age of thirty-three, he may be said to have stood only on the threshold of his future, and yet the years he had lived were useful and active in a degree rarely met with in this or any other country."

The geniality, amiability and gentleness of the boy were prominent traits in the character of the man. He possessed the warm affection of those who knew him; and the loftiness and generosity of his disposition were of a rare type. He was a dutiful and affectionate son, a good, pious and exemplary Catholic—a patriot of the truest and loftiest type. May Mungret rear many a son like Joe Fitzgerald and Jack Walsh! Then, indeed, her work will not be in vain. R.I.P.

TIMOTHY HENNESSY. It is with great regret we record the death of Mr. T. Hennessy, B.A., Solicitor, Millstreet, aged 33 years. In the bloom of manhood, and on the threshold of a most promising career, he has heard the Master's call and gone to the Master's Home.

Mr. Hennessy was in Mungret in the early nineties. Here he passed with distinction his Matriculation, First and Second Arts Examinations, R.U.I. On leaving Mungret, he secured a Scholarship on entering the Queen's College, Cork, and, after taking out his B.A. degree devoted himself to the study of law. His course was very distinguished. In 1895 he obtained in competition with a number of other distinguished students,

First Place, First-class Honours, and a First-class Exhibition in the First University Examination in Law; and in the final examination for Solicitorship he gained the Gold Medal for First place in Ireland. He practiced his profession with great success in his native town for many years. Within the past year he had obtained an important appointment in Dublin; and last September, his many friends in Millstreet were startled with the unexpected news of his early death.

His loss is universally regretted. He was a man of



TIMOTHY HENNESSY, B.A., LL.B.

ability, integrity and goodness, and one worthy of confidence and respect. Among the many relatives who mourn his loss, we sympathise deeply and sincerely with his bereaved widow who, with her fatherless children, has sustained a loss with which no other earthly bereavement can be compared a loss, indeed, which were hard to bear, were it not that it came from the Hands of Him by whom even the hairs of our heads are numbered, and who loves alike husband, and children, and wife, with a love deeper and wiser than earthly prudence can fathom. R.I.P.



DANIEL J. O'CONNOR.

DANIEL J. O'CONNOR. On Thursday, Oct. 1st, 1906, at the Fever Hospital, Cork, there passed away another of our past students, who had been a contemporary of T. Hennessy in Mungret. He, too, has been cut off in the vigour of manhood, and at the entrance of a bright and prosperous career.

Daniel O'Connor entered Mungret with his elder brother, John, in the January of 1889. Here he read the Arts Course of the R.U.I. When his brother left in 1890 he succeeded him as Captain of the House, a position which he held till he left Mungret in the Summer of 1892. He afterward took up the study of medicine and secured a Scholarship on entering Queen's College, Cork. In a few months more he would have stood his final and qualifying examination. Some weeks ago he developed the symptoms of typhoid fever, to which, in spite of his strongly-built frame and robust constitution, he finally succumbed. His genial, amiable disposition had won him many friends and made him beloved by all classes of society.

It is a pathetic element in this sad incident that Mr. O'Connor contracted the fever while attending a friend whom he nursed back to health; and it will afford no little consolation to those whom he has left to mourn his loss that God has been pleased to take his life in order to save another.

The deepest sympathy was accorded by all to the bereaved members of his family. R.I.P.

P. BURKE, B.A. Class.

JOHN LYNCH. On Wednesday, 25th May, 1906, at the early age of 30 years, there passed away one who, during his short career, had succeeded in winning the esteem and affection of all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. John Lynch was born at O'Callaghan's Mills, Co. Clare. He entered Mungret College, September, 1890. He spent three years there, and, on passing the First

Arts in 1893, he went to Queen's College, Cork, and afterwards to the Catholic University School of Medicine, Dublin, and University College, London, for his medical studies. He finally became a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1900. A short time after this he sailed for Cathcart, Cape Colony, there to enter upon his professional career. His untiring energy, boundless self-sacrifice, and earnest devotion to his arduous duties soon won him friends and admirers on every side. His kind, genial disposition made him one of the most popular men in Cathcart.

It is easy to imagine, therefore, the gloom which was cast over the town when a report was received that Dr. Lynch had met with an accident at Thorn River Bridge. He had been visiting a patient at Thorn River and was returning to Cathcart by the midnight train. On reaching Thorn River Bridge, which was undergoing repairs, the train stopped to let off one of the contractors. The Doctor, thinking it was Cathcart, also jumped out, and falling in the darkness through the dismantled bridge dropped a distance of twenty-five feet. He was found an hour afterwards, and on Wednesday afternoon, May 23rd, 1906, he expired. The touching expressions of sympathy which came from every house in Cathcart, and the splendour of the floral offerings, bore unmistakable testimony to the esteem in which he was held.

Doctor Lynch had always lived a most edifying, pious life, and had even some time previous to his death entertained a desire for the priesthood. The fact that he died in the discharge of his duty on an errand of charity, will bring consolation to the bereaved family from whom he has been so suddenly snatched away. R.I.P.

P. BURKE, B.A. Class.

JOHN FALVEY. News also came last Sept. of the death of Mr. John Falvey, Kilkee, who was a student of Mungret in the early nineties. Details, however, have not yet come to hand. R.I.P.



DR. JOHN LYNCH.

MUNGRET COLLEGE, NEAR LIMERICK.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR, 1906-1907.

RECTOR and PREFECT OF STUDIES: REV. THOMAS V. NOLAN, S.J.

COLLEGE STAFF:

REV. RICHARD O'REILLY, S.J., Minister.	REV. JOHN CASEY, S.J.
REV. WILLIAM RONAN, S.J., Spiritual Director.	REV. WILLIAM KANE S.J.
REV. EDWARD CAHILL, S.J., Moderator of the Apostolic School.	REV. JAMES HART, S.J.
REV. WILLIAM SUTTON, S.J., [Procurator.]	REV. EDWARD DILLON, S.J.
REV. THOMAS HEAD, S.J., Procurator.	REV. JAMES FINUCANE, S.J.
REV. WILLIAM O'LEARY, S.J., Asst. Prefect of Studies.	REV. PATRICK J. GANNON, S.J.
REV. JEROME O'MAHONY, S.J., Prefect of Discipline.	REV. JAMES MAGAN, S.J., Assistant Moderator.

PAUL BERNARD, Esq., I.S.M., Professor of Music.

LAY BROTHERS:

BR. DUNNE, S.J. BR. COFFEY, S.J. BR. PURCELL, S.J. BR. RICKABY, S.J.

MEDICAL OFFICER: M. J. MALONE, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S.I.

DENTAL SURGEON: P. O'MEEHAN, Esq., L.D.S.

STUDENTS:

LAY SCHOOL.	APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.	LAY SCHOOL.	APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.
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B.A. CLASS.

Burke, Patrick, F. J.
Cantwell, J. P. (Stud. Pref.)
Murphy, John J.
McNally, N. M. (Pref. Apos.)
Nugent, Denis P. (1st Ass. Pr)

SECOND ARTS CLASS.

Dwyer, M. J. (Capt.)	Burns, W. P. (Pref. Jun. Ap.)
	Grehan, John F.
	McKiernan, Michael P.
	Murphy, James C.
	Sexton, John J. (Sacristan)

FIRST ARTS CLASS.

Barry, John A.	Butler, Thomas F.
Barry, John B.	J. J. Colgan (2nd Ass. Pref.)
Crowley, Stephen	Curtin, Michael J.
D'Arcy, John	Fahey, Laurence D.
Howard, Michael	Feely, James F.
Keatinge, Redmond	Kelly, John F.
Raftery, Joseph	McAuley, John
Ryan, W. J. (Sec. II. Club)	McEvoy, William D.
Stack, James B.	O'Donoghue, John E.
Garry, Joseph	Ring, John
McKenna, Austin	Rearidon James [Pref.]
	Sands, Eugene L. (3rd Ass.)
	Saul, Michael
	Tobin, William A.

MATRICULATION HONOURS (Senior Grade)

Heffernan, Edward	Byrnes, James
	Finn, Thomas
	Geehan, Patrick J.

MATRICULATION PASS.

Byrne, Colclough G.	Burns, John J.
Fitzsimon, R. (Secretary)	Cullen, Arthur
Enright, John	Joye, Patrick
Hennessy, Cornelius	O'Connor, Patrick F.
Mullins, Terence	O'Mullaly, John
McMahon, Michael	Sheridan, John
O'Brien, George	
O'Connell, P. (Capt. II. Club)	
O'Neill, Hugh	
O'Sullivan, Edward	
Slattery, Patrick	
Pomeroy, Jerome	
Raverty, John	
Ryan, Jeremiah	
Smith John	
Ryan, Joseph	

FIRST OF GRAMMAR (Division I.)

King, George A.	Breene, Martin
King, Percy W.	Cassidy, James F.
(Sec. III. Club)	Cassidy, Thomas
	Fitzgerald, James F.
	Kelly, Jeremiah
	Kelly, John J.
	O'Connor, John

LAY SCHOOL. APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

FIRST OF GRAMMAR (Division II.)

Clandillon, John	Boyle, Richard
Glynn, Henry S.	Brady, Matthew
Glynn, Mortimer	Cotter, James
Kelly, William	Delaney, Patrick J.
O'Donnell, William	McNamara, Patrick
Owens, Ignatius P.	Norton, John
Sheedy, Morgan	O'Connor, Timothy
Sheedy, Thomas	Whitehead, John V.

SECOND OF GRAMMAR.

Ambrose, Stanley	Boyd, John J.
Connolly, Jerome	Butler, Reuben
Cremin, Joseph	Cummins, Vincent L.
Cregan, Michael	Flynn, Thomas
Crowley, Dt. (Capt. III. Club)	Gilbert, Matthew
Crowley, Florence	Moriarty, Michael
Cronin, Thomas	O'Connell, Daniel P.
Cullen, John M.	O'Donoghue, R. McNamara
Daly, Francis	O'Reilly, Bernard
Graham, Matthew	
Hayes, Francis	
Kelly, Hubert	
Kelly, Patrick	
Liston, Patrick	
McMahon, James	
Neary, Leo	
O'Donnell, Robert G.	
O'Farrell, Michael	
Farrell, James	
Shiel, Joseph	

LAY SCHOOL. APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

THIRD OF GRAMMAR.

Colohan, Randolph B.	Culhane, Thomas
Dunphy, Thomas	Moynihan, Francis
Fegan, Joseph	Path, Henry M.
Garry, Patrick	
Gaynor, George	
Kennedy, Justin L.	
Kenny, Francis J.	
Keogh, Alfred	
Keogh, John	
Keyes, Bertie	
Liston, James	
Lynch, James	
McDermott, Patrick	
McElligott, Gerald	
O'Gorman, Patrick	
O'Regan, Donald	
O'Shaughnessy, Thomas	
Sheedy, John	
Sheehan, Charles	
Stephenson, Bernard	
Walsh, Geoffrey	
Harnett, William	
Barry, Robert	

EXCHANGES

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following:—

The Clongovnanian, Our Alma Mater, All Hallow's Annual, Xaverian, Dial, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown College Journal, Mangalore Magazine, Notre Dame Scholastic, The Xavier, Zambesi Mission Record, Spring Hill Review, Fleur-de-Lis, St. Ignatius' College Review, Salesian Bulletin, The Mountaineer, Marquette College Journal, Relations de Chine, Chine Ceylan et Madagascar, Missions Belges, and The Belvederian.

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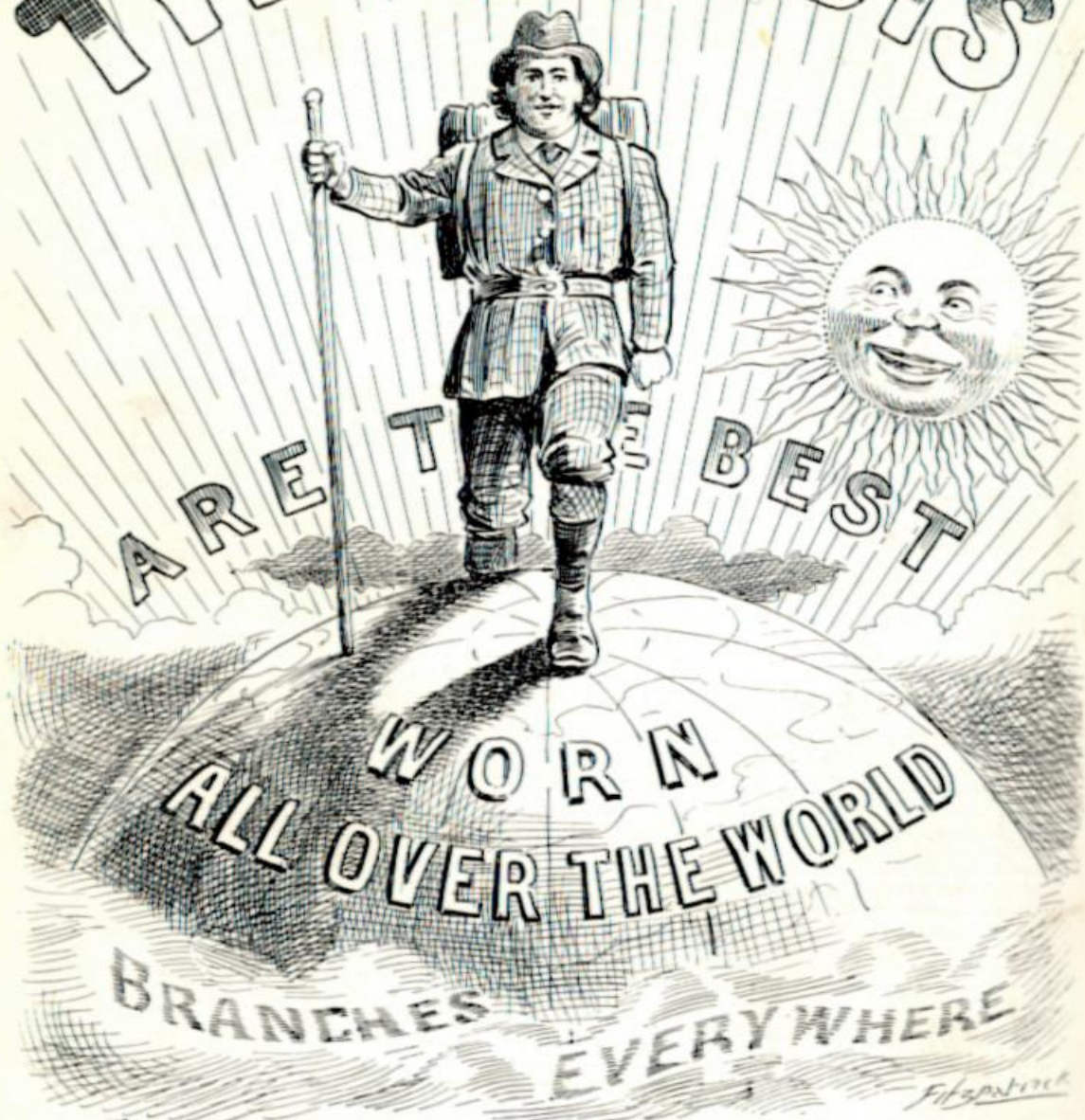
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