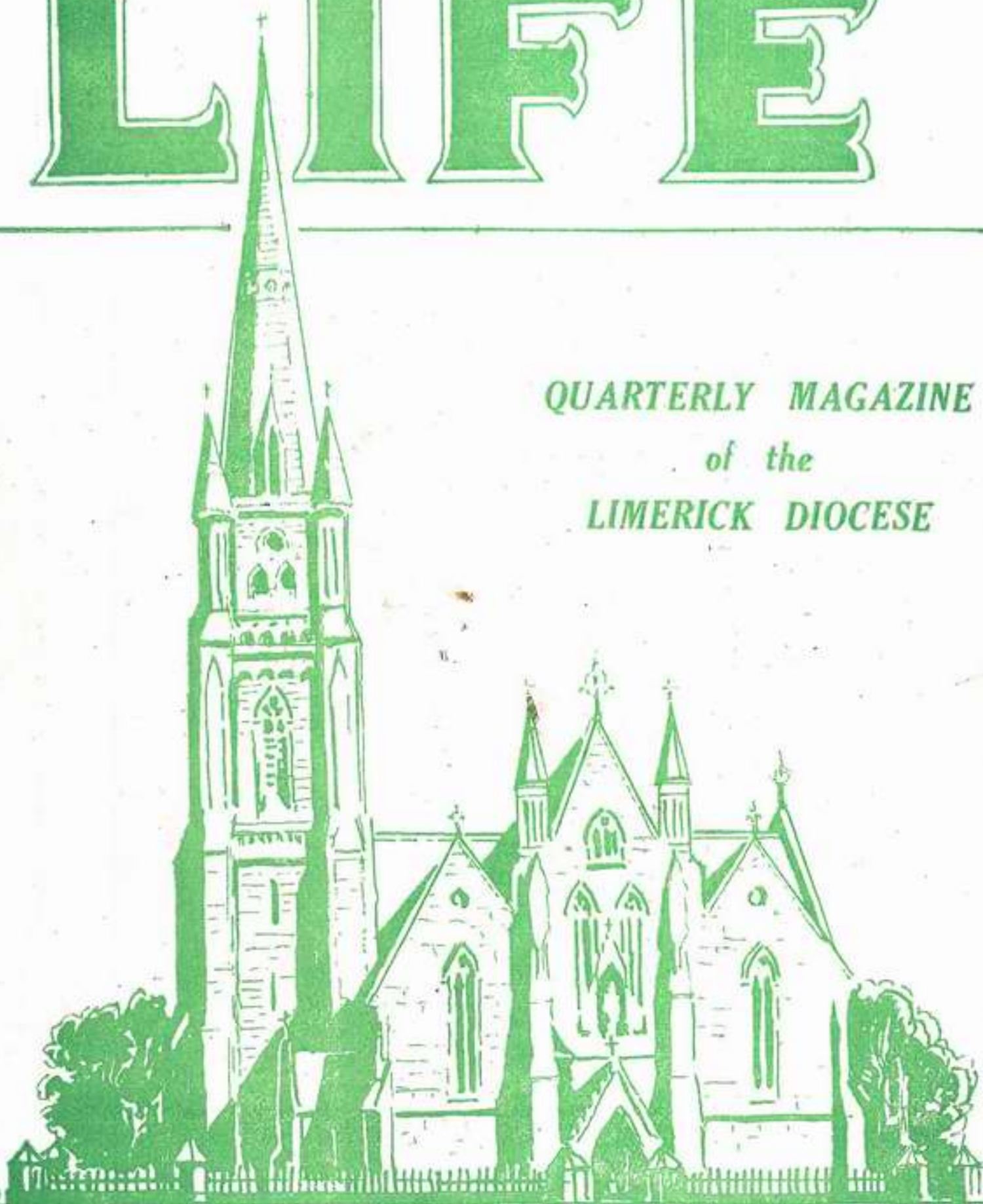


Dr. H. Murphy.

CATHOLIC LIFE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
of the
LIMERICK DIOCESE

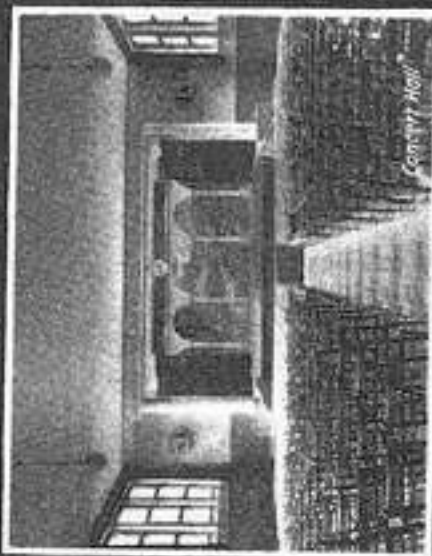


JULY 1954

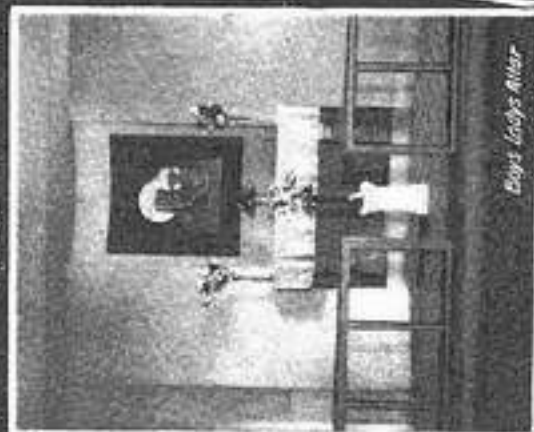
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JULY, 1954

THE newly-decorated Cathedral looked very well on Saturday morning, June 12th, when a Solemn High Mass was celebrated in thanksgiving for the canonization of Pope Pius the Tenth. His Lordship, the Bishop, presided at the Throne. Members of the Cathedral Chapter were present and a large gathering of clergy, secular and regular.

It was a happy thought to make the occasion a Children's Day. Children were the first to benefit from the new eucharistic legislation, and they have been in the forefront of the efforts to revive the Gregorian Chant in our church services that were so strenuously encouraged by the holy pope. Accompanied by their teachers, religious and lay, they filled the nave and aisles to capacity. Places of honour were given to the little First Communicants. All joined in the singing of the Ordinary of the Mass while a special choir from Laurel Hill Convent, F.C.J. sang the Proper.

After the Gospel, the Bishop in cope and mitre and bearing the crozier was conducted by his chaplains to the pulpit. In a sermon on the life and work of the new Saint His Lordship said that if the custom still prevailed Pope Pius X would have been declared a saint even before now by popular acclamation. The Bishop recalled that when he was studying in Rome some 35 years ago the people venerated Pope Pius X as a saint although he was dead no more than six years.

ABOUT 550 pilgrims, 40 of them invalids, are travelling to Lourdes on the diocesan pilgrimage, led by His Lordship, and will leave Limerick on Wednesday, August 11th. Those able to travel are but a fraction of the large numbers throughout the diocese whose thoughts turn to Lourdes in the Marian Year. Arrangements have been made for the enrolment of Associate Members of the pilgrimage and the necessary information and leaflets will be available shortly in every parish. Associate membership of an official pilgrimage is second only to making the pilgrimage itself. Associate members are united in thought and prayer with those who travel. Become a member and pray fervently that if it so pleases Our Lord and Our Lady cures may be granted. And if our sick return without a benefit in health our prayer will be that they be granted resignation in their suffering. Heroic endurance of suffering for the love of God is another kind of miracle and it is granted only to prayer.

IN the course of this year's Pastoral Letter the Bishop spoke of the financial needs of our Cathedral and Diocesan College. The Cathedral has been entirely renovated and a new college is urgently needed. The collection which His Lordship mentioned in the Letter will take place in the coming autumn. Unfortunately, this collection, however successful, can only be regarded as a beginning. The sum required is very large and it is entirely a diocesan responsibility. No building grants are available from government for secondary education: the entire cost of building and maintenance must be borne by voluntary bodies, which means, as far as our college goes, by the diocese. The generosity of our people will be sorely taxed, but that has happened before and the people have not been found wanting. They built a Cathedral second to none in this country when pound notes might have bought more than they buy now but were much less plentiful in Catholic pockets.

PARTEEN CHURCH

OLD AND NEW

PARTEEN takes its pleasant-sounding name from the boat-creek (poirtín) at the north end of the Lax Weir. The weir and the ancient ford of Ath Coille, a mile farther up the river, linked the district with St. Patrick's parish to which it belonged. The little church at Kilquane beside the river always ranked as a chapel of ease.

Parteen was severed from St. Patrick's as a result of the state registration of priests in 1704. A priest of Limerick diocese who served in Co. Clare had to register at Ennis and so it came about that the parts of St. Patrick's, St. Munchin's and Killeely which lay beyond the North Liberties of the city had to be organised as a separate parish. In those days the new grouping was not normally called Parteen. Father Nolan died there in 1763 and his grave slab refers to his parish as Kilquane and St. Munchin's. Even when the present church was being built the treasurer usually calls it Kilquane chapel. The memory of the old state of affairs is also reflected in the dedication of the church to St. Patrick as appears from the inscription above the west door.

In the eighteen-thirties the new Athlunkard Bridge had made the district more accessible and the parishioners set about replacing their penal chapel by a more ambitious building in stone. Martin Honan, the wealthy merchant who had come to live at Quinsboro, opened the subscription list with a donation of twenty pounds in July, 1831. Two years later he built a parish school. His father-in-law, Captain Kane, gave ten guineas. Within two years Father Sheehy had £170 on hands and he decided on action.

ACCURATE ACCOUNTS KEPT

What the parish priest did and how he managed to do it we learn from the accurate accounts kept by the treasurer, Captain Kane. Through the courtesy of his great-grandson, James F. Barry of Sandville, we are enabled to quote such curious details as may move modern church builders to mingled envy and admiration. The pastor had bought the site in the winter of 1833, paying Shanahan, the smith, £2. 10. 0., and Pat Macnamara £4. 3. 0. Meantime Mr. Carew, the architect, had provided plans and estimates for a fee of £10.

And now for the contractor. He was Timothy O'Brien, described as carpenter and builder. Actually he was paid a weekly wage for supervision and he was refunded his vouched outlay for materials and for wages to quarrymen, masons, smiths, sawyers, glaziers, slaters and stone-cutters. The foundation ceremony took

place on April 28th, 1834. Under July, 1835, the record states : "At this time the building ceased". Before the year was out Father Sheehy died.

By that time £764 had been spent and it is worth while to scan the main items. In the case of Terence O'Brien, the contractor, we had better give the shillings and pence. "Thirty weeks' wages credited to O'Brien £34. 2. 6." For stones and quarrying there was £99; stone-cutting £117; timber and carpenters £129; masons, lime and sand £225; iron work and nails £18; glazing, painting and slating £48.

The Killaloe slates were purchased from Mr. Sammon; crates of glass were bought at Spaight's. The working glazier was Nagle, the slater, Bourke. Kennedy, Nix, Halloran, Mangan and Everett figure as metal workers; Clancy, McCormack, Ward and McCarthy worked as carpenters. 1,828 loads of stones came from Beveridge's quarry at 2d. a load, exclusive of quarrying. Masons mentioned are John and Michael Carey and James Clancy. The 170 feet of eave-course cost £10. 12. 6. for stone cutting; the four pinnacles £12 and the stone cross over the facade £10. The outlay for the cross was charged to Pierce Mahony of Kilmorna at his request.

To meet the outlay of £764 incurred to July, 1835, a sum of £448 was on hands. How had the parish priest raised it? Subscriptions at the chapel door amounted to £160; the meticulous treasurer has to adjust his accounts for November 23rd, 1831, to "deduct a bad half-crown received." Contributions sent in from the parish reached £69, including ten guineas from Revd. Mr. Moore, the rector. Dean Macnamara came from Bruff to make an appeal at St. Michael's which brought in £67.

The Parish priest went far afield to seek further subscriptions and he was particularly fortunate among the legal luminaries. Daniel O'Connell contributed his quota as did his son Maurice. Counsellors John and James O'Brien responded to the appeal: they were father and uncle respectively of the redoubtable future Lord Chief Justice, Peter O'Brien. The pastor made his Dublin appeal in December, 1831. The Major Macnamara, M.P., who appears in the subscription list is no other than Fireball himself, the duellist of his age. Obviously Father Sheehy was a formidable interviewer.

TASK OF RENOVATION

The task of reconstructing the church which fell to the lot of Father David Rea, the present Parish priest, required abilities no less formidable. In 1951 he summoned the well-known Limerick architect, Mr. Patrick Sheahan. The church was found to be in even greater need of renovation than appeared. At first it seemed that an entirely new edifice would have to be built, but the honest craftsmen whose names have been so fortunately preserved had done their work well. A reconstruction was deemed possible.

Our picture of the renovated interior gives an excellent impression of the new-look within. The low ceiling of the older design has gone, and the new roof with its deeper pitch, open to the church (there is now no ceiling proper), gives a feel of height and good proportions. The austere but beautiful apse is entirely

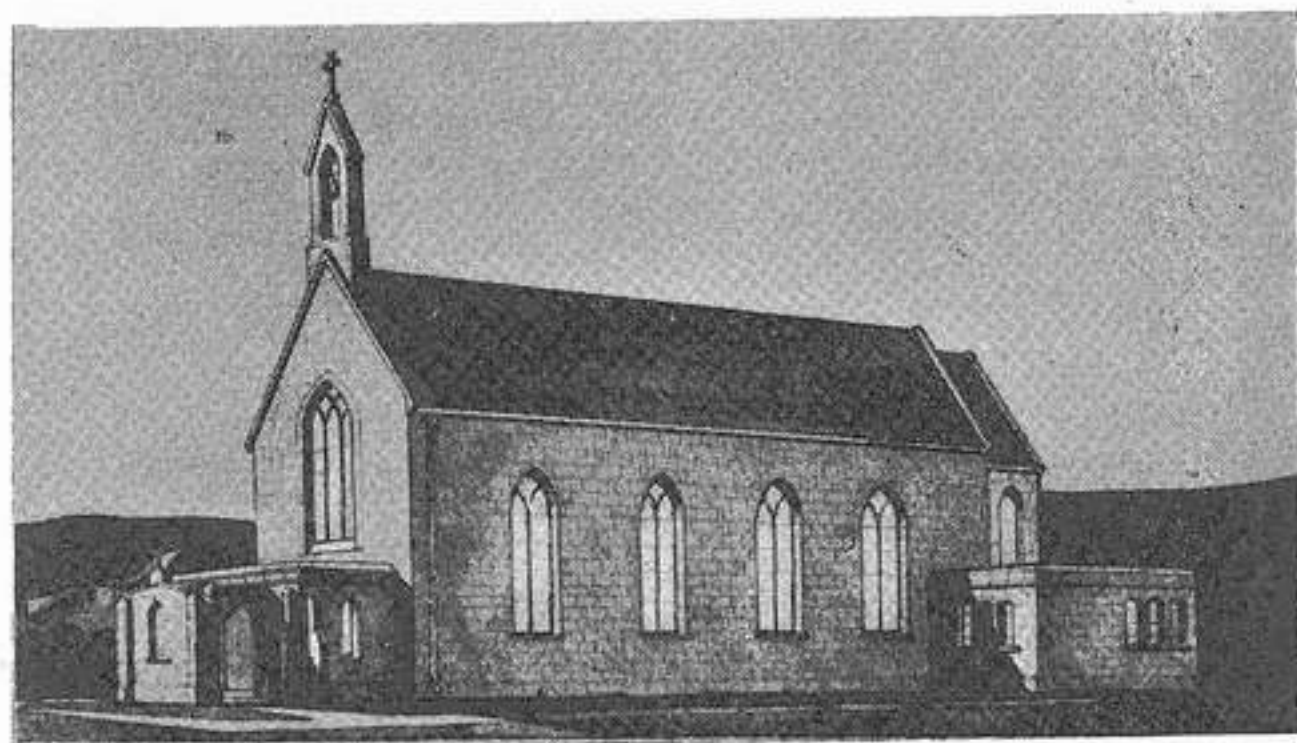


new. The area occupied by the old sacristy at the rere of the eastern gable is now incorporated in the sanctuary. This extension of the building gives extra seating accommodation in the nave and removes the rather squat appearance of the old rectangular design. The marble altar in strict liturgical proportions

with its simple fittings, the marble floor and Communion Rail and the slender, tapering Sanctuary Lamp give an added grace and dignity.

At the western end of the nave the new gallery is smaller than the original. The supporting pillars have been removed so that the view to the high altar is no longer blocked. Two Confessionals are built in beneath the gallery. These are entirely new. And there is so much new besides. A new floor to the nave covered with tiles, with a kind of composition tile on the passages to deaden sound. New lead light windows on timber frames. New seating to nave and gallery. New Stations of the Cross in relief, erected as wall panels. Wall bracket electric lights are provided to the nave and pendant lights to the gallery. Fluorescent strip flood lighting is used for the high altar. Electric storage heaters are installed.

And in addition to this new equipment and the new roof already mentioned the walls had to be pointed outside, renovated



and plastered within. The entire interior is painted and decorated, and the external iron and woodwork painted and varnished.

The work begun in August 1952 was completed by Christmas 1953 at a cost of approximately £9700. Father Rea and his intrepid parishioners are hard at it, and their work is not finished yet. Our reproduction of the architect's drawing shows what remains to be done. A new sacristy must be built at the side of the sanctuary, a new mortuary, baptistery and porch in front of the western gable. The terracing, laying out and planting of the grounds around the church have still to be undertaken, as well as the rebuilding of the boundary walls and the provision of new front railing, entrance gates and paths. When the work is complete, this grand old church, rising on the ground that once belonged to Pat McNamara and Shanahan the smith, should have lease of life for another century.

Student Pranks at Louvain

Rev. J. Newman

STUDENT life in the Catholic University of Louvain has many and interesting aspects. This is only to be expected in a large University of very nearly twelve thousand members. Study of course is the main feature of any University and in particular of this famous centre of scholarship. But there is a lighter side to student life everywhere and in this respect Louvain yields place to none.

Belgium is a bilingual country with a half French half Flemish speaking population. The former occupy mainly the Southern region of the country, the latter the Northern districts. The town of Louvain itself is not far from Brussels and is situated roughly on the frontier between the two. Hence it draws its students from both areas and has to cater for their needs by having two professors of each subject that is taught. There is great rivalry between the Flemish students and the French speaking Walloons and the tricks they play on one another are a constant topic. It is very easy to distinguish between them. The Flemish wear red caps with shiny black peaks, the Walloons extremely ornamented berets. The ornamentation varies in accordance with a student's prowess in the many societies which flourish among them. The distinctions gained are displayed by means of small bronze objects which are attached to and worn on the berets. The greater the "brave" the more ornaments he will possess and, more than once, I have held a beret weighing half a pound.

STUDENT JOKES

There are times however when the factions combine, usually to play a well-organised prank. Such was the case a couple of years ago when a stunt was pulled off which must rank high in the history of student jokes. There is a convent in Louvain, in a suburb called Heverlé, to the nuns of which the students owed a debt. It all began during the war when a priest arrived from Brussels to give a retreat to the two thousand strong girl population of the convent's large yet very select school. He was met at the station by two students dressed as Gestapo men, who detained him and relieved him of his soutane. A student then presented himself at the convent dressed as the priest and managed to get away with one address to the retreatants. When the prank was discovered the reverend mother felt it her duty to complain the tricksters who duly found themselves in trouble with the authorities.

But students' memories are long-lived and they awaited their chance to pay back their debt to the good reverend mother. The chance came when a student arrived at Louvain who was the living image of the young King Baudhouin. And so the plot was hatched. After much planning the convent was rung up one morning and it was announced that the King would shortly pay it a visit as part of an unofficial tour of educational establishments in company with some friends of his own age. In point of fact he would be coming in a half an hour. We can imagine the feverish haste of the nuns to get ready for this signal honour which was about to be conferred on them.

A DEBT REPAID

At exactly the time appointed he arrived. A guard of honour (composed of students who had done their military service and possessed uniforms) clicked their heels and stood rigidly to attention. A first car carrying "detectives" drew in. Then another with a number of "Counts" and "Barons". Then the "King's"—a magnificent 1951 black Buick—loaned for the occasion by a Government Minister's student son. Lastly a car-load of "pressmen" and photographers, who made very sure to bring away a record of the proceedings. Everything was inspected in order, including the serried ranks of the convent school pupils. It was at this point that disaster almost overtook the venture. One of the girls thought she noticed a really striking resemblance between one of the "courtiers" and a student from her native town. Her whispered comment brought suspicion to the mind of the chaplain who hurried away to make frantic investigations by telephone. Sensing danger the visitors insisted that they really had to depart and withdrew quietly, still with the greatest dignity.

The photographers had been busy in the meantime, and the following week saw an issue of a students' newspaper giving full details and photos of the "royal" visit. It showed the reverend mother receiving the party on their arrival, conducting them around the convent, the grounds etc., and pointing out the school's fine swimming pool. An open letter contained six points which it was suggested she would observe in case of future royal visits to her school. That champagne should be provided in large quantities was among them. The students had indeed got their own back.

NEWSPAPER HOAX

Speaking of newspapers brings to my mind an incident which occurred shortly after and which also ranks among the larger scale hoaxes. Early one morning the innocent residents of the town were presented with what appeared to be the issue for that day of one of the better-known Belgian dailies. As far as the eye could judge it was an ordinary morning newspaper. Printed exactly the same as that which it purported to be, one could never guess until beginning to read it that it was a student imitation. But on

perusing it one's eyes were truly opened. The first page contained a large photo of "the rector of the University conferring honorary degrees on two famous scholars". Closer attention showed that the two recipients were really waiters in student cafes, whose photos had been welded with that of the rector to give the impression that they were indeed receiving degrees. The news columns were intensely interesting, as might well be expected, while the death notices and advertisement sections were screams.

RAG DAY FROLICS

Space does not permit my telling about a genuine degree ceremony, during the course of which pandemonium broke loose when, from a trap-door in the ceiling, about a hundred hens were let in by roguish students. Or about the rag day four years ago when a regiment of troops from Brussels had to be drafted in to "retake" the town from them. From that day the students, to put it mildly, don't like the police and every rag day now is a minor crisis. I well remember passing through the barrack square on the evening of one of these and seeing the garrison prepared for attack with mounted hoses. Yes, on rag day the students take over, though their pranks are by no means confined to it.

These of course are regarded by some people as being sometimes over daring, too bold in fact to be countenanced much less approved. There are professors who object strongly, and surely not without reason, when toy bombs are exploded under their rostrums during lectures. There are clerics who feel aggrieved when a rag day procession features a "friar" who pours water indiscriminately on the onlookers from a jeep carrying a large barrel marked "Beer". And there are very many who see little fun in being manhandled by "Congo negroes" who parade the streets on rag day in war paint.

But students will always be students and there is never malice in their fun and their tricks. Louvain indeed, like any University, would be very much the poorer without these. The professors close their eyes to much that they could see; sometimes, in fact, one finds among them a collaborator. And so the student pranks go on, the lighter side of Louvain University life.



DO YOU KNOW—

That on every Sunday and Holy-day of Obligation and on many other Feastdays throughout the year the Parish Priest says Mass for his parishioners. This obligation is so strict that if the pastor is unable to fulfil it he must have the Mass said by another priest. The "Mass for the people", as it is called, is also celebrated by the Bishop for the faithful of his diocese.

The Diocesan College

IN each diocese there is a Diocesan College under the immediate direction and control of the Bishop. Its main purpose is to provide priests for the diocese. When the student has completed his secondary course in this college, he goes to Maynooth, or to Rome, to study philosophy and theology and complete his training for the priesthood.

Most of the diocesan colleges in Ireland were established in the second half of the last century. During the Penal Days we had no colleges here, and Irish priests were educated on the Continent, especially in Rome, Paris, Louvain and Salamanca. When the Penal Laws were relaxed, the first great task that faced our people was the building of churches, and there was scarcely a parish in the country in which a new church was not built at that time. Maynooth College was established in 1795 to look after the higher education of students for the priesthood, and after 1850, in one diocese after another, diocesan colleges were erected to cater for the earlier training of these students.

THE COLLEGE IN HARTSTONGE STREET

In 1871, Dr. Butler, then Bishop of Limerick, acquired 1 Lower Hartstonge Street, and equipped it as a Diocesan College. Some years later, in 1878, Mungret College was given to the Bishop by the Government. This College had been established in 1858 as an Agricultural School, but it had to be closed through lack of pupils. For some time both colleges were conducted under the direction of the Bishop, but the financial difficulties became so great that the Bishop finally decided to hand over Mungret College to the Jesuits. The following year the Hartstonge Street College was closed, the students being transferred to other colleges, mainly to Mungret. Dr. O'Dwyer, who later became Bishop of Limerick, was the last president in Hartstonge Street.

THE HENRY STREET COLLEGE

When Dr. O'Dwyer became Bishop he decided to establish a new Diocesan College. For this purpose he acquired 104 Henry Street, a building that had formerly been the town residence of Lord Limerick. The new college was opened in 1888, under the patronage of St. Munchin, and among its first pupils were Most Rev. Dr. Keane, our late Bishop, Dean Mulcahy, Parish Priest of Kilmallock, and Fr. McNamara, Parish Priest of Ballygran.

The accommodation was very limited for a residential college, and it was soon found necessary to make an extension. Accordingly, in 1910, a substantial building, containing class-halls and a chapel, was erected at the west of the main building, facing Glentworth Street.

In the sixty-six years of its existence St. Munchin's College has satisfactorily fulfilled the hopes of its founder. Since its foundation all the priests of the Diocese of Limerick have been educated there, and, in addition, very many of its students have served as priests in all parts of the world. Besides, in the day-school, that has been attached to the College from the beginning, great number of boys have received their secondary education, sitting side by side with their future priests, thus preserving that close friendship and understanding between clergy and laity, of which we are so justly proud in Ireland.



Eggleston, Limerick.

St. Munchin's College Boarders, 1954, with the Dean, Rev. T. Greene.
In this group are representatives of 22 parishes of the Diocese.

PRESENT ACCOMMODATION INSUFFICIENT

The College has always tried to maintain a high standard in the education and general training of its students, although its situation and restricted accommodation have made this exceedingly difficult. Class-halls are too small and too few, and the limited space has made further extension impossible. The close proximity to the street makes teaching difficult, and is a constant source of distraction to the boarders in their evening studies. Moreover, a boarding-school should be able to provide, particularly for boys, ample scope for outdoor recreation, but the total area of the

College, including its buildings, is scarcely one statute acre. There are grounds for games on the outskirts of the city, but these can be availed of only once each day for the long recreation period.

However, these many drawbacks could be tolerated, as they have been for so many years, but there is another consideration which cannot be brushed aside. This is that the College is not able to cater adequately for the needs of the Diocese, and no improvements or minor extensions, possible on the present site, would be sufficient. Every year, because of the lack of accommodation, many boys from many parts of the Diocese are denied admission. There are, at present, fifty-three boarders, and this number has been fitted in only with the greatest difficulty. Not so long ago the number was less than forty.

The College is, of course, large enough to provide sufficient priests for the Diocese of Limerick, but, in modern times, a Diocesan College should have a wider aim than that. It should not only provide priests for the diocese, but it should also play a big part in fostering vocations from the diocese. The lack of priests is one of the greatest obstacles of the Church in many countries to-day, and a great Catholic country like Ireland must do as much as possible to supply this need. St. Munchin's College has always had a great tradition as a breeding-ground for vocations, and if it is made large enough to receive all the suitable boys, who seek admission every year, the Diocese of Limerick will play a bigger part than ever in lessening the lack of priests in other lands, to the great benefit of the Church.

A NEW COLLEGE

Accordingly, the Bishop and clergy have for some time been looking forward to transferring St. Munchin's College to a new site, where buildings can be erected with sufficient accommodation to meet the full demands of the Diocese, and where better facilities can be provided for the education of the pupils. It is advisable that the new building should be begun as soon as possible, for if the present college has to continue in use for any considerable time extensive and costly repairs will be necessary. The full cost of the new undertaking must be borne by the Diocese, but, though the cost may be great, we feel that the generosity of our people will be equal to it. For the college they will be building will be their own, to provide future priests for their parishes and to direct the steps of many of their children towards the priesthood.



The patient man is better than the valiant : and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh cities.

Proverbs.

Going Back to the Origin

Rev. James O'Byrne, C.C.

—ooo—

IT is interesting to note the impress of religion in certain customs, phrases and names in current use. The following list, which is in no way exhaustive, will illustrate what is meant in my opening remark and make us realize that by their use in every-day speech we are, unwittingly, paying homage to old Catholic tradition.

Our LAW TERMS are HILARY (so named from St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, who died A.D. 368 and whose feast is on 14th January), EASTER, TRINITY and MICHAELMAS (so named from St. Michael, Archangel, whose feast is kept on 29th September.).

Catholic marriages always took place with a Nuptial Mass during which both bride and bridegroom received Holy Communion. As they would both have been fasting, according to the Church's law, they needed their breakfast after the ceremony. Their friends would join them at the meal, and hence the origin of the WEDDING BREAKFAST.

The number THIRTEEN is nowadays regarded as unlucky, but it was not always so. In fact it is only since the time of the Protestant Reformation (so called) that the number has been frowned upon. In the olden days the model in men's minds was Our Divine Lord and the twelve Apostles, and this number of thirteen was copied in all kinds of ways. Hospitals were often built and endowed for thirteen poor men or thirteen poor women. Religious communities were often formed of a Superior and twelve subordinates. A "baker's dozen", as it was called, consisted of thirteen loaves. But an interesting, and in some ways an amazing survival of thirteen being regarded as a **lucky** number is to be found in the common practice of putting a hen to sit on thirteen eggs. When a sitting of eggs is advertised for sale, the number is always understood to be thirteen. If this number is really unlucky, as has been made out in modern times, is this number of thirteen eggs put under the hen with the hope that they won't hatch out?

In the 15th century an extraordinary dancing madness began in Germany and spread into other countries. A chapel at Ulm, dedicated to St. Vitus, became a place of pilgrimage for those afflicted with this dancing mania; and this accounts for this curious nervous complaint, listed in the Medical Dictionary as Chorea, becoming popularly known as ST. VITUS' DANCE. (St. Vitus

suffered martyrdom under Diocletian and his feast is observed on the 15th June).

"TO KICK THE BUCKET" may not be a very elegant nor sympathetic way to describe somebody's death but it probably has its origin in an old Catholic custom. After death, when the body had been laid out, a cross and two lighted candles were placed near it, and in addition to these a bucket of holy water was brought from the church and put at the feet of the corpse. The friends who came to pay their respects to the deceased always sprinkled the body with holy water before leaving the room. So intimately, therefore, was the bucket associated with the feet of deceased persons that it is easy to see how such a saying as "kicking the bucket" came to be associated with dying.

It was an old pious custom for a person to make the sign of the cross on himself with the first piece of money he had received that day before putting it into his pocket. To give some idea of how poor a certain man might be it was sufficient to say that "HE HAD NOT A HALFPENNY TO BLESS HIMSELF WITH".

In the ruins of old churches you may frequently see a stone bench running down the length of the nave on either side. These stone benches date from a time when there was no seating in the churches and the congregation stood throughout the Mass, kneeling only at the more solemn moments of the Holy Sacrifice. Old people and those not in good health naturally found this standing up rather a strain and so they found accommodation on the stone benches along the walls of the nave. From this has come the saying "THE WEAKEST MUST GO TO THE WALL".

"TO LAUGH IN ONE'S SLEEVE" is now a handy metaphor to describe a quiet, unobtrusive laugh, but the expression has, in all probability, a monastic origin. The large choir dress, worn over the religious habit, has voluminous sleeves. When some episode occurred in the monastic choir, such as a mistake made by a novice when reading, or a blunder of some kind in the ceremonies, the large sleeves covering the hands made a convenient place in which to bury a laughing face.

When we say that a person got "SHORT SHRIFT" we mean that he was allowed very little time in which to do something. It is likely that it has its origin in the old Saxon word to "shrive", meaning to hear a confession and give absolution. When a criminal was about to be executed he was allowed just sufficient time to make his confession and receive absolution before he died and hence the origin of the expression.

People may often have wondered how the custom of eating PANCAKES on Shrove Tuesday came about so that it is often called PANCAKE TUESDAY. The explanation of this custom may be linked up with the Lenten Fast. In the old days eggs


were not allowed during Lent and as pancakes require many eggs for their making it was a good way of using up eggs before Lent commenced. Pancakes were a sort of good-bye to eggs until Easter Sunday.

Finally, we take leave by referring to a game played by two children with a loop of string that was much in vogue in my young days, but rarely seen now. It was known as "CAT'S CRADLE". The name does not seem to have much sense since cats do not use cradles. Is it not possible that this title is a corruption of Cratch-cradle? A CRATCH is the old word for a manger so that the words really mean "manger-cradle" and they refer to the manger at Bethlehem, which was Our Divine Lord's cradle.



Liturgical Festival

The Liturgical Festival of the Diocese of Limerick was revived this year after a lapse of three years. It was highly successful and the large number of choirs which took part was particularly gratifying. Dom Winoc Mertens, O.S.B., Glenstal Priory who adjudicated has written the following comment :

N May 7th St. John's Cathedral was the scene of a heavenly performance. I was deeply moved by the atmosphere of prayer, of recollection, of a sense of the supernatural which I witnessed at the Liturgical festival when 2,000 children took part in the Solemn High Mass with their Priests and Bishop. The continual dialogue between the Celebrant and the Congregation was very touching and elevating, and gave one the vivid sense of something great being performed on the altar. Just before starting the solemn singing of the Preface the priest sent a vibrant appeal to all present: "Sursum corda" "Lift up your hearts," and like one voice the massed choir of children together with the special choir answered with faith and conviction: "We lift them up unto the Lord". And thus the hearts of 2,000 children united with Christ in the renewal of His supreme Sacrifice. What a magnificent act of worship, what a splendid act of religion!

I had expected that the standard would be somewhat lower than three years ago when we had the festival for the last time owing to the work in the Cathedral, but it was a pleasant surprise to find that the choirs had even noticeably matured. The special Choir and the Congregation gave a splendid rendering of the pieces, taking care not to overlook the underlying meaning of the prayers.

All the teachers certainly deserve encouragement and congratulations.

Cathedral Jubilee Year



This photograph of Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, was taken on the occasion of the consecration of St. John's Cathedral. The consecration ceremony took place on 21st June, 1894, just sixty years ago.

St. Pius X and Dr. O'Dwyer.

In 1907 St. Pius X condemned the Modernist Heresy in His Encyclical *PASCENDI*. To support their false doctrines the Modernists claimed that the great Cardinal Newman of England in many of his writings had held the same views. Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, wrote a vigorous pamphlet, showing that this claim of the Modernists was utterly unfounded. As a result the Bishop received a letter of congratulation from Pius X. This letter, signed by the Saint himself, is to be seen in St. John's Cathedral. The following are some extracts from it :

Venerable Brother, Greeting and Apostolic Benediction.

WE would have you know that we emphatically approve of your pamphlet, in which you show that the writings of Cardinal Newman, so far from being at variance with Our Encyclical Letter *Pascendi*, are in fact, entirely in conformity with it. You could not have rendered a better service to the truth and to human dignity.

It appears to be the accepted procedure among those whose errors we have condemned in Our Encyclical Letter to invoke the name of this distinguished man in approval of their own views.....

Unless it be realized how pride can overpower the mind, it would seem incredible that men should be found who consider themselves Catholics, and proclaim themselves such, but who, in the most fundamental matters of religion, place the authority of a private teacher, even though of the highest repute, before that of the teaching office of the Apostolic See. You have exposed their contumacy as well as the fallacy of their arguments.....

It is well known that in the full light of day in England he (Cardinal Newman) constantly upheld the cause of the Catholic Faith by his writings, so that his services have proved most salutary for his fellow countrymen and were most highly esteemed by Our Predecessors. Thus he was deemed worthy to be named Cardinal by Leo XIII, undoubtedly an acute judge of men and affairs, whose close friendship he justly retained to the end of his life.....

Wherefore we congratulate you for having, through your great knowledge of all his writings, so splendidly vindicated the memory of this good and learned man, and for having done all in your power to ensure that among your countrymen, and especially among the English, those who have abused the name of Newman shall no longer deceive the unwary.....

And, in order to obtain for you the gifts of the Divine Goodness, as well as in testimony of Our benevolence, we lovingly impart to you Our Apostolic Blessing.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome, the 10th day of March, in the year 1908, the fifth of Our Pontificate.

Pius PP X.

EMIGRATION AND RELIGION

Rev. M. Sadlier



EMIGRATION is a hateful thing, when it is against their will that so many of our people have to look for a living abroad. Even for those who leave Ireland to better themselves or out of sheer wanderlust it is not easy to settle down in the big industrial cities. Ireland is a genial good-natured place and the industrial city wears a sullen frown. The Irishman has to take the smile off his face and freeze his natural instinct to be friendly with one and all.

For our ordinary decent boys and girls the most disturbing experience in the new world abroad must be the shock to their religious feelings. The one religion is as good as another attitude, the irreverent tone of the press, the loose standards of decency in public entertainment are not things that fit in with their ideas of life. As for the Angelus, grace before meals, no meat on Friday and the other familiar tokens of the Catholic life of a nation—they will have to look closely to find them. They will certainly miss the general turn-out for Mass on Sunday. Most of their new neighbours, if they get up at all on Sunday, will get up only to take in the milk bottles and the Sunday newspapers.

A CHALLENGE TO ONE'S RELIGION

Living in a non-Catholic country will make a Catholic stand back from his religion and ask himself why he accepts it, when there are millions who seem to get along without it. This is all for the good. If you want to see how empty life really is without the Catholic Faith you have only to start thinking. This, of course, only makes the story worse when we hear that one of our emigrants has fallen away from the faith. It sets us wondering about his sincerity as a practising Catholic, while he was here at home. A really living faith is not something that you can strip off like an overcoat, because conditions have changed. Perhaps, the reason he practised his religion here was that everyone else was doing so. He was so much dead wood floating in the tide. He lacked the driving force of genuine religious conviction and will be helpless in the storm of unbelief abroad.

We have reason to be glad that the majority of our exiles see the new world more as a challenge than an obstacle to their religion. They are drawn all the more closely to the Church. In the biggest

cities, where nationalities and creeds are too many and too mixed to be sorted out, they can feel at home in the social activities of the Church. For that reason, our emigrants might do well, on arrival in their new parish, to let the priests there know they have come.

STANDARD-BEARERS OF CHRIST

Our emigrants will be counted on too for the spread of the Church abroad. The Church has to depend largely on the example of its members to get a fair-minded hearing from outsiders. The strange ideas they have about Church keep a lot of people out of it. They may be inclined to revise their ideas, if they find that the Catholics they know are not quite as bad as they were led to believe. "The moment men cease to pull against the Catholic Church", says an experienced observer, "they feel a tug towards it. The moment they cease to shout it down they begin to listen to it with pleasure. The moment they try to be fair to it they begin to be fond of it".

It may, perhaps, reconcile us a little with the necessity of emigration to think of the part our exiles are playing in extending the frontiers of the Church. We might even think of them with pride as soldiers on active service carrying the banner of Christ into enemy country. After all Confirmation should not be a completely forgotten Sacrament. It made us all soldiers of Christ. We are in honour bound to spare no effort in the service of His Church.



A Cup of Coffee

One morning, when St. Pius X was Bishop of Mantua, a young priest said Mass in the Cathedral. Afterwards he asked the sacristan if it were possible to arrange an interview with the Cardinal. "Go to the Bishop's house", said the sacristan. "The door will be open. Go up the stairs, and knock on the first door on the left. There is no need for appointments with our Bishop."

The young priest followed the instructions. When he knocked on the door, he heard a hearty "Come in." The priest entered and found Cardinal Sarto seated at his desk. The Cardinal sprang to his feet and greeted him cordially.

"Have you said your Mass?"

"Yes, Your Eminence, I have just finished".

"Then you will join me in a cup of coffee", and the Cardinal went to the door to call one of his sisters. But there was no answer, for the sisters were still in church. The priest was embarrassed, but he was soon at his ease, chatting freely with his host as he, having donned an apron, went through the routine of coffee-making.

The young priest was Fr. Achille Ratti, the future Pope Pius XI, and it gave him great pleasure in later years to recall this first meeting of two future Popes.

Death in a Concentration Camp

IN February, 1941, a black auto pulled up before the door of the Franciscan monastery of Niepokalanów, in Poland, and the dreaded Gestapo stepped from it. The Father Guardian was summoned, and came immediately.

"Praised be Our Saviour Jesus Christ," he said courteously to them, according to a Polish custom. They ignored his words.

"You are Maximilian Kolbe?", asked one of them.

"Yes, I am."

"Then follow us."

The arrest of Father Maximilian was probably due to the influential position he occupied in Poland. He was not a political figure, but as a spiritual leader his name was known throughout the entire country. A man of outstanding holiness and determined character, the great purpose of his life was to win souls for Christ through devotion to Our Lady. To achieve this he had, in 1919, founded an association, "The Militia of the Immaculate." To spread the association throughout the country, and to inspire it with his own ideals, he began to publish a review, "The Cavalier of the Immaculate." In spite of his own very frail health (as a T.B. patient he spent more than two years in a sanatorium), and an almost complete lack of financial resources, his work was extraordinarily successful. All the work of printing and editing was done by himself and the Brothers that he gathered round him. When the accommodation at the monastery at Grodno proved inadequate for the constantly increasing volume of work, he established a new monastery at Niepokalanow, near Warsaw. This was not a monastery in the ordinary sense, but an up-to-date industrial enterprise, which was a model of technical efficiency. By 1939 the monastery contained six Fathers and about seven hundred Brothers, all engaged in the writing, printing and distribution of the various journals. The chief review, "The Cavalier of the Immaculate," had achieved a circulation of nearly a million copies when the war put an end to the work. Most of the Brothers were already dispersed when Father Maximilian was arrested in February, 1941.

On his arrest he was removed to the dreaded prison of Pawiak, in Warsaw, and in the following May he was transferred to the concentration camp of Auschwitz, "the camp of Death".

We will not dwell on the sufferings that were the normal routine of that camp, especially the constant hunger and the brutal treatment by many of the guards. Father Maximilian was the admiration of all for his patient resignation and cheerfulness, and a constant source of strength and consolation to those who had contact with him.

"My little children," he said to the weak-hearted, "You must

hold on. You must survive. Confide yourselves to the Blessed Virgin Mary: she will help you, she will save you".

At the end of July a prisoner escaped from Block 14, that of Father Maximilian. The internees remembered in horror the threat of the chief officer of the camp, Fritsch, that for every one who escaped twenty of his block should be condemned to die of starvation. This death they dreaded most of all, for it meant being deprived not only of food but also of drink. To die of hunger, if one can drink, is not so difficult; to die of thirst is a horrible torture. Each one was asking himself: "And will I be one of them?" Heroes of the Resistance wept like little children. To a very young boy who stood beside him, Father Maximilian whispered: "You are so afraid, my poor little one. Do not be afraid: death is not frightening".

At roll-call the following morning, the chief officer announced that the escaped prisoner had not been caught. He gave the order to dismiss to all the blocks, except Block 14.

They stood all day under a blazing sun. About three o'clock in the afternoon they were allowed to relax for half an hour to eat their soup. Then they continued to stand to attention till evening, awaiting their sentence.

In the evening the chief officer, Fritsch, came before them: "The fugitive has not been found. Ten of you will die in his place in the hunger-shed. The next time it will be twenty of you"

He stepped to the front rank, looked into each face, seemed to be considering. Finally, he lifted his hand and pointed: "That one".

Immediately, Palitsch, his adjutant, wrote the number on the list of the condemned. Fritsch continued to choose:

"That one. And that. And again . . . that one".

Ten stood out, condemned to death. One of them, as he stepped forward, cried: "Oh, my poor wife and children! I shall never see them again".

Suddenly, something altogether unexpected happened. A prisoner pushed his way through his companions, and stepped from the ranks. He stood before Fritsch, very calm, smiling almost. It was Father Maximilian.

"I wish to die in place of one of the condemned", he said in a voice so low that only those nearest could hear. Fritsch looked at him in amazement.

"And why?" he asked stupidly.

"I am old and good for nothing. My life is of little worth."

"For whom do you wish to die?"

"For him," said the priest, pointing to the man who had cried out, "he has a wife and children".

A moment's silence followed. Father Maximilian waited. Finally Fritsch said roughly: "All right. Come with them." Palitsch crossed out one number from his condemned list and inserted another, that of Father Maximilian.

All eyes followed them as they were led away towards the

Block of Death, Father Maximilian bringing up the rear, like a shepherd following his flock. They were ordered to strip, and then were herded into a cell that had neither light, ventilation nor beds. The heavy door was closed upon them, and they were left in the darkness to die slowly and agonizingly of complete starvation, getting neither food nor drink. Twenty other unfortunates were already enduring the same torture in neighbouring cells.

Soon the gaolers noticed something very unusual. Till then, the starvation cells echoed with the howling of the damned. Death came slowly to calm them, but during the first few days they were plunged in a frenzy of despair. This time, however, the condemned did not howl, did not curse: they sang. In the neighbouring cells, from which, a moment before, nothing had come but shrieking and lamentation, feeble voices were lifted in answer. This place of torment was changed into a holy place, as, from cell to cell, prayer answered prayer and hymn echoed hymn.

The days passed slowly. The only information as to what was happening inside comes from one of the interneers, Borgowiec, who was appointed corpse-bearer. Every morning he entered the cell to remove the corpses of any who had died, the guards remaining at the door. Every morning he found Father Maximilian either on his knees, or standing and praying loudly, in the middle of the cell. During the first few days all the condemned, according to Borgowiec's testimony, were often "so lost in prayer" that they did not hear the door opening, but later some would come to him and beg with tears for a little water. Father Maximilian, however, was always calm and asked for nothing.

More than a fortnight had passed and it was the Vigil of the Assumption. In the cell there were only four survivors, and Father Maximilian alone retained full consciousness. He did not stand or kneel now, but sat. The remaining three, lying unconscious on the ground, were ready to appear before God. The good shepherd had finished his task. When the guards came to complete their work, Father Maximilian was seated on the ground praying. When he saw the syringe, he stretched out his emaciated arm, and willingly received the fatal injection.

When news came of his death, his companions wept for him as for a lost father. They tried to save his body from the implacable law, but in vain. It was burned like the others in one of the furnaces which were smoking day and night.

(This account of the death of Father Maximilian is taken, with the kind permission of the publishers, from the book, *OUR LADY'S FOOL*, by Maria Winowska. Mercier Press Ltd., Cork).



If every year we rooted out one vice we should soon become perfect men.—
Imitation.

The New Chaplain

Rev. P. Houlihan



FATHER JOHN was on his first assignment—to say Mass for the nuns. The morning was gloriously fresh as he cycled quickly along a suburban avenue. He passed a street-cleaner, a post-man and one or two men hurrying to early work. He felt a feeling of kinship with them. He felt too, a new sense of responsibility, thinking of the nuns waiting for him for their morning Mass.

Yes, this must be it, he thought, as he arrived at a big wrought-iron gate. A wicket at the side opened to the touch and inside he faced a long rambling building. Now to find the side-door he had been told would be on the latch. As he wheeled his bicycle along the front, looking for the elusive side-door, a black-robed figure emerged some distance away. He approached and a smiling elderly nun made him welcome, and made it quite clear that she considered his difficulty in finding the door to be entirely due to the stupidity of the architects. As she piloted him to the sacristy, Fr. John felt that Sister was observing him discreetly from behind the white hedge of her ample coif.

At the sacristy he was handed over to Sister-sacristan, who was quietly efficient and not unversed in the ways of diplomacy.

"Could we receive Holy Communion before Mass, Father?"

"Of course, Sister," the young priest replied, feeling that since they treated him as if he were twenty years ordained, he could not let himself down—even though, as he said so, his mind was racing through his rubrics text-book and groping for the special prayers. "And we usually have Benediction after Mass, Father". Though this would be his first time giving Benediction, Fr. John hoped he looked as if he was taking that in his stride also. Then, having satisfied herself that the situation was well in hand, Sister glided out. The young priest, accustomed to sacristies which were the work of man, was much impressed by the absolute cleanliness and neatness of everything. Even the pin-cushion was in just the right place, and as a last refinement, two of the pins were conveniently pulled out.

Having arrived at the Altar, Fr. John distributed Holy Communion and began Mass. The responses came perfectly from outside the Sanctuary, to make him still more aware of the competency of nuns and to put him on his liturgical mettle. He said Mass with great care. At the end, however, he stumbled over the

De Profundis but a good Sister, showing admirable presence of mind and a good turn of speed, rustled up with a saving chart. At Benediction, Fr. John surprised himself by his calm competence. At the best of times, however, his bass voice was not over-melodious. This morning it showed a positive aversion to melody. There was a terrible pause as he announced the versicle in his personal and private key. Then as the choir attempted to take his note there came sounds as of "sweet bells jangled." Fr. John felt horribly guilty.

As he knelt in the chapel afterwards to make his thanksgiving, a rustle at the back told him of the presence of a Sister and he guessed she would show him to the breakfast-room. When he had finished, he felt a disinclination to move first, but a delicate cough encouraged him.

With smiling graciousness, Sister was soon assisting him to his breakfast. Applying the scientific fact that interesting conversation aids digestion in combination with the equally scientific fact that nothing is as interesting as oneself she encouraged Fr. John to give a short biography of himself, a run through his likes, dislikes and views on current affairs and a list of his friends and relations, which last incidentally brought to light many unsuspected links with the community. When Sister had finally satisfied herself that he had gained sufficient momentum in his approach to the bacon and eggs, she left for her own delayed breakfast.

As Fr. John finished off the last cut of toast, a tap at the door announced the entry of Rev. Mother. A little extra gravity in the bearing, a little extra steadiness in the voice and eye told him at once that it was Rev. Mother. But she was very pleasant. She first took him for a short run over the ground already covered. Then she complimented him on his punctuality that morning. "We had a chaplain here some years ago" she recalled, ever so wistfully, "a grand man, always very obliging, everyone liked him". Fr. John nodded. "He used to give lovely talks to the children too". Fr. John tried to visualize this paragon. "But he had one small fault". This was a relief. "Well, really, it was not his fault at all", Rev. Mother smiled sweetly. "You see, he found it very hard to wake in the mornings. Actually, he had two alarm-clocks and sometimes he didn't hear either." They laughed together over that, but Fr. John decided to move his alarm a little nearer the bed for the following morning.

As Rev. Mother accompanied the new Chaplain to the hall-door she tried to recall "some little thing" which had "slipped her mind". She succeeded of course. "I hope you won't mind my mentioning this, Father.....". Fr. John made a re-assuring noise. "Well, it is just that the organist asked me to tell you that if you wished, she could give you the note for Benediction." Fr.

John expressed his gratitude and Rev. Mother smiled and apologised again for mentioning at all such a trifling matter. She shook hands warmly with him as he went down the steps and not by a flicker of an eyelid did she notice the loss of dignity resulting from his buāgetting for three steps instead of four in his backward descent. However, Fr. John made an adequate recovery with a graceful doffing of his hat before mounting his bicycle.

As he cycled away from the convent, his thoughts were of nuns. Hitherto he had been inclined to hold the good Sisters in a certain awe but now he found himself thinking how human and gracious they were. They seem to have used their womanly intuition and tact, he mused, to evolve a delicate diplomatic convention of their own for the conduct of external relations. As he was marvelling at the delicacy and grace of their management of the hint, he realised that he had passed the newspaper shop. Wheeling round, he returned to experience for the first time the thrill of buying his morning-paper.



There are people who make the worst of everything. With me it is different. I always seek the good side of things. Even if it be my lot to suffer without a ray of comfort, well, I make that my joy.

The Little Flower.

St. Munchin's College

(COLAISTE MAINCHIN)

The College serves as the Diocesan Seminary. It also provides a full secondary course leading to entrance to ecclesiastical colleges, the professions and business.

The authorities regret that, due to lack of space, they are unable each year to accept many worthy and suitable boys who apply for admission.

College Re-opens for Boarders
Monday, 6th September

PÁDRAIS UASTÚN SEÓIS,

1827-1914

Eilip Ní Murchú.

Sinn-ne go bfuil paidre leabair Saeilge fén ar lámha, iomr éiríneacháin, téacrléabair 'r litríocht ilghnéiteac ir deacair uúinn a fámlú teirce ábair léite 'nár tceangáin féin céad bliain ó foin. Cairde mar líonuit a gairb mic léinn na linne rin ar feircint dóib toirad tairge Uí Chomraí 'r Uí Donnabáin inna rean-láimreidíní! Níl áireamh ar an ionrraíar a tuis fionna- cain na beirte rin do rcoláirí óga mar o'orcláirí dóirí an léinn dóib a bí á n'únao ó am an Céitinnis i leit. San aicéiréit léinn a m'rcaláirí glac Pádrais Uastún Seóis, Luimníoc, páiré onórac.

SCÉAL A BÉAC

Múnlais trí ciongill fé leit caractar 'r meon an fíir reo- ait a b'iré, an gairm béac a tóib fé 'r an t-atmorréar cultúrta i mearc dor rcoláiréac blá' Cliaé ran leit deiríó den Igu doir. Saolaíó é ra bliain 1827 i nSleann doibinn Oirín fé málai Sufí Finn ar an tcead tóir tuió den rliabhaon Dealaé f'eadha- ceannair Saolaé o'fás tioncár láirí air ar fead a fé. Tógaó leir an nSaeilge é, le béaloiréar na rean, le r'rcéatá, le ceol 'r le h-áiríáin uúcarac. Gairb fé le múinteoiréac 'r fuair fé port fén Dóro Oiréacair Náirínta i mblá' Cliaé. Le h-imeacé aimpire ceapó é mar Ollam iotoraé 'r 'na Uacaráin ar ball ra t-rean-Coláirte Oilúna, Spáir Maoilb'iré. Ball gníomac de Cumann Ríoga na Seantálai 'r o'Acadom Ríoga na hÉireann é. Bí fé ar an tuine deiríó den ceapcal ionráiteac rcoláirí a fáoiráir fé deacéac Seoirre Petrie cun gac iarrma de fáoirí- laé na tíre do tairráil ó baol a cáillte. Ar fead seall le reacéó bliain---ó fé na gortan go tóí bígil an céad cógaró uómanó---o'oiríis fé go foirnéac ar na trí b'airrí eolair 'nar cúir fé ruim r'péiríalá, Dinnreanár, Stair na tíre 'r Ceol uúcarac.

DINNSEANÁS

Mairíó a cáil ar na trí imleabair, "Irish Names of Places" ---an céad dealú iomlán a foillíóiríu mar ar bun-b'irí ar losainm- neacá. Da ar fionnaéacain Uí Chomraí, Uí Donnabáin 'r na móir- rcoláirí eile a bunáir fé ábair na leabair ro. Anmáionn fé a rpleacár oirra, go háiré ar Annála Ríóca Éireann, "an leabair ir uairle dár cló-buailéac mar." Cítear lám an oiré ran leagan amac garta cúir fé ar an ábair, i rli go rašacó fé i b'péiró go héarcaró ar aigne an tuine coitcinn. Cláiráir fé na h-ainmneacá

fén iliomadó teiríol, mar fompá, rtaí, fiannaíocht, béaloidear, tréite aicionta na tíre, fárraó, foirgnim, ainmíte 'r mar rin de. Uí níir-reilb---dúcar an bailíteora--so deirfa ann, é as tairceadú sáe bpoó eolair 'r as níor-cup len a rtor. I n-ainneoin an toul cun cinn ra léann Ceilteac ar na raolta ro níor ráraíóó imleabair an tSeoiú so fóill cé so bfuil breir tairge deánta as rcoláirí ar ainmneaca i sceanntair áirite. Ir beas áirto a cuirfeann an pobal i sceirt reo na losainmneaca. O'féarfaó na Duiró íoblí 'r cumainn mar Connra na Saeilge, Muintir na Tíre 'r Macra na Feirme i bfaó níor mó do déanamh cun a deimniú so n-ainmeórafí nua-foirgnim 'r nua-bóirte de réir ar noúcair féimig--puo atá léirite so beacé as an Seoiúeac.

STAIR 'S CEOL

Cé nárb 'acfuinn do polaraí an miltair sallta maidir le clár-léinn na rcol náiriúnta o'acru o'éirig leir téacrleabair rtaíre do cup i láma an dor rcoile--- "Child's History of Ireland." Ba gníom réadlóirdeac é rin ran am. Na reanóirí atá 'nár mearc so fóill, ba ón leabair rin o'foğluimíofaí a scéarumaointe i tcaob rceíl a tóiré---roim a n-am, níor luaó rtaí na héirfeann lairtig den rcoil. Mar rtaí ní cuirfean é ar có-céim le hEoin Mac Néill ac tadarfaí a rcar fairring de mólaó oá magnum opur--- "The Social History of Ancient Ireland."

Uí éirim láirir le ceol ann'r b'féirir sup'é rin an t-ábar ba síle leir. Ba gnár leir ón a óise fuinn 'r amráin trairiríúnta do bailiú, rotorac báire i sCo. Luimní, annran ar a tairteal do nuair a carfaí Saeilgeoir nó ceoltóir leir 'r ran sColáirte Oilúna ór na mic-léinn ón nSaeilge. Ir mó fonn oá cuio atá i mbailiúcáim Seoirre Petrie. O'foillrig ré féin, "Old Irish Folk Music and Song" asur cnuaraé eile 'na bfuil 824 fuinn oá rton. Tá lám-reribíní ceoil eile oá cuio nár heagraíóó so fóill in Acadám Ríoga na héirfeann 'r ra leabairlann náiriúnta tá lám-reribínn ceoil a fuaraéar ar leabairó a báir nuair a sílaóó an Tíerna air. San scéar Oirdeácar de Connra na Saeilge a tionólaó mair bí ré i lácair mar móltóir Ceoil asur bíóó ré ar an scoirte de móltóirí as an b'feir Ceoil i rotorac na h-aoire reo.

Cairé an breitúnar a oáirfean ar an luimnióó ro? Ir cinnte ná h-áirneóraf é i mearc na bfaéac rcoláraéca ac mórfar é roirre sup iarr ré ar raoitíulaéé féimig do déanamh rocuigre, tairneamác leir an rlua coitcéann. Réirteóraf sup cup ré téacrleabair áirdeaca ar fáil 'r molfar é roirre so raib an b'raiciniúlaéé 'r an réam---raóar ann a aicint a maécanaf a beaó a leiréir ra toúcaí.

BEET-SEED FOR A SCHOOL

OUR newest school at Kilcornan in the parish of Stonehall cost approximately £5000. The local levy was £750, a tidy sum for a parish of no more than 500 souls. The parishioners paid £300 out of pocket and discovered an ingenious method of paying off the rest. The Kilcornan district, lying between the Shannon and Adare, has enjoyed for some years a monopoly in the growing of beet-seed under contract to the Irish Sugar Company. It is a lucrative business and the parishioners turned it to good account in paying for their school. A sportsfield adjoining the school site which had not been in use for many years previously was made available by the trustees. A contract to grow three acres of beet-seed was secured from the directors of the Sugar Company through the good offices of the Manager, General Costello. A committee was chosen to supervise the sowing and harvesting of the crop, and the parishioners set-to with hearty good-will. 200 bags of beet "stecklings" were earthed by voluntary labour in March 1950. The "stecklings" were ready for planting in April, and in September came the harvesting and threshing. The weather was bad that year but the seed yield was good, and when the lorries came to bear it away the school building fund was richer by £350.

The ground was sown the following year in spring wheat. The generous co-operation of the parishioners was again forthcoming for the harvesting and threshing of this crop, and thus in the autumn of 1951 the local contribution of £750 was lodged in the bank at Askeaton to await the demand of the Department of Education. More was to come. The hay crop of 1952 realised £36 and an inferior one of 1953 some £24. A sum was put aside to meet other school needs and an agreed sum was paid to the trustees of the sportsfield in lieu of grazing rent.

It was a triumph of voluntary effort on the parish basis. Everyone concerned took the keenest interest in the work. As many as forty were present on occasion, men in their prime working side by side with boys of fourteen and old-age pensioners, forty working as one. The graceful school you now see on the Limerick-Foynes road is the monument to their work.



Three Parish Priest-Managers were concerned with the building of this school. Fr. David Fitzgerald, now P.P. of Kildimo, acquired the site when the Taylor Estate was divided up away back in 1940. The present P.P. of Coolcappa, Fr. Patrick Lynch, was the man behind the "stecklings". His name has been associated with the Muintir na Tíre movement for many years. He showed in this scheme how the principles of the movement can be put into practical effect. His long pastorate of Stonehall ended in the summer of 1953 and the school was up by then. The formal blessing and opening ceremony was performed by the new pastor, Fr. James Bluett, in September. You see him here as he watches the children at play.



And here you have a close-up of some of the little people themselves. They are all smiling happily, as well they might, for the sportsfield is no longer given over to "stecklings": the goal posts are up, and what does it matter if the girls outnumber the boys by more than two to one!

Mrs. Madden is the school Principal, ably assisted by Mrs. O'Sullivan and Miss O'Sullivan.

The Forty Hours' Devotion

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MANY of our readers will remember the great Eucharistic Congress held in Dublin in 1932. On that occasion, representatives of the Catholic Hierarchy from all parts of the world, under the leadership of the Pope's personal ambassador, came to pay homage to the Divine Master in the Tabernacle. There, too, were gathered the leaders of the State, together with our Bishops and priests and hundreds of thousands of our people, in one vast throng to give honour and reverence to Our Lord in the most Blessed Sacrament. This was indeed the homage of the newborn state to its Eucharistic King; and as the Nation is bound to show homage to its master, so too is the Parish, and this it does in a very special and unique way in the devotion of the Forty Hours.

In this devotion the whole population of the Parish, old and young, boys and girls, rich and poor, congregate around the Blessed Sacrament in reverence and prayer for three days.

ORDER OF THE CEREMONIES

The devotion of the Forty Hours is so called in memory of the Forty Hours, Our Saviour's Body remained in the sepulchre. It opens with a solemn High Mass, in the specially decorated High Altar of the Church. A solemn High Mass is one celebrated by Priest, Deacon and Sub-Deacon, who sing various portions of the Mass alternately with a specially trained choir. Towards the end of the Mass, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in the Monstrance and left on the altar until the Mass is over. Then a little procession is formed and moves around the inside of the Church, during which the choir sings such well known hymns as the Pange Lingua and the O Salutaris Hostia—hymns in honour of the Blessed Sacrament—and the Blessed Sacrament is carried by the celebrant of the Mass assisted by the Deacon and Sub-Deacon. When the procession arrives back at the altar, the Deacon takes the Blessed Sacrament to a special throne, erected above and behind the Tabernacle, so that It is visible to all in the church. Then the litany of the Saints is chanted, in which all the Angels and Saints are called upon to join with the congregation in adoring the Creator of Heaven and Earth, and in begging Almighty God for protection from all evil. The Blessed Sacrament remains exposed in the Monstrance on the throne all the day, and if a sufficient number of lay adorers are available all during the night.

PRAYER FOR PEACE

On the second day of the Forty Hours, a solemn High Mass is celebrated at a side altar, but there is no Eucharistic Procession,

neither is the litany of the Saints chanted. The Mass is a Mass of peace, peace of soul with God, peace among neighbours and peace among the nations; and what greater need is there at the moment than a true and lasting peace, based upon the eternal principles of Truth, Justice and Charity. This Mass for peace goes back to the beginnings of the Forty Hours Devotion in the sixteenth century, when the devotion started to placate God's anger for the sins of mankind and to seek His aid to drive back the Turkish Infidel then trying to destroy Christianity. To-day, mankind is still going the way of evil and sin, and while the Turk has lost his force, we can substitute what Pope Pius XI described as the "diabolical spectre of Atheistic Communism" in his place.

On the third and last day of the devotion, Solemn High Mass is celebrated at the High Altar, before the Blessed Sacrament still on the Throne behind and above the tabernacle. After the Mass, a Eucharistic procession is made, similiar to the one on the first day of the devotion. The litany of the Saints is once more recited, followed by Benediction, and the devotion of the Forty Hours is over.

RICH INDULGENCES

The importance of this devotion in the eyes of the Church is reflected in the many and generous Indulgences granted to those who take part in the exercises. To mention only two—a plenary indulgence, once a day, is granted to all who during the period of the devotion visit the Church, on conditions that they receive the sacraments and recite five Our Fathers, five Hail Mary's and five Gloria's, together with one Our Father, one Hail Mary and one Gloria for the Pope's intentions. Also, the altars of the Church are privileged during the period of the Forty Hours. By celebrating Mass for the repose of a departed soul, on a privileged altar, a plenary Indulgence is gained for that soul. These are but two of the very many rich indulgences attached to the Forty Hours, so when we assist at the exercise, we should form the intention of gaining all the possible Indulgences arising from this act of devotion.

Homage and love towards the Eucharistic King, and peace to a world wearied of strife, these are the vital intentions of the Forty Hours adoration. In every age, these are very necessary intentions, but never more so than in our own.



In a recent survey of Mass attendance top place goes easily to Ireland, second place to the U.S.A. In France the average is only 25 per cent. though some parishes are 60 per cent., some only 9 per cent., with only two per cent. of men.

Brazil's average is only five per cent. In Spain the women are much better than the men, but the average is not good. In Chile they hardly ever see a man at Mass

The next issue of "Catholic Life" will be published on Sat., 3rd October.

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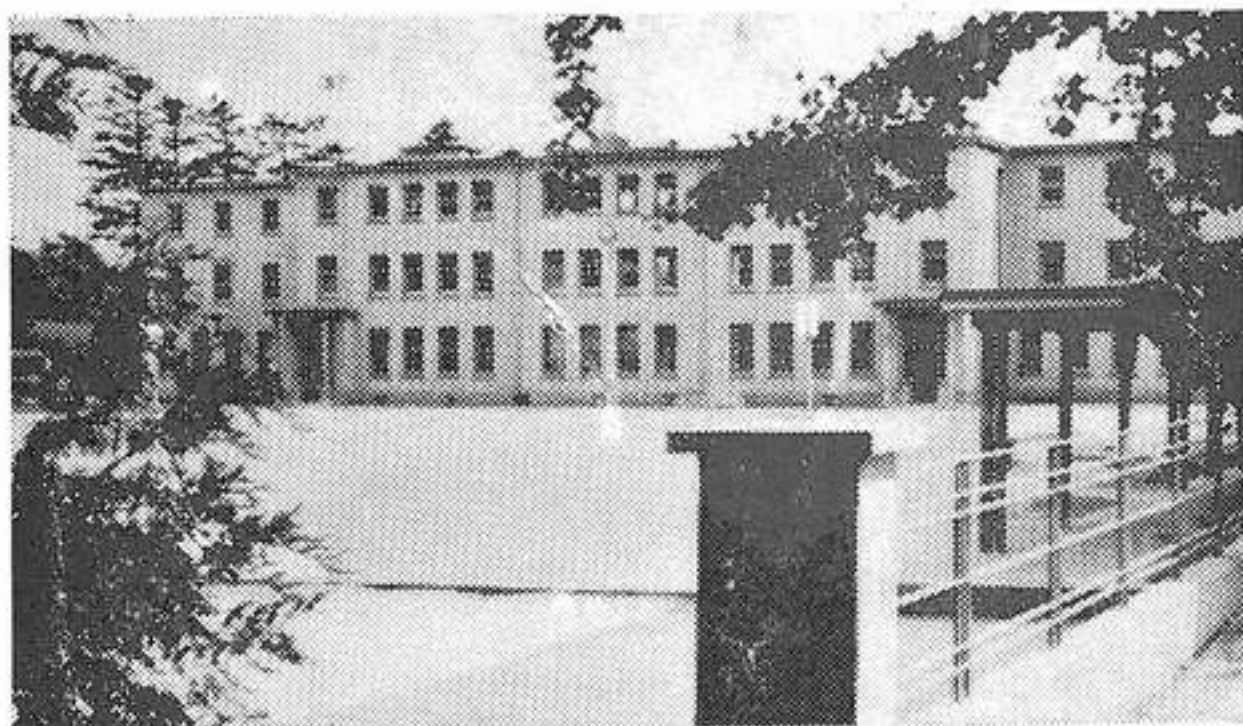
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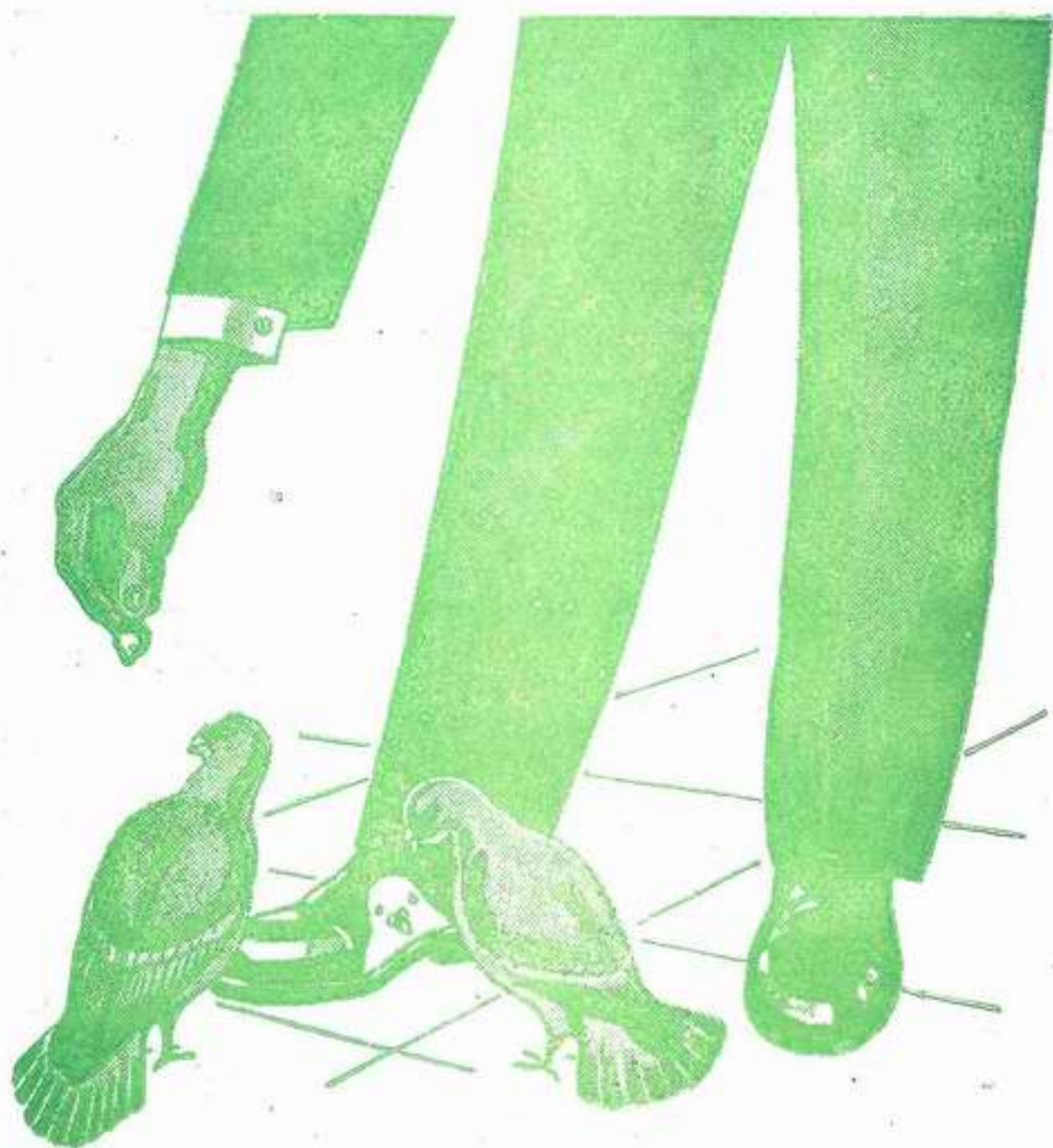
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