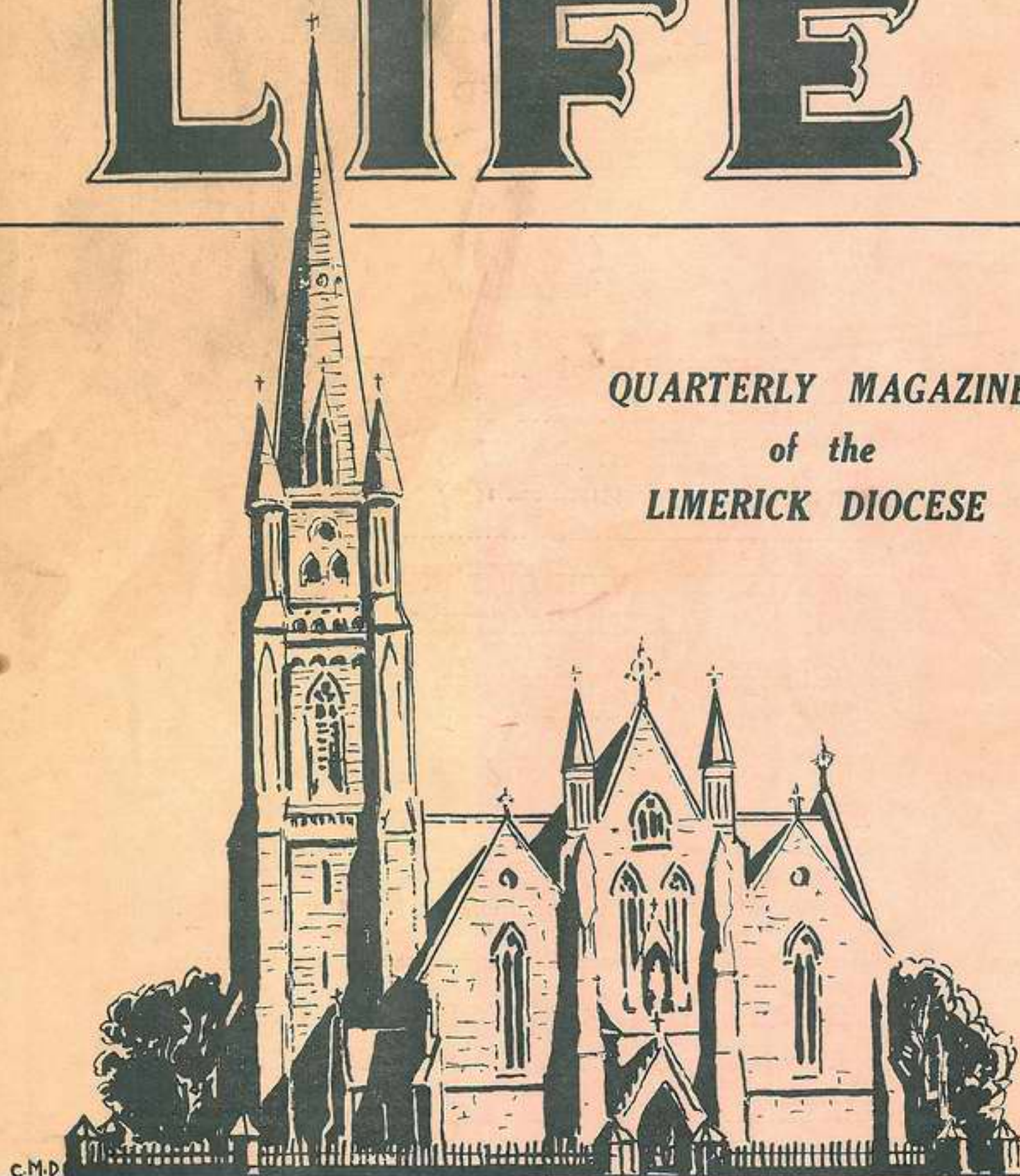


*R. O'Brien*

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of the  
LIMERICK DIOCESE



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Vol. I, No. 4.

CHRISTMAS, 1954

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## LETTER FROM THE BISHOP



December, 1954.

Dear Rev. Editor,

I wish to express in your pages my feelings of deep gratitude to all the people in the diocese, and to not a few outside it, for the truly splendid manner in which they have responded to our Diocesan Appeal.

When I issued the appeal I made it clear that our only object was to secure for our diocese institutions which could compare favourably with those of any other Irish diocese ; and many of these are smaller and less populous than our own. The result of the appeal has proved how whole-heartedly our people have received it.

The clergy of the diocese have contributed most generously to the fund over a number of years ; now they have ensured the success of the collection by their

energy and zeal in promoting it. A special word of recognition is due to those parishes which at present are bearing heavy burdens of their own.

We are greatly indebted to the Religious Orders and Congregations who have given us the fullest measure of sympathetic co-operation and, notwithstanding their own problems and needs, much appreciated substantial support.

The manner in which we have been aided by the commercial and business firms, the Co-operative Societies, Trades Unions clubs and organized bodies of all kinds, can only be described as truly magnificent.

Finally, let me pay tribute to the great good-will and generosity of the largest body of all, the donors of the countless small sums without which the collection could not have been a success. In the proportion that their means have been less their sacrifice has been greater.

As I write, the proceeds of the collection stand in the region of £33,000. This is indeed an auspicious beginning, but we still have far to go. While it is not contemplated that a similar appeal will be made in the near future, it will be necessary to take such steps as will ensure an annual return sufficient to guard against anxiety. These measures will, it is hoped, be such as will commend themselves to the continued interest and support of our people, while being burdensome to none.

Praying the divine blessing on all our benefactors,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

\* P. O'NEILL,

Bishop of Limerick.

# Pilgrim in Lisieux



**T**HE most touching relic of St. Thérèse one sees in Lisieux is her hair, the beautiful golden hair of her girlhood. Nothing betrays our age so much as our hair, and yet it is the relic of the human body that best survives the ravages of time. Cut off a lock of child's hair and years afterwards it is just as fresh and soft and silky as the day it was cut. It is so easy to imagine the little head it once adorned and to see the little face. Thérèse parted with her hair when she took the habit, and to-day in the Hall of Relics at her convent it seems to come alive again, flowing back from the crown in wonderful tresses. There is no more effective symbol in all Lisieux of her enduring spiritual childhood. She gave everything and received everything in return.



Thérèse at 13—wonderful tresses



Pilgrims to Lisieux usually begin at *Les Buissonnets*, Thérèse's home from the time she was four and a half until she entered Carmel at the age of fifteen. It is a charming red-brick residence, very much as you might see in any of our good-class suburbs. The lease was given up when the Saint's father, Mr. Martin, became ill, but it was acquired again later on when the world came to know and love the Little Flower. The Martins' furniture was re-assembled and arranged as in the days of Thérèse. Several rooms are open to the public and there is a constant stream of visitors, of family groups especially, who come, no doubt, to fortify their homes against the dangers of our time. Through a glass screen, you can see into the dining-room where everything is exactly as it was on the night before Thérèse left for Carmel. The room where she was cured of a serious illness by the Blessed Virgin at the age of ten is on view also, and in the room formerly occupied by herself and her sister, Céline, you can see all the little treasures of her childhood.

The Carmel Chapel is the chief place of pilgrimage. It has been considerably altered since the time of the Saint. This was necessary to meet the demands of pilgrims, especially before the Basilica was built, but one cannot help feeling that it is a great pity. Still, it is not difficult to imagine the scene in this place on Monday, April the 9th, 1888, when Thérèse, surrounded by her family and the only calm figure among them presented herself for admission. The door adjoining the chapel through which she entered and the passage way she tread have been preserved. "As I led the way to the cloister door the beating of my heart became so violent that I wondered if I were going to die."

The main attraction for pilgrims in the chapel is the Saint's shrine. One suspects that many think the waxen image in the great "Chasse" is Thérèse's body. The body did not, of course, survive, only the bones remain. And the major portion of these no longer rest here. They were borne to the Basilica for the consecration on the 11th July of this year, where they are now exposed in the south aisle. Nevertheless, the figure in the Chasse, showing Thérèse on her death-bed, in the attitude of abandon so often described by her biographers, is wonderfully inspiring. Her right hand falls downwards, holding the golden rose presented by Pius XI. Above the monument is the statue of Our Lady that smiled on the little Thérèse in *Les Buissonnets* at the time of her cure. This statue, about two feet high, is beautiful in its own right. It shows Our Lady with hands extended, her feet resting on the globe. "The Virgin of the Smile" is reproduced everywhere in Lisieux.

On the walls on either side of the Chapel of the Shrine are the tributes of the French soldiers of World War I to their "little angel of the trenches." Glass-cases house a great collection of military insignia of all kinds, medals, decorations, epaulettes, even a bugle. Here, too, as throughout the Carmel, are a whole series of those



"thank-you" inscriptions the French love to offer, lauding the little Saint for cures and blessings.

You meet the Chapel of the Shrine on the right, half-way up. Flanking it on one side is a painting of the Holy Face done by the Saint's only surviving sister, Céline, in religion Soeur Genevieve, still reported hale and hearty at the age of eighty-five. St. Thérèse's full title in religion was Sister Thérèse of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face. The Child Jesus Himself is on the other side. A pretty little statue, it is an exact replica of the one preserved in the cloister of the Carmel that Thérèse looked after throughout her religious life. Her eyes turned instinctively towards this statue when she returned to the enclosure after the ceremony of her Clothing: "My eyes first rested on my pretty little Jesus."

Adjoining the Carmel Chapel is the Hall of Relics where Thérèse's hair so easily catches the heart. Many intimate relics are on view, her First Communion dress, the veil and sandals she wore on her clothing day, her cloak and habit, a cross made from the wood of her first coffin and the palm branch found fresh in the coffin after thirteen years. On view also are the instruments of physical discipline that she abandoned so early in favour of the more rigid discipline of the heart. And there is a striking reminder of this inner martyrdom in the centre of the Hall of Relics. It is the full-length portrait of the Saint by Roybet. There is nothing very "pretty" about this concept of Thérèse of Lisieux. It is the real Thérèse of the spiritual combat, her face set and determined, revealing in her great self-control and energy the sure ground of her sanctity. It reveals also the secret of her peace—"I have forgotten myself and I have tried never to seek myself in anything." The portrait is a concept of her soul's struggle, but we know that she could face her Sisters smiling and relaxed, as our picture shows her at the age of twenty-two.

Another place of pilgrimage in Lisieux is the municipal cemetery. It is situated picturesquely on the hill overlooking the beautiful valley that holds the town in its folds. Here the Saint was buried on October 4th, 1897. The cemetery was the chief place of pilgrimage during the years before the Beatification in 1923. It has lost much of its appeal to-day, because the holy remains are gone, but you can have rest here and quiet and spend a long time without being disturbed. The Carmelite plot was acquired for the community by Thérèse's uncle, Mr. Guerin, when a government law refused to allow any more burial of nuns in their own convents. Thérèse herself was the first to be buried there. Her first resting-place was marked by a simple wooden cross. The body was exhumed in 1910 and re-buried in a cement tomb, the site of this second grave, a few paces from the first, being now marked by a fine statue in marble. It is a very beautiful statue, showing the Saint in ecstasy. With arms crossed, smiling and gracious she presides over that lovely Norman valley, and the childhood nick-



At 22—restraint with a smile

name her father gave her comes at once to mind, "the Queen of France and of Navarre."

In 1923 on the occasion of the Beatification the remains of St. Thérèse were removed to the Carmel. But the cemetery holds so many of her dearest loved ones that you cannot think of her as absent. Here lie the nuns that were so closely associated with her religious life. At the foot of the pedestal of her statue is inscribed the name, Soeur Marie de l'Eucharistie. This was her cousin and kindred spirit, the Marie Guerin who figures so prominently in her writings and her biographies. Alongside the Carmelite plot is the family grave of the Guerins, where rest the bodies of Mr. and Madame Guerin, her uncle and aunt, and the bodies of her cousin Jeanne Guerin and Jeanne's husband, Dr. Francis La Neele. She once paid a compliment to the La Neeles, so delicate and gracious and so absolutely typical, that it is impossible not to relate it in the



presence of this grave. "Our mother St. Teresa was of so grateful a disposition," she wrote, "that she was wont to say pleasantly, 'her heart could be won with a sardine.' What would she have said had she known Francis and Jeanne?" Well, there they lie by the site of her first earthly triumph. A little over is the Martin grave where the Saint's father and mother and little brothers and sisters are buried. The two deceased Carmelite sisters, Pauline and Marie, are buried in the Chapel of the Shrine. The other sister who became a Visitation nun in Caen is buried in her convent there.

The great Basilica of St. Thérèse is built on the gradient of the hill just beneath the cemetery. Begun in 1929 the work progressed rapidly. Apart from the internal decoration it is now complete and is one of the great churches of the world. A mighty edifice in gleaming white, it dominates the valley and the town of Lisieux, and if it is not the symbol of the hidden beauty of the Little Flower it is certainly the symbol of her message and of her triumph: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble."

One cannot visit these holy places without a thrill of horror at what might have happened between June and August, 1944. What did in fact happen is horrible enough to think of, but I suppose a pilgrim comes in search of his Saint and is little concerned for the time with the weight of human suffering that her grim living is meant to explain. Lisieux lay right in the path of the allied invasion of Normandy. The town was subjected to heavy bombardment. Two thirds of it was destroyed and more than a thousand inhabitants perished in the ruins. The old Lisieux has practically ceased to exist and a new town is now rising in its place. But amazing to relate the relics of the Little Flower have been left almost intact. The survival of her convent, plump in the centre of the town, where the heaviest damage was done, is little short of miraculous. All around her Carmel everything was destroyed. The flames licked the very walls and did no more. *Les Buissonnets* is untouched. A bomb is said to have fallen in the garden but failed to explode. The beautiful old cathedral of St. Pierre escaped without a scratch. Indeed the fine Place Thiers, dominated by the twin towers of the cathedral, came off very well. It is good, because this lovely old Square holds many memories of the little Thérèse. The Basilica escaped too, perhaps most remarkably of all. Many bombs fell in the vicinity and although the building was struck no really serious damage was done. All you notice to-day are the pock-marks made by shrapnel here and there, especially on the Stations of the Cross, which lie behind the main building.

Some memories of the Saint did not escape. The church of St. Jacques, the parish church of her family, was burnt out. It is not entirely a ruin and is being slowly restored by the Ministry of Works; but even when it is complete it must look out on a very different scene. Another parish church, St. Désir, on the road to

Caen, west of the town, was also destroyed. And, greater loss for the pilgrim, the Benedictine Abbey nearby where Thérèse received her early education and made her First Communion is gone for ever. Gone also is the home of the Guerins. They had a pharmacy in the shadow of St. Pierre at the eastern corner where the Place Thiers meets the high road to Paris, the Grande Rue. It was completely destroyed. The house is now rebuilt, and as a matter of interest continues to be used as a pharmacy.

So the pilgrim has much to be thankful for. The war has left him something. If the post-war epoch were less severe on French economy he could be more grateful still.

*I wish*

*to*

*spend*

*my*

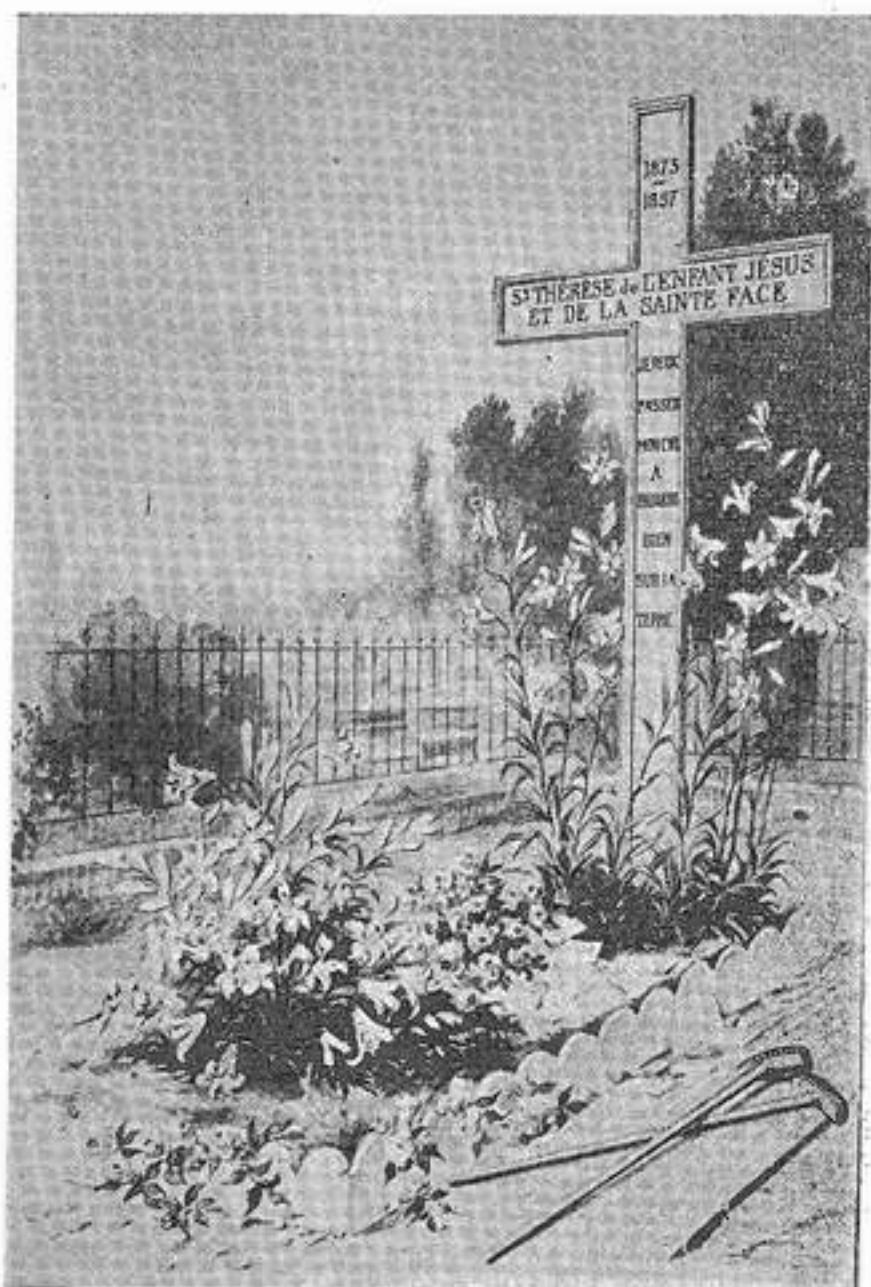
*heaven*

*doing*

*good*

*upon*

*earth*



At 24—a simple wooden cross

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# *Peace on Earth to Men of*

## ★ ★ *Goodwill* ★ ★

Rev. M. Sadlier



**T**HE spirit of Christmas is abroad again and everything conspires to make us happy. Doors are thrown open in hospitality. Toys, presents, seasonable greetings, fairy-lights on the Christmas tree, decorations and a festive table; these and a thousand other things are calculated to exploit the sentiment of thoughtfulness and good-fellowship. Children can dream of Santa Claus and wonder how he gets down so many chimneys in so short a time. Grown-ups will keep on dreaming of a white Christmas hoping with all insincerity, for a few feet of snow to cover the earth like a mantle of peace. If, as more often than not, we have to be content with a treacherous combination of rain and frost, the fire will burn brighter, when those we love are gathered with us around it.

Through all the welter of Christmas rejoicing there runs the familiar theme of the "most moving hymn in Christendom," the *Adeste Fideles*. "Come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, come ye to Bethlehem." Our minds turn readily to Bethlehem and to the message of the Crib, "peace on earth to men of goodwill." With its silent eloquence the crib teaches three kinds of peace; peace of mind, peace in the home, and peace in the world.

It is no mere accident that the first thing in the crib to catch the eye is the Infant lying in the manger. His arms are stretched out to attract our notice and draw us down to Himself to whisper something personal in our ear. He wants to share with us His own infinite contentment and happiness. Lying there in the manger He is a parable on peace of mind. If you reflect that happiness is essentially a matter of being content with your lot in life, it should be easy to start counting your blessings, when you see that the Son of God found no reason to be unhappy in a bed of straw. We have a tendency to blame everything except ourselves for our own misfortune. Things outside our control, like sickness and hard luck, do have an unpleasant knack of throwing us out of our stride. Nevertheless, only our own attitude of mind can make a bad state of affairs hopeless. No one gets as much out of life as he hopes to get and some get very much less out of it than others. But the Divine Infant made do with comfort of a manger to get shoulder to shoulder with us in the journey through life. He wanted to be on the spot in person to see that no one gets more

hardship than he is really able to bear. It is the first consoling thought about Christmas that the problem of suffering and pain was unravelled when God stepped into the midst of His creation in a stable at Bethlehem.

44 An infant makes an incomplete picture. You think instinctively of a mother and a home. That is why the figures of Mary and St. Joseph are always so unobtrusive in the crib. They give the homely touch that transforms the windswept cave into a cheerful family scene. A sense of peace pervades the place and makes you long for the blessing of a really happy home. The stark bareness of the cave walls discourages any mere wishful thinking. To be all smiles in the home all the time is more than human nature can rise to without a lot of effort and a lot of prayer.

25 There are many husbands and fathers of families and, though they are excellent men in most ways, they never stop to think that even the smallest annoyances, repeated day after day, can drive those around them to the point of desperation. The happiness of the home should, of course, be the first and last interest of a mother's life. She should never be a specialist in setting every nerve in the home on edge. Sons and daughters too, can have their share in breaking up the peace of the home. Girls can make a home miserable with discontent and unfeeling criticism. A son can be unbelievably thankless. He can trample on a thousand opportunities of making it up in some small way to his home.

60 The devotion of a family to the peace and happiness of its home should be as constant as the lamp which burns before the picture of the Sacred Heart. It should not be something that comes to the surface at Christmas and submerges itself again in the New Year, when the tinsel is fading and the decorations are coming down.

60 If there was peace in the mind of every human being and peace in every home, the peace of the world would not take much looking after. The presence of shepherds and foreign kings in the Crib is a symbol of the fact that distinction of race and class are no insurmountable obstacle to peace among men. Let statesmen give glory to God by applying His laws of justice and fair-play; let them bring to the Council table a charitable understanding of each other's difficulties and we would see an end to international tension. We would not be far from world-peace, if statesmen of the great nations took time off from flying around the globe to kneel before the Crib. They would learn many lessons in peace-making and goodwill from the Infant who, without a single threat of violence, has been bringing peace of mind to millions of people for close on two thousand years.

It must be because peace is the prevailing note that our thoughts at Christmas are full of gentle things from robins and reindeers to wisps of smoke that trail up from quaint little houses into a settled sky. We want music too to suit our mood. Slow melodious music



156  
 with a tear and a smile and a thought for the absent ones; wild reckless music that catches us up in a merry whirlwind of make-believe and nonsense. When the fire burns down on Christmas night there is always a strange feeling of emptiness and a moment of stillness in which we can almost hear the years go by. We know then that there would be no peace or joy if Christmas should ever lose its mirth or if time could dim the memory of shepherds hastening through the night, while angels sang in the heavens and Mary and Joseph smoothed the straw for the Infant lying in the manger.

### OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

—oo—

545  
 436  
 981  
*That the peace and joy of Bethlehem  
 may fill the homes of all our  
 readers this Holy season.*

### THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

(12th CENTURY CAROL)

Jesus our brother, strong and good,  
 Was humbly born in a stable rude,  
 And the friendly beasts around Him stood,  
 Jesus our brother, strong and good.

"I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown,  
 "I carried His Mother up hill and down,  
 "I carried her safely to Bethlehem town ;"  
 "I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

"I," said the cow, all white and red,  
 "I gave Him my manger for His bed,  
 "I gave Him my hay to pillow His head ;"  
 "I," said the cow, all white and red.

"I," said the sheep with curly horn,  
 "I gave Him my wool for His blanket warm,  
 "He wore my coat on Christmas morn ;"  
 "I," said the sheep with curly horn.

"I," said the dove from the rafters high,  
 "Cooed Him to sleep, that He might not cry,  
 "We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I ;"  
 "I," said the dove from the rafters high.

# Temporal Power of The Popes

REV. JAMES O'BYRNE, C.C.

**W**HEN the Church, after three centuries of persecution under the Roman Emperors, emerged from the Catacombs into the light of day she had no possessions. Under the law of Constantine in 321 she received power to acquire property. The first Christian Emperor and the newly converted nobles, by their gifts, soon put the Church in possession of considerable estates. By these gifts the donors wished to provide means by which Pope, Bishops, Priests and Clerics would be able to subsist and also to place them in a position to carry out the precept of the Master to preach the Gospel to all nations. These donations of property and land continued for about three centuries and in the time of Pope Gregory the Great (590-604) embraced large farms, pasture lands, forests, even villages and towns. According to Latin custom a number of these estates formed what was called a 'massa.' A certain number of 'massae' formed a patrimony, which was equivalent in size to an ancient Roman province. These patrimonies were situated around Rome and occupied almost the entire province of Latium (now Lazio), although some few were scattered in other parts of the peninsula. All these various patrimonies of the Church were known as the Patrimony of St. Peter. There were considerable revenues from these holdings and they were devoted to the building of churches, monasteries, hospitals, for purchasing the freedom of slaves, and for relieving the poor and the needy in Italy and elsewhere. So much was this the case that St. Gregory called the Patrimony of St. Peter "the property of the poor."

## ADDITIONAL TERRITORIES

Later on the possessions and territories of the Church were enlarged by two large donations made in 754 and 756 by Pepin, King of the Franks, to Pope Stephen II. By these acts the Duchy of Rome, the Exarcate of Ravenna and the Marches of Ancona were added to the dominion of the Church. The grants of Charlemagne in 787 still further increased the area. By the Will of Countess Mathilda of Tuscany, who died in 1115, parts of Tuscany and Umbria became part of the Papal domain. The acquisition of these areas meant that, with the Patrimony of St. Peter, the Papal



States, as they now came to be known, covered the central part of the Italian peninsula. The Papal States included the cities of Rome, Perugia, Bologna and Ravenna, the ports of Civita Vecchia on the west coast and Ancona on the east. The population of the territory was a little over 3,000,000 people. The possession of the Papal States gave the Popes a position of sovereign independence that guaranteed the free exercise of their Spiritual Authority. This position was also the occasion of much evil for the Popes and the Church. At various times small factions within the Papal States tried to usurp the papal power. Emperors and kings attempted, and sometimes succeeded, in annexing the territory to their own dominions. Still, in spite of trouble and strife, the Papal States remained substantially the same for seven hundred and fifty years up to 1860.

The French Revolution and the strength of the Armies of the Revolution brought the first serious trouble to the Papal States. Pius VI rejected the Civil Constitution of the French Clergy and the French decided to retaliate by seizing papal territory. A French Army, under Napoleon, sacked Rome in 1798 and proclaimed a republic. Pius VI refused to submit and was taken away in captivity to France where he died the following year. His successor, Pius VII, was held prisoner by Napoleon from 1809 to 1814. On the final defeat of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna restored the States to the Church in 1815.

### PAPAL STATES OCCUPIED

A new movement was now on foot—the unification of all Italy. Plots and conspiracies were formed and the House of Savoy, Kings of Piedmont in the northern part of Italy, took a leading part in advocating the unity of Italy, casting themselves for the part of Rulers of United Italy. Since this movement meant curbing the Papal States in some way it is not surprising that all the anti-clerical elements in Italy rallied to the side of the House of Savoy. Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti, a man of more liberal opinions than his predecessors, had been elected Pope under the name of Pius IX in 1846. He introduced new reforms in the governing of the Papal States and appointed a layman named Rossi as his Prime Minister. But the anti-clerical elements were in full cry and would not be mollified. A band of hired assassins were brought in from outside and Rossi was brutally assassinated in 1848 and the assassins made their crime still more brutal by congregating after the deed under the windows of Rossi's widow singing lampoons and jeering at her. A mob of cut-throats took possession of the city and Pius IX had to escape from the city in disguise and take refuge in Gaeta in the

kingdom of Naples. At this the Republic of Rome was proclaimed for the second time. Pius IX did not return to Rome until 1850, when the Republic had been overthrown by French troops, not for any love of the Pope but because the French feared that if they did not do it the Austrians would and thereby gain prestige. The plotting went on and it was obvious that the Piedmontese politicians were going to stop at nothing to get the Pope and the Papal States out of their way so that the House of Savoy might govern all Italy. By a series of Treaties and bargains the whole northern part of Italy had come under their control and now their frontiers were contiguous with those of the Papal States. Bands of terrorists dashed into the Papal States and raided villages and towns, tearing down Papal emblems, and hoisting the tricolour of Savoy in an attempt to cajole outside opinion into thinking that these were spontaneous acts of revolt by citizens of the Papal States. It was now obvious that the Piedmontesi were bent on warlike action against the territory of the Pope and towards the end of 1859 Pius IX, who had only a token army of a couple of thousand men, issued an appeal to the Catholic world for men and arms to defend the temporalities of the Church. Among the volunteers were a considerable number of Irishmen who were formed into the Battalion of St. Patrick (commonly known as The Irish Brigade) commanded by Major Myles William O'Reilly, a native of Co. Louth. In the campaign of 1860 this Battalion distinguished itself at Ancona, Spoleto, and in the final battle of Castelfidardo, where the Papal army was defeated by weight of numbers. This defeat meant the loss to Pius IX of the greater part of the Papal States, leaving him only with the city of Rome, St. Peter's Patrimony, and the port of Civita Vecchia. In 1870 the Piedmontesi concluded their conquest of the Papal States when they entered Rome on 20th September after a gallant defence of the walls by Papal troops. Pius IX retired to voluntary imprisonment in the Vatican Palace. The occupation of Rome brought a chorus of protest from the whole Catholic world but very little action by the governments.

### LAW OF GUARANTEES

In an attempt to appease world opinion the Italian Government, as it now called itself, produced in November of 1870 the Law of Guarantees which regulated the relations of Italy with the Holy See. It could not be called a Treaty since it was completely unilateral. In its first part it invested the Pope, though deprived of territory, with the full attributes of a sovereign. He was allowed to keep his



personal guard. He was to have his own postal and telegraph services and the exclusive use—though not the ownership—of the Vatican, Lateran and Castel Gandolfo Palaces. In compensation for his lost territories he was to receive an annual sum of 3,000,000 lire. Pius IX ignored the Law of Guarantees and when the first instalment of his new allowance was produced, he rejected it. The Sovereign Pontiff adopted this attitude because he judged it impossible to fulfil his high spiritual mission so long as he did not possess a temporal state, no matter how small, in which, as sovereign ruler, he should have complete freedom of action. He maintained that as long as the position of the Papacy was wholly subject to the whims of the Italian Parliament it was neither independent nor free.

### LATERAN TREATY

Pius IX died in 1878 without again leaving the Vatican. His successors Leo XIII, St. Pius X, Benedict XV, were elected in the Vatican and never left it during their Pontificates. Pius XI judged that the time had arrived for a settlement of the long-standing dispute with the Italian Government. Ultra-secret negotiations began in 1926. (It is interesting to note that the Papal advocate at these discussions was Francesco Pacelli, lawyer-brother of Pope Pius XII). From the very beginning Pius XI was adamant on the point that any settlement must include the reestablishment of the Pope's temporal sovereignty over an independent territory, certainly very small, but large enough to remove all danger of equivocation. The conflict between the Kingdom of Italy and the Holy See was brought to an end on 11th February, 1929, in the Lateran Treaty, signed on behalf of the Holy See by Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, and by Benito Mussolini, Prime Minister, on behalf of the Italian Government. With this Treaty came into being a new sovereign and independent state known as the VATICAN CITY. It is the smallest sovereign state in the world and covers only an area of 109 acres. But it is a real state and this was shown by its independence during the late war when countless refugees from totalitarian states sought sanctuary and were succoured in the Vatican City. Since 1870 the spiritual influence of the Popes has greatly increased. It is a truism to state that from the narrow confines of the Vatican City the Holy Father wields greater spiritual authority and more real power than did any of his predecessors in the more spacious days of the Papal States.



# Marian Year Shrines

**D**URING the Marian Year the people of the diocese have shown their love for Our Lady by erecting many shrines in her honour.

In these pages we mention just two of these shrines, one taken from the country and the other from the city. One is at Ballyine, Carrickerry, in the hills of Newcastle West where Mass was said in the Penal Days, and where Mass was again said on the 15th August last, when Very Rev. Fr. Ruddle, P.P. of Ardagh, blessed the shrine. The other, which was blessed on 15th August also, by Very Rev. Canon Lee, P.P., St. Mary's, is at the entrance to St. Mary's Park, the first of the new housing estates to be built in Limerick nearly twenty years ago.

Standing by the shrine at Ballyine one can see all the County Limerick plains stretching South and East. At night the lights of Dromcollogher can be seen to the South and those of Rathkeale and Limerick to the East and North East. It was an ideal place for the secret Mass, as a few men on the rising ground above the hollow, where the shrine now stands, could cover the approaches from all sides.

The memory of the days when Mass was said there is still very much alive among the people of Ballyine. Up to 1937, they had living amongst them a man whose grandfather had told him that he had acted as a scout while Mass was being said there. The coming of the Marian Year gave birth to the idea that they would perpetuate their memory by erecting an altar, surmounted by a life-size statue of Our Lady. Gradually the idea took shape around the fire last Winter. A Committee was formed and a plan of the proposed shrine drawn up. At the beginning of April they began work and the last few evenings before the 15th of August saw work on the finishing touches continued by the light of lamps after darkness had fallen.

On the morning of the 15th August, nearly 3,000 people converged on the shrine, following the roads and paths, which their forefathers had taken, two hundred years before. After Mass was said, Fr. Ruddle recalled for the people the days when this hillside was the people's church and that it was probable that Dr. Lacey, the fugitive Bishop of Limerick, who was hiding in the area about 1750, had said Mass here.

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Two years ago, the people of St. Mary's Park formed a committee to improve by community effort the amenities of their district. Before undertaking any of their proposed objectives, however, they decided to erect a shrine to Our Lady at the entrance to the Park, this being the first Marian Shrine in the City.

On the 15th of August High Mass was offered in the parish church for all who in so many different ways had contributed to the





Shrine at Ballyine, Carrickerry.

work. Afterwards about four thousand people gathered around the shrine for the ceremonies there, and heard Canon Lee congratulate his people on the devotion, energy and good taste which had brought this beautiful shrine into being.

It is to be hoped that these and the many other shrines throughout the diocese will promote devotion to Our Lady, and will cause the thoughts of many passers-by to turn to the Queen of Heaven.

## BETHLEHEM

**A**FTER wandering through the narrow streets of Bethlehem for a short time I went to the Church of the Nativity. Three huge Convents—Latin, Greek and Armenian—surround the church and almost completely obscure the external view.

The one devotional spot in Bethlehem is not in the church, but in the grotto beneath it, where the Saviour was born. A long flight of dark steps leads down to the grotto ; it is no longer a cave, for masonry and decorations have completely altered its original appearance. This grotto is, naturally, one of the Holy Places, and Greeks, Armenians and Latins have legal rights here, and that has led to constant bickerings. There is no need to comment on this unchristian conduct ; enough to state that a bitter quarrel between the rival sects was one of the alleged causes of the Crimean War. This is the earliest Christian shrine ; an unbroken tradition has marked it out as the birthplace of the Founder, and even when Calvary was the site of a pagan temple after the fall of Jerusalem, and Nazareth was the refuge of Jewish fanatics, the holy cave was revered by the scattered Christians of Judea.

The Cave, as it stood originally, must have been like those that can still be seen in the soft chalky hills around Bethlehem, and which, if near human dwellings, are often used as stables for domestic animals. The grotto is now divided into three parts : on the right at the foot of the stairs is the Chapel of the Nativity ; on the left, a little lower down, the Chapel of the Manger ; then lower still, the Altar of the Adoration of the Magi. The Chapel of the Nativity is resplendent, marble lining on the walls, smooth cement floors and steps, flaring lamps, gaudy ikons and rich embroidery. Oh, how strange they all seemed in the lowly stable where the little Saviour was born.

There is, however, one decoration or memorial that is very impressive ; a hollow has been made in the pavement and a diamond star has been inserted, around which is written in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." So it was here He came in darkness and silence while the mid-winter stars were shining above ! The Place is lowly still, despite all the surrounding pomp, and pilgrims can become little children again here and pour out their hearts to the Great Child.

He was the guiding Star, the "Light that shineth in the darkness," and down in this cave nearly forty steps from the outer



world one realises that the true light is here and the darkness is above.

A few more steps to the left led to the Chapel of the Manger. The original manger was removed to St. Mary Major's in Rome, where, I am told, it is venerated at High Mass on Christmas Night. A substitute manger, evidently of marble, has been placed in this chapel. It is so cold and unreal that I can't understand why a wooden crib was not placed here instead. However, there it is, and if you have faith you can adore the little shivering Babe Who was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the manger.

A little lower down is the place of the Adoration of the Magi. Frankly, I don't believe that the Magi adored their King here, but in some humble home in Bethlehem where the Holy Family at last found decent shelter. It is hardly likely that they would have remained with their Infant in a bleak cave during the week, at the very least, that we must allow the Magi for their long journey from the East. True, warriors and refugees often lived in caves in Old Testament days, but, when the census was taken and the strangers had departed, it must have been easy to find lodgings in Bethlehem.

However, this was the Cave of Bethlehem that I had pictured long ago, when I was in the "Fourth Book," and all the decorations and alterations could not change that picture or damp my enthusiasm at finding myself at last on this sacred spot. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, the earthly Trinity, had been here. Over there in a narrow crib I could almost see a lovely little Baby, His baby fingers outstretched to clasp up all and lead us on ; his baby cries appealing for sympathy and love. Bending over Him was a young, girlish Mother, smiling, loving, adoring. Nearer to the place where I knelt was a grave, silent man, pondering, as I was then, on the wonderful ways of God. Angels were singing above ; shepherds were speeding on here from the neighbouring fields ; messages of love were passing between heaven and earth.

I was back again in the child's Christmas, the loveliest idyll on earth, and down there beneath the world's oldest church and thousands of miles away from the old schoolhouse where I first learned this wonderful story, the long span of memories vanished and the world grew young again.

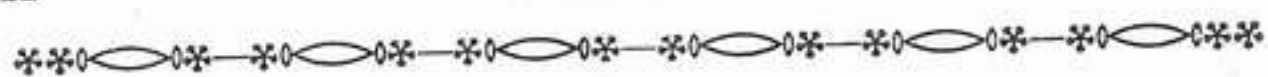
(From "Christ's Homeland"—M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin by kind permission.)

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### CARRY ON

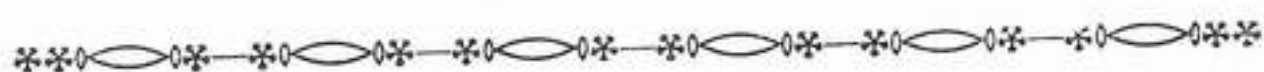
When St. Aloysius Gonzaga was playing a game of bowls a friend said to him : "What would you do, Aloysius, if you were told that you were going to die in half an hour ?"

"I should go on with my game," he replied.



# DRAMAÍOCT NA SEAN-AIMSIRE

p. Ó Cochláin



Ní dóca go raib don treab daoine ariam a cuip an oiread ruime ra dramaíocht agus a cuip muintear na Spéise, go háirithe muintear na hAicaine, ra ceathrú agus ra cuigiú aoir roim Chríost. D'rin an uair go raib na dramaíche clúiteada, Sophocles, Euripides agus Aeschylus ina mbeathar. Mair a gcáil go dtí an lá inniu, cé ná fuil aet roinnt beas dá raotar le fáil.

An uair go bfuilimid as trácht air bí amharclann mór i gcaitir na hAicaine, agus rí ann do troma míle duine. Is minic bíod an amharclann mór ran lán go troma, bí olúit baint roir an dramaíocht agus raol na ndaoine, agus bí na dramaí bunaithe ar na liamháin agus ar na pinní a veinead na daoine mar aórad ar Óionuir, dia an fáir, cé go luaitear a ainm níor minicí leir an bfuil ná le h-aon plannoda eile. Tus na Spéise agus na Rómánaig Bacchus air, in a óiaró rin. Bíod dá féile ar fuil ra bliain, féile an Eapraig agus féile an Seimpró. Tasaó na daoine ar gac airt den Spéis agus ran amharclann agus ra caitir a bíod an féile. Do leanat den bfeile ar fead reachtaine agus is beas obair a veintí na laethanta ran. Duntat cúirteanna an olí agus bíod raorhe as gac uile duine. Ní bíod le véanam acu ac aórad ar Óionuir agus freartal ar an dramaíocht ran amharclann.

An amharclann féin, ní raib don óion uirte aet i oircailte don rpeir agus don aimpir. Bí rí i bfuilm leat-óiricail agus na ruicáin aómar nó cloice ór cionn a céile agus de gnát bíod rí ar élaetán enuic. Sa trlí rin, bíod raóaric as gac éinne den luét féacana ar an aroán. Bíod an cuir is mó der na ruicáin corais fé ragsaric, agus iricis i lár baili bíod ragsaric Óionuir. Com mair bíod dealb den dia féin ór cóir an aroán. Dailíod an rlua i moe na mairne. Fir is mó a tasaó, agus o'fanat na mná leo féin in áit fé leir. Ní raib ceat as mnáoi beir i láitir nuair a bíod comatí á leirí.

## CAISDEÁN ÁRO

Is tré iomaíocht nó comórtar do tugat bpeir ar na dramaí, agus cuiread na dramaíche ba mó cáil ra Spéis irteac ar an sco-mórtar. San amhar ní san cōrtar tugat an treacain iomlán do dramaíocht, ac an rcaic a bíod óir leir agus bailicí an t-airgead ór na daoine raibhe. Níor leor dramaí amáin do gac iarracóir ra comórtar. Déad air ceirhe dramaí do cur ór cóir an pobail-



trí cinn de dhramaí trágíochta agus dhrama shinn nó ractair. Ba mhinic a d'inead na trí cinn trácht ar an ríéal céanna, cé gur dhrama iomlán gac ceann aca ann féin. Deir ughdair gur gnáthas na ceithre cinn a léiríú in aon ló amháin, a'c níor d'escailtí rian a d'éanamh mar ní raib aon dhrama díob leat com' fada le dhramaí an lae inniu.

Tá eolair agus gur rchíob Archelaus cúis dhramaí ir' reachtó, Sophocles ór cionn céad agus Euripides ór cionn ceithre ríob. Níl aon amhar a'c gur rchíob gac duine den tréir níor mó ná rian, a'c ré an trua go bfuilte cailte. Ruó do-éireóte é gur buaio file d'aró ainm Philocles ar Sophocles uair amháin ar a laigead ra comórtar agus gur buaio filí eile Euphion agus Xenocles ar Euripides. Scriodar ro go léir ó 499 B.C. go 405 B.C., agus ón raibre beas luachmar atá fágta ir' fupar a cuigrint go raib cailteán an-áir le rrioirint as dhramaí rana mbainfeadó ré duair amac ra comhlint. D'í na dhramaí ro mar rcomplaí as filí agus dhamaíte a táimis ina n'iair, ríú go rí an lá inniu. Méala móir gan na reoda dhamaíochta go léir, do rchíobadó ra rreís do beic agus !

### TORANN 'SAN AMARCLANN

Mar a duairtar dhamaí comórtair a díob ar ríil. Díob breicúin rreirialta ann cun a mbreic a d'airt agus duaireanna a molaó agus na breicúin céanna fé mionn go n'íolrair ceart agus cóir leir na iomaóirí. Níor bfuirte díob, áh, na dhamaí do mear mar níor leart leir an éirteat iomlán a mbreic féin a d'airt gan ríat gan eagla. Ir' le gáirib, ir' le bualaó bar, agus uaireanta le bualaó toraig an truoáin cloice len a rálair, ba gnáth leo an breic rin do cun i níl. Dá gcuiread ughar éigin fearis orá len a cúir rmaointe, nó le donaó a dhama bfeirir go gcairir cloca leir agus go mbead ar an duine boó teicead len a anam ar an amarlann.

Cé go raib a lán den luó éirteata cuirionaó érimíúil bí rionnt ná raib. Daoine gan léinn, gan eolair, gan d'airt ruar, gan ríim aca i dhamaíochta a bea iad rian agus an cúir ba meara den ríal, fé mar a d'árláionn go minic ó rin, b'aca rian díob ur-mor an gleiró. Deir Noráir (in a díair rin ra Róim) go ríad daoine go rí an amarlann cun ríom agus torann do d'éanamh gan cúir gan ábar. Céad na buionta rian ann cun a gcaiteam aimpire féin do ríoláir, agus gan beann aca ar an b'íochta ba ceolmaire dár cumad ríam. Ba d'escailtí dor na breicúin a mbreic a d'airt, raio ir' bead daoine den tróir rin as béicis ir' as rreirteais ir' as d'éanamh ríom gan éirteat.

Múrcail na dhamaí rrioirad agus meanmain i muinir na rreige. Cuiread anam ionnta agus rreirad an ríó i ríoinne na b'píreac. Níoró anam do dhamaí féin, a clairdeam a d'ar-raingt cuige agus ríol i rreirair na n'ar ar ríon ríre ir' ríair.

# DEMOLARISED

EDWARD J. DELANEY ("Clanwilliam")

A DENTIST has two accomplices, a doctor and a toothache, and when both join forces against you it looks like a certain trip to the chair. In the past I often endured a toothache with a fortitude which every thoughtful dentist deplures; and I had known about doctors as Mr. Dooley knew about Matrimony—the way an astronomer knows about the stars. How, then, I came to be in a consulting room is beyond me to explain, it being probably one of these unaccountable turns which senility takes even in men who still give no outward indication of being gone soft in the bean.

The doctor, without asking me anything, took one look at me, and told me gravely to sit down, and I almost fell down. He hung a catapult out of his ears and pushed the handle of it against a number of sites across my front, but nothing happened, except that the catapult got warm. He walked round to my back and knocked, but there was no reply. He tried to prod holes with his finger in soft places, but the skin held. He searched under my eyelids but found nothing, and then he opened my mouth and looked into me.

"Aha!" he said, in medical phraseology, "those teeth, my boy. [They must come out."

"Out?" I echoed, feebly.

"Yes, out!" he retorted strongly. "Every one of them, and the sooner the better."

He became almost emphatic about them. They were the cause of my neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, heartburn, halitosis, dyspepsia, dizziness, languid feelings and what not. I could not deny that I had all these things, including what not. Though not a doctor myself I had noticed the symptoms for years. There were even times when I was attacked by them all simultaneously, especially on Monday mornings, when the only thing that was not wrong with me was elephantiasis. "See a dentist at once," he commanded, as I tottered out into the sunshine.

I went up the street and saw a dentist's house. It did not look as if the dentist were in. I went down the street, considered this problem, walked up again, and looked at the dentist's door knocker, which did not at all look as if the



dentist were in. Then I jumped a yard in the air as a blood-curding scream rent it. But I stood my ground when I discovered that it came only from an urchin behind me, whose bun had been snapped by a hungry dog. I walked down and up once more, and then, with the determination for which I am noted, I made up my mind. I looked the door knocker in the eye, buttoned my overcoat, squared my shoulders, pushed my hat well down on my poll, gritted my discredited teeth, and went home.

After all, nobody takes much notice of doctors. Subtraction is their strong suit—they are forever taking things away. They nip out your tonsils and leave you nothing to sing with, they deprive you of your adenoids and leave you nothing to sniff with, they walk off with your appendix and leave you without a thing to put fruit pips in. But you never hear one of them say that he must put a new cap on your knee, a new sheepskin in the drum of your ear, a new hinge in your right elbow, or a gold band on your duodenum.

I had a certain affection, too, for my teeth. They were the oldest friends I had, being associated with me in business and pleasure for well-nigh half a century. They had been powerful teeth in their day. I thought of the thousands of loaves they had ground up with ease. Bullocks, sheep, pigs, and poultry in goodly numbers had passed through their portals. If I gnashed my teeth they never complained. If I bit off more than I could chew, they never grumbled. When I smiled with them, beautiful country girls (and one from a city) grew faint with sighing. I looked at them reminiscently in the glass. They still seemed all right, a little bit off colour, perhaps, a little bit staggered here and there—but, part with them! Perish the thought!

I went to bed early, but not to sleep, for the second accomplice had come to take a hand. Waves of excruciating agony surged along my jaws, and out through the roof of my head, the line of least resistance. Shakespeare said that "there was never yet a philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently," and Shakespeare was right. Reflecting that I owe it to the human race to remain with it as long as I can, I rose in the morning and went to a dentist, because it was the sensible thing to do. What followed can only be adequately described by a row of dots . . . I have a hazy recollection of my mouth being opened so wide that I thought it would stay so, of a spike being driven through my gums until its point came out beneath my back collar stud, of thinking over my past life and wondering in how many places my jawbone was broken. And being unhinged for the nonce (or longer) I came back a week later, to

learn that my lower teeth were set in cement, from which they were dislodged by the same steelwristed demon, brandishing a tool such as they use for dismantling discarded bulldozers. Only another and longer row of dots can convey the faintest idea of what I endured . . . . .

Now I am harmless because my teeth are drawn, but happy because they can never be drawn again. Already I have almost forgotten the pain, especially as I have been informed by everybody around who had teeth extracted that they suffered far more than I did. I am further consoled by the assurance that in a month's time I will not know myself, another expensive acquaintance removed from my list. Though I am touched by the kindness of those who offer me apples, and toffee with nuts in it, I miss my sweet tooth sadly. Longfellow said a mouthful when he declared that "Heaven gives almonds to those who have no teeth."

However, with my customary habit of counting my blessings when I have nothing else to count, I am coming round to the view that there are even proverbial advantages in having one's teeth extracted. There seems no danger that I will ever again make three parts of a cherry, or bite the hand that feeds me. In fact, my bark is worse than my bite, though I have not the life of a dog, for even the law entitles him to a mouthful, which I am unable to take. When I have anything to say I never put a tooth on it, nor can anything be thrown in my teeth in reply. In truth, there is little danger of any reply, for when I express even my cursory thoughts in our well-beloved Gaelic, I am mistaken for a native speaker, I am so indistinct. I am even less flattered in other media, for when with wasted tact I used the fast-dying Bearla to broach to a Galltacht neighbour the question of a quite inconsiderable loan, he was unable to catch a single word.

But such setbacks I ignore, for after years of life as a nobody at home, it is quite pleasant to be once more the centre of the picture, as I used to be when I was formerly toothless. I am again the good boy who eats all his goody and pandy, whom the bogey man will never catch. My entertainment value is now even greater, for with such a mobile mouth I can make the most wonderful faces.

So, demolarised though I am, I keep my heart up, and if it comes into my mouth there is plenty of room for it; and I still consider life worth living for, like A. P. Herbert,

When Love is dead, Ambition fled,  
No molars left to gnash,  
I'll still enjoy a sausage, boy,  
A sausage boy, and mash.



# QUESTION BOX



**Q—What is the season of Advent ?**

**A—**The word Advent is derived from the Latin word "Adventus," which means "coming," and the season of Advent is a season of preparation for the coming of Christ on Christmas morning. It consists of approximately four weeks, to correspond to the 4,000 years that the world waited for a Redeemer to come. It is a season of penance because the Church wishes to remind us not only of the coming of Our Saviour on Christmas morning, but also of His second coming in Judgment, for which our life here is but a preparation. Just as the Prophets of old prepared the people through prayer and penance for the first Coming of Christ, so now in the season of Advent the Church wishes to prepare us for the Day of Judgment through prayer, penance and the reception of the Sacraments. This penitential aspect of the season of Advent is reflected in the Masses of the season. The vestments of the Priest are violet, there are no flowers on the altar and the organ is silent.

**Q—Is Knitting on a Sunday or on a Holyday of obligation forbidden?**

**A—**We learned in the Catechism that the Third Commandment forbids on Sundays or Holydays of obligation all unnecessary servile work. Nowadays, people generally regard as servile and forbidden work the ordinary work of the week which forms one's daily task and from which one derives one's livelihood. It is abstention from this work that constitutes the Sunday rest and which helps a man to forget the business of everyday life, and to turn his thoughts to God. Since the Sunday rest was never meant to be a mere giving away to idleness, it follows that an activity such as knitting, indulged in

merely as a recreation is not a servile work within the meaning of the Law and so is permissible on a Sunday or Holyday of Obligation.

**Q—What was the origin of the Christmas Crib ?**

**A—**Apart from His Passion and Death, no event in the Life of Our Divine Master, excited the imagination of mankind as did His Birth in the stable at Bethlehem and the circumstances surrounding it, viz. His Adoration by the shepherds and by the three Wise Kings. From the very beginning the greatest artists tried to paint the scene. In the Middle Ages, groups of men and boys, attached to the Cathedral churches, depicted the circumstances of the Nativity in what were known as Miracle or Mystery plays. In the 13th Century, St. Francis of Assisi decided to represent the Birth in a more intimate and homely way by setting up in the church what we now know as the Crib, where the various persons, e.g. Our Lady, St. Joseph, the shepherds, and the three Wise Kings, were represented in stone or wood or in paint. The idea caught fire and in the following centuries spread throughout Europe. For obvious reasons the Devotion of the Christmas Crib did not become popular in Ireland until after Catholic Emancipation. As yet it is a devotion that is not as popular here as it might be, seeing that it is confined almost exclusively to the church. There is no reason why the Christmas Crib should not find an honoured place in every home and school. What better way is there to bring home to children in a language they can understand the greatest of all the Christian truths, viz. that the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity became Man.

# TEMPLEGLANTINE

**T**HE parish of Templeglantine stretches from the gap of Barnagh to Devon Road railway station. It is 5 miles long and about as many broad. It has a population of 1,364 souls and they are all Catholics. I wonder if this parish is unique in one particular among all the parishes of our land : It has neither a public house nor a police station !

I am quite certain of this. Templeglantine has the finest rural school-house in the diocese of Limerick. The original building goes back a long way. It was built in 1848 by the Earl of Devon. An hundred years later to the very year, Father John Kelly reconstructed it and added a class room. It was a fine school before the present Manager and Parish Priest, Father Michael Quinn, undertook the additions and embellishments that are just now complete. Work began in February 1953 and the local contribution came to £480 3s. 5d. The final job is superb. It is everything that a rural school, indeed that any school anywhere might hope to be. Even



These are the senior boys with their Principal, Mr. Dillane. It may be as well to say that they take their studies much more seriously than their pictures.

There are 53 pupils in the boys' school, the little fellows having to make-do with the girls until they are old enough to be classified as men. The junior pupils are in the care of the Assistant, Mrs. McEnery.





There are 99 children on roll in Templeglantine girls' school and these are a fair sample. Miss O'Gorman is the Principal, Mrs. Dillane and Mrs. O'Sullivan Assistants.

the letter-writers in the newspapers could hardly find fault with it.

The new wings, to both the boys' and girls' schools, include indoor toilet accommodation, cloak rooms and teachers' rooms. The school is particularly fortunate in having an adequate water supply. The hill directly opposite the school on the south side provides a wonderful boon. The County Council laid an excellent water system in 1948. Three wells at an elevation of about 500 feet are the source of supply. From these the water is piped to a reservoir some 200 feet below and thence is piped to the school. The supply is quite sure as the reservoir can take 4,000 gallons. A special pipe brings drinking water to the school fountains, so that the merry boys and girls you see in our pictures are never thirsty.

The parish of Templeglantine as such is not very old. It was part of Monagea until 1864 when it was formed into a separate parish with Father John Walsh as its first pastor. When Father Walsh took over, the church was already built, having been erected in 1829, the year of Catholic Emancipation. There was no residence, however, and the present parochial house was put up by the new pastor. In recent times both church and house were showing their years and during the past decade about £3,000 has had to be expended on them.

The church is now very beautiful. The work is complete apart from the reconstruction of the sacristy which Fr. Quinn has on hands at present. Eight new windows have been inserted, the walls plastered throughout, the ceiling painted, the floor tiled, the gallery reconstructed. Many new seats have been added, others repaired

and refurbished. There is an entirely new set of the Stations of the Cross, new vestments, a new and very handsome Monstrance.

And these material improvements are not the only evidence of the people's faith and spiritual vigour. Vocations to the priesthood and the religious life are perhaps the best indication, and in recent years the young men and women of Templeglantine have answered the call in considerable numbers. A priest for the diocese was ordained last summer. Four young men are going on for the priesthood in the Salesian Fathers of St. John Bosco. There are two young Brothers in the Carmelite Order. The missionary order of Killeshandra in the County Cavan has a nun from this parish, the Chinese mission another, and there are twelve professed Sisters of Nazareth. This is good return from a small parish, and when you see the Holy Year Cross on Meenoline Mountain, dominating the lands and homesteads of Templeglantine, you feel that it is a fitting symbol.



The church is very beautiful.

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## DIOCESAN COLLECTION

On the page opposite we publish the list of subscriptions received from the rural parishes. The returns from the City parishes, private subscriptions and those from commercial firms have been acknowledged already in the local Press.



## NEWCASTLE WEST DEANERY

Newcastle West	-	-	-	-	-	£750	0	0
Abbeyfeale	-	-	-	-	-	£630	0	0
Drumcollogher	-	-	-	-	-	£431	15	0
Castlemahon	-	-	-	-	-	£414	0	0
Tournafulla	-	-	-	-	-	£303	0	0
Athea	-	-	-	-	-	£302	16	6
Monagea	-	-	-	-	-	£283	0	0
Ardagh	-	-	-	-	-	£267	0	0
Templeglantine	-	-	-	-	-	£248	15	6
Killeedy	-	-	-	-	-	£245	10	0
Kilmeedy	-	-	-	-	-	£167	0	0
Glin	-	-	-	-	-	£153	13	6

## RATHKEALE DEANERY

Shanagolden	-	-	-	-	-	£608	6	6
Rathkeale	-	-	-	-	-	£500	0	0
Ballingarry	-	-	-	-	-	£483	15	6
Adare	-	-	-	-	-	£382	14	0
Knockaderry	-	-	-	-	-	£306	5	6
Askeaton	-	-	-	-	-	£305	5	0
Ballyhabill	-	-	-	-	-	£287	11	0
Croagh	-	-	-	-	-	£266	7	3
Kilcoleman	-	-	-	-	-	£223	0	0
Kildimo	-	-	-	-	-	£218	0	0
Stonehall	-	-	-	-	-	£174	0	0
Cappagh	-	-	-	-	-	£163	10	0

## KILMALLOCK DEANERY

Kilmallock	-	-	-	-	-	£1,024	8	6
Bruff	-	-	-	-	-	£620	0	0
Effin	-	-	-	-	-	£374	6	6
Glenroe	-	-	-	-	-	£339	15	6
Croom	-	-	-	-	-	£325	0	0
Dromin	-	-	-	-	-	£305	0	0
Bulgaden	-	-	-	-	-	£250	17	6
Ballygran	-	-	-	-	-	£241	7	6
Banogue	-	-	-	-	-	£201	17	0
Rockhill	-	-	-	-	-	£167	11	0
Kilfinane	-	-	-	-	-	£150	0	0
Manister	-	-	-	-	-	£131	7	6
Ardpatrick	-	-	-	-	-	£124	19	6

## LIMERICK DEANERY

Mungret	-	-	-	-	-	£501	16	6
Patrickswell	-	-	-	-	-	£355	13	6
Donaghmore	-	-	-	-	-	£320	0	0
Fedamore	-	-	-	-	-	£270	0	0
Cratloe	-	-	-	-	-	£150	0	0
Parteen	-	-	-	-	-	£129	0	0

# THE MASS

Rev. P. Houlihan

—OO—

**Y**OU would like to attend Mass better—to take part more fully in it. Then you must have a clear over-all idea of the Mass which will keep your attention focussed throughout. You must realize that, at Mass, in obedience to Our Lord's "Do this in memory of me" we re-enact the Last Supper.

Think of the first Mass on a Thursday evening in the city of Jerusalem, two thousand years ago. You are familiar with Leonardo Da Vinci's picture—Our Lord seated at the centre of the long wooden table, with six of the Apostles on either side of Him, John on His right hand and Peter on His left. He had gathered The Twelve around Him to eat His last meal with them. To-morrow He will give Himself up to the death of the Cross, but now He reveals to them a wonderful means by which He will remain always with them, and with all His friends—a means for which He has been preparing their minds during the past three years. So when the meal is over, He takes one of the small loaves of bread on the table and raising His eyes to Heaven and blessing it He divided it among them, saying, "Take ye and eat, for this is My Body." And then taking the cup of wine and blessing it, He gives it to each to drink, saying, "Take and drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins."

That then was the first Mass. And when the Master was gone, the Apostles carried out His command. So you can imagine Peter in Rome, John in Ephesus, or Paul in Corinth, say twenty years afterwards, gathering their converts around them, and taking bread and wine, and by the power of Christ changing them into His Body and Blood, so that the people might be put into life-giving contact with their Lord. So did the Master arrange that He would come to us to remind us of Himself and re-kindle our love for Him.

So, when you come to Mass, recall that it is as if you were one of the Twelve gathered around the Master, or one of the early Christians gathered round Peter in the Catacombs of Rome. Call to mind the picture of the Last Supper mentioned earlier and then, instead of the marble altar of the church, see the wooden table, and realize that the priest takes the place of Christ, and that you and those around you take the place of the Apostles.

Of course, when you think of the Mass like this, the first thing that strikes you is that the Church has added many prayers and ceremonies to what Our Lord did at the Last Supper. But what you should be clear on is that in the central part of the Mass the priest does and says exactly what Our Lord did and said. So,



keeping the account of the Last Supper before your mind, you see the priest, after he has taken the veil off the chalice **take** the bread which is on the paten and then, going to the right-hand side of the altar, **take** wine into the chalice. Then at the Consecration he **says** over the bread and wine the words which Our Lord used, and at the Communion, when the people gather closer round the altar, he **gives** them the Body of Christ. From what we have said, you see that it was Our Lord's intention that the Mass should be a Spiritual Banquet, at which we would receive Himself as the Food of our souls. Consequently, to take part fully in the Mass, you should, whenever possible, receive your Lord.

### ADDITIONS TO THE MASS

Let us consider now one or two of the additions which the Church has made to what Our Lord did at the Last Supper. First, the prayers, which you see the priest say at the beginning of Mass, at the foot of the altar. In these prayers the priest acknowledges himself to be a sinner and asks God to make him less unworthy to take the place of Christ. Then going to the right-hand side of the altar, he reads the Epistle, and afterwards, at the other side, the Gospel. To see how these readings began, cast your mind back to the Christians of Corinth in Greece, say sixty years after the time of Our Lord. See them gathered together around their priest, the man to whom Paul has passed on his power. Before he goes on to the renewal of the Last Supper, the priest stands and reads for them one of the letters (epistles in Latin) which Paul had written to their community. Then, taking the book in which the life-story of Jesus had been written (the Gospel), he reads the account of some incident in the life of the Lord. Then, at the end, before the people left, the priest would stand and bless them with the sign of the Cross of Christ—as the priest does at the end of the Mass to-day.

### RENEWAL OF CALVARY

If you read in your missal the prayers which the priest says after the Consecration, you will understand that the Mass, as well as being the renewal of the Last Supper, is also the renewal of Christ's sacrifice on Calvary—and this is the second idea that you must be conscious of when you come to Mass. This is so because after the Consecration, the Body of Christ, which is present on the altar is the Body which was nailed to the Cross on the hill of Calvary and still bears the marks of the nails, the spear and the thorns, and His Blood, which is present, is the Blood which was shed on Calvary. In other words, Christ the Victim, Who offered His life for the sins of men, is now present again, as Victim, on your altar and again renews that offering.

And so, realizing this, you should, as the priest does after the Consecration, join with Christ in making this offering of His death for us, at the same time asking God to forgive you all your sins,

and the sins of all near and dear to you and of all present with you in the church. Then you should ask God for the grace to resist your particular temptations, and for all the needs of yourself, your friends and all those gathered with you around the table of the Lord.

To summarize then :—When you come to Mass, you come to take part in the renewal of the Last Supper. You should, therefore, if possible, receive the Body of Christ, as the Apostles did. Secondly, after the Consecration, Christ, the Victim of Calvary, is present on the altar. Consequently, you should join with Him, as the priest does, in renewing the offering to God on our behalf of the sacrifice of His life.

## THE VALUE OF SILENCE

The American Negro writer, Elizabeth Laura Adams, has this tribute to pay her mother. 'Mother,' she says, 'never troubled friends with her burdens. She lived through crucial experiences and sorrows silently. Learn the value of silence, she would say to me. It keeps friends friendly, and enemies never know where to strike.'

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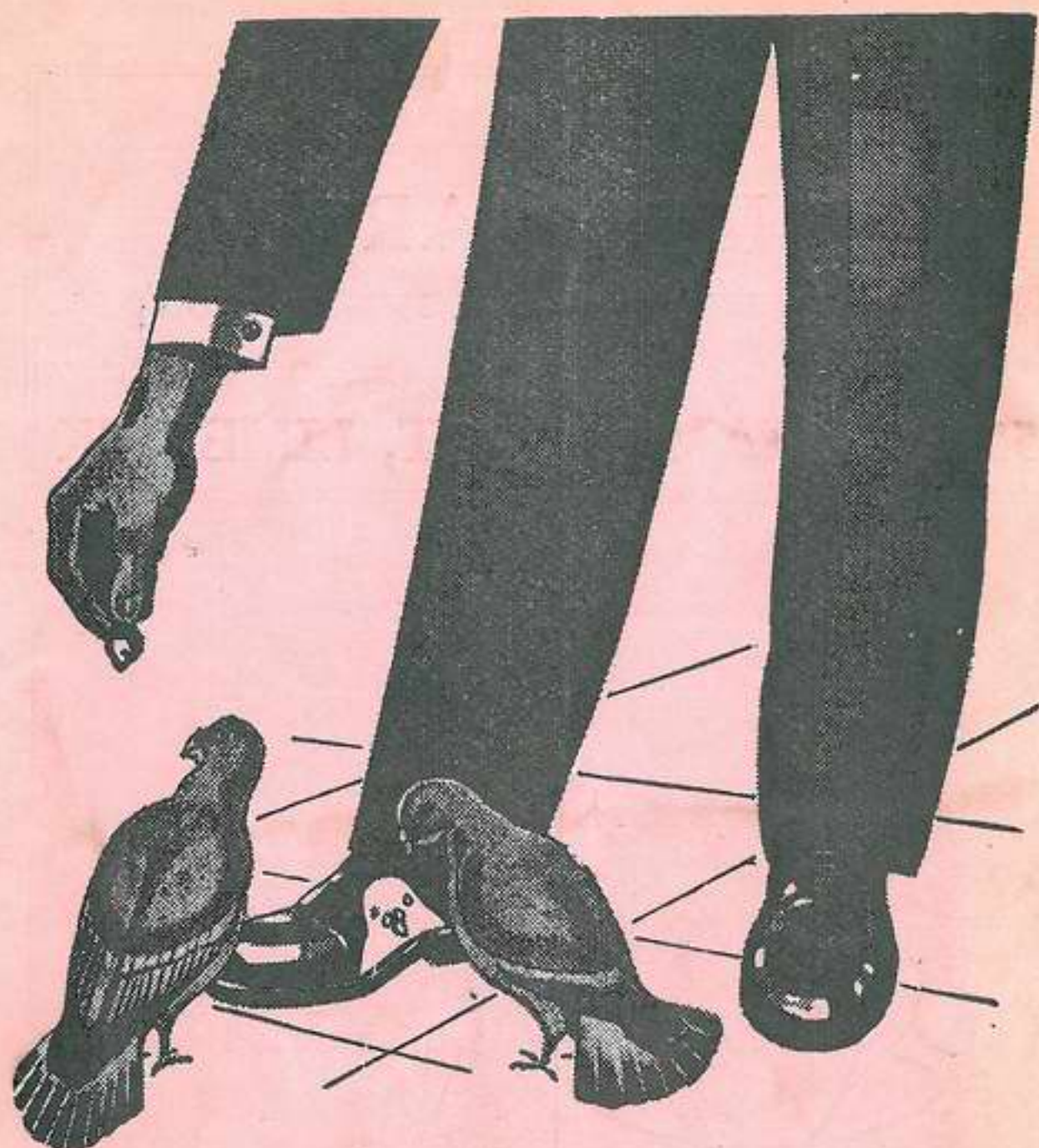
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