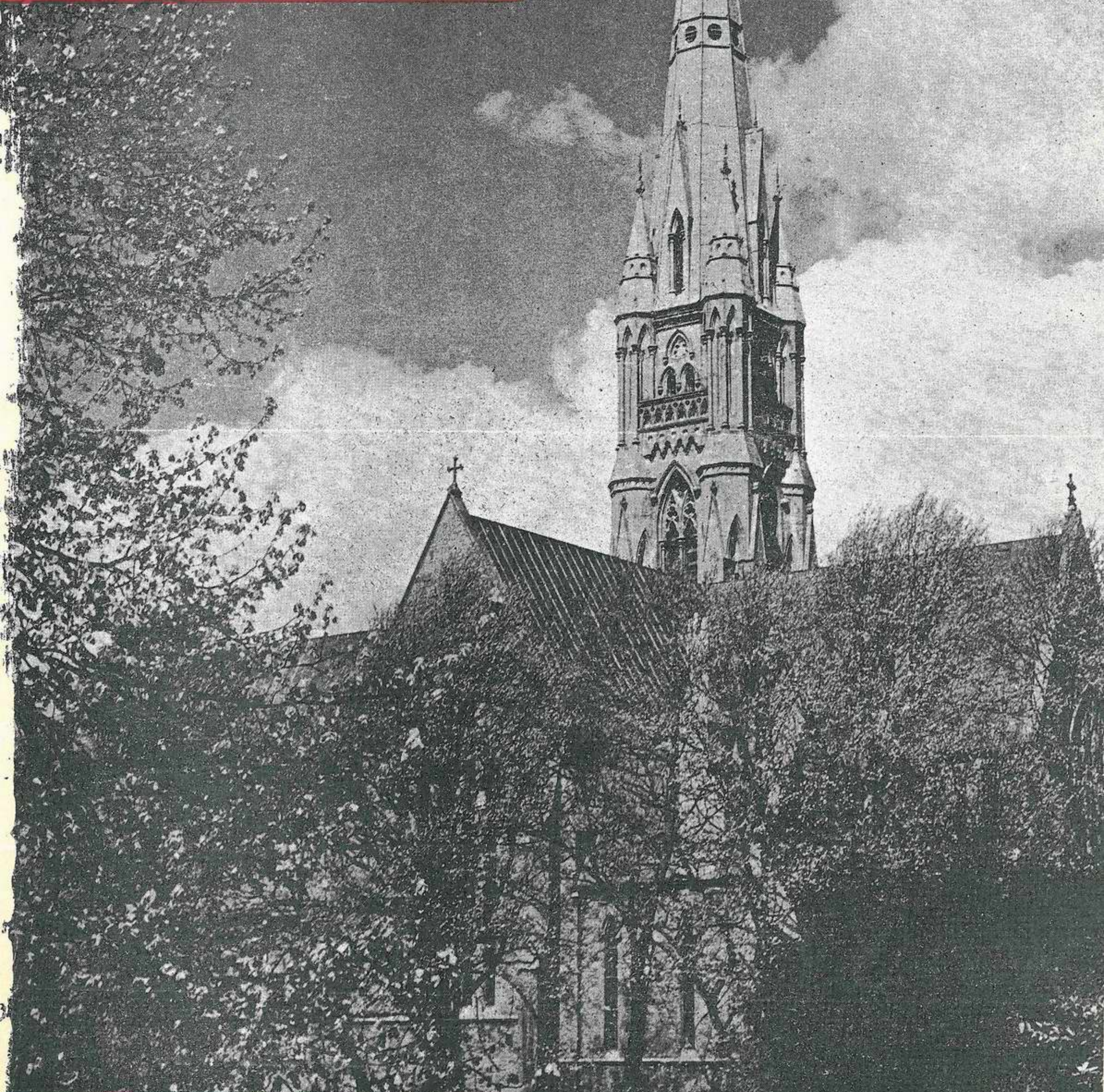


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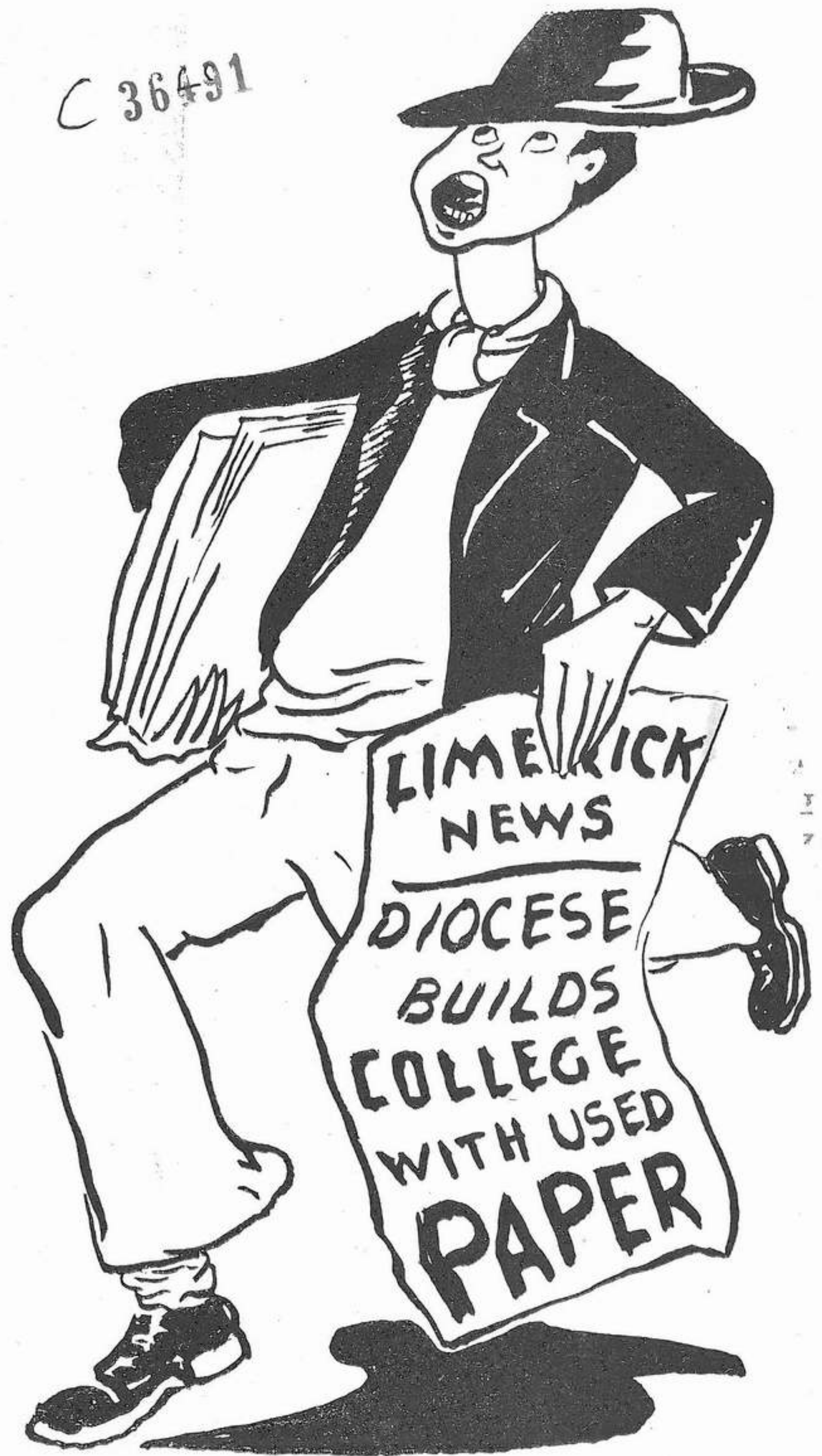
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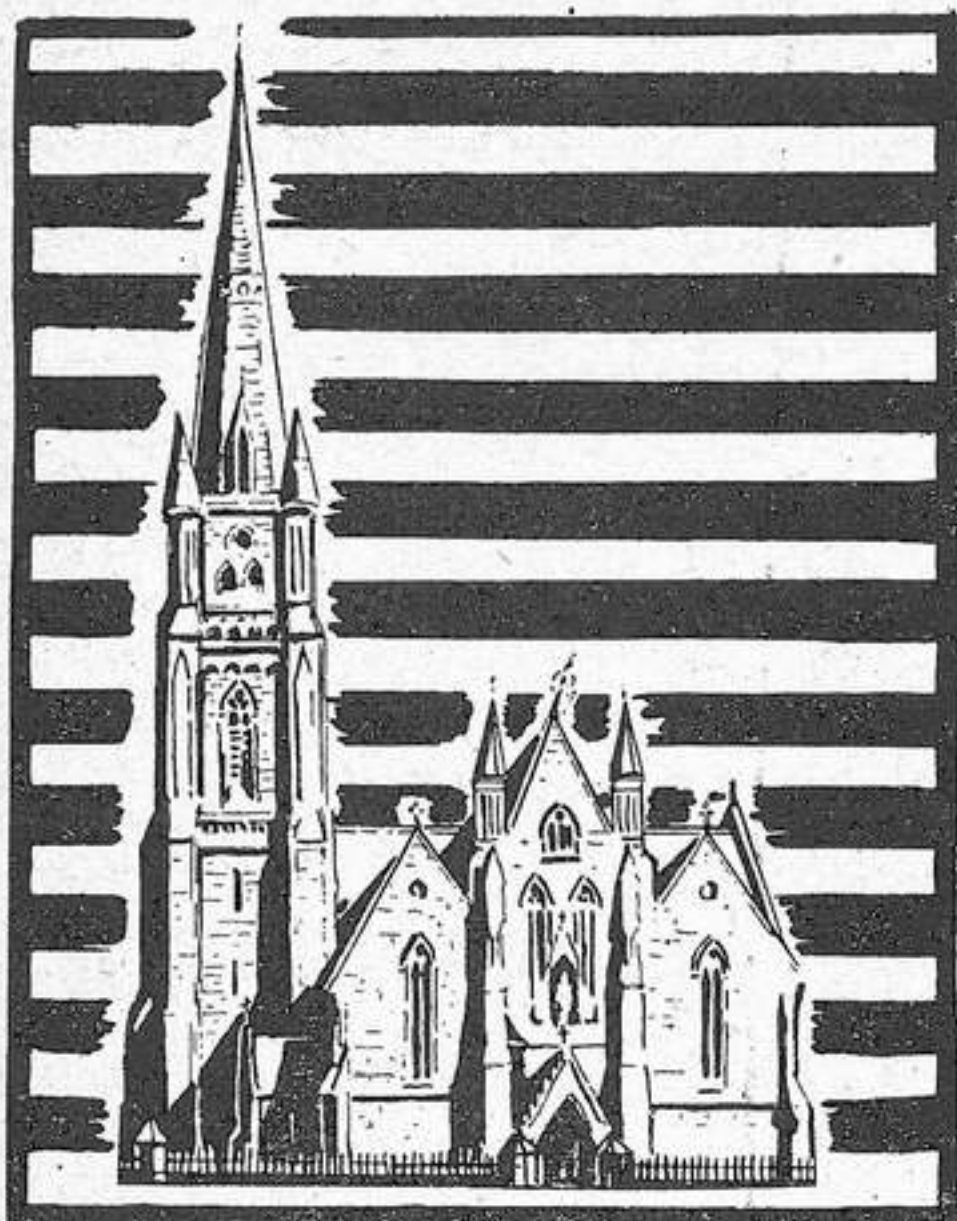
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Vol. II.

No. 1

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OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

APRIL, 1955

A Quarterly Magazine of the Limerick Diocese under the Patronage of
His Lordship, Most Reverend Patrick O'Neill, D.D.

Change Over

WE are young enough to change our name without confusion or embarrassment. **OUR CATHOLIC LIFE** does seem to hit off the idea of the Magazine more effectively than **CATHOLIC LIFE**. Our aim is deliberately narrow. We wish to draw attention to ourselves, to our individuality as a diocese and to our special needs.

WE have also changed the format. We suggest that what you have now is more suitable for a family magazine, more attractive and, we hope, more interesting.

BUT with the emphasis on ourselves can we really hope to be interesting enough? We ask our readers for a little patience and a great deal of help. You can help us in many ways as others have done so generously already. Why not send us suggestions about the general policy of the magazine? Perhaps you would let us have your views for publication on this subject or that. Everybody may not agree with you, but what can be more stimulating than a rattling good controversy? If photography is your hobby you should be able to help us. Striking photographs are always welcome and they are scarce enough.

WE do hope that in our new look and with our new name we may continue to serve the good cause of the Diocese of Limerick.

THE EDITOR.

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A new era began . . . at six o'clock . . . the Angelus rang out . . . across the Shannon

MOUNT TRENCHARD

THE STORY OF A HOUSE

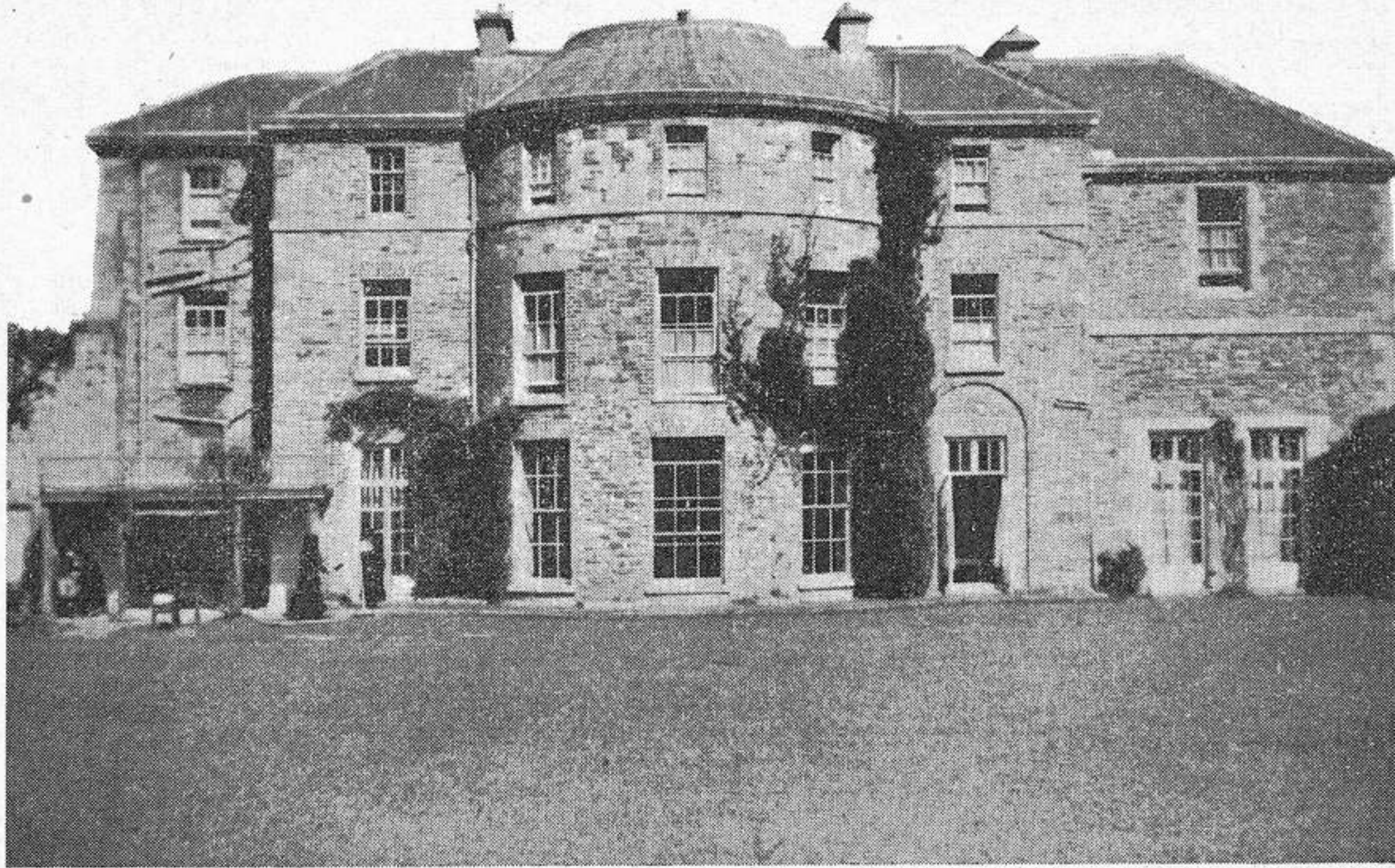
The story of Mount Trenchard is woven into the fabric of Irish history. It stands in a locality rich in memories that have twined themselves round every period of our nation's story.

THE DESMONDS.

The surrounding lands were part of the ancient territory of Ui Fidgeinte. Here the great Eoghanacht families, McCarthys, O'Sullivans, O'Donovans lived for many generations. With the coming of the Normans these families were driven westward or southward. Their lands became the property of the Norman Knight whose descendant we meet in the 14th century as Maurice Fitzgerald, first Earl of Desmond. This Geraldine family, supported by its junior branches—the Knights of Glin and Kerry, and the Fitzgibbons of Kilmallock—became very powerful. Their lands extended from Dunquin in Kerry to the Suir in Tipperary. They owned the richest expanse of dairyland in Europe as well as the commerce of all the harbours of southern Ireland.

As the centuries passed, the Geraldines assumed a thin layer of Gaelic culture; they used the Irish language; they adopted the manners of the Irish chiefs; they allowed the Irish culture to flourish in their territories. - O'Sullivans, O'Shaughnessys, O'Donovans held their lands and pursued the Gaelic way of life under the Earls of Desmond as their ancestors did under their old masters.

In the reign of the English Queen Elizabeth, Gerald, the 16th Earl of Desmond, was head of the Munster Geraldines. Though he always professed loyalty to the queen, she never trusted him, probably because he was a Catholic. The story of



Mt. Trenchard, now Stella Maris Convent.

Elizabeth's pursuit of this Earl reads like a Greek tragedy. She had him arrested and kept him in the Tower of London until she believed she had broken his spirit. When he returned to Limerick in 1573 he was ceaselessly pursued by her spies. In the year 1579 he was declared traitor and then began the terrible campaign against the Munster Geraldines known as the "Desmond Wars." On the English side, this war was conducted with appalling cruelty; Pelham, the Lord deputy, ordered his soldiers to spare neither women nor children.

THE TRENCHARDS.

During the last four years of his life, the Earl of Desmond was a fugitive in the hills. Accompanied by his faithful wife and his Chaplain, he fled from one hiding place to another to be at last betrayed by his foster-brother, Owen Moriarty, and slain in a cave in Kerry. His head was then sent to the Tower of London and Elizabeth must have felt that now English law would meet with no further opposition in Munster. She then proceeded to plant the vast Desmond estates with English

settlers. The land was divided into lots of varying sizes; every holder of 12,000 acres was to retain 1,500 acres for himself and plant the remainder with English families.

So, there came a day in 1587 when one William Trenchard of Wiltshire arrived with the English tenants to take possession of his newly-acquired estate of 12,000 acres in County Limerick, and thus began the era of landlordism in Munster. Soon the Irish of Munster realised that freedom had died in the cave with Gerald, Earl of Desmond. They were now an enslaved people.

Still this plantation failed. Not through good-will, but through sheer necessity the Planters tolerated, in a state of menial

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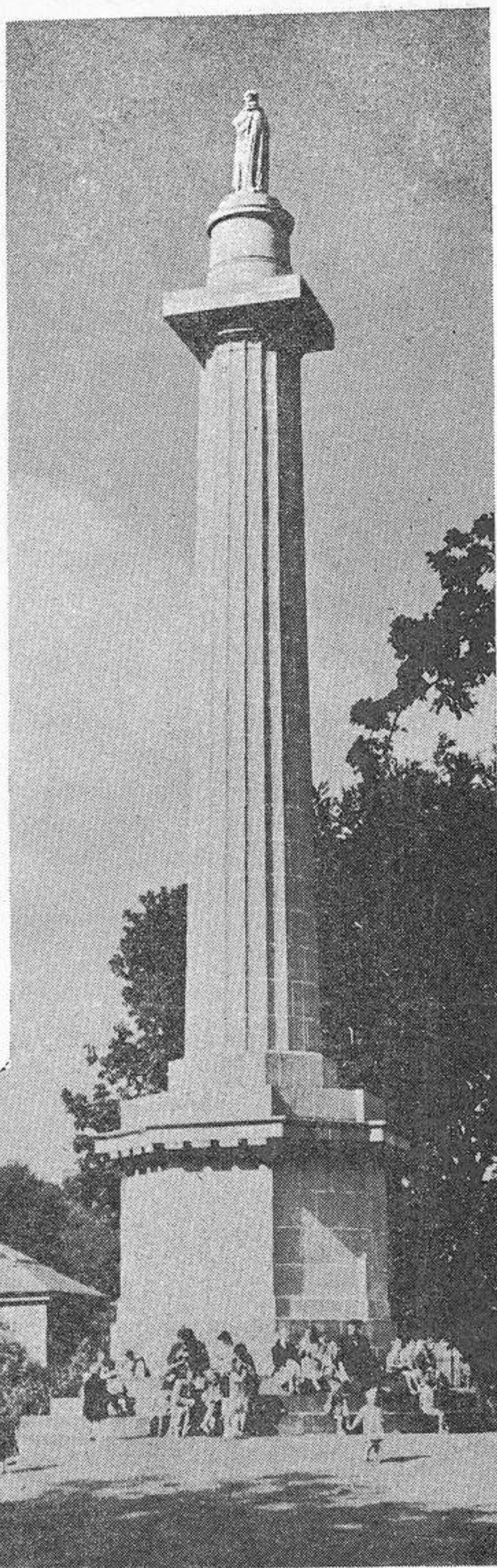
servitude, a limited number of the original owners. These families were the slender link with Ireland's past ; they saved the old Faith and the Gaelic way of life from complete extinction ; it was their sons who led the men of Munster in the fight which finally destroyed all that the Plantation aimed to achieve.

THE SPRING RICES.

The Trenchards held the estate till the middle of the 18th Century when the property passed from their hands owing to the failure of the male line. It is about this time that the Rices come into the story. They, like the Trenchards, were a Planter family who got part of the Desmond lands in Kerry. They filled many prominent roles in the political life of their day. Towards the end of the 18th Century Edward Rice married an heiress of the Spring family whose ancestors had come to Kerry at the same time as his own. The eldest son of their marriage was Thomas Spring Rice, who was born in Limerick in the year 1790.

He grew to manhood in the Ireland of O'Connell's day and represented Limerick in Parliament for many years. It was a time of

The Spring Rice Memorial in the People's Park.



great awakening when O'Connell was infusing new life into a broken people. Though Spring Rice was a prominent member of the Ascendancy, his family had struck deep roots in County Limerick ; contact with life, as he saw it, on his Mount Trenchard estate had made him liberal in his outlook. He acquired a reputation for courage and fearlessness in exposing the corruption of the Limerick

Corporation whom he accused of irresponsible use of public funds. He never failed to champion the cause of the people of Limerick even at the risk of alienating his own colleagues. As an expression of their gratitude the people had his portrait painted by the artist Sir Martin Archer Shee, and they also erected a monument to his memory in the People's Park.

(Continued on page 21)

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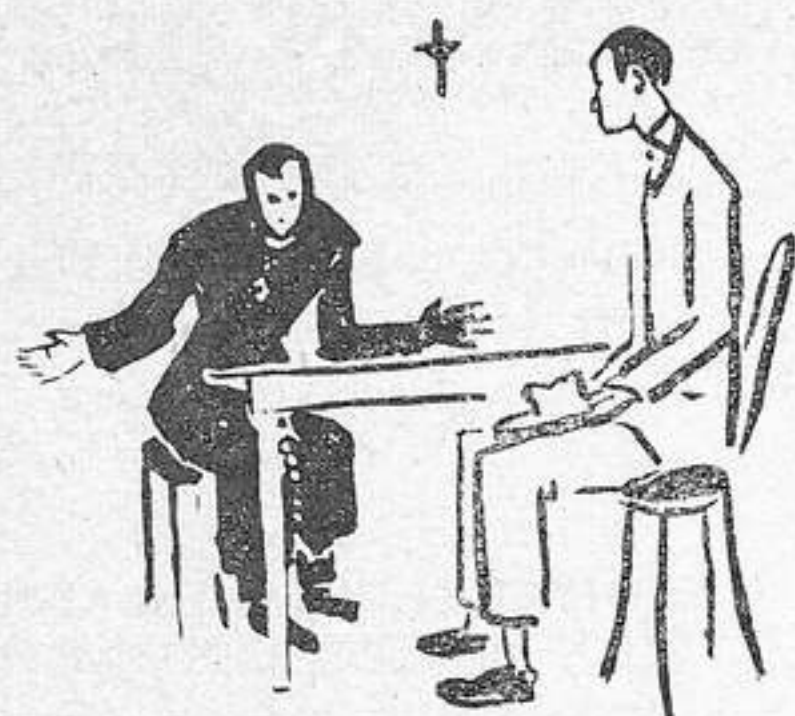
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ANY QUESTIONS ?

sufficiency of knowledge, as may give a firm foundation for hope that he may be able fittingly to carry out the duties of Priesthood and observe faithfully its obligations."

Q. — One answer in the Catechism tells us that mortal sin kills the soul, while another answer tells us that the soul is immortal; how can both answers be correct ?

A.—The soul has, we may say, two lives: One, which it gets from God at creation — this life cannot be destroyed, and it is in this sense that the soul is immortal: the other life is the supernatural life of Grace which it gets through Baptism and the reception of the Sacraments. This is the life that is destroyed by mortal sin.

Q. — Is an interior call from God required for a vocation to the Priesthood or to the Religious life ?

A.—No, and this is very clear from an official pronouncement on the matter issued by Pope Pius X, which stated "that in the one to be ordained nothing more is required than a right intention combined with fitness. Fitness consists in such gifts of grace and nature, such holiness of life and

Q.—My daughter is arranging to be married. Would you kindly explain the procedure and state what documents she requires ?

A.—The young lady should, in good time—say three weeks or so in advance of the date proposed for the marriage—approach her P.P. who will advise her as to the documents to be procured. He will require her baptismal certificate and also will have to satisfy himself that she is free from canonical impediments to marriage. He may ask her to procure a "Letter of Freedom" from the Parish Priest of each parish in which she has resided for six months or longer, after she reached the age of twelve years. When these documents are ready she will present them to her P.P. and in his presence will fill up and sign a Pre-nuptial Enquiry Form. Her intended will follow a similar procedure with his P.P. and when his documents are in order they will be forwarded to your daughter's P.P. who will then advise as to the obtaining of a dispensation from the publication of the Banns of marriage, should the Banns be not required to be published.



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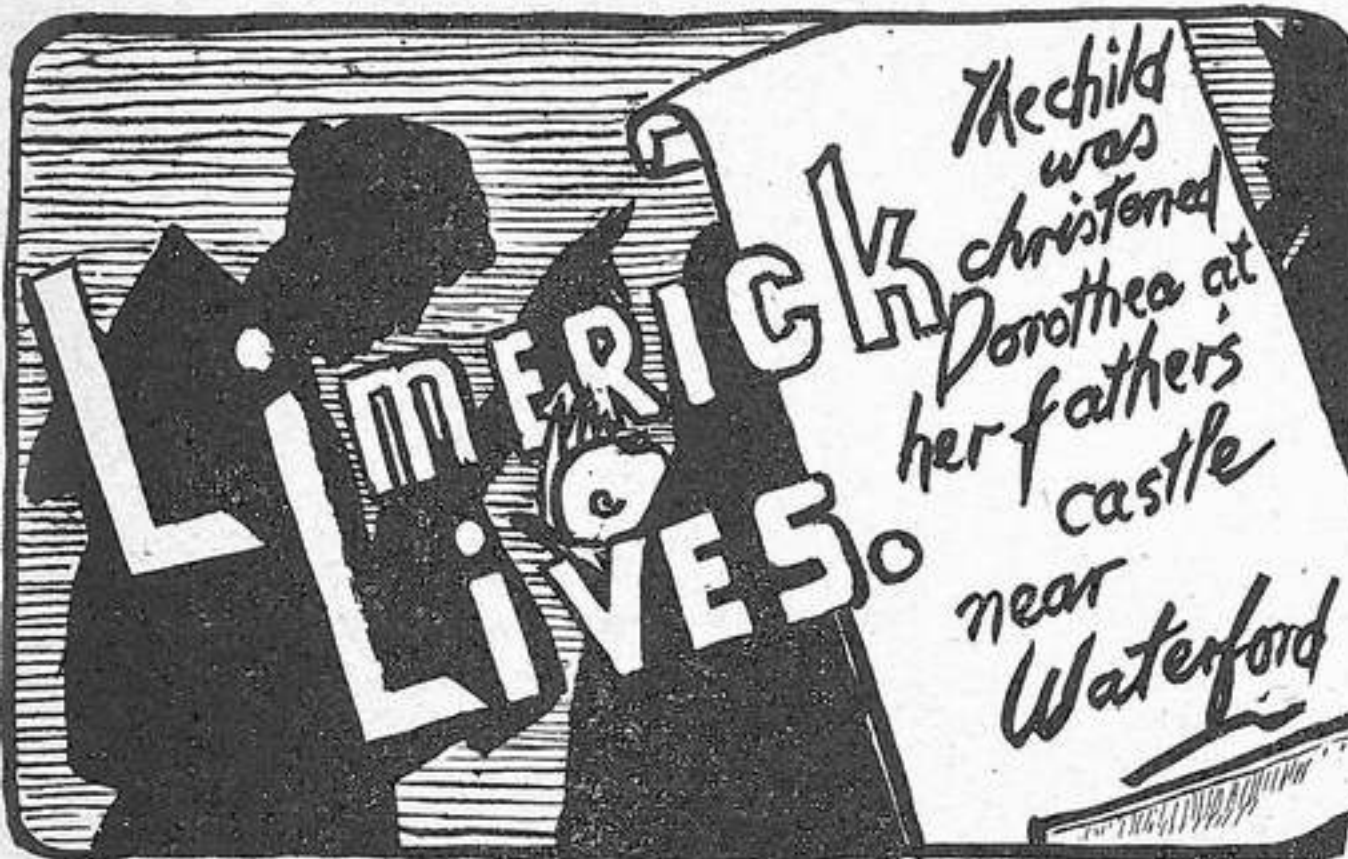
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The child was christened Dorothea at her father's castle near Waterford



... as a young girl she was called ITA which means 'Thirst'. Her thirst was for God. She asked her father to let her be a nun...



... and he refused.



Until GOD revealed in her father's sleep HIS WILL that ITA be a nun

and consent was given.

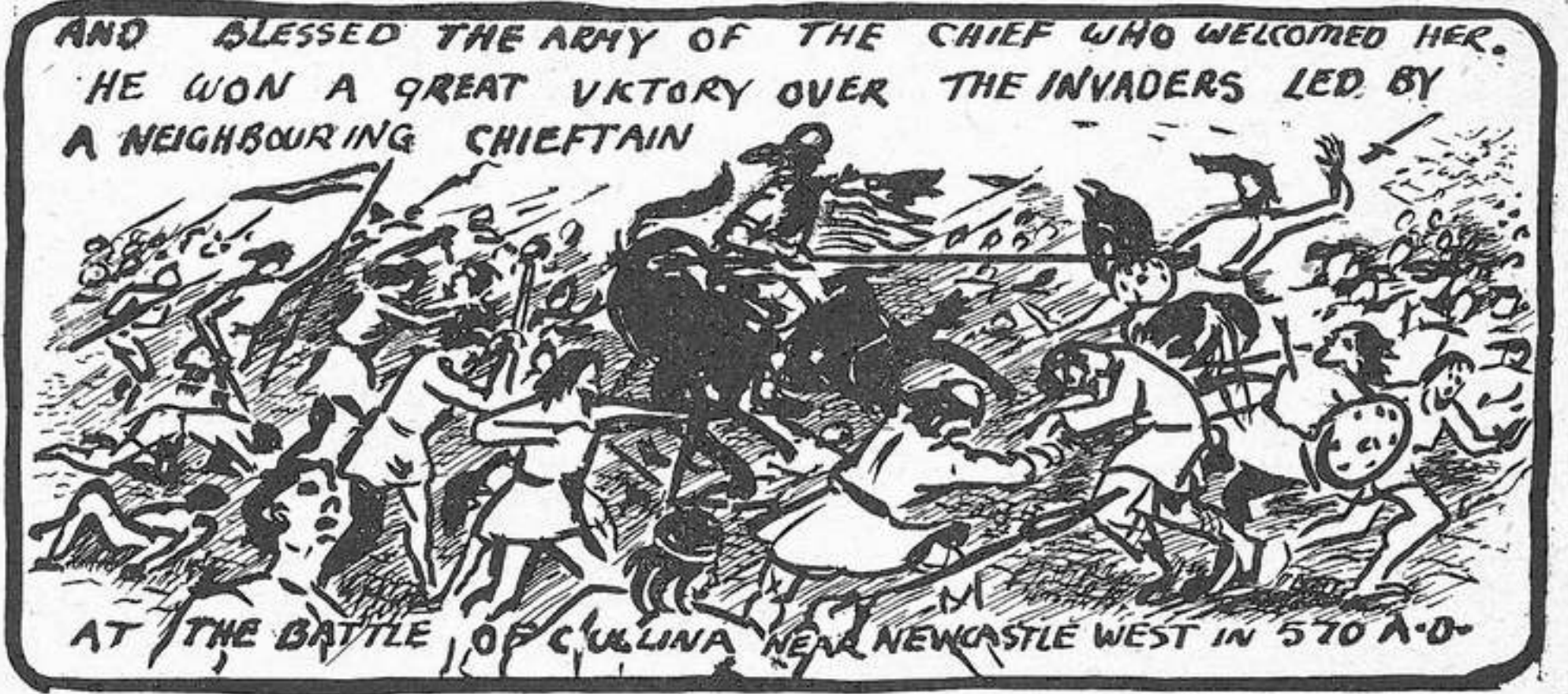


God sent her to South-West Limerick where she was welcomed by the local Chieftain who had heard of her holiness.

and at Killeedy she formed her community refusing all grants of land but the few acres she needed.



SHE AMAZED THE WEALTHY BY REFUSING THEIR GIFTS



AND BLESSED THE ARMY OF THE CHIEF WHO WELCOMED HER. HE WON A GREAT VICTORY OVER THE INVADERS LED BY A NEIGHBOURING CHIEFTAIN

AT THE BATTLE OF CULLINA NEAR NEWCASTLE WEST IN 570 A.D.



SHE WAS THE FOSTER-MOTHER OF MANY FUTURE SAINTS - AMONG WHOM WAS ...

ST. BRENDAN THE NAVIGATOR



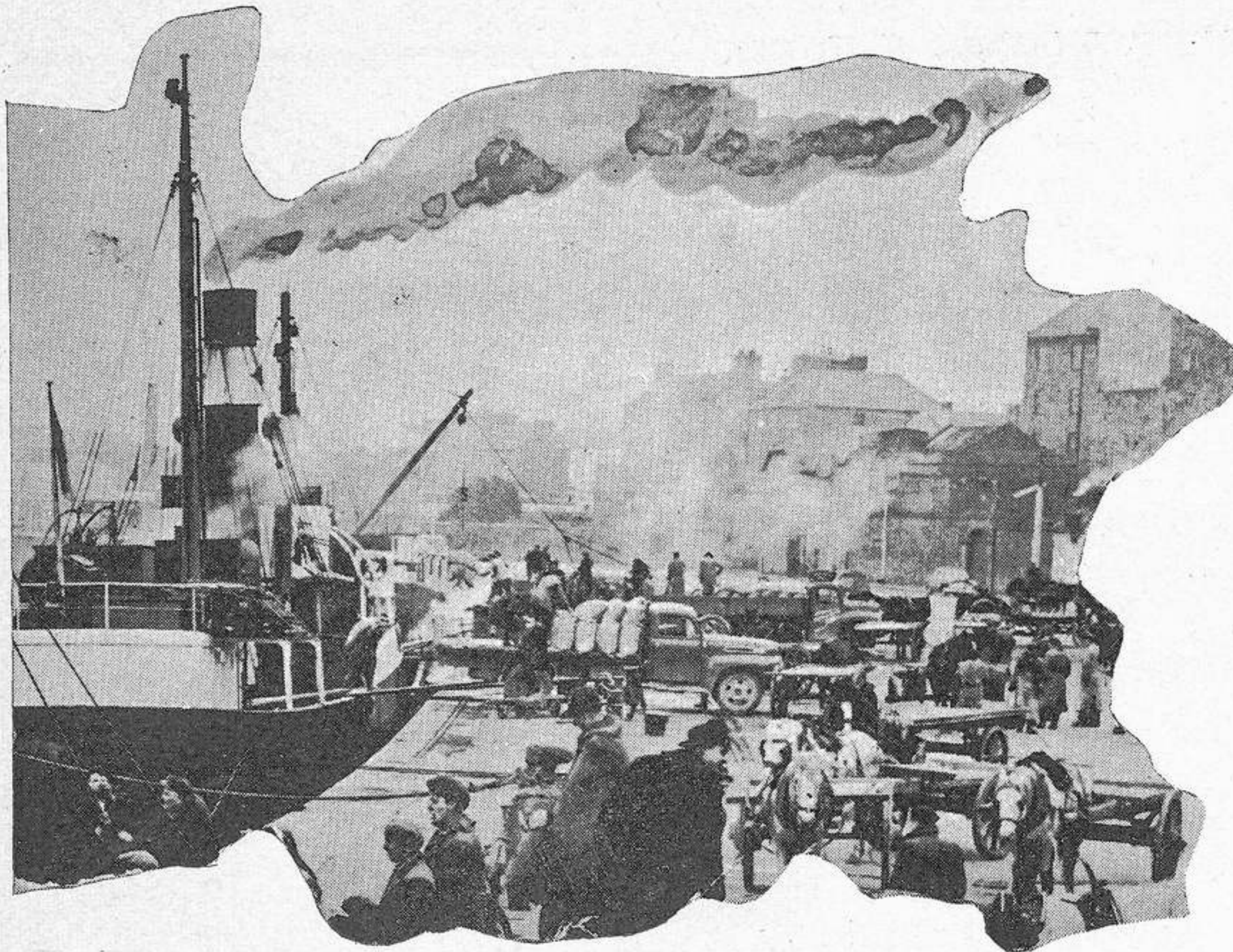
SHE FORETOLD HER OWN DEATH ON THE 16th JANUARY A.D. 570 AND BLESSED THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE OF LIMERICK DIOCESE WHO ADOPTED HER AS THEIR PATRESS.

AFTER SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS SHE WAS LAID TO REST IN HER OWN CHURCH AT KILLEEDY - WHERE SHE STILL LIES.



TODAY ON THE EVE OF HER FEAST, THE PEOPLE OF THE DISTRICT GO TO CONFESSION AND NEXT MORNING RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION. HIGH MASS, SERMON AND PROCESSION TO HER GRAVE FOLLOWS.

BUT THE MOST PERMANENT EVIDENCE OF THE POWER AND FAME OF SAINT ITA ARE THE MANY GIRLS (ONE IN MOST FAMILIES) WHO HAVE TAKEN HER NAME IN BAPTISM.



AN INDUSTRIAL RAW MATERIAL

SCRAP No. 1.

Before 1953 we imported about £2,000,000 worth of cardboard every year, to be used as boxes and containers by the Distributive Trades.

To remedy this the National Board and Paper Mills were established at Granagh, near Waterford. This new factory (illustrated below) was set up to supply this need from raw materials provided at home, and at the same time to provide employment for several hundred workers, who would otherwise be forced to emigrate. It is a large undertaking, covering an area of ten acres and costing more than a million pounds to build.

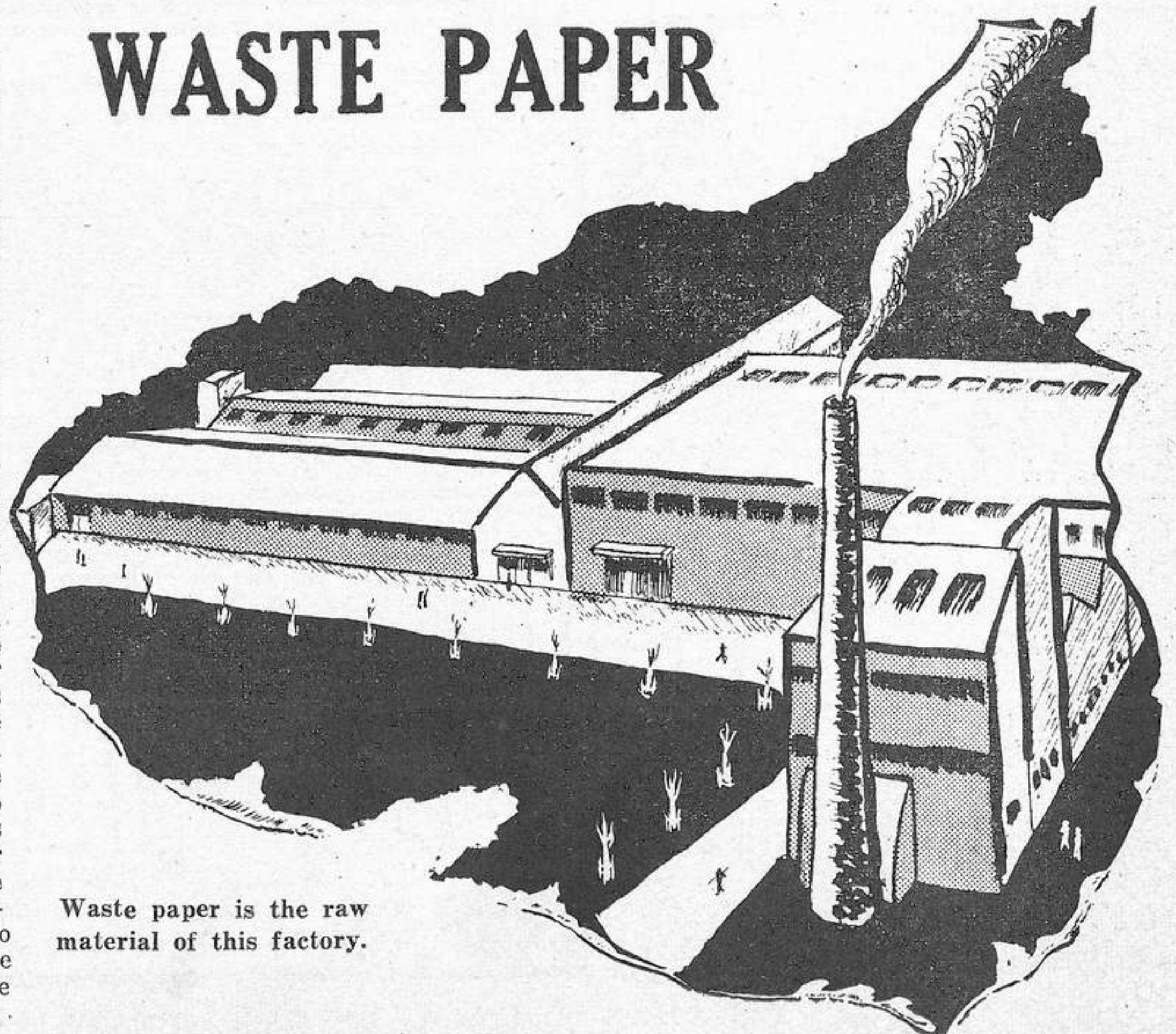
SCRAP No. 2.

Waste paper is the raw material of this factory. There every kind of waste paper is turned into valuable cardboard old newspapers, books, magazines, old boxes, cigarette packets, cement bags. A subsidiary Company, the National Waste Paper Co., was established to collect the waste paper throughout the country and deliver it to the Mill. This Company has central depots in the larger cities, and every day its lorries travel through the country, collecting waste paper of every kind from shops, factories, warehouses, or wherever it is available in reasonable quantities.

The amount of waste paper that can be collected in this way is limited, and at present the full amount collected is not sufficient to keep the Waterford factory in full production. If the workers are not to be put on short-time, or permanently reduced in numbers, more waste paper must be collected, especially from the smaller shops and from private houses. If this were done there would be ample supplies to keep the factory in full production, but it would be quite uneconomic for the Company itself to collect from individual private houses because of the small amount of paper involved. In different parts of the country it is trying to make arrangement with Groups and Societies to gather paper into local centres, where it can be conveniently collected by the Company.

(Continued page 18)

WASTE PAPER



Waste paper is the raw material of this factory.

CONTROVERSY

AND AFTERMATH.

Half a century ago Dr. Michael O'Riordan left a curacy at St. Michael's, Limerick, to become Rector of the Irish College in Rome.

Earlier in the year, 1905, he had published his rejoinder to Sir Horace Plunkett's *Ireland in the New Century*. The gallant knight had been worried about the fecklessness of the Catholic Irish: the shifting of their "moral centre of gravity to another existence" did not make for the "qualities of initiative and self-reliance." Any primer might have told him that Irish and all other Catholics hope to fare well in "another existence" only if they use their talents in this. Monsignor O'Riordan delicately suggested to him that it was not their outlook that cramped the Irish but their lack of opportunity, and that they used their talents wherever they could circumvent misgovernment.

But Sir Horace would have it both ways. The influence of the Irish clergy had been too other-worldly: three pages later it was too worldly. Apparently they averted their gaze from that other world, the abode of their people's moral centre of gravity "to exercise an influence over their flocks not merely in regard to religious matters, but in almost every phase of their lives and conduct." And here

Mgr. O'Riordan was born at Lisduane House, Ballingarry, in 1857. Educated in Rome, he was ordained in 1883. Became a Professor at St. Munchin's College, Limerick; later was attached to St. Michael's parish and was President of Catholic Institute. Rector of Irish College in Rome in 1905. Died in August, 1919.



it is to be feared the clergy were only anticipating the teaching of Pius XII: "confining of oneself narrowly to the terrain of strict dogmatic teaching, all incursion into the domain of public life, civil and social order being forbidden—such vivisection is quite simply anti-Catholic."

In the sequel Plunkett surpassed himself. To a popular edition of his book he added an epilogue dealing with such critics as O'Riordan. He re-stated his case omitting this time all reference to religious influence and implied that this had been his position all the time. It was just the moral tyranny of political machines that had worried him. No wonder his secretary and executor, Gerald Heard, was driven to write forty years later that even those closest to him never "quite knew where they were with Plunkett." For a man who gave time, wealth and great service to Irish interests we may at least plead that he was haunted by that uncertain allegiance which shadows so many of his class. Like some others of the Anglo-Irish and their native disciples he could be too olympian at times for human endurance. His addled criticisms still survive: our middle-aged intellectuals still croak them in weakly chorus. But perhaps in fairness to a man of

Plunkett's calibre his name should not be linked with the midges that buzz in his wake.

Sir Horace was worried about native character and sense of responsibility at the dawn of this century. Before

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St. Pius X was Pope when Mgr. O'Riordan was appointed Rector of Irish College, Rome.

the century was much older when Irishmen rose to their responsibilities against all the odds, the gallant Sir Horace had shifted his moral centre of gravity. He stood fastidiously aloof, indeed highly embarrassed, his eyes scanning the ends of the earth. Even in 1905 was he not barking up the wrong tree? What class had refused to pull its weight in Ireland? Our neighbour Standish Hayes O'Grady issued from the same class as Sir Horace. He frankly reminded his fellows of their duty and their opportunity. And with what result? Reluctantly O'Grady wrote their epitaph: "rotting from the land without one brave deed, without one brave word." We cannot blame Plunkett for them: his nearest kin stood aloof from him for his contacts with the Irishry. But if he would pontificate upon character and responsibility could he not see who were the real irresponsibles in the Ireland of his time. He knew them at least as well as did Standish O'Grady.

Shaw, Plunkett, Yeats—they all inherit a preaching talent from their Puritan forebears, that chosen people set to enlighten the gentiles. From the double-decker pulpit their fathers thundered against ours as lawless heathen, from the fifth column of the press their lawful heirs gibe at ourselves as reactionary, medieval, obscurantist—ever in need of enlightenment by our betters. When they cease to look down upon us it is only to look sideways. If we are to live together why should they not look us in the face as fellow Irishmen, examining their own conscience as well as ours. What is the alternative? Alice's cat "vanished quite slowly, beginning with the tail, and ending with the grin which remained some time after the rest of it had gone." Are the Anglo-Irish and their cause destined to dissolve in an inky sneer.



MUIRE AZUS AN CROS

An t-Ád S. Mac Conmáir.

Cuimínir i gcár so bfuilim i n-ar peara le Muire in aice na fuinneóige i dtíre éigin in Ierúsaleim, as féacaint amach ar an gcroir atá fóir ar bárr an énuic. An Satharn atá ann, inné ir ead a maruioar é. Féacann Muire amach ar an scaotar a tréig é, ar tíghe na n-daoine a bí as madaó fé, ar ionad comhlaite na raióidí a minne an t-íoc—beart uachtáir ar Caldaí. Driat-naíonn sí ar an gcroir anran agus bhuirann ré rin an croi iní, so hátrúite nuair cuimníonn sí ar oíse a mic, agus an íde a tugadú do inné as an scárúir agus as na tairní, as an tréig agus as an gcroir rrianta.

Cuimníonn sí ar an rtabla i mbeirle agus na h-aothair as teact cun onór a tabairt do Dia. Tá cuimne aici freisin, ar an mbíon agus ar an easla a bí uiré nuair a cuairt Sé amú taréir féile Ierúsaleim. Anran táinig an lá nuair d'imis Sé ón dtíre cun beir i mbun na iudaí a bain le n'áthair. Da binn le Muire rgealta a éoirint i n-é

na h-aimpíre rin faoi'n tceasars a minne Sé, faoi na rluaisce a bí a leanúint agus an t-á a bí aca dó.

Ác bí fóir as Muire so maruioar é, naé raib ré ráite as Simeón so n-imeoú claióeam tré 'na croi? Bhuirann sí minne an rgeil so leir irteac ar a h-aigne, mar inné ir ead cuirtear an t-íoc-beart i gcroir. Níl fásca ar an gcroir ac an croir agus cionn sí an rgeal so h-íomlán. Cionn sí so mbeir mna ná iugadú fóir i gcroir as téanam comhlaite leir-rin agus naé féirir áiream a téanam ar a mbéirir de daoine irteac so flaitéar de de bárr a báir féin ar an gcroir. Fásann sí an fuinneós agus téann sí cun rolar a tabairt do na h-árpalaib atá so h-uaigneac in a óiair.

Le báir na Croire éannais tú
Slíocht mí—fórtúnaic Eaba
O fóir anuar ir beannúite
An comarca ro áro-naohtas.

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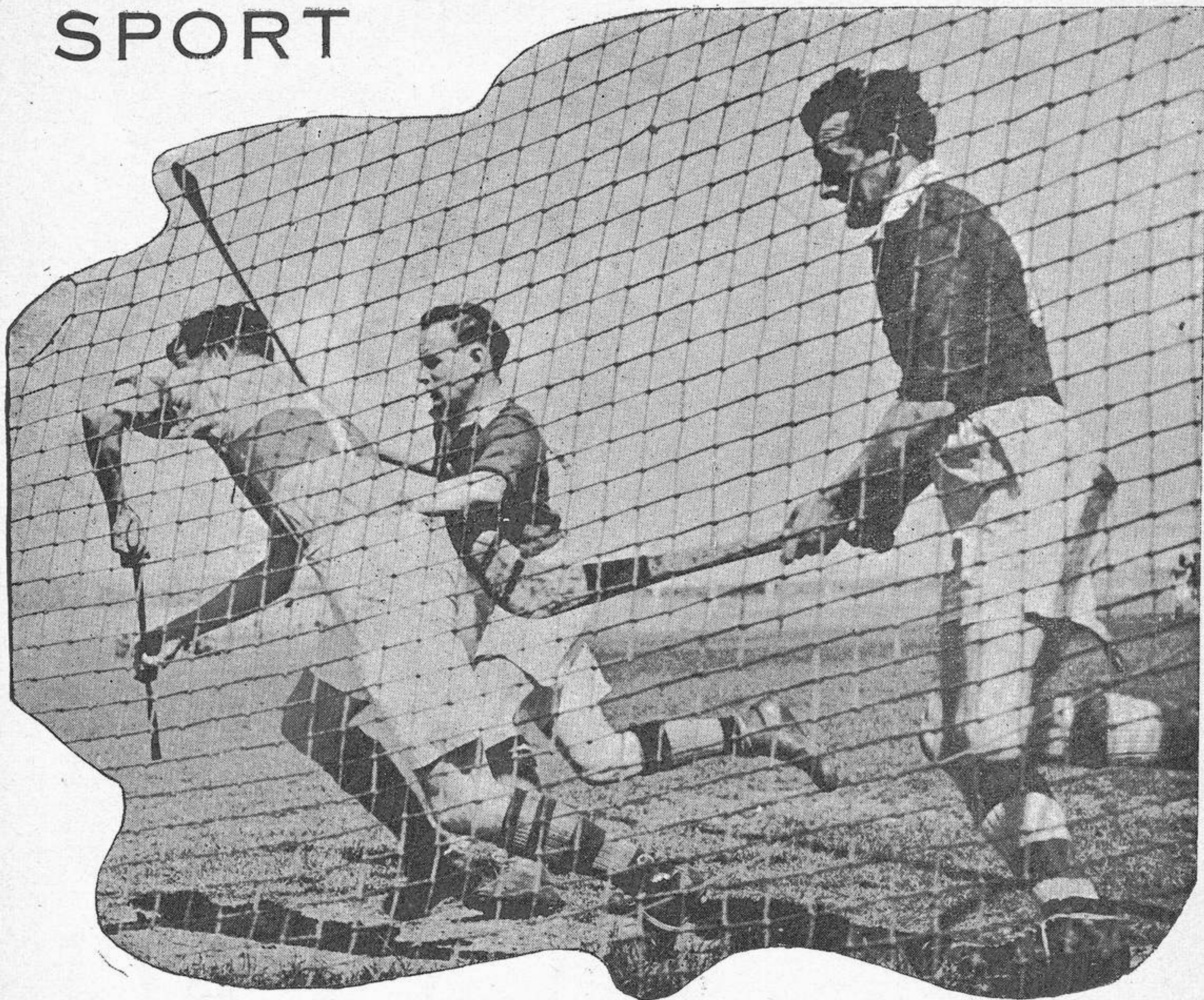
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SPORT



LIMERICK REVIVAL ?

Much has been written about the Golden Age of Limerick hurling from 1933-'40. Our inter-county record since then has made us sigh for the days of Scanlan and Clohessy, of the Mackeys, Kennedy and Ryan. There are thousands of Gaels throughout the county who witnessed the great green and white triumphs over sides which were great by any standard. Is the standard of hurling going down? One thing is certain; some players have in recent years paraded around Croke Park on the first Sunday in September who would never have been considered by the Limerick selectors prior to 1940. How many of our present half backs, even those honoured as "Ireland" or "Combined" players could equal Cross, Clohessy or Howard?

Scanlan has never been surpassed as a netminder even by Duggan or Reddan. Mackey who started the solo run and

ran through the greatest defences in the game has been seriously challenged as a forward only by Cork's Christy Ring. Yes, we shall not look upon their likes again and in Limerick it is doubtful if we have yet rounded the corner. Last year's Junior title did arouse some of the old spirit but gave us little material for a Senior side. A minor All-Ireland would, I feel, give us more hope, and though defeated in the Harty Cup final, Christians showed that they could be the nucleus of a good team. Meanwhile I think that our Senior selectors should take account of the march of time. My readers may not agree but I think we should concentrate on youth; it will pay dividends later. Remember the display of Cork's John Clifford in last year's Munster final or the stickwork shown by Tony Wall of Tipperary in the League. With good minors, we will get to the top much sooner.

Pat. Scanlan, greatest 'keeper ever?



C36191

*Fr. John meets with some strange adventures
on his FIRST—*



—SICK CALL

Rev. P. Houlihan, C.C.

Fr. John, the newly ordained, three-day old curate of Kilmorna, adjusted his stockinged feet more comfortably over the fireplace and gazed appreciatively at the blazing fire. Outside, it was a bitterly cold January night. There was a knock at the door, "Good, the tea." The housekeeper's head appeared around the door. "A young fellow has just called," she said "to say that old Mike Kearney of Gurteen has got a bad turn and they want you to go up to him. He said you would have no trouble finding the house. You turn to the right at the church and after about two miles, you find yourself going up a steep hill and at the top you will find Kearney's boreen on the left." His first sick-call! Fr. John reached for his shoes.

Methodically, he collected his stole, the Pyx for the Blessed Sacrament, the Holy Oil and the Ritual book. It

was only with an effort that he refrained from adding the textbook on the Administration of the Sacraments. Then coat and hat on, he had a final look round the room to make sure that nothing was forgotten. As he opened the front door an icy blast drove him back to collect a scarf from the hall-stand.

His feet clattered loudly on the frozen ground as he hurried to the garage. The old Ford did not at all relish the prospect of venturing out on a night such as this. It protested agonizingly as he pulled the starter but eventually he succeeded in coaxing a hum of assent and drove over to the

church to get the Blessed Sacrament.

When he came out from the church, he soon discovered that the night air had had a bad effect on the morale of the Ford. Despite all his efforts with starter and handle, it refused to budge. He would have to get some other form of transport.

He saw the light of a house a hundred yards up the road he was to travel, and set off for it. There he found the woman of the house alone and the best she could do to assist was to provide him with a bicycle, now long past its youth.

He set off again. The bicycle, as well as suffering from the infirmities of age, also seemed to have developed

pronounced Leftish leanings. Under cover of the pitch darkness, it made several attempts to land him in the left-hand ditch, but his instincts, now working at their keenest, kept him pressing on.

As the wheels crunched over the potholes and loose stones, Fr. John fervently resolved that on the morrow he would equip himself with a torch and have the car completely overhauled. He kept going on and on until he began to wonder if he had, without realizing it, surmounted the hill he had been told about. Then when he was beginning to wonder if he might not have reached the next parish, he felt the ground rising steeply. Slower and slower ground the pedals until eventually he had to get off and walk. He reached the top and peering anxiously through the darkness, made out the gap in the ditch, which must be the beginning of his boreen. Abandoning the bicycle against the ditch, he stepped off the roadway and into a pool of liquid mud, which a little stream had prevented from freezing over. As the mud was nestling icily about his ankles, the only thing to do was to plod straight ahead. A few strides brought him on to the frozen surface of the boreen, and he pushed on and upwards again into the darkness.

He began to wonder what kind of an old man he was going to meet. He hoped he would be conscious and able to receive Holy Communion. Would he need consolation? Fr. John tried to formulate what he would say to him. He half regretted again that he had not brought the book on the Administration of the Sacraments—still he should be able to read the rubrics in the Ritual as he went along.

Coming round a turn in the boreen, he saw the light of a house ahead and knew that his journey was at an end though the frightening possibility that he was on the wrong boreen did not fail to present itself as well. But his troubles were not yet over. As he came into the farmyard, a low menacing snarl froze him in his tracks. A dog, intense with hate, was slowly advancing on him with bared fangs. And then from the left, a more demonstrative colleague came bounding over the ditch and loudly proclaimed that he also desired to taste his blood. Fr. John hastily executed a tactical withdrawal, which enabled him to face both his assailants at once. Then when it was beginning

to look as if his priestly career was about to end gloriously in a manner reminiscent of the early Christian martyrs in the Roman arena, a stream of light flowed out on the yard as the door of the house was thrown open and a middle aged woman rushed out to raise the siege. Apologizing for his reception and for having had to bring him out on such a night, she led him into the house. When, in the light of the kitchen, she saw his mud-covered shoes, she began again to express her concern but Fr. John, who by this time was inclined to feel pleasantly heroic, made light of those trifles and enquired about the sick man. "Well, my father got an attack this evening," she said, "but he seems to be alright again now. But he is very old, you know."

She led him into the bedroom. The only light was from a candle on a chair by the bed. As he was trying to see the face, a voice said, "Ah, the new priest! Do you know Father, but you are very young." He was able to make out a lined, weather-beaten face and a pair of keen eyes that looked remarkably alive. The first words from the bed had taken him a bit out of his stride but he recovered

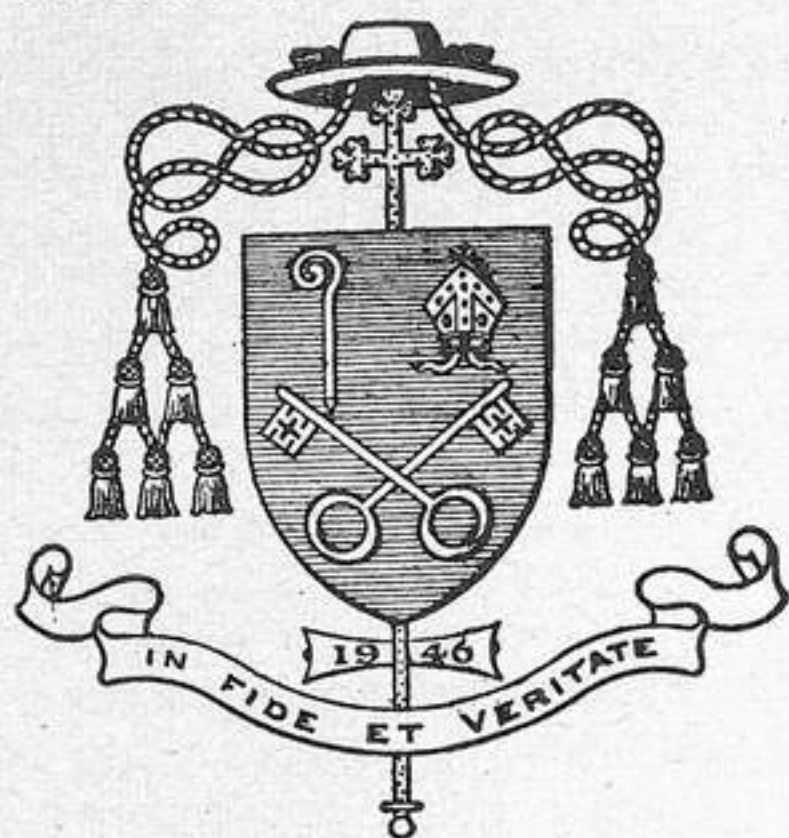
to enquire about the man's condition. "Wisha, Father, there's nothing wrong with me except the age," and then with no little eloquence; the old man launched into a history of his rheumatics over the years, with much knowledgeable comment on medical matters generally. Fr. John listened sympathetically, and as the old man paused, he mentioned the matter of hearing his confession. But the old man, who all the time had been eyeing him intently, was anxious to satisfy his curiosity about himself first. He again commented on his youthful appearance, confirmed his impression that he was just ordained and added, "oh, you'll like it here, Father. All the priests like it here. The people here are very good to the priests, you know"—this last with a roguish twinkle in his eye. Fr. John was rather shocked at the knowing emphasis which the old man gave to the word "good," and as he saw that his reactions were being noted, endeavoured to convey that such considerations would not, of course, weigh in the least with him.

Before Mike could put any more "feelers," he sat beside him to hear

(Continued on page 22)



The bicycle
... seemed to
have ..Leftish
leanings.



Visitation and Confirmation, 1955

RURAL PARISHES.

- April 17—KILFINANE.
 24—KILMALLOCK.
 27—CROAGH.
 May 2—KILMEEDY.
 3—DROMIN.
 5—TEMPLEGLANTINE
 8—BALLINGARRY.
 10—GLENROE.
 12—BALLYHAHILL.
 15—ATHEA.
 19—DROMCOLLOGHER.
 22—GLIN.
 24—BULGADEN.
 26—EFFIN.
 29—PATRICKSWELL.
 31—ARDPATRICK.
 June 2—TOURNAFULLA.



CONFERENCES.

- May 16th Rathkeale.
 May 17th Kilmallock.
 May 20th Limerick.
 At 12 o'clock official time.

CLERGY RETREATS.

- 1st week June 13th.
 2nd week June 20th.

SURPRISE.

When you get to heaven
 You will likely view,
 Many folks whose presence there
 Will be a shock to you,
 But keep very quiet, and do not
 even stare ;
 Doubtless there'll be many folks
 Surprised to see you there.

FIFTH WHEEL



Mr. James Sexton, President of St. Munchin's Past Pupils' Union.

THE COLLEGE UNION

The close and friendly relationship between clergy and people is a traditional thing in the church in Ireland. One of the many things which help to maintain this very precious bond is the fact that all our diocesan clergy and many of our lay people have been students together in our Diocesan Seminary. There they work, play, and suffer, and the ties of College days are formed.

Any factor, then, which helps to cement those ties serves a very good purpose. With this end in view a few enthusiastic past students met on November 16th, 1950, for the purpose of forming a Union of the Past Pupils of St. Munchin's College. Dr. Chas. McDonnell, one of the earliest

students of the present College, was elected President. Since then the Union has progressed—the membership has now reached the three hundred mark. Social functions are held each year, where old and young can renew old friendships and recall memories, sad and glad.

One of the objects of the Union is to advance the interests of the Alma Mater. Now, the College is calling for that help, and the Past Pupils will answer that call; they will give their whole-hearted help to the many schemes which in the future, under the approbation of His Lordship, the Bishop, will be devised to ensure that the students of the future will have a College, worthy of the old diocese of Limerick.



Just a few more weeks to her First Communion! Time is slipping and there's so much to get. A frock, a veil, a nice pair of shoes . . . And don't forget. Now is the time also to think of your child's soul.

BUT WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN I HELP? I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY?

It is not really so difficult to speak

to your child about spiritual things. Children often give a lead themselves by asking questions. **MY FIRST CATECHISM** gives you something to go on. The pictures are a great help, and in the lessons on Confession and Communion you will find easy prayers and verses.

BUT HADN'T I BETTER LEAVE IT TO THE SCHOOL?

Not entirely. It is your duty to co-operate with the school. Indeed the aim at school is to supplement the work you do at home. And yet teachers often have to complain that they get very little help from parents.

The Church can survive without Christian teachers, but not without Christian parents.



1. Name the four ecclesiastical provinces in Ireland?
 3. How many dioceses in Ireland?
 4. When was the foundation stone of St. John's Cathedral laid?
 4. Who founded the Irish Christian Brothers?
 5. What was the name of the Apostle who replaced Judas?
 6. Who is the patron of (a) Musicians, (b) Fishermen, and (c) Housewives?
- (Answers on page 22)

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COD!



A man was walking down a dark alley one night, wrapped in his own thoughts, so he didn't hear the stealthy footsteps or notice the approach of a holdup man, until he felt the pressure of a gun in the middle of his back and a hoarse, low voice say threateningly:

"Your money or your life."

"Take my life," the victim replied promptly, "I need my money for my old age."



The priest was testing his First Communion class on their understanding of the Eucharistic faith. "Bobby," he asked "What if you ate your breakfast and wanted to go to Communion? Could you go to Confession and then receive Our Lord?"

"No, Father," Bobby answered. "Confession will take away your sins, but it won't take away your breakfast."

* * *

An Englishman, in Paris for a gourmet's holiday, incautiously chose an unfamiliar restaurant. The meal was terrible, and he called the waiter to complain.

"Yes, the food is not very good," the waiter said. "Why not try the little place across the road?"

"How do you know that it is good?" the Englishman asked.

"I own it," the waiter said. "This," he shrugged at his surroundings, "is only where I find my customers."

* * *

Owner: "You say you want thirty pounds to paint my garage? Man, that's outrageous. Why I wouldn't pay Michaelangelo that much for the job."

Union Painter: "Listen, you. If he does this job for less than that we'll come and picket the place."

* * *

One Saturday at a sale a very thin horse was being sold to the highest bidder. A farmer noticed that a man dressed in riding breeches kept bidding on the horse. After the sale a farmer asked the buyer what he was planning to do with the animal. The man replied:

"I'm going to race him."

"Well," said the farmer dryly, "there's no doubt that you'll win!"

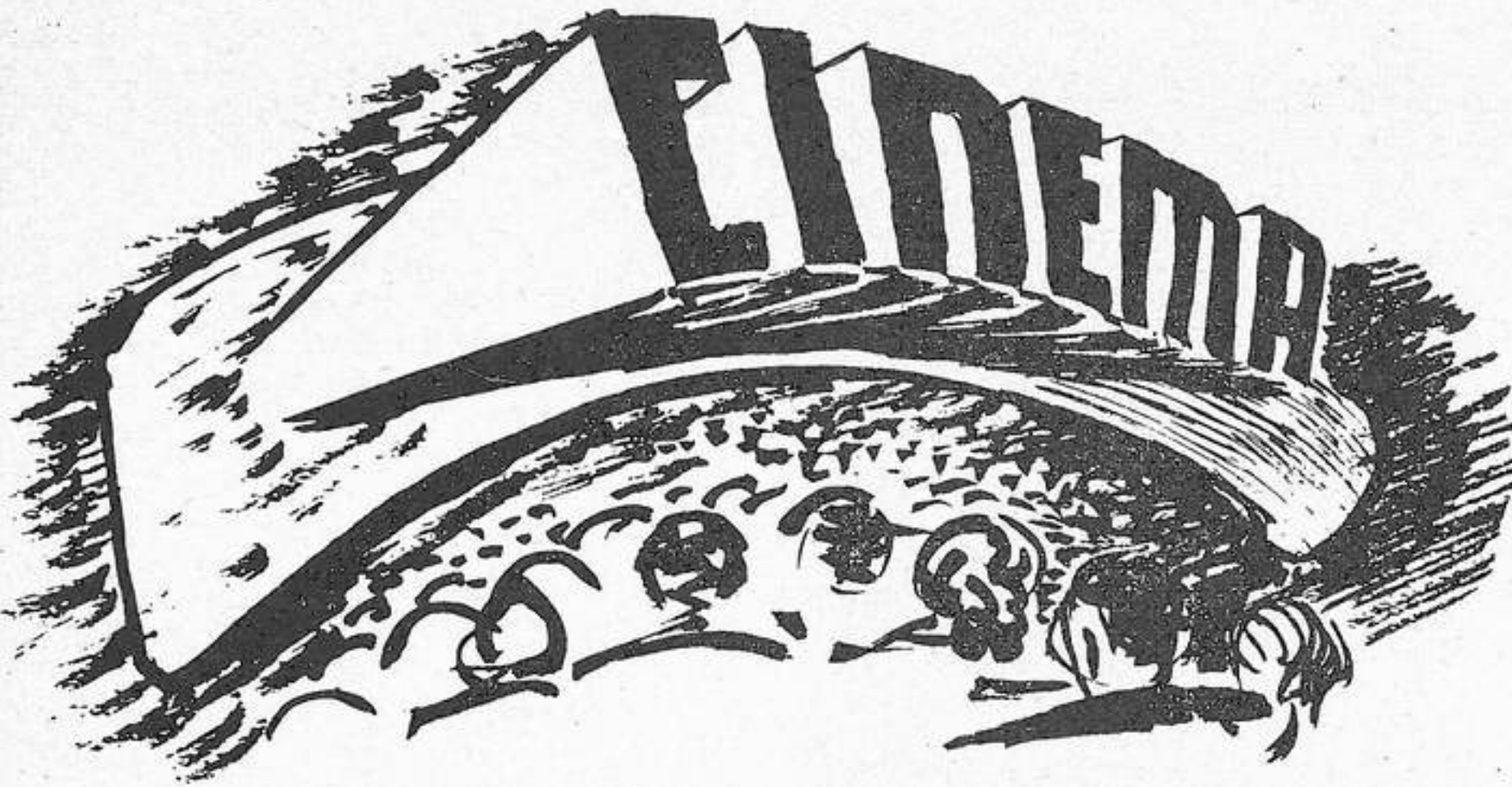
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OUR RESPONSIBILITIES

In his Encyclical Letter on Motion Pictures, Pope Pius XI exhorted "all men of good will, in the name not only of religion but also of the true moral and civil welfare of the people, to use every means in their power, such as the press, to make of the cinema a valuable auxiliary of instruction and education rather than of

destruction and ruin of the soul." That will be the policy of these columns. We shall discuss films in general and recommend what we consider good entertainment value.

Catholics should be able to discern between right and wrong in their forms of entertainment. Anything contrary to Catholic faith and morals or to our Catholic way of life should not be tolerated. Nowadays religious

themes are good box-office. To instance that, "The Robe" was the first-ever on CinemaScope. As Catholics we should insist that all such themes are properly treated. We ought not accept meekly whatever form of entertainment is put before us; we are strong enough to dictate our own terms.

WHAT THE CUSTOMER WANTS.

Since box-office returns control the film industry, we could see to it by conscientious selection that only those of a sound moral order were allowed to circulate in Ireland. And usually the shoddy film is bad not only in the moral sense but in entertainment value also.

"A people who, in time of repose, give themselves to diversions which violate decency honour or morality; to recreations which, especially to the young, constitute occasions for sin, are in grave danger of losing their greatest, even their national power.—(Pius XI).

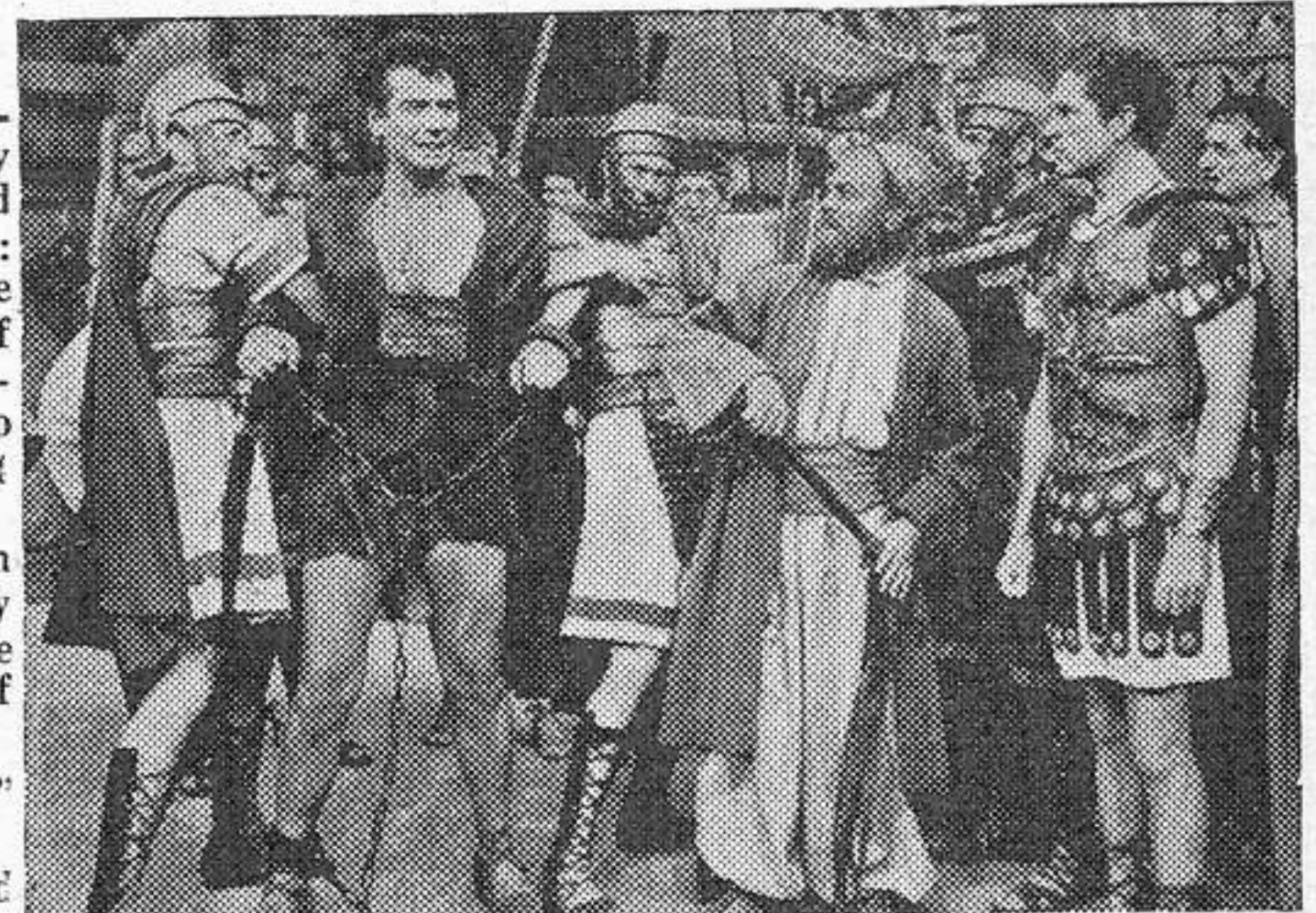
TRAPPED

When anthropologists unearthed an ancient mummy in Hungary, urgent word came from the Kremlin: "Make every effort to prove that this is the mummy of Genghis Khan. Such a discovery would add greatly to the prestige of Soviet science."

Soon the Hungarian Institute of Anthropology reported to Moscow that the mummy was indeed that of the Mongol scourge.

"How did you prove it?" asked the powers that be.

"That was easy. We turned the case over to the secret police and the mummy confessed."



In the slave market scene from "The Robe," 20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope production in Technicolor, Richard Burton, the Roman Tribune, shows interest in Demetrius (Victor Mature) the Greek slave who has just tried to escape.

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SCRAP No. 3.

Here in Limerick the Committee in charge of the raising of funds for the building of the new Diocesan College has been glad to co-operate with the Company in a campaign to collect waste paper throughout the Diocese. An arrangement has been made by which the Company will pay an agreed sum per ton for all paper thus collected, and the Committee feels that it can unhesitatingly call on the entire Diocese to co-operate in this campaign, for it is one that at the same time aids an important national effort and provides necessary funds for the Diocese in a way that involves little personal sacrifice.

The twenty thousand children of the Diocese will bring to the schools whatever waste paper is saved in their own homes. This will not be so difficult for them if the paper is given to them

regularly in small convenient bundles. For houses in which there are no school-children it can be arranged to have a local boy or girl call regularly for the paper, or perhaps it may be more convenient for such householders to take the paper themselves to a school or other premises where it is being collected regularly by the Waste Paper Company. It is felt that with goodwill and a little trouble most of the waste paper in the Diocese can thus be collected.

Moreover, very many firms in the city and in the country towns, which were already giving their paper to the Company, are turning over the proceeds to the Diocesan Building Fund. The Committee wishes to make here a public acknowledgement of the generosity of these firms, for many of which the sacrifice is by no means inconsiderable.

The proceeds from all this waste paper will go to the Bishop for the Diocesan Building Fund. With the co-operation of all, children, teachers, parents and other householders, a considerable sum of money will be provided each year for the building of our Diocesan College, and this in a manner that involves little or no financial sacrifice, and at the same time makes a notable contribution to the success of one of our important industries and the provision of employment in Ireland for a large number of Irish people.

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ANY SAINTS IN LIMERICK ?
Fifty years ago, according to the "Irish Weekly," a man named James Saint was a leading draper in Cork. One of his letters was, by error, addressed to Dublin. The G.P.O. marked on the letter—"No Saints in Dublin; try Cork."

SUFFERING

The doctor is kind and he breaks the bad news gently. But all the kindness in the world cannot soften the blow, when a man is young at heart and he is told that his days are numbered and he may never work again. His dreams for the future are shattered. Life seems dreary and empty. He feels like rebelling against his sentence, but he knows there is no use. Still he cannot get it out of his head that God is treating him too harshly. It is all a puzzle to him how God could be merciful and kind and allow anything as cruel as this to happen.

And this is only one man's case and sickness is not the only kind of suffering. Some people are being constantly wronged and misunderstood. Others are so sensitive that a thoughtless word or some trivial neglect of friends can cause them great pain. There is a whole litany of hardships that men have to endure at the whim of fortune: financial loss, unemployment, failure of one kind and another. One of the greatest trials is to have to stand by helplessly and watch the suffering and misfortune of those we love.

All the apparent cruelty in the sufferings of life cannot take from the fact that God, Who is infinitely good, loves us more than we love ourselves. For His own unsearchable reasons He has not given us a full understanding of the purpose of our suffering. He has, however, given us the common sense to see that suffering is no useless inconvenience. Some of the happiest people you can meet are people who have had a lot to put up with. They have learned by experience that the only way to be cheerful always is to train oneself to welcome God's Will, no matter what shape it takes. One

SPANISH SAINT AND SPANISH PAINTER.

The above is a reproduction of the painting by Salvador Dali, one of the foremost of contemporary painters. It is called "Christ of John of the Cross," because the artist painted it after seeing the four hundred years old drawing made by St. John of the Cross fresh from an ecstasy in which he had beheld

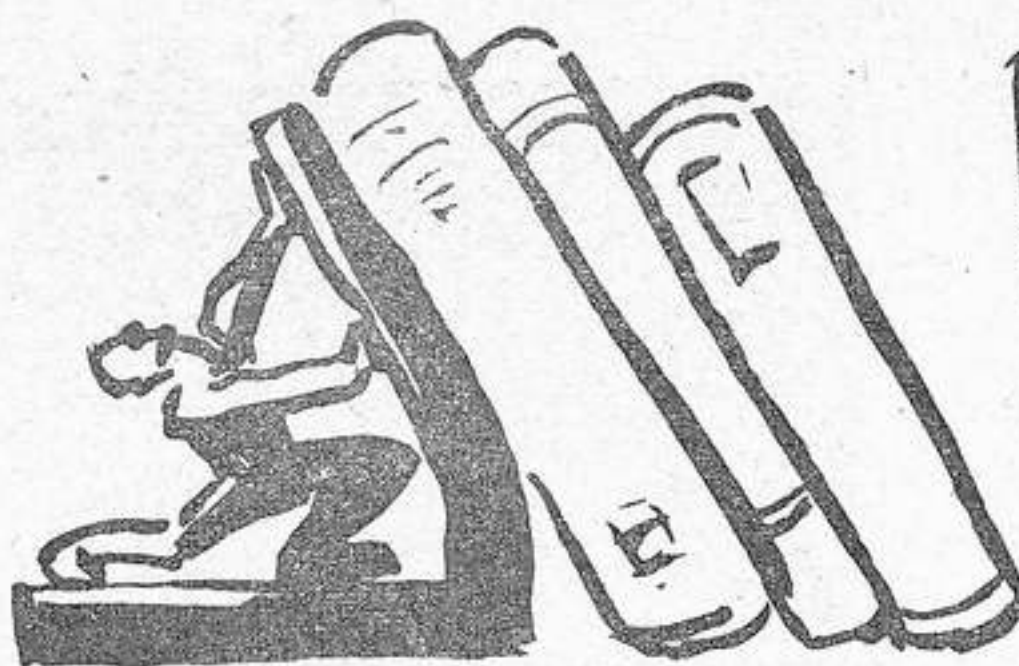
Our Lord Crucified. The unique perspective of the Crucified is more acute in the drawing which is preserved in the Convent of the Incarnation, Avila. The painting was bought by the Glasgow Art Gallery in 1952 and is here reproduced by kind permission of the Glasgow Art Gallery committee.



could also say that experience of suffering makes us value the more our moments of happiness. Certainly there would be less virtue and nobleness in the world, if there was no suffering to inspire the patience, compassion and self-sacrifice that we associate with doctors and nurses and all those who work for the relief of human distress. It is also true that God is merciful when He lays the burden of suffering on those who have forgotten Him, and brings them to their knees before it is too late. Great catastrophes like famine, persecution and war may leave a terrible trail of pain, but they can be the means of bringing whole nations back to God. Considerations of common-sense like these make it easier to see that suffering can have many a good purpose.

It will be said of course that it is easy for a person to talk this kind of common-sense, when someone else is doing the suffering. God, however, has the perfect answer. He can always point to a cross on the hill of Calvary and say: "All ye who pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." It seems almost unbelievable, but when the Son of God came on earth the main thing He came to do, the great ambition of His life, was to suffer and die. Suffer He did from His infancy, and to all outward appearances, He died a broken man, hanging like a criminal between heaven and earth. But there was enough hidden power in the sufferings of Christ to re-open the gates of heaven and make the outcast children of Adam adopted sons of God. The appearance of suffering is always deceptive. It is the inner, supernatural meaning that counts. If there was no life beyond this world every loss of happiness here might well be written off as a total loss. Fortunately this is not the case, because the happiness we were made for is not here but hereafter. The measure of that happiness will depend a great deal on how we bear our sufferings here. If some suffer far more than others, they have the genuine consolation that God has all eternity to even out these differences.

Calvary is also a reminder to those whose suffering is long and wearisome that they must never make the mistake of thinking that their lives are wasted. No life is wasted until God says so and Calvary is proof enough that



BOOKS

Matt Talbot And His Times

Mary Purcell.

Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin. Price 12/6
Miss Purcell must be congratulated on having done an excellent piece of work, for by giving us such varied facets of his life and character and so many facts hitherto unknown, she makes Matt Talbot live again, and very humanly too, in the pages of her book.

It is well named "Matt Talbot and His Times," as it cannot be said to be a purely biographical account of the Servant of God. Rather is it the main events of his life cleverly portrayed to form the framework around which his sanctity unfolds itself, a sanctity all the more remarkable for the apparently unfavourable circumstances in which it flourished.

We are given a graphic picture of the Dublin of Matt Talbot's time—a Dublin where squalor and affluence, the slum-dweller and the "Castle-set," rubbed reluctant shoulders, while all the time the Crown made desperate attempts at "reforming, educating, improving, suppressing, relieving, evangelizing the citizens of Dublin and the people of Ireland."

Miss Purcell has put herculean labour into her work in the matter of research alone, for it contains quotations without number from various sources.

nothing is so acceptable to God as suffering patiently borne. All sufferers can find real heart in the knowledge that they are doing invaluable work when they offer their pain with Christ on the cross for the Missions, the Souls in Purgatory, or best of all, in reparation to the Sacred Heart for the neglect of so many.

A lot more could be said and we would still have gone only a little of the way to understanding the mystery of suffering. If we could see the full value and meaning of our sufferings they would be much easier to bear. But then perhaps there would be no extraordinary merit in bearing the sufferings of life cheerfully. The whole world would be clamouring to suffer more.



If the book has any fault it lies in the frequent use of quotations which tend to make the study of Matt Talbot's life disjointed, and yet these excerpts are so closely bound up with the main theme that at no time is the reading heavy or uninteresting.

Margaret Sinclair

May Ita O'Rourke.

Mercier Press, Cork.

3/6.

In this book we have a brief sketch of the life of Margaret Sinclair, the Cause of whose Beatification is at present being considered in Rome. Her life has much appeal, for she definitely belongs to our world. Born and reared in the slum district of Edinburgh's Old Town, hardship and want did not prevent her growth in holiness, nor did her dismal surroundings suppress her natural gaiety and cheerfulness. As a child and working-girl her greatest joy was to help others; "always tryin' to dae something for ye from her youngest day," her mother says. She knew the discipline of iron nails on her flesh, and she frequently spent her lunch-hour in prayer, fasting from eight in the morning until six at night. Entering the Poor Clares in London at the age of twenty three, she was dead within two years, after a long painful illness. Miss O'Rourke has so well succeeded in portraying the attractiveness of her subject that one's only regret on laying down the book is that it is so brief.

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Even though Spring Rice supported O'Connell in the fight for Catholic Emancipation, the *Liberator*, with his keen understanding of men, never wholly trusted him. Future events proved the accuracy of O'Connell's judgment, because in the year

1834 Spring Rice voted against O'Connell's motion for Repeal of the Union in the House of Commons. From that time his popularity waned. When the Repeal Movement was



Mary Spring Rice who took part in the Howth Gun Running.

at its height in the year 1839, Thomas Spring Rice, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, received the title of Baron Monteagle and Brandon, probably as a reward for his loyalty to the British Government in opposing Repeal. He died in Mt. Trenchard in 1866, and was buried in the family vault at Shanagolden.

THE MONTEAGLES.

Thomas Spring Rice was succeeded by his grandson, a boy of seventeen, who became the 2nd Baron Monteagle in 1866, since his father had died at sea the previous year. During the youth and early manhood of this Baron, County Limerick was ringing with Parnell's slogan "The Land For The People," and it was his lot to watch the growth of the Movement which made that slogan a reality. His three children, Stephen Edmund, Mary Ellen and Thomas Aubrey, grew up in the New Ireland which was developing from the confluence of the many small streams of National Revival. It was the irony of history that his daughter, the Hon. Mary Spring Rice, entered wholeheartedly into the movement which swept away the last vestige of the power of her own ancestors. She played an important part in the incident known as the "Howth Gun Running." The yacht, "Asgard," navigated by Erskine Childers, accompanied by his wife and Mary Spring Rice, sailed out into the North Sea to meet a cargo of

guns and ammunition which had been purchased on the Continent for the Rebellion of 1916. If the "Asgard" failed to land the cargo at Howth, alternative plans were ready to land them at the mouth of the Shannon near Mount Trenchard, showing that Mary Spring Rice was courageous enough to accept the consequences of her dangerous adventure.

She lived the greater part of her life at Mount Trenchard and made many enduring friendships with the people of the locality. The lovely countryside along the Shannon wove a spell round her youth that never lost its hold over her. She studied the history of Ireland and while her parents were holidaying in England, she was learning Irish in the Galway Gaeltacht; and even brought a native speaker as gardener to Mount Trenchard. It was she who founded the Gaelic League and Cumann na mBan in Foynes; she started the teaching of Irish in the schools there in 1904 and taught evening classes herself. Her father gave his approval to these activities and allowed the grounds of Mount Trenchard to be used for the Munster Feiseanna.

For some time before her death in 1924 she was receiving instructions in the Catholic Faith and would have died a Catholic only for circumstances over which she had no control.

Thomas Aubrey, Mary's brother, be-

came the 3rd Baron in 1926. At his death the estate passed to the Valencía branch of the family. At the end of the second World War it was sold to Lady Holland, a remote connection of the family. She hoped that the air and tranquil atmosphere of the place would improve her daughter's failing health. However, the invalid died in 1949 and her mother's death occurred two years later.

When the avenue gates of Mount Trenchard closed behind the 5th Baron Monteagle in 1946, it marked the end of an epoch. Five generations of his ancestors had lived there for more than a century and a half; they had left their mark in an enduring way on fields and woodlands; they had come closer to Ireland than any of their class because they were liberal minded in their outlook as landlords, and tolerant in their dealings with the people, and so they have left no bitter memories behind them.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

A new era began for Mount Trenchard in the year 1953, when it was purchased by the Sisters of Mercy, St. Mary's, Limerick, who took formal possession of it on July 1st, 1954. At 6 o'clock in the evening of that memorable day, the Angelus rang out from Mount Trenchard House across the Shannon. An old bell which once hung in the belfry of the ruined Protestant church nearby was used for the occasion. It was fitting that the house should enter on its new phase of existence with the ringing of the Angelus Bell proclaiming the end of an epoch and announcing a message of hope and peace. Next morning, on the Feast of the Visitation, Mass was celebrated in the spacious Salon now converted into a Chapel, after which a Sanctuary lamp was lighted before a new Altar. A little group of nuns knelt in prayer and a new page was turned in the history of Mount Trenchard House, henceforth to be called Stella Maris Convent.

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SICK CALL—(Contd.)

his confession. This the old man made with great care and Fr. John formed a picture of a life of hard work and struggle, with few slips from the narrow path, leaving the mind now tranquil and at rest. "God bless you, Mike," he said, as he stood up to go to the table on which he had placed the Blessed Sacrament. But Mike had thought up another line of enquiry.

You're from Ballymacarty, I believe, Father?" "That's right," said Fr. John. "Great land around there" said Mike. "All the land's good around there. Not like around here. 'Tis bad oul' land around here. Father. Sure, we're only draggin' and tearin' always here." "Being sounded now for pride," thought Fr. John.

"Oh, I don't know about that," he replied. "I don't think there's all that difference. I saw some very good land yesterday over around Dromineer," and escaped to the table before Mike could start again.

The old man received Holy Communion very devoutly and Fr. John heard him murmuring aspirations as he got the Holy Oil ready. He listened attentively while the priest said a few words about the Sacrament he was to receive, nodded his comprehension and remained very quiet during the anointing and prayers.

Before he gave him the Last Blessing, Fr. John, fearing that the old man's thoughts were still rather earthbound for a man who might be very close to his end, thought it well to put before him some considerations which would help him to be resigned to God's Will. But Mike made his frame of mind very clear when he interjected, "Yerra Father, sure the way the 'oul country is nowadays, I

might as well be going out of it." Before Fr. John could weigh his statement, Mike was off again on the terrible weather and iniquities of the Government. With suitable expressions of the most profound agreement, Fr. John succeeded in reducing him to silence. Then he gave him the crucifix to kiss and gave him the Last Blessing.

"God bless you, Father dear, and many thanks to you" said Mike, as Fr. John took his leave of him. "And if I get into Heaven, I won't forget you. You're the kind of a priest that I like." This last was delivered in the tone of a connoisseur of priests pronouncing his considered judgement and Fr. John had the feeling that, if the verdict had been otherwise, he would have heard it too. He shook hands with Mike and promised to bring Holy Communion again the following day.

The daughter had come earlier to assist at the anointing and as he went out he heard Mike say weightily to her, "a nate little man, Bridie, a nate little man."

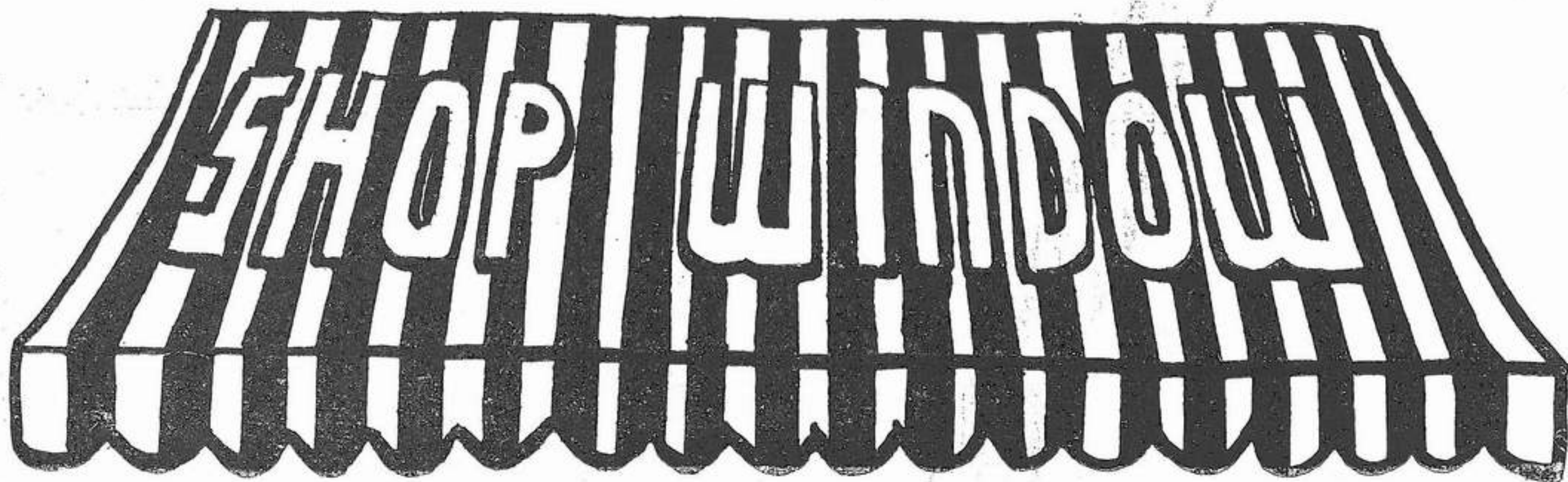
In the kitchen he found the son-in-law waiting to escort him down the breen. The daughter came to the door with him and as she thanked him again added "of course he has his own little ways with him."

Soon he was on his bicycle again. His thoughts began to run on the complexity of human nature. Vaguely he saw the harmony that existed between Mike's keen interest in the world around him, which he would keep until the moment when his eyes closed on it forever, and his perfectly natural acceptance of the fact that his time in it had come to an end. That must come from living close to nature, where everything has its appointed beginning and end, he mused.

The bicycle ran freely down the hill. Fr. John felt content. He had the sense of a mission successfully accomplished. He smiled as he thought again of Mike's "nate little man." He was a bit doubtful as to what the "little" was meant to convey, but the "nate" sounded very complimentary anyhow.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ.

1. Armagh, Dublin, Cashel and Tuam;
2. Twenty-eight; 3. 1856; 4. Edmund Rice. He died in 1844. 5. St. Matthias;
6. (a) St. Cecilia; (b) St. Andrew; (c) St. Anne.



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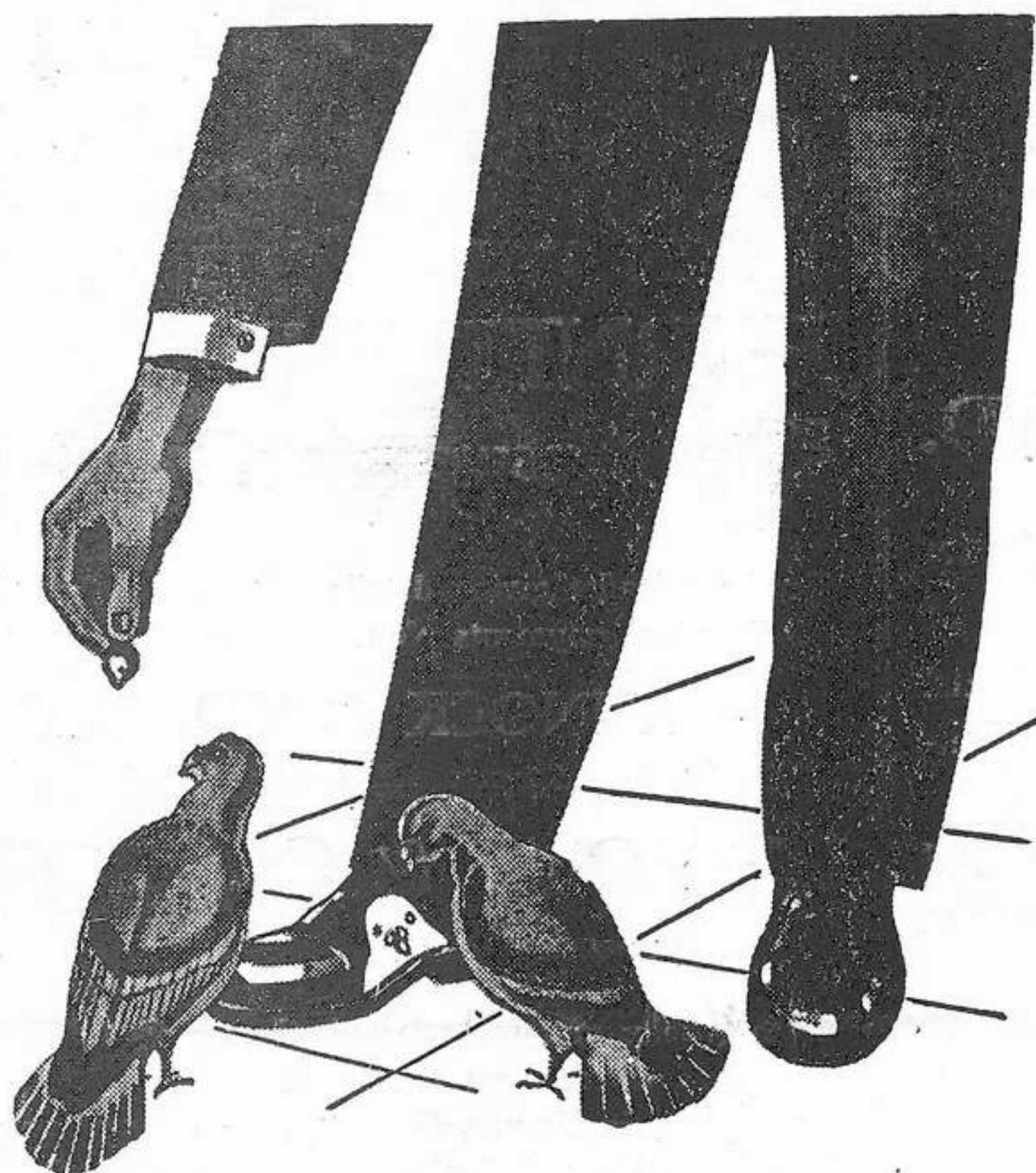
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