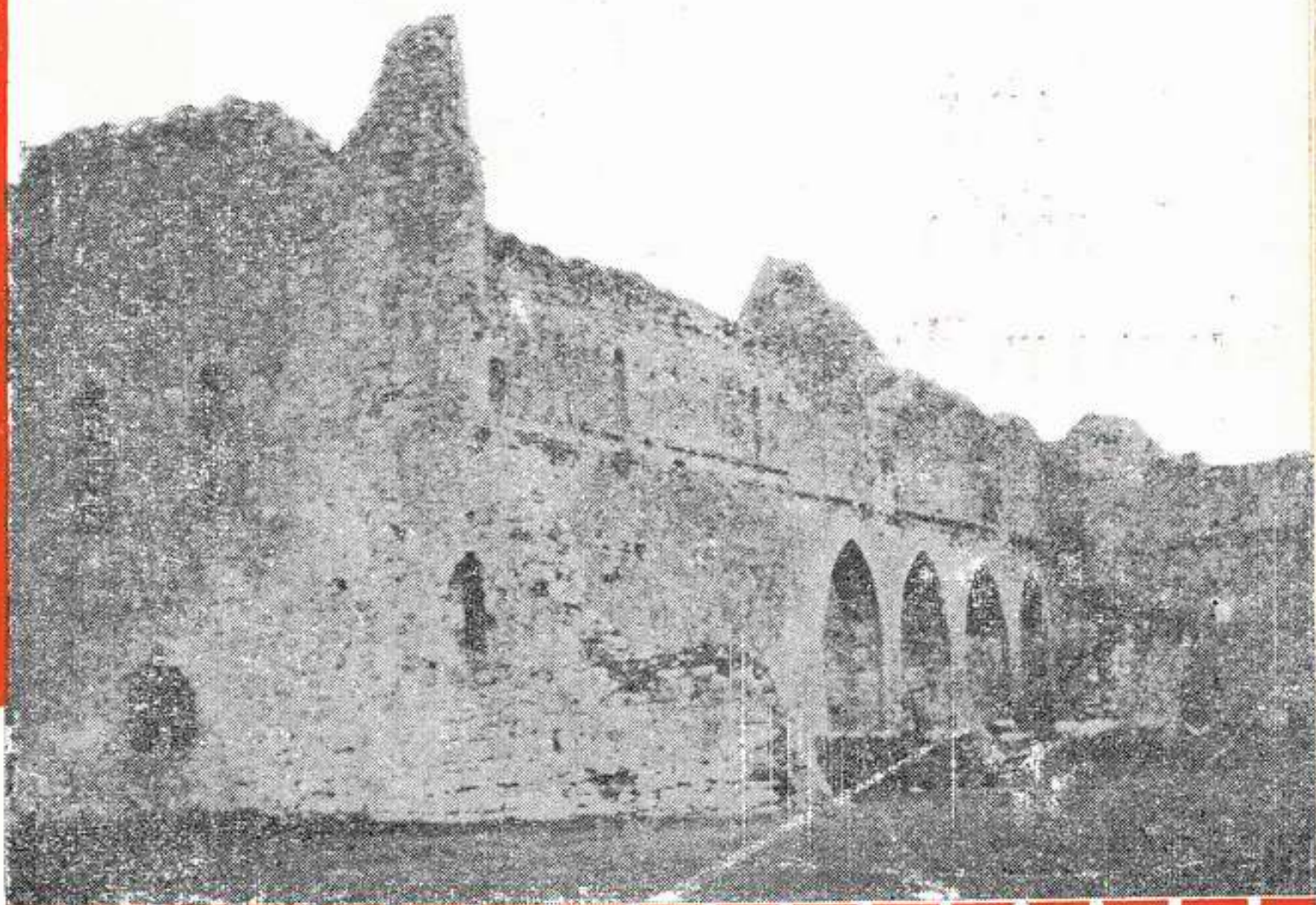


OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

PRICE SIXPENCE

MANISTER ABBEY

(Featured Inside—Page 2)



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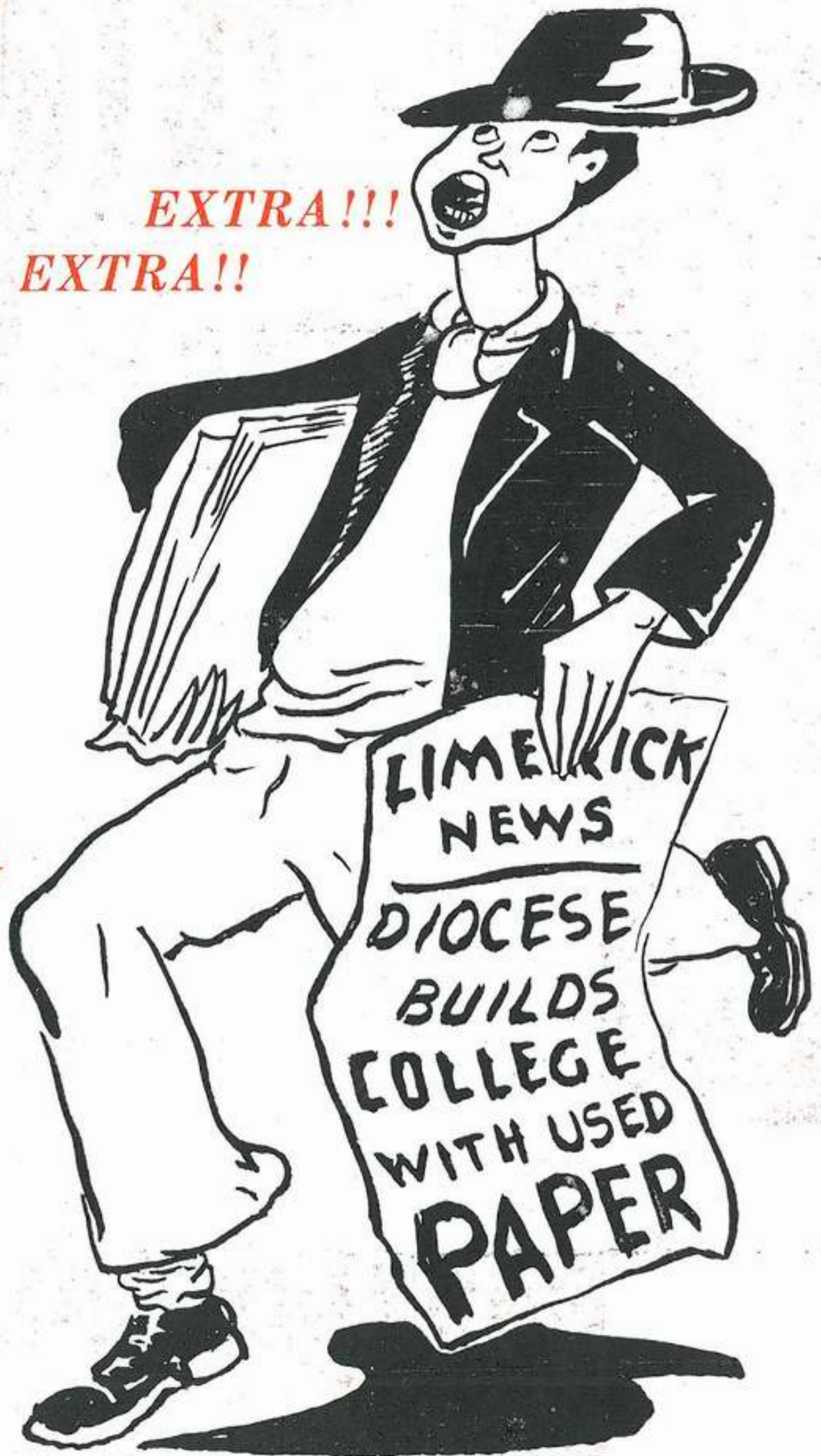
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LIMERICK LEADER.

OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

OCTOBER, 1956

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

Travelling Abroad

A NOTABLE feature of Irish life in recent years is the number of people who travel abroad. Dublin and Lisdoonvarna might have been the limits of adventure forty years ago, but it is very different now. Foreign travel is a rich experience for our people. We live on an island and we easily tend to become insular. Excursions to other lands not only broaden the mind in the proper sense of the word but enable us to have standards of comparison by which to measure ourselves.

We were struck very forcibly by this some years ago while staying in a little town in Scotland. By ten at night there was a notable easing off in the streets. By half past ten the population was more or less in bed and to venture out after eleven hardly seemed quite proper. All very redolent of Calvin and Knox, but not without its advantages. The people were up at cock-crow. The best hours of the morning were given to their business. We took to wondering if our Bishops' objection to all-night dances had as much to do with economics as with morals. "What a wonderful country 'twould be," said Michael Collins, "if the people got up early in the morning."

On the other hand, the traveller abroad is able to take at its true value the sort of criticism that is always running down our own country. We hear so much of it that we begin to accept it without demur. The road and rail systems in other countries are immeasurably better than ours. The hotels give better food and it costs less. The manners of the English leave us uncouth by comparison. The French are too civilised to drink too much. And so it goes on and on.

But when we go abroad things don't seem to work out that way. Back home, as the Americans say, takes on a rosier hue. Our roads do not seem bad at all. Foreign trains are much the same except that it's even more difficult to get a seat. The cost of living is away ahead of ours and hotels in the same grade have little to teach us. English manners at their best are certainly very attractive, but their average is beneath ours and their worst is unthinkable by our standards. Alcoholism turns out to be a national problem in France. It seems that the Irish are not the only Europeans who drink more than is good for them.

One is always happy to have been abroad, and it is so nice to be home again, to touch down at Shannon or to watch the pier at Dun Laoghaire gradually taking shape. There is the quiet conviction also that it is good to be home because our people have something to offer that cannot be had anywhere else in the world.

THE EDITOR.

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THE STORY OF A RUIN

MANISTER ABBEY

By TOM PIERCE.



DURING the Danish invasion most of the monasteries in County Limerick had been destroyed and their monks slaughtered. In the years succeeding Clontarf there were instances of monks coming from the Continent to supply the needs at home. Churches and monasteries were re-built.

Up to the early years of the twelfth century, the churches were planned on very simple lines. They were plain rectangular buildings with or without a chancel and seldom exceeding forty feet by twenty. Many were smaller and must have been used merely as oratories or for storing sacred vessels. The earlier half of the twelfth century was signalised by the introduction of a new style of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland. Cormac's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel (erected 1134) marks the highest level of the old Celtic style. The Abbey of Manister is the first abbey in County Limerick erected in the style introduced from the Continent. A Cistercian monastery, founded by Turlogh O'Brien, King of Thomond, in the year 1150, it lies a few miles south-east of Croom on

the left bank of a tributary of the Maigue, called the Commogue. In Irish records it is always styled Monasteranenagh, the Monastery of the Fair. The name is derived from the Aonach or Fair, the most popular gathering of old times, where all grades of society met for games and entertainment. The exact site of the fair ground is not known, but it was evidently part of the Abbey's possessions.

Rapid Growth

The Monastery grew in importance very rapidly. Before the end of the century it had a branch house at Abbeyfeale. It furnished monks for Holy Cross in Tipperary and Chore Abbey, near Middleton, in Cork. The monks were known as the white monks. The dress

consisted of tunics of undyed wool with cowls. They wore neither linen nor fur garments. They observed a rigorous silence, slept on beds of straw, rose before daylight and devoted themselves to prayer, study, transcribing books, tending the sick, cultivating corn and vegetables, especially pulse, on which they lived, as animal food was forbidden. The rule laid down that each monastery should be so situated as to include within its precincts water, mill, garden and everything required for the subsistence of the monks. The monk faithfully observed the austerity of the rule. The Abbot was often appointed by the Holy See to act on Commissions for the correction of abuses. He was also one of the Spiritual Peers of Parliament from the time of King John.

Troubled Times

In 1369 was fought the first of the battles of Monasteranenagh. In 1365, Turlough O'Brien had become King of Thomond but did not enjoy the honour very long. He was banished within three years by his nephew, Brian, known afterwards as Brian Catha an Aonaigh. Turlough fled for protection to Gerald the Poet, Earl of Desmond, who espoused his cause and gathered an army to reinstate him. Brian met this army at Monasteranenagh and defeated it. After the battle he found the Earl himself, John Fitzthomas and Sir Thomas Fitzjohn sheltering in the Abbey and imprisoned them till they paid a heavy ransom. Turlough accepted asylum offered him by the Earl and years afterwards his descendants had assigned to them a district in County Waterford from whence sprang a distinct branch of the O'Briens.

Put To The Sword

Another battle was fought at Manister in 1579. After the death of James Fitzmaurice the Spanish troops which landed at Smerwick in Kerry moved eastward with their Irish allies under the command of Sir John Fitzgerald, younger brother of the Earl of Desmond. This allied force was met by the English under Sir Nicholas Malby at Manister. A fierce battle ensued, ending in victory for the English. Dr. Allen, the Papal Nuncio, was among the slain. Many refugees sought shelter within the Abbey walls, but in vain. Malby turned his cannon on the walls, effected a breach and poured in his troops. No quarter was given to soldier or monk. All were put to the sword.

Beautiful Legend

The Annals of the Cistercians compiled in the seventeenth century contain a beautiful legend connected with this battle. It is related that an old monk escaped the slaughter and concealed himself till all was quiet. It was the Eve of the Assumption. Alone he entered the chancel where the butchery had taken place that day. He knelt before a broken statue of Mary and wept bitterly because nobody was there to keep her feast, she to whom the Abbey had been dedicated. Suddenly the chancel was filled with light, the dead arose with crowns of victory on their heads and palm branches in their hands. They took their places in the choir and sang the vespers to strains of heavenly music. The service over, the last note died away, the radiance faded and there was nothing left but gory walls and mutilated corpses.

All In Ruin

From an inquisition held in 1578, a year before the battle, it appears that the Abbey and its lands were granted by Elizabeth to Sir Warham St. Leger. He did not interfere with the occupants. But the Irish cause was lost. On the days of the battle the Earl of Desmond and Fitzmaurice of Kerry looked ingloriously on from the summit of Tory Hill and took no part. Next day the Earl sent a congratulatory message to Malby. He replied by laying waste the Earl's towns of Askeaton and Rathkeale. After the battle the Abbey buildings at Manister gradually sank into decay though it was not until recently that the vaulted roof fell, destroying the east window and part of the chancel. The family from a nearby Big House took quoin stones from the chancel to build an over-ground family vault. This so weakened the structure that it could not bear the trust of the vaulted roof and collapsed.

The Church was a plain rectangular building, one hundred and seventy-nine feet long, divided into nave and chancel. On each side of the nave were two lofty arches of reddish grit. At the south-west corner a massive tower is said to have stood. The nave is considered to be the original building erected by Turlough O'Brien. The chancel arch was one of the largest in Ireland. It was seventy-five feet broad, the shafts were seventeen and a half feet high, and the apex of the arch about thirty-five feet above the floor. The Abbey was a unique specimen of Irish architecture before the coming of the Normans.



Q. Does the Sacrament of Extreme Unction forgive sin?

A. Yes, it does. When a person is struck down suddenly unconscious, the efficacy of the Sacrament of Penance is at least doubtful since the person cannot show any signs of sorrow which is an integral part of the Sacrament of Penance. On the other hand since merely internal sorrow is sufficient for the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, this Sacrament is of vital importance for the unconscious person, who at the moment of consciousness was sorry for his sins but who cannot now show any signs of such sorrow.

???

Q. Is there a special blessing for what is popularly known as May Water?

A. No, there is no special blessing for May Water; it is blessed in the same way as ordinary Holy Water. The attribution to Holy Water, blessed on May Eve, of any special efficacy above and beyond ordinary Holy Water approaches the superstitious. It is, of course, a pious and laudable custom to sprinkle the growing crops with Holy Water to protect them from loss and to beg the Author of Life to bring them to a plentiful harvest.

???

Q. What are the linen Vestments worn by the Priest at Mass?

A. They are Amice, Alb and Cincture. The Amice must be of white linen, square or oblong in shape. It covers the shoulders and is tucked inside the collar of the priest and is tied around the breast by two strings.

The Alb is the long linen Vestment that

Any Questions

???

completely covers the soutane of the Priest. Sometimes the lower portion of the Alb is made of lace.

The Cincture is made in the form of a cord and is usually worn double and helps to keep the Alb in place. The ends of the Cincture are finished by tassels.

All these vestments had their counterparts in the garments worn by the Roman nobility in the early days of the Church, and were taken over by the early Christians and reserved for the priest celebrating Mass.

???

Q. Why are Mass-servers called Acolytes?

A. The word "Acolyte" means attendant: and by tradition it has been used for one who fulfils minor duties in the Liturgy of the Church. In fact, there is an Ordination ceremony for Acolytes; it is a step in the road to Priesthood, and custom has sanctioned those who serve Mass being described as Acolytes.

???

Q. What is the meaning of the Title, 'Mary, Mediatrix of all Graces'?

A. The title means that all Graces won for us by Our Lord are dispensed to us through the hands of Our Lady. It is not a defined Doctrine of our Faith, but it is commonly believed by Catholics that Our Lady has this privilege of handing out to us all Graces, because she freely took part in the Redemptive work of Our Lord, Her Son.

A TALE OF FOUR CITIES

LIMERICK AGAIN!

WROTE OF THE DISSATISFACTION
IN HIS MIND.

... the veil is rent
And youth's illusive
fervour spent;
And thoughts of deep
eternity
Have paled the glow of
earth to me.
Foot of Fame!

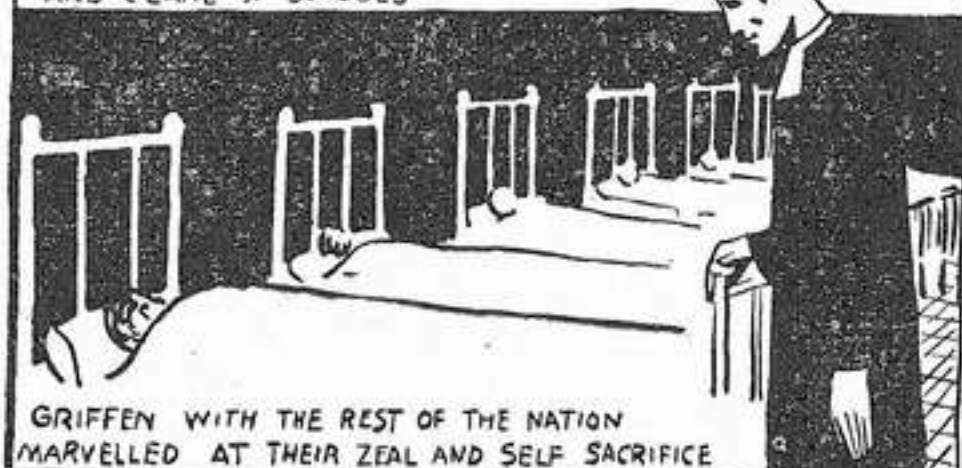
IN 1828 GRIFFEN
AT THE HEIGHT
OF HIS FAME



IN 1833 BACK IN PALLASKENRY HE WROTE TO HIS
PARENTS IN AMERICA "FOR SOME TIME I
HAVE HAD THOUGHTS OF ENTERING THE CHURCH..."
AS HE WROTE CHOLERA WAS RAGING IN THE
NEARBY CITY OF LIMERICK

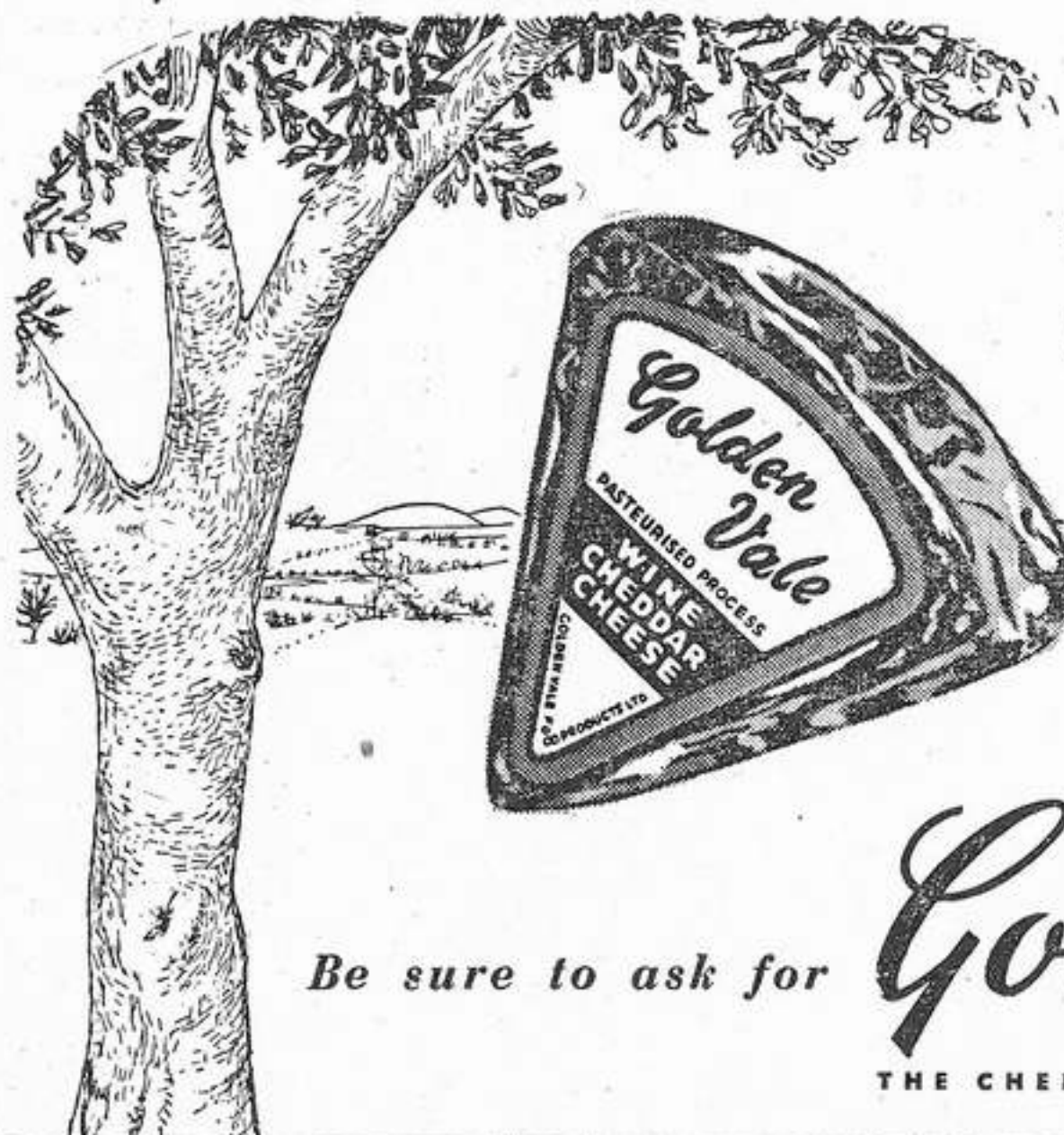


AS MANY AS SIXTEEN DEAD WERE REMOVED ONE
MORNING FROM THE EMERGENCY WARDS
BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN THEIR
AND CLARE ST SCHOOLS



GRIFFEN WITH THE REST OF THE NATION
MARVELLED AT THEIR ZEAL AND SELF SACRIFICE

FIVE YEARS LATER AGAINST THE WISHES OF HIS FAMILY
AND FRIENDS HE LEFT FOR THEIR DUBLIN NOVICATE



THE CHOICEST CHEESE

Delicious and nutritious Golden
Vale cheese comes to you
in these tempting varieties:

Creme De Gruyere
Cheddar Cheese Spread
Wine Cheddar Cheese
Processed Cheddar

Be sure to ask for

Golden Vale

THE CHEESE MADE AT CHARLEVILLE

Father John Visits The Canon

THOSE who have followed this chronicle will know that Father John was the youthful curate of Kilmorna. The parish priest, Canon Fitzpatrick, who was a youthful seventy-five, lived near the other church at Carrig, and it was Father John's custom to call on him every Saturday evening. As we meet Father John, he has paused on the steps of the Parochial House for a word with the Canon's rather disreputable-looking but very amiable Kerry Blue. Then, going through the open front-door, he knocked on the door of the Canon's sittingroom and in response to an absent-minded "Come in, John," entered the room.

As usual, the Canon was sitting at his desk absorbed in a book. Only his head and shoulders were visible above the pleasing disarray of piled up books and papers.

"Sit down a minute, John," said the Canon, without looking up.

Father John stepped carefully over the Canon's fishing rod, which was lying in sections on the floor, and went to the chair which looked least encumbered. Having removed the Canon's gardening trousers reverently to the sofa, he examined the chair for stray fishing hooks before he sat down, being mindful of a painful experience of a few months before.

He had a view of the Canon round the head of a stuffed fox. The Canon was big framed and lean and legend had it that in his youth his bone-crushing tackles had been highly respected on the sports fields of Munster. He was wearing his old soutane, open negligently at the neck. His wispy white hair helped to give him a benign Pope Leo XIII look. A smile spread over the Canon's face as something in the book tickled his fancy. The smile broadened rapidly, became a chuckle and finally rumbled in a loud laugh, as he leaned back in his chair.

"Oh, these were the days, John, my son," said the Canon, giving an appreciative slap to the ancient volume on the desk.

"Good Lord," thought Father John, "I'm in for another discourse on the eighteenth century."

"Listen to this," said the Canon, getting the place in the book again. But he changed his mind. "No," he said, "I'm afraid this miserable twentieth century does not understand a more robust age."

The Canon got up and automatically his hand put the biretta on his head. Under the biretta, his face took on again its wonted

look of ecclesiastical gravity. "Yes, I'm afraid we're going down the hill," he said sadly, walking over to the fireplace. "Take that hurling team of yours, John. I was very disappointed in them last Sunday."

Father John had taken the Canon to see the Kilmorna hurlers go down in a not very glorious defeat the previous Sunday.

"They were pretty bad right enough," said Father John.

"They'd have been wiped off the field only for that scoundrel Casey" ('scoundrel'



"Let me show you the most effective stroke in the game," said the Canon to Fr. John.

was a term of affectionate regard with the Canon).

"Now Casey," continued the Canon warming to his subject, "is the only one of them that can hit that ball on the ground. The rest of them are messing around trying to lift it because they can't do that. In my day you hit the ball whatever way it came to you. They are destroying the game nowadays."

"That's true alright, Canon," said Father John, "but," he added, knowing that the Canon liked to be talked back at, "on the other hand, I'd say there's been some gain too. The players are more skilful now. To score ten or fifteen points was unheard of a few years ago."

"Granted!" said the Canon judicially, "Shooting points, I'll admit, is very spectacular, but the price is too high if the players lose the art of ground hurling. Let me show you."

The Canon seemed to be looking for something to demonstrate with. His black-thorn stick was lying against the mantle-piece. Father John handed it to him. Taking it, the Canon measured the distance on either side of him to make sure he had room to swing.

"Let me show you the most effective stroke in the game. When the ball is travelling along the ground, you will get surprising distance and beat your opponent every time with a quick flick like that," and the Canon let go a lightning cut that nearly took the nose off the stuffed fox. The biretta on his head tottered for a moment and then toppled backwards. Instinctively, Father John's hand shot out and held a good catch inches from the ground. Looking over his shoulder from his follow-through position, the Canon smiled appreciatively.

"Not bad," he said, "not bad at all for a young fellow."

"Tell me, John," he continued, "when have you the next practice?"

"On Monday night," replied Father John.

"Listen, here's what we'll do. You call here for me about seven o'clock and I'll go up and see if I can't knock some sense into those fellows. We can't have them disgracing the parish like this."

"Very good, Canon," said Father John. "But come out with me, John. I want to show you the new cow I've got. She's a beauty."

Another Jersey?" asked Father John, as they went to the door.

"Yes. I got Art Cogan to get her for me up in County Sligo."

They went around the side of the house on their way to the small farmyard where the Canon kept his four Jersey cows. The Canon was a keen agriculturist and the condition of his ten acres was a great source of pride with him. He might be described as a one-man Cistercian monastery, spreading the light of husbandry through the parish. Or rather, it should be called a two-man monastery, since he had converted the clerk, Jerry Daly, into an enthusiastic scientific farmer also. But the Canon did more than stimulate by example. Any farmer he encountered on the roads was liable to be buttonholed and given a free lecture on some branch of his profession—like Father John was receiving now on the shortcomings of Shorthorns.

As they passed the kitchen window, the window was thrown up and Mary, the housekeeper, placed a pair of masterful forearms on the sill. "The tea will be ready in ten minutes, Canon," she said very distinctly. Mary regarded the Canon as a kind of wayward child, with whom one had to deal kindly but firmly.

"Yes, yes, Mary," said the Canon rather testily, not liking being interrupted in his discourse.

"You'll have a cup, too, Father John," she added, "and don't let the Canon stay out there too long now."



SELF-STYLED

Language difficulties in Japan are not restricted to foreign missionaries. Father Patrick Diamond, S. S. C., reports that a Nipponese baker, in an effort to promote business among English-speaking patrons, hung out a new sign bearing the following legend: "Best Loafer in Town."



Many of us might take a lesson from the whale. The only time he gets harpooned is when he comes up to spout.



with a fine steel knitting needle and then pour about a half-glass of whiskey or rum over it. I find it keeps the flavour better as a great deal evaporates if it is used in the cooking.

Method—Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. You get quicker

By MARTHA

WELL, my dear silent and anonymous readers (if I have any!), by the time this article appears in print that poor, pallid period—that travesty of summer which we endured in 1956 will have gone its damp, shivering way, and before we have time to regret the few sunny days, Christmas will be here. In spite of the alarming way that prices keep rising, and money dwindling, in spite of the threats of austerity and penury, the slogans of "spend less" and "save more," and the constant warning to "tighten your belt," we, housewives, are expected to provide some festive fare. All of us, I am sure, will be obliged to produce a Christmas cake. If you have followed my advice and preserved some eggs when they were cheaper, your expenditure will be considerably lightened. If you have not done so, get busy at once and get the cake made because eggs will be getting dearer and scarcer. I am giving the recipe for a cake that I make every year. It speaks well for the recipe when I can assure you that it has never yet been a failure. I touch

wood! It is not very extravagant and results in a rich, dark cake.

* * * *

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Ingredients—

- ½ pound of brown sugar.
- ½ pound of butter or margarine (butter better for keeping).
- 6 eggs.
- 1 pound of flour.
- 1 pound of sultanas.
- 1 pound of currants.
- ½ pound of raisins.
- 6 ozs. of chopped candied peel.
- 2 ozs. of cherries.
- ½ pound chopped almonds.
- ½ teaspoonful of spice.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of treacle or golden syrup.
- 1 wineglassful of spirit or fruit juice.

* * * *

No baking powder is needed when using spirits, but if not doing so add one half teaspoonful, mixed with the flour. Cider is a good substitute for spirit. Personally, I put no spirits in the cake, but when it is baked I allow it to cool slightly in the tin, prod it all over

results if you use your hand rather than a spoon to beat. Add each egg separately and beat until the mixture is stiff and uniform. Stir in the flour, almonds, fruit, treacle and spirits, if used. You should have a nine/ten inch tin, well lined with greased paper. Put the mixture into this tin, smoothing the top and making a slight depression in the centre to allow for even rising. It is advisable to tie a piece of brown paper round the outside of the tin.

* * * *

Oven times:

In a range—A medium to hot oven for the first fifteen minutes reducing to slow. It should be baked in four to four and a half hours, dependant on the heat. Test after four with a steel needle in the centre of the cake, which should come out dry.

* * * *

Regulo for gas—Regulo 2 for 1½ hours, reduce to Regulo 1 until done, approximately five hours in all.

Electric cooker—300 F. for 4½

Continued opposite page.

WOMAN'S PAGE—Continued.

hours.

Pot oven—Should take about 4½ hours.

When the cake is baked and quite cold wrap it in grease-proof paper and store in an air-tight tin. It will keep for a long period. Later, you can ice it; first cover it with almond paste, and leave it for twenty-four hours before covering with Royal icing. As nobody in our house likes Royal icing I make do with the almond paste, which they all love. I keep the cake in a tin until the day before Christmas Eve, and then cover the top and sides with the almond icing. We like the following:—

Icing Ingredients—

½ lb. ground almonds.

½ lb. icing sugar (or half icing and half castor sugar).

A tablespoonful of whiskey (for flavouring and preserving quality).

One egg.

Mix the almonds and sugar together, sieving to break lumps. Add the whiskey and enough of the beaten egg to make a stiff paste. Turn out on a pastry board and work with the hand to a smooth paste. Pat and roll this on the top and around the sides of the cake. I usually shake a little icing sugar on top and stick a little cake-ornament like a Santa Claus in the centre to make it look festive.

* * * *

So, go to it, housewives, and get the cake made, and remember, that as far as Christmas cakes are concerned December 8th is D Day. They are not mature until at least fourteen days after baking, and the longer they are kept, the richer the flavour.

SUMMER MEMO

Don't complain too much
About the summer heat.

Just remember, friend,
Hell has got it beat.

*Without comment for the season
just gone.*

For October, we include the following item on ...

The Rosary and Napoleon

NAPOLEON'S favourite page was Rohan Chabot, Prince Leon. One night the emperor went to the theatre accompanied by the boy and noticed that the page was not concerned at all with what was going on around him and was not watching the stage, but kept his eyes fixed upon the coat which lay across his lap.

Napoleon leaned over and drew the page's hands from beneath the coat and saw, to his astonishment, that the boy was saying the rosary. Prince Leon blushed in confusion, expecting a rebuke, but the emperor smiled and said :

"You have courage and will grow up to be a man of power." Then returning the rosary, he added : "Keep on reciting it; don't let anything disturb you."

No one dared to ridicule the little page from that time on, and years later, the same page, renowned for his piety and deeds of charity, became Archbishop of Besancon, and finally a Cardinal of the Catholic Church.

A singing friend of mine once confessed that in the pride of his youth he told an acquaintance, "My music teacher says I have an unusual voice and should go far."

"Splendid," replied the acquaintance, "I'll help you pack."

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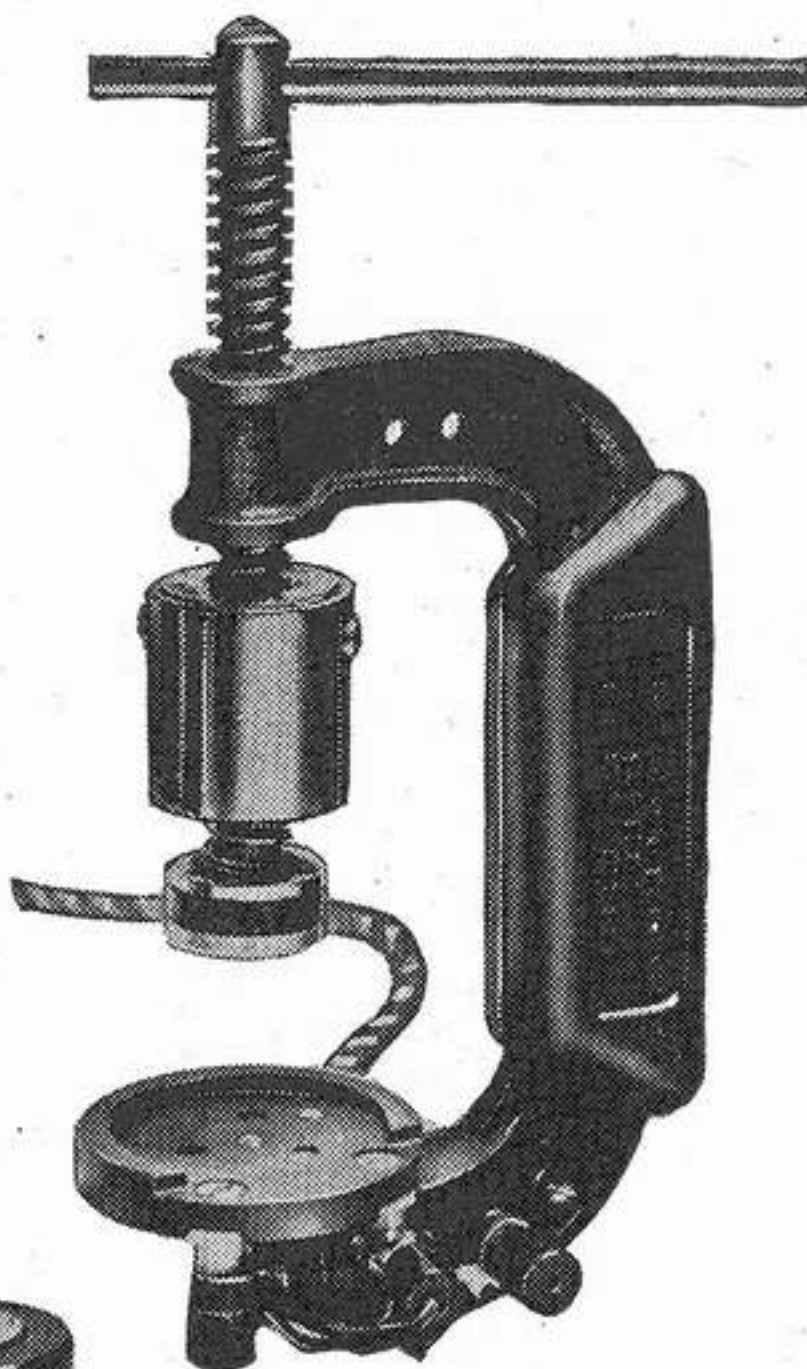
" TURNING THE SCREW "

for better Smoking



When touring a tobacco factory, the visitor finds evidence of stripping, blending, maturing and much else of a similar nature. But what's this—a vice?

It certainly looks like one. But in fact, it's a highly-sensitive, scientific instrument, known as a Compression Cell, which measures to a fine degree the moisture content in tobacco. Tobacco samples are taken and placed within the small "cell" which is then positioned in the "vice." The arm is screwed down until the correct contact is made and a Moisture-Meter connected electrically to the Compression Cell, shows a reading which represents the percentage of moisture in the tobacco. This is one example of the cares and techniques which make everyday routine in Carroll's Tobacco factory at Dundalk, where, since 1824, the craft of blending and processing fine tobaccos has been practised. Today, Carroll's products, cigarettes and tobaccos are known and respected throughout Ireland, and in a large number of export markets all over the world.



AFTON
(first for quality)
CIGARETTES

AFTON—In tens 1/5d. Twenties 2/10d. Fifties (flat tins) 7/1d.

AFTON MAJOR—The big cigarette of luxury. In twenties only 3/1d.

MICK McQUAID—The favourite cut plug. Per oz. 3/4d. (Also ready rubbed). In the famous "Scruevac" tin.

CARROLLS OF DUNDALK. TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1824



St. Mary's Convent, Limerick.

SISTERS OF MERCY

THE first Convent of Mercy in Limerick was opened on September 24th, 1838, by Mother Catherine McAuley, Foundress of the Order of Mercy. The site, which was given to the Foundress, was rich with the memories of three great religious enterprises already undertaken there. Towards the end of the 12th century, Domhnall Mor O'Brien, King of Thomond, brought a contemplative Order — Canonesses of St. Augustine — to this locality; the convent which he built for them was called "Peter's Cell."

No remnant of this Convent survives, only the aroma of the contemplative life lingers in the place-name. Doncha Cairbreach, son of Domhnall Mor O'Brien, and contemporary of St. Dominic, built the first Dominican house in Limerick in 1227. Somewhere beneath its ruined walls he lies buried. Early in the 19th century the Poor Clares built a Convent and School close to the sites already mentioned, where under very difficult circumstances the children of Limerick were taught. The failure of their enterprise led to the foundation of the first Mercy Convent in Limerick. When, on an autumn evening in 1838, Mother Catherine McAuley entered the old gateway on the Island Road it is not surprising that she felt the hallowed atmosphere of "Peter's Cell." The ruined wall of the once fine Dominican house still survives, a proud memory of the sons of St. Dominic who were suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII. They went out from the

scene of their labours carrying nothing but their love of the truth, leaving the Earls of Desmond and Thomond to quarrel over the Church property once known as "St. Saviour's."

Limerick, 1838.

When the Sisters of Mercy came in 1838, Limerick was passing through an economic crisis. Public records of that period refer to terrible poverty in the city and county. English competition had annihilated the once flourishing weaving trade in Garryowen, Thomondgate and Park. Four years previous to the coming of the Sisters the Curate of St. Mary's, Father Enright, wrote a letter to the Press in which he revealed that misery and destitution and illness prevailed to an alarming degree in his parish. Earlier in the 19th century, Dr. Milner, Vicar Apostolic of the English Midland District, visited Limerick. He was impressed by the fertility

of Limerick soil but saddened by the hunger and misery of a people who raised cattle and grew wheat but never tasted meat or bread. It was at this time, also, that the sorely-tried people were assailed by a horde of proselytising agencies and Bible Societies offering free food, clothing and education. In the Post Office Guide of that period twenty-one different societies for the "Conversion" of Ireland are listed. Several of these had branches functioning in Limerick and County. If the official reports on the state of Irish education at this period are reliable, many poverty-stricken Limerick parents were enticed to send their children to the proselytising centres that operated in the city.

Social Services.

It was at this period of great depression in the life of Limerick that the history of the Mercy Order in this city begins. Mother McAuley remained three months in Limerick during which she examined the circumstances of her new foundation and made her plans. It was characteristic of her not to restrict her efforts to any one type of work. She endeavoured to relieve every phase of human misery to which her aid could reach out. Thus, more than a hundred years before the widespread Social Service programmes of the 20th century were inaugurated, Mother McAuley and Mother Elizabeth Moore, first Superior at St. Mary's Convent, laid the foundations of a great Mercy enterprise.

The Sick And In Prison.

As there were no hospitals conducted by religious, early in 1840, Mother Elizabeth sought permission to visit Barrington's and St. John's. The year 1843 found her pleading with the Prison authorities for permission to visit the City Gaol. In this era of Tithes and Rackrents, many good Irishmen wearing the felon's garb welcomed the visits of the nuns, and ever since that year, the great doors open once a week to admit two Sisters of Mercy to Limerick Prison. In 1840 also, Mother Elizabeth founded a Social Club which was unique at that time. Its members paid a small weekly sum of which she took charge, an undertaking which entailed much account-keeping. In times of illness and difficulty, members were given financial aid from this fund. Most of it was spent in providing respectable funerals for their relatives. From those early days also may be traced the visits of the Sisters to the sick in their homes. This visitation of the sick

is going on continuously since 1840. Nowadays two Sisters from St. Mary's and two from the Mount are engaged in whole-time nursing of the sick in their own homes.

The Poor And The Homeless.

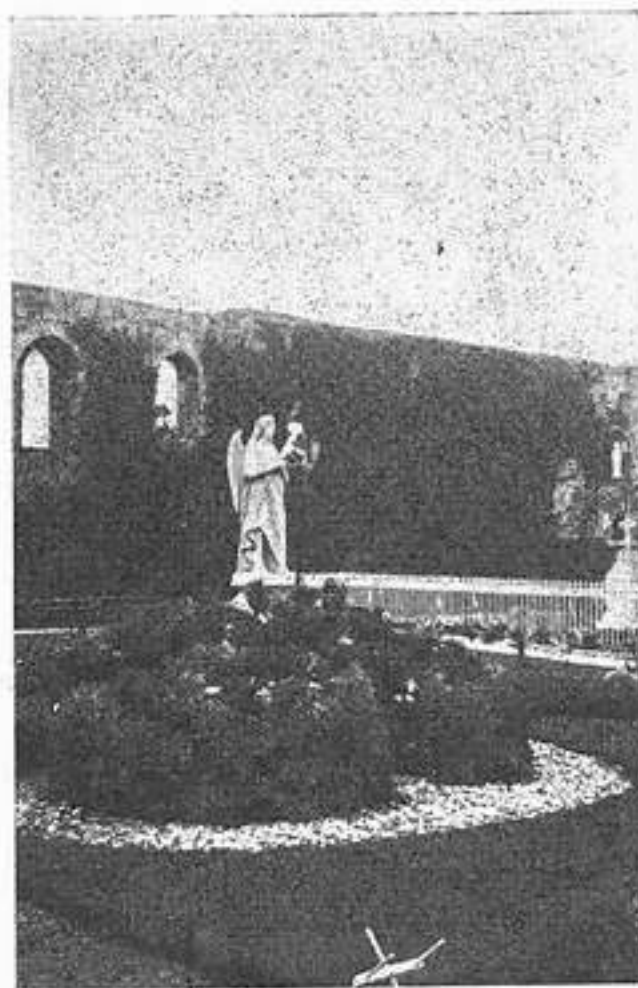
During the Famine years, the lanes of Limerick were filled with the children of evicted tenants. The annals of the Order preserve many sad memories of the experiences of those who visited the homes of the sick and the poor. Mother Elizabeth's heart was wrung by what she saw. She and her small group of Sisters worked with energy and fortitude, sharing what they had with the poor, appealing for aid to those who were better off, organising and directing the distribution of food to a hungry and despairing people. She filled the House of Mercy with homeless girls and took upon herself the task of preparing them to face life anew.

In 1850 the Mount Orphanage was founded. It was the fulfilment of Mother Elizabeth's dream. It was the outcome of much planning and many sacrifices. In the years that followed, when the Land War drove many Irish families out upon the hill-sides, the Mount Orphanage was a haven where several generations of Irish children found a happy home.

Cholera.

Two outbreaks of Cholera, in 1849 and 1854, filled the inadequate hospitals of

Continued on Page 32.



Statue of St. Michael, the Archangel, which is in the grounds of the Convent.



Every evening after tea
We kneel and say the Rosary.
I thought that prayer was much too long,
But now I know that I was wrong.
I ask the Holy Family,
Jesus, Joseph and dear Mary,
To help me think of the sweet story,
The story of the Rosary.

The Murphy Twins

It was a windy day in early November and the twins had been enjoying themselves thoroughly all the evening playing with the autumn leaves under the big trees at the top of the field. The wind had been blowing in mischievous gusts tossing the brown and orange leaves in a mad dance into the air and then letting them drop noiselessly to the ground. Old Nan who lived in the cottage near the road had been under the big trees, too, picking sticks for the fire, and she had told them it was a "si ghaoithe," or fairy wind.

When it was tea-time Mary had brought them home and now they sat round the cosy fire listening to the rising wind moaning around the house. Pauline stole over near Mammy and nestled in close beside her.

"What's wrong, dear?" asked Mammy, smiling down on her.

"I—I'm afraid, Mammy, of the Poor Souls."

Mammy looked down at her, surprised, and then looked at Mary—"Mary," she said, "has old Nan been telling ghost stories again?"

Mary got very red, but said: "Indeed no Mammy, they weren't ghost stories at all, she only said that she thought that God made the dead leaves red and yellow and orange at this time of the year for a special purpose. The dead leaves were to remind us of the Poor Souls and the colours of the flames of Purgatory, and I think it was quite a good idea," she said stoutly.

Continued overleaf.

October, 1956.

Dear Children,

In the lines of verse above, you see what another little girl—or, perhaps, another little boy—once thought about the Rosary. October is the month when we should especially say it, and Our Lady herself has taught us to do so. You remember that when the three children of Fatima were young they thought the Rosary very long, and so they said only the two words "Hail Mary" on the small beads and the words "Our Father" on the big ones. But when Our Lady visited them she was carrying a rosary beads and she asked them to say 5 decades of the Rosary every day. When Lucia enquired from her if Francesco would go to heaven, she answered: "Yes . . . but first he will have to say many Rosaries."

So we should say the five decades every day, and if we try to think of the story they will seem very short indeed.

Brat Mhuire timpeall oraibh!

Your loving,

AUNTIE BRIGID.

GRUMPY GERTY HATES THE RAIN

Grumpy Gerty hates the rain;
She stares straight through the
window pane,
And grumbles, and grouses, and
whinges and whines,
Waiting impatiently 'till the sun
shines.

But Merry Molly and Jolly Jack
Welcome the rain with its pitter pat.
Away they run in rubbers and mac,
To hear the ducks and drakes:
Quack. Quack.

On seeing the flowers lift faces fair,
To the rain drops freshening their
colours rare,

Said Molly to Jack, "Now isn't God
kind?

Although He has all the world to
mind.

He does not forget the poor dusty
flowers.

He sends rain to wash them, in
cooling showers.

The birds sing sweeter after the
rain,

And the burned brown grass grows
green again.

But Grumpy Gerty never knew,
The wondrous things that the rain
did do.

Grand Painting Competition

3 SPECIAL PRIZES

Murphy Twins—

Continued from previous page.

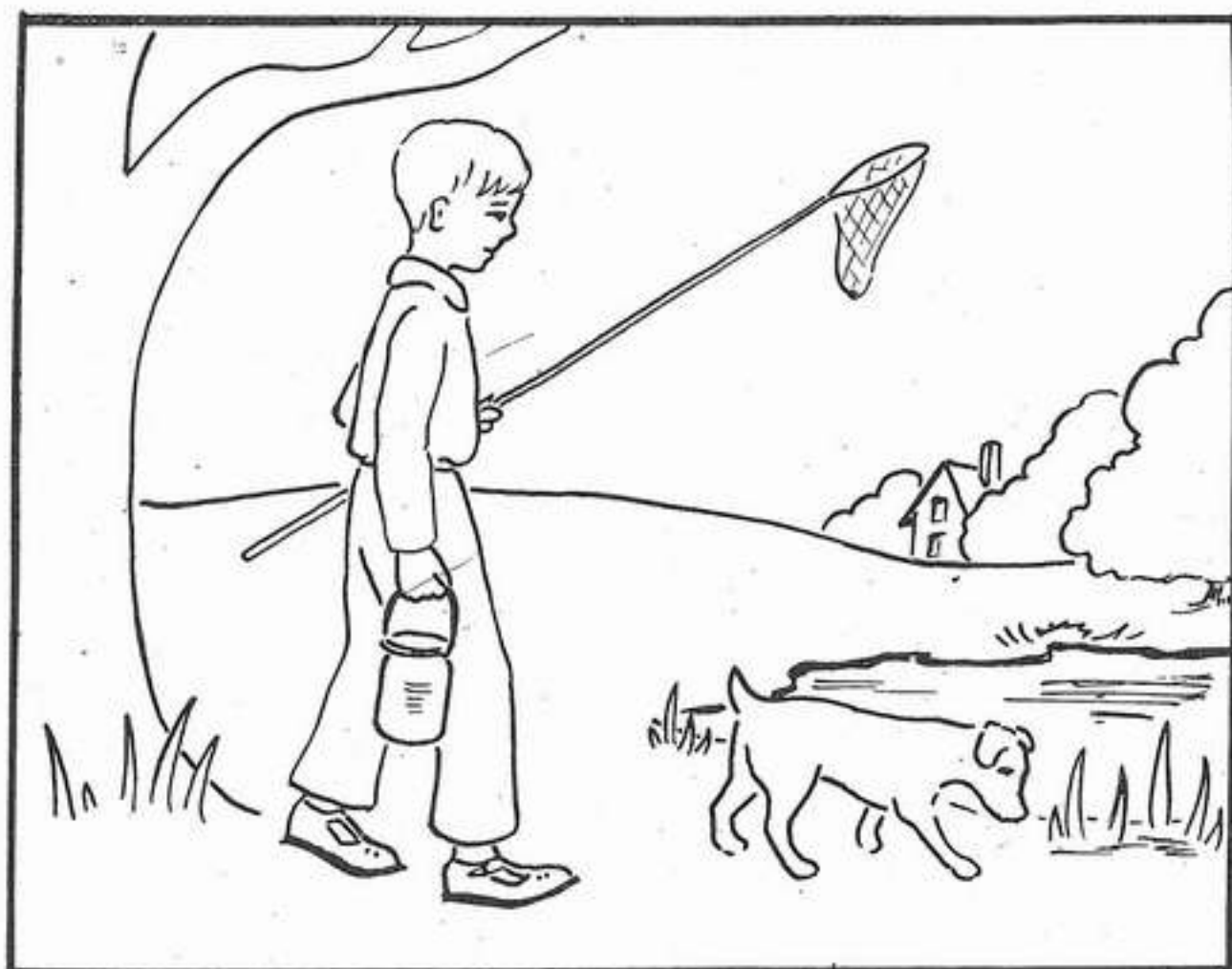
Mammy smiled and said: "Well, I suppose you couldn't call that a ghost story. Did she say any more?"

"She did, Mammy," said Pauline, in spite of the faces Peter was making at her to keep quiet. Peter loved Nan's stories of leprechauns and fairies and ghosts and he was afraid if Pauline didn't stop, Mammy mightn't let her tell them any more.

But Pauline kept on: "She told us, Mammy, that when the wind is crying and moaning, like it is now," she added with a shiver, "it's the Poor Souls begging us for our prayers. Is that true?"

"Well dear," said Mammy, "I'm sure Old Nan didn't mean you to take her exactly at her word, she probably only meant that it could remind you of the Poor Souls asking for prayers just as the leaves could remind you of the flames of Purgatory; and it would be a good idea if when we listen to the wind or look at the leaves we said a little prayer for the Holy Souls."

But later on as she lay in bed listening to the wind Pauline wondered if Old Nan weren't really right after all and hugged her favourite doll — Christina Anne — so tightly that the poor thing felt quite bruised. Indeed Christina Anne confided to Rosetta—Pauline's other doll, next day that she thought Mrs. Murphy was quite right and that small children should not be told ghost stories.



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THE CROSS

by
T. RUDDLE

The tree that grew in the shape of a cross always possessed a strange fascination for Joe O'Leary . . .



THE tree that grew in the shape of a cross always possessed a strange fascination for Joe O'Leary. His great friend, old Mike Connors, first drew his attention to the peculiar hawthorn, with just three branches, and he very seldom passed the road without pausing to look at the "Cross Tree" as he called it.

On this lovely summer evening he leaned against the fence for longer than usual. He was sad, not because it was his last evening coming home from school, but he was worried because of the uncertainty of the future. For a long time he knew that he wanted to be a missionary priest more than anything else in the world. He had told his secret to old Mike Connors.

"Sure you couldn't do better," Mike had said to him. "I've a tidy bit saved, and I couldn't put it to better use than to make a priest of you."

This was wonderful news to Joe's parents, for it was a hard struggle to support a large family, let alone sending the eldest to college.

But things did not work out as planned. One day poor old Mike got "a stroke," and he died without regaining speech or consciousness. A long intensive search failed to reveal the will he was supposed to have made, or the money he certainly had. Now his place was to be put up for auction, and the proceeds divided among the next-of-kin, and Joe O'Leary was only a very distant cousin.

"St. Joseph," he prayed, "please hurry up and tell me where to find the will and the money," and he rose up slowly and turned towards home. His fervent prayer was wafted upwards beyond the evening skies, and St. Joseph above in heaven whispered something to the Mother and Son, and the Three looked down smilingly on the poor forlorn lad as he walked slowly along the dusty road.

During tea, the conversation, as was usual these days, turned to Mike Connors and the sale of the place.

"I hope," Mrs. O'Leary said, "that whoever buys it won't ever cut down, or interfere with the cross, for the poor old man, God rest him, had a great reverence and affection for it. Sure he always said something happened there in the Penal Days. And he'd let no one trim it but himself."

Her words had a strange effect on Joe. Like one inspired he jumped up from the table, and to the surprise of the family he was out of the house before anyone could ask him what was up with him, or where he was going.

His father gazed after him, but remained silent, and by and by he, too, rose and went out followed by the rest of the children. Mrs. O'Leary was very thoughtful, as she busied herself putting away the tea things, and tidying up the kitchen.

Continued overleaf

"Wisha, what strange notion did Joe get just now?" she said to herself, or where did he go off to in such a hurry and without a word to any one? He's taking this to heart, and sure that's no wonder for 'tis a big disappointment to him and all of us. I'm afraid that will or money won't ever be found now wherever poor Mike hid them. God's will be done, and if He wants Joe to be a priest He'll find a way for him."

The loud banging of the gate so startled her, that the tea pot nearly fell out of her hand, and next moment Joe came racing in, wild with excitement, a box in his hand.

"The will," he panted, "Mike's will. I found it."

His mother could scarcely speak as he thrust the box towards her.

"Where was it?" she managed to say at last.

"Hidden in the ditch just inside the cross," he told her. "And the money's there, too."

* * * *

Away in far-off Nigeria, the sun is sinking and the swiftly falling night is already closing in. In his hut, in the mission compound, a young priest closes his breviary with a sigh of satisfaction, not unmixed with weariness for it has been a long busy day, and he is not yet fully inured to the hot African clime. The prayer on his lips is for an old man who was his friend and who made it possible for him to realise his life's ambition. Maybe the far away look in his eyes is for an humble home in an Irish valley and a tree in the shape of a cross.



McPherson was travelling the Alps and found the natives somewhat profligate with his money. Coming down the hill from the hotel to the station, the cab driver suddenly skidded at high speed around a steep curve and shouted:

"The brakes are gone, I cannot stop the car."

McPherson, terribly excited, replied:

"Well, at least, mon, stop the meter."

□ □ □

EPITAPH.

Here lies Bill Wont;
He was shot by Bob Dont;
His real name wasn't Won't but Will;
But Will won't rhyme with Dont
And Wont will.

Captive Congregation

□ □ □

"SUNSHINE MONTHLY" recalls an incident in the life of Al Smith. During the time when he was campaigning for the Presidency, he stopped off one day at Sing Sing prison to pay one of the regular visits he considered part of his duty as governor of the state of New York. The warden showed him various parts of the prison, and then led him into a large hall where the convicts had been assembled.

"Now, men," the warden said, "you are going to hear a few words from the governor."

Al was taken by surprise, and never having spoken to convicts before, he was not quite sure how to begin his speech.

"My fellow-citizens," he said, and then suddenly remembered that when a person goes to prison, he is no longer a citizen.

"My fellow-convicts," he started out again, but this did not sound right either. Finally, in desperation, he burst out:

"Well, anyway, I'm glad to see so many of you here."

That brought down the house, and Al laughed as loud as anyone else.

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A SPECIALITY

Specially for the Month of October, we include this Article on . . .



C36488

Imitating Our Mother

ST. THERESE OF LISEUX once said a very disconcerting thing for preachers. She claimed that all the sermons she had heard about Our Lady left her cold. The sermons, she thought, lacked the love of Mary, or rather the stimulus to the love of Mary, because she would not query for a moment the preacher's love. The sermons glorified and honoured Mary without stimulating love. Mary was the Queen more than the Mother. She was the Tower of Ivory and the House of Gold rather than the Help of Christians. She was a creature so wonderfully superior to all creation as to be beyond imitation.

And yet Our Lord who commanded us to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect implied also that we should seek perfection in the imitation of our heavenly Mother. He gave us His mother to be our mother. We are to be mothered by her, reared in the imi-

tation of her virtues as His brothers and children of our common Father. Mothers form children by precept and by example. We are meant to be fashioned in her likeness.

* * *

If it is true of Christ, that He became like unto us in all

things except sin, it is true also of Mary. Indeed, it is more true of Mary, because Our Lord became like unto us, whereas Our Lady of her very nature is like unto us. She had unique privileges of course. She was conceived and born without stain of sin. She became the Mother of God. But she remains a human person, just like ourselves.

* * *

And how near she was to us in the circumstances of her earthly life! How near the common man! She was not reared in palaces as queens are. She had no crown on her head. It is true that she was of royal blood. She was of the family of David. But the House of David had come on hard times when Mary was born. She was espoused to a carpenter and carpenters were not well off in those days. She had no privileges whatever as the world counts them. Making ends meet was her problem as wife and mother.

* * *

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

The total absence of glamour and publicity in the life of Our Lady is a factor that must strike us very particularly in these days when glamour and publicity are valued so highly. Only twice in the public life of her Son did she appear at all, at the very beginning and at the end. At the beginning when she figured in the story of the first miracle at Cana in Galilee, and on that occasion she was not in any way associated with Our Lord's public work. On the contrary He pointed out that His hour had not yet come. He worked the miracle as a special condescension to His mother's request, as something, as it were, outside the plan of His Gospel labours. She appeared again at the end of the public life, when all was over or almost over. She was with Him on the road to Calvary and beneath the Cross, and there

Continued overleaf

18. OUR CATHOLIC LIFE.

was nothing she could have done then.

Mary's life was a hidden life. Her association with the redemption was a labour of sympathy, of suffering and prayer. All her virtues were hidden virtues. She was not meant for the limelight. She did not seek it. She carried no public responsibility or burden whatever. She was a very private individual. Her life may be summed up in one word. It was very ordinary.

And this ordinariness in the life of Mary our Mother is precisely the element that will draw us closer to her. She practised the hidden virtues, and these are the virtues we must practise if we are to be virtuous at all. We are not placed in extraordinary circumstances and there is nothing extraordinary expected of us. We may read in the lives of the saints and in the lives of other good and brave people of their courage and endurance in unbelievable conditions, in wild missionary countries, in concentration camps, in times of great upheaval. We read and we admire, but we are not called to imitation. Their lot was cast in a different setting and they were moulded by God's grace accordingly. Our lot is the simple, the ordinary lot: the home, the factory, the field, the workshop, the fair, the office, the shop. If we are to be great, and perhaps we feel that we are somehow called to be exceptional, then we can be great in our virtuous reaction to our ordinary daily struggle. Patience in the home, for example. En-

durance of the little daily trials imposed upon us consciously or unconsciously by those we live with. The home of Nazareth is our exemplar here and we turn to the Mother.

But you will say, the Boy Jesus was never troublesome. He was an only child and a model one at that. And Joseph was a model husband. He never wasted his earnings foolishly. You never had to wait up for him, hoping against hope that he wouldn't be drunk to-night. And, yet, is suffering in the home limited by drunken husbands, difficult children, exacting wives, grown sons and daughters with grievances and nerves? Truth is there cannot be any limit to our opportunities for patience. Indeed, the Child Jesus was a 'difficult' child because His parents could not understand Him. When they found Him in the Temple they were quite bewildered by what He said to them. All that Mary could do was to keep His words pondering them in her heart. How many words must mothers keep in their hearts, pondering on the future of their sons?

We all have many things to ponder in our hearts. As the *Imitation* says in so many words, we chatter and gossip with our neighbours to relieve ourselves of the weary thoughts that occupy us. It is wiser to keep silent and to confide in heaven and not in earth, not in the neighbours but in Mary. She understands. She guides us. She enables us to imitate her hidden virtue.

—M.T.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

They'll sit enthralled for hours at some fictitious (and usually fatuous) love story on the stage or screen, and they'll grudgingly give a bored half-hour to the greatest, most real Love-Drama of all, the Sacrifice of the Mass.

They'll fret over their bodily health, carefully watching their diet, calories and vitamins, and they'll rarely give a thought to their spiritual health, their food of prayer and the sacraments, the "divine vitamin" of sanctifying grace.

They'll faithfully take the morning and evening newspapers, and spend time and money on the picture magazines and latest "best-sellers," and they'll refuse to subscribe to a worth-while Catholic paper or magazine.

They'll frequently ask God for a favour, and they'll rarely return to say a word of thanks when it is gained.

They'll indignantly and justly protect their country and its flag from any insult, and they'll swallow without a word the most arrogant insinuations against God, the Church and the Cross.

The list can be continued indefinitely. Try it for yourself. But beware of judging others. Better begin—and end—with yourself.

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ATHLETICS

DELANEY AND KINSELLA

AS November 22nd, the date for the Melbourne Olympics, draws near, hopes for an Irish victory have faded with the setback which Ronnie Delaney has suffered. He has never been the machine-like type of runner, who turns in consistent and seemingly effortless performances every time. Two years ago, at the beginning of his career, he faded completely in the final of the 800 metres at the European Championships at Berne, after brilliant performances in his heat and semi-final. Again his under four minutes mile last May came shortly after two mediocre performances against John Landy.

It is worth recalling also the case of the long distance runner, Gordon Pirie, Britain's brightest Olympic prospect. Recently Pirie has made two world records, yet less than a year ago he collapsed in the course of a race and had to retire from running for a time. Now he is back better than ever, and Britain is so confident that he is going to be the Emil Zatopek of the coming games, that he is being sent to Australia on September 26th, to give him two months to get acclimatized.

It is a great pity that Delaney's schedule was not geared solely to the Olympics. Unfortunately, he was not a free agent. Having accepted the scholarship to Villa Nova university, he was under obligation to run for the university team, and so had an intensive winter season on the American indoor tracks. A rest would seem to have been indicated when he came back to Ireland in June. But it would have been difficult for him to refuse the invitations of his Dublin colleagues to compete in the meetings which were to help to finance the big athletic stadium to be built in

Dublin. And so within days of his return from California, he competed in the College Park, two days afterwards took on the British sub-four minute miler, Brian Hewson, in the most publicized race ever in Ireland. He drew a crowd of over 25,000 to Lansdowne Road, by far the biggest crowd to attend an athletic meeting in this country, and he certainly was not helped by the knowledge that he carried the expectations of that vast crowd.

When Hewson burst past him in the straight, he showed tremendous courage in the way he literally forced himself to get abreast of him again. A man of different temperament, realizing that he was not running with his usual smoothness,

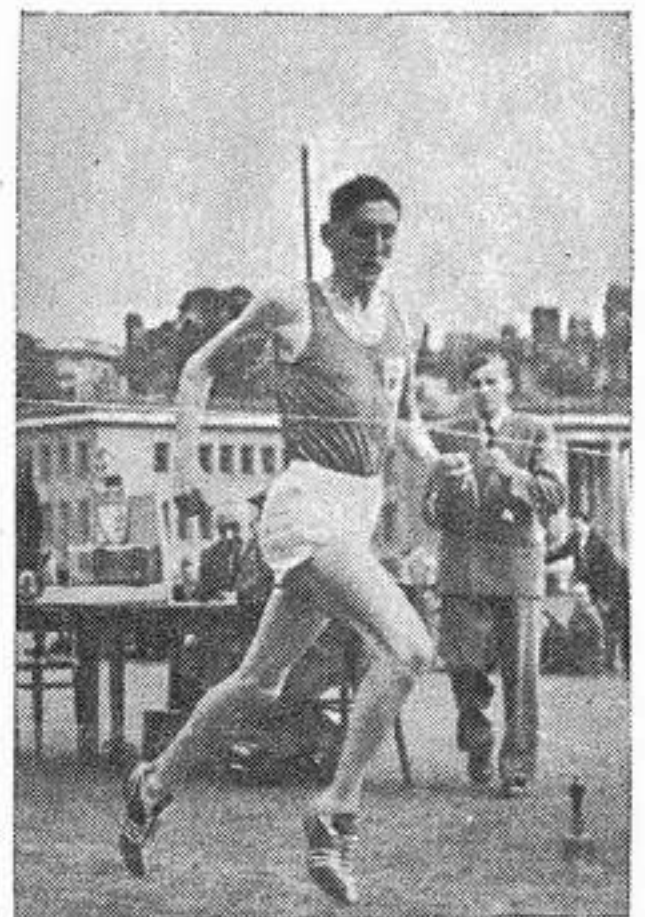


might have decided that discretion was the better part of valour, allowed Hewson his two yard victory and waited for another day. But Delaney hurled himself into that desperate photo-finish and as a result collapsed exhausted after crossing the line. There is no doubt but that he strained himself badly that night, and when he competed again the brilliance had gone from his running.

At all events, Delaney's achievements have earned him the right to go to Melbourne. Remember that his 3 min. 59 secs. for the mile has been bettered only by John Landy, who holds the world's record with a time a second less, and by Roger Bannister, who is now retired. A mistake will be made if he is not sent, as the possibility cannot be ruled out that his comeback will parallel that of Gordon Pirie.

The publicity which the unassuming Delaney has received, has overshadowed the other man we have in world class, the hurdler, Eamonn Kinsella, an athlete of as fine an appearance and style as any that will appear in the Melbourne arena. Kinsella has shown himself in competition to be at least the equal of any man in Europe in the 120 yards hurdles. Recently he had a time of 14 secs. in Belfast, .3 of a second better than his previous best, but the time was not allowed because of a following wind. However, the standard of the Americans is much higher than that of the Europeans and they won the event at the last Olympics in Helsinki in 13.7 secs. But Kinsella could very well get one of the six official placings by reaching the final, and so repeat the performance of Jimmy Riordan, who was not only the only European, but the only white man, to reach the final of the 400 metres at the London Olympics in 1948.

—P.H.



RONNIE DELANEY.

*Two men looked out from prison bars,
One saw mud and the other saw stars.*

SO did Hilaire Belloc, one of the great Catholic writers of our time, hit off the Pessimist and the Optimist. The mud and the stars were both there to be seen. What each man saw depended on his pre-disposition. The man who looked downwards saw the mud, the man who looked up saw the splendour of the stars. So it is with you as you look at life. You too can look at the mud. You can look at the deficiencies in your self and others, at the evils to which our flesh is heir as a result of Original Sin, at the injustices and cruelties of life. Or you can look around you and above you at the evidence which is everywhere of Order and Design in the Universe, which tells you of the existence of God, Whose Design this Universe of ours is.

THE NATURAL

By FATHER P. HOULIHAN.

Unfortunately, our eyes are too much cast down. It is rarely we look up. When the night is clear and frosty, our eyes are on the slippery road lest we fall. So we miss the glory of the heavens, "this brave o'erhanging firmament, fretted with golden fire." Next time, take a chance on the icy road and look up. The moon is moving clearly through the sky. Consider that its light is the reflected light of the sun; that it is circling our planet; that our planet, in turn, is circling the sun, and at the same time rotating on its own axis. Consider that, of the millions of stars, many are much larger than our earth; that some are fixed bodies, while others are planets in constant motion and following the paths, which the Designer of the Universe has given them.

* * * * *

THE LAWS OF THE CREATOR

But maybe you are the prudent type who believes in watching one's step on icy roads. Then look around you when spring is here. See the birds follow the laws implanted in them by the Creator, as they build their nests, breed and care for their young, and watch these young in turn, as they develop, follow the paths appointed for them. If you

are lucky enough to grow wheat, consider the progress of the decayed seed in the ground, as it reacts to soil, sun and moisture. When the field stands ready for harvest, see how the delicate, hollow stalks are strong enough to support the heavy ears of corn, yet light enough to sway before the wind and so escape breaking under its impact. Now, at this time of the year, see the swallows gather to obey the law, which says they must migrate to a warmer climate in order to survive.

* * * * *

THE GREAT DESIGNER

Everywhere you see the hand of the Great Designer. All things, whether inanimate like the stars, growing like the wheat, or living like the birds, follow the laws God has given them, so that they may fulfil His plan. You and I and the whole human race are also part of His plan. But we are unique among God's creatures in this world. He has made us most like Himself, by giving us intelligence. Because we have intelligence, we alone can examine His creation and see the working of the laws which he has implanted in it. And we can examine our own nature, too, and

reach a knowledge of the laws, which He wishes us to observe so that we may fulfil His plan for us. All other things follow God's laws and fulfil His plan, without realising that they do so. As the poet, Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, wrote: "The sun and stars, shining, glorify God They glorify Him but they do not know it they are something like Him, they make Him known but they do not know they do Nevertheless, what they can they always do." We alone can know His law for us and consciously fulfil it.

* * * * *

FREE WILL

This Law of our human nature, a knowledge of which can be reached by human reason, is called the Natural Law. But we are in

LAW

another way unique. God has given us free-will, so that we alone do not of necessity, obey the law of our nature. We have the awful responsibility of being able to act contrary to it. Since we are not physically bound to observe it, we use the term, the Moral Law, to describe this law which tells us how human beings may fulfil God's plan for them.

* * * * *

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Human reason can work out what the laws of our nature are, but God has not left us in our fallen and weakened state without guidance. He has given us the Ten Commandments, which tell us how to live in accordance with our nature—they are signposts guiding us to our goal. And they have been clarified and given in greater detail by Our Lord, Jesus Christ, and by His Church, which is His voice through the centuries. But they are also knowable by human reason. For instance, from a consideration of Who God is and His relationship with us, we arrive natur-

ally at the First Commandment, which commands us to honour and give homage to God. Consideration of the relationship between parents and children lead us to the Fourth Commandment. The consideration that God has given to each human being a life like His own leads us to the conclusion that it is unlawful for anyone to take this God-given life from a fellow human being—the Fifth Commandment.

* * * * *

UNIVERSAL APPLICATION

So the Natural Law then or the expression of it, which we call the Ten Commandments, is a law which binds human beings everywhere and under all circumstances, since it flows from human nature itself, just as the law which says that a motor car must be periodically greased, in order to fulfil its function, is a law for all motor cars, since it follows from the very nature of the car.

* * *

PRESENT DAY ERROR

You may have found this article rather heavy going and wondered if it had any great practical importance. It has. To-day, many men have forgotten that, just as the planets and the animals follow the laws of their natures and in following them fulfil God's plan, so there is a Law, which men and their rulers must follow, if they are to live in accordance with the nature God has given them and fulfil His plan for them. To give an example, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Attorney-General in the last British Government, made the following statement in a speech: "Parliament is sovereign; it can make many laws; it could ordain that all blue-eyed babies should be destroyed at birth." But Sir Hartley is wrong. Such a law would be contrary to the Natural Law and consequently have no binding force. The members of Parliament would do wrong in enacting it and the citizens would do wrong if they attempted to put it into effect.

"CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY"

You recall the Nuremberg trials after the war, when the victor nations put the German leaders on trial. We are not concerned here with whether the charges were true or false, but with the basis of the charges against the Germans. They had to be charged with the violation of some law, but since they had not violated the laws of Germany, on what grounds could they be charged with such crimes as that of having attempted to wipe out the Jewish community? The judges had to base their charges on violation of the Natural Law, though they did not use that term. They charged them, you remember, with "crimes against humanity."

* * * * *

To repeat—this realization of the existence of a Natural Law, with which all laws must be in conformity in order to have binding force, is of vital importance to-day, when Governments are so powerful. If its existence is forgotten, then the way is open for such laws as that which Sir Hartley Shawcross said

to be lawful, the laws of Communist Governments depriving people of right of worshipping God or any other immoral law suggested to a particular Government by the expediency of the moment.

SINGLES ONLY!

A man anxious to book seats for a certain play rang up a number. "Can I get a box for two to-night?" he asked.

"We don't have boxes for two," answered the voice at the other end.

"Isn't that the theatre?" asked the caller.

"No, this is the undertaker," came the reply.

UNCLEAN!

While a very refined looking woman was shopping at a fruit stand, her dog, unseen by her, licked some fruit, much to the annoyance of the proprietor. After this had happened several times, he called it to the woman's attention. Turning to the dog, she snapped sternly: "Priscilla! Stop that this instant! They've not been washed."

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Kilmallock Abbey, where the "White Knight" lies buried . . . children still search for his grave in the centre of the Abbey's choir.

THE TOWER EARL

The Tower Earl, the "Fairy Boy" Fitzgerald Comes to Kilmallock.

By SISTER M. DYMPNA.

TO the horror and grief of Munster, Garrett, the Rebel Earl of Desmond, had been brutally murdered on November 11th, 1584, near Tralee, soon after his release from the Tower of London. He had given his eldest son, known henceforth as the "Tower Earl," as a hostage for his own good behaviour, but the English had goaded him into revolt once again in the hope of destroying his power and influence.

Children love to hear legends attached to his name. His ghost was said to rise at night from the waters of Lough Gur mounted on a steed with silver shoes, and when the west wind howled from the sea people used to tell strangers to listen to the Desmond Wail. Two years after his death 574,000 acres of the best Irish land passed under English rule to be given to English settlers. No wonder then the Geraldine Chieftains in 1589 once more broke into fierce rebellion to regain their lands.

THE GERALDINES.

The Geraldines chose for their leader James Fitzthomas, nephew of the Rebel Earl, since the lawful heir was a hostage in London. Fitzthomas was a sweet-tempered, genial soul, entirely unfitted by nature to be a conspirator or leader of arms, yet beloved by his rude soldiers and haughty kinsmen. The "Sugaun Earl" he was called, in derision, by the English. Against Essex, Presi-

dent of Munster, the Geraldines under him were sometimes successful, but when Essex was succeeded by Mountjoy and Sir George Carew, who set about burning, killing and spoiling throughout Munster, the Rebels were in dire danger. The Sugaun Earl and his Confederates were attacked close to Kilmallock by a strong force of Cavalry and completely routed. He was forced to find shelter in the Glen of Aher-

low, a place ever a refuge for the unfortunate. Here, twenty years before, had lain his uncle, the Rebel Earl of Desmond, and here sixty of his gallowglasses were executed after having gallantly fought in defence of their heroic leader.

SET FREE.

Though in hiding then, the Sugaun Earl was still free. He was the head of the Geraldine Forces and could command their allegiance. Carew, therefore, did not feel safe. He thought of a plan. He would destroy the power of the Sugaun Earl. He remembered the twenty-nine year old son of the Rebel Earl of Desmond, and suggested to the Queen that he should be set free, restored to his titles and paraded in his native Munster as a Loyal supporter of Queen Elizabeth. As soon as the vacillating Geraldines would see him they would desert the Sugaun Earl and give their allegiance to him. So believed Carew. He knew the Tower Earl to be educated. He forgot that sixteen years in the Tower had wrecked his

Continued on Page 25.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

CINEMAGOERS, you have an interesting menu from which to choose between now and the end of the year. The more interesting dishes come under such titles as "The Eddie Duchin Story" (mid October), "Sincerely Yours" (October 13th), "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (October 15), "Helen of Troy" (October 22nd), "Carousel" (November 5th), "Rock Around the Clock" (November 19th), "Madame Butterfly" (November or December), "Moby Dick" (December), "Lindberg Story" (December or January), "Rising of the Moon" (do.). Note—These dates are, at the moment, only provisional.

It would be very interesting to find out, if we could, which of these will, in the event, draw the biggest

CINEMA

By P. J. L.

audiences. All tastes seem to be catered for and, if music hath her charms, then many will be spell-bound, especially all you lovers of opera and good music, when "Madame Butterfly" takes over the screen. This is a truly delightful presentation of "Madame," and, I assure you, your emotions will elevate you above a mere contemplation of our recent summer when you have experienced this "One Fine Day."

"Carousel" will meet the musical requirements of many. This rather ponderous production of Roger's and Hammerstein's musical is relieved by occasional flashes of genius. But lovers of "Carousel" will be thrilled.

Fans of the more sentimental, dance hall type of music will have

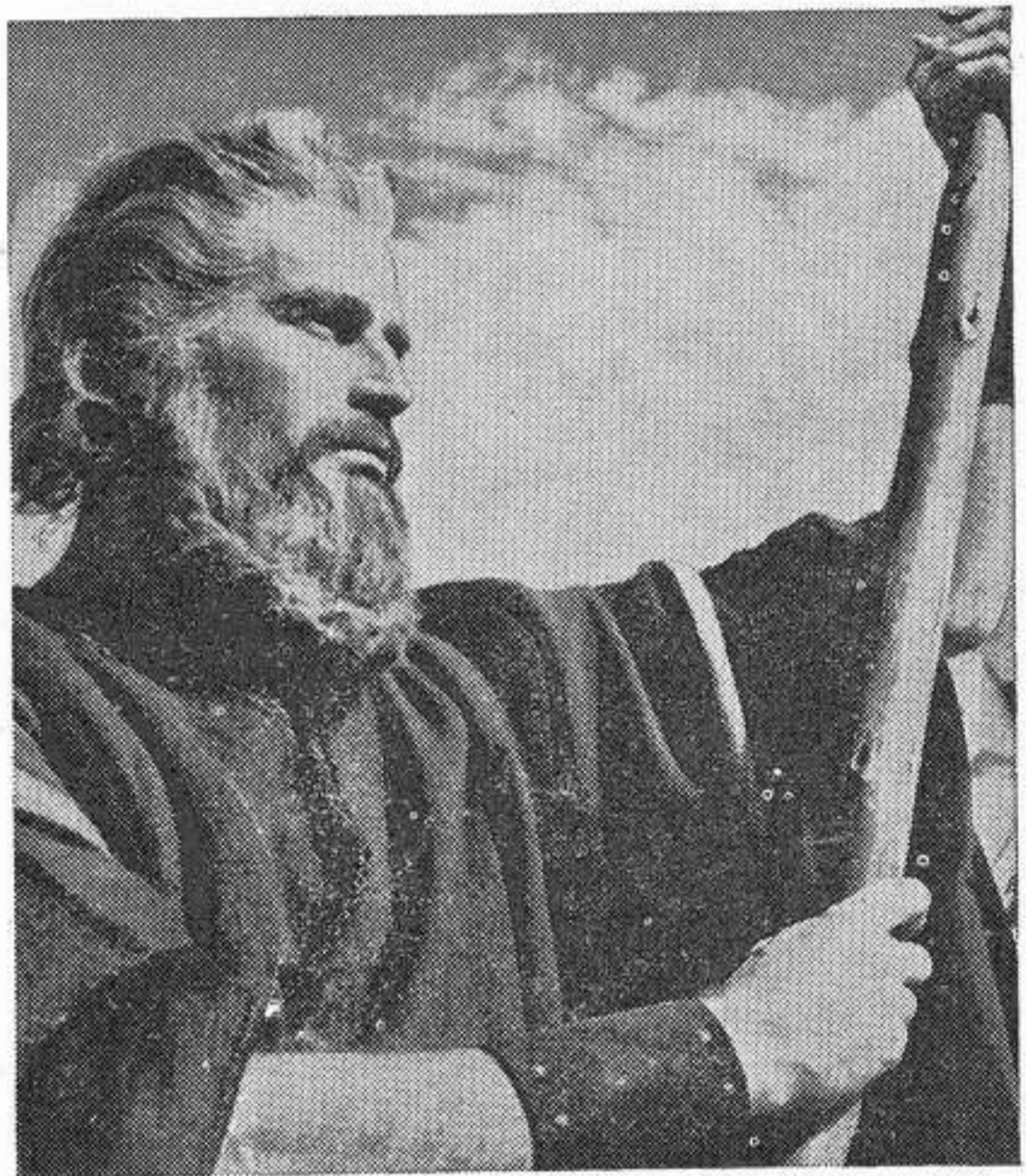
eating and drinking in the "Eddie Duchin Story." This is an interesting and enjoyable show as is generally true of biographical films, c.f. "Reach for the Sky," of recent vintage. For that reason, too, the story, of course, has to be and is sad and sentimental.

Anybody still musically unsatis-

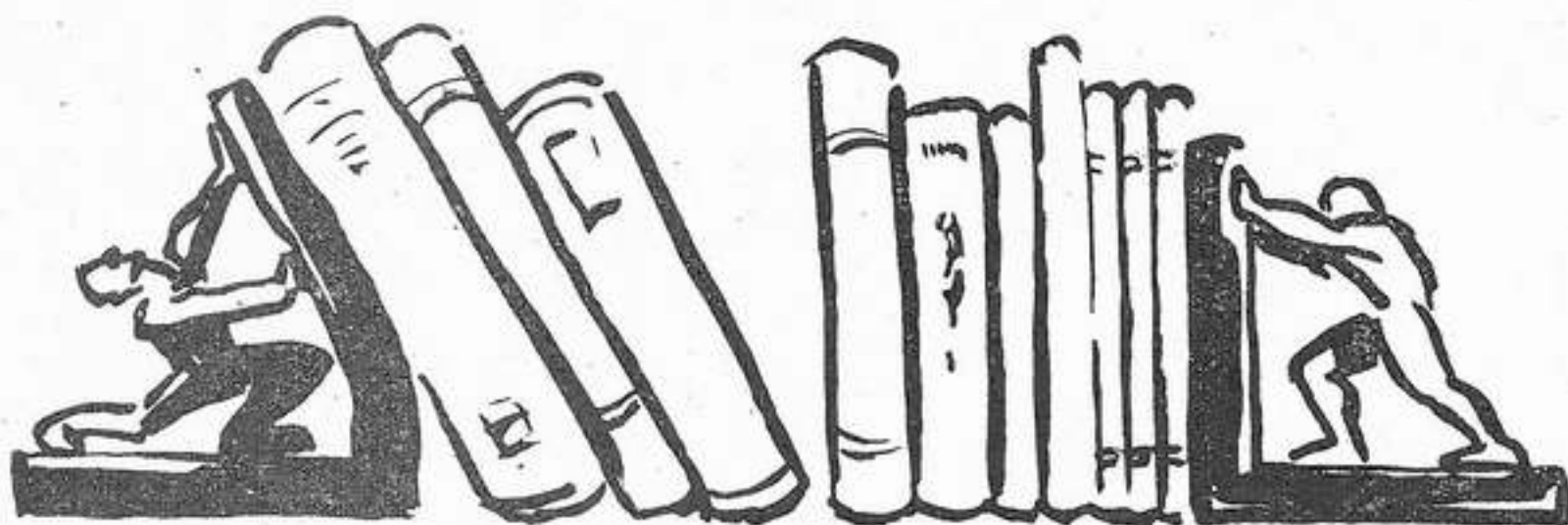
fied can hope for the best from "Rock Around The Clock." If you have never been in court, this may be your chance, by the goings on in other lands. The film itself is as simple as a fairytale, but the "music!" Of all the crazy forms of pot-banging, tom-tom thumping

Continued on Page 28.

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"



This impressive picture is one of the first to be released of Charlton Heston as he appears as Moses in the later sequences of Cecil B. DeMille's master work, "The Ten Commandments." Filmed by DeMille for Paramount on a scale unprecedented in film history, the mammoth production in VistaVision and Technicolor depicts the full story of Moses, and Cecil B. deMille and Paramount have ensured that throughout the production, authenticity is the keynote. Key scenes of the picture were filmed by DeMille and a location troupe on Mount Sinai, and other settings of Biblical incidents in the life of Moses. The great cast of "The Ten Commandments" includes, apart from Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Anne Baxter, Yvonne De Carlo, Edward G. Robinson, Debra Paget, John Derek, and many other leading players.



BOOKS

SAINT OF THE DISPLACED

—St. Joseph Pignatelli

ROBERT NASH, S.J.

(M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin)

Price, 2/6.

Books by Father Nash are always eminently readable, and this short account of St. Joseph Pignatelli is no exception. Joseph Pignatelli was one of the many Jesuit priests expelled from Spain by order of Charles III in 1767, and for over forty years he was the guiding light of his 5,000 distressed brethren. The situations he found himself faced with have had many parallels in post-war Europe, and the snares of the enemy were much the same as those now experienced in Communist countries. "Despite his bad health, he was tough. He seemed to be a tireless worker . . . above all he was a man of prayer." Thus Father Pignatelli became St. Joseph Pignatelli.—B.C.

THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

FATHER McBREARTY, C.P.

(M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin)

Price, 2/6.

This booklet should prove very useful to all having charge of Youth Clubs. It is a brief biography of an

Italian boy, a Passionist novice called Galileo Nicolini, who died before he reached the age of fifteen.

The cause of this exemplary youth has been presented for beatification, and interest in him has been growing remarkably, while many striking favours have been attributed to his intercession. Two years after his death there was not the slightest sign of decomposition to be found on his body.

Like St. Dominic Savio, this Servant of God should prove an inspiration for our modern youth. Unfortunately, the booklet seems to have been written for adults rather than for boys. However, it will be welcomed wholeheartedly by those engaged in the training of youth.—B.C.

THE FATHER OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

SISTER GENEVIEVE.

(M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin)

Price, 5/6.

Lovers of St. Therese of Lisieux will naturally be anxious to read something on the personality of her virtuous father, M. Martin. As we turn the pages of this unique biography, presented by his daughter, Celine, we gradually come to recognise the heroic life this simple man led, and the great sacrifices he made in offering his daughters to God. The long years of suffering at the end of his life must inspire us with great sympathy and respect for this patient soul, await-

ing the call to Heaven.

It was not without good reason that Pope Benedict XV, in proclaiming the heroic virtues of St. Therese, paid special tribute to her father, who, "as a true model of Christian parents, did not hide the noble pride he felt in consecrating to God in the Religious Life all his descendants."—B.C.

PIFFLE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The man who knows how, will always have a job. The man who knows why, will be his boss.

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The Tower Earl

Contd. from Page 22

constitution, that he lacked vigour of mind and was totally ignorant of Irish soldiers and the rough world—and what mattered most of all—of the Faith for which his Forefathers had fought and died.

TO KILMALLOCK.

And so in October, 1600, landed the Tower Earl of Desmond in Cork, where he got a mild, unenthusiastic welcome. The Protestant Archbishop of Cashel, Miler McGrath, accompanied him. They proceeded at once to Kilmallock, the rallying point of the English Garrison. At Mallow they were met by Carew, who beamed his welcome and believed it would be no longer necessary to kill the Sugaun Earl.

JUBILATION AND DISMAY

Kilmallock at last! The town was agog with excitement. Soldiers lined the streets, but the crowd broke the lines—men, women and children shouting "Desmond aboo," "Hurrah for the Tower Earl!" Wheat and salt were showered on him, joyous songs of welcome filled the air. The Geraldine Ladies, including Lady Cathleen McCarthy, Lady Joan Fitzgerald, Lady Margaret O'Connor, Lady Butler and Lady Fitzmaurice were posted at their windows witnessing the exciting scenes. The appearance of the Tower Earl disappointed the crowd, especially the ladies, who could scarcely conceive a Geraldine as weak and sickly. "He cannot be a Geraldine," they said. "He is only a shadow of a Geraldine—a Fairy Boy, surely!" But they waved and cheered to the echo. Carew rejoiced. The Earl's popularity was assured. It took an hour to walk to the house of Sir John Thornton, where the Earl and his party were to dine, so dense was the crowd. Everyone wanted to catch a glimpse of the new Head of a mighty race. But to all this

ovation the Earl's response lacked warmth and interest. The shouting and tumult left him cold. His vanity was touched, to be sure, but he wanted only a quiet life in one of his many castles. The next day was Sunday, and once again the crowds gathered to cheer the Earl. To the utter dismay of the people, the Earl's party turned in the direction of the Protestant Church! The people tried to stop the procession. Surely there was some mistake. But no! Wasn't the Protestant Archbishop with him! Was it possible their leader himself was a Protestant! In agony and shame the crowd jeered him. "Queen's Earl! Traitor! Pervert!" they shouted, threateningly. The Earl did not understand, but felt afraid. At last he reached the Church, and when the service ended returned—through empty streets. The crowd had melted away. Not even a child took the slightest notice of the youthful Desmond. Carew had fooled them, indeed, but Carew's plot had failed in its object. The spirit of the gallant James Fitzmaurice, the Geraldine link with the Pope and the Continent, whose body had been quartered on the walls of Kilmallock, must have rejoiced to see, as Pope Gregory XIII expressed it, "the unshaken attachment to the Catholic religion and the See of Rome" displayed by the people that fateful day in Kilmallock. The poor Fairy Boy, knowing himself to be despised, begged to be taken back to London, where nine months later he died in the Tower.

IN HIDING.

But the Sugaun Earl was still alive—in hiding in a cave, many fathoms underground in the Glen of Aherlow. This was the shelter that had been used by his uncle, the Rebel Earl and was, alas! known to other Geraldines as well. Carew sought long for traitors to disclose the Earl and at last found one—the White Knight, Edmond Fitzgibbon! He, more through fear of being convicted of treachery and losing his estates, than for the £1,000 reward offered by Carew,

consented to lead a band of English soldiers to the Glen of Aherlow. One day the Earl and Bishop McCraige, who was in hiding with him, ventured out of their hiding place and saw with dismay a little party of men climbing steadily up the hill towards them. Escape was impossible. Then, to their horror, they discerned the features of the White Knight leading the band. The words that fell from the latter's lips, "You are her Majesty's prisoner," left no doubt in the Earl's mind as to the rôle his kinsman was playing and filled him with despair. The Bishop pleaded with the traitor, begged him not to lay hands on the head of his race to hand him over to the enemies of his faith and nation. But his pleading was in vain. The party, with the Earl in chains, lest a rescue be attempted, moved down the hill. The unfortunate Sugaun Earl stumbled again and again in his shackles. The venerable Bishop scrambled after them, but the pace was too fast and the way too rugged for his aged and famished limbs. He could only pray for the most beloved of all the Desmonds, the Sugaun Earl.

RETURN TO THE TOWER.

Carew rejoiced when at last the prisoner reached Cork. For a time he was confined in Shandon Castle and from thence transferred to the Tower of London. There, in a gloomy prison cell he died in 1608—six years after his cousin, the Tower Earl, the Fairy Boy. The White Knight lies buried in Kilmallock. Children still search for the wet spot in the large slab over his grave in the centre of the Abbey's Choir. Tradition says it marks the anger of heaven with the White Knight for his betrayal of James Fitzthomas, the Sugaun Earl. Some say—and this is the most popular belief among the young—that the wet spot betokens his tears of repentance for his disloyalty and cowardice. In the history of Kilmallock all three names will be linked forever as victims of the same tyranny which, though in different ways, destroyed them all.



ST. BRIGID'S WELL, STONEHALL

Holy Wells of Co. Limerick

By CAOIMHIN O DANACHAIR.

POPULAR devotion to Our Lady in the past is attested by the fact that her name is associated with twenty-three wells in County Limerick. Some of these may date from a very early period—devotion to Our Lady was common in the Church from the fourth century A.D. onwards—but we probably owe others to the Normans, who held her in very high honour and whose influence in County Limerick was both strong and lasting. Among these wells are some of the best known and most visited in the county, for instance, those at Rathcahill, Croom, Templeathea and Ballylanders, which are favourite places of pilgrimage; on days of devotion, especially the Fifteenth of August, there is no lack of pious pilgrims making the rounds at these wells in the traditional way.

Others still held in reverence and visited are those at Castletown (Corcomohide), Rochestown (Ballynagarde), Oola, Ballinvana, the Cillineach (Dromtrasna), Ballyvorheen, and Thomastown (Kilfinane). In former times a great pattern was held at Our Lady's Well in Fantstown, near Kilmallock. But local tradition has it that this pattern was discontinued because of the murder of the Parish Priest, Father Mulqueen, in November, 1819, which is described by Canon Begley in his "History of the Diocese" (vol. III, p. 464-5), and the

well is seldom, if ever, visited now. Other wells still known but little visited are those at Tobermory (Pallaskenry), Ballyshandehy, Effin and Kilbehenny and the "Rag Well" near Doon. A former well at Knockainey seems to have disappeared completely, and the wells at Ahawilk, Cloncagh, Effin, Ballingaddy North and Ballingaddy South are almost completely forgotten.

According to tradition, Our Lady shares the honour with other saints at some of these wells, for instance, with St. Bartholomew at Templeathea, with St. Ita at the Cillineach

and with St. Patrick at Ballyvorheen. And rounds in honour of Our Lady are made at the wells of the King of Sunday at Curraghnaboul (Dromkeen) and Deebert (Kilmallock).

It is not surprising to find numerous wells named after our national apostle, St. Patrick—there are no less than nineteen associated with him in Co. Limerick. But it is interesting to note that in all cases where tradition has survived, the wells are said to have been visited and blessed by the saint in person during his journeys through the county, and also that all of them lie within the area, which according to the *Tripartite Life* and other early sources was traversed by the saint. Thus we have his wells at Ardpatrick, now dry

and almost forgotten, and Knockpatrick, near Foynes, which is still visited. Our Limerick traditions tell us that Patrick, unable to travel farther to the west, stood upon the summit of Knockpatrick and raised his hands in blessing with the words "*Beannuim uaim siar*"—"I bless all to the west of me." And it is a fact that there is no well associated with him to the west of this part of Co. Limerick, or in any part of Co. Kerry.

At Singland, on the outskirts of Limerick City, is the well at which he baptised the King of Thomond. The village of Patrickswell, between Limerick and Adare, is named from one of his wells, once famous, but no longer a centre of devotion; there is a curious slab with a carved figure of the saint at this well. But many people still come to the other Patrickswell, near Lough Gur, and there are devotions at Ballyelan Well, near Ballingarry, every St. Patrick's Day. The well at Coolrus is also visited on that day, but by waning numbers. His wells at Grean, Kilteely and Knocklong seem to

Continued on opposite Page

HOLY WELLS IN CO. LIMERICK

Continued from previous page.

be forgotten, while those at Cloncagh, Mungret, Kilpeacon, Donoughmore, Bulgaden Hall, Duntryleague and Ballydonoghue, although still known as holy wells, are seldom or never visited now. Tradition tells us that the wells at Ballyvorheen (Our Lady) and Cooliska (St. John the Baptist) were blessed by Saint Patrick.

According to the legend, St. Brigid visited the fort of a pagan chieftain at Shangarry, near the present town of Newcastle West. The chieftain and his household, converted by the teaching of Brigid, asked for baptism, and she caused a well to spring up within the fort and had them baptised at it. The well is still to be seen in the fort, close to the main road from Newcastle West to Abbeyfeale, and is still a centre of devotion. On another occasion, at Kildromin, when refused a drink of water by a churl she struck the ground with her staff and a cool spring gushed out. In all, counting these two, she has twelve wells in County Limerick. Those at Stonehall and Cartown are often visited, and her well at Ballintober (Darragh) is famed for the cure of whooping cough. There was formerly a great pattern each year at Dromalta (Tuogh), but when the well was desecrated, it dried up and gushed forth at a place several hundred yards away, close to the demesne wall of Tower Hill; the pattern ceased, but the new well kept all the healing virtues of the old. Her wells at Kilbreedy Major and Kilbreedy Minor, both near Kilmallock, are hardly ever visited now and the same is true of those at Tubbrid (Kilmoylan), Cloonpasteen (Kilmeedy) and Ballinlough, while that at Ballingaddy seems to have been quite forgotten.

(The third and last instalment will deal with the wells of Irish and Other Saints in Co. Limerick).



DRAMA

By J. C.



AT the Playhouse last month we had a rare treat in the College Players' production of "The Glass Menagerie," by Tennessee Williams. The prolonged applause at the final curtain showed the audience's undoubted appreciation. This was a memory play—an unusual medium in the theatre, though not infrequently used on the screen—with a commentary by the son of the family, Tom, who also acted out his part in his reminiscences. It



MICHAEL MacLIAMMOIR

Universally-known actor and playwright is a familiar performer to Limerick audiences. It was in Co. Limerick that Michael MacLiammoir and Hilton Edwards decided to form the Dublin Gate Theatre.

was altogether an intriguing play competently produced by Kevin Dinneen. Here was unrealism with tragic realistic types: the penurious mother living on her past glories, her daughter an utter social misfit playing with her glass menagerie, her son a frustrated warehouse worker seeking refuge in opium dens, the gentleman caller a selfish

breezy clerk who unwittingly lights a fire of hope only to scatter the ashes of despair in the Wingfield home. The mother and daughter looked rather young, but maybe that is how they were seen in memory's eye. All four players gave sincere creditable performances despite the dimness of the stage lighting. Presumably the lights were kept low to effect unreality, but it is essential that at least the actor's face must be clearly seen. Also the continual dimness coupled with the too prolonged darkness marking a change of scene were rather tiring on the eyes.

The question that puzzled me was why the play was so poorly supported. All who went were loud in their praise and yet throughout the week, the house was never more than half full. Is it that tragedy does not appeal? In a radio interview, Mr. M. J. Molloy, speaking of his latest play, a comedy, "The Will And The Way," said that he would prefer to write tragedies but that nowadays it was almost impossible to get them produced commercially.

"Tragedies are box-office failures," he was told, and the theatre must pay its way or close down. The same difficulty confronts our amateur groups in their choice of plays. Apparently many playgoers have acquired a prejudice against tragedies. How often do we hear: "When I go to the theatre I like to find something bright and cheerful, there is enough tragedy in life without adding to it on the stage." Or one may say that the play was depressing and gloomy, and, indeed, so it may seem, but such plays are not tragedies in the true sense. Some of our modern plays, such as "Mungo's Mansions," or "Tolka Row," seem less than tragedies, because they are depressing and nothing more. Compare them with "Maurice Harte," or "The Righteous are Bold." True tragedy

Continued on Page 28

CINEMA - Contd.

and weird noises that represent the degeneration of music nowadays, this must be the limit. It has already driven all kinds of harmless people berserk, not excluding Mutt and Jeff. The resulting rift in their friendship is comparable only to the rift that sounds in this rock and roll lute. Handle with care.

* * *

It will not surprise me, however, if, in the long run, the popularity list is topped by "The Man Who Knew Too Much." I say this, uninfluenced by its ten odd weeks run to date at the Ambassador. The story is fiction, but fiction that has come from the pen of Alfred Hitchcock, which fact alone will suffice to get film fans on their marks. If further incentive is needed, leads being played by James Stewart and Doris Day provide it. The versatile Stewart plays the role of an American doctor who, with his wife (Doris Day) and son sets out on a holiday tour arriving eventually at the Arab town of Marakesh. Here, by one of those tricks of fate, they become entangled in the machinations of an international secret organisation planning the assassination of the Prime Minister of an unnamed country on a state visit to London. The son is kidnapped, police aid out of the question, the scene shifts to London and their plight grows desperate when their son's life is staked against the Prime Minister's.

* * *

The plot of the film is admirably developed and the build up to a climax near the end is perfect. Due, in great part, to the superb acting of James Stewart, who, to my mind, is the screen's most versatile actor and one of its greatest, one gets completely absorbed in the affair and one feels like a helpless spectator in an intensely human drama that verges continuously on tragedy but that has its lighter moments too.

Incidentally, in the course of this film you will have an opportunity of hearing, in its original setting, that delightful modern song-h't "Que sera, sera," meaning "whatever will be, will be," as the next line repeats. Anyway, you will hear it twice in the course of the film, but, in what contrasting circumstances! Altogether a most satisfying show.

* * *

Warner Brothers' "Helen of Troy" is another chapter of "history" unfolded a la Hollywood. Spectacle and romance not to be taken too seriously.

* * *

The three Irish location films, "Moby Dick," "Lindberg Story" and "Rising of the Moon" (formerly "Three Leaves of a Shamrock") will have that factor in their favour at least, we hope, with Limerick making its film debut, of course, in the last mentioned.

DRAMA - Contd.

inspires and exalts, it leaves us satisfied not dispirited.

Certainly there are times when we are not in the mood for tragedy, and comedy and farce have their place. But to shun tragedy altogether would be miss the greatest experience of the theatre. The Greeks flocked to their tragic plays and Shakespeare's greatest plays are tragedies. What then is the secret of the appeal of tragedy—that mystical purgation which braces and refreshes us? Aristotle called it the catharsis of the emotions; Edmond Burke, the triumph of real sympathy; Lady Gregory, a joy to him that dies. At all events, it seems that in every tragedy there is a triumph over apparent defeat, a final victory over adverse obstacles. It is in this that true tragedy differs from the fatalistic pessimism that is reflected in some

modern plays. The victory may or may not be personal to the actors, it is always one of justice. And in that lies a parable which strikes a sympathetic cord in our hearts. Indeed, the greatest Tragedy was a glorious victory over the greatest evil.

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CHURCHING

MARRIAGE is one of the Seven Sacraments, and as such is held in veneration and honour by the Church, which regards it as the natural vocation for the vast majority of its children. From the very beginning of Christianity the Church has emphasised the sacredness and solemnity of the marriage contract, as an indissoluble union of man and woman for the bringing into the world of children and their education as good Christians. Children, therefore, in the eyes of the Church, are the desired fruit of marriage, and so it is the most natural thing in the world that the Church should have set aside a very special blessing for her daughters recovering from child-birth in lawful wedlock, viz., the ceremony of Churching.

How unfortunate it is that many feel that this blessing is something akin to a purification ceremony, which must be undergone before one can return to full participation in the spiritual life of the Church. This ceremony is nothing of the kind. How could it be? Child-bearing is the God-given purpose

of marriage and in the Nuptial Blessing given at marriage the Church prays that this union may be blessed by God with the fruit of many children. Childbearing then, is the honoured duty of the Catholic wife; instead of something to be atoned for, it is something to be regarded as a blessing from God,

and so something to be thankful for. The ceremony of Churching is not, then, a purification ceremony, but, rather an act of thanksgiving to God for the safe delivery of the young mother and an act of petition that she may get the grace necessary to bring up her children in a Christian manner. Since this blessing is intended, primarily for the mother, it is not necessary, but at the same time it is a laudable custom that she bring with her to the church her new-born baby, and, of course, she should seek this blessing, even though her child was still-born, since the blessing is an act of thanksgiving for her safe delivery.

THE CEREMONY.

The young mother kneels at the door of the church with a lighted candle in her hand, where the priest, vested in surplice and white stole (symbol of joy), sprinkles her with holy water and recites over her the Psalm "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and all that dwell therein ..." Then he offers her the end of his stole and leads her up to the altar rails, saying "Enter the Temple of God, adore the Son of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Who hath given thee fruitfulness of offspring." Arrived at the altar rails, the priest reads over her the following prayer, "Let us pray, Almighty everlasting God, Who through the delivery of the Blessed Virgin Mary, has turned into joy the pains of the faithful at childbirth, look kindly upon this Thy handmaid, who comes rejoicing into Thy holy Temple to make her thanksgiving. Grant that after this life she, together with her offspring, may merit the joys of everlasting bliss, by the merits and intercession of the same Blessed Mary. Through Christ Our Lord, Amen." Then sprinkling her with holy water, the priest says, "May the peace and blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost come upon thee, and remain for all time. Amen."

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COD

Three workers who had been thrown into an East German prison were comparing notes.

"Why are you in jail?" the first one asked.

"For sabotage. I was five minutes late at the factory. And you?"

"I am under suspicion of espionage. I arrived five minutes early."

"And I am here," the third one said, "because I was punctual. They concluded that I must have bought my watch in West Germany."

* * *

"Johnny," the teacher asked, "do you know what a hypocrite is?"

"A hypocrite," replied Johnny, after a moment's thought, "is a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

* * *

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend my supper last night: it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam. I have just prescribed for three of the guests."

* * *

Wife: "Every week you go off fishing and you know how I hate fish."

Husband: "Well, you can't complain. I always catch as little as possible."

Perplexed wife at dinner table to angry husband: "Monday you liked beans, Tuesday you liked beans, Wednesday you liked beans. Now all of a sudden on Thursday you don't like beans."

* * *

"Did you tell the lady I was out?" asked Mrs. Smarte.

"Yes, mum," replied the new maid.

"Did she seem to have any doubts about it?"

"No mum. She said she knew you weren't."

* * *

Mrs. A.: What's your husband?

Mrs. B.: He's a fret worker.

Mrs. A.: And what's a fret worker?

Mrs. B.: A man that works on Monday and frets over it for the rest of the week.

* * *

Garage mechanic to car owner who is worried about his car using oil: "My advice, sir, is to keep the oil and change the car."

Arab proverb: "Do not open your mouth until you are sure that what you are about to say is more beautiful than silence."

* * *

"The largest room in the world is the room for improvement."

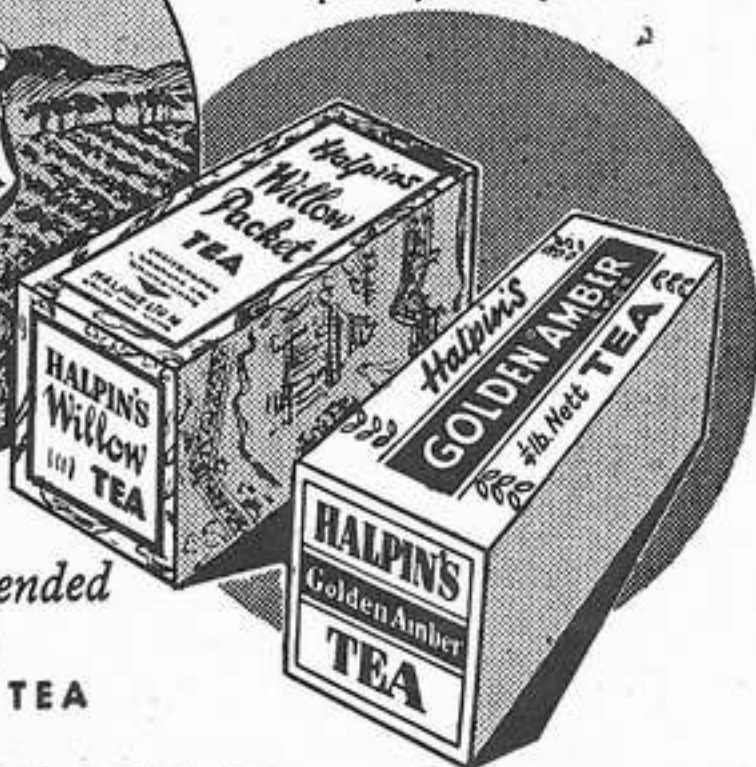
Quiz?

1. How many National Synods have been held in Ireland in modern times?
2. Who refused to accept the Bishopric of Limerick after receiving the letters of his appointment from the Pope?
3. Name the three Major Orders?
4. What is Polyandry?
5. When was the Feast of Christ the King established?

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Abbeyfeale	32	15	0	Kilfinane	4	5	0	Leamy's	6	7	6
Athlacca/Dromin	4	5	0	Kilmallock	27	12	6	Model	1	0	0
Adare	6	15	0	Kilfinny/Croagh	4	10	0	Mary St. C.B.S.	2	7	6
Ballingarry	4	15	0	Killeedy/Ashford	7	2	6	Mary St. Convent	12	10	0
Banogue	2	15	0	Lurriga/Patrickswell	1	0	0	Mount St. Vincent	2	3	9
Bruff	7	17	6	Mungret	9	12	6	St. Munchin's College	8	7	6
Bulgaden/Martinstown	12	6		Monagea	3	13	9	St. Michael's N.S.	7	6	
Ballyhahill/Loughill	12	12	6	Manister/Ballymartin	1	1	3	St. Patrick's N.S.	4	17	6
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Coolcappa/Kilcolman	3	5	0	Mountcollins	2	5	0	Salesian	16	3	
Ballyagran/Castletown	8	17	6	Newcastle West	19	15	0	Sexton St. C.B.S.	4	11	3
Carrickerry/Ardagh	2	15	0	Parteen/Meelick	1	17	6	St. Munchin's C.B.S.	4	12	6
Croom	5	5	0	Pallaskenry	1	7	6	St. Vincent de Paul	4	0	0
Cratloe	12	6		Rathkeale	10	10	0	St. Mary's Parish	31	17	6
Dromcollogher/Broadford	27	0	0	Rockhill/Bruree	2	17	6	Corbally	2	1	6
Effin	4	2	6	Shanagolden	9	15	0	Technical Institute	9	0	
Feohenagh	13	3	9	Stonehall	3	15	0	St. Michael's Parish	11	6	3
Fedamore	4	2	6	Templeglantine	3	12	6				
Foynes	10	7	6	Technical Institute	9	0					
Grannagh	2	15	0								
Glenroe	6	17	6	St. Anne's Vocational	3	9					
Glin	5	17	6	Holy Rosary	29	15	0				
Kilmeedy/Feenagh	4	10	0	Janesboro'	9	0	0				
				John St. C.B.S.	17	6					
				John St. Convent	3	1	3				
				St. Joseph's N.S.	4	6	3				

SUMMARY FOR 3 MONTHS.

City Schools & Centres	159	4	3
County Routes & Schools	307	17	6
All Other Sources	88	2	8
	£555	4	5

Total Collected to Date, £4,320 15 7

DIOCESAN ITEMS

LOURDES, 1958

In 1958, the centenary year of the Apparitions in Lourdes, an official Diocesan pilgrimage will take place to the holy shrine of Our Lady. The pilgrimage will be under the patronage of His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill. It is not possible at present to give the exact date of the pilgrimage, but we hope to be able to give more details in our next issue.

* * *

Earlier this year a Saving Fund for intending pilgrims to Lourdes in 1958 was started in St. John's Parish. Anybody who wishes to join this fund now may do so by communicating with the Rev. Adm., St. John's Cathedral. The minimum weekly subscription is 5/-.

A similar Savings Fund has been started in St. Munchin's Parish, and anybody interested in this fund should communicate with Rev. J. Cagney, C.C., St. Munchin's, Limerick.

CONFERENCES

The following are the dates for the October Conferences for the Clergy :

Rathkeale	15th
Kilmallock	17th
Limerick (St. John's)	19th

Rev. Martin Madigan, recently ordained, has taken up duty in Ferns Diocese. He replaces Rev. J. Galvin, who has been on loan to that Diocese. Fr. Galvin has been appointed Dean of St. Munchin's College.

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Sisters of Mercy-Contd.

Limerick with the sick and dying. Mother Elizabeth turned her little group of teachers into nurses while the plague lasted. They took over Barrington's and St. John's Hospitals, and every Sister shared in the work of nursing the plague-stricken. So virulent was the plague that the Sisters assisted at nineteen deaths on the very first night they began their work in the hospital.

The Schools.

Proselytising schools were a serious challenge to the Faith of the people. They were making progress in the city. The newly-founded National Board of Education was no improvement. Early in its history, Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, confidently declared that the National Board was gradually undermining the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church.

The school founded by the Poor Clare Sisters was on the point of extinction, only two Poor Clares still survived. They now joined Mother McAuley and continued to work in their old school, the new St. Mary's, until their death. Many difficulties had to be faced in order to keep the school going. Not only had Mother Elizabeth to find sufficient Sisters to teach the children, but most of children had also to be fed and clothed.

To combat the work of a proselytising agency in Clare Street, St. John's School was opened in 1847, with the aid of funds given by the Monsells of Tervoe. In the same year and for the same reason "Pery Square School" came into existence. This school still survives as St. Joseph's School, although it has had a varied history. In the late 'sixties the nuns transferred their pupils to Henry Street. The Pery Square school was closed down, but was re-opened later as a Technical School. In 1925, the nuns returned with the senior girls from Henry Street and re-named the school "St. Joseph's." The adjoining St. Joseph's Church had been built in the meantime and Pery Square, as such, had disappeared.

The present St. Vincent de Paul's School in Henry Street is built on the site of a boys' school once conducted by a Mr. Joyce. The nuns exchanged "Leamy's School" in Hartstonge Street with Mr. Joyce for the school in Henry Street. The original "Leamy" was a Catholic who willed his school to the Bishop of Limerick. The Protestant Bishop apparently claimed it, but Dr. O'Dwyer succeeded in establishing his title. The Sisters never actually taught in "Leamy's."

New Undertakings.

In 1860, the Sisters were offered nursing positions in the Limerick Union, an offer which was violently opposed by some members of the Corporation. After a stormy debate, in which an effort was made to prove that the law did not permit "Ecclesiastics," such as the Sisters of Mercy, to hold positions in government institutions, they were permitted to take care of the old and the infirm. To-day, the one-time Limerick Union is a modern, well-equipped Hospital. The Sisters still nurse there, and also in three other Hospitals, St. Ita's Home, Newcastle West, St. Nesson's Hospital, Croom, and the Limerick Regional Hospital.

During the twenty-four years of Mother Elizabeth's government of St. Mary's, she sent out eight foundations, all of which have survived and prospered. They extend over the years 1843-1864. She herself accompanied the pioneer Sisters on each foundation, to Kinsale, Killarney, Mallow, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Roscommon, Ennis and Tipperary. Within the Diocese, she founded convents in Rathkeale, Newcastle West and Adare. Since her death in 1868, the work has expanded considerably. The challenge of modern education has been met and accepted by the modernisation of existing schools and the establishment of a Training College for National Teachers, as well as new Primary and Secondary Schools. There are new trends in education and in social life and these make new methods necessary, but the old ideals must remain unchanged. To keep unsullied the Faith of our Fathers must now, as always, be the primary aim of the Sisters of Mercy.

Answers to Quiz.

1. Five. They were he'd in 1850, 1875, 1900, 1927 and 1956. 2. Father John Butler, a Jesuit, son of Lord

Cahir, in 1778. 3. The Priesthood, the Diaconate, and the Sub-diaconate. When a cleric becomes a sub-deacon he is bound to celibacy and to the recitation of the Divine Office. 4. One woman having more than

one husband. It is fundamentally opposed to the natural law, and is very rare, even amongst primitive races. 5. In 1925, by Pope Pius XI. It is celebrated on the last Sunday of October.

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