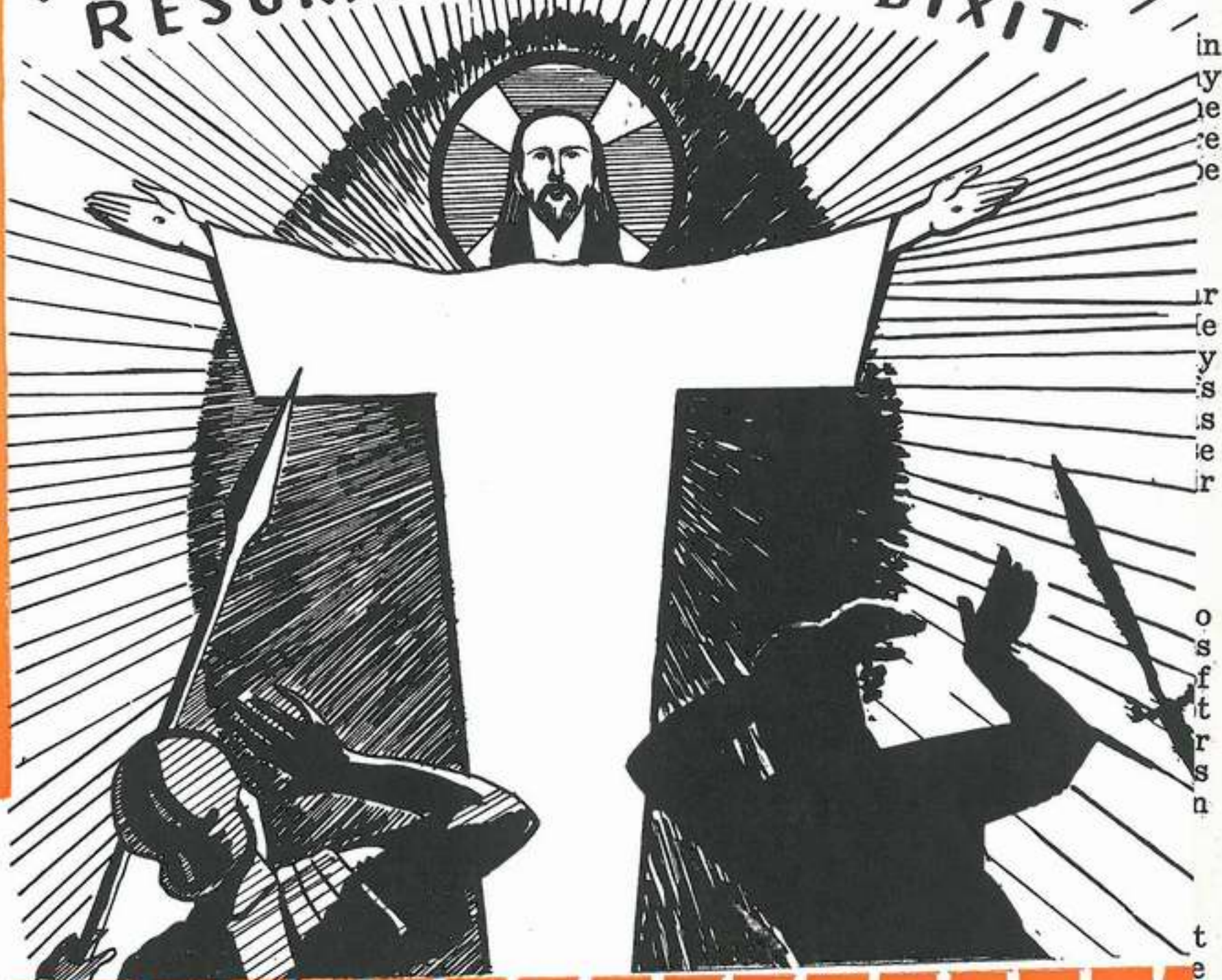


OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

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LOURDES
CENTENARY YEAR
SALESIANS IN
LIMERICK
SHORT STORIES
COMPETITIONS
DIOCESAN ITEMS

EASTER, 1958

WASTE PAPER

DECEMBER, JANUARY AND
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Effin	2	16	3	Templeglantine	3	12	6	St. Mary's Parish	19	5	0
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Foynes	6	16	3	Rural Schools :				Corbally Centre	8	10	0
Granagh	6	0	0	Cratloe	1	16	3	Holy Rosary Centre	7	11	3
Glenroe	11	10	0	D'more/Roxboro'/Knockea	8	18	1	Summary :			
Gl'n	10	3	9	Monaleen	1	12	6	City Schools and Centres	155	14	11
Kilmeedy/Feenagh	7	12	6	Meclick/Parteen	4	7	6	Rural Schools and Routes	429	4	11
Knockaderry/Ahalin	5	0	0	Tervoe	1	8	9	All other sources	127	6	8
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CONTENTS

Vol. V. No. I

	Page
Limerick Communities ...	3
Any Questions ?	6
The Wait (Short Story) ...	7
Woman's Page	9
Lourdes	11
Drama	22
Sport	23
Fr. John	24
Children's Page	26
Books	31

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LIMERICK LEADER.

OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

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

EASTER, 1958

LOURDES

THIS issue we devote to what is one of the great facts of our age—to Lourdes. And it is well to emphasize that it is one of the facts of the age, just as much as earth satellites and intercontinental missiles.

* * *

A number of the aspects of Lourdes are dealt with in this issue but here let us concentrate on the fact that many sick have been cured there in a way that transcends the laws of nature. For these sick people the laws of nature have been set aside, and that is something which could be done only by the Lord of Nature.

* * *

Our Lord, when He lived on this earth, gave similar proofs to the people of His time that He was what He claimed to be, the Lord of Nature. Those who were ready to accept the voice of their reason recognised that the proofs He gave were conclusive, and, like Thomas, adored Him as their Lord and their God. On the other hand, those whose self-interest made them unwilling to accept, closed their eyes to the proofs He gave and crucified Him.

* * *

Similarly in our day, those whose minds are ready to accept the truth, recognise that the miracles at Lourdes prove that the place has been hallowed by the presence of the Mother of God. Those who are unwilling to accept because of the claims it would make on the conduct of their lives, close their minds to Lourdes and turn their thoughts to something else—possibly to the great advances of modern science mentioned earlier.

* * *

In some vague way our modern materialists feel that these advances in our knowledge of God's universe and the use of that knowledge to achieve wonderful inventions justify them in forgetting their Creator. They find support in these advances for their ridiculous assertion that we have all evolved from the primeval slime in some way that is self-explanatory. How great is the perversity of fallen man! For on the contrary, the greater our achievements in learning and applying the laws of nature, the more ridiculous their assertion is seen to be, since these achieve-

Continued overleaf.

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2. OUR CATHOLIC LIFE.

ments highlight the gulf that yawns between the powerful and inventive spirit of man and the lifeless matter from which they say he has come by a process of blind and chance evolution.

* * *

The miracles wrought by God are a reminder to the perverse blindness of fallen men of something that should be immediately clear to their minds, namely, that outside our universe there is a Supreme Being from whom we have come and from whom we have received our power of intellect, and that our most obvious duty is to adore Him with the love of which He has made us capable.

* * *

Only a minority of our readers will be able to go to Lourdes this year but for all it will be a year in which they will think with tenderness of their Mother and their Queen, and seek her intercession with her Divine Son. Our prayer for our readers is that she will obtain for them that most precious gift, which she has obtained for so many who have prayed to her as Our Lady of Lourdes, the gift of that peace of mind, which is the fruit of a live faith and trust in God, from Whom we have come and to Whom we hope to return.

—THE EDITOR.

DIOCESAN ITEMS

HOLY WEEK CEREMONIES

The following are the times for the various ceremonies in St. John's Cathedral during Holy Week:

Palm Sunday.

12 o'clock, Solemn Mass, at which His Lordship will preside, preceded by Blessing of Palms and Procession.

Holy Thursday.

10.30 a.m., Solemn Mass and Blessing of Holy Oils by his Lordship.

6.30 p.m., Solemn Mass (at which Holy Communion will be distributed), followed by Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament until midnight.

Good Friday.

10 a.m., Tenebrae.

3 p.m. Ceremonies begin during which Holy Communion will be distributed.

7 p.m. Stations of the Cross and Sermon.

Holy Saturday.

10 a.m. Tenebrae.

11 p.m. Ceremonies begin.

12 midnight. Solemn Mass, during which Holy Communion will be distributed.

Easter Sunday.

12 noon. Solemn Mass, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament..

CONFIRMATIONS, 1958

The Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered to the children of the following rural parishes this year (dates are to be arranged and will be announced later)—Kilfinane, Kilmallock, Croagh, Kilmeedy, Dromin, Templeglantine, Ballingarry, Glenroe, Ballyhahill, Athea, Dromcollogher, G in, Bulgaden, Effin, Patrickswell, Ardpatrik, Tournafulla.

LITURGICAL FESTIVAL

This year marks the Silver Jubilee of the Liturgical Festival in the Diocese of Limerick. The Festival will be held in the following centres: Newcastle West, on Monday, 5th May; Rathkeale, on Wednesday, 7th May; Kilmallock, on Thursday, 8th May; and in St. John's Cathedral on Friday, 9th May. At each centre the Festival will open with the Veni Creator and Mass of the Holy Spirit.

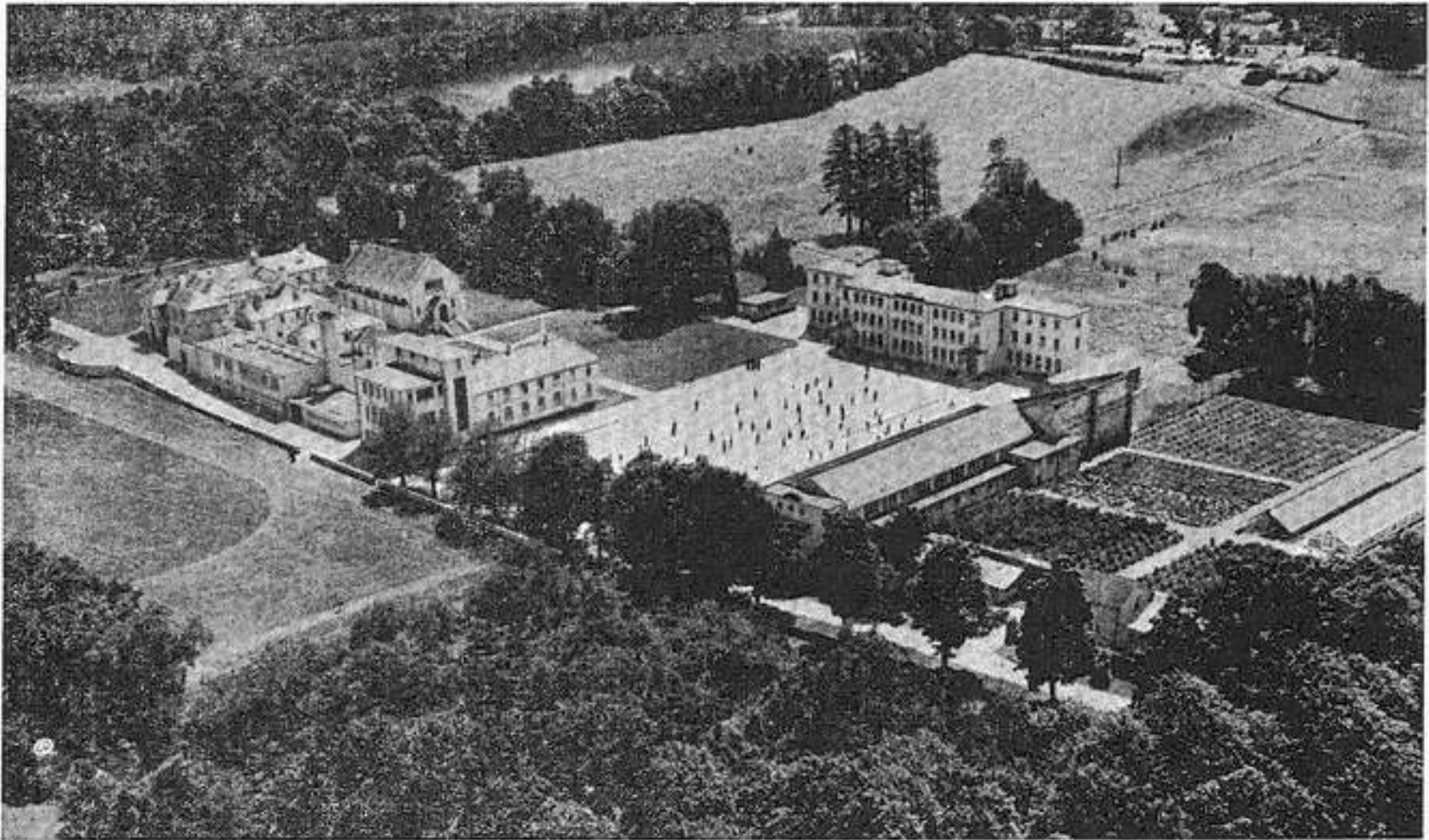
In St. John's Cathedral Mass will begin at 11 o'clock. His Lordship, the Bishop, will preside, and the proper of the Mass will be sung by the pupils of the Salesian Convent. Rev. Fr. K. O'German of the Killaloe Diocese will adjudicate at the Limerick centre.

Entries should reach the Rev. Secretary before 21st April. Entry Forms will be sent out to all schools by the 13th April.

For Programme of the Festival and for any other information apply to: Rev. G. M. Griffin, C.C., St. Munchin's, Limerick.

DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

The official pilgrimage to Lourdes from the Diocese of Limerick will leave on September 16th and return on September 26th. His Lordship, Most Rev. Patrick O'Neill, will lead the pilgrimage. Details of itinerary, fare, etc., will be found elsewhere in this magazine. There is a special Invalid Section which will travel by air from Shannon to Lourdes, leaving on September 18th and returning on September 23rd. *The Committee wish to announce that all applications for the Invalid Section must be forwarded to the Rev. Director, St. John's Presbytery, Limerick, before April 30th. Applications after that date cannot be considered.*



A recent view of Copewood College.

Salesians at Pallaskenry

WHEN the great airliners zoom in over Shannon Estuary nearing the end of their long transatlantic flight, both crew and passengers must be looking forward to a rest at hospitable Rineanna. The pilot will be in touch with the tower by radio and his experienced eye will be picking out the airfield with its large spread of buildings and well-defined runways. As he comes closer to his destination, lying on the river bank in Co. Clare, if he casts an eye southward to Co. Limerick he will see another cluster of buildings, set among trees, and easily picked out against the green background of rolling fields. This is Copewood College, where the sons of St. John Bosco have worked for now nearly forty years.

At the time they came, the late Dr. Hallinan was Bishop of Limerick. When he was a student at the Irish College in Rome he had met St. John Bosco and would, they say, have stayed with him to share in his labours. When he made this desire known to Don Bosco, the Saint looked long at him and said: "No, no. You will not stay with

Don Bosco. Your work is not here. You must return to your own country and one day you will be in a position to be of greater service to me."

A CHERISHED DREAM

It would seem that the future day, of which Don Bosco spoke to the Young Seminarian many years before, dawned on that bleak December morning when Father Sutherland said the first Mass in Copewood. Dr. Hallinan welcomed the Salesians to his diocese, and was indeed of the utmost service to Don Bosco as the Saint had foretold.

The foundation of a Salesian House in Ireland had long been a cherished dream of the Major Superiors in Turin. Father Paul Albera, the second successor of Don Bosco, cherished the hope that the Salesians would establish a college in Ireland and discussed the matter with Father Sutherland as far back as 1913. But the outbreak of war caused the matter to be left in abeyance till peace came again.

In 1918, Father Sutherland was given explicit instructions from the Superior-General, to proceed to Ireland to make enquiries about the commencement of Salesian work there. Through Canon Petitt, Parish Priest of Fairview, Dublin, he met Dr. Hallinan. His Lordship received Father Sutherland most graciously and was very sympathetic to his request for permission to establish a foundation in the Diocese of Limerick, if a suitable property could be secured.

So it came about, that after many likely places had been viewed, the first Salesian foundation in Ireland was eventually made in Pallaskenry, approximately twelve miles west of Limerick City. Here on the estate formerly owned by Captain Caulfield, the small band of Salesians took up their residence at the end of 1919 to start an Agricultural School—for Dr. Hallinan was anxious to have that branch of education fostered in his diocese.

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME

The beginnings were humble and the dual lack of funds and personnel put any rapid progress out of the question. Yet in the intervening forty years, progress has been made in Copsewood.

From the beginning the school had a two-stream existence, because as well as agriculture and allied sciences being taught, the usual secondary school programme, as well as a commercial course, was followed by a certain percentage of the pupils.

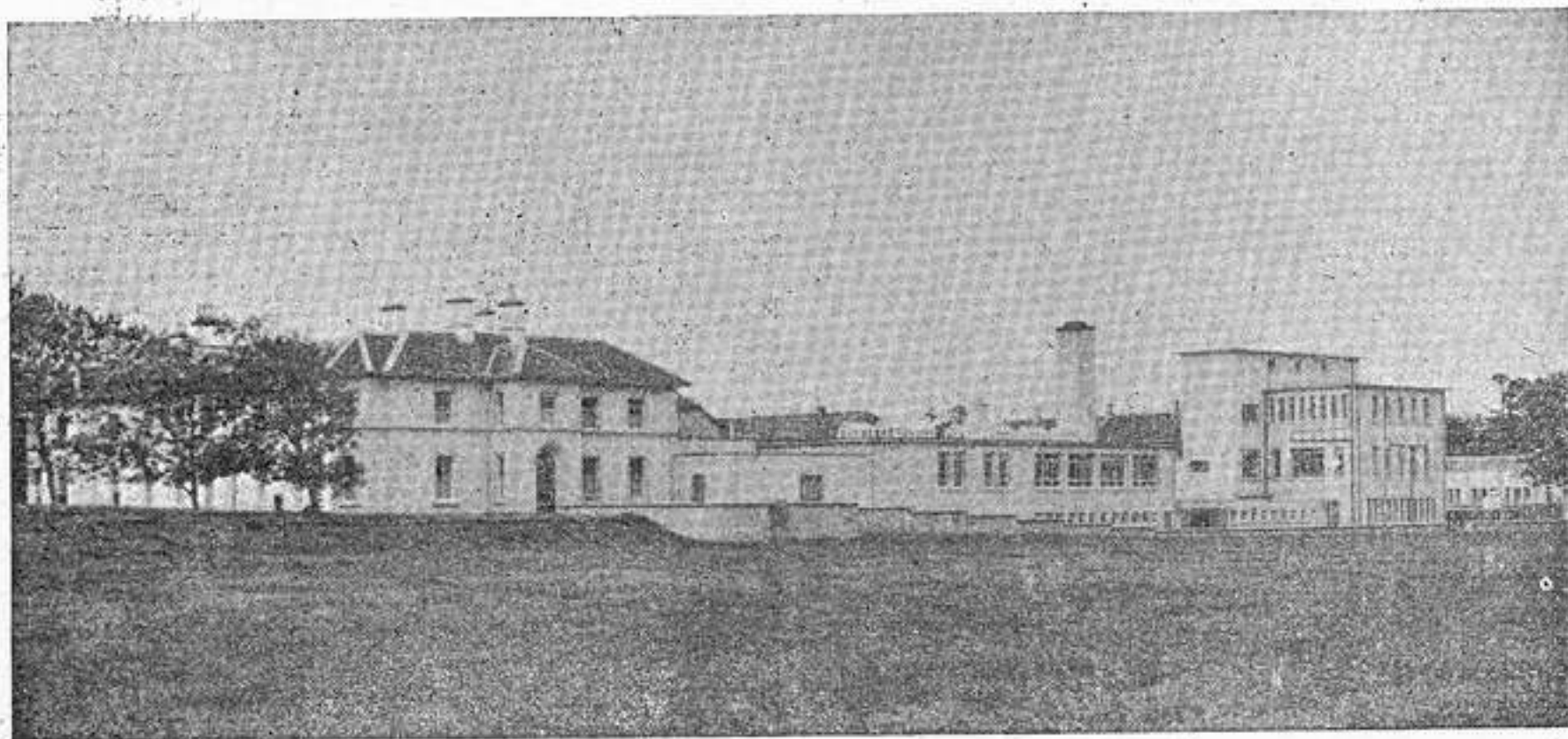
Many a time during those early war-torn years of Copsewood's existence as a college,

it offered hospitality to members of the "Flying Columns" on the move to join in action elsewhere, or maybe working their way back to base after an engagement with the enemy. This was a risk the college authorities took, as the authorities of many another college in Ireland took at that time, because of the exigencies of the crisis through which the country was passing.

For more than two years the Superiors in Copsewood had a difficult job even to preserve the status quo. Some progress was made but it was very slow. At one period in the mid-1920's, it was even suggested that the school be closed, but Father Ricaldone, afterwards to become Superior-General, was on visitation from Turin at that time and advised against the move.

"Copsewood," he said, "is under the patronage of Our Lady, Help of Christians. Do not close the school down. Instead, redouble your devotion to Our Holy Mother and place all your confidence in her. She will see you through."

She did. Within ten years the foundations were dug for a new chapel in her honour—a beautiful shrine designed by Chevalier Patrick J. Sheahan, ever a loyal friend and interested worker in Copsewood's cause. The chapel that Chevalier Sheahan designed is a real gem—beautiful in its simplicity. A distinctive feature is the seemingly large number of side-altars—ten in all—but this is a great boon in a college where there are so many Masses every morning. This chapel was blessed and opened in May, 1939, and after that a long period of building began in Copsewood.



A view of Copsewood College from the New Playing Field.

RECENT EXPANSION

The first step towards major expansion was to build a new Agricultural College, and this was achieved, in spite of tremendous difficulties, during the early 1940's when building materials were in short supply because the world was at war. The new College was opened in 1944. Next followed a large recreation and Assembly Hall with music rooms attached, for according to the mind of Don Bosco both music and the stage are desirable and powerful ingredients in a system of education.

In more recent times, Copsewood has been provided with a spacious, modernly-equipped kitchen and with a new laboratory and ablution block. These extensions were imperative if the Salesians were to cope with the numbers of boys seeking admission.

The original estate has been extended as well, and now runs to around the 400 acre mark. Much of this was in very poor heart and badly drained, but by laborious reclamation and patient care, land which even in recent years was little better than swamp—a snipe's paradise—has been made productive: the desert was made to bloom.

During the years between 1931 and 1955, the secondary school in Copsewood was a Juniorate where future Salesians were trained. Many of the boys who were students there in those years are now working as missionaries in many lands—China, India, Australia, Argentina. Many, too, are working in the Salesian Colleges in Ireland—in Pallas-kenry itself, in the sister-school of Agriculture in Warrenstown, in Co. Meath, and in the College in Ballinakill, Laois, which was opened as a Novitiate and is now the official Juniorate for Ireland. A couple of years ago, Copsewood College introduced a new note into its teaching in the secondary school—it began to give strong emphasis to the teaching of science to meet the needs of modern times.

In the Agricultural College where the students spend one or two years according to the future they plan for themselves the course followed aims at giving the pupils a sound education in all the scientific aspects of farming. This is provided in the classroom where experienced and well-qualified teachers distil the desired knowledge for them in Christian Doctrine, English, Irish, Mathematics (including Farm Accounts) and the various subjects allied to Agriculture and Horticulture, as, for example: Zoology,

Botany, Chemistry, Animal and Plant Diseases, Animal Nutrition, Farm Surveying and so on.

Nor are such subjects as Engineering and Woodwork overlooked. Each boy gets his turn in the Engineering Shop and in the Carpenter's Shop, as well as his tour of duty in the fields to take active part in the work in progress whether it be drainage, tilling and sowing, work on the growing crop or harvesting. His chance comes, too, to help in the dairy, in the pig-yard, on poultry, in the kitchen-garden. Thus he gets an opportunity to study the practical application at first hand of the theoretical knowledge he learned in the classroom.

FINE SPIRIT

For those who wish to take up Agriculture as a career, there is good training provided in such branches as Dairy Science, Horticulture, Forestry and, of course, Agriculture. Boys are prepared for the University course in these subjects. Many are attending the Universities now, many more are in positions up and down the country, and the frequency with which so many return to visit Copsewood, the home of their boyhood, is a good sign that they carry with them happy memories of the years they spent there.

One thing they always find unchanged—the spirit that rules over the place is still the light-hearted, joyous spirit they knew as boys. Because St. John Bosco's Preventive System of Education is nothing but Charity in practice, and one of the working principles that he constantly repeated to his boys was this: "The Lord wants to be served with joy."

The spirit of the Saint is still strong in his schools, and joy is the keynote of the system of education that binds masters and pupils into one happy family.

So, thank God, it is in Copsewood. God grant it may always be so.

Limerick Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes

Read Page 21 for important notice
regarding Invalid Section

HELP OUR INVALID FUND



Q. What is a Miracle?

A. A Miracle is defined as an effect, which is beyond the power of the whole created Nature. It is, then, an effect which cannot be accounted for by any of the laws of Nature. Once we admit that God exists, we must admit the possibility of miracles, because if God made the laws of Nature, He can, if He so wishes, act without them.

???

Q. Since we don't know all the laws of Nature, how can we say that some effects are beyond the power of Nature?

A. It is quite true to say that we don't know all the secrets of Nature, but at the same time we know that there are certain effects, e.g., the raising of the dead to life, which are above the power of created Nature to do.

Any Questions

???

Q. What was the Spanish Inquisition?

A. In the fifteenth century in Spain, large numbers of Jews and Moors were shamming conversion to Christianity. To investigate these sham conversions, Ecclesiastical Tribunals were set up; those found guilty were handed over to the secular power to be punished. The Spanish Inquisition is often pointed out by non-Catholics as the supreme example of Catholic intolerance and has often been the target of attack. Yet, on examination by unprejudiced historians, the various charges laid at the door of the Inquisition have been proved to be unfounded or grossly exaggerated.

???

Q. What is the Ecclesiastical Vestment known as the Pallium?

A. The Pallium is a band of white wool worn on the shoulders, tied by two strings of the same material, and has four crosses worked on it. It is blessed by the Pope and sent by him to Patriarchs, Primates and Archbishops to signify the fullness of the episcopal power which they enjoy.

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The Wait

By M. O CORRBUI



SHE stood by the window waiting, watching, her eyes never leaving the dusty roadway that led eastwards to the city—the city she knew so well—its cruelty, its bitterness, its lusts. For she had been very beautiful. Her lovely face and golden hair had drawn the eyes and enkindled the desires of men. And in the streets of Jerusalem she had flaunted that beauty, brazenly selling it to the the highest bidder. Roman officers and Egyptian merchants and two-faced Pharisees had sought and bought her favours.

She was still beautiful. But that which now shone in her eyes was the reflected glow of a soul at peace. The longing now revealed in her countenance was of the spirit. There was about her an air of quiet dignity, of a happiness just now overshadowed by some deep distress.

In the room from which she watched, another woman, her sister, was noisily busy preparing a meal. Here was no radiant beauty, but in her more mature features could be read a depth of character, a plain solid goodness, a loyalty and an honesty on which one could always depend. At the

moment, as she moved from fireplace to table and back again with wholly unnecessary haste, her homely countenance was marred by a sulky pouting of the lips.

The shadows on the roadway lengthened and faded. The watcher at the window turned and spoke.

"He does not come," she said sadly, "there is no sign, no sound."

The reply was quick and peevish.

"Standing there looking out won't help. He will need a meal whatever the time. Can you not do your share?"

Just then the third member of the family, a grizzled elderly man, entered, and heard her scolding voice.

"What's this, Martha?" he chided. "Complaining again? Have you forgotten already?—'careful and troubled about many things but only one thing necessary'—don't you remember?"

"I remember. I'm sorry—but there's so much to be done."

"I'm sorry, too," said Mary. "I should have been helping you. But I'm worried tonight. I feel that something terrible has happened."

"What could happen: He

may have been delayed. He is always being delayed—people coming to Him from all over the country—cripples and lepers, the deaf and dumb, the lame and the paralysed—all seeking His aid. And He never refuses. Small wonder He's late, He hasn't a minute to call His own for when He's not healing He's teaching or praying."

But Mary was still disturbed.

"He has never been as late as this," she said. "Even on Sunday night when He was so tired He came well before dark. Something has happened, Lazarus. Some dreadful thing has happened in the city. I feel it. I know it."

"I was in the city on Sunday," said Lazarus. "I have told you what happened. I have told you of the cheering crowds that came out to welcome Him. How splendid He looked seated on a colt while the people waved branches before Him and strewed flowers and garments in His way! It was wonderful, I tell you, simply wonderful. The people love Him. They are delighted He has come again for the feast of the Pasch. He has nothing to fear in the city."

Continued overleaf.

THE WAIT—Contd.

"I am not so sure. I know the city better than you. I know how the priests and Pharisees hate Him. They will do all in their power to destroy Him. Listen! What was that? Someone comes."

She moved quickly to the window but darkness had now fallen. Even as she turned to the door there came a sound of running footsteps. A moment later a man, dusty, dishevelled and excited, burst into the room.

"It is Philip," said Mary. "What news bring you, Philip? Where is the Master? What has happened in Jerusalem?"

"Evil things have happened, Mary of Magdala. They have arrested Him. The soldiers and servants of the High Priest followed Him to Gethsemani and they have taken

Him before Caiphas. And I—I who was among the first He called—I who have walked the highways and byways with Him—who have lived and worked and eaten and drank with Him for nearly three years—with shame I confess it—I was among the first to desert Him."

"That was bad, Philip," said Lazarus.

"Yes, very bad. We were afraid and we scattered and fled. But bad as we were there was one far worse. Whom, think you, led the soldiers and the rabble against Him, and betrayed Him with a kiss?—whom but Judas, one of His chosen twelve. I never trusted that man since the first day he joined us."

As they placed food and drink before the weary apostle, Mary and Martha

were silent, for their hearts were filled with fear and sorrow. Lazarus stood in the doorway gazing eastwards into the night. When he saw that Philip had finished his meal he spoke to him—

"Come, Philip," he said, "you will return to Jerusalem with me. We must be at hand lest the Master have need for us."

"I am coming too," said Mary. "Did He not say that they would strike the Shepherd and scatter the sheep. We did not believe—we did not understand. Now it has come. Now the hour of which He spoke so often is at hand. Let us go."

Chief: "You're late again, Jackson. Do you never use your alarm clock?"

Jackson: "Yes, sir, but I no longer find it alarming."

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By MARTHA

EASTER is early this year. I like it that way, for it seems to me that it is the culminating festival of Spring—a pleasant oasis in the desert of cold, bleak winds which can blow to the end of April, and the end of the austerity of Lent. School children who intend to sit for the Intermediate or Leaving Certificate examinations welcome an early Easter. The longer Summer term gives them time to prepare themselves for the ordeal, and, of course, a better opportunity to enjoy the Easter holidays. I have every sympathy for students. You may not see them worry. They may appear quite confident about the approaching examination, but they worry in secret. Do you recall your own schooldays—the longing to do well, to please parents and teachers—the sick feeling of dread—the awful premonition that you were going to fail miserably? Think back to those supposedly happy days and understand your child's apparent casualness, the indifferent answer, the careless shrug of the shoulders when asked how he is far-

ing at school. That strange, almost sullen reticence probably masks a feeling of despair. Remarks, intended to be reassuring, like "Your father and I do not mind if you fail, provided you do your best," seem to have no effect. My father's favourite axiom, which I never regarded as comforting, was, "Better a living dunce than a dead genius." To be a genius, living or dead, was never one of my aspirations, and the idea of being a dunce filled me with dismay. In my opinion the best way to encourage the scholar is to teach him to study for learning's sake. After all, the knowledge acquired now has to last, not until the examination is over, but for a lifetime. The Leaving Certificate students require special consideration. This is an anxious, confused time for them, young boys and girls on the edge of life, asking themselves, "And if I *do* pass, what then?" It is desirable that they should pass. But if they fail—what about it! It is not the end of the world, and there are thou-

sands of happy, successful people to-day who never sat for an examination. And don't get upset if every mother you meet tells you she is rearing a houseful of geniuses, and take it out on your own very mediocre offspring. Mothers, it is well known, are inclined to exag-

gerate when they discuss their children's talents, and "all their geese are swans." Between you and me, a goose is a far more useful bird than the purely ornamental swan, and even if you do prize the aesthetic, it boils down to this—the swan has more neck!

How I ramble on! This article is beginning to look like a treatise on education, and what I had really intended to discuss was the new trend in Fashions. The men designers of the couture world seem to have all gone mad in their collections for the Spring. There is the Pyramid line, the Trapeze line, and I-forget-how-many-other lines—all hideous, all shapeless, waistless or with wandering waistlines, under the arms, on the hips, below the hips, but never where Nature ordained the waist should be. The "female form divine" is disguised, distorted, annihilated. And to make it still less attractive, "they" have shortened dresses and skirts, giving an ugly line, graceless and unfeminine. Let us assert ourselves, girls,

Continued overleaf.

WOMAN'S PAGE—Continued

and refuse to wear these hideous creations. Why should we make ourselves ridiculous to satisfy the in-artistic whim of a dress designer in Paris or Rome? The Italian designer, Simonetta, on a visit to the U.S.A. last October grumbled to a reporter about the perversity of American women in ignoring fashion trends, and wearing styles which suited them rather than more fashionable and less attractive styles. "Where is the close-fitting hip-line, the shorter hem-line?" She complained. "These are not being worn although we presented them in the last collections." Good for the American women! I hope that this Summer they refuse to disguise themselves as lampshades, trapezes or animated bicycle tubes.

To return to the school children, you might like a recipe for a sweet cake to delight them during the Easter holidays. I am giving a re-

cipe for a porter cake which a friend gave me recently. Until I tried it, I had never succeeded in turning out a satisfactory porter-cake. Previous attempts resulted in cakes doughy, or too dry.

* * *

PORTER CAKE.

INGREDIENTS.—1 lb. of flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter or margarine; $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. brown sugar; 1 lb. of raisins; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of currants; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of cherries; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of peel; packet of spice; 4 eggs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of porter; 2 teaspoonfuls of baking soda; juice and rind of a lemon.

METHOD.—Blend the butter with the flour. Add the fruit, sugar, lemon rind and juice, spice and the beaten eggs. Heat the porter and add the soda to it. Pour into the mixture. Place in a tin well lined with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for three hours.

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In the following pages, "Our Catholic Life" pays its tribute to this Centenary Year by bringing to its readers some thoughts and glimpses of . . .

LOURDES



On the occasion of the first Centenary of the Apparition of the Immaculate Virgin Mary at Lourdes, the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, addressed a special encyclical to the Bishops and Archbishops of France. Here we give a few extracts as well as the special Prayer which the Holy Father composed for the Centenary.

The Holy Father's Centenary Prayer

"Heeding your voice, O Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes, we hasten to your feet at the humble grotto where you deigned to appear to show the way of prayer and penitence to those astray, and to dispense to the stricken the graces and wonders of your unsurpassed kindness.

"Receive, O Merciful Queen, the praise and supplications which peoples and nations, oppressed by bitterness and anxiety, trustfully raise to you.

"O fair vision of paradise, banish the darkness of error from our minds with the light of faith! O Mystical Rose, relieve crushed souls with the heavenly fragrance of hope! O inexhaustible source of healing waters, revive barren hearts with the flow of divine love!

"Grant that all of us, your sons and daughters, comforted by you in our sorrows, protected in our danger and aided in our struggle, may love and serve your gentle Jesus, and merit eternal happiness near your heavenly throne."

(Permissu Ordinarii Dioec. Limeric.)

Extracts from Encyclical

"We wish to exhort all Our sons to renew in this jubilee year their confident and fervent devotion towards her, who, in the words of St. Pius X, deigned to establish at Lourdes "the seat of her boundless kindness."

"This jubilee year will be really and truly a great year if men respond by humbly recognising their own sinfulness. The Church would rightly expect countless blessings if every pilgrim going to Lourdes—and, for that matter, every Christian united in heart to the centenary celebrations—were really to sanctify himself first of all, 'not in words

and in tongue, but in deed and in truth.'

"But though the conversion of the individual pilgrim must be the first consideration, this alone is not enough. We exhort you, dear Sons and venerable Brethren, in this jubilee year to arouse the faithful committed to your care to make a collective effort for the Christian renewal of society in response to Mary's appeal

"No reform can be fruitful and no agreements enduring without a change and a purification of men's hearts. To this Our Lady of Lourdes calls all men in this jubilee year."

LOURDES AND THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

By REV. M. SADLIER

IN Catholic France one hundred years ago the Government was openly hostile to the Church, and much of the traditional practice of the Faith was held in contempt in intellectual circles. This unhappy condition of things was no sudden growth. It all went back to the French Revolution of 1789, when with the cry "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!" the people of France rebelled against those who had oppressed them. Unfortunately, they thought of nothing but liberty, and they had a wrong idea of it. It became an unreasonable hatred of authority in any form, even the authority of God and His representatives on earth. This was a complete perversion of the noble idea of liberty, but a whole attitude of life, called Liberalism, was built upon it. In the same way Communism is built upon the distortion of a single idea, "equality." And just as Communism is the declared and implacable enemy of the Church to-day, so Liberalism was a hundred years ago. And France was the fountain-head and stronghold of Liberalism as Russia is of Communism.

CHURCH PERSECUTED

This cult of unrestrained Liberty appealed to the imagination of the people of Europe, who yearned to be fully rid of the tyranny of kings and nobles. The gospel of Liberalism spread to every country and

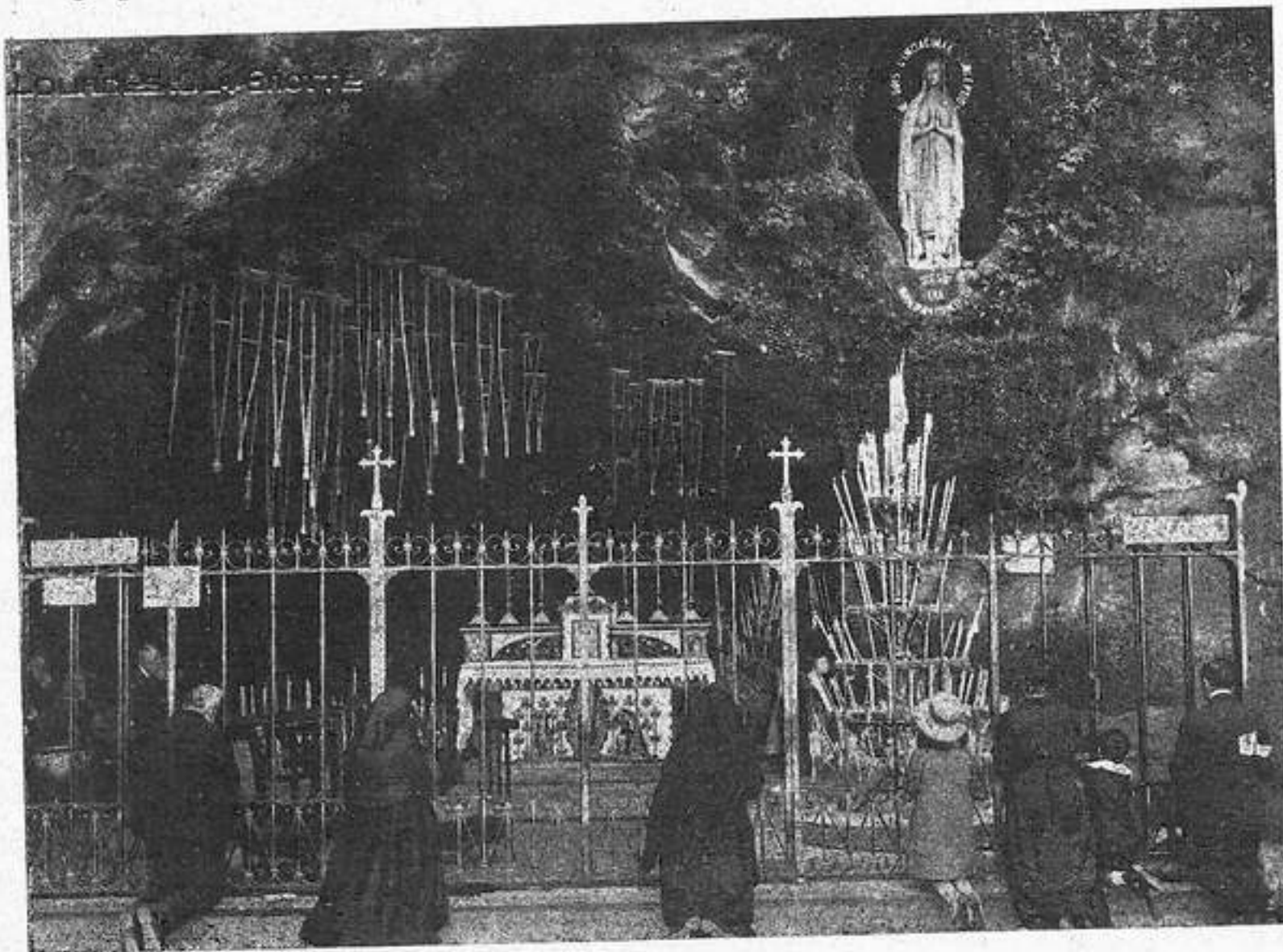
wherever it took hold the Church suffered. The Liberals persecuted the Church for the same reason that the Communists persecute it: because it fearlessly condemned their Godless and material outlook. The Catholic Church, uncompromising when truth and justice are at stake, stood between them and doing what they liked.

PROMISE OF A NEW DAY

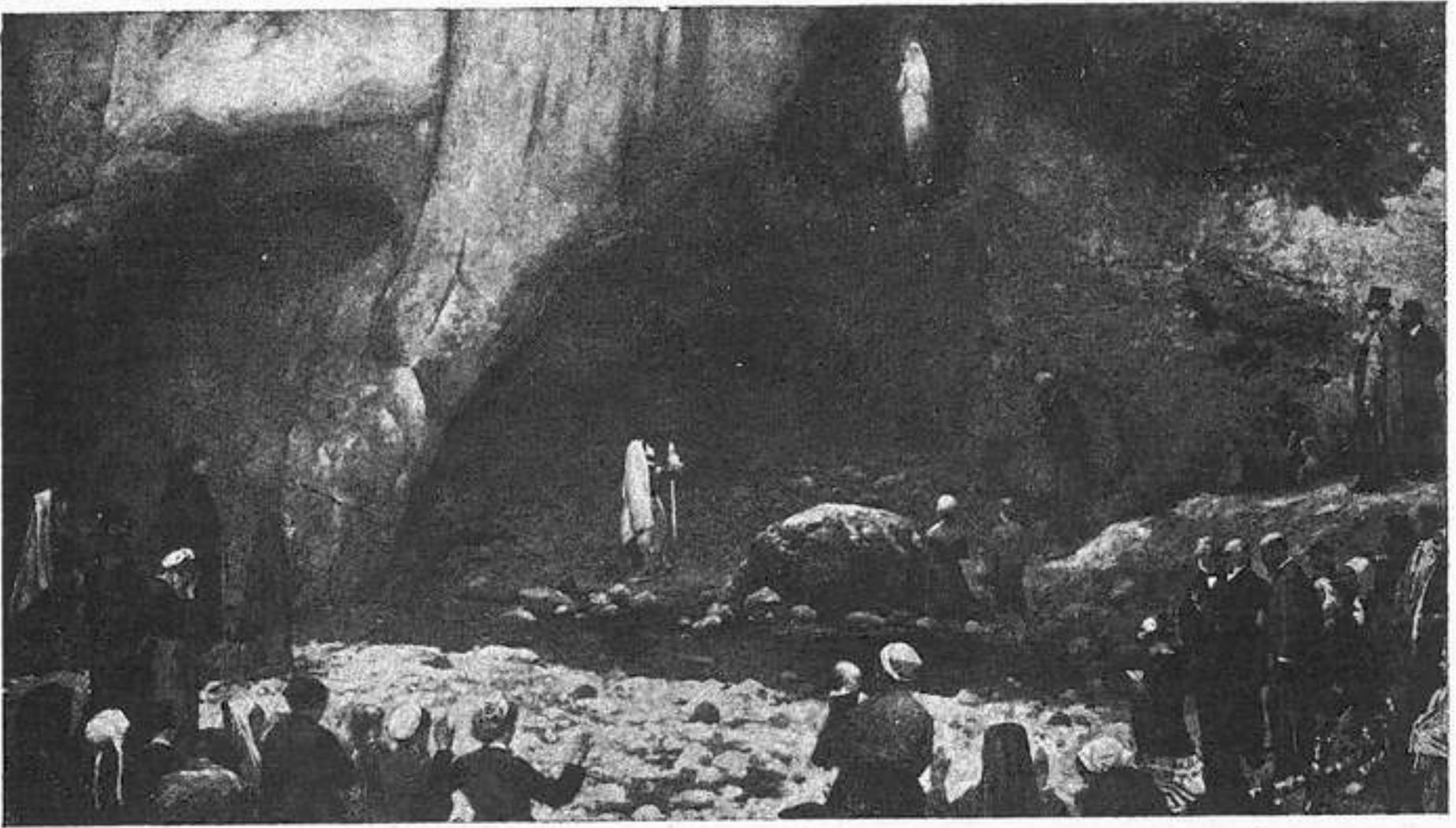
Needless to say, the ordinary, faithful Catholics of a hundred years ago were greatly distressed to see the Church persecuted. And so it must have been a great comfort to them when Our Lady appeared at Lourdes. By appearing to a plain, Catholic girl she showed how dear to God are those who are loyally devoted to the Church. And by appearing in France, the stronghold of Liberalism, she seemed to give a reassurance that the triumph of the Church was only a matter of time. Indeed, the Catholic world must have turned a grateful gaze towards Lourdes as to a hopeful horizon, where the rays of Mary's splendour were piercing the clouds of Liberalism with the promise of a new day after a dark night of persecution.

TURN OF TIDE

And this promise of better things to come was not unfulfilled. Things had gone and were still going against the Church all over Europe when Our Lady



A familiar view of the Grotto—as it used to be. Many changes have taken place recently—in particular the railings have been removed—and the Grotto is restored to its original simplicity.



The 15th Apparition—the miracle of the Candle. It is from the "Panorama" by P. Couderc of Lourdes, reproduced here with kind permission.

* * * *

of Lourdes appeared. But after the Apparitions the tide began to turn, slowly at first, but with a growing swell in a great Catholic revival. Souls were being lost to Liberalism in Europe, but this became the occasion of great gains elsewhere. A new missionary era began, and with greater vigour than ever before the Gospel was preached in every corner of the world. The Liberals had appealed to Reason, so the Church set itself to educate the rising generation of Catholics to be able to give a reasoned account of their Faith and to take their place as intelligent and responsible citizens of the new democracies. In many other ways the Catholic revival found expression under the direction of some of the ablest Popes in the history of the Church.

There is no talk of Liberalism to-day. It is gone and forgotten. But it gave rise to Communism and bequeathed to it all its technique of religious persecution. We should pray that the Lourdes centenary may mark the beginning of the end of Communism as the Apparitions a hundred years ago marked the beginning of the end of Liberalism.

* * * *



Awaiting the arrival of invalids at Lourdes railway Station. Nowadays the majority of Irish invalids travel direct by air to Lourdes airport.

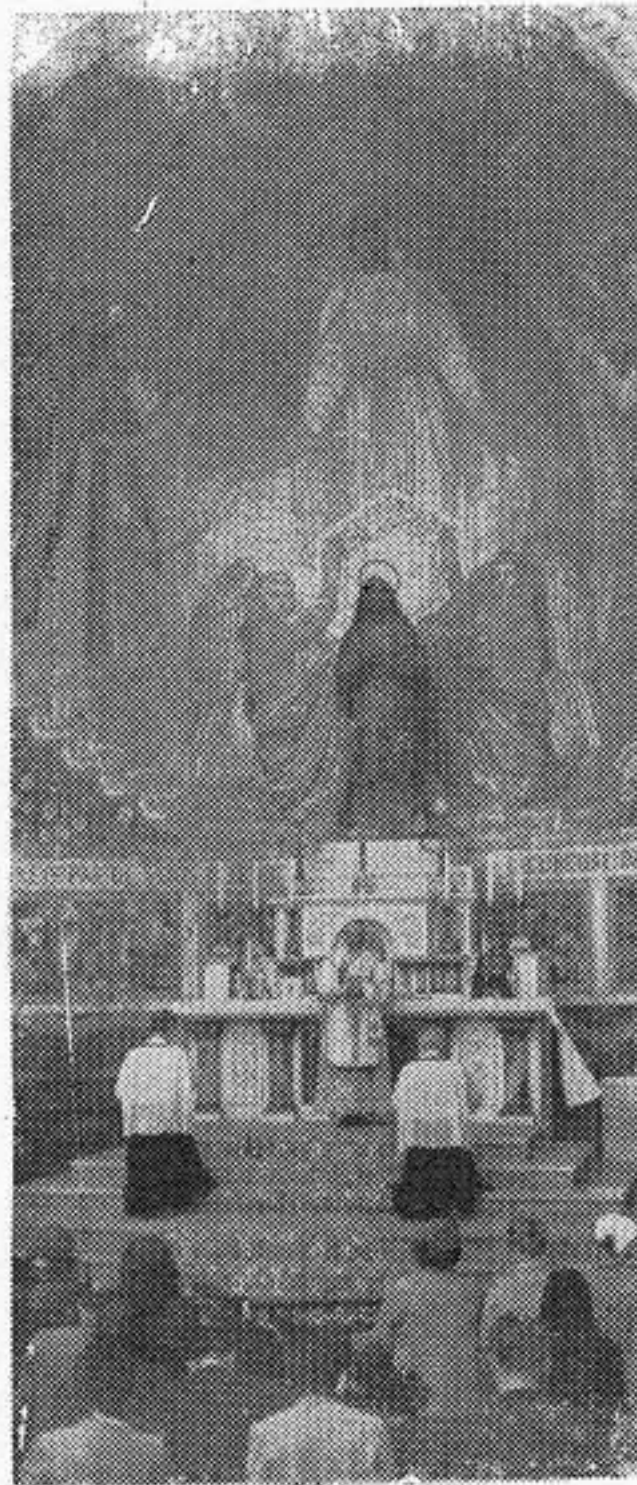
BERNADETTE THE SAINT

By REV. G. McNAMEE

DURING the centenary celebrations at Lourdes this year the thoughts of thousands of Catholics will go back to the little girl, Bernadette, who knelt at the rock of Massabielle, the chosen handmaid of Mary Immaculate. Many, however, dwelling on the great favours granted to her at Lourdes, may be inclined to forget that Bernadette was canonized because during her life time she had attained to an outstanding degree of holiness. Pope Pius XI sums up the life of Bernadette in three phrases; she was faithful to her mission, she was humble in glory and she was valiant under trial.

HER MISSION

What was this mission to which Bernadette had been faithful? The Proclamation of 1854 and the pageantry surrounding it had won the recognition of Mary, Queen of Heaven. But Mary, through Bernadette, asked for more from her children. She asked that a special church be built at Lourdes and that crowds would visit it in penance and prayer. Lavishly she enriched the shrine of her choosing; her power expressed itself in miracles and through a miraculous spring bodily cures in great numbers were wrought, while the devotion of the pilgrims secured remarkable conversions of mind and heart. Bernadette had been chosen to convey to the authorities the lady's message concerning the building of the church and the processions. Very soon afterwards the Grotto of Lourdes was one of the most revered of all shrines



St. Bernadette's altar in a corner of Rosary Square—a beautiful shrine which is very popular with pilgrims for various liturgical ceremonies.

and the pilgrims flocked to the Basilica which had been built there. All this had happened through the instrumentality of a little girl who would not rest until her mission was fulfilled.

HER HUMILITY

The characteristic of Bernadette which impressed people most of all was her

humility. She always sought to withdraw from the crowds that followed her and only waited for her mission to be completed before leaving Lourdes for ever. She had to endure scoldings and insults and unbelief. But, perhaps, she suffered most when she was made the victim of every kind of sickly pietism and vulgar curiosity. She could not live her own life at home and when they removed her, nominally as a patient, to the local hospital of the Sisters of Charity, she was plagued again by foolish ladies who wished to question her on every detail, and sought to puzzle and confuse this poor uneducated girl.

"I'm not a learned person," she would say; "I cannot explain such a thing to you." The more she tried to efface herself, the more they tormented her. She, therefore, asked for permission to join a convent in Nevers, three hundred miles away.

"What do you do with a broom when you are finished with it?" she asked, "you put it away and that is what she has done with me." Her humility struck all those about her, even the most devout, as something quite perfect, yet strangely her novice mistress alone could not understand it. She was always on the look out for opportunities to cure the pride which Bernadette might so easily have had.

HER COURAGE

As Mary stood at Lourdes and looked down on this world redeemed by the Precious Blood of her Son, she thrice launched her appeal,

Penance, Penance, Penance.

"Go," she said to Bernadette, "and kiss the ground in penance for sinners." During the twelve years of her religious life Bernadette was mainly concerned with the conversion of sinners. She continued this apostolate through continued and severe sufferings. She passed endless nights almost suffocated with asthma while tuberculosis wasted her feeble body. All this she bore with child-like courage, hoping thereby to fit herself for heaven.

Continually she appealed for prayers. "When I die," she said, "they will say she was a saint, and they will leave me in Purgatory." At the age of thirty-five Bernadette, whom a Pope was to praise for her fidelity, humility and fortitude, went with a Hail Mary broken on her lips to that mother who had promised she would be happy in heaven.

* * *



CURES

By REV. M. PELLY, S.J.



View of the new Baths. The new site for the Baths is about 100 yards beyond the Grotto. The full equipment of fifteen compartments, nine for women, six for men, was ready for use during the pilgrimage season of 1956.

SEEING WITH SIGHTLESS EYES.

In September, 1947, a distracted mother was making the Stations of the Cross in Lourdes, leading by the hand her six year old son, who was incurably blind for four years. The previous day the little fellow had been bathed in the water and nothing happened. Now, suddenly, the boy stopped and picked up a piece of wood and, looking up into his mother's face he smiled and said, "Mother, you are so beautiful."

When Gerard Baillie was examined at the Medical Bureau, and subsequently, all the doctors stated: "This boy *cannot* see! The test shows that he has bilateral chorio-retinitis and double optic atrophy."

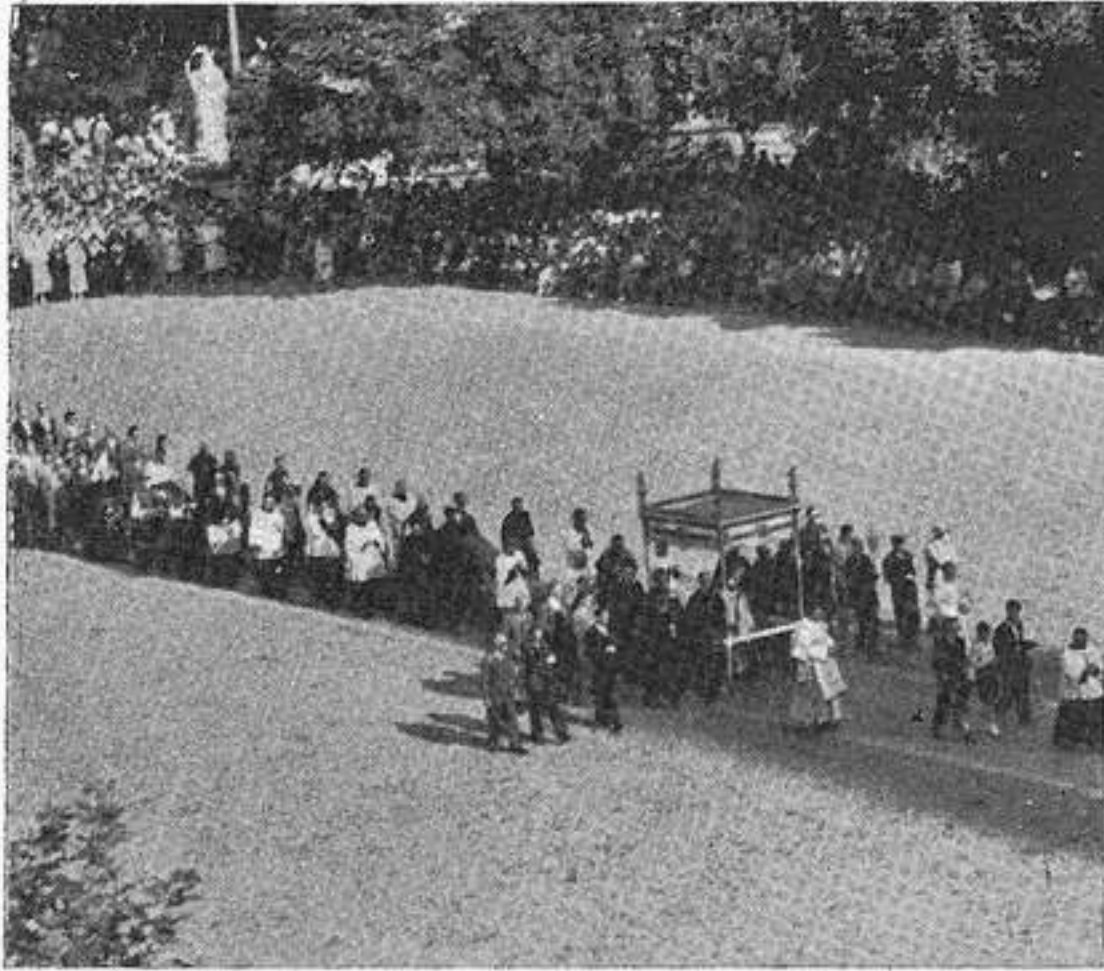
But the boy could see objects and persons clearly, despite the destruction of the internal tissues of the eyes and the atrophy of the optic nerve. When examined again in 1948 the eyes were still "dead" on these two counts and by the medical definition he was still incurably blind. But the boy could see! The doctors ultimately referred the cure to the Ecclesiastical authorities as miraculous.

But so reserved is the Church in making such decisions, Cardinal Lienart of Lille, in whose diocese the boy resided declared that the canonical commission could not accept the cure as complete since technically the disease still existed. But the boy who should be blind sees!

Continued p. 18.

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“I Wish People To Come Here In



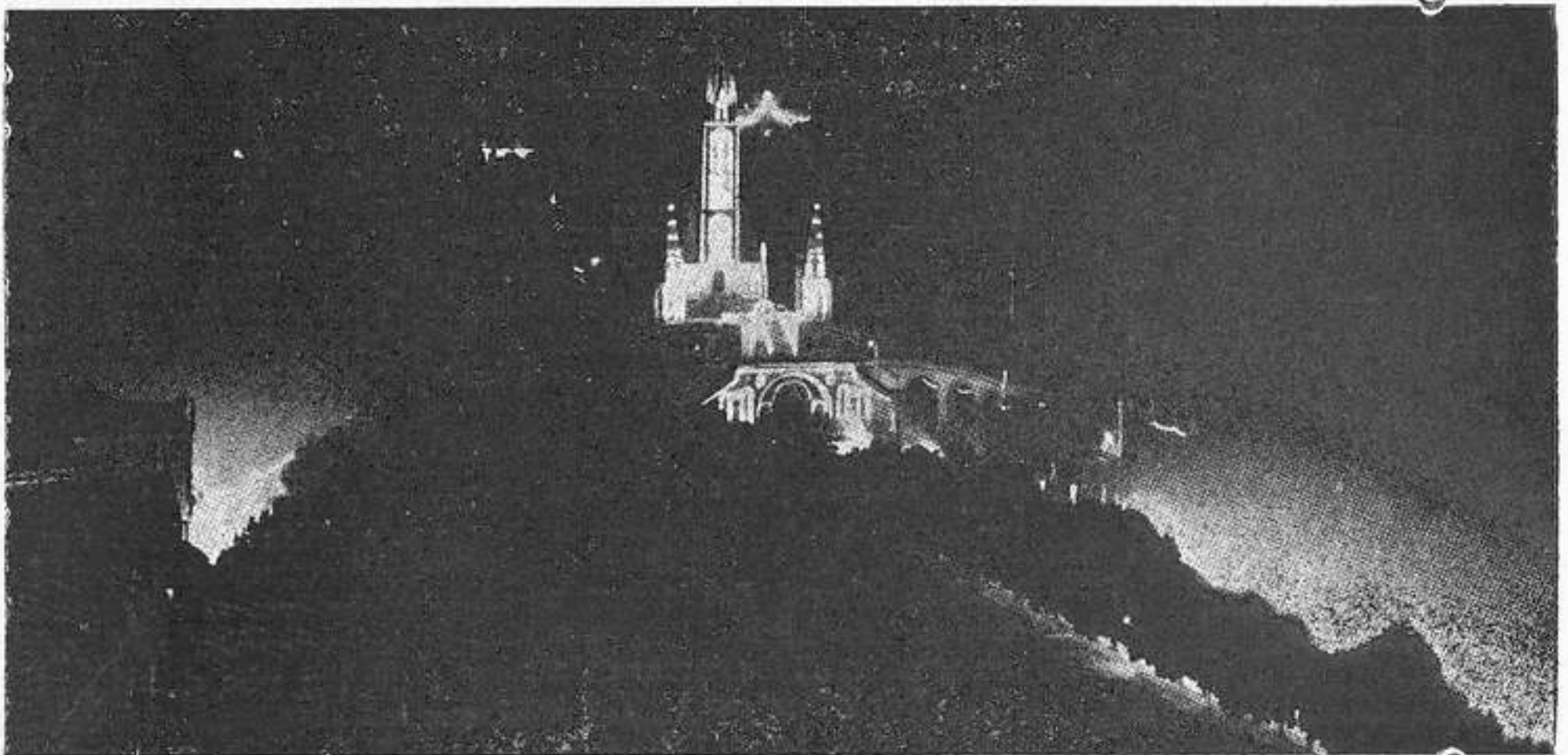
The Blessed Sacrament enters Rosary Square. Some invalids may be seen at top of picture.

*The bells of the Angelus
Are calling to pray,
In sweet tones announcing
The Sacred Ave.*

Our Lady had asked the faithful to come in procession and this request was fulfilled even from the earliest days of the Shrine. Nowadays, during the pilgrimage season, there are two great Processions daily; that of the Blessed Sacrament, which starts from the Grotto at 4.30 p.m. and the Torchlight Procession, also beginning at the Grotto, at 8.30 p.m.

Prior to the Blessed Sacrament Procession only the sick and those in attendance on them are admitted to Rosary Square, where they are ranged along the sides. When the Blessed Sacrament reaches the entrance to the Square the individual Blessing of the Sick begins. The atmosphere of this scene is difficult to describe. It is, perhaps, the most touching moment of a Pilgrimage.

While the Blessed Sacrament is borne round to bless each of the sick, a priest takes his place at a microphone and in accents of great faith and supplication the invocations are recited by all pilgrims. This tremendous manifestation of devotion makes an impression that will last forever.



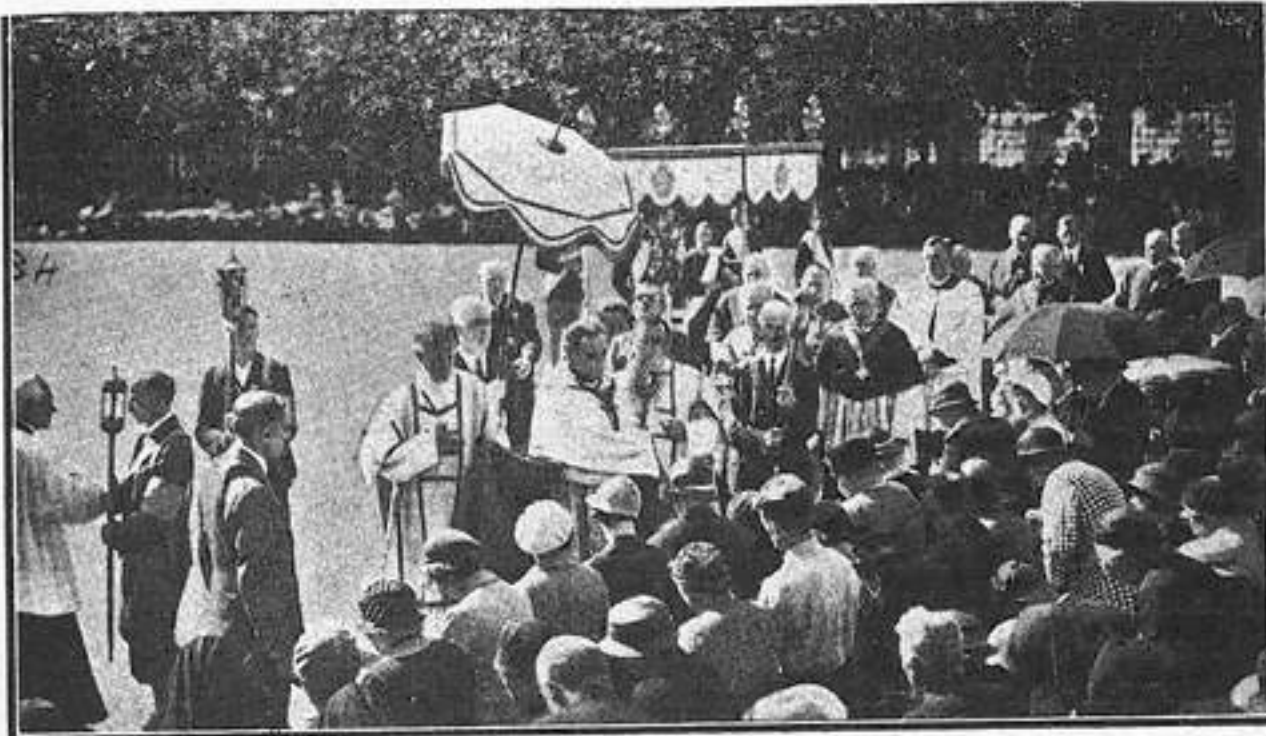
Procession "

*An Angel of Mercy
Led Bernadette's feet,
Where flows the deep torrent
Our Lady to greet.*

*On Massabielle
With wondering eyes,
She saw in her glory
The morning star rise.*



Children of Mary have the privilege of leading the Blessed Sacrament Procession.



Blessing of the Sick.

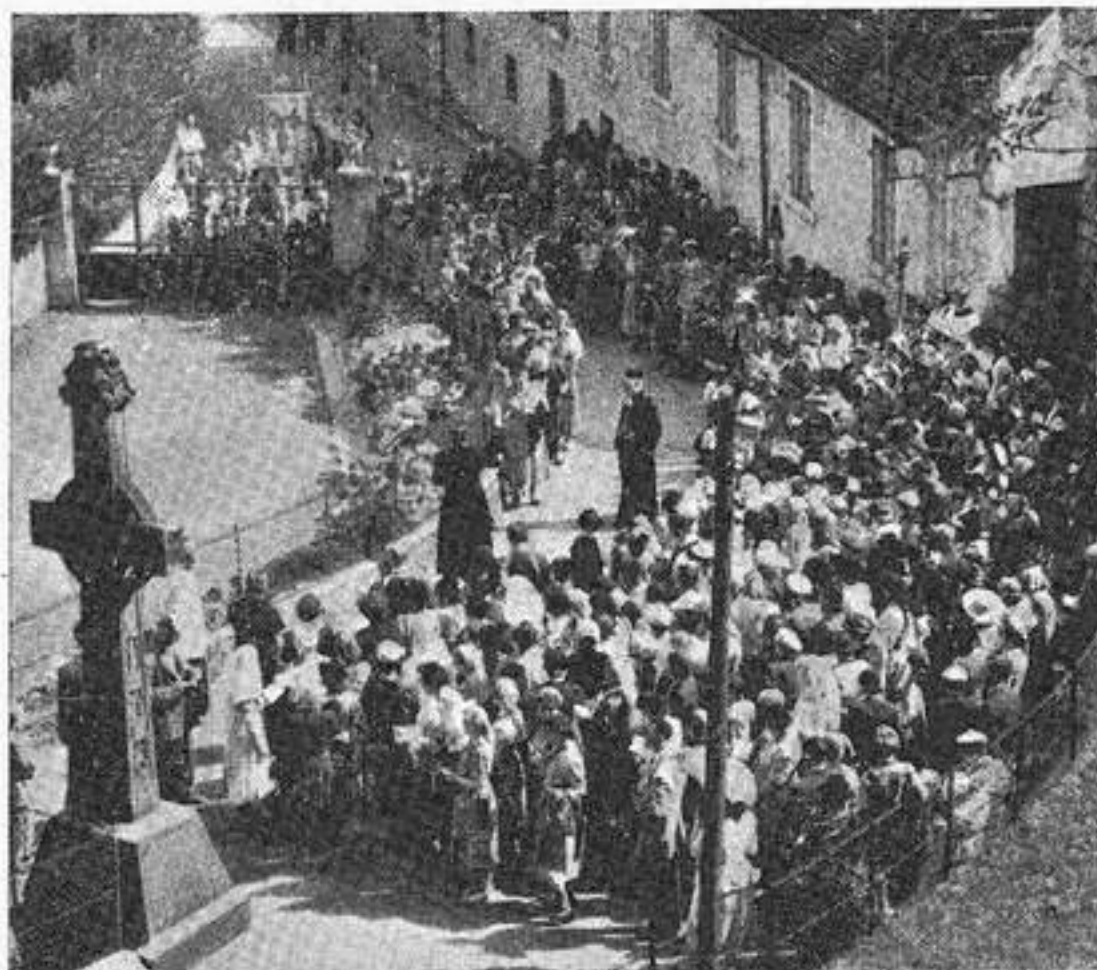
*She wore a robe whiter
Than lily-flower's hue,
Her waist was encircled
With Heaven's own blue.*

*Upon her a glory
From God was displayed,
As smiling she murmured,
"Child be not afraid."*

The Torchlight Procession, during which the world-famous Lourdes Hymn is sung, has been described as a "Spontaneous outpouring from children's hearts of the love with which they are filled for their Mother." Here are two views taken during the Procession. On the left: The illuminated Churches and the great glow from the procession. Right: A sea of light from very many thousands of candles.



CURES—Continued.



Irish pilgrims gather around the Irish Cross after doing the Stations of the Cross.

IRISH FAITH.

After a twelve-year history of pulmonary tuberculosis, four years of chronic illness, fifteen months of which he was bed-ridden, unable to sit up for five minutes, Charles McDonald of Dublin was told by his doctor: "I'm sorry, I can do nothing more for you." This was in June, 1936.

Thinking of Lourdes, he felt he would be cured there, told his friends that if he got there he would come back on his feet and when he joined the C.Y.M.S. Pilgrimage in September insisted that his wife should pack the suit in which he would return! His medical certificate stated that he had Potts disease of the twelfth dorsal vertebra, nephritis and tuberculous arthritis of the left shoulder, a diagnosis supported by fifteen X-Rays from the Meath Hospital.

After two baths, he tells his own story. "I felt the first glow of health. I dressed without assistance and when brought to the baths the third time dressed and undressed myself unaided. This I had not done for more than three years. Our

homeward journey was full of rejoicing. On arrival at Dublin Station, I had the supreme pleasure of dispensing with the ambulance which had been so vitally necessary one week before! I ordered a taxi, thus fulfilling my promise of returning on my feet."

MEDICAL POSTSCRIPT. Examined in Lourdes, September 17th, 1937, thirty-two doctors signed the report, which concluded thus: "This healing, obtained without the use of medicaments or of any therapeutic agent whatsoever, is confirmed by one year of excellent health and work . . . no medical explanation, in the present state of science, can be given . . ."

MAHOMMEDAN TESTIMONY
TO OUR BLESSED LADY

"Mademoiselle we know very well who cured you. Not the doctors, but Miriam, the Mother of the Prophet Jesus, to whom you prayed so much and whom you serve."

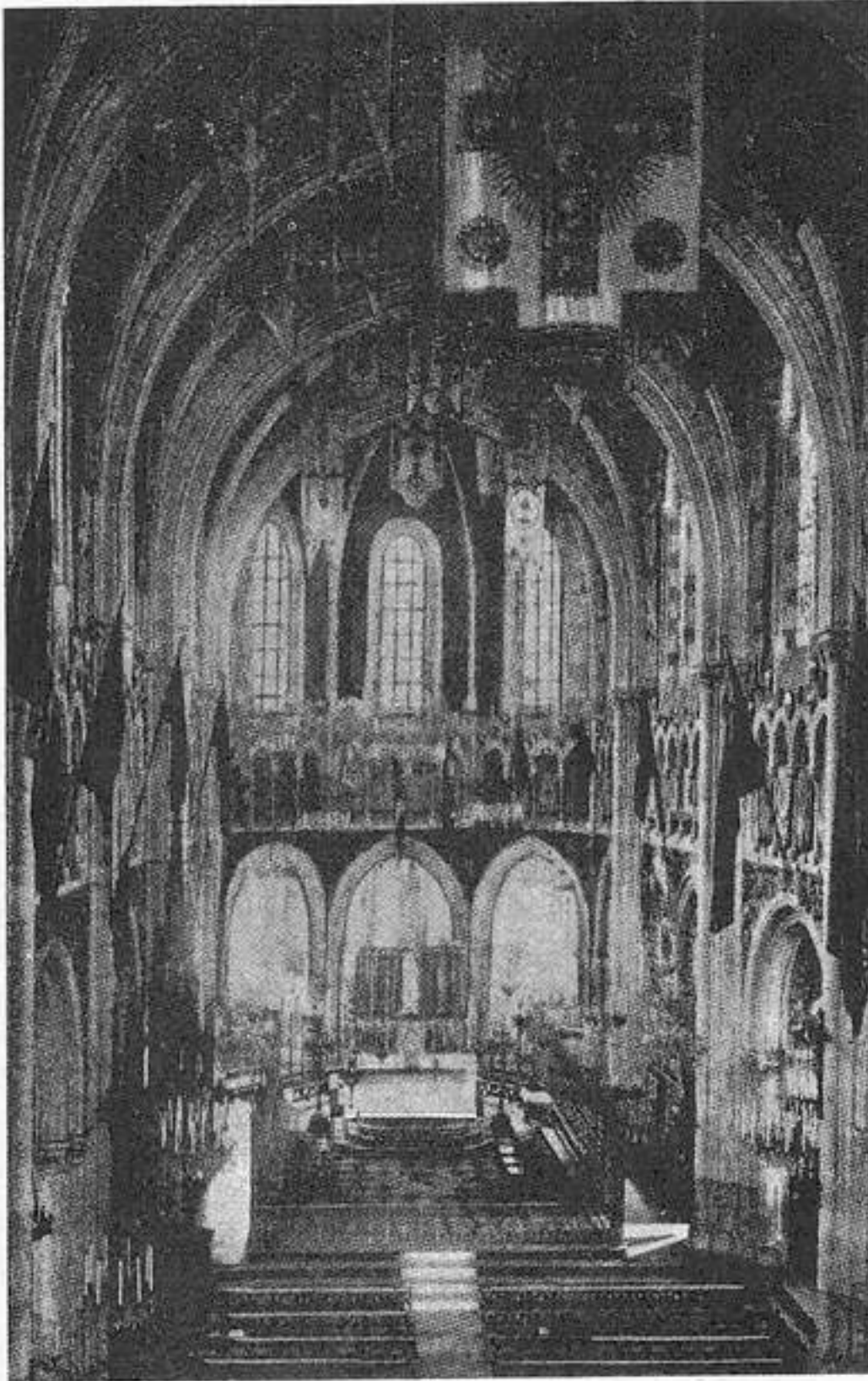
So said an Arab worker in Oran when Gabrielle Clauzel returned to her home in North Africa after her wonderful cure. Suffering from rheumatic spondilitis, for which she

had been operated on several times, she had been under treatment for five years in various French hospitals. In August, 1943, her condition was so critical that she was unable to travel with the Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes, she begged her family to carry her to Mass in the Parish Church on the Feast of the Assumption, both to celebrate her birthday and to join in spirit with the pilgrims.

Her condition changed during the Mass, and at the end of it she was able to rise and walk unaided to the altar-rails to make her thanksgiving. Subsequently she ate a hearty breakfast and a gargantuan lunch which a few hours before would certainly have killed her. She regained her strength instantaneously and had no trace of the disease. The cure was declared miraculous by the decree of the Bishop of Oran on March 18th, 1948.



The Irish Cross which was presented in 1913 on the occasion of the first National Pilgrimage from Ireland.



Interior of the Upper Basilica where banners from every Catholic Country in the world are displayed.

A PILGRIM'S IMPRESSIONS

By REV. D. MURPHY

WE shall describe a journey to the Shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes. You can make this journey as a tourist or as a pilgrim. A tourist's chief aim is to have a holiday, visiting interesting places, but a pilgrim's chief aim is to visit this holy place to give greater honour to Our Lady, to ask her intercession or to thank her for favours received. A pilgrim puts himself in a state of prayer from the time he leaves home until he returns. The journey out is long and there are many inconveniences, but all these are accepted joyfully by the pilgrim.

In spite of the long journey, most people go directly to the Grotto when they arrive, and here their tiredness vanishes and a happiness comes over them. The first impression is that here prayer is easy. One can say rosary after rosary and say them well. More than that, most people find that their prayers grow more charitable and generous, and instead of begging all the time for one's self, one prays for the sick, those who have not the good fortune to be able to come to Lourdes; for sinners and for those poor pagans who know nothing of Our Blessed Mother.

PRAYERS IN COMMON

While one is in Lourdes with a Pilgrimage one has to do many exercises in common with the other pilgrims. There is lots of time for private prayer before the Grotto or elsewhere, but the emphasis is more on community prayer. There is the community Mass at the Grotto, after which each member of the pilgrimage is allowed into the grotto to touch the holy place with his souvenirs. Later in the day there is the prayer for the sick.

(Continued overleaf)



Mass at the Grotto.

In the evening there is the blessing of the sick. The Bishop goes around the rows and rows of sick, carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a Monstrance. It would remind you of Our Lord's time when they brought the blind, the lame and the sick to Him and He blessed them and cured them.

WONDERFUL SIGHT

About eight o'clock in the evening there is the torch-light procession. This is very important, because Our Lady's first wish was that people would come in procession to the grotto. It is a wonderful sight to see forty or fifty thousand people with lighted candles in their hands. Each group from a parish, diocese or country gathers around its banner. In our Diocesan Pilgrimage we have a lighted sign with "Luimneac" plain to be seen. It is wonderful to listen to those pilgrims saying their rosaries and singing the hymn, "The Bells of the Angelus Calleth to Pray," and you are with them because in spite of fifty different languages the beginning and end of everything seems to be "Ave, Ave Maria."

THE STATIONS

On one of the days the Pilgrimage makes the Stations of the Cross. Here, again, is a beautiful sight. The figures of the Stations are life size, and there are about 160 statues in all. The Stations are placed up the side of a hill with a wide path leading the way. They are spaced far apart and one has time to say a decade of the rosary in between each Station.

There is Mass at the XIIth Station and so in all one "does the Stations," hears Mass, and says the complete rosary of fifteen decades.

There are lovely churches near the grotto. There are three churches, one on top of the other, with raised roads leading to the different entrances. In these churches are beautiful windows, statues, altars, all donated by groups or individuals from all over the world.

There is one building specially for hearing confessions. In it are about fifty confessional boxes, and confession can be heard in nearly any language in the world, and the language is marked over the door of the box.

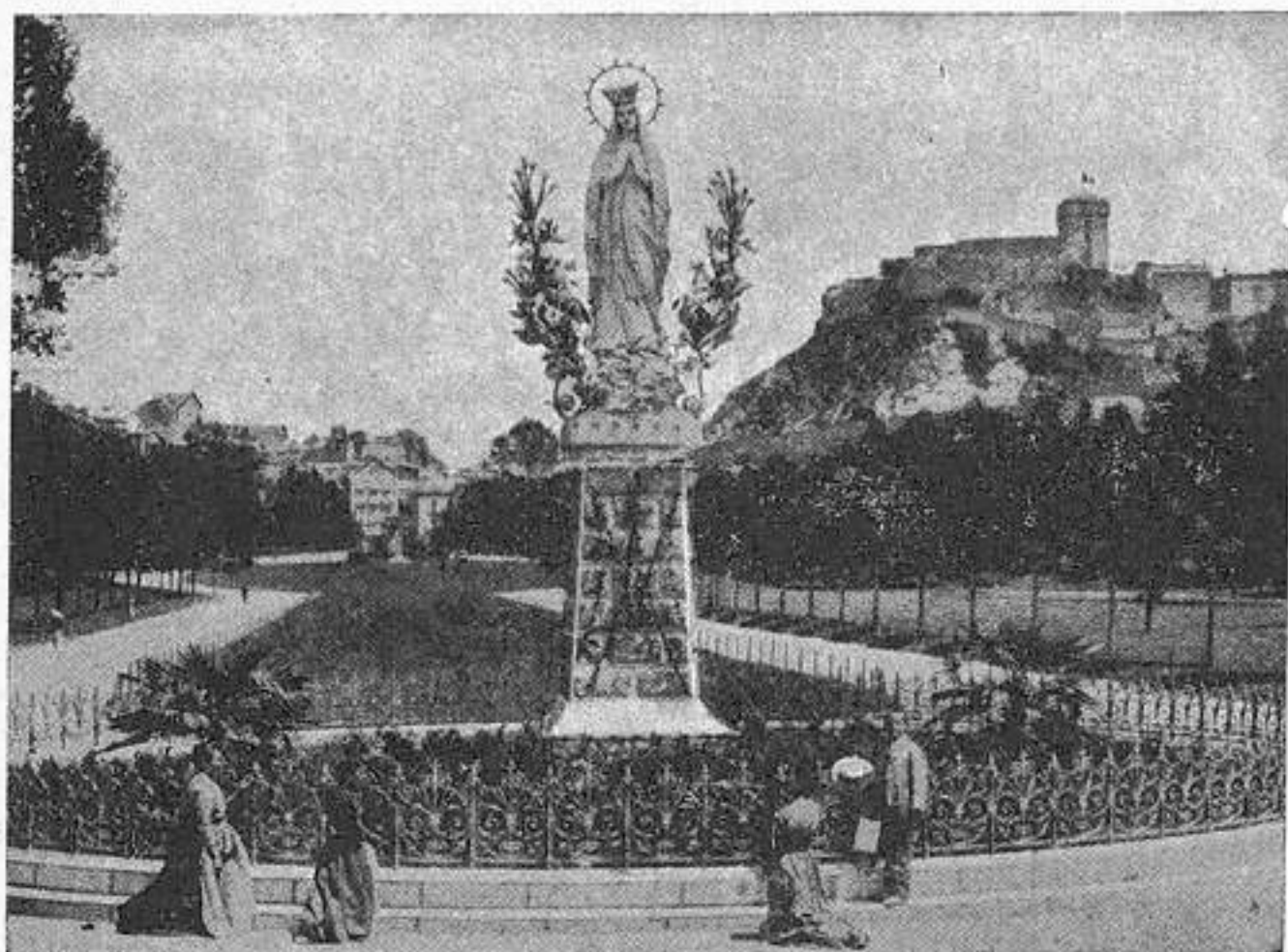
In Lourdes a pilgrim can put his name down for helping the sick, dressing them, feeding them, buying their souvenirs, etc.

EASY TO PRAY

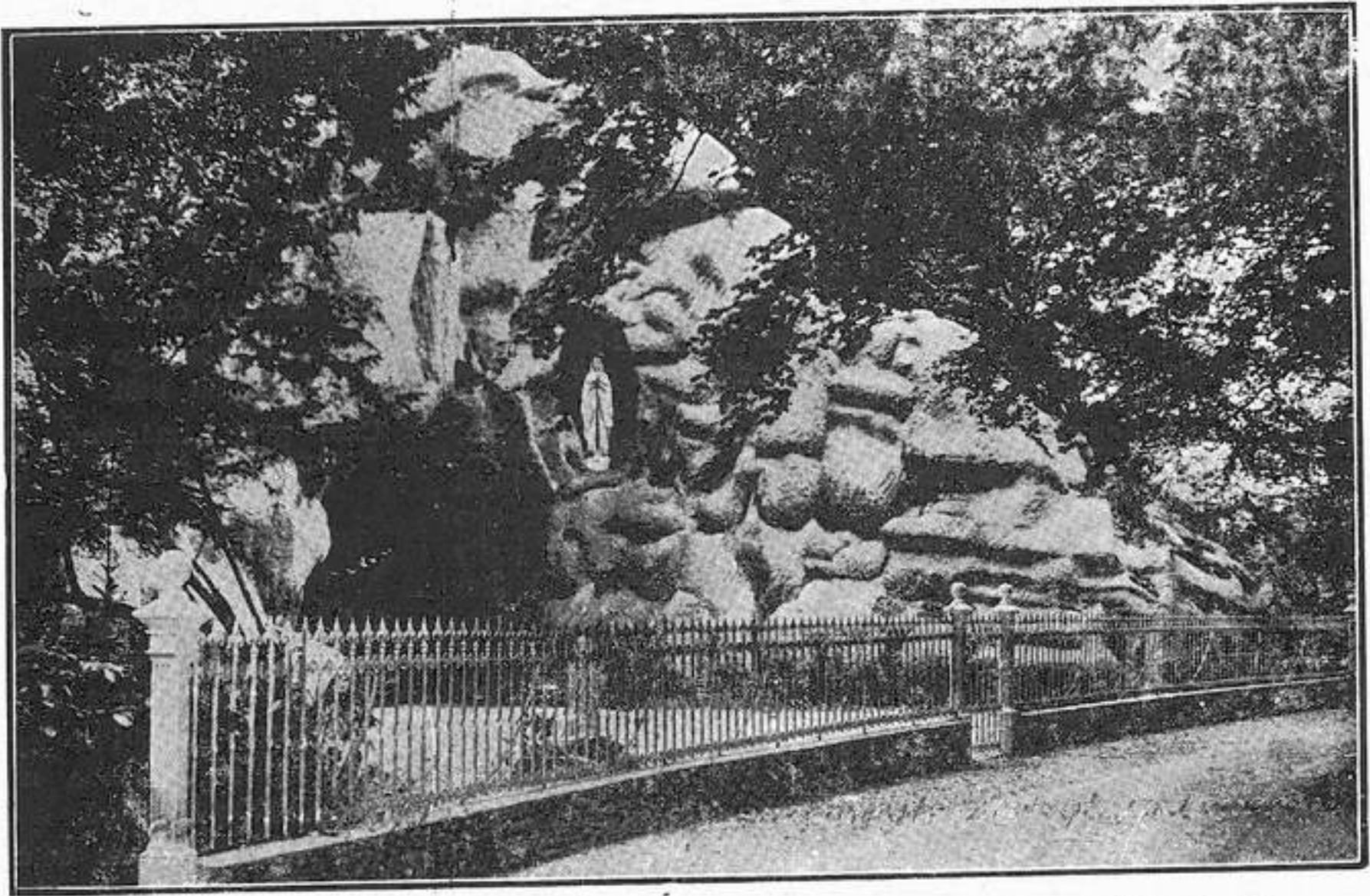
Each invalid gets a wheel chair and has to be taken from the hostel to the grotto, to the baths, to the blessing of the sick, many times a day.

Within the grotto grounds one is supposed to pray all the time. No frivolity is allowed, but you would not be in the mood for anything but prayer.

One finds oneself returning to the grotto when the public prayers are over and several stay there all night. It is easy to pray there. One feels Our Lady's presence there. One thinks of the beauty of Our Lady and the greater beauty of God; one is ashamed of sin and hateful of its evil; and one is repentant and confident for the future after the great graces and helps one experiences at Lourdes..



The famed statue of the Crowned Virgin which is about 150 yards from the door of the Rosary Basilica and facing it. The Statue marks the end of the Rosary Square and the beginning of the Esplanade which is used for the two great daily processions. In this picture the Esplanade may be seen spreading out behind the Statue. A peculiar feature of the Statue is that the Rosary hanging from Our Lady's arm contains six decades.



The Lourdes Grotto at Cahirmoyle, Ardagh, Co. Limerick, which is one of the finest representations of the original Grotto in Lourdes to be found in this country.

LIMERICK DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

(Under the Leadership of Most Rev. Patrick O'Neill, Bishop of Limerick).



OVERLAND SECTION

16th-26th September. Fare (ex Limerick), £47 10s. 0d.



Intending Pilgrims are advised to book early. Only a limited number of Pilgrims can be accommodated and many have already made their reservations.



AIR SECTION

17th-25th September. Fare (ex Dublin Airport), £51 0s. 0d.
Dublin-Paris by Air. Thence by rail to Lourdes.

INVALID SECTION

From Shannon Airport direct to Lourdes. Fare, £38 0s. 0d.

All applications for the INVALID SECTION must reach Rev. Director, St. John's Presbytery, Limerick, BEFORE 30th APRIL. Applications after that date cannot be considered.



DRAMA

By J. J. C.



ALL art interprets life. Drama is a form of art which portrays life on the stage. How life will be interpreted will depend on the philosophy of life of the dramatist. Whether intended or not, every play has its own message for us, and the dramatist's view of life will be shown to the audience. The audience in turn will be affected for good or ill by the play they see. Most people will find the lurid portrayal of vice repulsive, and it is unlikely to be found in this country, but many may not have the keen moral sense to detect an underlying acceptance of materialism, pessimistic fatalism or the inevitability of sin. The old miracle or morality plays personified ideas of virtue or vice and portrayed the never-ending struggle between them. But virtue was always represented as virtue and vice as vice. Vice was not technicoloured nor virtue made unbearably dull, and in the end virtue always triumphed.

Because of the dominance of imagination, we think and feel in such a way that truths which are dramatized appeal to us far more than abstract formulas. The simplest yet greatest dramatic portrayals are found in the Gospel parables, where spiritual truths are clothed in human forms: the Prodigal Son, the Wedding Feast and the Good Samaritan. There is a great field for development by good Catholic drama, a field which is not allowed to remain fallow by the enemies of christianity. The pity is that much available religious drama, at least in the English language, is dull, poorly written and scarcely worth the trouble of producing. Ample evidence of this is found in some of our schools' and colleges' entertainments.

"RISING OF THE MOON."

It is hard to justify the recent

much publicised outburst against the Irish film company's production *The Rising of the Moon*. The film's success in the highly competitive foreign market, with the consequent favourable reaction on our balance of payments, was ignored, and the petty yet bitter remarks about isolated incidents in the film must be very disheartening to those who worked so hard and enthusiastically in helping to establish an Irish film industry. And they included most of our leading stage actors and actresses, and not the least John Ford, who not only gave his services free, but also paid his own expenses, including his journey from America.

That the film is stage-Irish no one will deny, but that it is offensively so is inadmissible. No one objects to the stage-American, the stage-English or the stage-Frenchman, nor does anyone think that they represent the true national character. They are simply accepted stage or screen conventions. For instance, how many of the foreign viewers of the film are gullible enough to think that the obvious farce, *One Minute's Wait*, is a true reflection of our rural railways? And in so far as the film gently burlesques some of our minor human failings, let us be big enough to laugh at them and not let the molehill of home-truths become a mountain of self-righteousness. And now that the Four Provinces Film Productions are on a sound footing, we can look forward to some future films that will be worthy of our great theatrical tradition.

Give some people an inch and they'll think that they're a ruler.

búrdúin beasa

1.

Smaoin ar páis na sleá má
féadann tú
Is scaoil 'na díaló na gárda
céadta cumha:
Is míle fearr go bráic ná an
béat ar siúl
Croí glan cráifeac náireac
oéaraic umál.

2.

Ná ceangail do shearc ar pao
io' sparán beas
'S gan astat ac sealaio gar san
glas-ait seo;
O'eagla na h-easba is maic
beic cimeadac,
Is ní abram leat beic leam
ná spaoanta.

paidear ós na Sean-Daoine

A íosa, 's a naomspríod is a
Acair, is a uaim,
Tug fionfuit óo' tadoib gil oar
scaannaic go cruais,
Bí 'om díon-sa, bí 'om cuin-
leac,* bí 'om faire gac
uair
Más tuí dom, más suí dom,
más seasam más suan.

Ístis mo díoltas, m'fearg is
m'fuac,
Is díbir na smaointe malluicé
uaim:
Leis braon beas óo' naom-
spríod beannaicé anuas
Do scaoilpíod an croí seo atá
'na cárraig le cruas.

* Cuinnleac = Tionnlacan,
cosaint.

SPORT

By REV. W. J. CARROLL, P.P.

ALL over the county, followers of hurling are discussing the chances of the Limerick team in their big games this year. Our men have qualified for the League final, in which their opponents are likely to be Wexford, with Croke Park as the probable venue. As the County Board officials are well aware, it is desirable that the team would get a match in Croke Park in the near future. The Croke Park ground takes some knowing: the Limerick hurlers have had very little experience there, whereas teams such as Wexford, Kilkenny and Dublin are thoroughly familiar with it. It is a big pitch, and on the slow side compared, say with the Limerick and Thurles grounds. Whenever there is any sign of a bare patch, the groundsmen are out re-sodding, and rarely does the grass get a close cut. The Croke Park field invariably looks in perfect condition.

Since the "no stoppages" rule came into force, physical fitness is more than ever essential. Formerly during a match, players quite often got a breather while an injured player received attention; but now it is non-stop play, which makes big demands on stamina: hurling skill must be allied to the ability to last out a fast, hard hour against top-class opposition. One remembers that last year a too complacent Munster combination was lucky to draw with Galway, representing Connacht, in the Railway Cup semi-final. That drawn game, however, helped to put the Munster men in good shape, so that they won the re-play comfortably, and then went on to score a decisive victory over a fancied Leinster side in the handball final.

HANDBALL

In handball there seems to be no prospect of emulating last year's big run of successes. At the moment, indeed, we would willingly settle for just one Irish title this season. Having won a Junior championship in 1957, Tom McGarry and Martin Mullins automatically enter senior ranks: thus Mullins, a minor last year, jumps straight into senior handball. These two accomplished handballers are indeed capable of winning the senior doubles title this year: but, pitted against men who have had years of experience with the best players in the top grade, it would, perhaps, be too much to expect our pair to succeed at their first attempt. We have some useful performers among our juniors and minors, but they are hardly up to the standard required to win national titles. As we write, Tom McGarry has qualified for the final day's play in the Gael Linn cup competition, which this year attracted the record entry of 456 handballers from all over the country. In the last eight, who will play off on a date and at a venue to be fixed by the Irish Handball Council, there are four from Leinster, and one each from Ulster and Connacht, and two from Munster—our Tom McGarry, and Paddy Downey of Tralee, who has won two senior All-Ireland championships. The final day's play will consist of four quarter-finals, two semi-finals, and the final. Each match is played for half-an-hour, and the player leading at the end of that time is the winner. McGarry is now one of the best all-round men in the country: he has already won four Irish titles in handball, has performed with credit on the Munster hurling team that retained the Railway Cup, and is prominent in the county football team.

ATHLETICS

At the time of writing, Ronnie Delaney, Ireland's 1,500 metres Olympic champion and record-holder, has scored his twenty-first consecutive indoor mile victory in

the U.S.A. The world's record for an indoor mile is held by Gunnar Nielsen, at 4 mins. 3.6 secs. Twice Delaney has come very near this time, and recently was only one-tenth of a second outside the record. This was a grand performance when one remembers that he was running indoors, on boards, on a track with eleven laps to the mile. Since the foregoing was written, Delaney has broken the world record for an indoor mile with a time of 4 mins. 3.4 secs.

When in 1954 Roger Bannister ran an outdoor mile in just under four minutes, it was sensational news: now it is almost a commonplace. Up to recently the various sub-four minute miles were run on fast cinder tracks; but to-day, we have two young Australians, Elliott and Lincoln, beating four minutes for a mile on a grass track. One sports commentator predicts that Elliott will soon break Ibbotson's world record of 3-57.2, and Elliott is only just twenty. If, say, eight of the world's best milers were to meet just now in favourable conditions, one wonders who would win, and what the winner's time would be.

Continued on Page 32.

Some drivers seem to drive as if they wanted to have their accident over and done with.

The man who thinks he is a big shot is usually the first to get fired.

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Father John Gives A Party

FEARING that the good reader who has followed us so far may feel concern lest Father John was a man who never relaxed the bow, we look in on him this time as he entertains his colleagues on one of our black winter nights.

He is in his sittingroom, with his back to the blazing log fire (the gale had brought down a tree in his one-acre demesne), his eye moving round the room, checking that all is in readiness for his guests—five old colleagues of his not so distant student days, now in various posts in the diocese. He wanders into the diningroom and gives that also the once over. From the kitchen next door come sounds of activity. He looks in. The housekeeper, wearing a frown of concentration, bustles about and ignores him. But Miss Cassidy is also present. Miss Cassidy is a little old lady who retired from the States to her native Kilmorna some years before and had since looked with a maternal eye on the successive curates who lived next door. Her right to be present was established by her gift of flowers, which now adorned the diningroom table. She had also lent her



best tablecloth, as the weather had prevented the housekeeper getting her own dry in time.

"Good evening, Miss Cassidy," said Father John.

"Good evening, Father. I'm glad to see everything is going just fine." Miss Cassidy preserved a slight nasal drone to distinguish her from untravelled Kilmornans.

Father John saw the housekeeper wince as she bent over the range.

"Nelly here was telling me that Father Michael is coming." (This was Father John's predecessor in Kilmorna).

"Please give him my regards."

"I will to be sure, and thanks again for the flowers and the cloth."

As Miss Cassidy edged over to the door to have a look at the layout of the diningroom table, Father John suddenly remembered to check the playing-cards and excused himself.

He had counted as far as 47 when above the moaning of the wind there came a loud and prolonged knocking which would not be denied. No doubt about who that was. Father Pat from the next parish re-

(Continued overleaf)

gards the house as a kind of monastic hostel run by Father John, especially for his benefit. Father John opens the door and Father Pat tumbles in with a cheery: "How are you, Hillary," as he shakes snow off his bulky coat.

As they sit at the fire, Fr. Pat reports that the snow had started half an hour before and gives a dramatic account of his six mile journey over the hill road (he was not noted for his caution behind the wheel). He is launched on an account of what really happened at Rathmore the Sunday before, when his hurling team was involved in an incident, when the knocker is heard again. Father Pat's rather powerful tones must have drowned an earlier knock because the housekeeper is heard welcoming new arrivals. The sittingroom door opens to admit Fathers Jim and Stephen. They are from the "city" and Father Stephen teaches in the college. Father Stephen considers Father John just a trifle slow and Father Pat a trifle loud. Which, however, does not deter Father Pat now from slamming Fr. Stephen on the back with a rather beefy hand and enquiring for the "children" under his charge.

"Oh, very well indeed, thank you," Father Stephen smiles with a rather lofty affability. He can usually maintain this tone for half an hour or so before it crumbles under Father Pat's assaults.

His companion, Father Jim, is the holy man of the group and his colleagues cannot recall his ever having made an uncharitable comment. The ebullient Fr. Pat now turns on him and tries to shock him by denouncing Father Tadg, who is also expected to-night. Father Tadg is chaplain to the

team opposed to his the previous Sunday. As usual, Fr. Jim rises to the bait and very seriously defends Fr. Tadg. However, it is later in the night that Father Jim will come into his own—when the cards begin. This is the side of Father Jim that has always intrigued his colleagues. His high principles and devotion to duty do not prevent him from, with what they consider a rather unholy glee and positively diabolical skill, relieving them of their loose change. By now it was a standing joke in the diocese to ascribe Fr. Jim's success to occult forces. Father Jim continued to smile boyishly and callously skin his brethren.

Father Tadg was the next to arrive and in no time there was a row going on between him and Father Pat over last Sunday's incident.

Father Stephen thought the whole business a rather sordid rural squabble and said so in his most Olympian manner, with the result that both Fathers Pat and Tadg turned on him, and Father Tadg was heard to refer to West Britons. As host, Father John thought this was getting too serious altogether and asked if they had heard the latest one about Father Danny, though he had been reserving this for the tea.

Father Danny was an old P.P. in the area, who had for many years now been building up a reputation as a character, and mention of his latest was always sure of an expectant silence. The story hinged round his system which he had adopted in the interests of efficiency, of leaving all his letters accumulate unopened for a fortnight, to be dealt with then in bulk—on what the brethren called his red-letter day. The Bishop made the mistake of writing to Fr. Danny at the beginning of his

fortnightly cycle, wrote again a week later, and finally arrived out in person to be received by a quite unperturbed and rather paternal Father Danny, who spoke feelingly to him on the unnecessary rush and bustle of the age.

As he told the story, Father John could almost see the active brains of his hearers working as they improved on it, each, according to his own genius, making the interview with the Bishop a bit better for retailing to others of the brethren.

A knock at the sittingroom door and the housekeeper's face appeared, its earlier lines of concentration now creased in hospitality as she announced the good tidings: "We'll have to wait a few minutes, Nelly," said Father John, "Father Michael has not yet arrived."

"True to form," said Father Pat, "never in time for anything. Can anyone ever remember him on time?"

Continued on Page 29.

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EASTER, 1958

The Murphy Twins

My Dear Children,

Now that Lent is nearly over we shall be turning our thoughts to Easter. What a wonderful Feast it is. Think of Our Lord raising Himself from the tomb after all His sufferings and death. Any of you who are interested in nature will often be reminded of this great miracle of the Resurrection by the opening buds and the little flowers and plants peeping above the earth where they had been buried all the winter.

I hope you will like the picture of Peter and Pauline picking spring flowers which I am giving you to paint for your Easter competition. As well as colouring the picture I want you to put in some more flowers. Remember to make the nearest ones bigger than the ones that are further away. Do not, however, put in too many, or your picture will be spoilt. When colouring the picture remember to paint every bit of it. If you want the cloud to be white you must use white paint or white crayon.

I was very pleased with your entries for the last competition. The number was very good as usual, but I was disappointed to hear that so many failed to secure their copies of "Our Catholic Life." In future remember that you can get as many copies as you like by applying to the Editor, "Our Catholic Life," St. John's, Limerick. So, next time, I shall expect hundreds of entries.

Many thanks for your letters—I love reading them so do write again.

Now I am sure you are all being very good for Holy Week so when Easter Sunday comes I hope you will enjoy yourselves very much. Do not forget all your special intentions in your prayers and please include

Your loving

AUNTIE BRIGID.

IT was Saturday and Mammy had gone to town. Michael and Mary were left in charge of the others. The baby was asleep in the cot and Eileen quite happy in the playpen with a big cuddly teddybear. Peter and Pauline were enjoying themselves outside. Michael had made a grand car for Peter out of a soap-box and the wheels of an old doll's pram. When it had been painted green, with red wheels, Peter was as proud of it as if it were a Rolls Royce. Pauline had her doll, Judy. Now Judy was only a rag doll, but she was a grand, comfortable kind of a doll, because you could play with her and toss her about, and even let her fall, and she never got broken. Pauline had another doll, too—Deirdre—a beautiful doll that could talk, with real hair that Auntie Kathleen sent from America. Mammy only let Pauline play with her sometimes, so I think she was really fonder of Judy.

And now I must introduce you to Róisín. Róisín was a dog. I wouldn't say she was any particular kind of a dog, and I don't think she'd win a prize at a dog show. But she loved the Murphy children and the Murphy children loved her, and that was all that mattered.

To-day Peter had a bright idea—they would harness Róisín to the car and give Judy a drive in it. Pauline wasn't too sure at first about allowing Judy into it, but Peter persuaded her it would be all right. So they got some twine out of the drawer in the kitchen where

THE MURPHY TWINS.

Mammy kept all sorts of odds and ends and they harnessed Róisín to the car. Judy took her seat covered with a rug made of a piece of material which Pauline had coaxed Mammy to give her when she was making Mary's new frock.

So far everything had gone all right, but Róisín had only gone a few steps when she began to get very upset about the unusual object tied on to her. She suddenly ran off at full speed and began to twist and turn and wheel to the right and left of her in her effort to get rid of this nuisance tied to her tail. And then it all happened!—the car overturned and Judy fell face downward into a puddle of water. Pauline had been nearly crying all this time, but now she began to cry in earnest. Peter couldn't understand making all that fuss over a doll. But he didn't like to see Pauline crying, so he picked up Judy saying "Don't be a cry-baby, we'll soon wash her face," and so they did, or at least Peter did, while Pauline looked on anxiously. Peter got the face clean all right, but mavrone, mavrone, not only did the mud come off but her eyebrows, her two blue eyes and her mouth were washed away as well. All that was left of Judy's face was a blank circle. I needn't tell you Pauline began to cry louder than ever, and Peter was nearly crying too, when Mary ran out to call them in for a treat. I must tell you that Michael and Mary had been very busy making toffee. How did they make it? Well, I'll tell you, but if you live near the Murphys don't tell their Mammy. She might be very cross: They got butter and sugar and mixed them together in a saucer, which they left on top of the range until the mixture turned into brown, deliciously sweet and frightfully sticky toffee. Mary now brought in the twins for their share, and Pauline's sobs died down for a while and Judy was put to dry in front of the fire. Then Michael thought of a plan. He got down the new

EASTER THOUGHTS

*Beautiful birds, who taught you to sing?
Jesus taught us one day in Spring.*

*Rose red, what made you glow?
We saw Christ's Blood on Calvary flow.*

*Flowers, what gave you your fragrance sweet?
On Easter morn we touched Christ's Feet.*

—C.F.

RESULTS OF CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.

First Prize—Maureen Kemmy (11),
3 Garryowen, Limerick.

Second Prize—Patrick O'Gorman (10),
Dooneen, Crecora.

Third Prize—John Kelly (9½),
Ballyguilteneane, Glin.

Consolation Prizes—

1. Statia Hennessy (7), 10 Barrack St., Kilfinane.
2. Patrick Saunter (11), 50 Waterloo Rd.,
Aldershot, Hants., England.
3. Patricia O'Connell (8½), Tubbermorry,
Pallaskenry.

Very Highly Commended Entries from :—

Jimmy O'Doherty, Gregory Rosenstock, Noel Kelly, Mary Hayes, Denis O'Brien, Martin Lynch, Joseph Somers, Edward O'Donovan, Junior Prendeville, Kathleen Danaher, Rita Clancy, Tommy Cussen, Alice Palmer, Thomas Byrne, Seamus and Thomas Reidy, F. McCarthy and Mary Donovan. A special word of praise to the Kilfinane entries, all were very good.

WINNER OF DRAW FOR PRIZE OF 5/-:

GERTIE DANAHER, Athea, Co. Limerick.

box of paints he had won in *Our Catholic Life* Painting Competition and he gave Judy two eyebrows, two blue eyes and a lovely red mouth, as well as a pretty little curl in the middle of her forehead which she never had before. So they were all

happy again when Mammy came. They hadn't time to clean the saucer though and its still hidden in the drawer with the twine. I do hope they'll remember it before Mammy goes to that drawer again, don't you.



EASTER COMPETITION

How To Enter

Colour the above picture. Competition confined to Children under 12 years. Fill in the coupon and send it to:—

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FATHER JOHN GIVES A PARTY—Continued.

But Father Jim, as usual, had the good word. He recalled Father Michael having been on time for a funeral two years before. Under questioning, however, he had to admit that this had been due to the fact that he had mistaken the time, thinking it to be half an hour earlier than it actually was. Ten minutes passed and no Father Michael, so they went into the diningroom—the ten minutes having been spent in a detailed analysis of Fr. Michael, his reading, his theories, his bee-keeping and his yarns, and also of the fact that while he was only moderately popular with his superiors, he was immensely so with his parishioners.

When the meal was half over, Father Michael arrived. It seemed he had mistaken the time of assembly and as he came along, had been congratulating himself on his punctuality. While he made up for lost time in getting through the meal—incidentally, the housekeeper did not in the least mind having to go to special trouble for him—he announced that he had a few really good yarns to come, and also that as a result of some reading which he had

been doing on New Zealand and Norway, he was now in a position to solve the problems of Irish agriculture.

As we fade out, Father Stephen, possibly fearing that Father Michael may monopolise things later on, is making a bid for the limelight.

"By the way," he drawls, with elaborate casualness, "I was talking to the Bishop the other day"

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Followed by a large and hungry-looking family, a woman entered a restaurant. A waiter advanced and stood by expectantly. Her many charges seated, the woman picked up the menu card and studied it intently. Finally she turned to the tallest girl:—

"Steak, Bertha?" she asked.

"Please, mother," said Bertha.

"Steak, Billy?"

"Please, mother."

When every one of the family had fallen in with the idea of steak, the woman turned to the waiter. "Fetch me," she said, "a nice juicy steak—and eight plates!"

Then, seeing that the waiter was regarding her in amazement, she added, peremptorily: "Go on; what are you waiting for?"

"Well, I was just thinking," said the waiter, "if they were all to stand near the kitchen and sniff hard they might get more of a meal!"

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A Scot who had worn the same hat for 25 years finally decided to buy a new one. Entering the village hat shop, he said: "Well, here I am again."

* * *

Magistrate: "Can't this case be settled out of court?"

Pat: "Sure, yer honor. That's just what me and Mike were trying to do when the police interfered."

* * *

CHINESE PROVERB:

"If you hit your head against a pot and hear a hollow sound, do not be too quick to deduce that it's necessarily the pot that's empty."

* * *

Judge: What's the meaning of this expression, "Sez you?"

Counsel—My Lord, it would appear, that it is a slang phrase of American origin which has gained regrettable currency in the language of our people through the insidious agency of the cinema. It is, I am given to understand, employed to indicate a state of dubiety in the mind of the speaker as to the veracity or credibility of a statement made to him?

Judge: "Oh, yeah?"

MARK TWAIN—"Let us endeavour so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry."

* * *

Stranger—This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it?

Resident: No! We just endure it with resignation.

* * *

COULDN'T BE BLAMED

The old woman refused to pay her rates. When she saw the rate collector coming along she locked the door and got hold of the bellows, and when the demand note was put under the door, blew it away. The collector stooped down and again placed the demand note under the door. Again she blew it away with the bellows. After three unsuccessful efforts, the rate collector walked off, putting the note back into his pocket and muttering, "Who'd pay rates for such a draughty house, anyway?"

* * *

HIGH FINANCE.

The butcher had sent his new errand boy with a bill to old Mrs. Smith in the hope that she would pay off her account. The errand boy returned to the shop looking very pleased.

"Well, did Mrs. Smith pay the account of eleven shillings?" asked the butcher.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy. "I gave her nine shillings change, and she will bring the pound note herself on Saturday."

* * *

In an interview, an automobile magnate confided the secret of his trim figure. "Every morning when I wake up," he boasted, "regardless of the time or how I feel, I touch my shoes 25 times. Then, gentlemen, I get up out of bed and put them on."

Quiz?

1. How many times did Our Lady appear at Lourdes?
2. At which apparition did Our Lady give her name?
3. What age was Bernadette at the time of the Apparitions?
4. Where is the body of Bernadette to be seen to-day?
5. What was the name of the parish priest of Lourdes in 1858?
6. What was the name of the river near which the Apparitions took place?

(Answers on Page 32).

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GROWN UP

By REV J. CARR, C.S.S.R.

(Clonmore & Reynolds, Ltd. 9/-)

Parents, priests and teachers have long waited for a practical, up-to-date, and authoritative treatment of the many problems which confront the young lady of to-day. Fr. Carr has supplied their need, and he has, at the same time, written a book which is attractive, readable and to the point.

The author is no stranger to the reading public, and he has already written no fewer than twelve booklets. But this book is intended specially for girls of secondary-school-leaving age. Its purpose is to set before them, on the threshold of life, the ideal of true womanhood, as well as the snares that lie in wait for the unwary. The inherent dangers of company-keeping are clearly stated. Fr. Carr is wise enough to speak directly, and his wide experience enables him to call on many incidents—some of them only too sad—which bear out his principles.

He devotes one enlightening chapter to the question of religious vocations, and here, too, one is convinced that Fr. Carr's advice is invaluable. Every girl leaving school should have this book put into her hands. If she is a child of Mary she will be very consoled by the last chapter.

* * *

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

FR. BRUNO S. JAMES.

(Hodder & Stoughton. 12/6)

The appearance of a new book on St. Bernard shows the constant interest the Catholic world has in this famous Cistercian. As an outstanding figure of the 12th century, St. Bernard has often become veiled in legend, but Fr. James presents to us a human character and a child of the age, yet a saint. It is by the skilful blending of these three elements that the author produces an absorbing biography.

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MOTHER OF GOD

FR. CYRIL BERNARD, O.D.C.

(Clonmore & Reynolds. 18/-)

In an introduction to this book, Mr. Frank Duff writes, "The number of books on Mary is immense... The great bulk of them do not get down to the doctrinal bedrock, on which all devotion stands... they leave a gap, and this masterly work of Fr. Bernard fits neatly into it."

For those who would like to deepen their devotion to Our Lady during this year, and to get a firm understanding of her privileges, the book *Mother of God* should prove enlightening and satisfying. The reader, however, must be prepared for a certain amount of plodding, and initiating into theological terms. This study will be well repaid, and, in the concluding chapters, the author gives a brief but inspiring account of the principal apparitions of Our Lady on earth: Rue de Bac, La Salette, Lourdes, and in greater detail, Fatima.

* * *

IRISH FAMILIES: THEIR NAMES, ARMS AND ORIGINS

EDWARD MAC LYSAGHT.

(Hodges Figgis, Dublin. 5 Gns.)

Few may be able to purchase this monumental volume on Irish family names, but anybody interested in reading about the family name may do so by visiting the County or City Library, and inspecting this work of art. Besides a history of each name—some 450 are treated in all—the articles also include reference to the prominent persons of the name and its original location.

The author, who was one-time Keeper of Manuscripts in the

National Library of Ireland, has taken twelve years to collect the material, and not the least result of his research is the wealth of reliable information on Irish Genealogy, now available to us in accessible form. The 243 Coats of Arms, with crests and mottoes in full colour—and only fully authenticated ones are included—prove an added interest. Anyone with a family pride must consult this volume, which is well indexed.

* * *

CROWN OF GLORY: LIFE OF POPE PIUS XII

ALDEN HATCH, SEAMUS WALSH.

Heinemann, London. 18/-)

Few, if any, biographies of Pope Pius XII can be as interesting as this one. The outline of Our Holy Father's life is familiar to most Catholics, but this book introduces us to details already unknown to the general public. It brings us right up to his amazing recovery from the serious illness of 1955, and one interesting chapter is devoted to the "Vision," which marked the beginning of his speedy return to health on the 2nd December.

New light is also thrown on the Holy Father's determination during the difficult years of the occupation of Rome, 1943-1944, and on his war-stricken people in Italy. Of special interest to Irish readers will be the part played by Mgr. Hugh O'Flaherty in assisting the poverty-stricken on behalf of the Supreme Pontiff.

Strangely enough, one of the authors, Alden Hatch, is an American Protestant, while Seamus Walsh is a Dublin man living in Rome. However, the ecclesiastical approval which the book bears is proof of its authenticity, and it is clear that the painstaking efforts of the authors to give us the facts have achieved real success. If non-Catholics could be urged to read this book, it could easily be the first step on the right road for them.

**RESULT OF CHRISTMAS
CROSSWORD**

1. Michael Fitzgerald, 1 Hennessy Ave., Killeely, Limerick.
2. Joan Kelly, Ballyguilteneane, Glin, Co. Limerick.
3. Miss Gretta Cremin, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.

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Down—1, Tandem. 2, Ace. 3, Sir. 4, Carpets. 5, Nave. 6, Eve. 8, Radar. 11, Indigent. 12, Ovation. 14, Emus. 15, Tinge. 16, Merger. 18, Puma. 20, Mew.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ.

1. 18 times, between Feb. 11th to July 16th.
2. At the 16th, on March 25th.
3. Just fourteen.
4. In the Convent at Nevers, more than 300 miles north of Lourdes.
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CANDID

Now and then the novelist's vanity got on the nerves of the critic.

"You know," said the author, compliment hunting, "my books are selling wonderfully. But sometimes I think my work is falling off. I don't think I write as well as I did."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the critic, "You write as well as you ever did. Your taste is improving, that's all."

SPORT—continued.

Reverting to Limerick's chances of hurling glory this year, it is confidently expected that our minors will, as they say, go places before the season ends. It will be remembered that last year Limerick minors put up a great fight against Tipperary, who went on to win the championship. Nine or ten of our minors of last year are qualified to play in this year's games. Could we repeat our great double of 1940? Time will tell, and meanwhile here's hoping.

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Suddenly there was an ominous silence. The mother, hoping her invalid had fallen asleep, tiptoed in to peep. The girl lay there glaring.

"Don't bother coming now," she snapped. "I'm dead!"

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