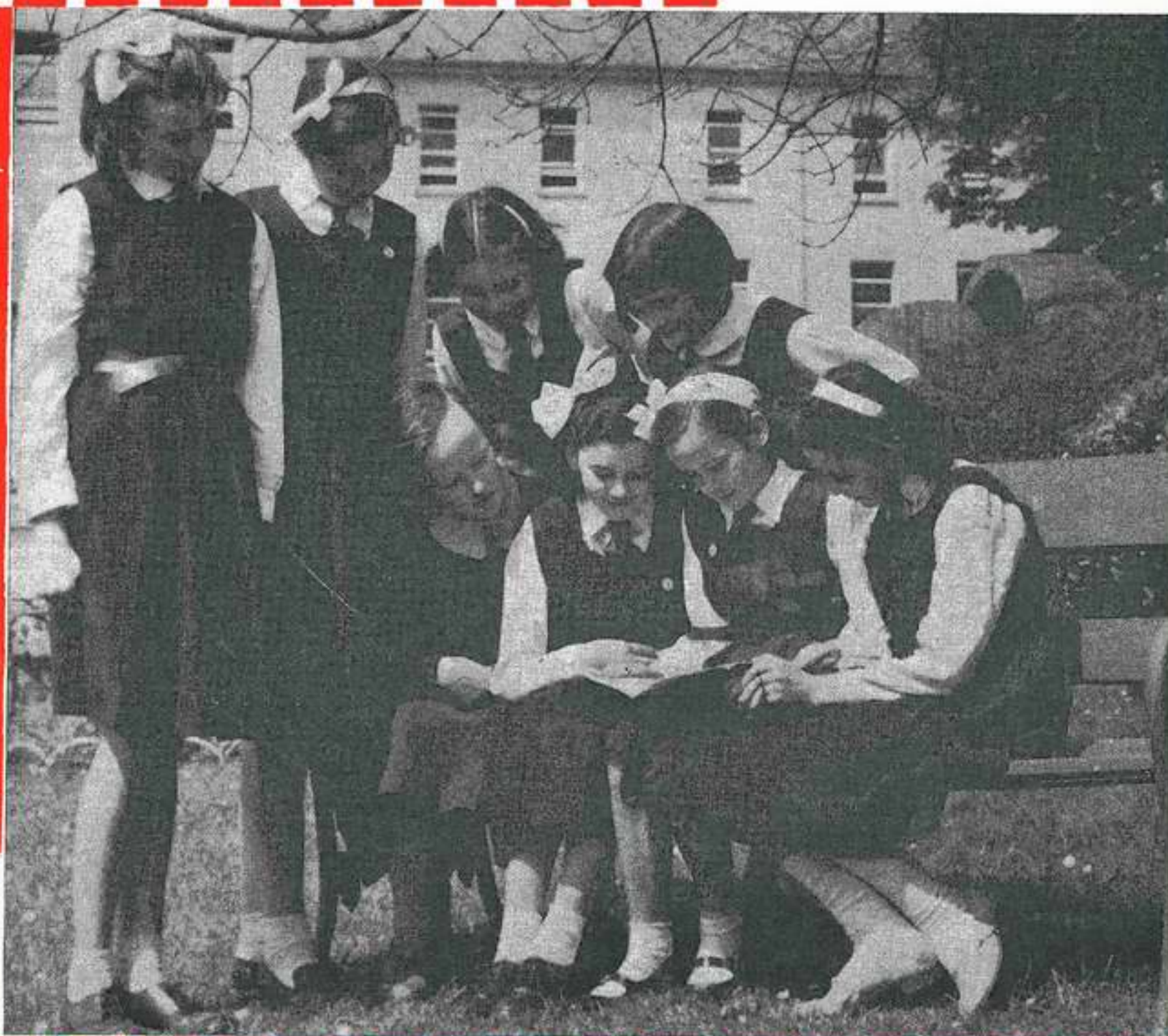


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**SUMMER 1959**



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LIMERICK LEADER,

# OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

*A Quarterly Magazine of the Diocese of Limerick under the Patronage of His Lordship, Most Reverend Henry Murphy, D.D.*

SUMMER 1959

## LIVING FOR OUR CHILDREN

THE German educationalist and founder of the *Kindergarten*, Friedrich Froebel, was guided in all his work by a sentiment which he often expressed in this way: *Come, let us live for our children!*

This aphorism is truly Catholic, and in the Catholic context it applies more to parents than to teachers.

The Church has always defended the principle that the primary purpose of marriage is the procreation and education of children. Marriage undoubtedly has its secondary ends: the mutual love and support of the married couple, the relief of the sexual instinct. But, first and foremost, marriage is for children; it is a state to be entered into with a view to having a family.

The great modern experiment of marriage without a view to children does not seem to be working out so well. It is a remarkable fact that in countries where the divorce rate is high, the vast majority of broken marriages have only one child or no child at all. Love that is unduly based on sex, self-centred and possessive, is turning out to be very insecure. They refuse to countenance the primary purpose of their union, and in the end they are left with nothing.

IF love is to be secure, it must be related to children. The Church teaches it. Experience warrants it. It is the law of nature. When men and women enter marriage with an eye only to its secondary ends, they find that even these elude them. All too soon, they discover a 'mutual incompatibility.' Even their sexual instincts remain unsatisfied, for these mysterious powers can only make them happy and contented if they use them as nature intended. It may seem an indelicate thing to say, 'though it may be necessary also, and certainly it is true.' Far better if people allowed their passion to go to its natural term, in extra-marital relations, than to live in respectable 'marriage' without the thought of a child. The unnatural vice of modern society must surely be the evil for which our Lady of Fatima has called for prayer and penance.

It is not easy to speak of these distasteful aspects of our business without the risk of misunderstanding or of causing hurt. Childlessness in marriage is not necessarily morally wrong, nor do we dream of saying that a couple with only one child is living in sin. It well may be that a deeply spiritual woman, with the earnest prayer of an Elizabeth or a Sara, is calling out for a child but is not granted it. Children are a blessing 'through God,' they are a divine gift. And it is wonderful to observe the delicacy and Christian charm with which people, in a



society like ours, will avoid embarrassing reference to children in the presence of a couple that must live without them. "I put my two feet in it." "It never occurred to me." "You can't be too careful where you're talking." How often have you heard it; a Catholic way of thinking that does credit to us all. There is a world of difference between refusing to have children and being denied them.

**T**HE birth of children is not, however, the only function of marriage in its primary end. The duty of education must also be fulfilled. It is in this respect that parents can more fully realise the ideal of living for their children.

In modern usage, the term 'educator' is hardly ever attributed to a parent. Teachers, whether religious or secular, are commonly said to be the moulders of a nation. Child Welfare Officers are held in high regard, as if the happiness of children really depended upon them. Whereas all teachers are agreed that their limited influence goes to waste if the home is against them, and welfare workers are quite unnecessary until the parents have failed.

Here, again, nature comes to claim her own. She ordains that if children are to grow up normal and happy, they must be the fruit of normal and happy families. And here, again, we can see the truth by comparison with the false. If modern literature is a fair reflex of the society that has developed in progressive countries, we can easily recognise the genesis of all those unhappy beings who are raging against God and man. They are the fruit of bad homes, their parents have left them down.

**I**N the Epilogue to Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov*, Alyosha addresses 'the boys':

"You know that there is nothing higher and stronger and more wholesome and good for life in the future than some good memory, especially a memory of childhood, of home. People talk to you a great deal about your education, but some good, sacred memory, preserved from childhood, is perhaps the best education. If a man carries many such memories with him into life, he is safe to the end of his days, and if one has only one good memory left in one's heart, even that may sometime be the means of saving us."

Many such memories! They are gifts from parents who have lived for their children.

\* \* \*

*You may have some problem that you would like to have discussed in these columns. If so, write to OUR CATHOLIC LIFE, 114 O'Connell Street, Limerick. Personal problems with children will be answered by letter. All enquiries will be treated in strict confidence, but they must be accompanied by the sender's full name and address. Address your envelopes 'Parents Page.'*



## From the Lenten Pastoral, 1959

### *Union With Christ in the Mass*

If the Mass is to produce its full effect on us, we must, as well as uniting ourselves with Christ as Priest, also unite ourselves with Him as Victim of our sacrifice. It is this, above all, that will transform and sanctify our souls.

On the Cross Christ was Victim, but Victim for us. As our Head He substituted Himself for us and was sacrificed in our place. It is true to say that, when He died, we in principle died with Him. "If one died for all, then all were dead" (II Cor. V.14). We were not present on Calvary, but we can die this mystical death with Christ by uniting ourselves with Him as Victim, when His death is sacramentally repeated in the Mass.

This we do by surrendering ourselves entirely to the Will of God, by renouncing sin and whatever would separate us from God's love, by mortifying ourselves and by our willing acceptance of the trials and sorrows of life for the love of God, as Christ accepted them. This we should strive to do at all times, united with Christ, according to the words of St. Peter, when he bids us "to offer up spiritual sacrifices to God through Jesus Christ" (I Peter, II, 5). And at Mass when Jesus Christ is renewing in our name the sacrifice of Himself to God, we should renew, with fervent resolve the surrender of ourselves to God, professing sincerely that we shall always do what He requires of us.



# The Dominicans in Limerick

By FR. LUKE TAHENY, O.P.

THE Dominicans came to Limerick in 1227. It was largely through the generosity of Donogh Cairbreach O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, as we know from documentary evidence dating from the early seventeenth century, but copied from earlier sources. Chief among these are the Limerick Book of Obits preserved in the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, and the Register of Athenry. The former account states that Donogh O'Brien died in March, 1241, and was buried in the Gospel side of the Church, a place reserved for founders only. A rival claim put forward by the English kings descended from Henry III cannot be entertained. It is based merely on the fact that permission was granted to the Dominicans to build in a royal borough. A second founder was James Fitzjohn Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond, who died in 1462, and for whom an anniversary Mass was celebrated. The extent of his benefactions is now unknown, but it is surmised that he made extensive repairs and additions to the original monastery.

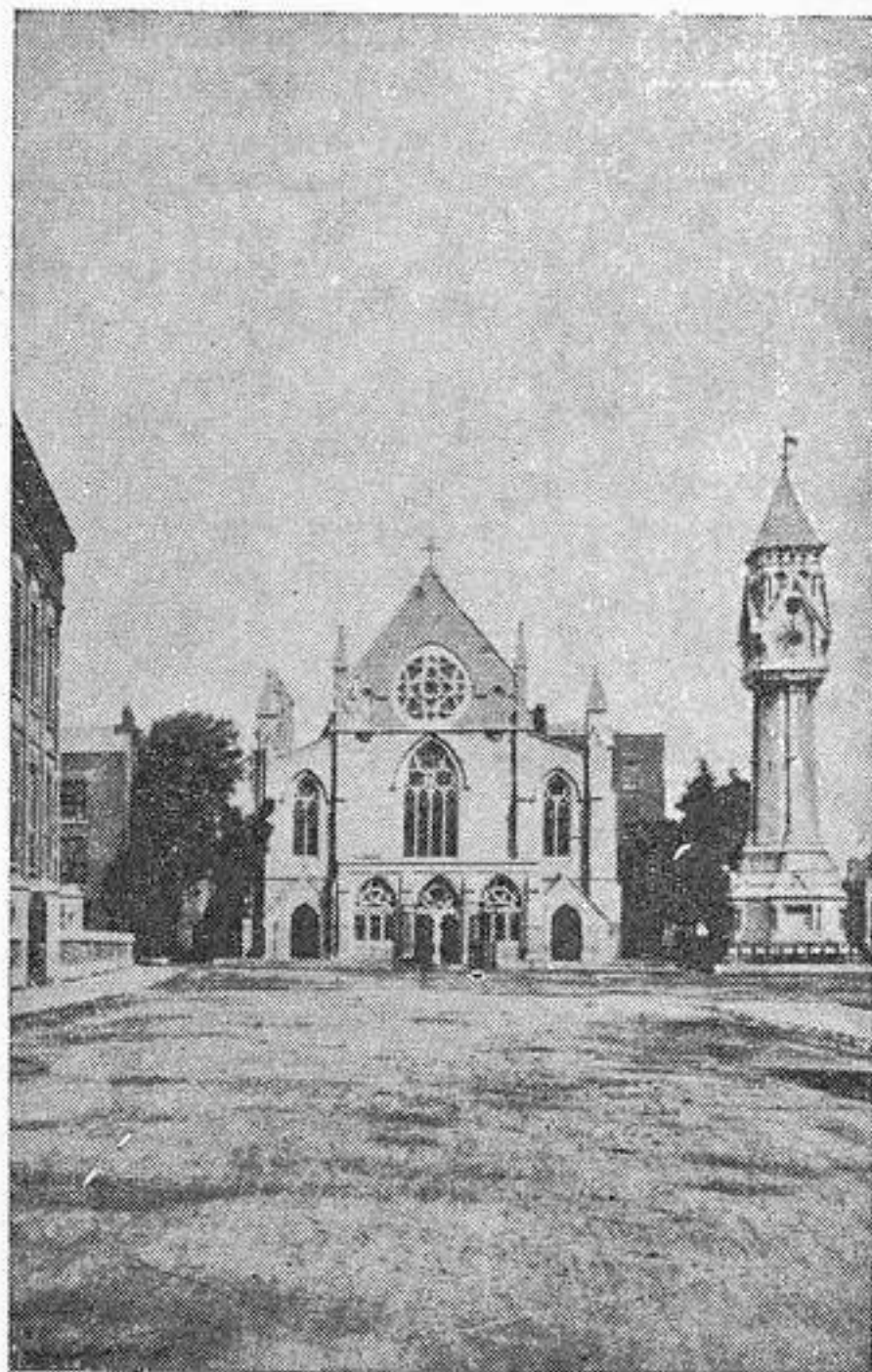
## BEFORE THE REFORMATION

MODERN research is gradually adding to our knowledge of those pre-Reformation days. The current issue of *The North Munster Archaeological Journal* in its edition of the Arthur manuscripts has brought to light items of interest contained in two Arthur wills. Martin Arthur who died in March, 1376, and who wished to be buried in the Church, states:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, the aforesaid Martin bequeath my soul to God, the Blessed Mary, and all the Saints, and my body to be

In continuing this present series, "Our Catholic Life" presents a community associated with the history of Limerick for over 700 years.

The old photograph of St. Saviour's reproduced here will bring back memories to some of our older inhabitants.



buried in the Church of the Friars Preacher of Limerick . . . also to the Friars Preacher 20s. Also for the habit of a brother to be put round him, half a mark. Also for wax at his burial to be used by his brothers, 20 s." His wife, Giliana Boefor, who died in 1380, bequeathed two marks for the repair of the chapter-house, and directed that "Sir John White and Sir John Lawless see that the money is spent on the repair of that house."

Limerick, with Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Drogheda, was a

very pro-English town in the fourteenth century, and their monasteries were abundantly rewarded with royal alms. The Limerick Dominicans house had a yearly pension granted in 1307. Like all crown payments of those days, they were not regular, and the original amount was gradually decreased. In 1315 they got ten marks of royal revenue in part payment of the thirty-five marks annually granted. Ten years later the amount had diminished to five marks. The properties owned in pre-Reforma-



tion times were Monabraher (now Longpavement), Courtbrack and St. Thomas Island in Corbally, where they had an eel-weir. On one of their lands they cultivated a large forest, and they sold in 1369 a thousand and fifty ash trees to the Corporation towards rebuilding the town, which had been burned down that year.

Although the Church was a favourite burial place for both Norman and Gael—the Obit Book states that the dust of the Burkes and the Roches mingled with the McNamaras and Ryans—its position on the city wall made it vulnerable in the frequent attacks on the city in the fourteenth century. The names of the brethren (the only ones known to us for this period), Simon Modin and Maurice Cormacan for 1376, and William Redymer and Owen O'Gallan for 1426, suggest a mixed community.

#### THE MONASTERY DISSOLVED

AT the dissolution of the monastery in 1542, the property was granted in the following year to James Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond. When Mary Tudor ascended the throne ten years later, he handed it back to its lawful owners. For this he forfeited the confidence of Elizabeth in later years and lost any further claims to it. The State Papers show Elizabeth setting forth her title to St. Dominic's Abbey and its reversion to her because "The Earl of Desmond gave it to the Friars in Queen Mary's time." So varied were its fortunes during this period that it was used by the Lord President of Munster as a council chamber from 1560-1562, a classical school was conducted in it with marked success. The Dominicans regained possession of their priory during the Confederate days, but with the coming of Cromwell were once more dispersed. The Jacobite reign saw them once again back in their priory, but it had now become unusable, so a small chapel was erected in the precincts. To conclude the story of this old priory,

we here recall that in the eighteenth century it was converted into a tan yard while in the gardens a barrack was erected known as the Lower Barrack. In 1815 the Poor Clares founded a nunnery and school on the site which in 1838 passed into the hands of the Mercy Sisters.

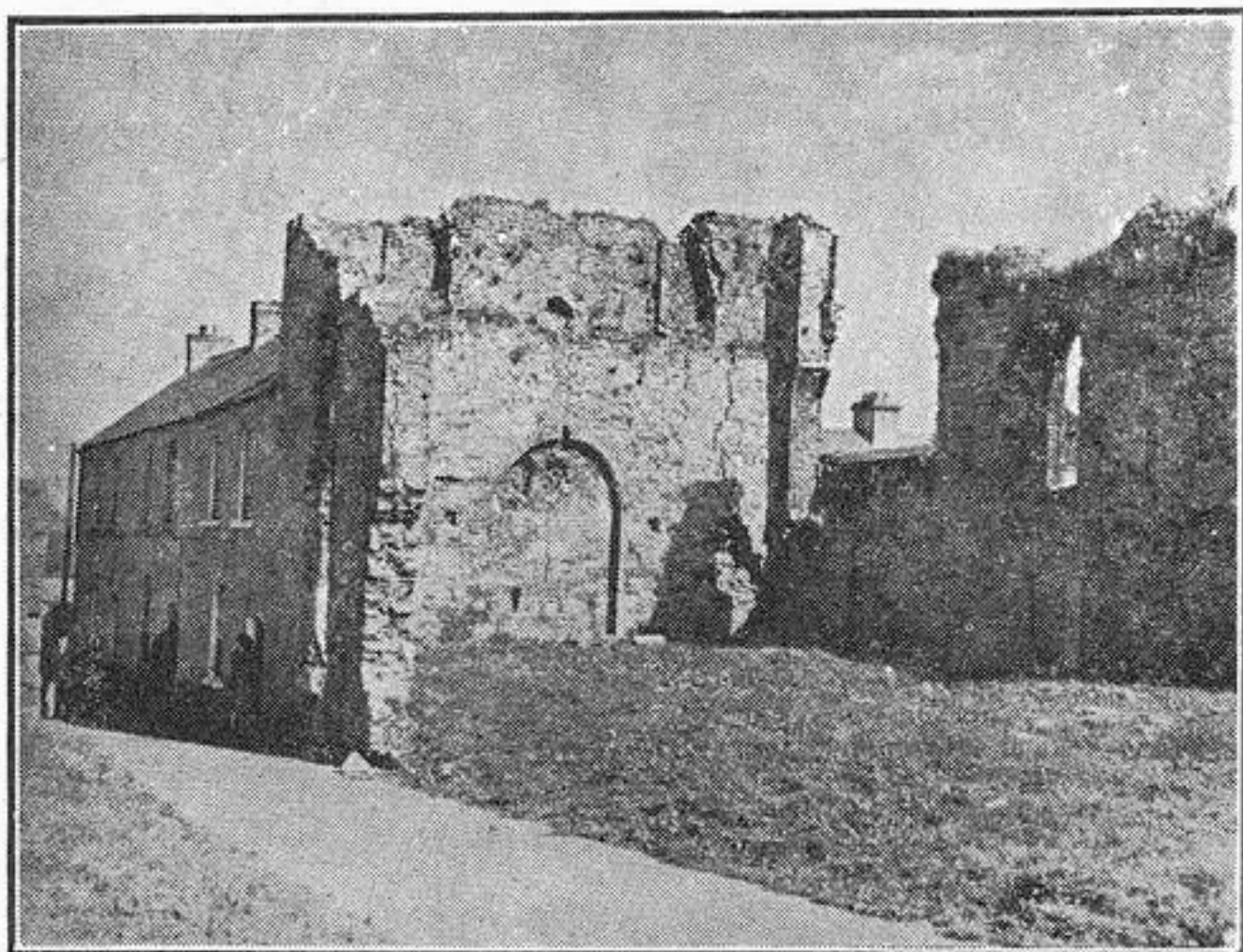
#### THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

IN the seventeenth century the Order played a notable part in defending the Catholic Faith. The early part of the century sees men like Fr. Edmund Halaghan and his patron, Sir John Burke, instituting the Rosary Confraternity, while the end of the century witnessed the murder by Williamite soldiery of Fr. Gerald Fitzgibbon, who was on a missionary journey. In between we have an untold number of martyrs. Some died in the pest houses or in the prisons while tending the sick, others died on the scaffold. Notable was Fr. James Woulfe who opposed the Ormond Peace of 1646, personally defying the King's Herald-at-Arms in his attempted proclamation. Fr. Woulfe led a

multitude of the ordinary citizens whose only arms were sticks and stones. Again in 1650 when an Ormondite garrison was about to be imposed on the city, Fr. Woulfe successfully opposed the attempt. For all this he was a marked man and suffered a martyr's death. The part played by Terence Albert O'Brien in the siege of 1651 is too well known to need recounting. Notable brethren for this century were John Collins, martyr; Denis Hanrahan, author of an account of Irish shrines; James Arthur, regent of Coimbra university; Cornelius O'Heyne who laboured in London and in Prague.

#### THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE eighteenth century brought the Irish church back to the days of the catacombs. We are not sure at what precise date the Dominicans returned. Some documents would imply 1713; others 1722. The priests who came in those days were most likely wandering friars. A fixed home in some back street was got by the seventeen thirties, though where is unknown. In the Hearth



Ruins of the Priory in Fish Lane



Tax returns of 1766 they are given as living in Jail Lane. Notable Limerick brethren for the eighteenth century were Donal O'Brien, noteworthy preacher; Michael Hoare, twice provincial and a man who figured in the canon law disputes of his day; Michael Peter McMahon, Bishop of Killaloe, and John O'Brien, Gaelic Poet. Although accounts were kept for at least the second half of this century, all that has survived is a solitary page for the year 1794. Even a hundred years ago the loss of these records was bemoaned. Now they are lost beyond recall.

In 1780 we find the Dominicans in possession of a church and priory (situated over the church) in Fish Lane. This three-story brick building was abandoned in 1816 when a new church was opened in Glentworth Street, a site on the edge of the new city then being built. The ground for this new church and priory was acquired from the Earl of Limerick. The new street formed at the side of the church was called after St. Dominic. Fr. Harrigan who initiated the transfer from the old to the new town had plans for a separate novitiate for Limerick priory and in his new building he had made provision for such. Though Rome granted his request (November, 1819), his scheme was not a success and it fell through in a couple of years.

## THE PRESENT CHURCH

THE building of the church appears to have taken a little over a year. Benefactors include John N. Russell, who is said to have donated the timber and other materials, and Johnny Connell of Garryowen, who loaned the community 500 pounds free of interest for seven years. In 1823 when the O'Connell mortgage was due, a respite of a further ten years was granted. We possess one excellent account of the chapel that then existed. It was written by the Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., a parson who visited Limerick on August 14th, 1836:

"At the Dominican chapel," he writes, "the service was not begun but hundreds were kneeling at their separate devotions. It is a handsome structure, fantastically ornamented in the interior. At the door was the holy water, then the confession boxes, then there was a space for the poorer congregation, and then railed off and supplied with benches a space in front of the altar occupied by the richer members of the flock. On each side of the altar was drapery sparkling with tinsel; not far from the altar was a pulpit." All accounts or records prior to 1852 are lost. From 1860 to 1870 the church was so completely overhauled that in effect a new church emerged. The roof was raised thirty feet, a new chancel and porches were added, marble pillars replacing the older ones. In addition side altars were added and the Stations of the Cross canonically erected. It is of interest to record that in the process of converting the older building into the new one, the church was completely unroofed from May 8th until Rosary Sunday, 1870, Mass on Sundays being said in the chancel and on week-days in the sacristy. This work was due in the main to the energy of Fr. Carbery, who spent about fifteen years in Limerick and who later became Bishop of Hamilton. Another well-known member was Prior William O'Carroll, who later became provincial in the United States and was the first of the Irish bishops in Trinidad. Other Limerick men of the mid-nineteenth century were Bishop P. R. Griffith of Capetown, who paid a visit to his native city in 1851; Fr. Robert Molloy, who went to the Crimea as a chaplain and has left us an amount of his experiences; Fr. J. C. Ryan, who gathered an immense amount of historical data eighty years ago and to whom all later historians are indebted.

AND so to our own day. In recent times a new priory was built by the late Fr. L. Mac Ardle. Later the church was enriched with

the frescoes of Fr. Aengus Buckley. His Triumph of the Cross covers the chancel arch, while his medallions of the Dominican saints surmount the marble pillars. His beautiful and moving Stations of the Cross are recognised as masterpieces and arouse the admiration of many visitors.

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*The interval between Communions and the motives for receiving frequently are beautifully summed up as follows by St. Francis de Sales:*

"Among those who wish to serve God devoutly, the greatest interval between Communions is a month. If worldlings ask you why you communicate so often, tell them that it is to learn to love God, to purify yourself from your imperfections, to free yourself from your miseries, to console yourself under your afflictions.

"Let two classes of people communicate often: the perfect, because, being well disposed, they suffer much by not approaching the Fountain of Perfection; and the imperfect, in order to aspire rightly to perfection. The strong, that they may not become weak; and the weak, that they may become strong. The sick that they may be healed; and the healthy, that they may not fall sick."

\* \* \*

*Pope John XXIII served with an Italian medical unit as a non-commissioned Officer during the First World War. At an audience for Italian bishops, Pope John caught sight of Bishop Arrigo Pintonello, chief chaplain of the Italian army, wearing a general's uniform.*

*As Bishop Pintonello prepared to genuflect and kiss the Papal ring, the Pope stepped forward smiling, and saluted, "Sir," he said, "Sergeant Roncalli, at your command."—Time.*



# Things I've Been Reading...

## about life

Man comes into the world without his consent, and leaves it against his will; on earth he is misjudged and misunderstood. In infancy he is an angel; in boyhood he is a devil; in manhood he is a fool. If he has a wife and a family he is a chump; if he is a bachelor he is inhuman and mean. If he enters a publichouse he is a drunkard; if he stops out he is a temperance fanatic and a miser. If he is a poor man he has no brains; if he is rich he has all the luck in the world and he is a crook. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away he is a sinful man. If he gives to charity or does a good turn it is for advertisement; if he does not he is stingy and mean. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age everybody hopes he has made a will. It is therefore impossible to please anybody, so do your duty and be fearless; use your common sense, and even if you do make a mistake it is better than doing nothing. Keep smiling, as nobody wants to hear about your troubles; they have cart loads of their own.

—from a NEWSPAPER CUTTING.

## and death

We have all experienced scenes which seem to be fixed in our memory because of their stark terror. I remember how one night, eighteen years ago, as an interneer, I had to inform a woman that her boy, an only child, had bled to death from a post-operative hæmorrhage. It is an awful thing to say, but in a hospital there is something "routine" about such an incident. Yet somehow, the scene in all its details is unforgettable, perhaps because of its simplicity; how the woman looked at the body of the boy, for a while, and how she

said to her husband: "This is our child."

—in Karl Stern's *The Pillar of Fire*.

## on trends in thought

It is notorious to-day that heavenly rewards no longer attract and infernal punishments no longer deter with their pristine force; young people are frankly derisive of both, and, seeing no prospect of divine compensation in the next world for the wine and kisses that morality bids them eschew in this one, take more or less unanimously to the wine and kisses . . . . For the first time in history there is coming to maturity a generation of men and women who have no religion, and feel no need for one. They are content to ignore it. Also they are very unhappy, and the suicide rate is abnormally high.

—PROFESSOR JOAD.

## there were two men

The passengers in the *Titanic's* steerage had only one advantage over those of the first- and second-cabins. They learned first that the ship was doomed, and they also learned that a much larger proportion of the steerage passengers was expected to die, quietly if not gracefully, than those of more expensive accommodations . . . .

But there were two men, devoted to their calling, to their faith and to their fellow men, who stayed with the people of the steerage and gave them the only consolation available on that sinking vessel . . . They were two Catholic priests, the Rev. Thomas Byles, an Englishman, and the Rev. Peruschoetz, a German. Both were second-cabin passengers and both, at almost the same moment saw their duty was to emulate Christ and to go to those

who needed them most . . . .

A male passenger who was rescued related that he saw the two priests kneeling, reciting the rosary, with a hundred persons gathered on their knees around them. Among them were Protestants and Jews as well as Catholics. The priests told them all to prepare to meet God and provided the finest example of any on board how to do that with courage and faith. There were outbreaks of panic among the doomed hundreds who milled around the slanting decks in the *Titanic's* last minutes, but not among those who knelt with the priests in the steerage.

—from RICHARD O'CONNOR'S  
*Down to Eternity*.

\* \* \*

## the saint

One of those who knew the Cure d'Ars best said of him that he would sometimes make observations which were not lacking in a certain delicate maliciousness. A little story told by the Cure himself will perhaps illustrate this: "To-day I had a visit from a great lady of Paris who told me the truth about myself. I came, she said, to hear good preaching, but I have heard much better elsewhere. And so on. I said to her: It is certainly true, Madam, that I am exceedingly unlearned, but if you do the things you have heard me say the good God may yet have pity on you."

The Cure of Ars could be delightfully witty, even gay at times. There is the story of the Voltairian who held him up to ask: "Is it a fact, Monsieur le Cure, that you see the devil?" The Cure looked at him and said: "Yes, it is. I am looking at him now." Sometimes when he saw rude people elbowing their way towards his confessional, he would go into the confessional, sit down, then get up again and go to another confessional.

—*Doctrine and Life*.





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

## Another All-Ireland For Limerick Minors ?

IN the month of May, five years ago, Roger Bannister made athletic history, when he became the first human to run a mile in less than four minutes, a feat previously regarded as well-nigh impossible. In the intervening years, amazing progress has been made in this event, so much so, that to date the four-minute-mile barrier has been broken no fewer than 50 times : indeed the world's record holder, Australian Herb Elliott has run a mile in under four minutes on eleven occasions, his record time being established in Dublin last August. The record for an indoor mile is held by our own Ronnie Delany, and his performance in doing an indoor mile in a shade over four minutes is truly wonderful, seeing that indoor tracks in the U.S.A. have eleven laps to the mile, which meant that Delany was running most of his race on curves.

### U.S.A.

What an amazing facility the U.S.A. has for turning out top-class performers in various branches of sport, including a sprinkling of youthful prodigies. No sooner had the Russians produced not one, but three men who cleared a fraction over 7 feet in the high jump than along comes America with a teenager who has jumped 7ft 1½ ins. : he is a gangling 6ft. 4ins. negro, 18 years of age, one John Curtis Thomas, a freshman at Boston University, and his feat is the more remarkable in that it was performed at an indoor meeting. Recently this remarkable athlete had a foot fairly seriously damaged, when it got jammed in an elevator : It is hoped, however, that it will not interfere with his jumping, and all Americans, white and black, look to him to beat the Russians at the

Olympics in Rome next year. Another U.S.A. youth, 18 year old Dallas Long, has already surpassed Parry O'Brien's world record of 63ft. 2ins. in putting the shot. Master Long says quite nonchalantly that he expects to do 66ft. before the season ends. Not less remarkable, perhaps, is the performance of a 15 year old girl, Jane Haynie, who won the women's golf championship of Texas, decisively defeating in the final a seasoned campaigner, who had twice won the title : one has merely to add that Jane also set up a new course record : and remember that Texas, the largest state in the Union, excluding Alaska, has a very high golf standard, having produced some of the game's greatest players, including the incomparable Ben Hogan.

### GOLF.

Talking of this game of golf, which has many points in common with hurling, the game recently provided a good example of how unpredictable form can be at times. A few months ago two famous Irish golfers, Harry Bradshaw and Christy O'Connor, brought much honour to our country when they captured what is, equivalently, the pairs world championship : this they won in Mexico from the leading players of all five continents : in addition, Bradshaw tied for first place in the individual championship. The next big tournament was the Professional Golfers' Associations championship, of which Bradshaw was the holder. When he crossed to Britain to compete, he was made a firm favourite to win, first because of his brilliant performance in Mexico, and also because he was the holder of the title. Sad to relate, Harry failed even to qualify, this being about the only time such a fate befell him

in a long and brilliant career. However, since that lapse, this great player has re-captured something like his old reliable form.

### MINORS' HOPES.

Our senior hurlers have again been ousted by Tipperary in a game in which, in many respects, we did better than many people expected : Yet, as the play actually went, more steadiness in front could easily have brought victory our way : and a win over the reigning champions would have given Limerick hurling the shot in the arm it badly needs. However, this combination gave promise of better things : their resolute spirit, allied to skill in many sectors, was most encouraging, and as one discerning critic remarked, this team could yet go places. As far as the present championship season is concerned, we must now look to our minors to keep the flag flying in hurling. Limerick's junior footballers are still there, but have a difficult task on hands when they tackle Kerry in Tralee on the last Sunday in June.

### RUGBY.

In rugby, Limerick has had a very successful season. Bohemians retained the Munster Senior Cup, and completed a fine double by winning the Senior League. In the final of the senior cup Shannon made a valiant bid to capture this trophy for the first time. The Munster Junior Cup was won by Young Munster. In supplying three men to the "Lions" team now touring Australia and New Zealand, Limerick made a notable contribution, seeing that only thirty in all were chosen from the thousands of players in all the clubs in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales,



# A Saint For Summer

ST. COLMCILLE

ST. Colmcille will ever be known and loved as the youth who might have been King of Ireland had he not chosen to spend his life in the service of a Greater King. By nature he was haughty and stubborn, with a fiery temper, which, even in his old age, would flare up at ill-treatment of the weak and the downtrodden. Still, he became one of the gentlest and most Christlike of saints. Even as a boy, his comrades were so struck by his mildness and great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament that they called him Colmcille, the Dove of the Church.

Born amid the rugged beauty of Gartan, in northern Donegal, and educated in the famous monastic schools of Moville, Clonard and Glasnevin, the ardent priest-missionary returned to his native province and built his first monastery at Derry. Youths soon flocked to him, for his gentleness and humility won the love and confidence of all. For the next seventeen years this indefatigable apostle travelled over a great part of Ireland, labouring incessantly to found countless new churches and monasteries.

This wearying missionary activity amidst Eire's verdant valleys and hills was pure joy to Colmcille, whose love for his country was second only to his love for God. The generosity of his apostolic heart was, however, not yet satisfied. There was yet more to give, so breaking the tenderest ties that bind the human heart, he said farewell to home and friends and country. And ever since, Colmcille stands out as the man of single purpose, so human in love for his native land, so exalted in the sacrifice of that land to follow the hard road of an exile-apostle on the bleak island of Iona. Exiles the world

over will find a sympathetic protector in St. Colmcille, so crushed in soul by grief when bidding farewell to Derry, that he could not lift his arm in final benediction over his loved people, but could only murmur in broken sobs: "My people! My people! My people!"

WORK, hard and varied, proved a solacing diversion to Colmcille and his twelve lonely companions who landed on the shingle beneath the stony cliffheads of Iona. A church of oak, wattle huts, a refectory and workshops soon proclaimed them skilled and energetic builders, while the cultivation of the fertile, but rocky soil claimed all their diligent and careful tending. As in Ireland, the painstaking copying of the Gospel found a definite place in their day. Yet, the most precious gift which they brought to this lonely isle was their vision of Truth, made clearer daily by their penitential life and long hours of prayer. Their longing to share that vision with other souls shortly made Iona too small a field for their missionary zeal. Having laboured faithfully in the neighbouring islands, they penetrated to the mainland where a rich harvest awaited the reaper. St. Colmcille lived to see the light of Faith, that glowed so brightly in Iona, illuminate not only most of Scotland but also the northwest of Britain.

So great was his love for his Master that it flowed back in a warm flood of tenderness for everyone and everything about him. He placed his gifts of prayer, miracles and prophecies at the service of mankind and thus brought peace and healing to sin-soiled souls, tortured minds and ailing bodies. The poor were to him Christ in disguise and he gladly lavished the hospitality of his monasteries on them.

FEAST JUNE 9

Wounded animals and weary birds, winging their way to his loved native land, found in him the gentlest of nurses. To himself, alone, Colmcille showed no gentleness. But a joyous smile hid the depth of his suffering and few realised how rigorous were the mortifications he inflicted on himself. Like his Master, he made himself the servant of all and was ever ready to sow peace where bitterness and discord were rife. Thus, peace was restored to a disturbed nation at the Convention of Druim Ceat, when Colmcille, the poet and lover of poets, with the sagacity of a wise statesman and the true instincts of a priest, pleaded eloquently on behalf of the bards of Ireland, and so saved Ireland's literary heritage for posterity.

THE "Dove of the Church" lived his name to the end. On the night he died, in answer to the bell for Matins, his monks, bearing candles, tiptoed into the gloom of the church to find their saintly Abbot breathing forth his gentle spirit on the altar steps like a watchdog loyally defending his Master's property. His tired parchment face was lit up "with flush, with glimmer, with glow, with the blaze of joy," as he blessed his sons for the last time, and in them blessed all future Irish missionaries, firing them with his own intrepid zeal to garner in every corner of the world the harvest of Christ.

\* \* \*

"Teacher asked me a six-mark question this morning."

"Could you answer it?" asked the lad's mother.

"No; I'll show you the six marks."





# Woman's page

BY MARTHA

WHEN you have a heap of ironing to do or a basketful of mending, do you let the whole lot go until there is an interesting programme on the radio? I look the programmes up in advance, collect the necessary equipment, and am ready at the scheduled time complete with ironing-board, needles, thread, etc. A couple of enjoyable hours fly, and I am always amazed at the amount of work I get through without being conscious of the fact that I am accomplishing it. It was at one of these "listen-while-you-work" sessions lately that I heard our Limerick-born novelist, Kate O'Brien, give a short talk. The subject she chose was the virtue of fortitude, and her words made me realise that it was a virtue to which I had never given much thought, although it is one of the most admirable of the virtues. Courage, that bravery that men show in times of war or in the face of danger, is inherent in some people and lacking in others. According to very ordinary standards, I am, personally, a coward. I am afraid of many things—cows (not to mention bulls!), fire, lightning, heights. I am nervous of air-travel, fast motor-cars, even crossing a busy street. If I were a soldier in a battle I would die of fright long before a bullet or a bomb caught up with me. No amount of explaining to me that I had a reasonable chance of survival, no comforting quoting of statistics, no pep-talk could remove my panic. I am, and am content to be, a coward. Nor do I apologise for this yellow streak. I was born with it. Timidity, nervousness, cowardice—call it what you will, it is an inherent part of my make-up.

But fortitude—that is a virtue which, with the assistance of God's grace, can be acquired, and it is a virtue which I would love to possess. I meet men and women every day who possess this jewel among virtues. So many gallant folk who bear trials with resignation, carrying around with them a hidden burden of anxiety, facing sorrow—with resignation—a mother with a secret pain in her heart for a lost child—a man struggling against debt, unemployment, ill-health—men and women triumphing quietly over misfortune, fighting bravely back against the mortal blows of life. May God give us all a share of the virtue of fortitude, for each one of us will have need of it some day, some where.

Well, this homily comes from listening to the radio while doing the ironing. And let me tell you, Kate O'Brien's words so inspired me that when I had finished the ironing, I darned a pile of socks, sewed on several buttons and did a number of other uncongenial jobs. In a way, I suppose, a very small way, I practised the virtue of fortitude!

Now for a recipe that may interest some of you. It will not be of any use to those among you who can grill or fry a steak to perfection. I have never succeeded in doing just that. My steaks, whether grilled or fried, consisted in almost raw lumps of beef or tough leathery morsels. Steak was definitely not a *specialité de la maison*, not in this house! Anyhow, I don't like steak, but I always wanted to be able to cook one for the man-of-the-house. I succeeded in doing that last week. I got a

tip from a chef, a real chef, high white hat and all.

You roast this steak and so you have no worry about it going on fire, or throwing off smoke as it does on the grill. You will require:

- 1 pound of rump steak one inch thick,
- 3 or 4 rashers (one per person).

Cut the steak into as many portions as you require. Tie a rasher around each portion. Place the portions of steak on a greased rack in a meat tin. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen to twenty minutes, according as you require it rare or well-done. I did mine in the gas oven, regulo mark 9, on the third runner from the top. I was told it was tender and perfectly done, a bit of a change for me where steak is concerned.

\* \* \*

Always apprehensive about flying, the lady boarded the plane and chose a seat next to a solid-looking citizen. She tried to settle back to endure the six hours ahead of her but found that her eyes were glued to the engine within her view.

After an hour or so the fellow passenger turned to her with a smile. "Miss," he said, "if you would like to rest for a while, I'd be glad to watch that engine for you."

\* \* \*

The doctor was trying to encourage a gloomy patient. "You're in no real danger," he said, "I've had the same complaint myself." "Yes," the patient moaned, "but you didn't have the same doctor."



# Three Men of Brosna

By REV. D. MURPHY

**J**UST beyond the south-western border of the county and diocese of Limerick lies the village of Brosna in Kerry, on the left bank of the river Feale. It has as neighbours on the right bank Abbeyfeale and Mountcollins. In this village of 500 inhabitants three young men have built their own fruit juice factory—the first of its kind in Ire-

land. Their names are Seán Leahy, Andy Beazley and Thomas Sheehan. They are the sort of keen young men who usually fix their sights on the capital or other cities. But there the comparison ends. They loved their native district and prepared to stay and make a living in it. They had apprenticed themselves to jobs that would keep them at home

—namely, shop-keeping, garage business, and electricity. However, they wanted to do more and were always talking of starting some local industry—some industry which would belong. This meant an industry whose raw materials came from the land; and the land on either bank of the river Feale is not the best.



Opening Day (L. to R.)—Seán Leahy, C. Knoblock (German technician, who installed the machinery), Rev. T. Hickey, C.C., Brosna; Andrew Beasley and Thomas Sheehan.



Explaining how the factory was started, Seán Leahy said an article written by Mrs. Ryan, wife of Government Minister James Ryan, gave them the idea. The article pointed out that there was a great wastage of fruit in this country, compared with other countries, and it mentioned the name of a technical school in Germany where a course in fruit juice production was given.

The three friends talked the matter over. The problems of unemployment, increased production, foreign trade, balance of payments, they had often discussed before. Here was an idea, a good idea, of how a start could be made in a small place. The trio agreed that fruit juice production could be started in Brosna. "We knew we had plenty of fruit, such as apples, blackberries, black currants—but a lot of it was going to waste." So two of the three, Seán and Thomas, decided to go to Germany on their holidays. They went in 1954 and did a two months course under Dr. Baumann, a pioneer in fruit juice production. When they returned the three decided to start their own factory. This was the critical moment—the moment to get the co-operation and help of parents, bank managers, the Government and the parishioners. Brosna was classed as an undeveloped area, so the project qualified for a State grant of £9,000. The three young men, all in their twenties, put up £12,000 between them and the local farmers gave £2,000. Where there is a will there is a way. They began, and in 1955, formed their own private company and called it Irish Fruit Juices Ltd. They built their factory. Andy Beazley overseeing, Seán Leahy supplying the building materials, Thomas Sheehan taking care of the electrical installations. The new factory was equipped with up-to-date German and Swiss machinery. Opened in September, 1956, the factory started an apple juice production for the home market and

to date 60,000 gallons of juice have been produced.

Next year, 1957, a new plant to process black-currants and blackberries was installed at a cost of £5,500. This was made immediately necessary as an order for a 50,000 dollar consignment of blackberry juice came from a firm in New York. "When we signed the contract for this consignment we insisted on payment in dollars," said the trio smilingly—"because we knew our country needs them."

When the factory started on this order for the New York firm forty-five local people were employed, and the number is increasing each year because there is great demand for blackberry juice in the U.S. In fact, Americans say that Irish blackberry juice is the best. It is used in the States for flavouring ice cream sodas, and making blackberry brandy.

The local children love this and are to be seen collecting wild blackberries which up to now were left to waste. Two little girls, eleven and twelve years old, picked and sold enough blackberries to buy a new bicycle, and the twelve year old is now going to the secondary school in Abbeyfeale and paying for her education with blackberries. For the less ambitious children ice cream satisfies their dreams.

There is an export market for black-currant juice also, and nearly every farmer has planted some currant bushes. The Kerry County Committee of Agriculture has helped the factory a great deal in this field. The only fruit grown in the area on a big scale were apples and blackberries. But the County Committee of Agriculture has given the local farmers enough black currant cuttings to cover a 100 acres. These currant bushes are now mature and in the near future will mean good money for the farmers, for it is estimated that each acre of

black-currants can fetch as high as £600. Take cost of picking and fertiliser and replacements, and each acre is well above the yield of the best acre in the parish up to now namely £60, while the average acre is £30. Black-currants can be grown on poor soil and they grow well around Brosna.

The County Committee supplied the cuttings at one penny each, though the normal price is 1/6 or 2/-. The Committee has also placed its instructors and parish advisors at the disposal of the local farmers to instruct them in the growing of black-currants, raspberries, strawberries and other fruits.

During the apple season—September to the end of December—nearly fifty people are employed in the factory. With the processing of the other fruits, it is hoped to employ these fifty for six months at processing, and to devote the rest of the year to bottling, etc. This will in time give full employment locally. In Brosna there were fifty or sixty unemployed. The fruit juice industry will absorb them and they will not want to leave the district or the country.

In Ireland we have the greatest variety of soft drinks in the world—due to a great extent to the great number of Pioneers in the country. It would be good for us if home produced fruit juices were used by all manufacturers of these drinks.

Here is a small parish showing how to keep the youth at home. The western portion of Co. Limerick has recently been declared an undeveloped area. This means that the State will help with a money grant projects started in the area. Let us hope there will be some based on agriculture and that some young men will be brave enough to do in Abbeyfeale, Glin, Athea and Newcastle West what has been done in Brosna.





Photograph of Thomas Blake, Ballymartin N.S., Manister, who contributed 365 half-pence to the College Building Fund this year in addition to being the best subscriber to the School Mite Box.

## UNION OF PRAYER PILGRIMAGE TO KNOCK, ON SUNDAY, 19th JULY

Under the patronage of Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, the Union of Prayer Pilgrimage to Knock will take place on Sunday, July 19th.

Intending pilgrims are advised to bear in mind the following:—

- Tickets will be on sale at all Railway Stations throughout the Diocese on June 22nd. Secure your ticket in time to avoid disappointment.
- The Limerick Pilgrimage will be the Leading Pilgrimage on that Sunday. Holy Mass will be celebrated at Knock Shrine for the intentions of the Union of Prayer and the welfare of the Diocese. All pilgrims are expected to receive Holy Communion at this Mass and to pray for these intentions.
- A Special Ambulance Coach will be attached to the Limerick train to convey a limited number of invalids to Knock Shrine. Ask the local promoter-Secretary of the Union of Prayer for further details.
- All correspondence in connection with the Pilgrimage should be marked Knock Pilgrimage and addressed to:

REV. SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR,  
Union of Prayer,  
Diocesan Organiser's Office,  
114 O'Connell St., Limerick.

(Telephone No. 46193).

# HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL ?

## Did You Think Of Your Own Diocese ?

His Lordship the Bishop needs £300,000 to build a New Diocesan College. Perhaps God wants your help to provide for the education of the future priests of your Native Diocese.

## Give Some Of Your Wealth Back To God

When making your Will ask your solicitor for advice on the correct bequest form.

### LIMERICK DIOCESAN COLLEGE BUILDING FUND

May, 1958—June, 1950

Meanus Land Settlement Committee .....	£11 0 0
West Limerick G.A.A. Ceili ...	53 0 0
Compantas Ida Plays and Concerts .....	150 9 0
Limerick Associated Football and Sports Co., Ltd.—Proceeds from Soccer Match .....	40 0 0
Flag Day, Newcastle West Convent School .....	10 0 0
West Limerick G.A.A. Board	25 0 0
Limerick Gaelic Societies : Ceili .....	83 10 0
S.H. Tournament : City v. County (Replay)	374 10 6



# THE CHURCH Early Years

By REV. JOHN CASEY, D.D.

IN an atmosphere of noise, bustle and excitement the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles. Before His Ascension into Heaven Our Lord had promised to send the Spirit of God, and now His advent was to infuse life and vigour into the little organisation and give the Apostles courage to begin the preaching of the Gospel. The occasion could not have been better chosen. The city was crowded with Jewish people, many of whom had come from distant places for the celebration of the Pasch, and remained over until Pentecost. A noise as of a mighty wind had brought a rush of people to the place where the miracle took place, and so a great multitude had gathered by the time Peter rose to speak.

## ST. PETER

Not many preachers can recall their first sermon with any degree of satisfaction. Peter, however, had made a most successful debut, and following his discourse, three thousand people were received into the Church. There were good prospects too of many more, as it was quite certain that the message of his burning words would be carried back to the towns and cities whence the visiting Jews had come.

The vivifying influence of the Paraclete had transformed the Apostles and made a new man of Peter. With all his impetuous good nature the Peter of the Gospels had shown himself far too prone to panic in time of crisis, and to display a distressing lack of moral courage, which was bound to let him down when

stern realities had to be faced. Now for the first time it was possible to discern in him those qualities of leadership which his high office would seem to demand. He faces up to difficulties, takes decisions in his stride and is calm and collected in moments of tension.

## FIRST CRISIS

As the number of the disciples began to increase the Church encountered its first major crisis. The early converts were all Jews and continued after baptism to attend the synagogue on the Sabbath day. Soon however non-Jews were seeking admission. The question arose as to whether these Gentiles, as they were called, should not be required to comply with the Law of Moses and submit to circumcision prior to their becoming Christians. By the time things came to a head Peter had made up his mind. He had in fact already received a Gentile named Cornelius without observing the Mosaic Law, and at the Council of Jerusalem he took a leading part in having the matter decided in favour of initiation by Baptism alone. In one form or another this problem was to arise again and again within newly converted Jewish communities. It became a major disruptive influence and was a never-ending source of tension in the years that followed.

## PERSECUTION

When the Apostles began to preach and make converts everywhere the hostility of the Jewish Elders grew in intensity. Soon there was open persecution and the Church

had its first martyr in the deacon Stephen, who was stoned to death. Among the most zealous of the persecutors was a young Pharisee from Tarsus who had studied the Law in Jerusalem. His name was Saul. Impelled by the natural ardour of his character he took a leading part in this first effort to stifle the infant Church.

On his way to Damascus on a mission of this kind Our Lord appeared to him and Saul, or Paul as he became from then on, embraced the true faith. A man of great culture, firm faith and boundless enthusiasm Paul was a tremendous acquisition to the Church. Besides preaching the Gospel in the towns and cities of Asia Minor, Greece and the Mediterranean islands, Paul found time to write letters to the Churches he had founded. His Epistles which form an important part of the New Testament are full of salutary Christian teaching, and make fascinating reading, if only because they convey to us an insight into the character of a strong and vigorous personality.

## PETER LEAVES FOR ROME

There is abundant evidence in the "Acts of the Apostles" to show that Peter laboured incessantly in the work of evangelisation. He was here there and everywhere preaching, teaching, baptising, confirming in the Faith and resolving the difficulties incidental to setting up the Church on an organised basis. Through all this, however, he looked to the future, and must have longed for the day when



he could leave his native land to spread the Gospel beyond its frontiers. The Master had in fact enjoined on the Apostles to go and teach all nations. He does seem to have spent some time with the newly founded community at Antioch, and then decided to set out for Rome. It was a momentous decision which was profoundly to influence the Church in its progress, structure and development.

## RELIGION AND MORAL LIFE AT ROME

The religion of ancient Rome might be described as an outgrowth of the modes of worship of the different nationalities that had been included in its population. There was indeed a belief in a Supreme Deity as St. Augustine admits, but the great number of lesser divinities (numina) must have taken considerably from the idea of the Unity of God. These numina were the mysterious forces of nature, and each was believed to be entrusted with a special function. Thus there was a numen to look after a man's house and family, another to preside at his door and protect him in his comings and goings and yet another to ensure that all went well with his cattle. In contrast to the gods of Greece, whom Homer had invested with life and vigour, the divinities of Rome lacked human form, and so there was very little in the way of a corpus of belief, if one excepts a few ancient legends. The absence of dogma was however more than balanced by a rigid sense of morality with a strong emphasis on justice and a high conception of honour.

With the Roman conquest of Greece and the East, and especially the capture of Syracuse, Greek gods and idols

became very common. There was a corresponding decline in public and private moral standard as Greek scepticism helped to stifle the religious feelings of upper and educated classes, and to fill the populace with contempt for their own gods. This was the position at the end of the Republican period.

Under the Emperors religious and moral decline was to reach a new low. The deification of a ruling tyrant, sometime even in his lifetime, could not but destroy every vestige of faith in the national gods. There was widespread unbelief and superstition. With the discredit of the National gods new cults from the East made their appearance about 100 B.C. They came from Egypt, Asia Minor and Syria. They perhaps filled a void and could claim to have lent to religious life a colour, warmth and attractiveness which the cult of the National gods sadly lacked.

## PHILOSOPHY

Among the educated classes, where religion was at a discount, trends of thought were mainly Greek, at least in origin. Of the popular systems Epicureanism advocated enjoyment as the be-all and end-all of life, while Stoicism enjoined self control, balance and prudence. This latter system proved the more attractive to the practical minded Roman intellectuals, but only after it had undergone a process of re-conditioning and adaptation at the hands of its popularisers, Cicero and Seneca.

These writers, quite unknown to themselves, had rendered a great service to the Church. They succeeded in bridging the gap between religious belief in general and moral teaching. This was a field which the Greeks had,

strangely enough, left unexplored. The Roman philosophers by basing a way of life on religious inspiration, the Law and Divine Providence did in their own unenlightened way make easier the appeal of Christianity to the more intellectual elements of Roman society.

*This account of the history of the Church will be continued in the future issues of "Our Catholic Life,"*  
acle too kplace, and a great

## Windows in Tir na n-Og

By EDWARD DALY

In Tír na n-Og there is no door at all,  
But windows picturing the ever-green delights  
Of flowering fields and orchards  
And mountains wondering to the ultimate heaven.  
There you may look to slopes of purple sleep  
Beyond the emerald feathers of the woods,  
And see the apples of your dream's desire  
Below you, where the trees nod plenty  
To murmured questings of the silken breeze.  
The sun strains up into the shadeless blue  
And hovers in the watch-tower of the air,  
While, gold to gold, his beam encounters  
The burning tresses of Niav Cinn Ora  
Aloof in her window everlastingly.  
His rays rest on the quiet of her face, and desecrate  
The dark holes where her eyes were bright  
As the breast of a wave in Summer.  
Like the windows of a ruined shrine,  
Lightless in Spring,  
So now are the eyes of Niav, while  
Oh ! her love  
Cries lost through the caves of time.



## LIFE OF CHRIST

FULTON J. SHEEN

Peter Davies, London. 25/-

The name of Bishop Fulton Sheen is a familiar one throughout the English-speaking world. Many will have read one or other of his series *Life is Worth Living* which established him as a leading spiritual writer of to-day. In America, he is regarded by many as the most dynamic personality of the speakers on television. But I venture to say he will be remembered in the years to come, principally as author of *Life of Christ*—for it is truly a monumental work.

As we might expect, the story from the Manger to the Cross follows the traditional lines, but it is retold in a new language—simple, fresh yet full of feeling. "The Son of God made man was invited to enter His own world through a back door . . . . Because he was born in a cave, all who wish to see Him must stoop. Those, however, who enter, find that they are not in a cave at all, but in a new universe where sits a babe on His mother's lap with the world poised on His fingers."

This work, which runs to over 500 pages, is not one to be read through from cover to cover: we are forced to stop and consider. This is only to be expected. In fact, a chapter or two read every day would be the ideal method of getting the best fruit for one's own soul. Bishop Sheen says in the Preface—"The Life of Christ has been many years in writing. But the deeper understanding of the unity of Christ and His Cross came when Christ kept the author very close to His Cross in dark and painful hours. Learning comes from books; penetration of a mystery from suffering. It is hoped that sweet intimacy with the Crucified Christ will break through these pages, giving the reader that peace which God alone can bring to souls, enlightening them to see that every sorrow is really the

## BOOKS



Reviewed by

REV. B. CONNELLAN

\* \* \*

'Shade of His Hand outstretched caressingly.'

The book is most attractively produced. The cover painting is the famous "Christ of St. John of the Cross" by Salvador Dali. Printing throughout is excellent.

\* \* \*

## THE GIFT OF GOD

MGR. J. T. McMAHON

Burns & Oates. 15/-

A book on the Holy Ghost is seldom very popular, but why not? Possibly because we feel that the Holy Spirit is something remote from us. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The third Person of the Trinity came to dwell with us at Baptism and remains within our souls as an intimate friend unless we dismiss Him by mortal sin. Mgr. McMahon traces the influence of this Abiding Spirit through the first part of his book *The Gift of God*, while in the second part, he covers devotion and prayers in honour of the Holy Ghost.

While all should read something about the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, this book cannot be too strongly recommended to parents whose children are at Confirmation age. What a pity that the 175 pages must cost 15/-.

## WE HAVE A POPE

Chapman, London. 10/6

Very soon after his election as Pope, our Holy Father John XXIII, had endeared himself to all: his charm was felt not only by those around him in the Vatican but by rich and poor alike who heard reports of his words and actions. In the months that followed he has revealed himself to be, above all else, the humble Pastor of souls. The energy he has already shown in guiding the Barque of Peter is more than remarkable for a man of his age.

Thus, a book on his life and personality cannot fail to interest us. And we are even more fortunate, in that this portrait of the new Vicar of Christ is so clearly presented; from the sketches of the student, the Priest, the scholar, the diplomat and the Supreme Pastor, we get a full picture of the man whom we all feel to be our father and friend.

All the foregoing books are available at the County Library.

\* \* \*

*In addition to his other duties, Pope John XXIII is also head of an Irish diocese, and has an Irish parish of his own. The diocese is Kilfenora in north Clare, and the parish Liscannor near the cliffs of Moher.*

*Kilfenora is the only diocese in Ireland which has the Pope for its bishop. For administrative purposes it is linked with the dioceses of Galway and Kilmacduagh, and the Bishop of Galway, the Most Revd. Dr. Browne, is apostolic administrator of Kilfenora.—Irish Digest.*

\* \* \*

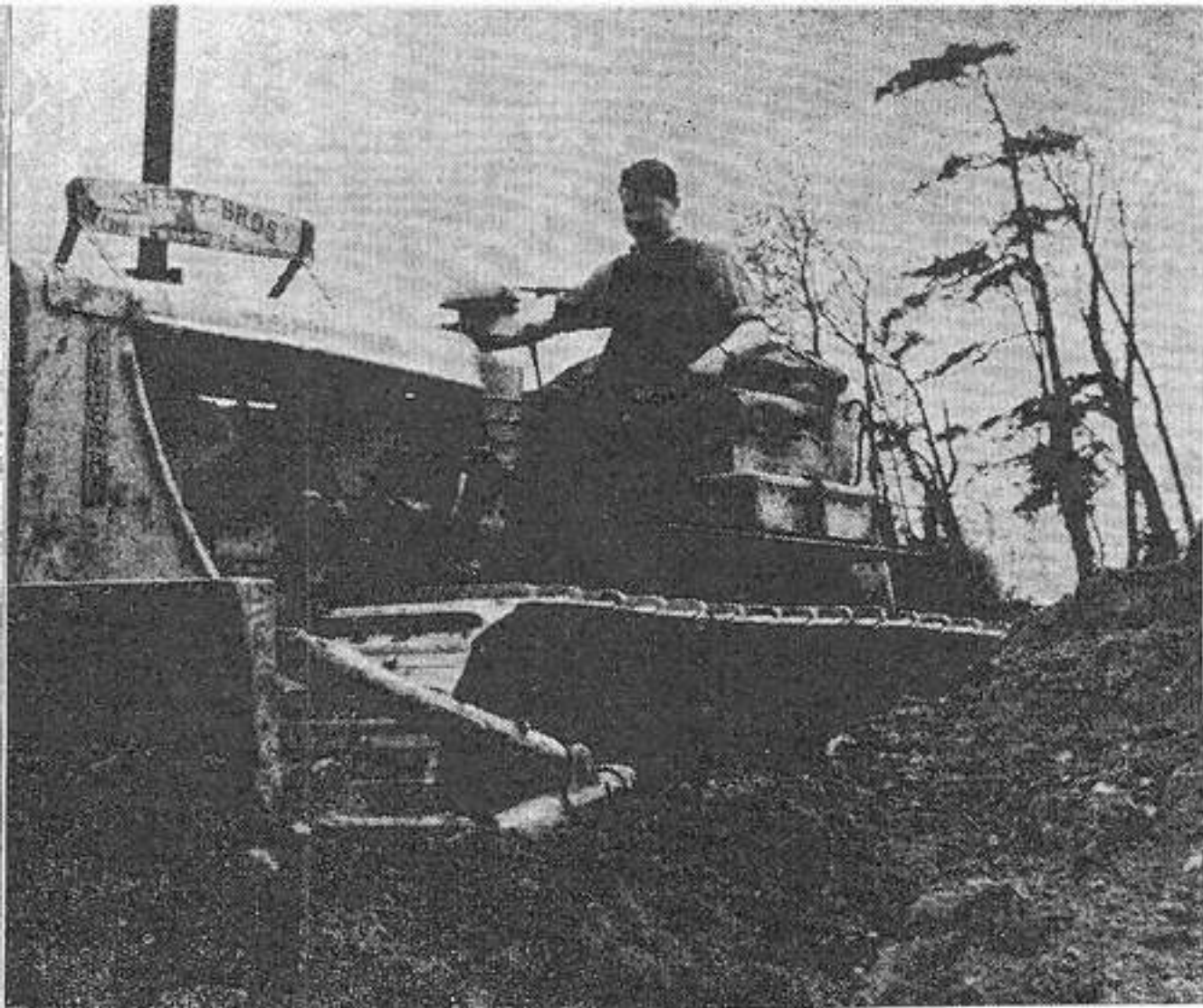
"I thought you said that work was a pleasure to you?"

"Yes, but we are not in this world for pleasure."

\* \* \*

An irritable man is like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.



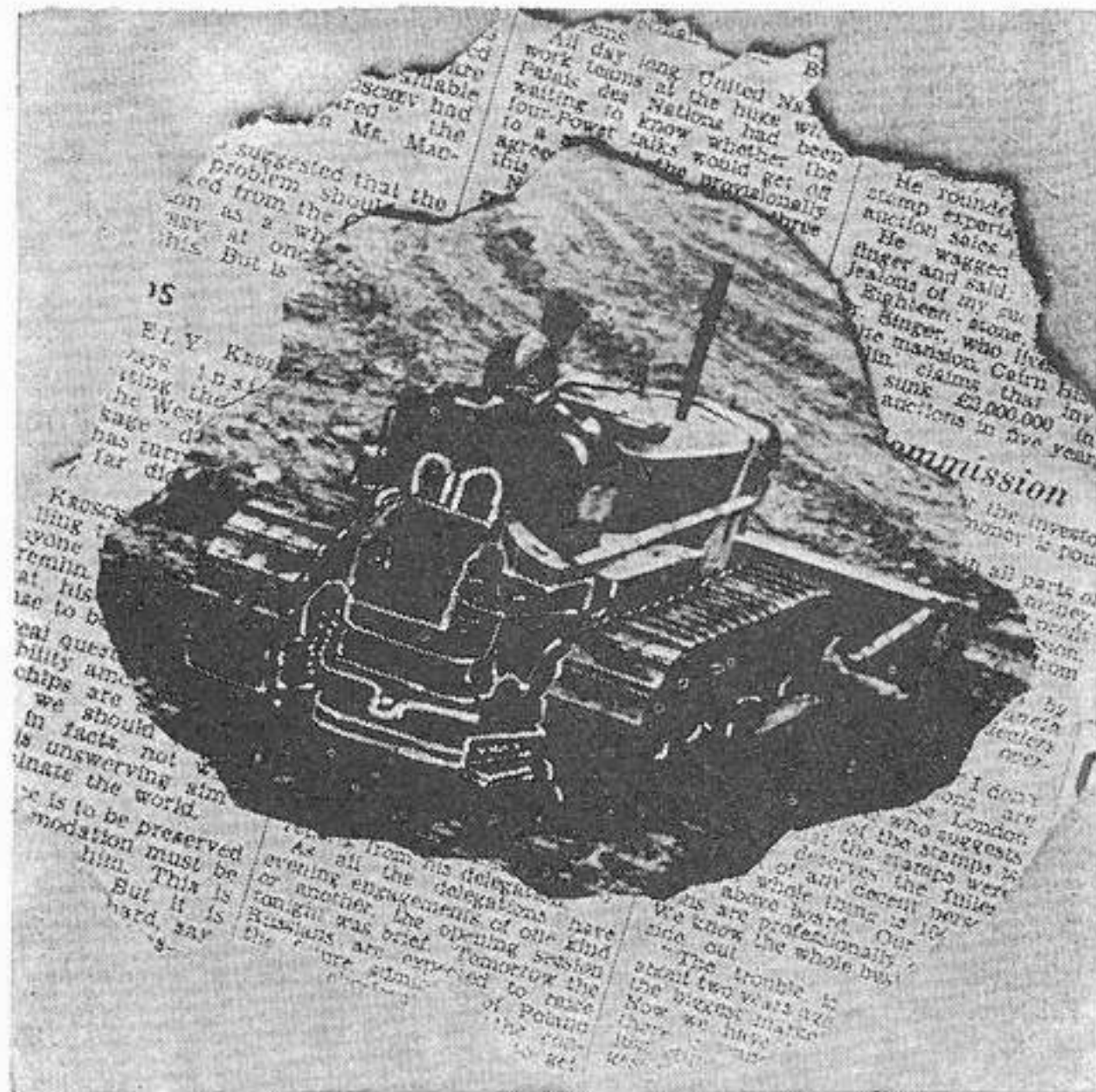


Michael Costello of Kildimo smiles down at us from the bulldozer which is one of the machines being used to prepare the site for the new Diocesan College.

Soon the smooth earth he leaves will swarm with men as the building itself is raised, within earshot of the Shannon.

Michael has his back to us now. The work must go on....The playing fields as well as the site area are beginning to take shape under the constant prodding and pushing of the earth movers.

We know you'll move heaven and earth to see that no scrap of paper is lost to the Waste Paper Collection. We ask you to take a good look at the caption under our photo.



“τά Διηγεώ : ηςάό σιοτα ράιρέιν”



FEATURED BELOW ARE THREE PRODUCTS OF THE LIMERICK SPORTSFIELDS, WHO WERE SELECTED THIS YEAR FOR IRELAND'S RUGBY XV.



M. English  
(Bohemians)



G. Wood  
(Garryowen)



W. Mulcahy  
(U.C.D.)  
—Photo courtesy *Irish Independent*

#### OUR COVER PHOTO



Philomena Cremin  
Marie Browne  
Jocelyn Browne  
Ann Wallace  
Geraldine Costello  
Marie Lillis  
Ann Tierney  
Catherine Fitzgibbon

This is our cover photo, some of the girls from the Presentation Convent who are helping to spread the sale of "Our Catholic Life."

Together with the Legion of Mary, they have helped to boost the sales of the magazine in the city.





# DRAMA

By J. J. C.



ONCE again the final curtain has fallen and the stalls are empty at the end of another season of amateur drama. During the past year a striking feature was the increasing number of drama festivals springing up all over Ireland and the publicity given them by our national press. Taking up a newspaper almost any day during February, March or April we read of the progress of some festival or other in some corner of the country. All this means not only a growing interest in amateur drama and a desire for self-improvement among the groups, but also better audience appreciations of good playing with consequent intolerance of poor acting and slipshod productions. But what will be the ultimate outcome of this perhaps, too rapid growth, is hard to foresee. Some old established festivals have complained of a falling off of support and have run with a heavy financial loss, while others report a revival of interest. Again we hear complaints of 'pot-hunting' by some of the better groups. It is hardly fair when an outstanding group walks off with the major prizes at four or five different festivals, particularly with an all Ireland competition to come. The solution seems to be more confined competitions in the regional festivals. However, the outstanding groups are good box-office draws, and will be welcomed if not actually sought after by the organising committees.

Happily the attendance at the fourteenth Feile Luimni drama festival reached an all time high level. Some nights full house notices were posted by 8 o'clock and several people had to be turned away, but generally speaking, most of the regular patrons were accommodated. Here we may compliment the drama sub-committee on the patience and

courtesy of their stewards. With the exception of one night the curtain rose punctually, but there were still undue and tantalising delays in changing of the sets. Of the plays presented the three acts with a few exceptions, were not up to the usual standard, but the increased number of one acts were above the average. It is interesting to note that one act plays are now practically anachronisms in the commercial theatre, but enjoy a new vogue in television programmes. Mr. Morrow, the adjudicator, gave general satisfaction and his good judgement was endorsed when two of his nominations—Listowel's "Sive" and the Limerick Studio Group's "The Proposal" won also at Athlone. Well deserved praise has been lavished elsewhere on "Sive," but we must heartily congratulate the Limerick Studio Group on their great achievement in not only winning the one act open but also in gaining the production award. Consequent on the full houses at the Limerick festival, some of the members are clamouring for a hall with greater accommodation than is found at the Playhouse. However, I think that short of a new civic theatre, it would be a pity to lose the intimate and true Little Theatre atmosphere of the Playhouse; an atmosphere built up through the years by the College Players and so favourably commented on by the visiting groups.

It was late in the season when I saw the much publicised "Wildfire," a musical adaptation of Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News." It had a variegated career: described as a ballad play in Scariff, winning the one act open in Charleville, and coming second in the verse plays in Athlone. Clearly the adjudicators differed as to the category to which it belonged. Person-

ally, I found the production less than fully satisfying. It was well rehearsed, enthusiastically played and the singing was adequate, but it attempted two things at once—straight drama and musical—and it fell between two stools. In opera, pantomime and musicals generally we are content to let the plot unfold at a leisurely pace, but if this play is to be effective the pace must build up to a climax. The 'wildfire' never really gathered momentum and apart from a few sporadic outbursts died down disappointingly. This was primarily due to too many solos interrupting the pace, perhaps more use could have been made of the chorus, or alternatively the ballads could be sung as a commentary on the action as in the Greek choruses. The lyrics were well put together and were comprehensive in their content but lacked the Gilbertian touch. The sung sermonette on the abuse of speech coming from the self-righteous Mrs. Fallon was oddly out of place. A play should point a moral not preach it. However, we must congratulate the players and their producer-author on their novel venture, and on their enthusiasm and generosity in touring the county to raise funds for the Diocesan College building fund.

The College Players wound up a quieter than usual season with John McCann's "Twenty Years A-Wooing." This is a cheerful inconsequential comedy with likeable characters drawn from the Dublin middle classes—a welcome change from the traditional tenement and peasant scene. For a change, too, we have a play built around respect and love for a mother, and a family rallying together in trouble. It was all good clean fun with high moral tone throughout. Among a very competent cast, Tony Lynch as Frankie O'Carolan was outstanding. Gladys Mathews, the producer, maintained a good pace and showed great attention to details which all added up to make an enjoyable night's entertainment.





## TEENAGERS' FORUM

An t-Athair Pádraig.

A Cailini agus a Buachailli,

**M**ANY thanks to all of you who sent me letters. I found them all very interesting though I was a bit disappointed that more of them were not written in what the Constitution declares to be the first official language of the State.

I had a number of letters from the girls of Stella Maris school, Foynes, telling me what they would like to see in this page and I hope to get round to their suggestions in time. Helen Heaphey of this school ends an interesting letter with, "Naturally as girls we are all interested in the latest trends of fashion. We would not be human if we weren't. I would love a fashion corner in the teenage page, but, being a priest, I do not suppose you would know much about it." I can see that I shall have to mend my ways and stop skipping the fashion pages in the Sunday papers. Helen would also like a pen-friend section in order to get in touch with foreign youth. I would like to help but am afraid that, for the present at any rate, I have not any contacts with foreign youth myself. However, she may get a congenial pen-friend in the diocese through this page, as also may Moreen Carmody of the same school. They both have very wide interests, which include films.

### FILMS

Quite a number of the letters asked

for film comment. I think the important thing is to go to the cinema with a critical mind—in other words, that you don't take everything as the natural or the normal just because it happens to be projected on the screen. A thing that you may be inclined to forget is that the people who write, produce and direct the films we see in Ireland are, for the most part, pagans. These people may be gifted artists, they may present absorbing stories, exciting scenes of other parts of the world and beautiful photography, but it is also quite a fact in most cases that they are not Christians. Sometimes we do get films made by Christians. I suppose many of you saw *Marcellino*, which came from Spain, and the two *Sissi* films, starring German actress, Romy Schneider. No more than John Walshe who writes from Cratloe, can I understand why there is not more selectivity regarding the films presented here. It seems obvious that every effort should be made to get the best Continental films, especially those made by Christians. Other exceptions to the general run which come to my mind are the two American films *Marty* and *Wedding Breakfast*, and the Austrian, *The Trapp Family*. I suppose if we are to get more selectivity, it can only come through people like John Walshe deciding to kick up a row about it.

The ups and downs of school-days come through in Nuala McGrath's letter, "The teacher that teaches me Christian Doctrine is lovely and I like that subject very well and I am good at it. The same teacher teaches me Latin and I do not like her for Latin, because I do

not like Latin." I suppose these sentiments could be echoed in one way or another by all my readers.

No-one is good at everything, and no-one gets on well with every teacher. It is consoling to recall too that many of the world's greatest geniuses were perfect numbskulls in the ordinary things of life.

### JOHN WALSH'S LETTER

I am giving the guinea prize for the letter in English to John Walshe of Cratloe, though Florence O'Connor of Cecil St., Limerick, ran him close. John writes:—"We teenagers are constantly being frowned on for abandoning our culture, being un-Irish, and generally 'letting the old side down'; all of which is vehemently denied by the more foolish of our members. Well, I do not deny it. It's quite true. But why pick on us, youngsters, when we can all see that more mature sections of the community have done just the same?"

"It is obvious that when a culture dies in this modern world, it needs help—big, strong help—to get it restarted. Some things must be fostered, some discouraged, and very many must be plainly prohibited—and all this by very strong citizens. Instead we are freely given all things American, and nothing else. We get Elvis from our infancy, and are condemned for taking him. (Of course, the language is ladled out—rather like a dose of castor oil. And we have some contemporary Irish songs—wisely aimed at the money-bags of America). Clearly the big strong help is not all it might be.



"We know who are not pulling their weight. We know what is being done for our minds, and what is not; in this case, what is not. And we see the joke in being asked to cling to the expression of fifty years ago, so alien to our thought as to be funny—'Oh no! 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning...' Here John sounds sincere, though what about is not very clear. Perhaps he would be more explicit in a further letter. He continues:—  
 "Irish culture evolves, like everything else; at least it would have, if it had not been abandoned. Why don't the wise and responsible citizens in charge of our destiny explain to our innocent elders what we teenagers have seen long ago, that the responsible citizens themselves no longer remember that Ireland once possessed a culture. It will make some decisions much easier." I am looking forward to another letter from John in which he will make positive proposals for the post-Treaty generation, who will soon

be taking over the country. By the way, what does he think of Gael-Linn as an indication of the new generation?

#### LEITIR O ADRIN O NUNAIN

Tá tuairim cosamhail leis an ráidhteas go ndéoltar amac an teanga mar deoc d'ile Castor, san leitir o Adrín O Núnáin, Sraid Harstonge Uachtar, a gheibheann an gine oir. 'San leitir úd scríobhann Adrín:—

"Ar léamh tu ríamh leabhar

There are TWO PRIZES OF A GUINEA EACH for the best letters in Irish and in English. Send your letters before July 31st to:—An t-Ath. Pádraig, 114 O'Connell Street, Limerick.

d'arb ainm 'Ceachta as leabhar na Cruinne.' Bhuel, trachtar ann mar gheall ar an ndulradh agus a leit-

heid. An raibh fhios agat go bhuil reilg ag na seangáin cun a gcinn marbh a cur, no, go dteann na cuileoga taobh thiar de'n páipéir falla gach Geimhreadh cun marachaint? Ta reanna nimhe ann agus i gcoibhneas leis an domhan ta siad an méid ceadhna nios mo na i agus a bhuil an domhan nios mo na putóg. Sin e an sort 'stuif' ata ar an gcúrsa Ard-Teisteaméireachta i mbliana. Speisiúil nach bhfuil!"

#### MACRA NA TUAITHE

I had quite a number of letters also from the members of the Macra na Tuaithe club in Croom, the first to be started in County Limerick, though I believe Abbeyfeale are getting going also. So I dropped in one evening to Croom Vocational School to see Macra na Tuaithe in action. The weekly meeting was in progress when I arrived, with 16 year old Pat Ryan in the chair flanked by the 15 year old secretary, Pat Collins, and the

Continued on Page 34



Members of St. Munchin's Boys' Club, Thomondgate, Limerick. In front row, Rev. M. Neville, C.C., and Committee, who help to run the club.





# Any Questions

???

*Q. May a non-Catholic mother be churched?*

A. Yes, a non-Catholic mother may be churched, because there is nothing in the blessing itself which requires in the recipient an explicit profession of the Catholic Faith. The only question that might arise here is the question of scandal and that is taken care of by giving the blessing when only a few people are present in the church.

???

*Q. When a child is born outside the parish of his parents, where should it be baptised?*

A. The law of the Church is that a child should be baptised in the parish of its parents if it can be brought there easily and without delay. Any reasonable inconvenience such as expense or danger to the health of the child will excuse from this obligation, and then it may be baptised in the parish of its birth.

???

*Q. What do Catholics mean when they say that the books of the Bible are inspired?*

A. The Church holds that the books of the Bible are inspired, not because composed by merely human industry, they were thereupon approved by her, not yet because they contain revelation without error, but because written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author. In other words, through the writers of the Bible, God speaks His own words.

*Q. Why does the Church forbid Catholics to become members of the Freemason Society?*

A. Catholics are forbidden under pain of excommunication to become members of the Freemason Society, because as Pope Leo XIII put it—the aim of that society is the utter overthrow of the whole religious and political order of the world which the Christian teaching has produced. As well as that the Society is bitterly anti-Catholic.

???

*Q. What is the meaning of the letters, I.H.S.?*

A. These letters are not, as many people think, a mnemonic for "I have suffered," but rather an abbreviation of the Greek name of Jesus Christ.

???

*Q. Why do Catholics wear a scapular or scapular medal?*

A. The small scapular or woollen cloth or the medal which may take its place is a badge of membership of a religious confraternity, associated with some religious order. Those who wear it share in the good works of the Order, gain special indulgences and pledge themselves to be devout clients of Our Lord, Our Lady and the saints.

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Why not send *your* questions to *Our Catholic Life*, 114 O'Connell Street, Limerick?



# LÉIRMEASTA

An t-Ac. Gearóid Mac Conmáide

Is mór an trua na gcuireann muintir na hÉireann suim níos mó i leabra Saeilge. Dá gcuir-eaó; beaó iongna orda fé a liaét leabhar tré Saeilge atá suimiúil, so léite agus gan iad a beic costasac ar cor ar bit. Le deanaí tá feabhas mór tagaite ar scríbeoireacht tré Saeilge toisc caoi níos fearr beic ag na húdair a gcuid scríbhinní a cur i gcló. Ac i dtreo go leanfaí leis an ngluaiseacht ar aghaid tá dian-riachtanas ann go méadófaí ar líon ceannaite na leabhar. Do'n cúis sin sead veinim léir-meas ar dá leabhar anso, a táinig amac le deanaí.

\* \* \*

## buaicailí báire,

Le Diarmaid Ó Murcáda

(Sáirséal agus Dill 4/-).

Seo an leabhar nua atá rognaithe ag Club Leabhar na Sóisear agus sé mo tuairim go mbainfidh an t-aos ós an-aoibneas as. Tráctann sé ar cúrsaí iománaíochta fé'n dtuait agus ar an n-ord-bail a bí ar foireann Cill Éamoinn nuair o'fíll Liam Ó Colmáin abairte ó'n scoláiste. Bí fála agus eastaontas ior na buaicailí féin—ruo a tártaíonn go minic mar is eol dúinn—agus ba beag an cábair dóib a gcaptaen, Tomás Ó Briain. Ag an scrúinniú cinn bliana togaó Liam mar captaen agus cuir sé roime an sprio a múscailt arís imeasc na buaicailí a bí ar tí na camáin a caiteamh uata ar fad.

Ní gan dua a dein Liam an ruo a bí leagta amac aige do féin. Bí an bealach tar nais go garb ac tuig sé fé deire go raib mian a croí aimsíte aige nuair a buadar Corn na Roinne

tar éis cúig bliana deas ins an b'pásac.

Scéal briomhar é seo agus é inste go fóna. 'Sé an bua is mó atá ag an údar anso ná go bfuil sean-taite aige ar cúrsaí iománaíochta agus níl ruo ar bit sa leabhar na gcuireann amac corr uair ins gac cumann. Tráctann sé orda go léir, na daoine go mbíonn olúit-éangal aca le gac cumann, daoine a bíonn deanaic do'n cluiche, luic deanta trioblóide i halla an céilí, iomanaí a deireann gurb camán ro-trom ba cúis le gac túplais dár dein sé, cailín agus tuairim aici na gcuireann san iománaíocht ac "maistíní mallaithe ag marú a céile le buillí camán." Seo an céad leabhar ó Diarmaid Ó Murcáda ac beimio ag súil le tuille.

\* \* \*

## An ungháir

P.A.S. 4/- An Dr. Szo Verffy.

Tamall ó shin ní raib tír ar bit sa domhan ba mó go raib caint uiréi ná an Ungáir. Déine na gearleannúna inti agus oileadac a muintire o'ainneoin gac cruatan ba cúis leis an gcaint sin. Cad cuige an marú agus an ibirt go léir a tarta ann in eadtraí na Samna 1956? Tá an preagra iomlán le fáil ins an leabhar seo le fear ós ón Ungáir atá ag obair don Coimisiún Béaloideasa i mBaile Átha Cliat. Cun go mbeaó tuigsint níos fearr ag léiteoirí an leabhair ar cás na hUngáire tugann sé breac eolas ar stair na tíre ó rinnead náisiún oí go dtí an lá inniu. Léiríonn an t-údar go cruinn an gradam a bí faigte ag an gCairdinéal Minoszentzy, "an t-aon

feair amáin fágta go raib ion-taobh ag na h-Ungáraig as," ac nuair a bí triail an Cairdinéal tairt i 1948 tuit cuineas uapásac an pásais ar saol polaiticiúil na hUngáire. Cuair na blianta tairt agus do méadaig ar mí-sástaet na ndaoine go dtí gur tósnuig eirí amac fuitteac i 1956. Cuir an troio in iúl go soiléir don Rúis gur beag dá teagasc a bí curta siar ar na hUngáraig agus taispeáin sé com láidir agus atá náisiúntaet criostaí i gcroite na n-óganac.

Níl scéal taithneamhac á inn-sinnt ag an údar anso ac tá sé dúitracatag agus beimio go léir ar aon focal leis nuair a deireann sé gur ceart guí cun Dé ar son na hUngáire ná leanfaí dá buanreabaó.

\* \* \*

## An corr

Lá amáin bí Colm Cille ag siúl cois trá ar Oileán í; Conaie sé ag eitilt cuige CORR bí traocata, lag, gan brí.

Tit an corr boet ar an ngaineamh;

Ann, ar éigin bí an de; Crom an naomh is ina bacla, tós go gramhar cneasta é.

Rug sé leis é 'otí a cill beag, tug do aire luac is mall, nó go bfuair sé doctain bisig, neart is fuinneamh i ngac ball.

Lá amáin le héirí gréine, scaoil an naomh an corr cun siúl;

"Gluais," ar sé, "ar ais go héirinn, faoi coimrí ceannsa Rí na nDúl."

m. Ó CORRDUÍ



Alive ! Alive ! Oh !

By REV. P. J. BROPHY

# A Push in the Right Direction

**L**ISTEN to the newsboys ! They cry out the lively news items. "Kruschev abdicates ! " "Macmillan elected President of Ireland ! " We cannot get the paper into our hands too soon. Interest is aroused. The matter is topical, all eyes scan the columns.

No voice is heard calling to all : " 50,000 received in solemn audience at the court of heaven this morning ! The invited guests were presented at the Throne by God's Son, Who urged all present to partake in a magnificent banquet." Yet this happens in Limerick every Sunday. We take it for granted as if it were as natural as taking one's breakfast. But it's not. Every Mass makes news in heaven.

The news must be fresh to stir up our curiosity. We have so many faces and colours and words shouting it at us from posters, cinema screens and radio that our poor minds grow dull. The constant barrage of publicity takes our mind off the real world and its good things. "Jesus Christ attends here every Saturday from 6 to 9 to reconcile sinners. Nobody excluded." How often does that thought strike us. And wouldn't we be in a bad way if it were not true ? Imagine the peace of confession gone.

Our minds are no longer fully our own. Publicity is big business. It aims at you, to influence you and persuade you to buy. The Russians spent £40,000,000 in the Moscow Festival of Youth. They do *work* to put across their ideas.

Quality products deserve first-class salesmen. We, Catholics, have the whole truth, the good news itself, and we keep it too much to ourselves. We have no right to act selfishly. Christ appointed each one of us to be witnesses to Him to the ends of the earth.

A million Irish in Britain to-day show little or no interest in the con-

version of their pagan neighbours. They may be leading good lives but they are not apostles. They feel no call to tell others about Our Lord. They don't consider that to be their affair. But every day the disciples of Karl Marx are hard at work putting their ideas across.

God has given Ireland a spiritual destiny. Our monks, Columban, Gall, Fergal, converted Europe in the seventh century. Our exiles, who fled from famine at home to America and Australia a century ago laid the foundations of the flourishing Catholic Church of to-day in the new world. We to-day have something the world needs desperately. It is our vocation to be a light to the pagan world.

Are we tired Christians ? Well, everybody can do with a refresher course. Religion should be the brightest, most interesting of subjects. We can't drop it with the Sunday clothes. Our danger is to take it for granted. We are so accustomed to it that we never use our heads on its meaning. This is not a sound or healthy frame of mind.

Our age is outspoken, frank, critical. The church is often attacked in radio and press features. How can we meet the challenge ? All over the world men and women are coming together in Patrician meetings once a month to get more familiar with their Faith. They enjoy the friendly, sociable feeling of these gatherings where everybody is made welcome. All present are invited to air their views, propose difficulties and enjoy a nice cup of tea as well.

Silence is often a betrayal of our Saviour. He wants each one of us to be vocal, responsible Catholics. In a Patrician meeting one soon gains confidence. Religion is seen to be a topic of human interest, worth frequent discussions. It is

easy and dangerous not to be an alert Catholic in our age.

We all want our country to play its full part in the world. We should be anxious to make Ireland a land where Catholics are 100% sincere in profession and practice of our Faith. They must be better citizens and patriots because Christ is the light of our lives. Talk it over at your local Patrician meeting. And do something about it. Every extra effort, no matter how small, helps on the work of the church, the work of our Redemption.

## What Are Patrician Meetings ?

They are arranged by the Legion of Mary for the benefit of all Catholics. Through attending these meetings you can increase your understanding of the Catholic Faith. Patrician Meetings are not Catholicism classes or lectures. They are friendly "get togethers" where Catholics are given the opportunity to talk over their ideas on the teaching of the Church. Thousands of Catholics attend these meetings in many parts of the world. There are no obligations involved. Give the meetings a trial, you have nothing to lose.

### PATRICIAN MEETINGS

*held in the following evenings of the month :*

- 1st Thursday of the Month, at 8.15 p.m.—Loreto House (Hartstonge St.)
- 2nd Thursday of the Month, at 8.15 p.m.—Regina Coeli Hostel, Lr. Glentworth St.
- 3rd Wednesday of the Month, at 8.30 p.m.—Halla Ida, Thomas St.
- 4th Wednesday of the Month, at 8.30 p.m.—Cruise's Hotel.
- 4th Thursday of the Month, at 8.15 p.m.—Loreto House Hartstonge St.





SUMMER, 1959.

*My dear Children,*

Thank you very much for the very big mail I got this time. The new competition was a great success—I have learnt quite a lot of new words that aren't even in the dictionary. I was particularly pleased by the neatness of the entries. The Painting Competition was wonderful, the highest number of entries I ever got.

For the Summer picture I am giving you something you all love—the seaside. Remember you have sky, sea, sand, cliffs, seaweed, grass and earth to paint so don't spare your colours. You will get your "Catholic Life" very early this time so try to have your entry sent in before school closes. Poor Auntie Brigid has to go on her holidays, too, and I would like to take your pictures to the seaside with me. I will not give you any other competition this time as you may not have time to do it.

How do you like the little poems that are appearing on Our Page? They are very pretty and I think it would be nice to cut them out each time and paste them in a scrap book. Your teacher might like to use them in class, too.

I hope you will have a very happy Summer holiday and that you will get even one day at the seaside to do your picture.

*Beannacht Dé oraibh anois, a pháistí,*

**AUNTIE BRIGID.**

### COMÓRTAISÍ AN EARRAÍG: COMÓRTAS EALAÍONN

An Céad Duais—Máiread ní Briain, Dótar Sranagh, Sranagh, Cill Moiceallóg.

An Dara Duais—Donncaoda Ó Máirtín, Killeeoy Oiré, Cill Moiceallóg.

An Tríú Duais—Aiblín ní Ruairc, 5 Ascal Sycamore, Rathbane.

### DUAISEANNA SOLÁIS

1. Gearóidín ní Muirgeasa, 58 Sr. Annraoí, Luimneac.

2. Críostiona ní Ciarada, Sranagh, Cill Moiceallóg.

3. Dríó ní Eadciarna, Scoil Naomh Uinsean de Pól, Luimneac.

### DUAIS SPEISIALTA SA MBREIS

Máire ní Maolruanaig, Kilmore, Co. an Cláir, 1 Luimneac.

## You Say, My Heart!

By DIARMUID

You say, my heart, the birds that  
sing  
Will sing again;  
And hedgerow's nurslings sip in  
Spring  
The living rain;  
The dewy dawn shall tell of summer  
skies  
When I arise  
O'erleaping pain.

And I shall joy with waves adance  
By sands apart;  
And find the wonder of a glance—  
Know love's dear smart;  
And life and love shall flow in spate  
again,  
Without time's bane,  
You say, my heart.

\* \* \*

## Indulged Invocations of the Sacred Heart

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be  
loved in every place.

Heart of Jesus, I put my trust in  
Thee.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, I believe in  
Thy love for me.

All for Thee, Most Sacred Heart of  
Jesus.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, protect our  
families.



# The Murphy Twins

IT was a breezy Sunday in July and Michael, Mary, Peter and Pauline decided to go for a walk through the fields. At least that is what they told their mother, though, as we shall see, they meant to do a little bit more than that. Mammy was glad to see them enjoying the fresh air but told them to put on their old coats as it was cold. Their old coats were ones they wore going for just such walks as this as there wouldn't be any pleasure climbing over hedges or getting under thorny wire if you had your Sunday coat or even your school coat on you.

Off the four scampered racing before the wind, their first objective being the River Field, and a certain spot in the River Field called the Big Hole. To tell the truth it was only a wide spot on the river, but Michael and Mary thought it big enough and Peter and Pauline thought it was the next best thing to the sea. Soon shoes and stockings were off and the four were splashing and paddling in the water. When they had enjoyed the water for some time they put on their shoes and stockings again and Michael and Mary, after whispering together for a few minutes, led the way to the other end of the field, and were soon busy collecting dried sticks and withered grass. Peter and Pauline soon guessed what they were at and added to the pile. When everything was ready Michael produced a box of matches and soon a bright fire was blazing merrily and the four heroes were sitting happily around it. Now it was Mary's turn and she produced four

slightly melted bars of chocolate from her pockets and they all ate contentedly, piling on more sticks from time to time.

By this time the flames were eating their way up the side of the ditch along the top of which grew a great number of furze bushes. As you know, furze bushes burn very rapidly once they catch fire. In a few seconds the flames had leaped up; the nearest bush caught fire and the flames began to run along from one bush to another. Michael and Mary looked at one another in consternation and the twins were on the verge of tears. Suddenly Michael had a bright idea—"Take off your coat, Mary," he said, "and beat the bushes at that end, and I'll go to this." Off came the coats and in spite of flying sparks the fire, which might have burnt up the whole hedge, was put out. But Michael and Mary were hot and breathless and all four were still rather frightened, and I'm afraid there was a scorch or two on the coats but not as many as you might think. Now perhaps you want to know where Michael got his idea. Well I'll tell you. He had been reading a story about forest fires in Canada and how the fire fighters beat out the huge forest fires with wet sacks and as they hadn't any sacks the next best thing was the coats. It was well they had their old ones on though, and you'll be glad to hear that Mammy never noticed them as a very short time afterwards she gave them away to a tinker woman who came to the door begging for something.

\* \* \*

## RESULT OF "WORD" COMPETITION.

Winner—Mary Flynn, Kilmore, Co. Clare, V. Limerick, who got 83 words right out of the 89 she sent.  
Daniel Hanley got 79 right out of the 83 he sent.



Our photo shows three bright girls from the Presentation Convent, Sexton Street. They are also pictured on our cover. Can you pick them out?

You have already known that *Our Catholic Life* is sold with the help of many schoolchildren in the Diocese. It is your own magazine. The girls whose photos you see in this issue helped to sell over 600 copies! Six hundred! Do you think your school could equal that?

We know that there are schools playing an excellent part in distribution according to their size and district. From time to time we hope to show the boys and girls concerned in that work. Will we see *your* photo smiling at us?

What do you think of our Waste Paper slogan? It is easy to learn and say, isn't it? See how quickly you can teach the other members of the family to repeat it, *and remember what it means*, won't you?

"ΤΑ ΔΙΡΣΕΑΘ Ι ΝΣΑΘ  
ΣΙΟΤΑ ΠΑΙΡΕΙΝ"

A little neighbour, Michelle, aged 6, came over for dinner one night.

"How are things at school?" I asked.

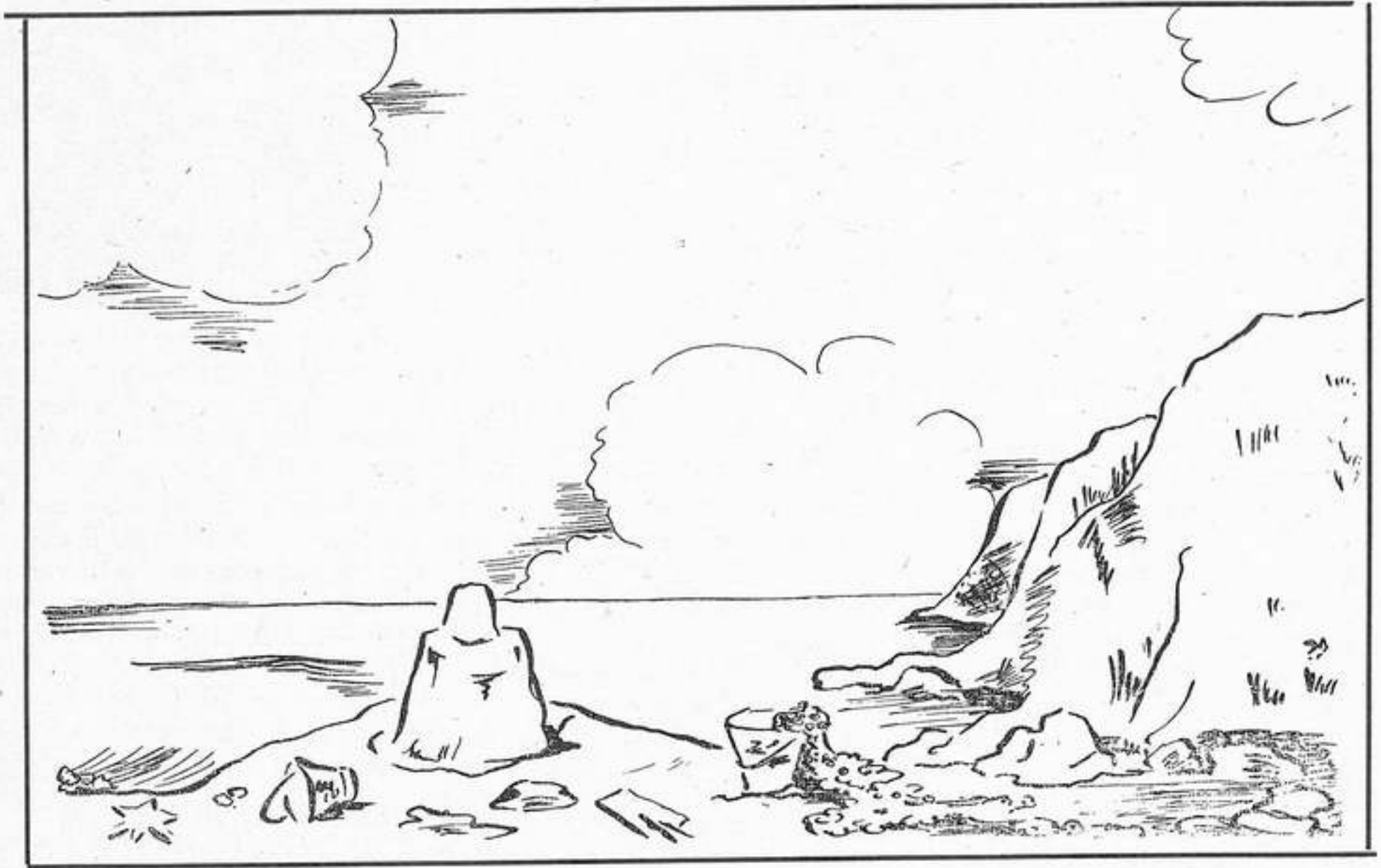
"Fine," she replied.

"And who is the smartest girl in your class?" I teased.

"Why, Sister is, of course," was her matter-of-fact answer.



# Your Summer Painting Competition



## COMÓRTAISÍ NA AN tSAMRAIÓ

### (1) Comórtas Ealaíonn

Duaiseanna Airgead: 15/- don céad duais  
10/- an tarna duais  
10/- an tríú duais

Trí Duaiseanna Sóláis—5/- gach ceann.

Duais speisialta sa mbreis—5/-.

Rialacha:

Dátaí an pictiúir.

Oo na daltaí scoile go léir an comórtas so.

Name .....

Address .....

Age .....

Signed .....  
(Parent, Teacher).

Lion an cúpón agus seol é chuig:  
**PAINTING COMPETITION,**  
**OUR CATHOLIC LIFE,**  
St. John's Presbytery,  
Limerick.

\* \* \*

In our parish church one day, I was saying my Rosary. My little boy was standing on the seat watching the man in the pew behind us. Every once in a while, he would hurriedly examine my rosary to see which decade I was at.

Suddenly he pulled at my arm and whispered in a loud voice: "Hurry up, mom, that man is getting ahead of you." — *Catholic Digest.*



# Thoughts On My Faith

THE analogies of Scripture must not be carried too far. The Bible speaks of the Faith as a pearl of great price which a man sells all to purchase. The discovery of the treasure was a Providential 'accident,' but the man realised its value and he took the only steps he could take to make it his own. There the likeness ends. For once he has that treasure of Faith he cannot lose it as he might a diamond ring or even a mink coat.

It is the solemn teaching of the Church that the virtue of Faith was infused into my soul along with sanctifying grace, and that I cannot lose it except by a mortal sin of unbelief, whereby I deliberately doubt or reject a truth which I know God has revealed.

My Faith of course can be more or less lively. It may be temporarily shaken or aroused in the course of the life struggle by some unusual experience. It is certainly rendered ineffective by my falling into any kind of mortal sin, for then I am without the love of God, and Faith without Charity, St. Paul says, is equivalent to nothing.

Still a man may cling to Faith while he clings to sin, and this wavering affection for the gift is ultimately the means of bringing him back to God. A sweet memory revived, a prayer whispered, a word heard—it is enough to make him realize that the embers of his Faith are not entirely cold, he can fan them back to life. A man may go away from his Father's house, go far away and for a long time, only to come back again to a warm welcome. This is the pattern of experience for many a Christian. Our Lord Himself has said so.

It is not easy to determine in human conduct the point at which coldness towards a loved one develops into rejection or even treachery. The same is true of

Faith, because the Faith is rooted in love. At what stage, I may ask, can a man who is not 'not practising' be said to have 'lost the Faith'? Clearly there is a distinction between neglecting one's religion and being 'no longer a Catholic.' It may be well known that such and such a person is rarely seen at Mass and never at the Sacraments, and still we do not say that he or she has 'left the Church.' In what precisely does 'loss of Faith' consist?

Loss of the Faith is a deliberate rejection of some revealed truth or of all revealed truth, involving the sinner in heresy or apostasy as the case may be. If I reject the whole of Christian teaching, I am called an apostate. If I refuse to believe in some particular truth, I am a heretic; but the distinction is largely academic in point of fact, because if I reject any Christian dogma, I deny

By S. T. L.

the infallibility of the Church, I no longer take Her as my spiritual guide, in effect, I walk out.

My departure, moreover, is a deliberate act. I do not find myself outside the Church by a kind of accident. I become an apostate by choice. I may indeed slip into the anti-Catholic state of soul by a sustained weariness or neglect of my religion, but there must be a point at which I choose, freely and deliberately, to go outside the fold. It is not at all necessary that the act of apostasy should be spectacular or even public; although, man being a social being, if he denies his God in his own heart he will deny Him also before men.

The acquisition of the Faith is well described in Scripture as the purchase of a treasure, and when the process is the other way about there is also a contract of buying and selling: a mess of pottage for one's

birthright, a sum of money for one's Master, the Christian ideal and way of life in exchange for something else. The mercenary element may not be always so apparent, but it comes to the one thing for there is always an exchange of goods, the supernatural good is sacrificed for some earthly benefit.

The appalling nature of the choice that can be offered to Christians is well known in the history of this country. It is known to-day in many parts of the world. It was known in the early Church, in all its magnitude; and it was in those early days, in the midst of atrocious pressure, that St. Paul pronounced as *impossible* the rehabilitation of those who had fallen away from the Faith. It is not, of course, impossible, in the absolute sense, for an apostate to come back, because no sin is too great for God's forgiveness; but impossible, in the moral sense, of its being extremely difficult, and outside the normal experience, for those who have deliberately rejected Christ to recapture their lost love. Manifestly there are degrees in apostasy, as in every other sin, and the Church has a motherly and tender heart for those who fall away through fear; She does not close the door against them, as the history of the early centuries proves.

I suppose, in my environment, I tend to think of an apostate as a Catholic who becomes a Communist. Yet, it would be a mistake for me to assume that Communism, at least in its wider implications, is the real danger. I live within the western sphere of influence, and there I find at work forces which, if inimical to Communism, are also against the Faith. "What is the real battlefield between Christ and the world to-day?" I ask the question as posed by the Jesuit Archbishop Roberts in his book *Black Popes*. The answer

Continued on Page 32.





AS we were taking the sun the other day at the corner of O'Connell St. and Mallow St. we met George Haas as he emerged from his office in the Land Commission building. George's middle name is 'trees' and his accent proclaims his roots to be deep in the wee county of Louth. He is head forester for Limerick and Clare and we were glad to hear from him that in one way at least the restoration of the country is going ahead well—the forests wiped out during the Irish Dark Age are now going up fast again. George has under his charge thirty thousand acres either planted or about to be planted and the trees now being felled are providing the raw material for the new chipboard factory at Scariff which will employ four hundred men.

As we were getting George's advice on the shelter-belt we are planting round the O'Gunnell homestead, Dan Doyle came out for a breath of fresh air on the steps of the County Library and joined the party. As you probably know, Dan's second middle name is 'Muintir na Tire' and he told us of the effort Muintir is going to make this Summer to get the people of South-East Limerick interested in

the twenty pounds per acre grant for tree planting. "Any man who has a waste acre or two and does not avail of the grant is a fool," said George Haas, "he is paying rent and rates for land from which he is getting nothing. He'd be better off to give it away. In the average case the grant practically covers the expense involved and in twenty years there will be an annual return from thinnings and in about thirty a lump sum of four or five hundred pounds when the plantation is sold." "All men with young families please take note," says O'G. As well as that, the farmer is creating beauty and is restoring the natural order of things, since trees counteract both flooding and drought. We wish Dan Doyle and Muintir every success in their efforts and to every man who has a bit of waste land O'G. says "what have you to lose by getting in touch with the Secretary of the Forestry Department, Dublin?" If you do, a forester will call to discuss the cost of the job with you and if you decide to go ahead he'll supervise the work. Go on now while it's fresh in your mind and tell the missus write the letter.

We met an old man in O'Connell Street recently who said we had a kind face. This proved a very sound approach on his part, a coin or two changed hands and he told us he was on his way to get his dinner at the Penny Dinner Centre. We strolled along with him down Patrick Street, round by the corner of the new May Roberts building on the Dublin road and into the tangled mass of rubble that was once the heart of Limerick. As we looked at the desolation of partly demolished houses that stretched as far as the eye could see, we thought "so this is what Coventry looked like when the German bombers had finished with it!" If any of the City Fathers should read these faltering lines, would he please bang the table at the next meeting of the Council and waken his slumbering brethren to the necessity of at least clearing this area.

At the Centre, which is one of the few buildings standing amid the ruins, about seventy or eighty old people were sitting down to a pretty substantial dinner when we arrived. Our friend insisted on standing us a plate of soup while we chatted with Mrs. Margaret Bourke who was in charge. She told us that the Centre is run by a committee of eighteen



ladies of which Mrs. Dr. Devane is chairman. They are assisted by about twenty voluntary helpers who come to serve the meals, and by the men of the St. Vincent de Paul Society who serve breakfast to about a hundred on Sundays. Meals are also taken home to invalid people who are not able to come out. We also met Mrs. Reddan and Mrs. Keane who are employed to do the cooking and the caretaker, Christopher Walsh. The Centre has an illuminated statue of Our Lady at the top of the dining hall, is very well kept and is a credit to all concerned. It serves a very great need for old people who depend on the Pension, have no homes and for the most part live in lodging-houses which they have to vacate during the day. If you are in debt to St. Anthony or want to do something which will stand to your credit in the final reckoning, you can't do better than send a contribution to the Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Bourke, 1 Lr. Mallow St., Limerick.

We had the eldest boy, Rory (considered by unbiassed observers to take after his father) home from the University for Easter. He is going to be a forester (did we hear you muttering something about making a job for the son?). Around the ancestral hearth Rory was holding forth on the Club Leabhar, the Irish book club started about ten years ago. It now has a membership of three thousand, of whom over a hundred are in Limerick city and county. For an annual subscription of 25/- it guarantees at least five newly published books in Irish, mostly from the all-Irish publishing house of Sairseal agus Dill. Rory pointed out that because of the Club Leabhar's guaranteed sale of three thousand, it is now more profitable for writers for the home market to write in Irish than in English. He also maintained that the best written and most interesting books being produced here are in Irish. To prove his point, he gave us a

few to read, Michael Mac Liam-moir's highly entertaining account of his travels in Egypt with the Gate Company, B'Fiu an Braon Fola, which for vividness and economy of style was way ahead of anything we had read on the 1916-22 period, and An Duinnineach, a life of the famous compiler of the first modern Irish dictionary. This last, as well as giving an intimate picture of the early years of the national revival, brought to life in the person of an t-Athair Padraig O'Duinnin, one of the most likeable and most odd 'likeable oddities' that have graced the Irish scene.

If you don't want to be out of it, you can get in touch with Manix Joyce, at the County Council Offices, or Frank Glasgow, Bedford Row, or write direct to An Club Leabhar, 29 Sr. Ui Chonaill Ioch., Baile Atha Cliath.

If you read us last time, you may remember we were advocating the freezing of vegetables, especially for export. We are glad to be able to report that a County Limerick firm is engaged in solving the problems inevitable in anything worthwhile. We hope to be reporting their success next time we meet you.

Last time also, we urged the Minister for Finance to give the Old Age Pensioners 5/- extra in his Budget. He went as far as 2/6. He will advance the other 2/6 next time if a sufficient number of people, by letters to the papers and motions passed by organizations, show they are interested. Most people have Fianna Fail and Fine Gael to look after their interests. The Trade Unionists have the Labour Party. The old have no-one but yourself and our humble self. So show your interest.

By the way, if Gael-Linn doesn't get the T.V. contract, we'll emigrate. On which sombre note we say Slan is Beannacht o

O'GUNNEL.

## "IN SPITE OF DUNGEON, FIRE AND SWORD"

In 1549 St. Francis Xavier entered Japan as a missionary. In two years he made 3,000 converts. In less than 50 years there were over 2,000,000 Catholics in Japan. Around the year 1600 all Catholics and Christians were murdered when found. Missionaries were driven from the country, and all churches were burnt to the ground. No white man was allowed to set foot on Japanese soil until 1854, when Admiral Perry from America entered a Japanese port. With him returned also the Catholic missionary. A Catholic church was built in the port for European Catholics who traded with Japan. On March 17, 1865, nearly 250 years after Catholics had been expelled, a few shy Japanese entered the church. They asked the Catholic priest three questions. First they enquired:

"Where is the image of Lady Mary?"

The priest showed them her altar, and they prayed before her image. Next, they asked:

"Do you know the great King of Doctrine in Rome?"

The priest told them the reigning Pope's name, and made protestations of loyalty to the Roman Pontiff. The third question was:

"Where is your wife and your children?"

The priest assured them that his only spouse was the Church, and his children the faithful.

Then they exclaimed with joy: "Thanks, thanks. This is a true disciple of our Apostle Francis." Then they told the priest: "Our hearts and yours are indeed the same, and back here in the valley of the mountains there are 50,000 who for more than 200 years, without a priest, without a church or chapel, or wayside shrine, without a crucifix or sacred image, without a Bible or book of prayer, without a rosary or so much as a little medal, which our enemies could use in evidence against us, have kept the Catholic Faith."—Rev C. Crock.



# The Homeland of St. Munchin

By MONSIGNOR MOLONEY

What do we really know about St. Munchin? Not much perhaps; yet enough to show that the Patron of Limerick is not only a name but a figure in history. There is reliable evidence that the Island of Luimneach was granted to him. In this article, Monsignor Moloney goes a step further by showing as a "fair conclusion," from the evidence available, that Munchin hailed from the neighbourhood of Ennistymon and Lahinch.—Editor.

NO early Life of St. Munchin has yet been discovered. Indeed all the information about him that has reached us derives from two statements in the pedigree of the Dalcassians. A document more than eight hundred years old now treasured at Oxford tells us that Prince Ferdornach gave the Island of Luimneach to Mainchin. This prince is no mere name in an ancient book: he is an authentic personage known to history as ruling territory from the Shannon fords northwards into the heart of Thomond late in the seventh century.

Of Mainchin himself the genealogies only say that he was descended from Sedna. This means no more than that he was a member of some sept named the Cineal Sedna and it only remains to locate a folk so called. The Topographical poems do place a people so named in the territory of Corcomroe, and they add that the

important family in that area in medieval times was the O Droighnein group. Our Irish Genealogical Office in its map places this family in the district about Ennistymon and Lahinch. Now it so happens that the ancient parish name of that area is Kilmanaheen. This can hardly be a mere coincidence and we may fairly conclude that Limerick's patron came from that pleasant Atlantic shoreland.

The parish adjoining Kilmanaheen to the west is named from St. Mac Creiche. There is a so called "Life" of this saint, fantastic in details but perhaps reliable in its topography. The "Life" links our patron with Mac Creiche and particularly with an island named Inis Fide. This is better known nowadays as Mutton Island which as all Limerickmen will remember rises from Malbay about ten miles to the south of Lahinch.

His Limerick clients might well follow the example of his native place and restore his pleasant Gaelic name Mainchin to common use instead of the odd-sounding Munchin. The first official reference to his church here is in a document of the Black Book of Limerick dating from 1200. The list is in Latin and the local pronounciation of the time is clear from the spelling —*ecclesia Sancti Maenchini*.

Thoughts on My Faith—continued.

he gives is marriage.

"Fidelity to what Catholics hold to be our Lord's command—marriage indissoluble and chaste: indissoluble, so excluding divorce; chaste, so excluding artificial birth-prevention—is something like the modern equivalent of martyrdom to the early Christians. It bears more and more hardly on them as the gap between them and paganism widens daily."

There is not really much point in my wondering how I might react if I were threatened with the amphitheatre or the concentration camp. This other evil is already upon me. The attack on Catholic sexual morality and on marriage is just as much a phenomenon in the West as 'behind the curtain.' Indeed if I were living in a Communist state I may in some respects find it easier to be pure, because there would seem to be a kind of discipline in these places, which is regarded in the West as an insult to freedom.

When I ponder about my Faith in my own life and the lives of my children, I am wise to think of that gap between the Christian and the pagan, ever widening daily. I may live in the fringe of the West, in a protected environment, a kind of spiritual oasis; but who knows.

## Quiz?

1. How many Epistles of St. Paul are in the New Testament?
2. How did St. Paul die?
3. Of what country is the Maple Leaf the emblem?
4. What is the capital of Australia?
5. What is the meaning of the letters, D.V.?
6. Which is the largest church in the world?

(Answers on Page 36)



# Liturgical Festival

AT the Annual Liturgical Festival of the Diocese, which was held as usual during the month of May, the high standard of excellence of previous years was more than maintained. The following are the details from the four centres:

NEWCASTLE WEST—600 children attended, 16 choirs auditioned and the Mass was sung by the pupils of the Mercy Convent, Abbeyfeale.

RATHKEALE—650 children attended, 18 choirs auditioned, and the Mass was sung by pupils of the Mercy Convent, Rathkeale.

KILMALLOCK—700 children attended, 24 choirs auditioned and the Mass was sung by the

pupils of the Convent School, Kilmallock.

LIMERICK—2,750 children attended, 84 choirs auditioned and the Mass was sung by the pupils of the Presentation Convent.

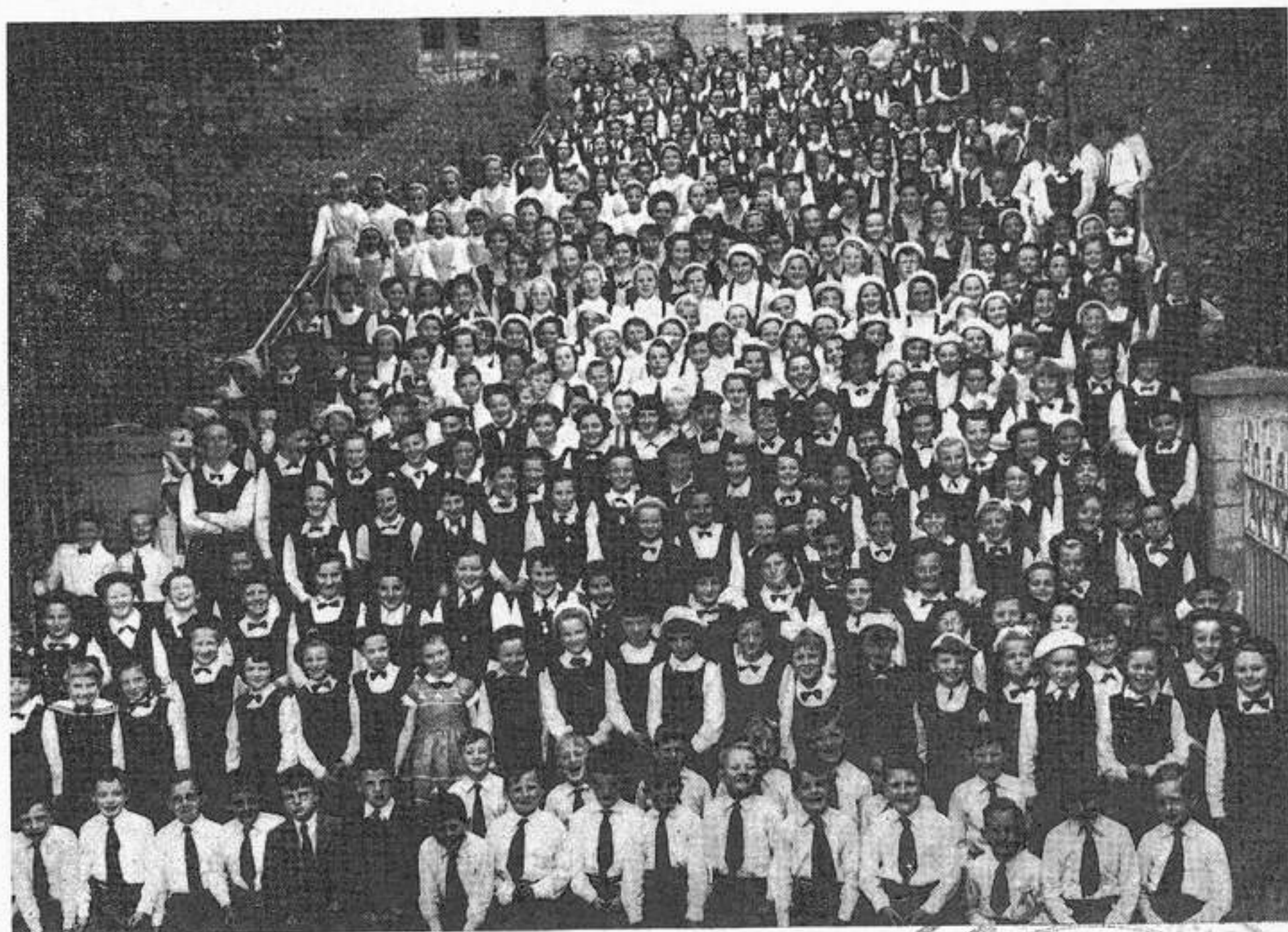
The standard of the singing was excellent and it was obvious in many ways that the Summer School of Plain Chant which was held last year had shown results. Details of this year's Summer School are to be found on the next page.

His Lordship, Most Rev. H. Murphy, presided at the Mass in St. John's Cathedral. At the conclusion of the Mass he spoke to the children, and in the course of his address he said:

"The Liturgical chant, especially when it is as beautiful rendered as it has been to-day, adds very much to our appreciation of the Mass, and to its efficacy as our offering of due worship to God ...

"The aim of the Liturgical movement is to give the congregation a more active part in the acts of the liturgy, especially the Mass, and in its highest meaning to render that participation in the beautiful form of chant...

"I urge all to keep up their efforts at perfection in the rendering of the chant, for the object of these efforts is to take part, in the most beautiful manner possible, in the Holy Sacrifice."



Group taken at the Rathkeale Festival





**TEENAGERS—continued.**

16 year old Treasurer, Tom Storan. By Pat Ryan's side sat Mr. Dan Kelly, the adult advisor appointed by Macra na Feirme to guide the youthful members. The club has about thirty members and it is for all rural youth, from 14 to 18, of both village and countryside, irrespective of whether their parents own land or not. The chief activity of the members is to undertake individual projects which will train them to be more effective members of the community in later life, and the banks are prepared to give loans of up to ten pounds for these projects. While I was there, I heard Tom Storan give his report on his rearing of a calf. From his account-book he gave all his expenses since he started six months before and he concluded by telling us that he intended selling at Kilmallock mart on the following day and hoped to get thirty-five pounds. I hope he got thirty-six. Others of the members reported on the progress of vegetable, sugar beet, pig rearing and other projects. A number of girls were present as observers as they were launching their club the following week. I hope some of them will write to tell me how they are getting on. The clubs intend to do group projects later on, and the social and cultural sides will also be developed.

I was very impressed by the manly bearing of the young participants in the meeting and can see that they are going to develop into self-reliant, public-spirited young men who will be an influence for good wherever they move in later life. I am hopeful that soon we will have these youth clubs all over the county and I hope to be hearing from other centres telling me of their plans.

Slán is Beannacht Dé oraibh anois. Tá súil agam le monán leitreach uaibh.

An t-Athair Pádraig.



—Photo, Kerins, Ballingarry.

### **CROOM MACRA NA TUAITHE**

Front Row—Thomas Lynch, President; P. Collins, Secretary; P. Ryan, Chairman; A. McNamara, Assist. Secretary. On left is Mr. Dan Kelly, Group Leader, and on right, Mr. Brian Connellan, Rural Science Teacher.

## **LITURGICAL COMMITTEE OF THE DIOCESE OF LIMERICK**

# **SUMMER SCHOOL**

— OF —

## **PLAIN CHANT AND LITURGY**

— FOR —

## **RELIGIOUS AND LAY TEACHERS**

(Approved by the Department of Education)

**AT ST. MARY'S CONVENT, LIMERICK**

(By kind permission of Sisters of Mercy)

**JULY 20th to JULY 25th, 1959**

**LECTURERS : REV. K. O'GORMAN. MR. A. HUGHES, D.Mus.  
REV. M. SADLER, D.C.L.**

Further particulars :

**REV. G. M. GRIFFIN, St. Munchin's Church, Limerick.**



## SHORT STORY

## MAKE MINE MINK

By A. O'D.

JOAN looked gloomily through the plate glass window. The rain hung like a shroud over the street. The damp penetrated everywhere, under the umbrellas of hurrying women, shining like fine diamonds in their hair. It twinkled in the mane of a cart-horse across the street, and stuck his coarse chestnut hair in swathes against his patient flanks. It had even penetrated into the shop, misting the glass and chromium. On such a day customers were scarce in the fur department, their minds were fixed on waterproofs and overshoes.

Here was a customer now. The lady was exquisitely dressed, from her chic hat to her expensive shoes, she exuded wealth.

"Good morning," she bade Joan, "I should like to see some fur. I

want a good fur and this house has a splendid tradition in the fur business. First I would like to see the Persian lamb in the centre of the window." Joan thought she detected a faint American inflection in her voice. A wealthy tourist, probably. She certainly knew furs, and loved them. Her eyes shone with an admiration that had a sort of greediness in it. Coat after coat she examined.

"We have a lovely mink, if you would be interested," Joan suggested, "The price is high but I assure you it is a bargain at fifteen hundred guineas."

The woman wrapped herself in the exquisite garment. She postured in front of the mirror, watching the light and shade ripple over the perfect skins. She gave a sigh of appreciation.

The woman wrapped herself in the exquisite garment. She postured in front of the mirror, watching the light and shade ripple over the perfect skins. She gave a sigh of appreciation.

"I must have it," she said. "Although my husband will have a stroke when he hears." From her handbag she took a large wad of notes. They were all notes of £100 denomination, Joan saw. "Unusual, aren't they?" the customer asked with a smile. "I find them useful when I have heavy shopping to do, smaller notes are awkward to carry. By the way, I simply must buy a gorgeous hat to wear with my mink. While you are parcelling my coat and getting my change I shall have a look around your hat department."

Mentally calculating her commission on the cash sale, Joan jubilantly tracked down Mr. Moore, the floor-superintendent. He was a stolid, cautious man whose motto was: the customer is always right, but not always above suspicion.

"Congratulations, Miss Gleeson," he said to Joan. "If you will give me the notes I shall have them examined by the office. It is a large sum and one cannot be too careful."

Joan gave them to him, smiling a little at his distrustful nature. She carefully parcelled the mink. She had just finished when Mr. Moore returned. On his heels was the wealthy customer. He had barely time to murmur that the notes were genuine.

"You have my coat?" the woman asked. "Oh! Look at that down-pour." She hesitated. "Look, if I take the mink it will be ruined in that rain. Could I leave it here until later? My husband will call with a car to pick it up. His name is Rivers, Geoffrey Rivers." "Certainly, Madam," said Joan, "Any time before six, we close then."

The stranger turned to Mr. Moore, who was standing with the notes in his hand.

"I think," she said I shall take these with me, and let Geoffrey pay. He will be more easily persuaded





if he thinks that I have waited for his approbation before committing myself. Men are rather peculiar sometimes." She smiled in a conspiratorial fashion at Mr. Moore, who appeared benignly amused at this enchanting revelation of feminine wile. He presented the notes with a rather old-fashioned flourish and escorted the delightful Mrs. Rivers to the door.

With a twinge of envy Joan watched the other woman disappear. Clothes did so much for a woman. She visualised with distaste her own scanty wardrobe. She took from behind a curtain her shabby camel-hair, and surveyed it with distaste. It bulged at the elbows. It sagged at the seams. It had a faded drab look. She would have it dyed that attractive shade that Mrs. Rivers was wearing—moss green. This very day, at lunch-time she would hand it in to be dyed. She began to parcel up her old coat in the distinctive grey wrapping paper of the shop. Her waterproof would do to wear until she had her coat back.

It was almost closing time when a long, sleek car glided to the kerb in front of the window of the fur-department. A handsome, middle-aged man helped Mrs. Rivers to alight. Mr. Moore hurried to open the door and respectfully escorted her to the fur department. "I was so afraid I would be late," she exclaimed. "Such a rush! You have my coat?" Mr. Rivers took the notes she proffered and passed them to Joan. "Remind them at the cash desk, Miss Gleeson," he said, "that there is a discount of fifteen pounds for cash." When Joan returned with the change she found the fascinated Mr. Moore actually twinkling under the woman's charms. He carried the parcel right out to the waiting car and, heedless of the rain, gallantly bowed, as it moved away.

The following morning when Joan arrived at the shop she found a dejected and almost hysterical Mr. Moore.

"Miss Gleeson!" he gasped. "Miss Gleeson we have been robbed! The coat—that woman—that woman—the notes—forgeries! That... female gangster—the best coat in stock." He mopped his brow. "But," said Joan, "you had the notes examined."

"I know," he was nearly in tears, "the first notes were alright. You gave her the mink coat for counterfeit notes."

"I gave her the coat!" Joan was angry. How like Moore to put the blame on someone else. "I suppose I carried it all the way to her car, also."

She almost collided with a messenger-boy who at that moment entered the fur department.

"Miss Gleeson?" he asked.

"Oh! run away boy," Joan exclaimed. "Can't you see that I'm busy?"

"I only wanted to tell you that there is some mistake about this coat, which you left to be dyed yesterday." The boy protested. "This is a fur coat and we don't dye furs." "What!" cried Joan. "Oh! bless you, bless you!" She took the parcel from him, and turning to Mr. Moore she said, "Mr. Moore, you gave that woman my imitation camel-hair coat. Here is your mink. And as I cannot do without a Winter coat, you shall give me one. I believe I should like a tweed for a change, in that becoming shade of moss-green."

## Answers to Quiz

1. Fourteen.
2. He was beheaded.
3. Canada.
4. Canberra.
5. "Deo Volente," that is, God willing.
6. St. Peter's in Rome. It is 636 feet long.

## The Perfect Assist

It was threshing time in Kansas. Machines journeyed from farm to farm, belching smoke and hard wheat at each stop. A dozen men fed and tended a machine, and the womenfolk laboured feverishly to feed the men.

In his threshing crew one summer, father included two Negroes. He did not judge a man by his colour, but by his work. Now, working side by side with Negroes was one thing to the other members of the crew; eating with them was something else again.

Soon ominous rumblings reached the house. Word was spreading that some of the men did not intend to permit Negroes to eat dinner at the table with them that noon.

Mother went on scalding eight roosters with a God-will-give-me-the-words look in her eye, while the fragrance of baking pies and fresh bread filled the air. Small excited girls shelled endless peas and discussed the ugly rumour, their first encounter with racial prejudice.

At noon, the table bulged with a glorious meal. The men had washed and were standing about waiting to be called. The air was quiet and calm as before a storm. Children watched timidly from the corner of the wash-house; even they knew that a scene was expected.

And then mother appeared on the porch—double-chinned and be-aproned, but never more a queen. She went up to the two Negroes, led them to the table, and seated them at the head. Then she turned the others and abruptly ended segregation with one quiet sentence: "Anyone else who would like to eat is welcome."—*Catholic Digest*.

Many people who wouldn't dream of speaking with their mouths full insist on talking with their heads empty.



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