

FEAST OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

INTERESTING CEREMONY.

To-day the Feast of St Augustine, Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Augustinian Order, was celebrated in the Church of St Augustine, George-street. At the early Masses members of the faithful received Holy Communion. There was solemn High Mass at eleven o'clock, Rev Father Hanway, O.S.F., celebrant; Rev Father Brophy, O.S.A., deacon; Rev Father Carney (Bishop's secretary), Mullingar, sub-deacon; Rev Father English, O.S.A., master of ceremonies. Dr O'Dwyer, Bishop of the Diocese, presided, assisted by the Rev Father Anderson, O.S.A. After the First Gospel the Rev Father Lee, C.O., St John's, preached an impressive and instructive sermon on the life of St. Augustine. He took for his text—"The just shall be in everlasting remembrance," and in the course of his remarks said—"To be remembered in death seems to be the great desire of those who in life have done anything great or noble; yet few are so remembered. The greatest names soon rust from gold or marble. The noblest names soon dwindle into shadows. The most magical names are soon powerless to move our hearts, our influence, or our actions. There is one exception to that rule, and the Saints of God are that exception. Without desiring to be remembered they are remembered. Without ambitioning abiding monuments they raise to themselves monuments that age cannot rust, nor time destroy. Of all those we find the most striking example in the history of the great saint whose festival they kept to-day. The great Church of which he was the light and glory was utterly swept away—the civilization that bloomed on the rim of the wilderness was utterly obliterated, and the cities and towns and lofty spires of Northern Africa, its people and its history, are forgotten. The wave of barbarism passed over them, but not so with the history of Augustine—not so with his name. His history is not forgotten—his name is an everlasting remembrance. St. Augustine was born in the year 354. His parents were of humble origin and rather poor, yet they resolved to give him the best education the country could supply. Hence at a young age he was sent to a grammar school in his native town Tagasta, and later on at Madaura. At the age of 17 he was sent to Carthage. It was then a wealthy, wicked city. The whole social life was evil, and so evil that its social corruption had become a byword. And so in the midst of the lusts of the flesh and of the eye, and the pride of life—there in the midst of sights and scenes of unspeakable wickedness the young Augustine found himself with few safeguards. He was not a Catholic—he had none of those aids that Catholics generally have—he could not go to the confessional and unburthen his soul and seek there light and strength. For all the early teaching of his mother was a check upon him, and he tells us that he kept within his soul the remembrance of the name of Jesus that he had heard so often pronounced, and he says as the songs of childhood heard in a strange land reminded the exile of the joy and sweetness of the faraway home, so the name of Jesus reminded him of his mother's love and God. But this sweet, holy memory was not powerful enough against the vice and corruption of the wicked city. Moreover, Augustine was of that age when pleasure and happiness are con- densed. His passionate nature longed for excitement but the way to excitement was the

DEPLORABLE OCCURRENCE AT DOON.

A YOUNG MAN FATALLY STABBED.

TWO ARRESTS.

A shocking and melancholy occurrence took place at Doon, in this county, yesterday, resulting in the death of a young man, named John O'Connell, aged about 21 years, the son of Mr Michael O'Connell, a respectable farmer residing in Castlegarde. It appears that a football match was being played a short distance outside the village of Doon, between teams consisting of young men belonging to Oola and Gurtavalla respectively. In the course of the match it was found that O'Connell, who was playing with the latter contingent, had been stabbed with a knife in the region of the heart. He expired on the field in the course of a quarter of an hour from the discovery of the fact, having lost a large quantity of blood. Two bicyclists and two horsemen hurried away for the priest and doctor when O'Connell was found to have been stabbed, but before either arrived the poor fellow had breathed his last. He was a young man of splendid physique, standing over six feet high, and sympathy for his sad end is universal in the district, as well as abhorrence at the fatal and dastardly act. The police have arrested two young men belonging to the Oola team, named Edmund Russell and Robert Woods. An inquest will be held. Owing to disputes having occurred the previous Sunday arising out of football playing, Rev Patrick O'Donnell, the Parish Priest of Doon, at early Mass yesterday morning advised the abandonment of the sports which had such an unhappy termination.

LATER DETAILS.

Later details state that the match was progressing some time when the excitement waxed high between the outsiders. Some outsiders from Oola were particularly demonstrative towards the Doon players, and in the end a rush was made at O'Connell. He knocked down his first two assailants, but the others closed on the poor fellow, and he received a deep stab over the heart. He then ran across the field, and fell, never to rise again. The cyclists who went for assistance were two Limerick men, who witnessed the attack, but did not dream that a knife was used until they saw O'Connell lying on the grass.

Another correspondent, telegraphing to us this evening, states that more than one person received knife stabs, and that five arrests were effected last night and to-day. O'Connell was a fine strapping young fellow, and was only seventeen years of age. The greatest sympathy is felt for his father, who is a respected farmer living in the district.

CORRESPONDENT

THE POLITICAL PRI

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIME

DEAR SIR—I trust you will give your valuable journal to offer a not only to the members of the L Association, but to all Irishmen freedom and hate oppression.

Now, sir, your Limerick and tions have done a great deal years for those brave political lives are ebbing away in their lo in English Jails. But is it right in a few places should be left work for the release of those h their lives, liberty, and all th their country's sake. Take th John Daly—Limerick's noble p as selfish as the patriots of t would he not be enjoying the co sweet home." But if we had n brave hearts like him where w be to-day? John Bull would moral persuasion, and we would from obtaining it as Butt and What, therefore, do we owe prisoners? Surely that we shou release at any cost. We should r responsibility on Parnellites or any other ites. As Irishmen we stand on the platform of unity and teach those callous and in (such as Asquith) that the vox p even at the hazard of upsetting that position which he seems hold. Now, what should we do once set about and form a branc Association in every village and Let each branch hold weekly m member pay a small fee weekly which monster demonstrations ised, forward our resolutions to our representatives in Parliam understand that we expect them for the release of those brave Amerin patriots, and leave asid all events their party difference why our good *Soggarths Aroon* co-operate with us in each pari ing (as they have always done persecuted for their attachmen liberty. In conclusion, sir, should those suggestions mee may we be supported by all wh —Yours &c.,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIME

DEAR SIR—People's minds n occupied with our future prospe a Land Act, the dearth of hay, calves, the low price of butter the small price the creamery pr ing for milk, that we are almos ing a single reference in your poor worn-out convicts in Port elsewhere—I mean also the poe Carroll and Carey. It is so r about these Irishmen, who so the Saxon (whether right or wr native heather. Ah, sir, v not do to set them free dren of misrule! We a Home Rule, registration, an as if these small items were to war, a trade and a voice amon European *statist*. These latter going to give us no such boon, the same time asked to leave a