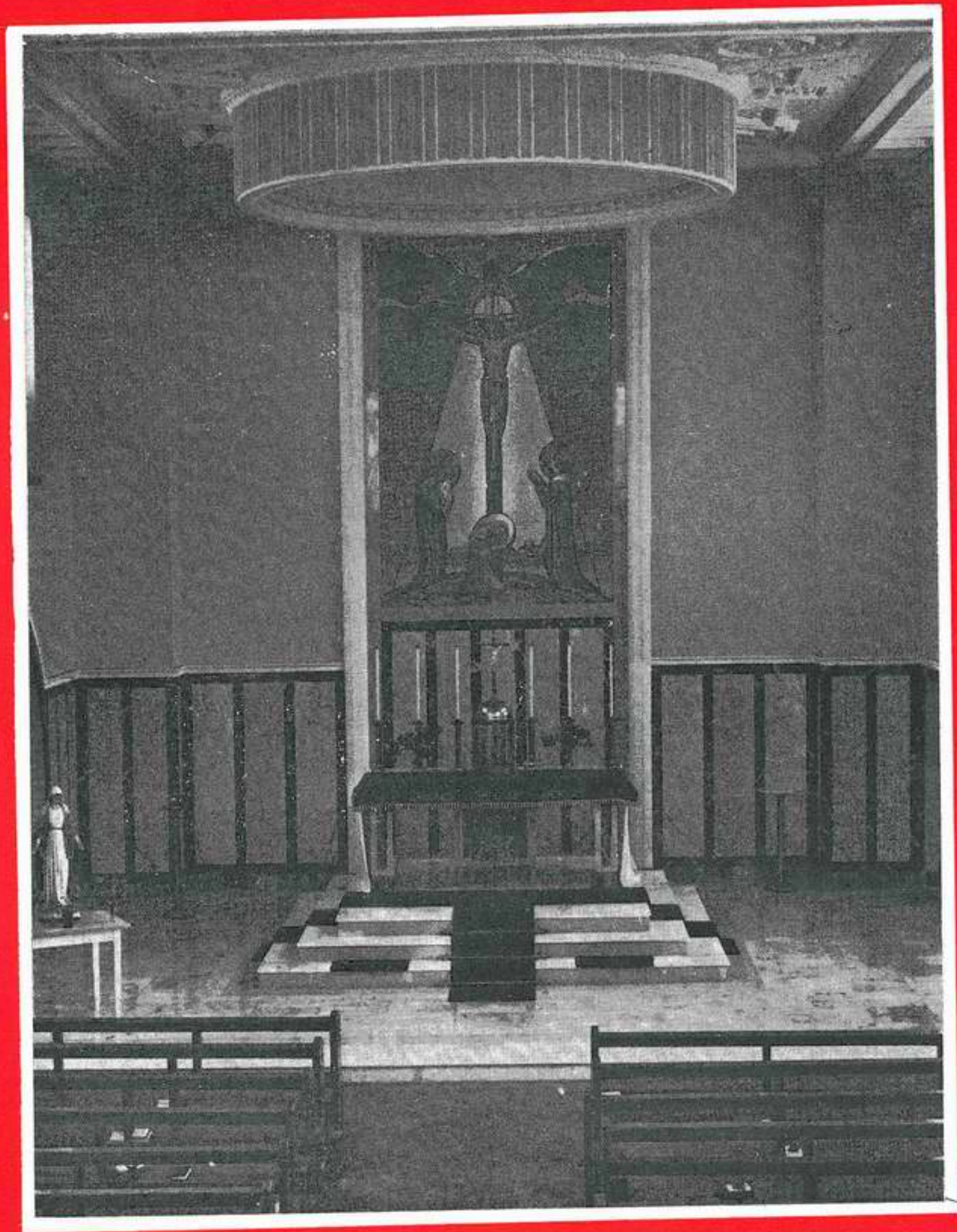


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Summer  
1964



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OUR

# CATHOLIC LIFE

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

EDITORS:

REV. P. HOULIHAN

REV. C. COLLINS

REV. L. BOYLE

SUMMER

1964

## Courage and Co-operation

**W**HEN we read the Gospel story, especially the account of the Passion and the days after Our Lord's Resurrection, we are struck by a singular fact. It is that the Apostles while they were with Jesus, were full of courage, unafraid of anything, but when left to themselves they became cowards, unwilling to stand up for their principles.

The night Jesus was apprehended, all but two, Peter and John, disappeared and went into hiding . . . the sheep were dispersed. Even one of the two denied his Lord, cursed and swore he did not even know Him. Then when Jesus reappeared on Easter Sunday, they came together again, and for the forty days He was with them, they recovered their former courage and confidence. Then after the Ascension, despite His promise that "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world," they went and hid themselves for fear of the Jews.

Then on Pentecost Sunday the Holy Ghost descended on them, and what a transformation took place! These men who had retired in fear now publicly went into the streets and openly and almost defiantly accused the Jews of putting Jesus to death unjustly, and confidently preached that this crucified person had really arisen from the dead.

When we search for an explanation of this wonderful transformation, it is very easy to say it was due to the grace or graces they received from the visit of the Holy Ghost. But that is only a partial explanation. Each one of us knows that he has got grace too, on many occasions, but that the same fruitful result has not taken place. In the divine plan one must co-operate with the grace one gets. Except in extraordinary occasions, our co-operation is necessary if the grace is to bear fruit. The Apostles went out and did things.

And so with everyone of us. Nobody can deny that at the present time God's grace is being given in full measure, pressed down, overflowing. Are we going to stand idly by, refusing to do our part, receiving but not making the proper use of God's great gift?

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# The Bard of Thomond

I DOUBT IF there is a person in Limerick who has not at some time read or at least heard about the Bard of Thomond. The exploits of "Drunken Thady" and "Shawn na Scoob" have become so familiar to us that they have overshadowed the fame of their author.

## HIS FATHER

Michael Hogan, the Bard of Thomond, was born on 1st November in the year 1832 in the New Road district of Thomondgate. His memoirs, written in a hard-covered copy book and as yet unpublished, give us a vivid account of the hardships endured by our bard in his young life and, indeed, all through his life. In fact, these memoirs give us a very good picture of life in our city at that time. His father, Arthur Hogan, was a man of many trades — a cabinet maker, wheelwright, millwright, cart-maker and general house carpenter. He was also a skilled musician and his trade helped him to enjoy his music to the full, because his son tells us that he even made his own instruments. The picture of the father as given to us by the bard shows him to have been a quiet, well-mannered and refined man, well-known for his wit in conversation — a trait which was inherited by his son in no small way.

## HIS MOTHER

When Michael talks about his mother, however, we get a completely different picture. If we are to judge by her son's description of her, the woman could not have had a redeeming feature. When he refers to her in his memoirs, the adjectives that spring to mind are: "ill-tempered, tyrannical, hard-hearted, spiteful, covetous, treacherous, and fond of back-biting." What a cruel picture of any woman this conjures up! Rarely has a mother been described so harshly by a son. Most of her bad humour he attributes to her Cromwellian ancestry. She did nothing to make their home a pleasant place to live in and the later grudge that the bard bore to his native place must have had its origin in his unhappy home life.

## "MY OWN WAY TOOK"

Whatever misery he endured in his childhood did nothing to kill his ability to compose rhymes. This he loved to do even at the early age of eight years. He discovered that this gift was a valuable weapon in his hands — a weapon indeed that

was to serve him well in later years when many cringed under his lashing tongue. In contrast to his miserable home life, he revelled in the freedom of nature along the banks of the Shannon and here he found his inspiration for many of his poems, especially the "Lays and Legends of Thomond." He had a great interest in literature, his favourite authors being Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, Gerald Griffin, but he had a deeper interest still in local history and tradition. He studied the

☆☆☆☆☆

Michael Hogan  
The Bard  
of  
Thomond



☆☆☆☆☆

Annals of the Four Masters and read the histories of O'Halloran, Keating and Mitchel. The extent of his reading and learning was remarkable when we consider that he was no lover of school in his youth. He tells us that in the school run by the Brothers in his parish, the master failed to interest him in any subject — except, of course, we can presume the art of poetry — as he spent most of the school day scribbling rhymes and lampooning the other scholars. He delights in telling us that he left the school after one year just as wise as when he first entered it, as the following rhyme seems to suggest:—

"I was the funniest idle fool  
That ever graced a Christian school;  
I never learn'd a common rule  
In any book;  
For I, like every headstrong mule  
My own way took."



## CARPENTER

Since school held no interest for him, the bard's father sought to have him trained as a carpenter. Arthur Hogan was growing old and feeble and, as his eldest son had joined the army, Michael was the obvious choice to carry on the family trade. Michael had neither the health nor the inclination for this work. His sight had never been very good and this work demanded a precision which he found trying. However, he persevered and became a competent, if not skilled, worker. With the advent of the machine age, this trade slowly died and our bard was forced — not unwillingly — to seek work somewhere else. His mother was not inclined to support an idle son and he was forced by her constant nagging to leave home periodically and look for shelter with the neighbours. He got a job this time at a flour mill owned by Messrs. Russell, called Newtown Perry Mills. Here he became a great favourite with the other workers, many of whom had read his early attempts at verse-making, and he was very happy in his work. Every night after work he sat and worked at his verse. He composed an epic poem called "Kinkora" — a picture of the great Irish princes and chieftains of Munster in the days of Brian Boru, a picture of their feastings and their battles. This was a major work on which he laboured for three years, but he was always happy in his verse-making. The finished work ran to ten volumes. He looked forward to having this work published, but a disappointment was in store for him. After many efforts to find a sponsor had failed, he threw the manuscript into the fire. What a waste of three years' work! The first poem of his to be printed was "The Light of Munster." The cost of printing this little pamphlet was provided by Alderman Thomas Gaffney, a book-keeper at the mill where he worked, a man who was always kind and friendly towards Hogan.

## COMPLEX CHARACTER

Hogan himself, if we are to judge from his own memoirs, seems to have been a rather complex character. Sensitive and sincere in intention, he detested the lack of these qualities in others. Yet he almost revelled in the misfortunes of those who had injured or misled him and never hesitated to vilify them in verse. The money he got from the sale of his little booklet of poems again caused trouble between himself and his mother. She had expected to get some or all of the proceeds of the sale and, rather than give in to her, he again packed his bags and, taking with him the yet unsold copies of his poems, he left Limerick in 1853



The Bard's grave in Mount St. Laurence Cemetery.  
The Memorial over his last resting place was erected  
by the citizens of his native city.

## TRAVELS

He gives us a very interesting account of his travels and in these travels we get a very good insight into the traits of the people he met in the many towns of the South, just a few years after the Famine years of 1847 and after. We do notice that where he had a good sale for his poems, the people of the town went up very high in his estimation! He quotes from a Lismore school-teacher, himself a man of wit and learning, who regretted the lack of interest in literature and culture in the town whose "people would rather patronise a bull-beat or an ass race than have a circulating library (*sic*) established in their midst." We later notice that only three copies of his works were sold in that town. Fermoy was no better. He was lucky here, though, in the friendship of a local draper called Traynor, a kind, jovial man who enjoyed the company of the bard and gave him food and shelter in his own house while he stayed in the town. He went on through Mitchelstown, Clonmel, Cahir, Waterford, Kilkenny, and on to Cashel with its "regal Rock and imperial ruins" and back footsore and weary to the "storied ramparts of Garryowen." In all he spent ten months on his travels. He returned more penniless than when he set out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





# Things I've Been Reading...

The love of perfect charity must blossom into a sensitivity which is not only purified, but also enlarged and refined, and will permit it to express itself towards God and man with all the treasures of tenderness, friendship, sweetness and strength of a human heart. The perfection of man, who has become the son of God, cannot be dependent on the mutilation of what is most beautiful in him. The heart must, therefore, not be confined or brutally repressed; it must be directed; its sensitivity must not be destroyed, but purified and brought under control. This is not the same thing, for it is not a matter of lessening and stifling, but of making the heart greater and the sensitivity more delicate so that both may be placed at the service of supernaturalised love.

—FR. VOILLAUME in *An Coeur des Masses*.

Man suddenly sees his standard of living raised — in our countries at least — and he begins to have more free time at his disposal. Work he accepts, but he expects also relaxation . . . week-ends, paid holidays, and so forth; a continual increase in leisure is an integral part of existence. The nervous tension which is a feature of modern life demands holidays in the open air, sport and physical culture. Every evening people switch on the TV. and allow entry to whatever the waves bring, be it healthy or unhealthy, as if they were a beach open to whatever the waves of the sea might wash up.

What is man going to do with his leisure? Books, films and broadcasts which should be enriching our culture, what message have they? What answer do they propose to the fundamental ques-

tions man asks himself about the suffering and death and the beyond?

Our age is full of positive values, but also full of antiquities. We must love it, yet defend ourselves against it; collaborate with its enthusiasm, yet canalize it; admire it, yet set limits to it; encourage it along every path that can lead to good, yet warn it of the gulfs and precipices that flank the way. We must distract man from himself and make him aware of the Saviour Who remains for him, too, in the heart of the twentieth century, the Way, the Truth and the Life.

—CARDINAL SUENENS.

## women

It is through women that working-class society will return to being a Christian society, and it is through the nun that the working-class woman will become an enlightened and effective factor in the Christianisation of the working-class world.

—MGR. BONET, Chaplain-General of the Workers Catholic Action in France.

"Consonants give intelligibility to speech, but vowels give beauty of utterance. Consonants constitute the backbone of spoken language — vowels the flesh and blood. You cannot do without either."

—ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL (inventor of the telephone).

"A more serious menace to the Church's life than even atheistic Communism is apathetic Catholicism. The real enemy is not the persecutor from without, but the spineless Catholic within."

—H. VAN ZELLER, O.S.B., *Approach to the Crucified*.

Are the pupils in your schools ready, each in the field which Providence will assign to her, to help in the reconstruction of the world? . . . to train young people to look at the world with Christian eyes, to see it as it is, to know what it should be like, and to work towards its conforming to God's plan; these are the practical aims of every Catholic educational institute.

—PIUS XII, 3rd Jan., 1958.

## America: land of youth?

There are 29,000 publicly-held companies in America. There are 72,000 directors and executives. Of these 72,000, 70% are over 50; 750 are over 80. Only 296 are 30 or under.

—Register of Corporations, Directors and Executives.

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# SPORTS ROUND-UP

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

**“It was a famous victory”**

Aye, it was indeed, and it was more. It was a series of famous victories right through the Harty Cup, then the Croke Cup. Now they have added the Dean Ryan Cup. In addition to hurling skill of a very high order, the Limerick C.B.S. boys have something quite as important — determination, ‘guts.’ Look at the facts . . . In the Harty Cup final, about midway in the second half, they seemed to be coasting to a comfortable win when suddenly, out of the blue, St. Flannan’s banged in two goals to leave the issue quite open. We began to fear — were those dreaded opponents, St. Flannan’s, again going to dash our hopes in a final onslaught? However, our boys did not panic. They took the ball upfield and added score after score to record a historic victory.

Again, look at the Croke Cup semi-final. Here, C.B.S. were hot favourites. It was thought St. Mary’s of Galway were almost a push-over. In actual fact, early on, our lads were two goals down and fighting for their lives. It is well-known that if you go out on to the field expecting an easy victory and then find yourselves right up against it, this has a very bad psychological effect, especially on youngsters. But again, our boys did not panic, hurled their usual game and, though hard-pressed by the gallant Galway lads, won in the end.

Then take the Croke Cup final. The match was fixed for Thurles when suddenly, without as much as ‘by your leave’ to Limerick, it was changed to Croke Park — and that with a Leinster referee and umpires — a kind of thing which happens only too often. A protest was made about referee and umpires and neutrals were secured. The game was less than a minute old when Wexford banged in a goal. Here were our lads, playing on a ground they had never seen, a ground familiar to their opponents, and before tens of thousands of Wexford men up for the Senior League match against Cork. Again, they did not panic, and though they had their moments of anxiety, they won . . . and won in brilliant fashion. When Michael O’Hehir came on the air for the senior match, he spent quite a lot of time speaking of the brilliance of the play in the Colleges’ game, and he spoke about it in the same terms again at half-time. And that night on Telefis Eireann, Philip Greene referred to it in similar laudatory terms.

The manner in which the boys reacted to the shocks they got in the various matches shows they have the inestimable attribute of spirit, determination, ‘guts’ — call it what you will.

**Where do we go from here?**

Aye — there’s the rub! Back in 1958 our minors



Limerick C.B.S.—All-Ireland Colleges Hurling Champions



won a good All-Ireland and we all thought that in a year or two we would have all the material for a first-class team. But somehow, for one reason or another, that was very far from coming true.

And there were other occasions in recent years when we had young teams that even critics from other counties thought would make the grade in time. Unfortunately, that did not happen either. But, somehow, we think there is a difference this time. When discussing this with one famous former All-Ireland hurler, he said: "Father, these fellows have the right spirit" . . . . . and I think that's true. If they are kept together and brought on carefully, not rushed, well, we have the right to be optimistic.

The immense crowd that greeted the C.B.S. boys on their return from Dublin shows how hungry Limerick is for a big hurling win. If, within the next few years, the McCarthy Cup is brought home to our city, there will be almost hysterical joy amongst our people — and I pray I may be there to see it.

### Professional Boxing

There's hardly any doubt but that there is something wrong with professional boxing. No matter what way you look at the Liston-Clay fight, you find something fishy about it. Remember that fifth round. Now, in his two fights with Patterson, Liston knocked out his opponent with just a couple of blows, but here he was in the fifth round, pumping lefts and rights at will into an apparently defenceless Clay. Yet, Clay did not even go down. Look at the finish, with Liston refusing to come out for the seventh round. The trouble is the fabulous money connected with those big championship bouts. That's bound to lure hoodlums and racketeers of all kinds to try and muscle in on the swag. Dr. Edith Summerskill of England has, for years, wanted to outlaw all boxing, and claims that the number engaged in boxing in England, at any rate, has fallen by over 50%.

Most people, I think, would not agree with her about abolishing amateur boxing. After all, if two youths box with well-padded gloves for three rounds of two minutes, they can't do much harm and, as a matter of fact, I know of no case of serious injury being done. In professional ranks there have been many deaths, and doctors tell of many victims having their brains injured for life.

### What's wrong with Irish rugby?

Surely there is no question but that there is something wrong. Look at our position for years past — at the bottom of the table or next to it — our only trophy the "Wooden Spoon."

Away back in the past, the usual pattern was to have a fine pack and indifferent backs. The pack would go hell for leather for sixty minutes, travelling half the field, brushing everyone out of their way, but with very little to show on the scoreboard. Then the opponents would take over and run up a winning tally.

After the war things changed for a bit, largely because the other countries were much more disorganised than we were, and we won two Triple Crowns. But I fear we have reverted to the old pattern. I heard one discussion recently on Radio Eireann between two well-known rugby players. They were asked did they think Cup rugby was good. They said 'yes.' If they mean good for the standard of the game in general, many will disagree with them. After all, what is the general pattern of Cup rugby in this country? Take no chances . . . keep the ball tight . . . wait and hope for a dropped pass on the other side, or a charged down kick, or a 'Garryowen,' or a penalty, to bring a score. That's not always true, but very often it is. No risk, no enterprise. Look at the other countries, especially Wales. Look at Cardiff, Swansea, Newport, etc. There are no Cup competitions in these places. Cardiff, with seven or eight times our population, has only one senior team, whereas we have five in Limerick. This means a wide dispersal of available talent. Cardiff has five XVs, with all the players in the lower teams trying to get up into the 1st XV. Their forwards train to pass like backs and train to heel quickly, always trying new dodges.

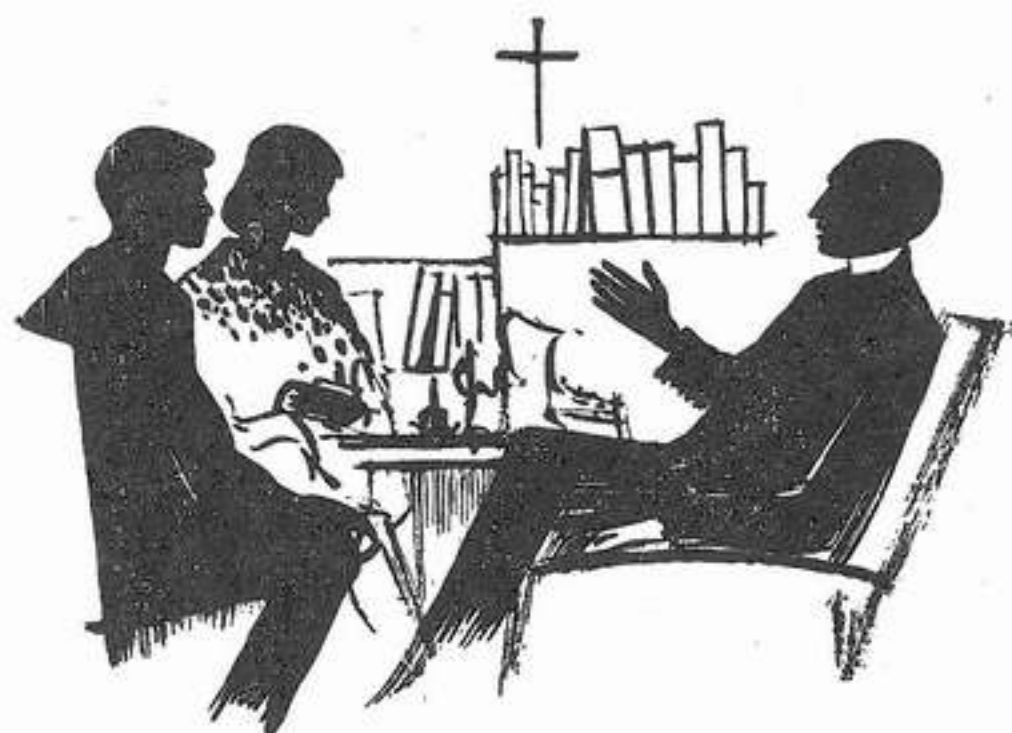
Perhaps you know of the ruse by which (at Cardiff) Wales defeated the New Zealand team of 1905 — probably the best team ever. That team beat Munster 33-0; Ireland 15-0, and won 32 out of their 33 matches. But Wales beat them by a try to nil in a historic struggle. The plan was practised again and again by the Welshmen in Cardiff Arms Park before the match, and when the time came to put it into operation, word was passed around, in the Welsh language, that the hour had come. It worked, and their wing-three-quarter scored in the corner to win one of the most historic matches ever played.

Rugby people tell you the game is only for the player. Well, suppose the public stayed away and there were no gates and no money to run their clubs, where, then, would their players be?



Some world records have been established in recent months in events as wide apart as the 100 metres and putting the shot. This shows how fierce the competition is going to be in the Olympics in Tokyo next October.





# Your Questions

*Q.—If two Protestants, married in a Protestant Church, get a divorce, could one of the parties marry a Catholic in the Catholic Church, provided he or she becomes a Catholic?*

*A.—No.* The marriage of two Protestants in a Protestant Church is valid before God, and nothing can dissolve that marriage except the death of one of the parties. Divorce does not give even such Protestants the right to marry again while both parties are living. The fact that one of the parties becomes a Catholic does not effect the bond of the marriage in any way.

? ? ? ? ?

*Q.—In the Angelus bells, what do the three threes and the final nine bells signify?*

*A.—The origin of the number of bells to be tolled is uncertain. The three bells rung three times are meant to remind us of the Blessed Trinity. The final nine bells may have been arranged merely for the sake of proportion and harmony, but it is also possible that they are meant as a reminder of the nine choirs of angels inviting us to adore God with them.*

? ? ? ? ?

*Q.—May a priest ever reveal sins confessed to him?*

*A.—No.* Every priest is under a grave obligation to observe absolute secrecy concerning sins confessed to him. Under no circumstance may he ever reveal the sins of a penitent to others. The obligation to secrecy falls on the priest the moment a person tells his sins in the Sacrament of Penance.

? ? ? ? ?

*Q.—Is Confirmation necessary for salvation?*

*A.—No.* But it would be wrong and sinful to neglect it through indifference. The fact that the Church allows parish priests to administer the sacrament to children in danger of death is an indication of its importance. It confers graces which are beneficial to our spiritual life and which, therefore, make our salvation more assured.

? ? ? ? ?

*Q.—Are the Bishops who meet in Rome for the Vatican Council infallible?*

*A.—As a group they are; as individuals they are not. Infallibility belongs to the teaching Church, and, therefore, to all*

Catholic bishops throughout the world taken as a body and presided over by the Pope. A council of bishops not convened by the Pope would lack infallibility. The Pope without a general council of bishops enjoys infallibility; a council of bishops without the Pope does not.

? ? ? ? ?

*Q.—Is work a punishment for sin?*

*A.—No.* Work itself is not a punishment for sin, but the hardships that go with it are. Far from being a penance, work is, in fact, a vocation. It was intended and ordered by God ever before sin entered the world. In the Book of Genesis, God tells our First Parents to "increase and multiply and fill the earth and subdue it" (1:28) — and this was before they committed original sin.



Why not send your questions to:

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We are grateful for the following Gifts to the New College Chapel received since our last publication:

**Two Transept Windows**—Mr. Patrick Reeves, Millmount Lodge, Kilmallock.

**Nave Window**—Rev. Samuel Winters, C.C.

**Vestment**—Mrs. M. Cremin, Raheenagh, Ballagh.

**£15**—Anonymous, per Rev. Fr. T. Culhane, D.O.

\* \* \*

The following is a list and the estimated cost of furnishings still required for the New College Chapel:

1. Windows—3 Gallery Windows at £40 each; 3 Public Transept Windows at £18 each.
2. Seats—at £30 each.
3. Missals—at £20 each.
4. Thurible and Boat—at £17 10 0.
5. Bronze Bracket for Pulpit—at £5 10 0.
6. One Pair Bronze Seven - Light Candlesticks—at £25 each.

We shall also be glad to receive Vestments (from £20) for Mass, Mass Charts and Altar Linens.

The Diocese needs your help for the New College, for Church and School Building, for the Education of Priests, for the Relief of Distress.

REMEMBER ...

## THE NEEDS OF LIMERICK DIOCESE

... IN YOUR WILL

## FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath to His Lordship, the Bishop of Limerick, the sum of £..... upon trust to apply the same in Ireland for the charitable objects and purposes of the Diocese of Limerick, and if I should die within three months from the making of this, my Will, then I leave the said legacy to His Lordship, the Bishop of Limerick, absolutely."



# Newman and Anglicanism

THE OLDEST OF six children, John Henry Newman was born in London in 1801. His father was a partner in a banking house that wound up its affairs in 1815, but only after it had met all its obligations. His mother came of French Huguenot stock whose forebears settled in England about the time of the publication of the Edict of Nantes.

The family religion was Evangelicalism. This was a variety of Anglicanism that dispensed with the notion of a visible Church, with positive beliefs other than a few fundamentals, and it left the individual to make do with the Bible alone for religious guidance.

## OXFORD

With this background, overlaid with some Calvinist ideas he absorbed at school, Newman went up to Oxford in 1817. Although he had worked hard, his B.A. degree was taken with no great distinction, but more than amends were made when in 1821 he overcame fairly stiff competition to win a fellowship at Oriel College.

## FELLOW OF ORIEL

Young Newman soon found his level among the distinguished men that were then fellows of Oriel.

The lively discussions in the free and easy atmosphere of the Oriel common room helped to tidy his mind, to fix his religious views and to wean him from his former vagueness. Under Whately's guidance, he came to believe that the Church founded by Christ was not an internal kingdom merely, but an independent visible body designed to teach religious truth, and that the Anglican establishment was its local presence and expression.

## EMANCIPATION AND REFORM BILLS

At the beginning of 1828, and when Newman had become vicar of St. Mary's, political events began to cast their shadows over the Anglican Church. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, to be followed by the Catholic Emancipation Act, made it possible for the first time for non-Anglicans to enter Parliament. Newman was not against Emancipation as such, but he felt that as

the Anglican Church was controlled by Parliament, the advent of Catholics and Jews to that assembly would prove detrimental to the interests of the Church. These measures were followed by the Reform Bill, which re-arranged the electoral boroughs with some reference to changes in population. Under the new franchise the Whig party came to power. As the new government was pledged to Church reform, the chips were down and as Newman and his friends saw it, a fight would have to be made to save the establishment.

## THE ANGLICAN ESTABLISHMENT

The Church itself was powerless in the circumstances. The results of state control, dating from the time of Henry VIII, were never more apparent than in the reign of George III. Bishops were appointed by the Prime Minister, while nominations to other offices, including parishes, rested to a great extent in lay hands. In a system in which favour rather than fitness for office dominated the scene, it is no wonder that the Church was devoid of inner vitality and woefully deficient in religious zeal. For three hundred years it had stood still looking backwards. It now found itself out of touch with the working class population of the growing cities and towns and was to learn that it counted for nothing with the masses of the people. As for formal teaching, there was nothing more certain than the uncertainty of what the Anglican Church taught on anything save its attitude to Rome.

The new Parliament showed that Church reform was its first concern. Ten Sees were suppressed in Ireland and the bishops were admonished by Lord Grey to put their house in order. It was widely felt that disestablishment was only a matter of time.

## TRACTARIANISM

At this stage, Newman and some friends decided to launch a series of treatises called "Tracts for the Times." The idea was to give the Anglican Church a consciousness of its status as part of the Church of Christ, and thus enable it to withstand its enemies. Not only was it, so he thought, a branch of the Universal Church, it was in fact the *via media*, the half-way between Protestantism

Continued overleaf





## OBITUARY

The announcement of the death on May 4th of Very Rev. Patrick Canon Lynch was received with deep regret throughout the Diocese of Limerick and in places far outside it. He had won esteem and admiration as a zealous Churchman and also as a devoted worker in social, cultural and national spheres of activity.

The late Canon was born at Pallaskenry sixty-eight years ago and he was educated at the National school there before going to Mungret College, where he spent the school year 1909-'10. From there he went to the Diocesan Seminary, St. Munchin's, where he completed his secondary school course in 1913. In the Autumn of that year he entered Maynooth College, where he became, in time, a prominent member of a very distinguished class, combining to a remarkable degree, intellectual and athletic ability.

He was ordained on June 20th, 1920. After a short period as Curate at Kilmeedy, he joined the staff of St. Munchin's College and taught there until 1929, when he was appointed Curate at Kilfinane. He was transferred to Rathkeale as Curate in 1936 and remained there till 1942, when he was appointed Parish Priest of Kilcornan. He became Parish Priest of Coolcappa in 1953. On his appointment in 1959 to the pastoral charge of Abbeyfeale, he was made Vicar Forane and Canon of the Cathedral Chapter. In this extensive parish in West Limerick, Canon Lynch had scope for his great energy and preparation for the building of a new church for his people claimed much of his attention. It was a matter of general regret that he did not live to see even the early stages of its construction.

To one like Canon Lynch a movement like Muintir na Tire was bound to appeal. Work in the local guilds of this excellent organisation had his active support and his election to membership of the National Executive was but recognition of his interest and activity in promoting the welfare of rural Ireland.

From his student days he was a fluent Irish speaker and he was frequently called on to speak on occasions when a competent knowledge of the language was necessary. It was only to be ex-

pected, then, that he would interest himself in forwarding the Irish language movement in Abbeyfeale. The outcome of his association with other Irish enthusiasts in the area was the remarkable distinction of winning the National Award in the Glór na nGaedhal competition in 1962/'63. The visit of the President of Ireland to Abbeyfeale for the formal presentation of the trophy was a memorable event, and nobody who heard the late Canon speak on that occasion could fail to be impressed by his ability as a public speaker and a Gaelic scholar.

For some months before his death, he had to bear the burden of very indifferent health; even so, few were prepared for the sudden development that brought about his untimely and lamented death. Go dtuga Dia Suaimhneas dá anam.

### CHURCH HISTORY—continued

and Rome. And proof of this, he confidently asserted, was to be found in the writings of the Fathers . . . until in 1839 he came across the words of St. Augustine: "Securus indicat orbis terrarum," which definitely rocked the boat. The meaning to him was clear. Only the Universal Church could determine what were its true branches, and as Anglicans were disowned by the Greek and Roman Churches, he had reluctantly to conclude that his Church was in schism. It was a severe blow, and from now on he was fighting a losing cause. Following a pathetic effort at rousing interest in re-union with Rome, with the publication of Tract 90, which interpreted the Anglican Articles in the Catholic sense, and its condemnation by the bishops, Newman threw in his hand. He resigned his living and retired with some friends to Littlemore, where he was received into the Catholic Church in 1845.

### **LOURDES PILGRIMAGE, 1964**

FOR FULL DETAILS

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 25



**The Peaceful Assault**, by Douglas Hyde. 10/6d.

Considered in relation to the strategy of present-day international Communism, the subtitle of this book — "The Pattern of Subversion" — sums up pretty well the subject matter of its contents. In the various fields of economic aid, trade agreements, espionage at a diplomatic level, the foreign policies of the Communist parties in different countries, the author clearly proves by numerous quotations from its own top-level official publications that Communism, over the years, has not changed in any way in its basic aims.

I quote from the introduction: "Peaceful co-existence is not peace; it is a euphemism for a state of affairs which the Communists believe they will be able to use in order to subvert one country of the free world after another. But subversion can, and does, take various forms, many of which are examined in this book." Let me say immediately that this examination is very up-to-date, very factual, and very fair.

Douglas Hyde has travelled widely in all the five continents, and in dealing with the Communist approach in countries such as Indonesia, Ghana and Cuba, to name but a few, his comments are informative, his conclusions very credible.

There are a few good reasons why it is often difficult to judge when and where Communist influence is at work. For one thing, the well-known tactic of secretly working within a non-Communist organisation, political party or trade union, to the point of gaining control, can be so successful that discovery often comes too late. On the other hand, individuals and movements have sometimes been branded as Communist without sufficient reason. Consequently, only somebody like Mr. Hyde, for years an active

## BOOKS

By REV. J. O'BEIRNE, C.C.

— ☆ —

Available in the City and County  
Libraries

— ☆ —

party member and editor of the *Daily Worker*, and since his conversion to the Catholic Church a keen observer of Communist activities at all levels, can present to us a realistic account of the extent and nature of such activities.

**The Rosary in Close-up**, by Anthony F. Bullen. 12/6d.

I suppose it is true to say that for most Catholics in Ireland the Rosary is the form of prayer they say most often. We frequently are told also that the saying of the Rosary can, unfortunately, only too easily become a mechanical recitation, reeking with distractions. This author holds that this need not be. Admittedly, he says, to give complete attention to each word of fifty Hail Marys would be beyond the capabilities of almost everybody; but this is not demanded of us anyway. Instead, by the use of our imagination, we can fill out the bare details contained in the Gospel account of each Mystery and meditate on that. Easier said than done, you may say, and nothing very original about that suggestion. Well, in the first nine chapters, Fr. Bullen, in an approach which gives plenty of scope to the imagination, suggests a method that is bound to appeal to many people and may prove a great help to them. For the remainder of the book, he puts theory into practice as it

were, and gets fifteen well-known Catholics to write down for us — each choosing a different Mystery — what that particular Mystery means to him. Among the contributors are: Eamon Andrews, Douglas Hyde, Philip Caraman, Leonard Chesire, and Christopher Hollis.

**The Christian Approach to the Bible**, by Dom Celestin Charlier. 18/-.

What is the Bible? How did it come to be written? What sort of people wrote it? What does the Bible demand of us? Must we read it? How must we read it?

These are the questions which Dom Charlier sets out to answer in his book. In the course of giving us those answers, the author deals with such things as the different books and languages of the Bible, the geographical and historical background, the various literary forms, the meaning of inerrancy and inspiration, the Bible in relationship to science, history and faith. How well he has succeeded may be gauged from the words of that distinguished Scriptural scholar, Monsignor Barton in his preface to the book: "It is a pleasure to commend a book on Holy Scripture that is likely to be of service to the large number of people who are anxious to be better informed about the Bible and its background. It is the purpose of Dom Charlier's work to give the help that is needed for an intelligent understanding of the Bible, but, above all, to lead his readers to recognise the truth of Saint Jerome's phrase: ignorance of the Scriptures is ignorance of Christ."

☆

### OTHER NOTICES

**The Irish Volunteers, 1913-1915.** Recollections and Documents. Edited by F. X. Martin, O.S.A. 15/-.



# WOMAN'S PAGE

## A Blackbird's Song:

I am writing these notes on a May evening, a Summer evening that should be full of bird-song, apple-blossom and long shadows on sunlit grass. Instead the rain is streaming down the window-pane, and the lawn is strewn with bruised petals. The ominous grey mass of the clouds has blotted out any sunshine there might be, and even the wind has a mournful, Autumn whine in it. But sometimes, between the showers, a miracle happens . . . a blackbird sings. He puts all his little bird-heart into the glorious notes, and they ring across the drenched back-gardens like a bugle call of hope, heralding a glory of sun-filled days to come. This is the month of May — Mary's month: the month of Aves, of Rosaries, of evening Benediction services, of primroses culled from green, hidden places, and arranged by childish fingers on home-made altars. This is the month of May processions, and the singing of hymns that bring a twinge of nostalgia to older people — "Hail, Queen of Heaven, the ocean star," and "Look down, O Mother Mary, from thy bright throne above," hymns redolent with the remembered fragrance of incense, or the smell of pine benches in the little churches of our youth.

## Distant Princess:

I read a poem recently by the French poet, Edmond Rostand. It is called "The Far-a-way Princess." In it a troubadour, Jeffrey Rudel, sings of his "lady," a dream princess whom he has never seen. The troubadours of Provence were knights famed for their courtesy and gallantry. It was the custom for a knight to perform feats of archery, tilting, and other manly sports to win a word of applause from his 'lady,' and to compose verses and songs in her honour. Often a knight composed verses in praise of the Blessed Virgin, dedicating to her his success in the tournaments. The lady for whom the knight sang his verses, or broke his lance on the shield of his antagonist, was frequently unknown to him, a remote figure, a face high in a castle window, a flutter of a fan in a crowded hall, the shadow of an ideal which he revered. In the poem I mentioned the troubadour tells of his 'lady,' whom he has never seen, but for whose sake he dedicates his life.

"Ever to love in spite of all, without ceasing . . .  
A love more noble because I love in vain  
A dream. But can one live without a dream?  
And I, I love the Distant Princess."

## Chivalry:

It is edifying to remember that our Irish army is dedicated to Our Blessed Lady and that our soldiers have pledged themselves to the service of her, their *Princesse Lointaine*.

The Irish orator, Edmund Burke, writing on the French Revolution, was the first to coin the expression: "The age of chivalry is gone." If this were true of the eighteenth century, how very true it is of the twentieth. The chivalric virtues were piety, bravery, loyalty, honour and respect for womanhood. I feel, with a sense of guilt, that the diminution of the last-mentioned attribute, respect for womanhood, was brought about to some extent by us women ourselves. When we came down from the castle window, and emerged from behind the fan to take part in the jousts and tournaments, claiming equal footing with our knights, we shed the romantic aura of Distant Princesses, and in demanding equality tarnished the veneration which chivalry had awarded to us.



Now to more practical matters. In this issue I give a recipe for a sandwich cake, which requires less energy to make than a sponge. It is often called a "butter sponge," but its cookery-book name is:—

## Victoria Sandwich:

*Ingredients.*—4 oz. margarine; 4 oz. sugar; 2 eggs; 4 oz. plain flour; pinch of salt; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 1 tablespoonful warm water. You will require two 7-inch diameter sandwich tins.

*Method.*—Cream together the fat and the sugar and beat in the eggs one at a time. Add the sifted flour, salt, baking powder and warm water. Transfer to the greased and floured tins and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven, Regulo Mark 5. If you use self-raising flour, omit the baking powder. When cool, fill with jam, fruit and cream or coffee butter-filling according to taste.

—MARTHA.



# Limerick : A Tourist County?

By TED LITTLE

LIMERICK, situated near Shannon Airport, on the road from Dublin to Killarney, and between Kerry and the West, must view the passing of 90% of Ireland's tourists. Some of them may stay a night in the city or photograph King John's Castle before passing on their way. Are we to be satisfied with this situation? It seems to me that, although sitting right on the tourist track, we are making nothing of it.

Co. Limerick has never hit the headlines for tourism since the Spa in Castleconnell closed down a hundred and fifty years ago. For that reason we are inclined to overlook our immediate assets and tourist potential. We are so well used to seeing people passing to Killarney that we feel that we cannot compete. Either that or we go to the opposite extreme and join with official tourism in advertising wares that we can only hope to have for sale some day. Let us check our wares and see how best we can sell them.

## FARMHOUSE HOLIDAYS

The quiet, pastoral and peaceful countryside, while seemingly dull to us, is a wonderful change from the harrowing horn-blowing hurry of the cities and industrial towns of Britain, and should a restful farmhouse holiday, with modern amenities and, above all, cleanliness be offered, there would be those who would pay for it . . . and enjoy it. The sauce to sell this dish is the common everyday courtesy, kindness and dignity of the country people.

## SCENIC CENTRES

Not all of Co. Limerick is dull though, even by our own standards. Gems we have, and they are well set off by the foil of the flatter, more featureless country. The scenic isolation of the Clare Glens, near Newport, has a surprise effect that carries us straight into fairyland. The strange shapes of the hills around Lough Gur make the sky look wider than anywhere I know, and the rich green of the surrounding country lends a setting to the lake that gives it a beauty quite different to any other that I have seen.

Kilfinane is the gateway to the Galtees, where we see the contrast between the heather and the Golden Vale, and the mountain loveliness has been greatly enhanced by the plantations of forestry.

## WE CAN'T LIVE ON SCENERY

To my mind, these are our principal natural assets. What can we do with them and how can we use them to put money into the pockets of the ordinary people of the country? First of all, we must decide on our attitude towards tourism. "The man that owns the mountain cannot live on the view" is the complaint of many a struggling farmer. This need no longer be true. If he cannot build a hotel, he can co-operate with his neighbours to provide entertainment that will attract the holiday-maker. I make a few general suggestions.

## THE CLARE GLENS

The Clare Glens are seldom heard of outside Limerick; they should be publicised and sign-posted, and a proper car park provided. Ireland is full of ancient raths, the ruins of earthen forts. A new or rebuilt rath, complete with timber palisades and superstructure, would make a rather striking tea-house and tourist attraction, and would cost very little to build. It would place the Clare Glens squarely on the map.

## LOUGH GUR

The pre-historic settlements around Lough Gur have been the subject of much research and have been well described. Here again I suggest reconstruction, perhaps of the stone crannogs or lake dwellings. Then there are the fish in the lake itself. Once given its place, Lough Gur, with a little ingenuity, would hold its majestic own.

## PONY-TREKKING

The hill country around Kilfinane is a paradise in itself. I suggest it as the centre for the increasingly popular pastime of Pony-Trekking. From Kilfinane a great variety of treks could be made. A day trek around by Ard Patrick and Ballyorgan, a week-end trek by Galbally around Slievenamuck and the Glen of Aherlow, would be certain to please. A full week or more could be spent trekking through the Galtees, the Knockmealdowns and on to the Nire Valley and the Comeraghs in Co. Waterford. If we have mountains and scenery, we have ponies too. A co-operative of even the smallest farmers could form a pool of ponies for hire.



## GAME FISHING

Taking a balanced view of Limerick's fishing potential, I would write off salmon fishing outside of the Mulcair. The Camogue, the Maigue, and the Morning Star offer wonderful sport to the trout angler, but should be stocked and improved like the Ballyhahill river, so that the influx of visitors will not deprive the native anglers of their sport and the rivers of their stock. Without proper conservation, there would not be trout or sport enough to go round. It is only a very healthy goose that can lay golden eggs.

## COARSE FISHING

The most attractive and saleable form of fishing, strangely enough, is the form which we Irish appreciate least of all, namely, coarse fishing. This we have almost readymade in the Shannon, from Corbally to Lough Derg, excluding those stretches reserved strictly for salmon, and also in the canals around the city. The advantages of coarse fishing are three-fold; the tourists are buying what we don't want — coarse fishing has little following in Ireland. The stock of coarse fish seems to be inexhaustible. Above all, the type of tourist in search of coarse fishing is likely to come in large numbers and be perfectly happy staying as the paying guest of the most ordinary householder.

## HUNTING

Hunting is a tremendous attraction too, but like everything else it has its limitations. Packs like the Scarteens and the County Hounds offer sport second to none. The Masters of all the local hunts, and hunts within reasonable boxing distance, should be asked to state their tourist capacity — no Irish M.F.H. wants to lead a cavalry charge, tracking the countryside and ruining the goodwill of the farmers on which hunting entirely depends. Here a balance can be struck, with the proceeds going into the pockets of the farmers, who will breed, make and hire out the hunters; who will grow hay and oats and provide the labour, and who, if I know my Limerickman, will knock out his own day's hunting from time to time, and never count it a loss.

## SHOOTING

The project offering the greatest difficulties, and the highest reward, is game shooting.

The county is well suited to game, and in parts it is truly ideal. The head of stock is deplorable, and in fact there is not nearly enough game to give the local sportsman a season's enjoyment. Any game that is to be found is there due to the work of the gun clubs.

It is very reasonably felt by the local sportsmen that tourists would make a corner on a small

market, put up the price of shooting and very quickly polish off what game there is. Like myself, they have seen what has happened to salmon fishing.

I suggest that there is another way of looking at it. If money were made available — as it is through the Regional Game Council — to provide sufficient stock for tourist shooting on selected co-operative preserves, the gun club men could run their shooting and a lot more besides on the proceeds. They are the men with the interest in the sport, the know-how, and the pheasant farms. Without their co-operation, tourist shooting will never see the light of day and it is for them to fix and maintain a balance so that, when an area is set aside for foreign guns, an area will also be set aside for our own. In that way they can improve their own sport by hundreds per cent, and at the same time let money come the way of any man who will co-operate with his neighbours to provide and preserve land for shooting. It can come the way of any man or woman who will hatch or rear pheasant chicks, to the man who will work as a game-keeper or trainer of dogs, and to the lads who will act as beaters and guides. If, as I am told, tourists will come to shoot at the rate of 30/- a bird, there is a lot of money to be made and a lot of sport to be had.

The ideal area to start such a scheme would be around Kilcornan, where Curragh Chase and Hollypark already hold a stock of game. If the neighbouring farmers formed a Co-Op. and took a lease of the shooting rights from the Land Commission, they could well be making a start to a new local and national industry. Again I stress the needs and rights of the native sportsmen — for every lot of birds released in the preserve, a fair proportion should be released outside it. Sport is sport, whether it pays or not, and sport cannot exist without goodwill.

## Please note . . .

The advertisement for Lourdes Pilgrimage on page 25 had just been printed when the Pilgrimage Committee succeeded in chartering another plane.

Accommodation is now available on a direct flight from Shannon. Details will be published in local press.



# VOCATION

By BERNARD O'DEA, O.S.B.

*"Lord, what wilt Thou have me do"*

HAVING A VOCATION. Vocation with a Capital V. 'I have a Vocation.' 'She has no Vocation.' 'I thought I had a Vocation, but I hadn't.' 'She was sure she had no Vocation, but she must have had one.' Remarks like these are common enough, and are not all equally happy. They tend to confuse young people who are at grips with the great problem of deciding what to do with their life.

Towards the end of their last year of Secondary school, all Irish boys and girls are faced with the biggest decision they have yet had, and the first really that must be made by themselves alone. A few points on deciding one's Vocation may therefore be of help at this part of the year.

## IN GENERAL

To begin with, we must be careful to avoid a too narrow view of 'Vocation' — in Ireland, so often, it has come to mean exclusively the call that the comparatively few get to the priesthood or the religious life. No, strictly speaking, everybody who is baptised has a 'vocation,' a very clear vocation. Each and all, from the day of their Christening, have a vocation to holiness, that is the call (for vocation means a 'call') to a life of charity on earth, and as a reward for it, to a life of unending charity and happiness in heaven. It is good to remember right here that it is only those who try to live a life of Christian charity will get to heaven, that all those who succeed in getting to heaven are saints, and they are *that* because they have answered the 'call,' they have fulfilled their vocation, the vocation they received at Baptism. And those who, once baptised, do not get to heaven will be damned — there is only one of two places to go to for eternity . . . there will be no in-between after the last day.

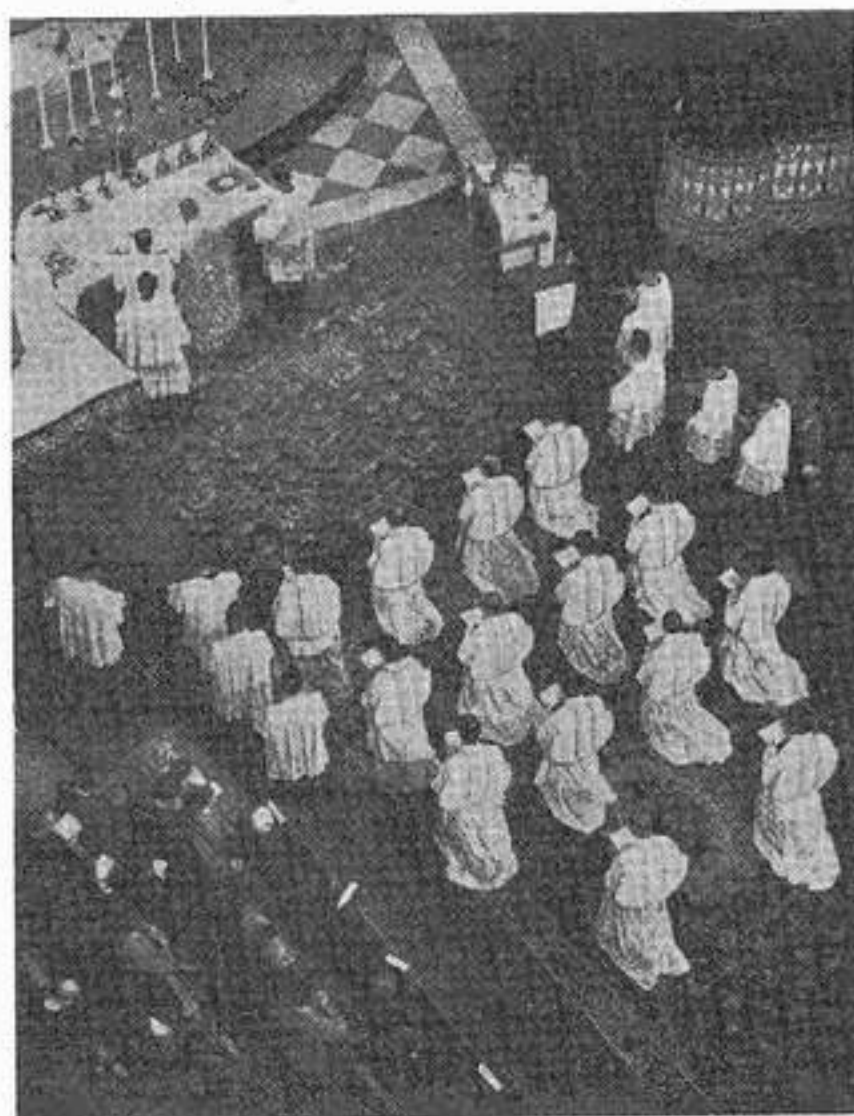
## VOCATION TO MARRIAGE

For the vast majority of God's children the vocation to holiness in this life, and heaven in the next, is worked out through the sacrament of marriage. Almighty God rewards with eternal happiness all those who, in answer to His call, co-operate with Him in providing offspring for His Church and happiness for each other. It is plain to see that this is a high calling, in the truest sense

a Vocation. Paul Claudel, the eminent French Catholic writer, says: "Love, the consent on the part of two free persons to give themselves to each other, appeared to God to be so great that He made it a sacrament." There are only seven in all, and this is one of them. The vocation to marriage is, therefore, a serious one, a particular call from Jesus Christ through His Church with a particular promise from Him to sustain those concerned all through life. There is, consequently, in marriage the possibility of a high degree of holiness and many, by God's grace, are sanctified through it. Very many of the Church's canonised saints were married.

## PRIESTS, NUNS, BROTHERS

While, as we said, the greater number work out their salvation through marriage, others, a much smaller number of men and women, are called to work out their eternal salvation in what might be called the 'inner machinery' of the Church itself, that is the day-to-day functioning of the vast Organisation that She is all over the



*"Thou art a priest forever . . ."*



world. These are the vast body of priests, nuns and brothers in the countless different departments that go to make up the Church of Christ on earth. By the selection, and under the direction of Bishops, and Religious Superiors, and all ultimately presided over by the Holy Father, this co-ordinated team is moving towards eternity by the direct service of their neighbour for the love of God.

So as to be completely free to dedicate themselves wholeheartedly to this life-long task, they will be asked to renounce the joys of shared human love in marriage, of being themselves parents of children, and of building up a home of their own.

### HOW DO YOU KNOW?

But now to the problem, the problem for each individual . . . how is one to know in which mode of life one is most likely to reach that degree of holiness to which God has destined one? Where is one's vocation, in other words, and how especially can one find out if he or she is called to the priesthood or the religious life.

Each soul is a world in itself, and no two people are exactly alike. A vocation will therefore disclose itself in as many different ways as there are people and, consequently, no hard and fast rules can be laid down as to how it can be discerned. By diligent prayer and guidance, however, it is possible to find out at least whether or not one's disposition or temperament conflicts with what is required for the priesthood or religious life. That done, the common way of establishing the fact of a vocation will be the interplay of external events (things that happen independently of us) with the internal, personal qualities or traits that we possess. To try to make this clearer, let us take first the qualities that generally indicate a vocation.

#### FIRST QUALITY

The first quality is, I think, an awakening, a becoming more clearly aware of what it means to be a Christian, namely that we are not members of God's Church for ourselves alone, to get **ourselves** into heaven merely. The Sacrament of Baptism does more than deliver us from original sin — it sets up a contact between God and ourselves, and this it does by drafting us in as members of His Church. By that membership we contract the duty of working towards the salvation of the whole body. Becoming more aware therefore of this system established by Jesus Christ Himself, a desire to enter more fully into His plan for the salvation of the world, a strengthening of faith in the power that is in us from the germ

of Divine Life planted in us at Baptism . . . these are, I think, the basic signs of a vocation.

Every Christian must be by definition an Apostle. The urge to surrender one's life and freedom to become a dedicated Apostle is the sign that one should now examine seriously the possibility of one's having a vocation.

Proceeding from there, a simple self-analysis should clarify the position. Submit yourself to a test something like this, first a negative, then a positive test.

#### TEST

Is there anything in my life which I consider would be against my becoming a priest or a religious? And, here, beware of feelings — so often we do not **feel** like facing a thing, but we **know** it must be done. Feelings, especially in the matter of vocation, are no guide at all . . . many holy priests and religious will tell you they never **felt** that much drawn. Feelings are deceptive, be suspicious of them. Suppose, however, that after this negative test you conclude there is nothing against your going on, this does not necessarily mean that you have a vocation. In Ireland, nearly every good boy and girl thinks, at some stage, of being a priest or a nun. This does not mean that they **should be** . . . what it certainly does mean is that they are good or they would never have even considered it. To want to is **something**, 'tis a lot, but it is not **everything**. There is a good deal of searching to be done yet. And, of course, let us say in passing that the play-acting of children who 'do' the priest or nun has no bearing at all on the matter. Many a poor example of Catholic living as a boy 'said Mass' devoutly in a quilt, and many an altar boy has grown up to betray his early training in sacred duties.

#### POSITIVE TEST

And now to continue the self-examination and pass on to the positive test — it will be more subtle than the negative one. It demands a period of patient prayer and the use of the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist and, of course, daily Mass. The questions would go something like this: Have I an appreciation of the natural virtues, such as justice, temperance, courage, perseverance, truthfulness, etc., and have I already put these into practice in my everyday life . . . or tried to at least?

Since these virtues are the very foundation of all Christian life, it follows that if they are absent it is not possible to be either Christian or Catholic and, needless to say, there is no likelihood of a vocation there.

Have I, over a period even, kept all the Com-



mandments, or tried with courageous perseverance and some measure of success?

Have I a readiness to appreciate all that Jesus and Mary have gone through for me, and a preparedness to do something about it, something to 'make up' to them for it?

Am I instinctively of a generous nature? Am I a giver, a cheerful giver? Am I ready to do more than my share, or do I grouse and compare? Have I a certain toughness in taking the ordinary knocks of life . . . can I take blame for what I did not do . . . have I average common sense . . . a broad mind . . . no scruples . . . a sense of humour . . . a sane attitude towards the opposite sex . . . an absence of strain . . . a reasonable piety . . . an enquiring mind . . . tolerably good health . . . an eagerness to be of help to others . . . an ambition to do something big with my life to honour God . . . to do good for souls . . . to be obedient like His Son?

These are some pointers — by way of example merely — that any prospective candidate to the priesthood or religious life would be wise to take note of.

### CALL BY THE CHURCH

The second constituent of a vocation, the external event, would be the decision by a Bishop that a particular candidate had the qualities required for the priesthood, or by a Religious Superior for those of the religious life. That would be the Church calling, and would be the final seal on a vocation. God calls through His Church, that is through His Bishops and Religious Superiors.

### FAMILY PRAYER

There is of course an element in all vocations that we have not touched on yet — a most powerful element — the prayers of one's own family. I have never met a priest who could not attribute his vocation to the secret prayers of his mother. Very often, too, her prayers are made more powerful by the prayers of her mother before her.

### GREAT HARVEST

His Holiness Pope Paul has in the early days of his Pontificate made clear his need of vocations. Let parents pray, he says, let children think and make sacrifices. The harvest is greater than we suspect, the millions who have not yet heard of Jesus or Mary . . . the labourers are fewer than we realise.



Bride of Christ

If you, dear young reader, think that you could help in this situation, and don't quite know where to start, contact a priest, preferably your parish priest, for he alone is acquainted with your background, or any priest of your choice. A girl may find it easier to discuss her case with a nun friend. Go to them, they will guide you. Go with faith, and God will speak to you through them. And even if it is finally decided that you have not a vocation, God in His goodness will bless your effort to find out. God never leaves unrewarded an act of goodwill. And should you be accepted for a life of dedicated service to God, I congratulate you and I promise you that He will never let you out of His sight. The strength of Jesus Christ will be greater than all your weakness, and Mary will be your Mother to the end.

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"—(Acts. c.9/6.)

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36480



# Emigrants' Welfare Bureau

By JOHN MARRINAN

FROM TIME TO TIME the problem created by emigration from Ireland is given considerable prominence. Much publicity is given to reports of delinquency among the Irish abroad, particularly among the Irish in Britain. The great majority of Irish people in Britain bring to their adopted country qualities of moral integrity and of industry which win them acceptance as worthy citizens of all its major cities. However, their very real worth is often forgotten or ignored, while the misdeeds of the minority give the latter a notoriety far greater than their numbers would warrant.

While the problem of our emigrants is, then, sometimes greatly exaggerated, we must not close our eyes to the fact that a real problem exists. This problem arises in the main from the tragedy of great numbers of young people, boys and girls scarcely out of childhood, who go to England every year. In most cases, they are quite unprepared for the change that is thrust upon them. Very often they reach England without having made any arrangements for either work or accommodation and find themselves helpless and alone in strange surroundings. Obviously, these conditions expose our young emigrants to great unhappiness and danger, and disaster is the result in many cases. This is something with which every Irish Catholic is concerned.

## BUREAU ESTABLISHED

In Limerick, this concern for the welfare of our emigrants expresses itself in tangible form. His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, has always shown a keen interest in his people abroad, and a deep appreciation of their needs. In 1960, he encouraged the establishment of the Limerick Diocesan Emigrant Welfare Bureau.

The primary purpose of the Bureau is to help to secure the spiritual welfare of people who are forced by economic necessity to emigrate. Experience has shown that an emigrant's welfare depends, to a great extent, on his securing suitable employment. The prospective emigrant should have some idea of employment conditions in England. It must be remembered that the Bureau is not an employment agency. It is rather an

advisory service. It is concerned with the welfare of people who are determined to emigrate. Because of this, it must concern itself with emigrant's employment. It can give solid advice as to what type of employment is available to suit the individual's talents and qualifications. Many emigrants fail themselves in this matter. Many well educated young people accept employment beneath that for which they are qualified.

## SERVICES AVAILABLE

Although the Bureau does not actually provide employment, it has contact with the recently established Marian Employment Agency in London. This agency has a network of contacts throughout England. It is sponsored and managed by Catholics and is most reliable. The Emigrant Bureau arranges interviews with, and applications to, this agency.

Hardly less important than the question of employment is the securing of suitable accommodation. Here again the Bureau can give the best advice.

Very many of our young people find themselves friendless and alone in England. There they live in an almost pagan society, amid conditions far removed from those which obtain at home. It is the aim of the Bureau to enable emigrants to avoid these dangerous conditions. Those who desire it can obtain at the office of the Bureau all the necessary information regarding their new surroundings. They can acquaint themselves with the times of Mass and Confessions in the parish where they will live. They will learn the names and addresses of Catholic social centres in their area. They are encouraged to join Catholic organisations and so to help in the work of the Lay Apostolate, while at the same time they provide a buttress for their own faith.

There is another aspect of the Bureau's work which, perhaps, is not so obvious. The office in Limerick has contact with priests and Catholic social workers in many parishes all over England. In this way, the Bureau is able to help people of the diocese who have relatives over there. It may be that a young person has not been writing home;



or a parent may be worried about a son's or daughter's conduct abroad. A young man may be drinking too much, or neglecting his religious duties; a young girl may be contemplating an undesirable marriage. He or she will need some sympathetic, but firm, advice. In these cases, the Bureau makes every effort through its contacts to reach people in need of such help.

### CONFIDENTIAL AND FREE

All the work of the Bureau is confidential, and no fee is charged for services rendered. All applicants to the office at the Crescent can be sure of a sympathetic hearing. The staff at the Bureau gives individual attention to each case and endeavours to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion.

The Emigrant Bureau is now just over four years in existence. It has made considerable progress since 1960, but it is hoped to advance its work still more. Its newest venture is the publication of a monthly newsletter for emigrants, and this is proving very popular.

Of course, the work of the Bureau and its use-

fulness to the people of the diocese depend on the willingness of the people to avail themselves of its services. A great deal more could be done for emigrants of the diocese if they came to the Bureau for help and advice before they left for England. It may be that the Bureau is still too young. It is true, in any case, that very many prospective emigrants do not approach the Bureau before they leave home. The very great potential of this emigrant welfare office will not be fully realised until more and more people come to appreciate the very fine work it is doing.

If, therefore, you are intending to emigrate, or if you have any problem concerning an emigrant, why not write to:

**LIMERICK EMIGRANT WELFARE BUREAU,**

2 Quinlan Street,

The Crescent,

Limerick.



Percussion Band, Senior Infants Class, Scoil Mhaincin, Ballynanty, Limerick.



## AROUND THE PARISHES

# List of Parishes and Clergy

IN REPLY TO a letter in our last issue, we are giving some statistics of each parish, viz., name, clergy, number of churches and primary schools. We appeal to our readers, and especially the clergy, to send in any items of interest about their parish. Photographs will also be welcome.

**ST. JOHN'S:** Very Rev. D. Gallagher, Adm., Revv. M. Sadler, C. Collins, S. Power, J. Ryan. 1 church, 4 schools.

**ST. MICHAEL'S:** Very Rev. T. Lyons, Adm., Revv. E. O'Dea, M. O'Donnell, M. Manning, L. Boyle. 2 churches, 14 schools.

**ST. MARY'S:** Very Rev. P. J. Canon Lee, P.P., Revv. J. O'Beirne, J. Shinnors. 1 church, 3 schools.

**ST. MUNCHIN'S:** Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. Moloney, P.P., V.F., Revv. P. G. Ryan, J. Browne, G. M. Griffin, M. Neville, J. Hudner. 2 churches (St. Munchin's and Our Lady of the Rosary), 4 schools.

**ST. PATRICK'S:** Very Rev. D. Rea, P.P., Rev. M. Kennedy, C.C., Monaleen. 2 churches (St. Patrick's and Monaleen), 4 schools.

**OUR LADY QUEEN OF PEACE:** Very Rev. R. O'Sullivan, P.P., Rev. P. Houlihan. 1 church, 2 schools.

**OUR LADY OF LOURDES:** Very Rev. J. Culhane, P.P., Rev. F. Moriarty. 1 church, 2 schools.

**ABBEYFEALE:** Revv. J. Casey, M. Frawley. 1 church, 9 schools.

**ADARE:** Very Rev. M. O'Grady, P.P., Rev. T. Culhane, D.O. 1 church, 3 schools.

**ARDAGH:** Very Rev. D. Canon O'Brien, P.P., Rev. M. O'Connor. 2 churches (Ardagh and Carrickerry), 4 schools.

**ASKEATON:** Very Rev. J. Carroll, P.P., Rev. D. McCarthy. 2 churches (Askeaton and Ballysteen), 4 schools.

**ATHEA:** Very Rev. C. Moriarty, P.P., Rev. M. Madigan. 1 church, 5 schools.

**ARDPATRICK:** Very Rev. M. McCarthy, P.P. 1 church, 1 school.

**BALLINGARRY:** Very Rev. P. Canon Lyons, P.P.; Rev. J. Fitzgibbon, C.C., Ballingarry; Rev. D. Browne, C.C., Granagh. 2 churches (Ballingarry and Granagh), 3 schools.

**BANOUE:** Very Rev. M. Doody, P.P. 1 church, 1 school.

**BALLYAGRAN:** Very Rev. J. White, P.P.; Rev. T. O'Donnell, C.C., Colmanswell. 2 churches (Ballyagran and Colmanswell), 3 schools.

**BRUFF:** Very Rev. E. Canon Condon, P.P., V.F., Revv. M. Crowley, J. Neville. 3 churches (Bruff, Grange and Meanus), 4 schools.

**BULGADEN:** Very Rev. J. Lyons, P.P.; Rev. P. Howard, C.C., Martinstown. 2 churches (Bulgaden and Martinstown), 2 schools.

**CAPPAGH:** Very Rev. M. Kelly, P.P. 1 church, 1 school.

**COOLCAPPA:** Very Rev. J. Kelly, P.P., Kilcolman; Rev. J. Guiry, C.C., Coolcappa. 2 churches (Kilcolman and Coolcappa), 3 schools.

**CRATLOE:** Very Rev. J. Halpin, P.P. 2 churches (Cratloe and Sixmilebridge), 1 school.

**CROAGH:** Very Rev. J. Kennedy, P.P. 1 church, 1 school.

**CROOM:** Very Rev. J. Brassill, P.P., Rev. J. McCarthy. 1 church, 2 schools.

**DONAGHMORE:** Very Rev. T. Kirby, P.P. 2 churches (Donaghmore and Knockea), 3 schools.

**DROMIN:** Very Rev. J. Leonard, P.P., Rev. A. Elliott. 2 churches (Dromin and Athlacca), 2 schools.



**DROMCOLLOGHER:** Very Rev. H. Canon O'Connor, P.P., Rev. G. Wall. 2 churches (Dromcollogher and Broadford), 2 schools.

**EFFIN:** Very Rev. M. Quinlan, P.P., Rev. R. Murphy. 2 churches (Effin and Garrienderk), 2 schools.

**FEDAMORE:** Very Rev. J. Liston, P.P. 1 church, 3 schools.

**FEENAGH:** Very Rev. J. Bluet, P.P., Kilmeedy; Rev. D. Wall, C.C., Feenagh. 2 churches (Kilmeedy and Feenagh), 4 schools.

**GLENROE:** Very Rev. W. O'Connell, P.P., Rev. R. Costello. 2 churches (Glenroe and Ballyorgan), 3 schools.

**GLIN:** Very Rev. M. Canon Ryan, P.P., Rev. D. Murphy. 1 church, 6 schools.

**KILCORNAN:** Very Rev. D. O'Keeffe, P.P. 1 church, 1 school.

**KILDIMO:** Very Rev. J. Godfrey, P.P.; Rev. J. Irwin, C.C., Pallaskenry. 2 churches (Kildimo and Pallaskenry), 3 schools.

**KILFINANE:** Very Rev. W. J. O'Grady, P.P., Rev. J. Moran. 1 church, 2 schools.

**KILLEEDY:** Very Rev. P. Enright, P.P.; Rev. P. Burke, C.C., Ashford. 2 churches (Killeedy and Ashford), 4 schools.

**KILMALLOCK:** Very Rev. J. Canon Cowper, P.P., V.F., Revv. D. Crowley, E. Houlihan. 2 churches (Kilmallock and Ballingaddy), 2 schools.

**KNOCKADERRY:** Very Rev. T. Costello, P.P., Clouncagh; Rev. J. Sheehy, C.C., Knockaderry. 2 churches (Clouncagh and Knockaderry), 1 school.

**LOUGHILL:** Very Rev. J. O'Byrne, P.P., Ballyhahill; Rev. S. Winters, C.C., Loughill. 2 churches (Loughill and Ballyhahill), 3 schools.

**MAHOONAGH:** Very Rev. M. Canon Quinn, P.P., Castlemahon; Rev. T. Greene, C.C., Feoghanagh. 2 churches (Castlemahon and Feoghanagh), 3 schools.

**MANISTER:** Very Rev. T. Cussen, P.P. 1 church, 1 school.

**MONAGEA:** Very Rev. D. Costello, P.P. 1 church, 1 school.

**MUNGRET:** Very Rev. E. Canon Punch, P.P.; Rev. C. O'Neill, C.C., Crecora; Rev. D. McNamee, C.C., Regional Hospital. 2 churches (Raheen and Crecora), 4 schools.

**NEWCASTLE WEST:** Rt. Rev. Mon. Hannan, P.P., V.G. (Dean), Revv. D. Houlihan, P. O'Dea, L. Kelly. 1 church, 3 schools.

**PARTEEN:** Very Rev. M. Purtill, P.P., Rev. D. Browne. 2 churches (Parteen and Meelick), 3 schools.

**PATRICKSWELL:** Very Rev. W. Creed, P.P.; Rev. J. Burke, C.C., Clarina. 2 churches (Lurriga and Ballybrown), 3 schools.

**RATHKEALE:** Ven. Archdeacon W. J. Carroll, P.P., V.F., Revv. G. Enright, P. Fitzgerald. 1 church, 3 schools.

**ROCKHILL:** Very Rev. E. McCarthy, P.P., Rev. P. Kelly. 2 churches (Rockhill and Bruree), 4 schools.

**SHANAGOLDEN:** Very Rev. F. Canon Rice, P.P., V.F., Foynes; Rev. J. Connors, C.C., Foynes; Rev. P. O'Regan, C.C., Shanagolden. 3 churches (Shanagolden, Foynes, and Robertstown), 5 schools.

**TEMPLEGLANTINE:** Very Rev. M. Minihan, P.P. 1 church, 2 schools.

**TOURNAFULLA:** Very Rev. J. McCarthy, P.P.; Rev. E. Dillane, C.C., Mountcollins. 2 churches (Tournafulla and Mountcollins), 3 schools.

## UNION OF PRAYER



ANNUAL

# Pilgrimage to Knock

SUNDAY, 14th JUNE, 1964

Four Trains, as in previous years, from:

Abbeyfeale, Kilmallock, Limerick, Ardagh/Foynes



# ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

By REV. F. MORIARTY, C.C.

DO WE TAKE the first document from the Bishops of the world at the Second Council of the Vatican as something that deeply touches us? Does the Liturgy Decree have changes that will affect us who pray three Hail Marys to St. Joseph for a happy death, and carefully count the twenty-seven Rosaries we say in that Novena during morning Mass? Surely it is a list of rules and regulations about English in the sacraments, the Gregorian chant for choirs, and ceremonies that concern the priests only?

The Council did not discuss the Liturgy first because it was easy or unimportant. On the contrary, the Pope and the bishops wanted to impress on us that the Liturgy is the outstanding means for us to show in our lives the mystery of Christ and what the Church really is.

What is the mystery of Christ? The Son of God by spilling His blood on the cross, by rising out of His grave, by leaving this world to stay with His Father in heaven, blotted out sin, broke the clasp of death, gave back the love-life of God to mankind and admitted us to the kingdom of His Father. On Pentecost Sunday, the Holy Ghost confirmed the Apostles in their work of teaching these truths to you and me. The Apostles also got for us from the Saviour the means whereby we could make what He did our very own. First in these means are the sacraments.

## CHRIST AND HIS CHRISTIANS

Baptism is that child, your son, her little sister, dying with Christ to original and all sin; it is that child being buried in the waters of rebirth and rising full of the life-line of Jesus Christ, a graceful son of God calling Him, with the rest of us Christians, Our Father. At Mass, we come round the table of the Lord to do this in commemoration of Him. We read the sayings of God and the doings of His Son in the Scriptures. We present our gifts — we offer the Glorified Body of Christ in heaven and on our altar, Christ for all eternity the Victim that Calvary made. We say, 'Our High Priest, Our Mediator and Redeemer, You Who show the five stars of Your Passion — Your pierced side, holed hands and dug feet to Your Father, here and now speak to Him for us.' We give thanks to God for this unspeakable gift, praising His glory through the power of the Holy Ghost. We do these wonderful things. We — you and I, the Christ in you, and the Christ in me,

and the other Christ — the priest on the altar. It is not our personal private prayer, nor is it the priest's particular doing. It is the Son of God in His whole Body, His hands in ours, His lips on ours. Jesus uses our wills to surrender to God, takes our bodies for genuflection and bow, and our voices to make miraculous words. This is the mystery of Christ. When a man baptizes it is Christ Who baptizes. When the Bible stories of God are told, Christ is saying His own story, and when the Church prays and sings it is Christ keeping His promise: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, I am there with them."

## THE LIFE AND SOUL OF DRAMA

You see we are all actors. We say and do things to show our thoughts, feelings and sentiments. Kisses, hand-shakes, tears, songs, cheers and mourning-clothes are our daily life. And Jesus is human enough to keep these things in His own life in His Church. The Liturgy is the stage, the script, the costuming, the dance movements, the mimes, the music and the lyrics in the real-life drama of God the Son praising, thanking and loving His Father. And we are in the cast. We have various, but vital, roles regulated by the Church — star roles, supporting roles, chorus and leads.

We must work to learn everything that concerns our parts in the Liturgy. Unless the actor is familiar with the spirit and the meaning of his part and the whole, he will give a flat, mechanical performance like a dummy or a puppet. The inner soul will not sparkle nor live. Liturgical drama is hardly different.

Here, we the sons of God by faith and baptism, come together to praise in the midst of His Church, to take part in the sacrifice and eat the Lord's supper. Unless we are rehearsed, unless we are inspired with love of Christ, unless we take full part realising what we are doing, we swing empty thuribles, bow vain heads, drone flat hymns, or look vacantly on. It profits us nothing. "These people honour me with their lips but their hearts are far from me." The Liturgy should be the union of the deep love of God pulsing in our hearts and a beautiful light and visible expression of it — living, warm words, music and actions which our Church holds from her Christ to keep Him with us and all men.



★☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

# The Wedding Ceremony

By REV. M. SADLIER, C.C.

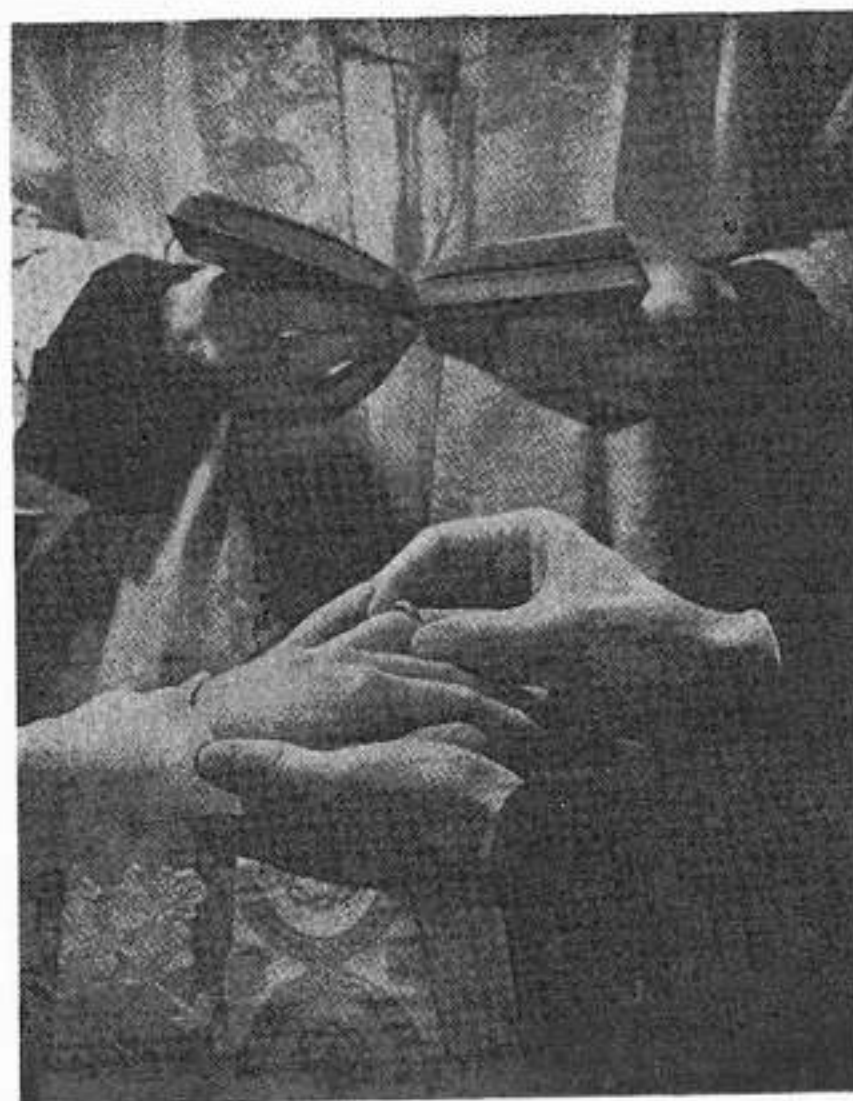
SINCE THE NEW address to the bride and groom and the prayers in English were introduced, wedding guests have begun to talk about the wedding ceremony. This interest was further aroused last Easter when the ceremony began to take place during Mass. We can expect an even greater interest in future years when the liturgical revisions ordered by the Council come out. By then the Mass as well as the ceremony proper will have been considerably changed. Wedding guests and congregation will be joining their voices quite a lot with the priest's to invoke God's blessing on the newly-weds. Meantime, they could familiarise themselves more with the present ceremony and Nuptial Mass.

## THE WORD OF GOD

To follow the Nuptial liturgy intelligently, one needs some living knowledge of the Bible. Sara, Rebecca and Rachel, the wives of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, are held up as models for the bride. The Book of Tobias, with its divinely poetic account of his marriage, is referred to for the benefit of the groom. The Epistle of the Mass introduces the glorious comparison between Christian marriage and Christ's union with his bride the Church. The Gospel disperses the fog of twentieth century laxity about divorce and infidelity with the Bible's ringing proclamation: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

## "I DO"

After the Gospel, the priest addresses the couple saying: "You are come to-day to seal your love for each other before God and in the presence of these witnesses." God alone is great enough to



"With this ring I wed you . . . ."

set the final seal on expressions of eternal love and loyalty. Best man and bridesmaid are there to witness on behalf of the community this most sacred of contracts. The priest is there to give a last reminder about the duties of the married state and to witness on behalf of the Church that the couple freely and willingly consented to adopt it. The eyes of faith alone can witness the extraordinary thing that happens when by saying "I do," the couple confer a sacrament on each other. There and then together they meet Christ Himself in intimate and exclusive contact. From that sacrament — that real if mysterious encounter with the person of Christ — they can draw every help for a happy life together. The more eager and prepared they are for this private audience with Christ, the more will every moment of their marriage benefit from it.

## UNTIL DEATH

The handclasp and the giving of the ring and coin are the first expressions of married love. The priest says: "Now that you are united in holy matrimony, join your right hands and say": — and with hands clasped, the groom first and then the bride repeat after the priest the well-known declaration of fidelity — "I . . . take you . . . as my lawful wife (husband) to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for



richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part." We tend to regard the ceremonial handclasp which accompanies this declaration as a tender gesture of affection. It would appear that its original purpose was to ratify the contract just made, in much the same way as buyer and seller shake hands to clinch a deal. The priest then blesses the newly-weds; addresses the guests and congregation, saying: "I call upon you all here present to be witnesses of this holy union: 'What God has joined together let not man put asunder'"; and sprinkles the couple with holy water.

### THE RING

The priest goes on to bless the ring and give it sacramental power to remind the couple of the eternal bond which holds them together and shuts out everything harmful to their mutual love. The husband takes the blessed ring and says to his wife as she holds her left hand towards him: "With this ring I wed you." Then invoking the Blessed Trinity, he places the ring on her thumb and second and third fingers, saying: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," and fixes it securely on her fourth finger as he says "Amen." He now gives her a silver or gold coin in proof of his willingness to give her joint ownership and control of all his property, saying: "This gold and silver I give you, tokens of all my worldly goods." After some prayers in Latin, the priest prays in English, invokes three blessings on the couple to which the guests and congregation say "Amen," and then returns to the altar to continue the Mass.

### NUPTIAL BLESSING

After the 'Pater noster' and again near the end of Mass, the priest turns to the couple to impart the Nuptial blessing. This is not to be confused with the Papal blessing frequently announced at weddings. Nor are any other blessings of the wedding ceremony to be confused in importance with those moments when the wine is changed into the fountain of life and the husband and wife share the bread of angels as the first food of their marriage feast.

## PLAIN CHANT COURSE

26th — 31st JULY, 1964

ST. MARY'S CONVENT, LIMERICK

## Congratulations . . .

Since our last issue Very Rev. P. Lyons, P.P., Ballingarry,, and Very Rev. M. Quin, Castle-mahon, have been made members of the Cathedral Chapter. We offer them our respectful congratulations.



## The Hawthorn Tree

*The trees outside my window pane  
Are richly clothed in Summer green,  
Their seamstress was the gentle rain,  
And never had silk such shimmering sheen.*

*The green with hawthorn white is decked  
With filigree petals frilled and flecked.  
No maiden ever wore in hair  
A bridal veil, so dainty fair.*

*The branches, by soft breezes stirred  
Are lulled to sleep by song of bird,  
Such notes orchestra never played,  
Nor babe in arms so gently swayed.*

*This white on green will turn to red,  
When Autumn comes again around.  
The leaves will by the trees be shed,  
And brown, will strew the ground.*

*The green, the white, the red, the brown,  
Will pass and come in God's good plan;  
And when our troubles cause a frown,  
Remember man . . . . . thou art but MAN!*

—P. D'ARCY (CAPT.).




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### OUR COVER SHOWS:

Sanctuary of the Chapel in the New Diocesan College.

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# LIMERICK DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

*Under the Patronage of His Lordship, Most Rev. H. Murphy, D.D.  
who will lead the Pilgrimage.*

- ★ **OVERLAND SECTION : 5th — 15th August**  
Five nights in Lourdes; three nights in Paris.  
FARE (all inclusive), ex Limerick ..... 49 Guineas
- ★ **AIR SECTION : 7th — 12th August**  
All seats on direct flights have been booked. Only air to Paris now available.
- ★ **INVALID SECTION :**  
As over 70 have applied for this Section, no more applications can be considered.
- ★ Our thanks to all who helped with the Raffle in aid of the Invalid Fund and to the many individuals and groups who have contributed to this Fund.
- ★ Everyone may become an Associate Member of the Pilgrimage. Associate Leaflets are now available.

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## ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO KNOCK

- ★ His Lordship will lead the Pilgrimage and celebrate Mass at the Shrine.
- ★ The Date is Sunday, 14th June.
- ★ Four trains, as usual. Tickets are available at Railway Station.

All enquiries for above Pilgrimages to :

SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR, 114 O'CONNELL STREET, LIMERICK.



# COGAR I LEÍT

MÁIRTÍN Ó CORRUI

Léamar tamall ó sin go bfuarctas roinnt iarsmaí suimiúla in aice le Caisteán Bun Raite nuair a bíodas as tocailt o'fionn baile den sean-nós Saelaé a cur ar bun. Má fuarctas ní aon ionaó é, mar is fada siar a téann stair an Caisteáin céanna sin, agus is iomaí éad, idir usual agus íseal, a tárla ina timpeallaíocht. Cúin an fírinne a rá is dóca gur beas seancaisteán dá leiteir, nó seanfoctraé ar bit dá n-abrainn é, naé b'faisgí ruadai suimiúla faoin gceir taob leo dá mbeaó, a fíos as duine go cruinn cárbh ann dóib, agus ar ndóig dá mbeaó an t-am agus an t-airgead aige le caiteamh ar a leiteir o'obair. Níor mór dó leis, áfach, ceao a fáil ó Roinn éigin Stáit, mar, fuí ar a tálamh féin, sáróó feirmeoir an ollí dá otosóó sé—gan an ceao sin a beir aige—ag roimar agus ag réabaó o'fionn teadct ar ruo éigin a bí ann ón tseanaimsir.

\* \* \*

An ruo ba luachmáire agus ba suimiúla den cineál sin a fuarctas sa taob seo tíre b'é, gan aon amhras, an cáilís a fionnaó in áro ácaó beagnaó céao bliain ó sin. Acé tángctas ar go leor ruadai eile leis ar fuo an contae agus tá cuio maic oíob le feiceáil so mūs-aem i mBaile Átha Cliath. In easgéitine, mar sompla fuarctas croiseanna agus boinn airgid, agus cáilís ar a raib an dáta 1663. Tángctas ar scan-élog na Mainistreaó com maic agus tá sé anois as na prionsiasaig i Luimneac. I 1834 fuarctas fiobail óir in easgéitine agus timpeall an ama

céanna fuarctas ceann go raib meácan trí únsa ann i gcill iúraó in aice le Pailís Caonraí.

\* \* \*

Tá an-tadairt amac acu i Sasana i mbliana agus breiclé Shakespeare ceitre céao bliain ó sin á comórad acu. Tá ruo beas nó dó ar siúl sa tír seo leis agus an cuspóir céanna acu. Acé dá tábaéctai é an Daro, nó dá méad atá an domhan mór faoi comaoim aige. Is breá le hinsint é naé b'fuil pailí á déanamh inár b'fili féin agaim. Cúis átais dúinn a éloisteáil go b'fuil beartaíte as Conraó na Saeilge leaó a tógáil i gcromaó in onóir filí na Má agus mar buanúimne ortu. Maic an áit a rognais siad—Cromaó an tsuadcais, mar a mbíod Cúirt na héigse as Seán Ó Tuama, Seán Cláraó Mac Domnaill, Ainorias Mac Craic agus roinnt filí eile nár cuill cáil com mór leosan.

\* \* \*

B'fuil an borraó mór a bí ar an orámaíocht aimitéaraó le roinnt blianta anuas tagta go buaic a réime? Nó b'fuil sé, fuí amáin, as dul a léis céana féin? I mbliana bí an scéal céanna le hinsint as a lán de na daoine go mbíonn na féilte áitiúla a reáctáil acu—lagóú mór a beir ar an luét féadainte. Geobad cúiseanna eas-súla a beir mar míniú ar an lagóú sin, agus an ceann is cúisce a smaoinéar uiréi ná an telefís. Ní raib raibse orámaí le feiceáil ar telefís éireann go fóill acé de réir dealraim is as dul i líonmáire

a beir siad. Is mór an cur isteaó a déanfar mar sin ar na léirithe ararclainne, agus beir ar Coistí áitiúla beir ar a mine géire o'fionn an pobal a meallaó écu.

\* \* \*

“Tá a buanna as an nSaeilge mar teanga, acé fiú mura raib, b'fiú fós i a éaomnaó agus a labairt. Má éaicimio uaimh anois i beaó sé com maic dúinn ar saoirse náisiúnta agus ar sainiúlact náisiúnta a éaic-eam uaimh leis agus Sasanaig a tabairt oraimh féin. Éaomnaimis mar sin i, ní ar maic leis an mbeagán airgid nó na poist a beaó le fáil, b'féidir, dá barr, acé mar guró i teanga ar sinsir í.”

—An Dr. Ó Luasaig,  
Easpas Corcaí.

\* \* \*

B'ole an máise dom na nótaí seo a ériocnú gan cloé a éaicneamh ar éarn an Canónais Ó Loingsig. Sagart diaganca, fear ionraic agus Sael oílis; b'sin an teist a bí air as a luét aiteantaig agus b'sin an an teist a bí tuillte aige go maic. I measc naom éireann go raib a leaba.

A city family had been motoring in the country all day Sunday. They had filled all the available space in the car with wild flowers, tree branches, and other spoil. Being uncertain which road to take, they stopped a farmer and enquired: “Should we take this road back to the city?”

“You might as well while your at it,” replied the farmer. “It looks like you have about everything else we've got.”



# CUES AND CURTAINS

By "CHARLE QUIN"

THE FESTIVALS ARE finished. Attendances fell at all of them. Doubts and questions riddle the future of the Regional Finals. It is high time for Harlequin to discard all his favourite old hats and threadbare mantles.

## URBANE RURALISM

Rural groups have improved immensely. Their blazing sincerity, their refreshing enthusiasm, and their childlike willingness to learn, are life and blood of the amateur movement. These gilt-edged qualities should be protected and fostered, because rural drama has a vital function in country areas where it nurtures confidence, co-operation and pride in home place. Too many urban groups are heterogeneous collections of here-and-there players, with a goodly modicum of comfortable talent and experience, no set of their own, and professional direction. Groups will naturally jump on bandwagons. However, a batch of *Letters from the General*, a decade of *Hikers*, and a pack of 'Carrolls' do not fill houses. English adjudicators, in my experience, give worthwhile advice, and their adjudications are honest in length, range and content. Many of their Irish counterparts forget that 50 gns. a week (plus expenses) are substantial wages which must be earned. Fees are not charitable handouts to the blase, and the Seventh Commandment demands justice of professionals, even though they are presently off the boards and near the rocks.

## WILL SHAKESPEARE MAKE A SCENE?

If you jump feet first into a scene from Shakespeare, it is difficult not to make an impressive splash. If you take the rest of the play for granted, you might, of course, drown as well. Those who can play Shakespeare are the only real actors left. The College Players nearly proved it. Juliet is every romantic teenager's dream part. But Juliet is no demure convent-school miss, with the giggles and blushes of a crush (*read the play*). Often proud, fiery and waspish, she has the spite and mind of a woman. Not even Shakespeare could write a convincing love scene for players who couldn't play one. Watching Jane Ormerod and Jim O'Donnell made me guiltier than a 'Peeping Tom' in a cinema balcony. Their calf-love solos were played in and out of moonlight to cover

their blushes. Love is so sacred it should be kept secret. Alas, the theatre is so very much larger than life.

*Richard III* has a highly improbable, and nearly absurd psychological wooing of Ann over the corpse of her murdered husband. Eileen Egan, one of our very best actresses, with spikey consonants and plum vowels, spoke most of the poetry. The keening note she pitched for the opening lamentations stayed like a cloying fog, and inhibited her confusion and turmoil when her seducer fiendishly touched the frail, the feline and the feminine in her. Des O'Malley was only Richard the one-third at the Féile. Later, at Charleville, his acorn performance grew to a fine sapling and pointed the potential of an oak. The physical expressions were all right, as were the drooling twitches and leering grins. I don't think enough work, inner work, was done to inspire terror at this twisted formidable runt of evil. To flame in rage or to coax suggestively in poetry's measure, to weep your heart out and sag in effrontery to iambs, demand fine technique and intelligent artistry. Actor and actress had a commendable lot of both. How Noreen Williams delights to work with costumes, levels, groupings and lights! We like what she does.

## oíðce 'le pádrais

TRÍO IS TRÍO, bí clár oíðce pádrais ar feabhas ar fáil. Is mor an 'oul cun éinn ar na orámaí saeóilge, más iao "An Sugán Sneaéta," á léirúí ag Duíon pádrais, agus "Lá féile mhicil," á léirúí ag Aisteoirí Úréannainn, snát somplaí. Bí léirúicán, aisteoireacht agus feisteas staire luét aisteoirí Úréannainn ear bárr. Úuaidéar an céad uais i Úféile Orámaioéta an Oireáctais, agus tréaslaimíó go mór leo.

## MAKING THE CURTAIN FIT

In the (banned) documentary film, *Women of the World*, a Swedish priestess says mass in a small chapel and distributes communion. I should use capitals M and C, since there were devotion, reverence and faith in the actuality of it. Mr. Schofield has taken this dramatic scene and written an Irish play to fit it, as if dramatic licence extended to the vulgarisation and blaspheming of

Continued page 29







MARY: Me too. Nylons. Two ladders in one day. A rob. BERNIE: We could go and sit. MARY: Like last night, and the night before, and before. BERNIE: Yes, they must have noticed us. MARY: There's always your house and the TV. BERNIE: I'd rather watch it in the pelting rain in a shop-window than watch it at home. John swatting for the Inter. And my mother doing her leather. MARY: Doing her what? BERNIE: Her leather. She's going to night-school, if you please. Leatherwork. And my father does woodwork. He has the house full of legs and bottoms. Of chairs, I mean. MARY: Quick Bernie, who are they? BERNIE: Who? Where? MARY: Oh, they're watching us. Janey, don't look. Up near the Stella. BERNIE: You mean the two fellows with the wheel-barrow. MARY: Yes. BERNIE: They're a dead loss. Legion of Mary. Selling holy books and meetings and some sort of club for boys. They visit sick people too — a bunch of Holy Marys. MARY: They're doing something. BERNIE: Not my idea of something. Where did all the cars come from? Is there a do at Cruises? MARY: Some lecture thing is on. BERNIE: Come on, and we'll go down for the gas of it. MARY: Not me. I got landed at one of them. Stuck in the back row all night and didn't get out till nearly eleven. Some old fogey blathering about hobbies. Fitter for him if 'twas hubbies. BERNIE: Hello Patsy. MARY: What's her hurry? You'd swear 'twas the end of the world. BERNIE: That's what she's afraid of. MARY: Pull the other leg, it's got bells on. BERNIE: No joking. She's afraid Krushed-eggs will drop the bomb. So she joined Civil Defence. She knows all about fire-guards and water hazards. MARY: Sure God said he'd never send a deluge, didn't He? Daft! BERNIE: Will you look at the bush? MARY: Where? BERNIE: On that fellow donw's face. MARY: Oh! He does the plays at the Feile. He's a hamateur hactor. BERNIE: Were you at them? MARY: Give me the pictures anytime. BERNIE: They're useless. MARY: The plays? BERNIE: No, the pictures, silly. MARY: Come on down to Cannocks. The windows are lovely. BERNIE: No. Let's stay here and watch them coming out of the Novena. MARY: Janey, my mother is at it. She's always giving out to me for not going. We'll go up and sit in the lounge at the George and watch them all passing in. See the style. BERNIE: Is there a hop? MARY: The Tennis and Hockey Club dress dance. BERNIE: I thought you were joined last year. MARY: I was, but they wanted to saddle me with secretary? I couldn't be bothered. BERNIE: I know what we'll do! MARY: Surprise me, please do. BERNIE: Let's go up to Kathleen's. MARY: Have you forgotten to-night is Thursday? BERNIE: And what's that got to do with it? MARY: Kathy's rehearsal. She's fourth from the left in the back row of the fairies in "Iolanthe." Four nights a week of

doh-re-me. You'd swear she was Maria Calast or someone. BERNIE: Didn't you used to be in the choir at school? MARY: When I had to (sings):

*I've got nothin' to do*

*An' no place to go*

*Nobody loves me I'm feelin' so low.*

BERNIE: There's your ex. MARY: Where? BERNIE: Down the other side. MARY: He's no ex of mine. Look at the go-heck of him. A Knight of Malta with splints and plaster. He couldn't give you a sup of water if you were thirsty, let alone if you fainted. BERNIE: The burgh is dead. MARY: Only for the buses you'd swear 'twas a graveyard. BERNIE: What'll we do? MARY: There's nothing to do, is there? BERNIE: We could write to *Catholic Life* about it. MARY: You write, so. BERNIE: Yerra, they'd never read it. MARY: Lord bless and save us. BERNIE: What ails you? MARY: Bernie, I'm after getting a frightful bad thought. BERNIE: You are? MARY: Janey, what would we do if we were living out the country.

(Curtain.)



Le gach deagh guidhe,

An t-Athair Padraig.

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### CUES AND CURTAINS—continued

the tremendous mystery of our faith — the Blessed Sacrament.

*House of Three* is written backwards from the final curtain, where a woman deliberately pantomimes the Mass because she rejects all men including, and especially, priests. Why? Her fiancé got a lightning vocation to the Brothers and broke their whirlwind engagement. Who made the match but the stockiest character in Irish drama, the stage parish priest. The drudgery of farmwork and £500 and daisy-roots in the land were strays in the wind. The calculated revenge of the jilted, but insanely sane, woman physically breaks the father — he was water-weak to begin with — and mentally grinds her two sisters. One girl is already half-mad because of an assault she desired, but never suffered, in America. The other is driving herself demented, worrying about everyone else but herself.

The Orchid Players did an excellent job on the play and carried it through the Regional to Athlone's Finals. They put life into clichés and flat lines, and gave creaking situations credibility and conviction. A lot of re-writing in Acts I and III might tighten the play.





SUMMER, 1964.

My dear children,

In my last letter I scolded you for careless entries and loose coupons. Now, I am very glad to be able to tell you that there was a wonderful improvement in the Easter Competition entries. There were NO loose coupons. Letters, dozens of them, were neat and clean and very interesting, and the pictures in both competitions were all worth sending in. I liked very much your selection of "cut out" pictures, and your comments prove that you know a good picture, even if you cannot make one. The original paintings were the best I've ever got in any competition, and I am giving more prizes than I had intended at first. The letters were also the best I have got. I would like to say *Cead Mile Failte* to the boys and girls of St. Anne's School, Rathkeale, who sent several pictures and such lovely letters in the new script writing. They get a special "Class Prize." I hope to get many more entries from them in future. The prize for the best letter goes to Bernadette Fitzgerald.

I hope you will like the picture which I am giving you to paint — Peter and Pauline picking flowers. As well as colouring the picture, I want you to put in some more flowers. Remember to make the nearer ones bigger than the ones further away. Do not, however, put in too many or your picture will be spoilt. When colouring the picture remember to paint every bit of it.

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

Now, I hope when your holidays come you will have a great time. During that time don't forget your morning and night prayers, your Angelus, and your grace before and after meals. You will, then, be happier and enjoy your holidays more. Please say one for

Your loving,

AUNTIE BRIGID.



THE

## MURPHY TWINS

ONE FINE MORNING in Spring Mr. Murphy called Peter and Pauline out into the little kitchen-garden beside the house. "Come here," he called, "it's Saturday and you've got nothing to do all day." The twins were not too happy at this, as it looked as if they were going to get some work to do. However, when Daddy explained to them that he was going to give them a plot of ground all to themselves, in which they could plant anything they liked, they were delighted. The ground was already prepared, so their first job was to decide what they wanted to plant. At first, Peter wanted to plant potatoes and turnips and parsnips just like the big garden, but Pauline said that was foolish as there were plenty of those there anyway and it would have to be a flower garden. In the end, Pauline had her way and soon she and Peter were busy laying out their little plot in beds. Mary was going to town to get messages for Mammy so Daddy gave her money to get flower-seeds as well, and Mammy told her what kinds to get. All day long the twins worked busily in their little plot and Mammy said she never had so much peace, as normally the twins were never out of mischief. By evening the seeds were all sown and Peter

Continued on opposite page



## MURPHY TWINS—contd.

and Pauline went to bed tired out but happy that night. Every day after that, even before they went to school in the morning, the twins made numerous trips to the garden . . . watching and waiting for the seeds to come up. At last one morning Pauline saw a tiny green shoot above the ground and every day there were more of them until one morning Pauline ran back crying to Peter — something was eating their plants — as there were holes in some of the leaves and a few had disappeared altogether. Mammy soon solved the mystery, pointing to a huge 'seilimide' she said: "There's the thief." However, she gave Mary a note for the shopkeeper and that evening she brought home something to kill the slugs, and soon the twins were happy again. I can't tell you yet if all the flowers grew or if Peter's or Pauline's side was the best, as they are not yet in bloom, but Mary wrote a lovely poem about the garden, so I'm writing it down for you:—

I have a garden close to the wall  
Snapdragons grow there and  
hollyhocks tall,  
Delphiniums blue and marigolds  
gay  
To the soft gentle breezes gambol  
and sway.

Sometimes when nobody comes  
there at all,  
I creep up quite close by the side  
of the wall.  
And would you believe it, they  
chatter and sing,  
They blow through their bugles,  
their merry bells ring.

I peep from my corner and on  
each blossom glad  
Is a gay little fairy in bright  
petals clad;  
But if they should see me, they  
vanish away  
And never come back for the rest  
of the day.

# Results: Easter Competitions

**Competition No. 1.**—5/- each to: 1, Stephanie Harris, 139 Hyde Road, Limerick; 2, G. Ni Eich-teighern, Scoil an Leinbh Naofa, Limerick; 3, Elizabeth Murphy, M. & L. Bank House, Rathkeale; 4, Marion O'Mara, St. John's School, Limerick; 5, Elizabeth O'Donovan, 88 Shanabooly Rd., Limerick.

**Competition No. 2:** 1, Jimmy Lyons, St. Mary's Boys' School, Limerick ("Going to Mass"); 2, Margaret Fitzgerald, Abbeylands, Rathkeale ("Diocesan College Mite Box"); 3, Mary Fitzgerald, St. John's School, Limerick ("Picking Stones"); 4, Maura Roche, Castlematrix, Rathkeale ("Teddy Bear and Doll"); 5, Geraldine Mulcahy, Riddlestown, Rathkeale ("Saint Patrick"); 6, Gerard McNamara, St. Anne's School, Rathkeale ("Cemetery at Night").

**Best Letter:** Bernadette Fitzgerald, St. Paul's, Kilfinane.

**Crossword:** 1, Miss Julie Keating, Laurel Hill Cottage, Limerick; 2, Michael Fennell, Ballyguilteneane, Glin; 3, Donald E. O'Byrne, 3 Keane St., Killalee.

**Crossword. Across:** 1, Feed; 4, Aria; 7, Trade; 9, Escapades; 12, T.W.; 13, S.E.; 14, Ignites; 15, S.S.; 16, A.O.; 18, Choirboys; 22, Spell; 23, Robe; 24, Edna.

**Down:** 1, Fret; 2, Etc.; 3, Drainpipe; 4, Adaptable; 5, Red; 6, Apse; 8, Ap.; 10, Swish; 11, Essay; 15, Scar; 17, Ossa; 19, O.S.B.; 20, R.E.; 21, Old.

The following schools sent in lovely paintings: Kilfinane, St. John's Girls, Scoil an Leinbh Naofa, Scoil Mhaincin (Girls), Scoil Mhathair De, St. Anne's, Rathkeale.

I'd like to thank all who wrote to me, among them: Patricia Eaton, Peggy Flanagan, Anna Barrett, Angela Keegan, Marian Real, Betty McDonagh, Geraldine Molony, Marie Ryan, Teresa Benn, Helen Baggott, Claire Hanley, Kath. Leonard, Mary O'Callaghan, Mary Fitzgerald, Claire Galvin, Joan O'Dwyer, Mary Hosford, Mairead O'Donoghue, Helen Martin, Kath. O'Riordan, Dervilla Sheedy, Bernadette Fitzgerald, Margaret Fitzgerald, Mary Costello, Helen Reidy, Marina White, Irma Wall, Geraldine Mulcahy, Eilis Vaughan, Kitty O'Sullivan, Maura Roche, Kath. Jones, Mary Meehan, Jacqueline Mooney, Christina Enright, Patricia O'Grady.

\* \* \*

## EOLAS

Ói an seanfear as obair na  
sarraí,  
as staead na bpailí is an  
féir;  
Ói an leanó ma súi ar an  
mballa,  
as faire na hoibre go léir.

"Imis dom, le do éoil," arís  
an leanó—

"Dá mbeinnse as obair mar  
tú.

Cén éadó a aicneoinn na pailí  
tar lús ar bié eile ansíú?"

"Ní beadó ort le déanamh," ar  
seisean,

"Ac an sarraí a glanaó go  
lom;

agus don ruo a pásraó o'éis  
tamail

is cinnte gur pailé beadó ann."

—m. Ó CORRBUÍ.



# Your Summer Painting Competition



(1) Sinnsir (ós cionn 10 mblián).

Duaiseanna:— 1: 10/- 2: 7/6; 3: 5/- 4: 5/-

(2) Sóisir (fé bun 10 mblián)

Duaiseanna:— 1: 10/- 2: 7/6; 3: 5/- 4: 5/-

Rialaca (1) Daicis an pictiúir. (2) Líon isteach an Cupón.

(3) ná gearr an cupón de'n leathanaic

Líon an cupón agus seol é:

OUR CATHOLIC LIFE  
PAINTING COMPETITION  
ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERY  
LIMERICK.



## HIGH TENSION

Grandpa was having his after-lunch sleep in the armchair, and emitting sounds that might easily have come from a cross-cut saw. As father entered the room, he saw little Billy twisting one of grandpa's waistcoat buttons.

"What are you doing?" he whispered. "You mustn't disturb grandpa, Billy."

"I'm not disturbing him, daddy," explained the child. "I was just trying to tune him on to another station."

Name .....

Address .....

Age .....

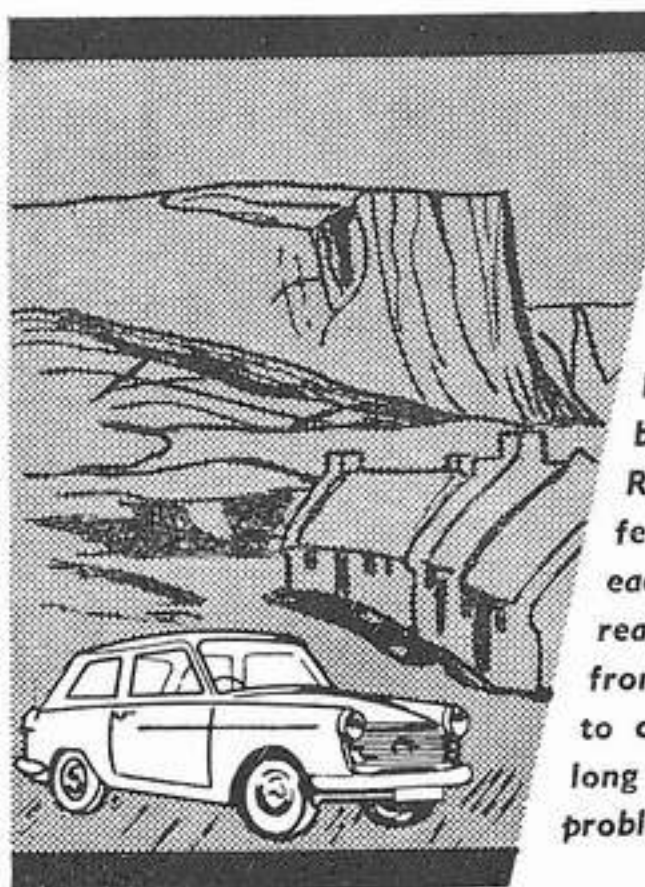
Signed .....

(Parent, Teacher)

Bíodh iarraicteá istig roimh 30ad iúl, 1964

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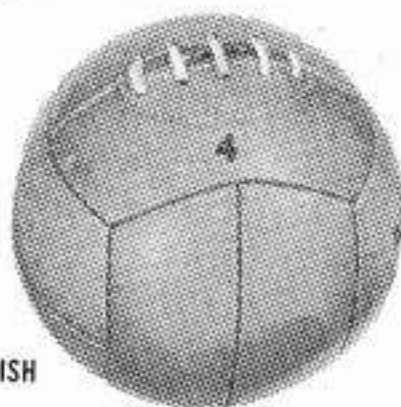


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