

1905



1906

# All Hallows Annual



O Island of sorrow ! O holy Isle  
Of tenderest memories !  
Let caitiffs wait upon Fortune's smile,  
But thy sons and daughters in lone exile,  
And scattered 'mid all the seas,  
Shall cling to thee, love thee, revere thee, while  
There's a song in the Irish trees.

REV. M. J. O'REILLY, C.M.

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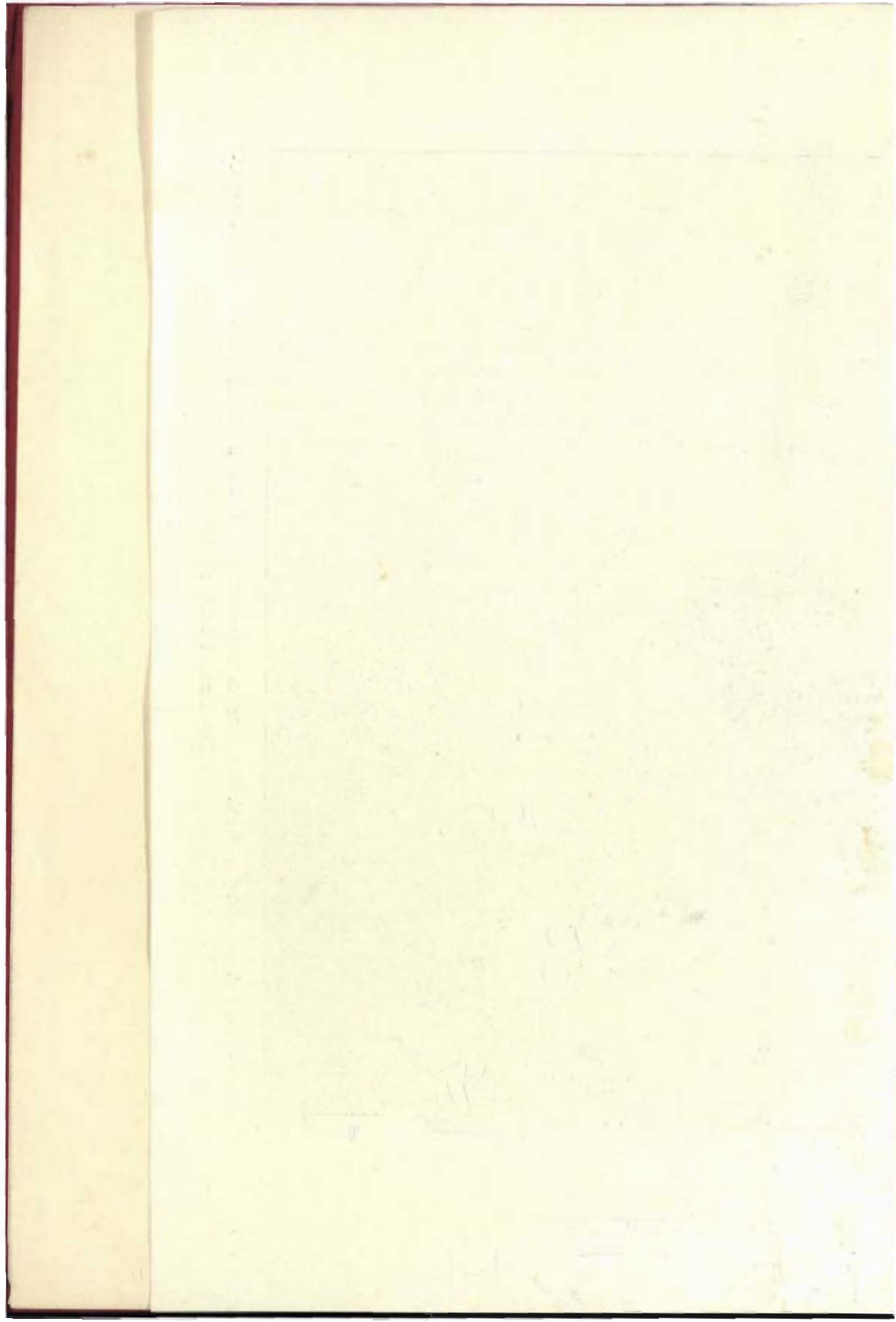


Standing:—Fathers C. Conlon, P. Walsh, J. Rowan, C. McSherry, J. Gilroy, J. Traynor, J. Lyons, W. Armstrong, J. Molloy, T. Molyneux, G. Walsh, T. Vaughan, B. McGilliar, P. Casey, T. Monaghan, J. Kennedy, P. Killeen, M. O'Hanlon.



Sitting:—Fathers W. Irwin, W. Kennedy, M. Leen, T. Lynch, E. Owens, J. O'Grady, D. Cullinane, M. Finan, J. Finnegan, D. Murphy.

**The Young Priests of 1905.**





## Imcheacht ár Sazair n-Ósa.



"Imcheacht is  
múiniú na  
genti go  
léir."

**h**uair bí ár n-Úrghairna air oí an raogal  
ro n-ághail agus dul ruar air neamh, do  
éruinniú Sé na h-Árpoil in a timcheall  
ir labhairt Sé leo go rollamanta agus ir e a vudhairt  
Sé leo:—"Imcheacht agus múiniú na genti go léir."  
Ir iongantach an aithne reo a tús Sé voib, óir ní  
raib ionnta áit iadghairne bocta nó daoine mar rin ir  
bí ríao ro-thairbta mar daoine eile. Áit éir leir na  
foclaib eile a labhairt Sé leo ra n-am ceunna:—"Do tugad  
uomra gac comhact air neamh agus ar talam agus feud  
cáim in buir bfochair tair na laeteanta go léir go oí  
chíochnugad an t-raogail." Se rin a rá:—"Ir móir agus  
chruaí go veimín an aithne reo a tabhairm daoib; áit na  
bíod eagla oirib, óir beir Míre in buir bfochair go ríor-  
Míre atá uile-comhactach.

Tornuig na h-Árpoil go viread ar an aithne rin a  
cóimlionaí le na linn féin. Com luad agus táinig an  
Spiorad Naomh oirib, do gluaireadar in gac áit agus  
o'foghairadar an Soirceal go calma agus go vána, agus  
do tús an éirir ir mó aca ríadnuir do le n-a bfuil féin.  
Tá ríao ag a cóimlionaí fóir ir beir ríao ag a cóim-  
lionaí go brait. Óir gíó go bfuair ríao báir, maireann  
ríao fóir in Eairbuigib agus ríagairtib na h-Eaglaire.  
Agus ir móir, áir agus naomha an oirib do vuirne—do



beir pannpáirteac leir na h-Árpoilib agus mar rin le  
 Criorc féin in obair beannuighe reo; vo beir as cnaob-  
 rcaoilead an t-Soircéil trío an n-uomáin; vo beir as  
 múinead agus a' glanad an uomáin; vo beir as riarad  
 iúintiaíria Dé; vo beir in a n-igtheactaire Dé agus in a  
 flanuigheoir na n-uaoine.

Tá riar na Éireann brónac go leor,  
 aspoil éireannaí aet mar rin féin, tá sí lán de rólár  
 uúinn. Ní aínáin go raib a clanna uúir  
 von cheirdeán a eus naom páirteac uóib aet vo bí a  
 maca togeta cum an cheirdeán rin a bheir go tíor-  
 taib eile. Iy féirir linn a ráo i n-aob ragaic n-Éire-  
 annac a dubairt Dáibio i n-aob na n-Árpol féin: "Vo  
 éuair a n-geit go gac tír agus a bpoela go uí crioce an  
 uomáin. Bheir móir iy míle bliadain ó foin, vo gluar-  
 eadar in a fliuagtib in gac tír na h-Éirpa agus vo  
 múineadar an cheirdeán iy vo éirdeadar teampuil iy  
 mainirtreaca ar bun pé áit a éuadar ann. Tá a rianta ar  
 fud na h-Éirpa go uí inuú agus beir ríad ann go  
 brát. Go veimín, com ríad ar beir uaoine ar an n-aolam,  
 beir cuimne uúir agus meir móir ar na n-áinmeacair  
 naomta ro, Colomille, Colmán, Gall agus a lán nac  
 iao. Tuille rór, táinig móir-fliuag macleirginn ó tíortair  
 eile le beir múinte i rcoileannair clumara vo bí in  
 Éirinn i laetib rin, agus ar uul ábair uóibre, vo bí ríad  
 in a n-Árpoilib u' a gcoiméirteacair féin agus i gcaoi  
 reo leir, vo bí an rólur leatnuighe as ár ragaicib  
 Éireannaí.

aspoil an  
 coláiste  
 seo buirdeacair móir le Dia, gíó go raib  
 Éire buirdeairte rcoirte go minic iy go  
 h-uatbárac ó foin, níl an rriopad árpolac  
 marib ann rór. Tá ré beo agus láirir. Ní labair-  
 rad annro aet ar obair ár gColáirte ionmuin féin. Vo

éuireadó re ar bun trí ir trí ficeádo bliadóna ó foim u-aon  
 gnó amáin cun ragaite u-ullmugaó le h-aḡaio tioréac  
 iaracta. Mar ir oiréamnac, tá na focla Críort a luad  
 mé ar uáir, reiríobta i gclóic ór ceann a uoir. Ó  
 éuireadó ré ar bun, u-iméig cuairim le cúig céad aḡur  
 míle ragaite trío an nooir rin. Éuadai go ḡac poimnt  
 móir an uómain; móirán aca go h-Améice; móirán aca go  
 h-Árpaile; cuio aca go Sapaná ir go h-Albain; cuio  
 aca go h-Árpaic; níor mó ná ceann aca go h-Áiríá. Níl  
 a fíor aḡ éinneac aét aḡ Oia amáin ar an uimhir anmann  
 a rábáile na ragaite reo; aḡur ar an méio róláir a  
 éuadai i mbeacá aḡur i mbár vo na uoiríobta Éirean-  
 nacá bocta a caráó oirpa i uéiríobtaí rin.

bfeioir go nveairíobta náir ḡcuaió na ragaite reo  
 aét cum a ḡcóméiríobtaí réin. Bioú an rḡeul mar rin.  
 Aét mar rin réin, uḡáḡadai a uáir, a n-aíreacá a maíe-  
 reaca, a muintir aḡur a ḡcáiríobta aḡur, mar Abrahám,  
 éuadai go tír a tairbáin an Tíreapna uóib. Ar fíur  
 e rin? Ní maib ré fíur vo'n náuúir, óir ba móir go  
 veairíobta an ḡráó vo bí aca ar a uḡáḡadai. Aét bí ḡráó  
 níor mó aca ar a n'Oia ir a Slánuigíteoir; aḡur dá bríḡ  
 rin nuair uobairt Críort leo "iméigíob" u'iméigeadai.  
 "Feuc, a Tíreapna," vo bfeioir leo a maib, "uḡáḡamair  
 ar vo fíonra ḡac níó go bfuil ḡráó aḡainn air, aḡur  
 leanamair Tu."

Aét níl an rḡeul mar rin ar raó. Vo éuadai cum  
 na noaíne iaracta mar a ḡceuróna. Óir, bioú a éuimne  
 aḡainn go bfuil noaíne in a ḡcomnuiríobta i uéiríobtaí rin ó  
 ḡac poimnt an uómain. Mar ir eol uúinn ón na líreac-  
 caib a éuireadai cuḡainn, ir íomóá Sapanac, Sionac aḡur  
 uúine uob u'íompuiḡ ár ragaite cun cpeiríobta Críort  
 Ní Labraim an méio reo le bríó uóimaoín aét le h-uimlaét  
 ir uóimne, óir ir go maíe acá a fíor aḡainn ḡur Oia amáin



a għaliq oħra, f'ur Eijren aħmāin a naom iaw aḡur a beannuig a n-obair. "I' Mire" a vubairt Crijort "a toḡ rib ionnur ḡo n-imteocaḡ rib aḡur ḡo mbeurfaḡ rib toraḡ aḡur ḡo mbeaḡ bui vtoriaḡ buan." Ar an aḡḡar rin, "nī vūinn, a Ṭiḡearna, nī vūinn, aet v-ainm fēin taḡairi ḡlōipe."

Tā mōri cuo ve na faḡairtiḡ vīlre feo marb anoir, a ḡcuo oibre veanta aca. Beannact Oé le n-a n-anman-naib. ḡo laiaḡ folur na bḡlaitear oħra. Taḡairi vōib, a Ṭiḡearna, an ḡorōin ḡlōipe, an luac céavaḡ a ḡeall tu vo na h-ārpoilīb aḡur v'a ḡcoraḡlaib.

ḡo paib ēipe feunḡar, comactaḡ aḡur ḡlōrḡar i me-aḡḡ na nāiriún ari. Sin e i' mīan le ḡac ēipeannaḡ. Aet i' ḡn āri cporōtib amac a ḡuivimio:—ḡo paib fe i noān vī, nī aħmāin a clanna vo beit vīlī vo'n cpeveaḡ aet pāirt mōri vo beit aḡ a maḡaib ḡo bḡaḡ, le Crijort aḡur lei' na h-ārpoilīb aḡ mūneaḡ i' aḡ fābāil an voḡain. ḡo neartuig aḡur ḡo méuvuig Oia an rpioraḡ arpolac in āri me-aḡḡ, i vḡreo ḡo mbeaḡ rin uḡlaḡ a vūl ḡo pé aet an voḡain a te-aḡbeānfaḡ Seirean vūinn.

Tabraimio anḡo pioctūiri āri faḡart  
 ān n-aspoil n-ōḡa n-ōḡa a h-imtiḡ uāinn an bliaḡain feo aḡur  
 anuiaḡ. Mar i' lei' ar a bḡuil mé v'ēi' a pāḡ, nī ionḡantaḡ ḡo ḡcuipimio iaw in āri mbliaḡ naḡail aḡur in a pḡiomleatanaḡ. Oiri i' toraḡ āri ḡColāirte iaw; i' āri a ron biomaḡ aḡ oibruḡaḡ ari feaḡ fē no feaḡ mbliaḡan aḡur baḡ e āri nḡlōipe i' āri fōlār i' mō ar an vḡalaḡ fo beit aḡ oibruḡaḡ āri a ronḡa; i' āri a ron biomaḡ a' ḡuibe i pīt na mbliaḡan rin aḡur beimio a' ḡuibe com faḡa aḡur beimio beo; i' āri ḡclanna rpioraḡaḡta iaw; i' linne iaw, mar aca fiaḡ. Ta fiaḡ imtiḡḡe uāinn anoir aḡur faipḡe cḡio an noḡain, aet leanann āri ḡcporōie iaw.



5UIOIOORRA      Iy cóirí vo 5ac Éipeannac a' 5uiré ar  
 ron na 5a5aite ro a5ur ar ron ár 5a5aite  
 5o léir, óir iy 5aigóiríúde a5ur arpoil Críort  
 iao; iy iao an ca5aitear iy luacáiríe a h-orrá-  
 lann Éipe boct vo'n Slánuigíteoir; iy iao an cuir a  
 cuiréann rí cum ca5a ar ron an crieoirí; iy iao na  
 tmeáuiríe beannuigíte a cuiréann rí cum na nveoiríe  
 nÉipeannac le h-iao a cumúac a5ur le h-iao a bpeit a  
 baile leo 5o 5laitear. 5o veimín, ta a mbeata vo cum  
 5lóiríe Dé a5ur onóira na h-Éipeann.

beannaect  
 leo      Vo bí na 5a5aite reo le céile 5o minic,  
 i reomraib na múinte, iní an tSeipeal, a5  
 upnaigíteib, a5 Aifpeann, a5 beannaect na  
 Sacramainte naomta. Vo bí riao le céile an lá  
 5ollamanta rin nuair éuiteadair ar a n-a5aíú of  
 cómair an Altóira a5ur veinead 5a5aite víob. Ca5ain  
 bead riao le céile arí? 5o veimín iy 5o veapbta ní 5o  
 vti la bpeiteamnaí nuair beirí rínn 5o léir le céile.  
 5o vti an lá rin, a 5a5aite óga vílre, mile beannaect  
 lib 5o léir—beannaect Dé, a5ur múiríe a5ur páoraiú.—  
 beannaect Naom na h-Éipeann a5ur na Naom 5o léir. 5o  
 raib íora Críort i 5comnuiríe in buí bpoairí, a5 buí  
 vtreopu5ad, a5 buí 5cumúac, a5 buí naomad, a5 buí  
 5ábáil a5ur 5o raib na beannaect ro 5o léir le 5ac  
 uile 5a5aite a h-iméirí ón 5Coláirte reo cum 5oircéil a  
 múinead a5ur cum 5lóiríe Dé a leactnu5ad.

míceál ó fear5aíl.





## Mr. Bedford.

THE day after he died a short memoir of his life appeared in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. It was little more than a biographical sketch, briefly detailing in chronological order the chief facts of his career considered likely to be of interest to the readers of that Dublin daily. The readers of ALL HALLOWS ANNUAL have, I think, for many reasons, a right to expect something more ; not only a special memoir, but one much more detailed than would or indeed should be inserted in a daily journal appearing in the place where he died. Although at the time of his death, he had reached the age at which a man who arrives, generally speaking, has lost his life's friends and most even of his personal acquaintances, there are still very many for whom Mr. Bedford's personality remains a living memory : many in these countries and many abroad, wherever the students of All Hallows have gone—and that is wherever the English language is spoken. Moreover, while for well-nigh half a century actively engaged in the work of his College, he was during a great part of that time a prominent figure in Catholic literary, scientific, and social circles ; besides in a variety of ways helping the cause of Catholic education and taking an active part in other Catholic works. Then, from a purely social point of view, his was a very exceptional case, uniting, as it did, the character of an exemplary member of a religious community with that of a professed layman in out-door dress



and general appearance. A detailed notice of his life and work ought accordingly prove interesting even to others than those who came within the sphere of his personal acquaintance.

#### I.—HIS EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Bedford was born of English Protestant parents in the City of London, on the 1st of October, in the year 1816, or, as he liked to put it, the year after the battle of Waterloo. He used to speak of his father as a man of sound common sense, of great business capacity, and good humoured character, with rather broad views for his place and time in regard to religion. His mother he spoke of as a person of deep religious feeling, patient and loving, and, he seemed especially well pleased to remember, a woman of a bright, happy nature. He, her youngest son, was, it would appear, her favourite child. To the end of his life he retained a grateful recollection of her teaching and a tender affection for her memory. Probably she fostered, if indeed she did not at first suggest, the idea of his giving his life to the cause of religion, as he intended to do so long before he left school. Before he himself considered that he was growing old, pleasant recollections of when he "was a boy at home" began to assert their vitality, needing little provocation to come out in some amusing form. Thus, in "Now and Then: Reverie in a Railway Carriage," contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, in 1880, he writes *apropos* of the train's stopping and the station's name being called out:—

"'So here we are in Yorkshire'—I murmur to myself . . . And then my thoughts wander back to a far-distant day, when a boy at home, I welcomed with the rest a country cousin, a cousin from Yorkshire. How we boys all speculated upon what kind a being it would be; what it would do, and how it would talk; and when the cousin came we were not at all disappointed, for she seemed quite a foreigner in our eyes, had quaint manners, used strange phrases, and indeed almost seemed to speak an unknown tongue."

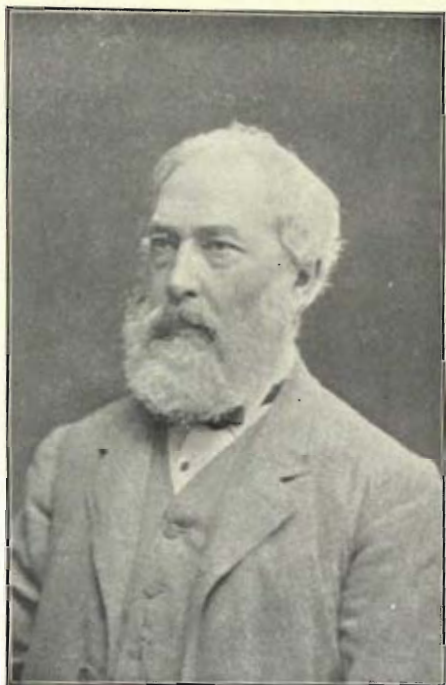


Souvenirs of the boarding school where he passed at least the latter part of his school days, though occasionally amusing to relate, were not on the whole pleasant. But the thought of his University—"the University"—"old Cambridge"—that was truly as the memory of *Alma Mater* for him to the end of his days. The least reference to it, or anything connected with it, would brighten him up. The very thought of the place seemed to make him feel young again. In "Now and Then"—written more than forty years after—his reflections on the dismal conditions of travelling in those days become humorous as made in connection with the thought of going to Cambridge. By way of contrast with the comfort and speed of a modern railway journey, he says :—

"I call to mind the days when I went up to Cambridge, now some—no matter how many, some years ago. How we gloried in the dashing coachman, some crack whip, or still better, Joe Walton himself, the fine team, the smart coach ; how we spun along, and how we did the whole distance in next to no time, as we used to brag. Perhaps it was the 'Star'—the 'Falling Star' as rivals called it from a trick it had of at times going over—certainly it was not the 'Wisbeach Heavy,' which only passed through Cambridge, and went to some unknown region in the Fens. Bright and inspiring we pretended it to be ; but how terribly cold it was on the outside, and how tortuously cramped in the inside !"

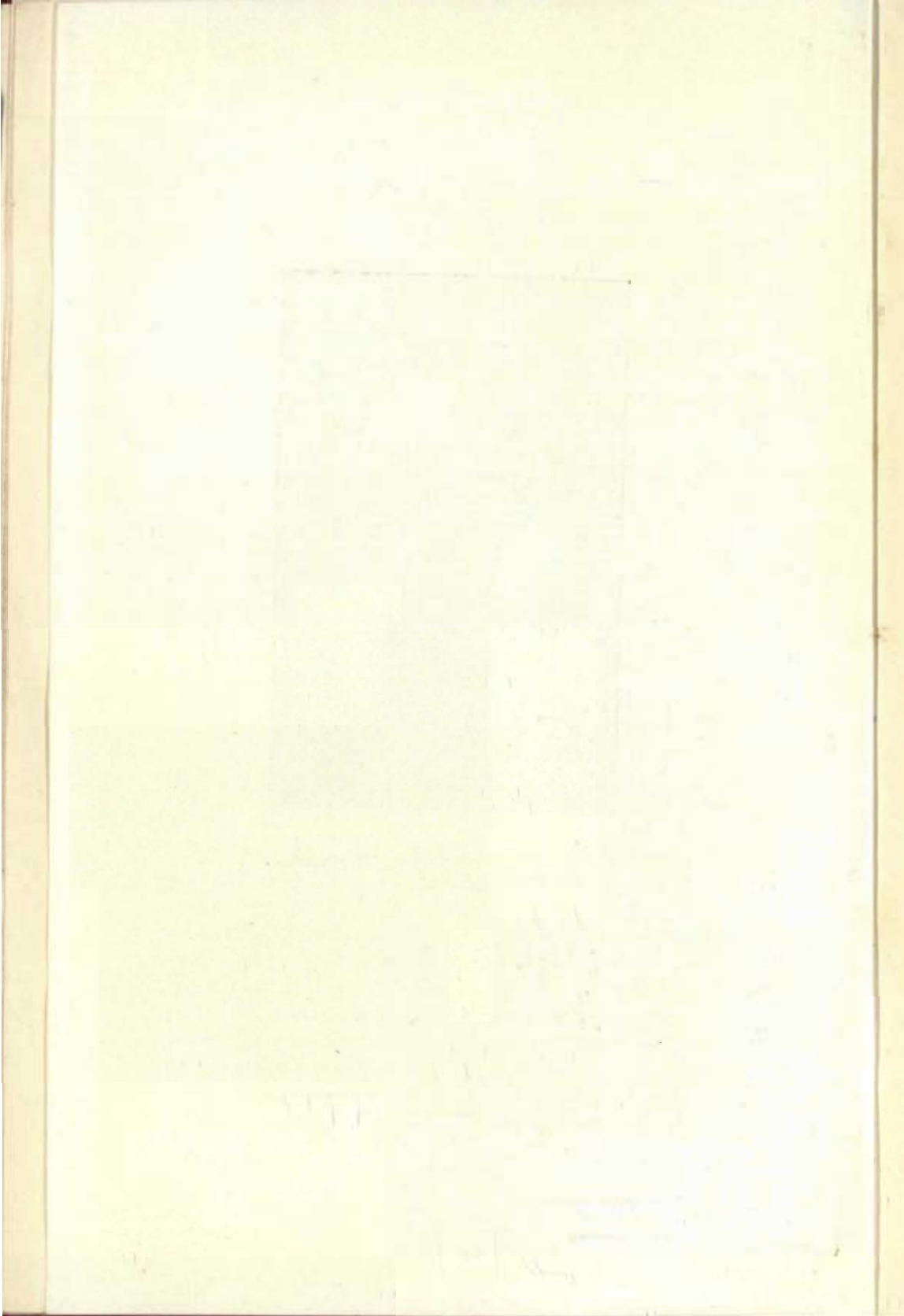
Yet the thought of it all was only as of fun for being associated with that of going—from London, observe, *up to* Cambridge. With the settled intention of being a clergyman in the Church of England, to which his family belonged, he went "up to Cambridge," in 1835. There he formed some of the most lasting friendships of his life, and, after an exceptionally distinguished course, took the degree of M.A.

Having taken Orders and served for a time as curate in the diocese of London, he received charge of a church in that city, where he soon became noted as one of the most pleasing writers and effective preachers of the High Church Party,



Henry Bedford.

Aug. 1879  
Hannover.





which was then the active party in the Church of England. His political principles were also, it would seem, rather high at the time, as he was once officially complimented by the Court for an eloquent sermon preached on the occasion of the death of Queen Caroline. Other eloquent sermons in the very advanced High Church direction of the day brought him the reverse of compliments in many quarters, and brought out his unquestionably remarkable power of repartee. Of all that time, including the active part he took in the Tractarian movement, indeed, generally speaking, of his work as an Anglican clergyman he rarely spoke, and when he did, only with great reserve. Towards the end of his life he became somewhat more communicative touching these years of his Anglican ministry. But he always spoke with much respect for the different phases of the work it entailed, as well as for those who, directly or indirectly, were associated with him in it.

## II.—HIS CONVERSION.

His account of his conversion was very simple. He had preached what was considered an advanced "Puseyite" sermon, and as such came to be much talked about. Upon which he was summoned by the Bishop of London to give his own version of the matter, with the result that he was ordered to give no further public expression to such views as long as he held the position he then did in the diocese. Much perplexed, as those views were the result of long reading and reflection and known to be held by some of the most eminent Anglican Churchmen of the day, he went to seek counsel from his old friend "Oakely"—as, University fashion, he always called him. This was the subsequently celebrated genial Canon Oakely, of Bayswater. From him, he said, "I expected much sympathy as well as good counsel. He simply told me that, as he had become a Catholic, he did not consider he was a proper person to give one in my position

the kind of advice I desired. Soon after I was a Catholic myself." In the *Tablet*, then published in Dublin (1852), his name is second in the list of "Converts to Catholicism for the year 1851." First comes Rev. S. Barff, B.A., of Holy Trinity Church, Hull; then Rev. Henry Bedford, M.A., of Christ Church, Hoxton; then follow thirty-three names of "clerical," and fifty] of distinguished "lay" converts for that year. Among the former I recognise the names of several who became subsequently distinguished; some as lay professors and writers; some as eminent ecclesiastics: among these, Rev. H. E. Manning, M.A., Archdeacon of Chichester. In the list of distinguished "lay" converts, with the names of English lords and noble ladies, professional, literary, and military gentlemen, "religious ladies" and "others" here and there throughout England, I find the names of Sir Vere de Vere, Bart., of Curragh Chase, Limerick, Lady de Vere, and Aubrey de Vere, Esq.—the latter a name afterwards often found in Irish Catholic newspaper lists along with Henry Bedford, M.A.

### III.—COMES TO ALL HALLOWS.

After his conversion he was at first quite unsettled as to his future career, even as to immediate occupation. He was most anxious to give his life directly and entirely to the service of the Church he had entered, all the more that he had never married. Owing to a natural defect in his right hand, he could not be ordained Priest. Cardinal Wiseman, it appears, was willing to ordain him Deacon. But, all things considered, he thought it better to decline the offer, and never received any Catholic Orders. After a short time, as a temporary arrangement, he went to live with his friend Oakely, who was now in charge of the Bayswater Mission and was] able to find him much useful occupation in connection with the church choir, schools, and other details of missionary work. While so engaged he became acquainted with Dr. Moriarty (subsequently Bishop



of Kerry), and at the time President of All Hallows College. At Dr. Moriarty's invitation he came to Ireland in 1852, on a visit to the College, and there remained as one of its young community of Directors. Remaining there in that capacity, he was from the first distinctly given to understand, meant, from a worldly point of view, a life of wholly unremunerative labour, with no chance of any form of social advancement; with even no security for life's future maintenance, as the institution at that time was in a very precarious condition, and, unlike its other members, he had not even the social security of Holy Orders. But, from the first, he used to say he felt his life's work lay there. And there, as it proved, he lived out his long life of active effective work as Professor of Natural Science, Treasurer, and one of the College Directors.

Through the house and grounds he wore our College costume, and at his place in the chapel, our choir dress; but without the clerical collar. Outside he dressed quite as a lay man, and, to the end, it was noticed, always with neatness, and even with taste and care. Besides what might on this head be put to the account of his early life and training, he had a natural taste for "style" in so far as that means artistic propriety in all things. Much that in this direction I should like to bring out in detail, I may briefly resume by remarking that in social habits, tastes, dress, speech, and manner, Mr. Bedford was a perfect gentleman.

In addition to his work as professor, his duties, as may be expected, were many and varied. Yet few in the house found their year's labours so light; no one perhaps found so many opportunities for recreative occupations and work helpful to others. The fact is that, besides being of a happy as well as an industrious disposition, he was an excellent man of business, orderly in his habits, exact in his appointments, accurate in his accounts, neat though simple in his



book-keeping, and prompt in responding to occasional calls for office work. All that came of his old English sense of duty, some would say ; some that it came of a quasi-natural aptitude, itself the outcome of generations of ancestors of careful business people. Both reasons no doubt had to do with it : together with the reason of so much in his life, all the time, devotion to the work of All Hallows College.

#### IV.—HELPS IN OTHER GOOD WORKS.

For a considerable time after he came to this country he did much in furtherance of the Catholic movement, then at its height in England, where so many of his old friends and fellow-labourers in the Tractarian movement, lay and clerical, had already become Catholics. When Hely Thomson and other London *litterateurs* had projected a series of Lives of Modern Saints, suited to modern tastes and needs, he was entrusted with the life of St. Vincent de Paul, with special instructions to make it readable and practical. The work he produced, perhaps the best written, certainly the most interesting of the series, is still in general circulation. Through a great part of his life, having had private means left him by his family, he was a generous, usually anonymous contributor to public and private charities, mainly in the country of his adoption. To these he was equally generous with personal service of time and labour. For many years on the Dublin Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, he was one of the most constant of its members in attendance at its meetings ; at times also lending literary assistance of a kind then not easily procured.

That to be sure was when he was comparatively young. But that kind of help in good work not immediately his own he continued far into old age. " Besides discharging all his community engagements with exemplary exactness," writes Father M. Russell, S.J., in a sympathetic notice of his life and work, in the *Irish Monthly*, " Mr. Bedford found

time for many external exercises of his great energy and ability and stores of knowledge. He used both the voice and pen ; he was an admirable writer and admirable speaker. We remember the effect produced by his speech in the Maynooth refectory on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the College Chapel. His services as an accomplished lecturer were sought for by many Catholic associations, as in the course of Afternoon Lectures for Ladies that were delivered in the seventies in Loretto College, St. Stephen's Green." To the varied character of his audience as lecturer previous to this " course " for Ladies in 1876, he thus refers in his opening address :—" I must confess to a certain amount of nervousness in addressing an audience so different in its constitution from that with which I am familiar. Ecclesiastical students, undergraduates, and the mixed gathering which a popular lecturer attracts, have little in common with an assembly like that now before me."

His first lecture was on Mrs. Jameson, at present perhaps best known as author of *Legends of the Saints and the Madonna*. The spirit and point of that lecture were, I recollect, not rightly appreciated in some quarters at the time, in consequence of the character of the subject he had chosen. Yet, surely both were sufficiently evident from this passage alone :—

" You must remember that Mrs. Jameson was not a Catholic, she had no Catholic tradition to fall back upon ; she had not, as you have, the advantage of being familiar from earliest years with the lives of the Saints and of her [pointing to the statue of the Madonna], the Queen of Saints. She did not live among pictures and statues, which every moment recall the lives of God's Holy ones, and sanctify the daily associations of life by their benign influences. No, it was her misfortune to know none of these things ; not to speak now, as it would ill become me to speak, of still higher and holier privileges. Hence, when she went forth into Catholic lands she found herself indeed a foreigner, and surrounded by memories of people and their deeds, of Saints and their marvellous lives, of which she understood



next to nothing. Many wander through churches and picture galleries in as much ignorance, but few with such reverence, and with so ardent a desire to learn. So she set to work to learn what all this meant. Like a diligent scholar, as she was, she turned to the highest authorities and sturdily worked her way through such ponderous volumes as the *Legenda Aurea* of Voraigue; Ribadeneira's *Flores Sanctorum*; Baillet's *Lives of the Saints*, in thirty-two volumes; to say nothing of that wonderful mine of concentrated learning with which I suppose you are familiar, Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*."

After having touched on the many inconveniences for Catholics resulting from even a discriminating use of the sequence of English classics from the Elizabethan to the Victorian era, both included, he said, in conclusion :—

"We cannot, at present at least, throw it aside, or with it we must abandon all that constitutes English Literature. But while we have good schools and colleges to ground us in the faith, and to instil into our minds sound Catholic principles of criticism; while history is stripped of its false tinsel, and men and actions are weighed in the one true balance, that of the Sanctuary; while appointed guides give us the Church's clue, which alone can keep our steps from straying in the mazes of the world; while, in short, we come forth into the broad fields of literature, pure in heart and sound in faith, we may not fail to profit by writers who are not of us: at least when they are as honest in their efforts at doing good, as upright in their intentions, and as true in their hearts as was Mrs. Jameson."

In the opening part of this lecture he alluded to "undergraduates" as "constituting" one kind of audience with which he had been until then "familiar." They were those of the Catholic University. There, during a long period of years, he was a popular evening lecturer on literary, scientific, and artistic subjects of general interest, which he usually treated from a distinctly Catholic point of view. He also frequently made speeches and delivered lectures for Catholic institutes or works of general beneficence in the city.



## V.—CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS.

Naturally his academic training and life-long surroundings give him an eminently well-bred style of writing. It was exact, yet allusive and ample ; chaste, yet elegant ; and, if not precisely strong, was highly effective for recreative reading, being musical, clear and flowing ; generally with an evident under-current of good humour, often bubbling up into fun, quiet fun, just enough to make the reader smile or make *en passant* a pleasant remark to himself. It was, in short, a style of writing singularly well suited to the pages of a monthly magazine. And to such he was a frequent contributor both here and in England ; but almost always to those of a professedly Catholic character. Old readers of the *English Month*, the *Irish Monthly*, and the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, through the 'sixties, 'seventies, and 'eighties, know much—by no means all—of what he did for Catholic periodical literature. It should, moreover, be noticed that some of the best and freshest of his work in that way was done from 1876 to 1886, that is from his sixtieth to his seventieth year. It also comprised a great variety of subjects—Travels, Archæology, Art, Science, reviews of recent works and general treatment of past periods of English literature : the special subject being, as a rule, chosen with a distinct view to present actuality and invariably treated from a personal point of view. See, for instance, the five series in the *Month* from 1875 to 1880, giving graphic accounts of his holiday tours ; then see the numerous fine papers which he contributed to the *Irish Monthly*, in 1878, 1879, 1880, and 1881 ; then those contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* in 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, and 1886. In one of the latter, the paper entitled "Italy in August" (1883), he thus reverts to a most interesting series published in the *Record* shortly after its foundation, and running through two of its volumes :—  
 "We are not going to write any description of Milan, or indeed of Venice, Genoa, or Turin, for about these cities we

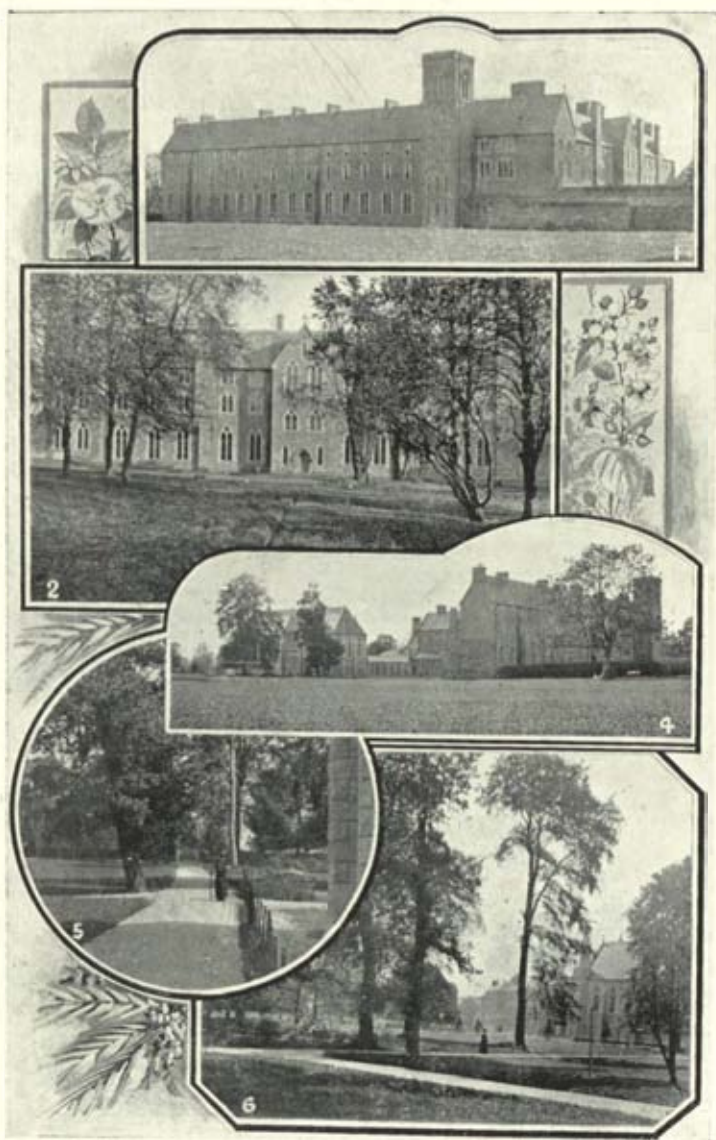
said our say some sixteen years ago in the pages of this same *Record*. With the Summer aspect we have alone to deal, as a record which may be a guide to those who wish to do in like season what we have done." For final outcome of his record he writes :—" When the weather is as we found it to be, nothing can be more beautiful and brilliant than both sky and earth ; the one suffused with brightness which is over and above light ; the other, one endless garden, a blaze of colour, flowers, fruit, and ripening crops, a marvel of richness and abundance." Of his contributions to the English *Month* alone I have before me a collection forming a large octavo volume of 500 closely printed pages, and touching only one subject, his " Vacation Rambles " in the 'seventies : " A Vacation Ramble in Germany " (1874) ; " At Home and Abroad " (1875) ; " Highways and Byways " (1876) ; " A Long Day in Norway " in 1878, and " Lingerings in German Cities in 1879." Each series was issued in pamphlet form at the end of the year as " Reprinted from the *Month* " for " Private circulation."

In the first series, " A Vacation Ramble in Germany," after having written of the pleasure he experienced during a High Mass in Munich, while listening to the " solemn and picturesque music of Palestrina, sung by the well-trained choir, interspersed with the choral music wherein the whole of the congregation took its part with true German tone and force," he presents an appreciative notice of Wagner's pamphlet, entitled, *The Music of the Future*, a publication much criticized and by many abused at the time. In connection with approval of its principal statements, he endorses views regarding Church Music in general by no means so common as now among Catholics when he wrote thus :—

" The influence of Wagner for good extends, as all good influence must do, beyond its own immediate sphere. He who feels the Church music of the elder school to be, as he says, ' of such wonderful power that the effects of no other







1. An Unendowed Observatory.  
2. The College Entrance in days  
gone by.

6. A Solitary Stroll

4. "A Distant Prospect."  
5. An Australian Basking in the  
Sun.

can be compared to it; ' he who has the courage to assert that ' from the prosperity of opera in Italy the art-student will date the decline of music in that country ; ' he who appeals as to witnesses for the truth of his assertion to ' those who have any conception of the grandeur, the wealth, and the ineffable depth of the earlier Italian music (v.g., Palestrina's *Stabat Mater*) ' . . . such a one must have no small share in raising to its present state the character of the music we have in the churches of Munich."

All that having been written over thirty years ago, clearly, as an English writer, Mr. Bedford was far in advance of the public of his time and place in regard to both Wagner and Palestrina. From the descriptive portions of these " Vacation Rambles," I remember, several passages were noticed by reviewers as samples of fine effective writing. His last contribution to periodical literature seems to have been, fitly enough, a tribute to the memory of the last professor of All Hallows who died before him. It was the *Freeman's* obituary notice of Father Mullally, our old Professor of Scripture, who died on the last day of 1895. As so much more that he wrote, the notice is not signed with his name or initials, but friends readily recognized in it his old literary touch, though it was written, so to say, at a moment's notice, and when he was verging on his eightieth year.

#### VI.—FUGITIVE VERSE.

A man of his emotional nature, and whose prose was so musical, could hardly fail to have occasionally sought to express himself in rhythm and rhyme. In early life he often did. Sometimes, too, in old age he did so, after the old-fashioned manner of " Lines to a Friend," *apropos* of some pleasant occasion or subject of present interest to both. Very few of these would he ever allow to be published. Such effusions he considered mere passing modes of mental effervescence, pleasing when fresh and duly presented to the proper person or persons, but not fit to be published, as not

prepared for the use of the public. Yet, should they not for that very reason be deemed all the more natural and true as self-utterances of the moment? A fair sample of one of these fugitive pieces turns up in the first series of "Vacation Rambles," that reprinted from the *Month* in 1876. Another is given in a reprint of the third; there serving for dedication of it to his travelling companion on that and several previous vacations. The manuscript draft of another piece addressed to the same was found in a bound collection of the five series, apparently intended to accompany a presentation copy. It is lightly written, as a thing thrown off in that way would naturally be. But it is very interesting, if only as an indication of his light-heartedness and freshness of spirit at the time. Here I may note that in this collection the last series has the following dedication page which speaks for itself of a friendship which was one of the chief intellectual and spiritual factors of his life:—

TO  
HIS EMINENCE  
CARDINAL NEWMAN,  
IN GRATITUDE FOR MANY TOKENS  
OF KIND REGARD,  
EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN QUARTER OF A CENTURY,  
WITH ALL REVERENCE AND AFFECTION  
FROM  
H. B.

"For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it."

*All Hallows College, Dublin,  
St. George's Day, 1880.*

#### VII.—DECLINING YEARS.

He had now arrived at an age when many retire from life's regular work, or at least try to lessen its labour. He rather added to it. At the request of Cardinal McCabe



who was a great admirer of his cultured literary judgment, he undertook to lecture on English Literature once a week at St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra. His many carefully prepared lectures and articles on most of the subjects to be treated rendered the undertaking comparatively easy. Still, the mere physical effort and attention to class details which it implied might well have been thought rather much for one at his time of life, when taken together with his ordinary College duties. Yet he would have exemption from none. Nor was he relieved of any until the direction of All Hallows was confided to the Vincentian Fathers in 1894. Even then he retained his Chair of Natural Science there, and continued to teach as before in the Training College. Referring to the state of his health two years later, the ALL HALLOWS ANNUAL for 1896-97 notes:—"Though on the 1st of October next he will be eighty-two years of age, forty-five of which he has spent in the College, yet, in buoyance, mental and physical, he seems to enjoy perennial youth, and actually spent the last two months travelling all over the Continent."

Not, indeed, until the end of the century did he himself even incidentally refer to any consciousness of failing health or energy. His daily teaching of his class in All Hallows continued to be as interesting and effective as ever up to the end of the Summer Term of 1899. He resumed work after vacation, and, with the exception of a notably increasing dulness of hearing, showed no marked sign of declining powers of mind or body until he got a rather severe attack of influenza towards the end of term. From the effects of that he never quite recovered. Next term he asked to have another definitely appointed to teach his class. He considered that he could no longer do class-work as effectively as it ought to be done in view of students' examinations. Yet, on the whole he felt fairly well, and, for temporary occupation, desired to take charge of some College arrange-

ments in which he was specially interested. He continued to take part in all the ceremonies and spiritual exercises of the house ; even, it was noticed, adding something to his customary devotions.

But as the year advanced he gave more and more evident signs of failing health. He complained much of insomnia, increasing deafness, nervous irritability, and ailments to which through life he had been quite a stranger. He was even afraid to leave the house during the Summer holidays of 1902. About that time also he showed unmistakable symptoms of cerebral decay. These slowly but steadily increased until, towards the end of December (1902), in accordance with medical advice, it was decided to have him confided to the care of the Brothers of St. John of God, at Stillorgan, where he could have all the attention that his condition required. There, at first, his general health appeared to improve, and for a time continued fairly good. The cerebral decay simply followed its natural course. Still, after memory was almost gone, and with it the power of recognizing individuals whom he had known, he retained a certain freshness and brightness of intellect for the direct perception of persons present and passing facts. Friends who visited him also noted with pleasure that almost to the end, as long as self-consciousness remained, he preserved his old courteous manner at meeting and parting. For the last year, while suffering from little more than the usual infirmities of his advanced years, he was obliged to remain much in bed. After a slight bronchial attack at Christmas he appeared for a while to be sinking, but rallied. Then the previous weakness and nervous prostration returned. After a few weeks he lapsed into a semi-conscious condition, and so remained for some days slowly sinking after the manner of persons dying of extreme old age.

In company with our President—Father Moore—I called to see him on May 21st. We saw him about noon. He was



then evidently dying : with his eyes closed and unable to speak ; but apparently not suffering, and sufficiently conscious to bow his head at the mention of the Holy Name. Soon after we left, death's immediate change set in. Towards evening he calmly expired. Had he lived until October, he would have entered the nintieth year of his age.

#### VIII.—CONCLUSION.

Here, as one who lived and worked with him for over thirty years, member of the same community, and staying in the same house, I may be expected to enter on a detailed review of what appeared to me the special phases of his spiritual life and what I knew to be his particular practices of piety. In regard to these he was himself most reticent, and I do not think this the place to dwell on them in detail : if that may properly be done anywhere. It may, however, I think, be here properly noticed that, in addition to assisting at the public religious exercises of the community, he recited daily Matins and Lauds, with Vespers and Compline of the Roman Breviary, following the English (Catholic) *Ordo* for the day's office ; and also, that he was exact in daily recitation of the Rosary and visiting the Blessed Sacrament. Were I indeed asked what I consider his life's special devotion, I would unhesitatingly answer : It was devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. That was, under the action of Divine Grace, what brought him into the Church ; that was his soul's mainstay there. In illustration of this I could say much and quote the testimony of many. Confining myself to one phase of it, and setting single testimonies aside, I will merely say : Generations of All Hallows students for the last fifty years can tell what was his example, compared to that of the holiest of them, in regard to frequent Communion. With that call on All Hallows own now world-wide souvenir of his life, I must bring my memoir of it to a close. There were really few facts to record, for, many as were the years



of his life, Mr. Bedford's was on the whole an uneventful career. A distinguished student of Cambridge University, then for a few years a devoted Anglican clergyman, he was for close on fifty years engaged in the work of All Hallows College:—there, briefly stated, is his life's story. But, brief as the statement is, it fairly resumes and explains what those who knew him intimately most admired him for being—in class hall and office, in academic meetings and festive social gatherings, and at his place in the chapel: above all at his place there, every morning for Mass and meditation, be the season, the state of the weather, or the state of his own health what it may. We have long had reason to know that this has proved one of the most lasting and impressive of the helpful memories of their *Alma Mater* which the students of All Hallows have taken with them on their missions for the last half-century. Thus, while, as I said, Mr. Bedford's was indeed an uneventful life, those who loved him may well be consoled with the reflection that it was a full and a happy one.

T. J. O'MAHONY;

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To J. H. S.

**A RETROSPECT.\***

We've wandered on  
 When days were long  
     And summer skies were blue,  
 When mists arose  
 The scene to close  
     And all was lost to view.

\* Verses from Mr. Bedford's MSS. referred to in his Memoir as apparently the last he wrote and as an indication of his light-heartedness and freshness of spirit at the time.

So critics say  
 (As well they may)  
     My sketches are too bright ;  
 That every scene  
 Is emerald green,  
     All skies too full of light.  
  
 Perhaps 'tis true  
 The rosy hue  
     Needs tempering with shade ;  
 But hearts when gay  
 Make all times May,  
     And such our hearts were made.  
  
 When blue of skies  
 Is in bright eyes  
     And summer in warm hearts,  
 The inner glow  
 Must needs o'er flow  
     And paint what it imparts.  
  
 And so we two  
 Have wandered through  
     Fair scenes mid sun and showers,  
 And found a joy  
 Which cannot cloy,  
     Making their beauties ours.

*June 24th, 1882.*

H. B.



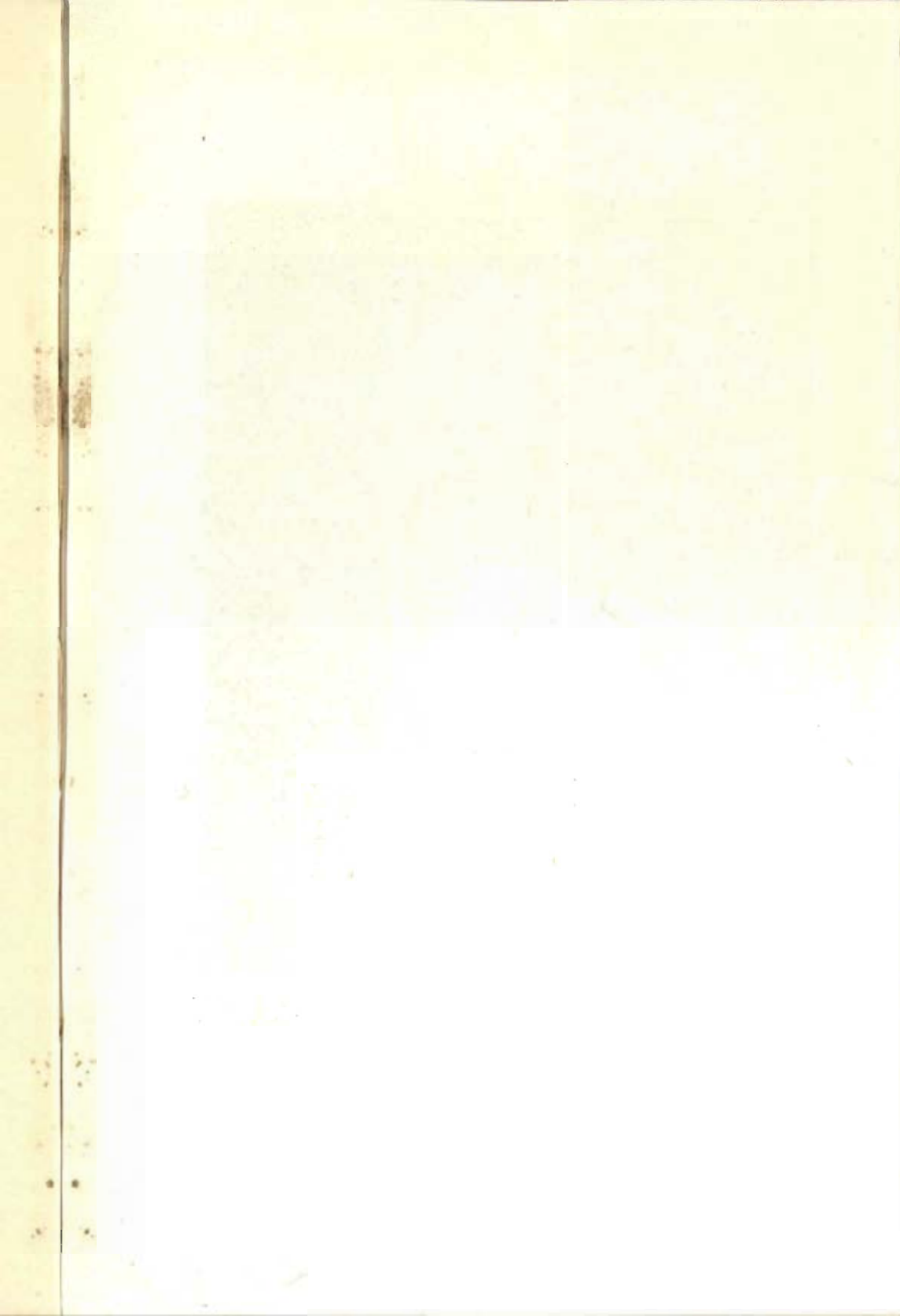


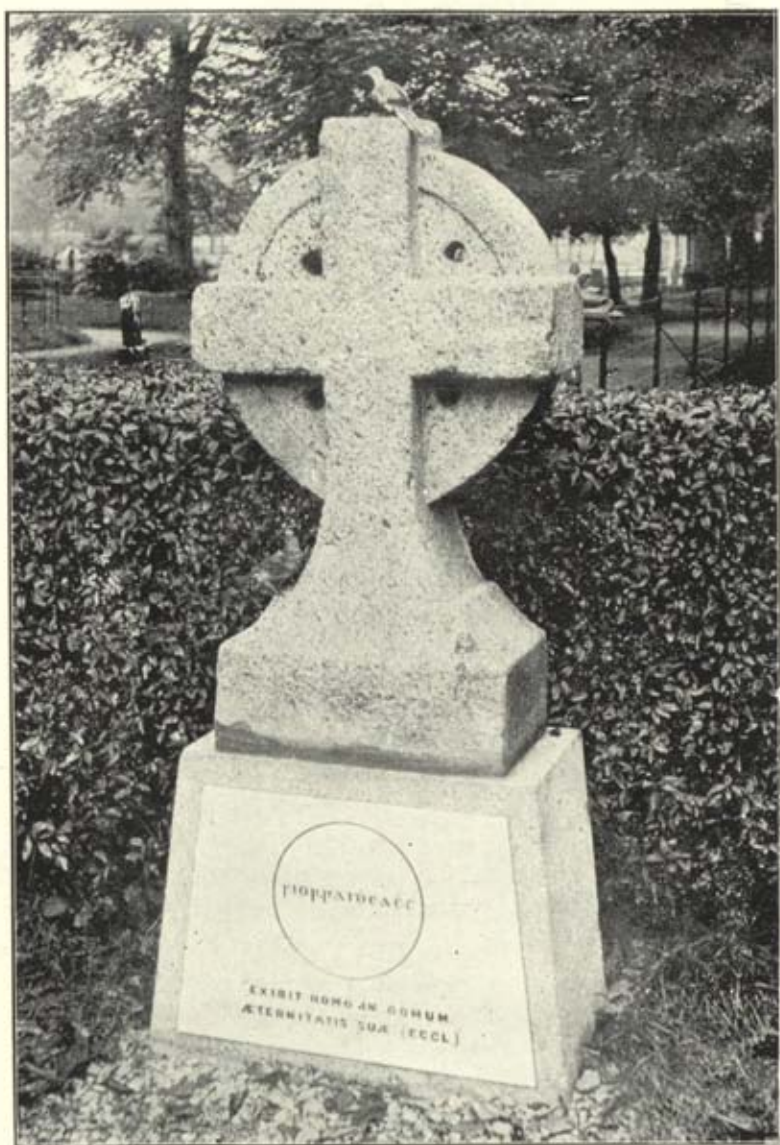
## College Memorabilia.

**THE  
ARCHBISHOP  
OF ADELAIDE.**

AFTER an absence of thirty-seven years, Dr. O'Reilly returned last summer to his native country. On his arrival in Dublin after a trying voyage his first visit was to his *Alma Mater*. He wished once again to behold the scenes of his youthful memories, to wander round the ancient corridors, to assist at an examination in the old halls, to pay his respects to the Shrine of Mary Immaculate, and, with a significant twinkle in his eye, to point to the room where love of music and a fiddle nearly jeopardized his connection with All Hallows. No ceremony was needed with the Archbishop—he requires no studied reserve nor affected gravity to guard his dignity—he is frank and simple as a child. And we are told that when he passes down the streets of Adelaide, or mounts a passing tram-car in his green alpaca and straw hat, the humblest citizen may share his genial greeting and familiar converse. But withal his character is a complex one—a rare admixture of elements combine to form the finished product. He is the foremost financier in the Australian Church, and yet a charming *littérateur*. His home at Glen Osmond is a lovely rustic retreat, cooled by a mountain rivulet, where with his own hands, after the manner of the poet Virgil, he grows and cultivates the rarest herbs and fruits and flowers, and where uninvited strangers have sometimes mistaken him for a well-favoured and energetic gardener; yet this wielder of the mattock and the pruning knife is an able journalist who can type his own articles







An Ancient Cross.

without help of pen or paper, and an alert diplomatist who, had the Gospel not claimed his service, would have distinguished himself as a statesman. His enthusiasm for music is well-known. It collided with College discipline in days gone by. It is still as keen as ever—he was hardly an hour in our midst last June when he ordered Dr. Sexton to get the Solesmes *Gradual* and sing for him snatches from various parts. “I began music at seven,” he remarked. “I am now fifty-eight, and I am still pursuing its study.” Whilst we pass in review the various accomplishments of this truly modest Archbishop, we are apt to forget his early career, and the twenty years of apostolic toil he spent in the almost unknown expanses of Western Australia. One incident will perhaps better illustrate the missionary life of the young priest fresh from Ireland than a host of statistics. Some one slyly asked his Grace how he came to be the fortunate possessor of a beard worthy of an Eastern Patriarch. “I will tell you,” he replied, “I was once away up in the bush, far from town life and the conveniences of civilization. I had neither razor nor mirror, yet wanted to shave. So I borrowed a bushman’s instrument and proceeded to make my toilet in the dull reflections of a tub of water. The result was so disastrous to my face, torn and cruelly jagged, that I asked and got a dispensation, and that’s how I ceased to be a shaveling.”

This was not the only exemption that Dr. O’Reilly obtained from Rome. He also got permission to put off his visit *ad limina Apostolorum*, and though he has been nearly twenty years a Bishop he never came to the Eternal City till this year, and he would not have ventured over seas on the present occasion only that the doctors insisted on a rest and change of scene. The rest indeed has been of short duration—he left Adelaide on April 27th, and was present at the Sydney Synod on September 3rd; he spent only one



week beneath the damp skies of Ireland. His love of work drove him southwards—on his homeward journey each day's headway was but the joyous lessening of the distance that separated him from Australia, the land of his love and of his adoption, with its bright sunshine and "its hearts that are loving and generous and true." We rejoice that the Archbishop has been benefited by his short trip. We trust he may be long spared to Adelaide. No Church or country can easily afford to lose one who is at once so genial, so upright, and so wise, one who treats all his priests as friends and familiars, who meets his students with the frankness and kindness of a father, who keeps religious discord at a distance, and who loves his people with a disinterested love. He is now once more gladly at rest in his loved Adelaide, and we devoutly pray that his rest may be long unbroken—for in his own words: "There is no spot so fair, no surroundings so pleasant, no friends so warm as in Austral land."

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**ARCHBISHOP  
GLENNON'S  
VISIT.**

Archbishop Glennon visited the College last summer, and needless to say, his visit awakened the liveliest feelings of joy and pride. For as a mother exults in the victorious return of her son from the field of labour and of struggle, so a college nourishes its self-consciousness and self-respect on the stainless records of all its progeny, especially on the distinction and renown of its more remarkable *alumni*. The Archbishop came amongst us with all the modesty of a young priest, and with all that winning and gracious urbanity which has already made him a favourite with the diverse national temperaments that constitute the Catholic community, lay and clerical, of St. Louis. With a charming simplicity he sat amongst the students, pointed out the form and desk he was familiar with in bygone years, recalled his College companions of the early 'eighties, sang for us a touching

Irish song about his mother's grave, and with friendliest feelings passed in review the reverend Directors, under whose skilful and inspiring guidance he had grown in strength, in wisdom, and in favor before God and man. The students taking advantage of his Grace's presence sent the Prefects on a deputation to solicit some special privilege. It was interesting to observe the dialogue that ensued—on one side the four "tribunes," eager and earnest in their pleading and afraid to return empty-handed to the expectant multitude assembled on "the boulevard," on the other the tall handsome Prelate playfully and deftly warding off exorbitant demands so as not to incur the frowns and wrath of the President by too large a concession. Any one might conjecture the result of such an interview. The Archbishop's heart o'erleapt the bounds of prudence and fear. And soon after, as, accompanied by the President and Vice-President, he drove beneath the shadow of "Pompey" on his way to Kingsbridge, the grateful students gathered on both sides of the avenue and gave him such a hearty God-speed as only quick Celtic natures are capable of.

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**AN HISTORIC  
CROSS.**

Several of the photographs reproduced in our pages were taken by Mr. Cecil Lonergan and speak for themselves. There is one, however, "an ancient cross," that deserves more than a passing word of commendation. It is supposed to enshrine in its solid mass the history of centuries, and to be a connecting link with times when Britain and Ireland possessed a common faith. Sixty years ago it was dug up in the grounds of Trinity College in the course of some excavations that were in progress. How this symbol of "idolatry" came to find a resting-place there is perhaps not as great a mystery as might appear at first sight. For long before Elizabeth established her college for the evangelization of the benighted



Irishry, its site had been occupied by one of the most famous of the Anglo-Irish monasteries. As far back as 1166, Dermot MacMorrough, known to the Four Masters mainly as the destroyer of churches, founded the Priory of All Hallows at the mouth of the Liffey on its southern bank, and began that series of endowments to the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, which made them, in the sixteenth century, an object of Henry VIII's envy and spoliation. In 1539, the Saxon monarch greedily seized the Priory and its belongings, and subsequently made a grant of them to the Corporation of Dublin in recognition of the loyalty of its citizens during the siege of Silken Thomas. It may well be that an object as devoid of pecuniary value as a plain stone cross—a graven thing to boot—may, on the ejection of the black-robed canons, and on the advent of a more commercial spirit, have been hastily cast into some obscure corner and buried safely beneath earth and rubbish. When more than half a century ago, some Catholic workmen accidentally discovered this relic of the past, they studiously sought out the legitimate owners and custodians of so historic a symbol of Redemption, and after due inquiry entrusted their treasure to the safe keeping of the All Hallows of modern times, which stands upon the very ground, donated in 1230 by Thursdan, son of Vincent de la Stande, and by the Bishop of Ossory, “to God and the Priory of All Saints.” Such, briefly, is the story of the “invention of the cross;” and now this block of granite stands prominently in our cemetery, its solid circle with the newly added Gaelic inscription, *Sioppairdeact*, suggesting to our thoughts the unending ages of eternity, and its cruciform shape proclaiming the Christian pathway of self-denial.



# OUR MISSION FIELD FOR YEAR 1905-1906.

## United States of America.

### PROVINCE OF BALTIMORE.

Charleston.  
Richmond.

### PROVINCE OF CHICAGO.

Alton.

### PROVINCE OF CINCINNATI.

Nashville.

### PROVINCE OF DUBUQUE.

Lincoln.  
Omaha.

### PROVINCE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Dallas.

### PROVINCE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Pittsburg.

### PROVINCE OF ST. LOUIS

Kansas City.  
Concordia.

### PROVINCE OF ST. PAUL.

Duluth

### PROVINCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Sacramento.

## CANADA.

Kingston.  
Toronto.  
Peterboro'.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

St. John's.  
St. George's.  
Harbour Grace.

## WEST INDIES.

Trinidad.

## ENGLAND.

Westminster.  
Leeds.  
Middlesborough.  
Nottingham.  
Portsmouth.  
Salford.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

Cape Colony.  
Eastern Vicariate.

## Australia.

### PROVINCE OF SYDNEY.

Sydney.  
Bathurst.  
Goulburn.  
Maitland.  
Wilcannia

### PROVINCE OF MELBOURNE.

Melbourne.  
Ballarat.  
Sale.  
Sandhurst.

### PROVINCE OF ADELAIDE.

Adelaide.  
Geraldton.  
Perth.

### PROVINCE OF BRISBANE.

Brisbane.  
Rockhampton.

## NEW ZEALAND.

Auckland.

## TASMANIA.

Hobart.

**OUR  
MISSIONS.**

The foregoing is a list of the different dioceses to which most of the students at present on the College roll are allotted. Such a list is only partial, as it does not include various missions with which All Hallows is connected, and to which its *alumni* have gone—and still go—in other years. But even the list we give shows over what a wide field our students are scattered, and from what opposite quarters of the globe the cry for help comes to the *Insula Sanctorum*. The new world is so vast and is developing with such rapidity that as soon as one diocese fills up and gets a supply of native clergy, another begins to experience the pressure of expansion and the need of external co-operation. We wish the benefactors of the College and others could read the letters from abroad that reach the President from time to time. They all tell the same tale—all reiterate the same petition. "The fields are white for the harvest—send out workmen to reap it." We do what we can. We endeavour to make special provision for poor missions where the Catholics—most of them Irish emigrants or their descendants—are often unable to obtain the services of a priest. But our resources are limited, and, besides, the expenses of a college education are much greater nowadays than they were twenty or thirty years ago. Hence we are frequently compelled to write to many an Irish Bishop abroad and tell him of our inability to come to his assistance.

We mention these things because there are many people whose charity does not extend beyond their own horizon, and many good Catholics who rarely bestow a thought on the spiritual difficulties and necessities of their fellow-Christians and fellow-countrymen beyond the seas, in the midst of an unbelieving generation. Those who help to educate even one good priest sow the seed of the innumerable blessings which will be diffused through his hands. And those who become the benefactors of a missionary

college discharge a debt of gratitude and patriotism to our exiled Celtic brethren, and at the same time nourish and maintain the vitality of the Mother Church of Ireland. The Church that lacks or loses the missionary spirit is decrepit or in decay.

\* \* \* \* \*

**BENEFACTORS.**—The Annual Solemn Requiem Mass for the deceased Benefactors of the College was celebrated on Nov. 10th. In addition to this annual commemoration, the Holy Sacrifice is offered daily for all Benefactors, living and dead.

It may not be amiss to mention that as our pension is nominally only £25 a year, an investment of £850 establishes a full Bursar which frees both the student and his Bishop from all payment. Of course, even a lesser sum brings proportionate diminution of the pension to both one and the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

**ST. PATRICK'S  
DAY, 1905.**

The progress the spirit of the Irish Revival has made amongst us was evidenced in a very striking way by our celebration of the Feast of our National Apostle this year.

The pioneer work of the classes in Irish in both the Senior and Junior Houses, also the introduction of Irish games, and the study of Irish Music and Irish History, had created that Irish atmosphere which was required to appreciate an Irish sermon. It was a great source of pleasure to us this year to feel that the time was ripe for this serious venture. The selected preacher had been the principal teacher of Irish in the College in his student days. He was well qualified for the task of both preacher and teacher, being a native Irish speaker, with literary instincts and a warm emotional nature. His treatment of the Saint's life was masterly and original. After giving a vivid picture of the time of St. Patrick, and the chief events of his life and apostolate, he made a striking application to our own times of the lessons



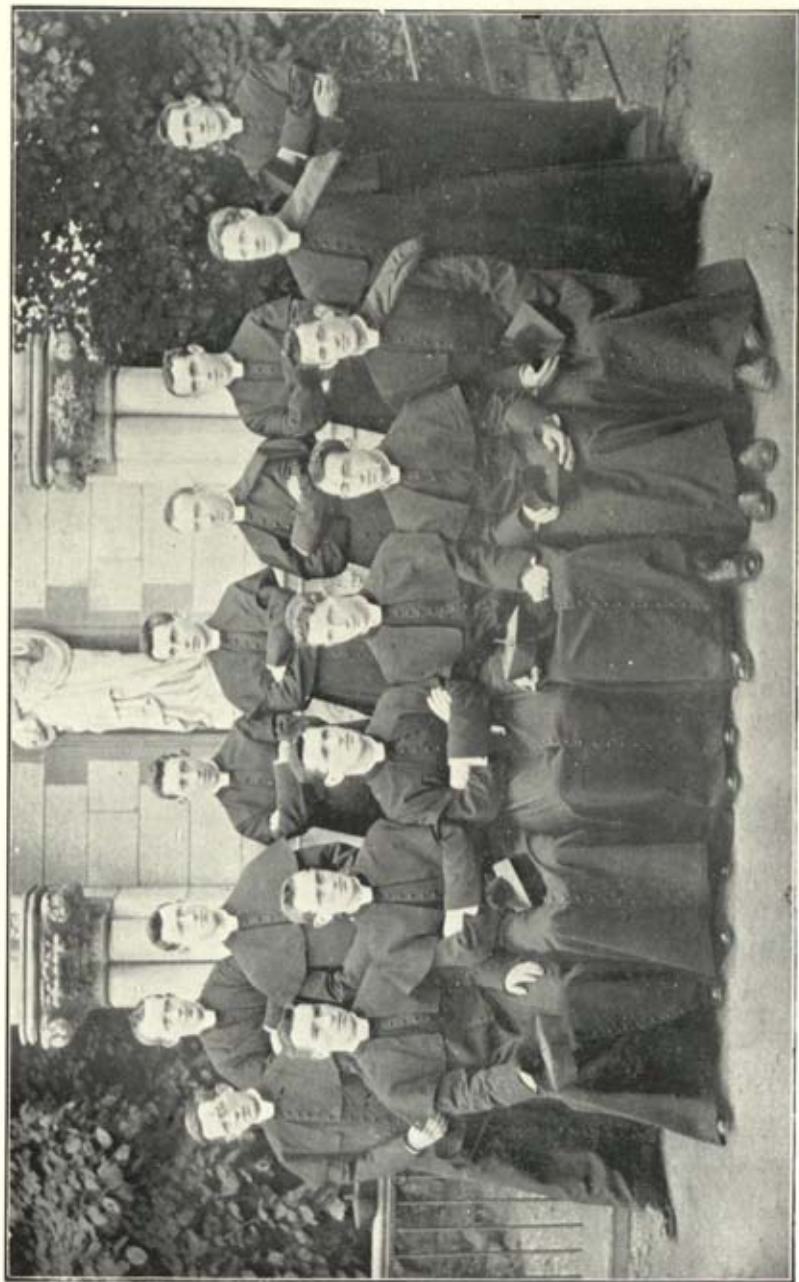
of the Saint's life. In these days of revival of all things Irish there should be also, he said, a revival of that which was most characteristically Irish, viz., the country's religion. Not that the Faith should change, God forbid ; but it should be guarded by different weapons, and strengthened for new trials. The Faith of the past was often mainly sentimental. It must now be more. It must be a well-informed, a strong, a self-reliant Faith that can despise the scoffer as well as the tyrant. The prayers of St. Patrick will help, but he said the people must do their own part. They must get a strong hold of their principles, as well as the doctrines of Faith, and reduce them to practice in their lives. Such were the main thoughts of this really fine discourse. It was delivered with power and feeling, as far as the elocution was concerned, and, of course, with the real *blarney* that only a born Irish speaker has at his command. It was listened to with rapt attention, not only by the students, but by the College staff. The preacher, the Rev. P. Manning, is now away from the old land on his far distant mission in the diocese of Omaha, a zealous labourer under an Irish-speaking Bishop, Dr. Scannell. We who remain behind, wish Father Manning many years of fruitful missionary labour for the Divine Master, and we pray that he may ever retain with his Irish faith, his love for his native land and her grand old tongue.

JOSEPH SHEEHY.

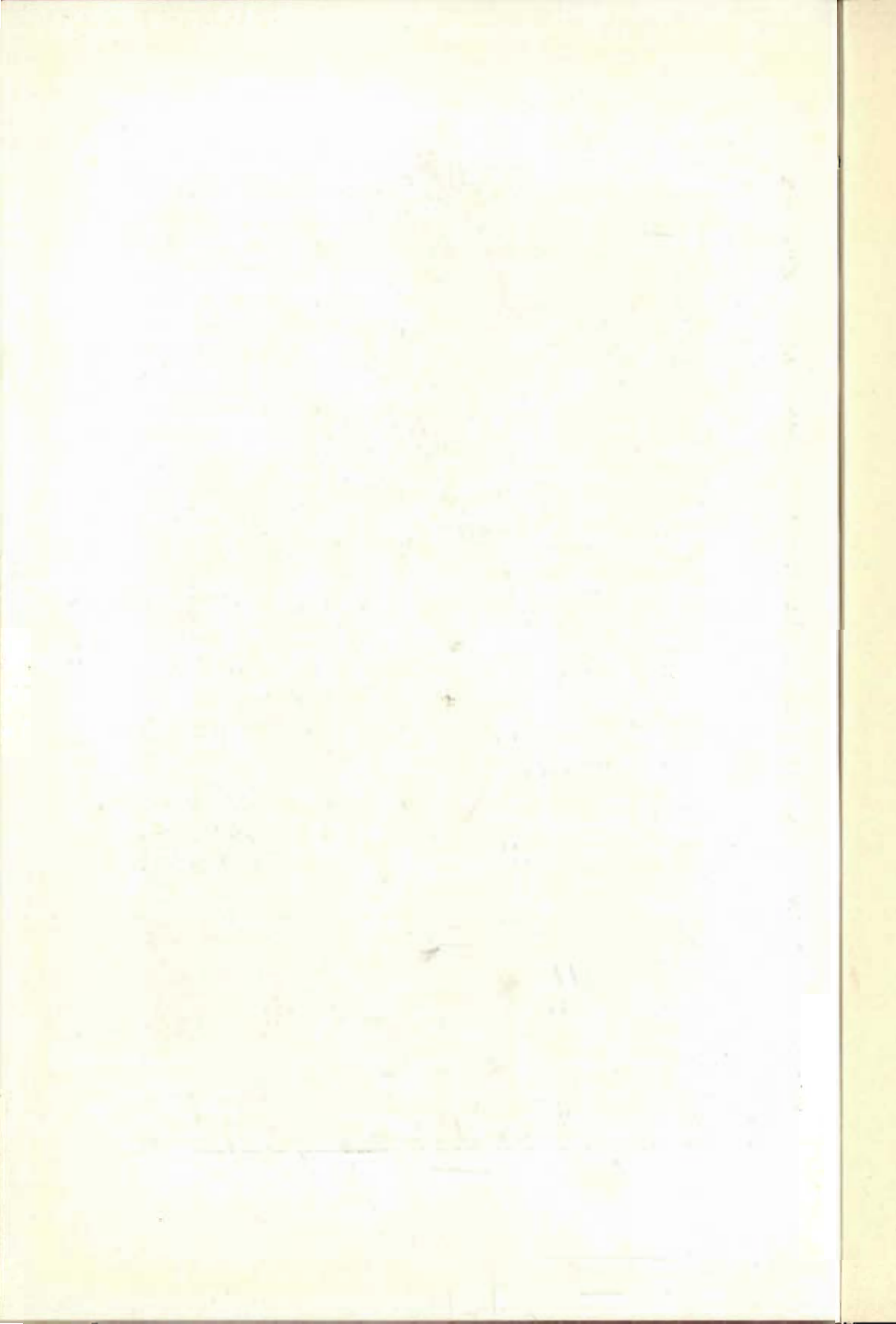
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During the Easter holidays of 1904, a very great treat was afforded the students of All Hallows. The veteran Poet-Laureate of Ireland, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, had the kindness to come and lecture on the poets of the later *Nation*. The title of the lecture was "Some latter-day Irish Songsters." He mentioned quite a number, the principal being J. F. O'Donnell, J. C. Irwin, Rev. C. P. Meehan, and Dr. Sigerson, all except the latter now passed away. The lecture was most

Fathers P. Nulty, C. Murphy, E. Clarke, D. O'Driscoll, M. O'Dowd, N. Murphy, E. Walsh, J. Meany, J. M. Cormack.



Fathers J. Gilliseman, M. Hannan, M. Hehir, M. Hynes, M. Hayes, P. Healy.  
**The Young Priests of 1904.**





interesting, giving, besides an account of the lives and a very critical review of the works of the various poets, side-lights on the social and political movements of the time. Mr. Sullivan has a splendid delivery even now in his old age, and he gave passages from the various writers with singular pathos and verve. The memory of such a lecture will remain for all time with those who were privileged to hear it, scattered as many of them now are over the wide world—especially the concluding incident, viz., the singing of "God Save Ireland" by the venerable author, all the students and guests joining in the chorus. We are all—professors and students alike—deeply grateful to Mr. Sullivan for coming to us, and we pray that he may be spared many a day to work, as he did in past years in the *Nation* and the *Irish Catholic* which he founded, for the cause he has so much at heart, the twin-cause of Faith and Fatherland.

J. S.

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The annual ordinations took place on **ST. JOHN'S DAY, 1904,** June 24th, a day that is sacred in the annals of the College. The Right Rev. Dr. Donnelly was the officiating Prelate. He ordained sixteen Priests, eight Deacons, and five Sub-Deacons. About twenty priests participated in the solemn and grace-giving imposition of hands. . . .

At twelve o'clock the prize list was read and the prizes distributed in the *Aula Maxima*. Amongst the clergy present on the occasion were two past students, the Very Rev. J. Kelly, East London, Cape Colony, and the Very Rev. Father O'Dwyer, Chicago. Readers of the **ALL HALLOWS ANNUAL** will remember the former as the contributor of two most interesting articles on the South African crisis.

After the distribution, the President, Father Moore, addressing the students, said he wished to introduce a

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distinguished visitor from South Africa in the person of the Rev. Father Kelly, who was ordained in All Hallows twenty years ago. He desired, before Father Kelly addressed them, to say, on his own behalf, how pleased he was at the spirit of close study shown by the students during the past year. The examinations were most satisfactory, and the results were on a higher level than they were even in the past. The late Pope took a deep interest in Catholic Colleges, and was always an advocate of higher standards and greater efficiency. The present Pope was a strong believer in the same policy, and recommended particularly the study of the Sacred Scriptures. The examples set by those two distinguished Pontiffs would, he was sure, induce all students for the Priesthood to make the best possible use of the opportunities that were afforded them of acquiring the knowledge that was so essential for their sacred calling.

The Rev. Father Kelly said, as a past student of All Hallows, he was glad to revisit his old *Alma Mater* after a long absence on the mission, and he was proud to find that it was still true to all its grand traditions. All the students who went forth from its halls to preach the Gospel in various parts of the world, looked forward with pleasant anticipations to the day when it would be possible to see it again. He had long been anxious to enjoy that privilege as regards All Hallows, which, he was glad to tell them, was spoken of with pride all over the world, wherever its *alumni* were scattered. He appealed to the present students to keep up the old traditions, and to do all in their power to maintain the name and prestige of the College. He congratulated the prize-winners, and hoped that their success would stimulate them to renewed efforts in wider fields of study,

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**THE YOUNG PRIESTS OF 1904.**

Rev. Michael Hynes, Sacramento.  
 Rev. Owen Clarke, Goulburn.  
 Rev. James M'Cormack, Sydney.  
 Rev. Michael O'Dowd, Goulburn.  
 Rev. James Gilsenan, Richmond.  
 Rev. Denis O'Driscoll, Kansas City.  
 Rev. Nicholas Murphy, Charleston.  
 Rev. James Meany, Sydney.  
 Rev. Jeremiah O'Riordan, Kingston,  
 Rev. Patrick Nulty, Sydney.  
 Rev. Martin Haier, Richmond.  
 Rev. Michael J. Hayes, Melbourne.  
 Rev. Michael Hannon, Westminster.  
 Rev. Patrick Healy, Lincoln.  
 Rev. Andrew Traynor, Kingston.  
 Rev. Cornelius Murphy, Grahamstown.

"They shall go forth to their work till the evening." }

\* \* \* \* \*

**SUMMER, 1905.**

For the first time for many years the annual ordinations did not take place on the Feast of St. John the Baptist. They were anticipated by nearly a week. On Trinity Sunday, June 18th, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, ordained eight Sub-Deacons and twenty-eight Priests.

Amongst those who participated in the Imposition of Hands were the following :—Rev. J. Rowan, Wolverhampton ; Rev. P. O'Reilly, Sydney ; Rev. Father Baugh, Picton, Sydney ; Rev. J. Hogan, Rev. S. Hassett, California ; Rev. M. J. Rowan, African Mission ; Rev. D. B. Nelan, Melbourne ;



Rev. P. Cusack, PP., Ballyjamesduff ; Rev. M. J. Traynor, Waterbury, U.S. ; Rev. Father O'Gorman, Sydney.

The names of the Neo-Sacerdotes were :—

Rev. John O'Grady, Melbourne.  
 Rev. Michael Leen, Pittsburg.  
 Rev. Patrick Manning, Omaha.  
 Rev. Patrick Walsh, Sydney.  
 Rev. James Traynor, Kingston.  
 Rev. Denis Cullinane, Kingston.  
 Rev. Daniel Murphy, Sacramento.  
 Rev. Thomas Molyneux, Sacramento.  
 Rev. Thomas Lynch, Goulburn.  
 Rev. John Finnegan, Maitland.  
 Rev. William Irwin, Natchez.  
 Rev. Charles McSherry, Grahamstown.  
 Rev. Michael Finan, Melbourne.  
 Rev. George Walsh, Middlesborough.  
 Rev. James Lyons, Ballarat.  
 Rev. Thomas Monaghan, Hobart.  
 Rev. Maurice Hanlon, Kingston.  
 Rev. Martin Dowling, Hobart.  
 Rev. Patrick Casey, Bathurst.  
 Rev. James Gilroy, Lincoln.  
 Rev. Eugene Owens, Columbus.  
 Rev. William Armstrong, Sandhurst.  
 Rev. Charles Conlon, Melbourne.  
 Rev. Joseph Rowan, Rockhampton.  
 Rev. William Kennedy, Grahamstown.  
 Rev. Bernard M'Grillan, Rockhampton.  
 Rev. James Molloy, Auckland.  
 Rev. John Kennedy, Sandhurst.

\* \* \* \* \*

At twelve o'clock the Distribution of Prizes took place in the Library. Dr. Kelly presided. At the conclusion the

President said : " It is my pleasing duty to offer our thanks to his Lordship for his kindness in coming here to distribute the prizes. He has done so at considerable inconvenience for there is a mission in his own diocese at which I know he would like to be present. But the distribution of our prizes is a labour of love to him. We all know that he has been devoted to education for the greater part of his life, that he is, in fact, an enthusiast on the subject. St. Francis, who was not only a Saint but a Doctor of the Church, never addressed ecclesiastics without telling them that they should be first holy and then learned. He felt that learning and science were handmaids of the Church, and that ignorance would destroy her clergy. The Reformation was brought about by a number of men who were wicked, but who were also learned, and there were not enough of learned Catholic priests to refute them, and consequently they were enabled to pervert and change passages of Scripture."

**DR. KELLY'S  
WISE  
COUNSELS.**

The Bishop of Ross, who on rising was received with applause, said : " I thank Father Moore for the kind words he has spoken of me. It would be a very great inconvenience indeed that would prevent me from complying with his request to come here. I am myself an *alumnus* of the Vincentians, and if I have had any little success in life, and have been able to do any little good, I trace back the greater part of it to the instruction I received, and the character that was formed in me by the Vincentian Fathers of the Irish College in Paris. Father Moore has referred to my career as a schoolmaster. Father Moore himself was a schoolmaster, and was an old and experienced teacher when I was a young man, and was in that capacity of great assistance to me. I had the honour of being the schoolmaster of your Vice-President, and of other members of the College staff, and that shows you I am no stripling. I have had very great pleasure in finding amongst the young



priests who were this day ordained more than one of my old boys. The share I have had in your religious and academic functions has been to me the renewing of my spirit. You have here this morning a fine body of young men preparing for the priesthood, and the thirty who have been ordained are going to carry the faith of Ireland wherever the Irish race has spread. It is a continuation of Irish history, for from the earliest planting of the Christian faith in Ireland she has been a missionary of the Gospel, and has carried the torch of learning—which as Father Moore has told you, is the handmaid of religion, both being indissolubly united—to the various races of Europe. In those early days Irishmen went abroad to men of other races, but in later times since the Gaels have got to be spread over the whole world, Irishmen go by preference to their own kith and kin beyond the sea. That is quite as it should be, because charity begins at home. But the students in this College are not all Irishmen. I was glad to hear the French name of one of them, and I gather that there are several from various British colonies.

“My attendance here to-day gives me renewed courage for my country. I have no doubt that you are all good Irishmen and love Ireland; that you have planted deep in your hearts the faith of Ireland, and that you have cultivated those virtues, that, I may say, are natural to Ireland, and which the grace of St. Patrick has supernaturalized. You should always remain good Irishmen, but when you go abroad you must not be aggressive Irishmen. The Irish priest when at home cannot be too Irish, but abroad his Irishism must not be aggressive. He will have in his flock not only Irishmen, but people of different countries, and in the words of St. Paul, he should be ‘all to all men.’ All races have their good qualities, as well as their faults. We in Ireland have, thank God, many virtues and good qualities, but we, too, have our faults. Therefore, when you go



abroad you must not act on the principle that whatever, is not Irish is wrong or bad, but you must remember the good qualities of the people of the different nationalities with whom you have to deal. You will, of course, never be ashamed of your Irish birth; you will retain your love for the soil on which you were born, and for the virtues you have imbibed with your mother's milk. But you must not carry that principle so far as to disregard the good qualities of other peoples, and in this way you will become pastors of the whole flock.

"Father Moore has referred to education. Education in a priest is a point of the highest importance. No doubt the most important part of your education is the ecclesiastical portion. But the world is changing. Secular knowledge is becoming more and more widespread, and the priest must try to keep himself abreast with the secular knowledge of the time. In the countries to which you go you must not disregard the questions that are uppermost in those countries. Those who go to America will have to tackle one set of questions, those who go to Australia another set, and those who go to Newfoundland a different set from either. You must try to adapt yourself to the circumstances in which you find yourselves; but the great eternal principles will always be the same. In the Pontifical used in to-day's ordination words denoting the qualities you should possess have impressed themselves on my mind. These are *sapientia*, *bonae mores*, and *diuturnae justitiae observatio*. Without learning a man cannot be *sapiens*; but a man may be learned without being wise. As to *bonae mores*, thank God, Irishmen, both at home and abroad have a great facility in the practice of *bonae mores*; and if they fail in that particular direction, it arises in my view, not from malice, but from a certain weakness of character. Irishmen are soft-hearted and like to please everybody, and that mental frame sometimes leads them astray. There-

fore in order to be *sapiens* and to have *bonae mores* the young priest should also be a *vir tenax propositi*. He must be strong and firm in character. Then there should be the continued practice of justice, which means impartiality of judgment and of action without acceptance of persons. And if you are to succeed you must love your people with a deep and fond love. That love will lead you to assist them, not only in their spiritual, but also in their temporal wants. But here you must be cautious and have regard to the circumstances of the countries to which you go. You must avoid too great intimacy with the affairs of a few families to the disregard of the rest of the parish.

"We are all delighted to see the young priests going forth, we hope and pray for a blessing on their missions, and we hope they will be as successful and as fruitful in their labours as the Irish priests who have gone forth in hundreds—I believe in thousands—from the College of All Hallows, and as fruitful even as were the early Irish saints. We are also interested in the larger body of students who are remaining behind; and to these I would say—cultivate the knowledge and the virtues that flourish in this College. Cultivate the example and follow in the footsteps of your Superiors, and of those students who are going out from you. Be vigorous in your studies, and widen and deepen your knowledge; and thus the younger students will in time take places worthy of those who are going forth now, and others coming in will imbibe the same qualities, so that the good work which has been done in this College for more than sixty years may continue, spreading the blessings of Irish faith, and of Irish learning, and wisdom wherever there shall be found a settlement of the Irish Gael."

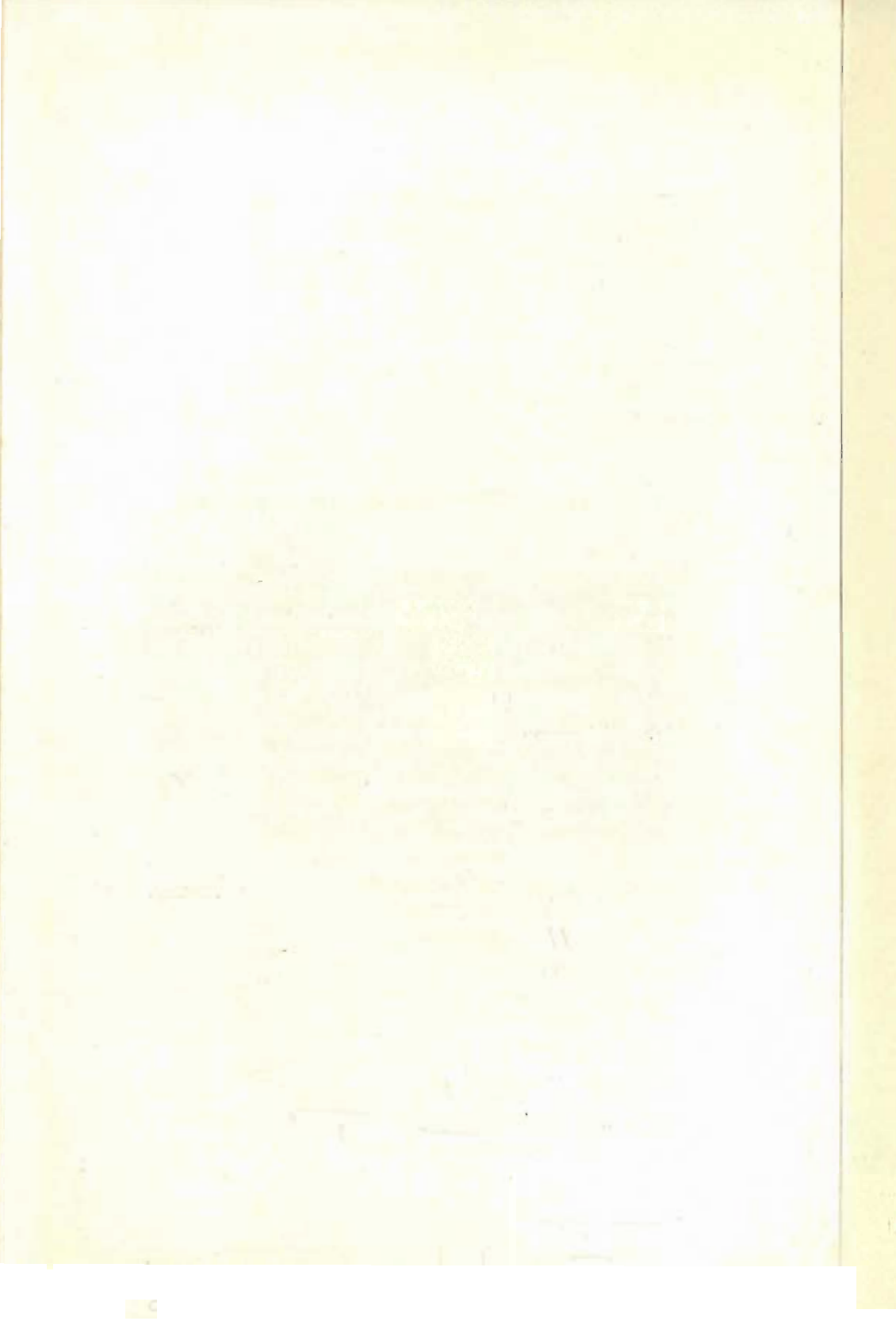


[Photographed by]

**Moran's Cottage.**

[Mr. Bedford.]





## TRISAGION.

## SONG'S TESTIMONY.

Sweet melody, full harmony !  
 I hear ye telling of the Three  
 Who are The One All-holy  
     Self-source of right endeavour,  
 Who lives—knows—loves essentially,  
 Self-singing through eternity,  
 Self-harmonising melody,  
     Self-Right—Truth—Good for ever.

O Type of thought's analysis,  
     Eternal Melody !  
 All-reason of all synthesis,  
     Essential Harmony !  
 The music from mind's myriad strings  
 That at emotion's moment springs  
 To swell the song man's spirit sings,  
     TRIUNE, but tells of Thee.

Now, paeans of self-ruling powers,<sup>1</sup>  
 Songs of souls from beauty's bowers,<sup>2</sup>  
 Carols of joy for pleasure's hours,<sup>3</sup>  
     Dear be ye all to me ;  
 For now I know what means all this  
 Life-song of power, beauty, bliss—  
 O Sovereign Self-synthesis !  
     I see, Lord, laws all-o'er,  
 Thy order ordering all is :  
     Revealing more and more  
 Of Thy most mystic triune truth—  
     *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,*  
     *Dominus Deus Sabaoth !*

T. J. O'M.

Closing Tract *De Deo Trino*.<sup>1</sup> Political, loyal, patriotic "Songs of nations"—telling of the right.<sup>2</sup> Personal, local, home "Songs of love"—telling of the true.<sup>3</sup> Festive, social, occasional "Songs of mirth"—telling of the good.



## Music and Dramatic Art.

### MUSIC, ECCLESIASTICAL AND SECULAR, IN THE COLLEGE.

The "Motu  
Proprio."

SINCE the last issue of our ANNUAL remarkable changes have been made in the music recognised as official by the Church. We have had the memorable *Motu Proprio* of April, 1904, with its welcome words commanding all back to the ancient sources of the Church's song—Gregorian, pure and undefiled ; and, almost as memorable, we have had the prompt and unquestioning obedience of the world in general, and above all, of Ireland, to the letter and the spirit of the Papal orders.

Its wisdom and  
cause,

As to the wisdom of the change there can be but one opinion among "those who know." The Ratisbon edition contained music formed from shreds and patches of the Church's ancient song. It could not have continued to exist. At least it could not have continued to exist with honour or appreciation from musicians, or from the common people. The former would have tolerated it through obedience, while they despised it for its history ; the latter, really appreciative when serious, and visibly, though unconsciously, moved by all true art, no matter how high, would have ever remained aloof, protected by its ignorance from an imperfect and professedly corrupt art form, which could not, consciously or unconsciously, fling one attractive impulse in upon their souls. To mend it or to end it, was an alternative certain to present itself at no distant date.



Luckily for the Church, its liturgy, and its music, the crisis came sooner than one would have dared to hope. History was the solvent of the accepted views, or rather practice. The pedigree of the Medicean *Gradual* was published, and commented on by skilful, hostile hands. It was a sorry pedigree indeed, saved from shame only by the necessities of that awful sixteenth century. The peasant Pope, just come from the ocean-wed Italian city, read it aright, and acted on his reading with accustomed vigour. He banished it for ever; gratefully, indeed, because of the service it had done, but firmly, because it could but impede hereafter the legitimate heir to the old glories of Ambrose and Gregory, of Rome and of St. Gall.

**Beauty of the  
new version.**

In its place he gave us the true music of the past; smoothly, softly flowing, like the sea around his palace walls in Venice; full at times, even as those waters were, and strong as well to bear the burthen of some mighty God-like thoughts, even as the waves the fleets that came from all the gorgeous East with silken or with golden greetings from that distant land; full and strong, but sad withal at times, and ever gentle with reserve of strength, even as these same lagoons could be, when the sky was dark above them, and their watchmen told of coming foe, resistless or deceitful. Old, too, even as the Doges' selves, this music is which our Pope has given us at last, reaching back across all the centuries to the days when the great St. Gregory ruled and taught at Rome.

**Early object-  
lesson in  
All Hallows.**

Ireland, as we have said, as a whole was prompt in its obedience to the Holy See. Among the colleges All Hallows was nowise backward. It was well up among the very first of those who introduced the new version to its students, and in the Spring that followed the decree it was firmly established

and sung by all in the various functions we attend. One in particular deserves some mention here, as that in which, perhaps for the first time, the beauty of this new but ancient art form struck the listeners, and convinced them that some change, and that for good, had been accomplished. It was at the Office and Mass for Mr. Bedford. Moved, and perhaps inspired, by all the memories of long past years that crowded round his bier, the early struggles in the midst of which he came to us, the more than pious Christian life he lived for fifty years among his students in chapel and in hall, the present generation chanted and sang the solemn Psalms and music in a way not surpassed, if ever equalled, in the history of the College. It was an object lesson in the beauty of the long-drawn wondrous sequences of notes which the reforming spirit of the sixteenth century curtailed as being too long, or redistributed as being offensive to the military precision and distinctness of the then growing Teutonic accent. ¶ And it was a singularly becoming function for the reading of such a lesson to us all. Here was our old friend and teacher lying dead amongst us. From the mutilated fragment of religion left him by misguided reformations, he had found again through grace the beauty, ever ancient, of the only ancient Church. Even at the moment that he was entering his reward, and saw in all its truth and beauty the doctrine he had rediscovered on the earth, we were seeing above his grave, and actually possessing once more, a beauty less deep and piercing, perhaps, but not less true, of which we had all these years been ignorant, and in whose place we held a something given to us, perhaps in good faith, by the reformers who were better than the work they did.

**The work to  
be done.**

¶ To effect such a change within so short a time has meant no little work for those connected with the musical education of a college large as ours, with all the functions of the Church—



High Mass, and Vespers, and Benediction—each Sunday of the year. It is not easy to teach some hundreds of students, such as we have, a new and complicated set of melodies. Add to this the circumstances of a completely different notation, and a rhythm singularly beautiful, but classic and refined; and even those "who do not know" will realise that teaching here means work, in spite of all that the earnest past had done, and well done, to prepare our students for it.

The notation in all the books we use is that of the ancient manuscripts as interpreted and published by the Benedictines of Solesmes. Singularly graceful and helpful, when one has used it for a while, the complexity of its multiplied note forms and other signs cannot but confound and confuse the beginner. There are, at least, a dozen of them to be found in any Sunday's Mass or Office, each one telling some tale to the understanding mind of pause or pressure, of prolongation or of grouping, essential to the intelligent and artistic phrasing of the scattered notes. In spite of this, the students pick them all up quickly, and were they to be removed, would seriously inconvenience those who have come to understand their unobtrusive but enlightening help. Some of them, chiefly breathing marks, etc., will not be found in the new edition from the Vatican, but they can easily be supplied. Others that will remain could not; for without them, in ordinary hands, the phrasing and all the rhythm would be chaos.

In mentioning these latter points, the  
 The phrasing and rhythm of the new version. phrasing and the rhythm of the chant, we have touched on a matter most likely to cause perplexity and doubt for years to come, if, even then, it shall have been decided. Many would say to-day that both are actually in chaos with us now. Nor would they, we think, be altogether wrong, at least as far as the explicit justification of the Solesmes method



may be concerned. Nothing is clearer than the fact that the Benedictines have a method, and one singularly beautiful, for the rendering of the lifeless notes and groups they find in manuscripts. Many have had the privilege of hearing it in the Mother House in England; and in the College we have endeavoured to follow, at a distance, such authentic guidance. But beauty and truth are not always one, at least in music. A method may be beautiful, though not traditional; while to be true it must be both. If the discussions we have read upon the subject do not prove the one or the other side conclusively, they are, at least, sufficiently convincing to recommend a suspension of all judgment till those of highest name and knowledge speak at length. One of them, perhaps, the greatest, is Dom Mocquereau, of Appuldurcombe, Isle of Wight. As we write, his "Apologia" is being eagerly read in England and America in the pages of a new musical journal.

He will have to face one great difficulty, **A difficulty.** touched upon by almost all of those who have heard his monks perform. With them there is a marked tendency to miss the tonic accent, and to place a stress upon the last syllable of many words. Such accentuation cannot be correct. A method that demands it cannot live outside France, however beautiful otherwise it may be. It is not encouraging, moreover, to remember that this was one of the causes alleged in Palestrina's day for the wholesale mutilation of the chant which, some say, he himself accomplished. But we think, with the little experience we have had, that without the mutilation or transference of a single neum the method of Solesmes can be retained in all its piercing beauty, and the true tonic accent and the true vowel sounds preserved.

We think the matter has been completely misunderstood by many writers. No system, however true, will make

French monks pronounce the Latin words quite accurately from our stand-point. Their language, so different from, though so much more logical than, the English, decides for them the vowel sounds of Latin, and begets in them a tendency they cannot resist to stress the closing syllable of their sentences or phrases, and pass lightly by the earlier syllables in words. The method of Dom Mocquereau must not be burthened with the blame. Were Haberl of Ratisbon the theorist, the result would have been but little different.

Not only has his method been condemned, **Arsis and thesis.** because of this attributed defect, but this latter has been taken as a guide to interpret some features of the former that still remain obscure. The arsis and thesis of the *Liber Usualis*, or still more, of the edition with modern notation, have caused no little literature, and no less confusion. We remember understanding this latter as a stress or accent, and thence concluding, as, indeed, was necessary, that French pronunciation was cause or consequence of the Benedictines' theory. Many others understood it in a like sense, nor did we doubt their wisdom till Dom Mocquereau was heard declaring that accent or stress it was not, whatever else it might be. Rest, complete or partial, was the best description he could give, and stress or accent was its antithesis and its negation. Since then the community of Stanbrook has published its little grammar, and the question seems quite clear.

Our accentuation can be as pointed as we wish. Let there be a protracted neum upon the unaccented syllable, and it will in no wise interfere, provided it begins "piano," and the accented syllable be made to stand out clearly by a stress which will never be found to spoil the phrasing or the flow for even the most accomplished Benedictine. Or let there be a thesis marked distinctly on the last syllables,



say of "Ave Verum," at the opening of the well-known hymn. Sing these syllables softly, in contrast with the accent that precedes. Thesis is not a stress, and may be rendered thus. Your accented syllables will ring throughout your church or hall, and your reputation as a Saxon will in no wise be endangered by the slight flavour of French delicacy which will still remain. At the same time the remembrance of the thesis will have one effect it could not have in older methods or in older books. It will keep the music smooth and flowing. The words will be correctly sung, and the music will be sung as well. The matter and form, in the old scholastic parlance, will be there. Both will bring some beauty of its own with which to grace the compound whole that will arise, but both will remain distinct as well, fitting one another as a glove a hand, but each with the rhythm which will be peculiarly its own.

Besides the æsthetic aspect of this new  
**The new version** chant, its singular fitness for the stately  
**and the** dignity of our liturgy, and the unconscious  
**congregation.** elevating effect it must produce upon the  
 thoughtful minds of students, there is another and  
 less encouraging, namely, the practical, which cannot  
 but present itself again and again to a teacher's mind. By  
 the latter we mean the influence or bearing on the common  
 people's lives, or even those of educated laymen, which  
 such a refined and almost monkish art form, wedded to a  
 stranger tongue, can be reasonably expected to possess. It  
 seems problematical whether it will interest or attract the  
 ordinary Sunday worshippers in our non-monastic churches.  
 Some think, and with no little show of reason, that it will  
 weary or repel them. And we are inclined to think so too,  
 unless one or two things can be satisfactorily accomplished  
 by the clergy.



**Liturgy, etc.,  
must be  
explained.**

One is the instruction of the children in the schools or elsewhere, as to the meaning of the liturgy they attend, the history and significance and utility of the vestments, ceremonies, and language that we use at Mass, or Vespers, or Benediction. At present they know nothing of it all. They attend from a sense of blind, and, often, uninteresting, duty which would delight the heart of Kant with his categorical imperative as the mainspring of salvation. Fortunately for us, the German mystic was not an efficient factor in fashioning the scheme of things. Our men and women are flesh and blood, with likes and dislikes, capable of being repelled by wearisome, if elevated, duties ; not mere matter, made to fill the meshes of a web of categories flung across the world by the philosopher of Königsberg. And if they are so, we must act accordingly. We must interest our people in our liturgy if we intend to force the liturgy and all its accompaniment upon them. By lecture, or by sermon, by pamphlet, or by newspaper, by instruction in the schools or out, the thing must be attempted ; and if it fail the blame can be easily apportioned. Never had men a grander theme on which to speak or write or teach : the ceremonial of a church that almost worthily surrounds the tremendous, thrilling, mystery of our Christian altars ; the robes of almost regal splendour that lead back the mind through gorgeous pageants of the Middle Ages on to the first red triumphs of the Cross within the arena, or down amid the bowels of the earth ; the music of more than earthly tunefulness and beauty, once fabled as taught to Gregory by angels, spoken of by latter-day pagans in terms of almost rapture, wedded to words inspired by God to utter the deepest and most piercing emotions of the humblest human souls. Such is the theme for our instructions. And who will venture to say that our people's faith, whether here in Ireland, or in the new homes they

have chosen, their very love of learning for mere learning's sake, will not make them willing and interested listeners.

**Congregation  
must take a  
part.**

Of more importance still is the second point which we must at least attempt with earnestness, if we wish to introduce this new music to our people with hope of their being benefited by it. In the smallest as in the largest church, we must teach the worshippers to sing the ordinary portions of the Mass, the Benediction, or even Vespers. They have been too long silent worshippers. The break in the old Catholic traditions caused by reformations, and their consequent persecutions, has lasted now through centuries. The sooner it is repaired, the better for our people, and the better for our Church. In a democratic age the masses will be interested only when they are a party to the action, and if they be not interested, as they easily may not be in elaborate ceremonial, or high art-music from which they are totally excluded, the careless or even absenting worshipper on Sundays may find his class increased in number by those recent Papal acts.

In the College we are making some little attempt to prepare our students in respect of both these matters. Liturgy, historical, as well as practical, is brought to their knowledge and explained by the professors of that subject; and the importance of music to themselves, not only as an element of worship or of culture, but as a something which all of them must one day teach the children and adults of their congregations, is put before them frequently and forcibly by those who direct that department in the College studies.

**Harmonized  
Music in the  
College.**

Though chief stress is laid in thought and teaching on Plain Chant, the official and most universally expressive church-song, no little attention is given by us, as has always been the case, to modern, or more strictly, harmonized



and polyphonic music. For years past the world famed Lamentations by Palestrina have been called on to contribute to the offices of Holy Week; other composers of the same school have given responses for the like occasion, or motets for our High Masses on the major feasts; while their modern disciples, whose name is almost legion, have helped us on other Sundays of the year to add the best fruit of modern religious art in music to that glorious gift of undivided song which Gregory prepared so long ago, and Pius finds for us to-day in all its simple yet majestic beauty.

Secular music is always something of a problem in ecclesiastical colleges. Professional, kindred, subjects, of which we have spoken above, and non-kindred as well, theology and the rest, loom so largely in the horizon of a student's life that but little trace of this wonderfully developed branch of modern artistic skill can generally be seen or, much less, appreciated by him. This we think is much to be regretted even though it be unavoidable. Every instinct we possess may be utilized by us for the getting still nearer and nearer to the great centre of our worship—God. One of these is the inborn instinct for rhythm, which everyone possesses, some more, some less, but all in a degree capable of being cultivated, and thus being made to serve as a help in the upward rising of the character. Church-music does this along what might be called the lines of reverence and faith; modern music along those which more distinctly subserve the functions of natural human intercourse. It refines, and it attracts, and above all, it prepares in a human way, and in a purely human atmosphere the instincts and emotions which are necessary for a suitable response to the severer though more beautiful melody and rhythm of what one is to hear in church or chapel.

In this spirit we have encouraged among our students



the cultivation of this instinct, and the interest they manifest in efforts directed to that end, while quite natural, is instructive when compared with the enthusiasm which meets endeavours at a higher, and severer ideal. Artists, like Ludwig, and many of less note, though well-known in city circles, have interpreted for us the beauties of our own old Irish music, whether wed to Irish or to English words. In their own societies too, such as the Ferghillian, literature and speech have sought the aid of music to help forward the great cause of culture, of sympathy—widening, which might be made no small factor in the training of a perfect Priesthood. And once a year they all unite, generally under the inspiring presence of his Grace, to weave a wreath of song with which to crown and close the festivities which celebrate each returning anniversary of our *Alma Mater's* birth.

P. SEXTON.

# STUDENTS' CONCERT,

November 1st, 1904.

## PART I.

" BOAT SONG "	.	.	.	.	Stevenson
SONG	.	.	SMALL CHOIR.	.	Sullivan
SONG	.	.	" Lost Chord "	.	MacMurrough
SONG	.	.	MR. MASTERSON.	.	Lohr
SONG	.	.	" A Nation Once Again "	.	Harrington
SONG	.	.	MR. O'BRIEN.	.	Stevenson
A LITTLE TRIO	.	.	" Out on the Deep "	.	Traditional Air
SONG	.	.	MR. M'CARNEY.	.	Sousa
SONG	.	.	" A Wish "	.	
SONG	.	.	" When he who adores thee "	.	
SONG	.	.	REV. FR. FLYNN.	.	
SONG	.	.	" Fáinne Feal an Lái "	.	
SONG	.	.	MR. KENNEDY.	.	
PIANO	.	.	March	.	
PIANO	.	.	MR. LONERGAN.	.	

## PART III.

SONG	.	.	" Dark Rosaleen "	.	Needham
SONG	.	.	MR. IRWIN.	.	Adams
SONG	.	.	" Shipwrecked "	.	Berg
TRIO	.	.	REV. DR. SEXTON.	.	Traditional Air
SONG	.	.	" Fairy Ground "	.	Wilton King
SONG	.	.	" Rádlam Rádlai "	.	
SONG	.	.	MR. SEARS.	.	
SONG	.	.	" Avoureen "	.	
SONG	.	.	MR. MONAGHAN.	.	
CHORUS	.	.	" Let Erin Remember "	.	Balfe
CHORUS	.	.	WHOLE CHOIR.	.	

## STUDENTS' CONCERT.

November 1st, 1905.

## PART I.

PIANO SOLO	• " Marche Grotesque "	•	•	<i>Sinding</i>
	MR. LONERGAN.			
DUET	• " Larboard Watch "	•	•	—
SONG	• " Nazareth "	•	•	<i>Gounod</i>
	MR. MASTERSON.			
TRIO	• " Wisdom "†	•	•	<i>Lawes (1699)</i>

Gather your rosebuds while you may,  
 Old time is still a-flying,  
 And that same flower which smiles to-day,  
 To-morrow may be dying.

See the bright lamp of Heav'n, the sun,  
 The higher he is getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
 The nearer he's to setting.

SONG	• " Ailís na Samna "	•	•	—
	MR. SEARS.			
SONG	• " Thou'rt passing hence "	•	•	<i>Sullivan</i>
	MR. ST. CROIX.			
SONG	• " The Helmsman "	•	•	—
	REV. P. SEXTON, D.D.			

## PART II.

PIANO DUET	" Turkish Patrol approaching and passing "	•	•	—
DUET	• " Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded ? "	•	•	<i>Moore</i>
	MESSRS. BROSNAN AND O'SULLIVAN.			
SONG	• " Avenging and Bright "	•	•	<i>Moore</i>
	REV. J. FLYNN, C.M.			
TRIO	• Short Madrigal	•	•	<i>Molinaro (1617)</i>

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,  
 Merrily chanted on each branch and bough ;  
 The wind that in the leaves and waters gently played  
 Now sweetly sang and murmured now.  
 Ceased the birds ; the wind loud answer made,  
 And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low.

Thus were it hap or cunning, force or art,  
 The wind in this strange music bore a part.

SONG	• " Oh Song Divine "	•	•	—
QUARTETTE	• " A man's a man for a' that "	•	•	<i>Burns</i>
SONG	• " Hear the Wild Winds Blow "	•	•	<i>Mattei</i>
	MR. M'CARTHY.			
CHORUS	• " Let Erin Remember "	•	•	<i>Moore</i>
	CHOIR.			

**"CORIOLANUS."**

I KNOW of no better mental refiner than the committal to memory of Shakespeare's noble lines with intent to master the subtlety of their meaning to the full, and afterwards interpret them to an audience. For be it said emphatically, Shakespeare is meant for the stage, and not the study, as many old literary fossils aver, and it is only when you hear his words well delivered that their full beauty, and, I might almost say, directness, reveal themselves. Many fine passages in his plays when read to oneself, seem involved and obscure, but speak them aloud with meaning and point and the humblest spectator may follow their import. This characteristic of Shakespeare's work proclaims him a true dramatist, and not a closet author, who merely moulded his work in dramatic form, as many of our poets like Milton, Byron, Tennyson, Browning, Shelley, etc., have done. Put any of the latter's dramatic compositions on the stage, and you see at once how cold and undramatic they become, whereas, any of Shakespeare's plays when enacted seem to gain new meaning and beauty, and the language he uses becomes a thing of life—real live speech, in fact.

Therefore, I am always pleased when I hear that the students of any college are getting up a Shakespearean piece, as I know their minds must expand under the influence of the grand lines they have to commit to memory, and their ordinary conversation hereafter be enriched by many a fine phrase, or luminous thought, thus acquired. Besides, to appear before spectators gives a confidence to young men which is bound to stand to them in after years when called on to take part in the battle of life.

With these thoughts uppermost in my mind I attended the production of Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" by the students of All Hallows College, under the able direction of Mr. M'Hardy-Flint on St. Patrick's Night.

Though a very fine, ennobling play, strange to say



"Coriolanus" has at no time been a very popular one on the stage. Many great players in the past, and Henry Irving in the present, have essayed the rôle of this proud, unconquerable soldier, whom love wins over in the end, with more or less artistic but very little [monetary] success. The only representation (a very good one by the way) I ever previously witnessed of the play was that of Mr. Osmond Tearle (a fine tragic actor of the dignified and impressive old school of acting), at the Gaiety Theatre, some years ago, before a tiny audience. ■

The present arrangement of the play, I thought, admirable. It was divided into three acts, containing fourteen scenes in all, in each of which the story was very clearly and concisely followed. In the first act we beheld the revolt in Rome, the war with the Volscians, and the exploits of Caius Marcius Coriolanus; in the second, Coriolanus seeks the Consulship, fails, and is banished; and in the third he joins the Volscians and leads them against Rome, but spares the city at the prayers of his mother, and then returns to the Volscians by whom he is slain.

The students' performance was full of merit, and the scenery and costumes were all that could be desired, while the grouping and stage-pictures were, for the most part, effective. A tendency on the part of some of the players to over-accentuate their rôles marred their acting at times. For, be it said, when spectators see you are trying to act, all illusion dies. One should seem to *live* the character not *act* it. That is the very thing a few of the youthful performers failed to do. So that much of the really artistic, subdued, impressive dignity of the title-rôle as lived by Mr. Michael Edge seemed *tame* alongside the highly-coloured impersonations of some of those who surrounded him. Mr. Edge looked the proud warrior, who is ultimately subdued in his desire to vanquish Rome through the power of love for his wife and mother, admirably, and bore himself with

dignity and distinction right through. Only in his soliloquy in Act iii. Scene 1, did he become somewhat *restless* and *fidgety*, I thought, in his movements, when to remain quiet would prove far more impressive. Restlessness detracts from the dignity of the spoken word in most cases, and should be avoided as much as possible in poetic drama. At least, I think so. Except in this one passage he *lived* the part for me, and his delivery of—

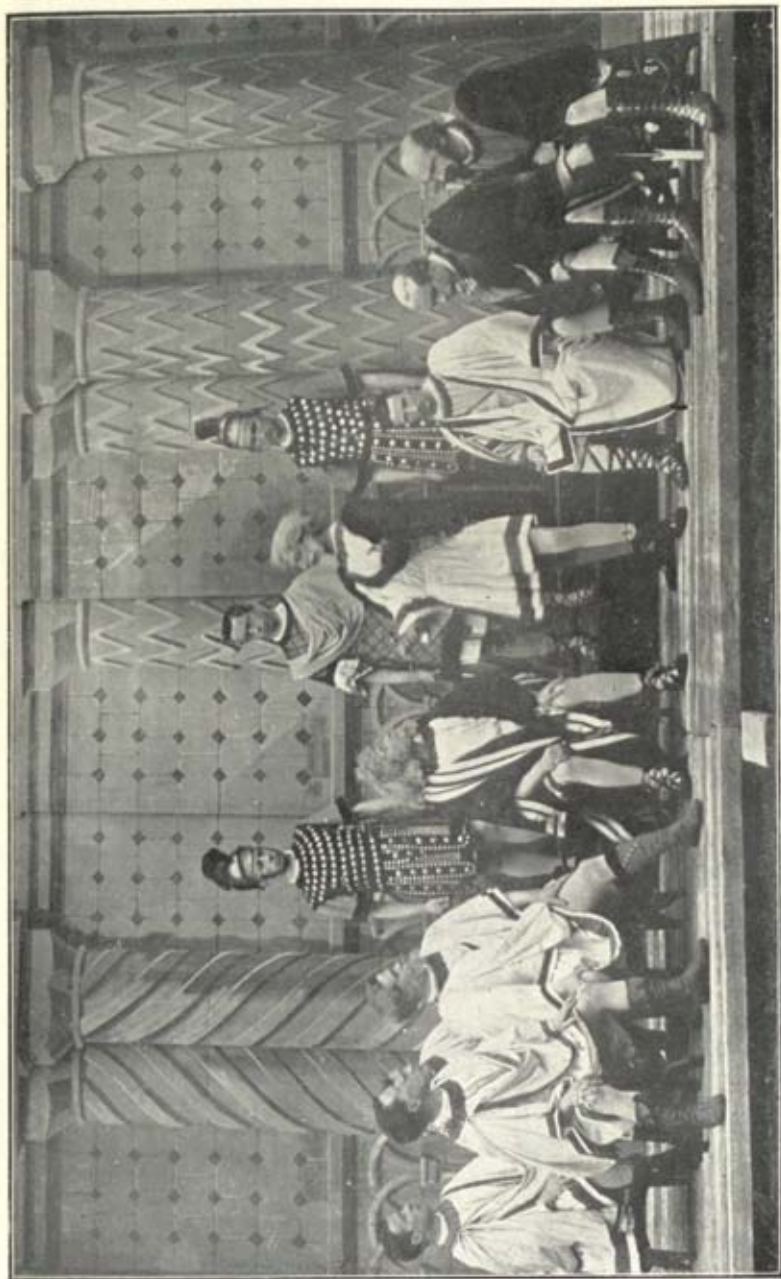
“ Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace——”

as he succumbs to the entreaties of his wife and mother to spare Rome, in the last act, was beautifully spoken, and touched the right sympathetic chord. In fact, his Coriolanus was a surprisingly able, natural performance, and stood out boldly from the rest, by the sheer truth of the portrait. The play is almost a one-character play—nearly as much so as “Hamlet” is—therefore, to have that one character so admirably realised is to win half, or more than half, the battle to a successful representation right away. Mr. Edge’s clear-cut and somewhat precise method of speaking suited the haughty Roman perfectly.

The role next in importance is that of Menenius Agrippa, the genial, plausible, old senator-friend of Coriolanus, who tries repeatedly to soften the hatred of the mob towards him. He was represented as a round-bellied, jovial, old fellow, with soft persuasive tongue, by Mr. James Meaney, who enacted the part with point and humour.

Mr. James M’Carthy, as Marcus Cominius, the general against the Volscians, spoke well, and was not lacking in dignity of bearing; but the restlessness of Mr. John F. Coughlin, as Tullus Aufidius, liked me not so well, while I thought his manner somewhat spasmodic and stagey. Mr. John Owens, as one of the Tribunes of the people, erred on the side of exaggeration also; but Mr. Thomas Hayes’s more

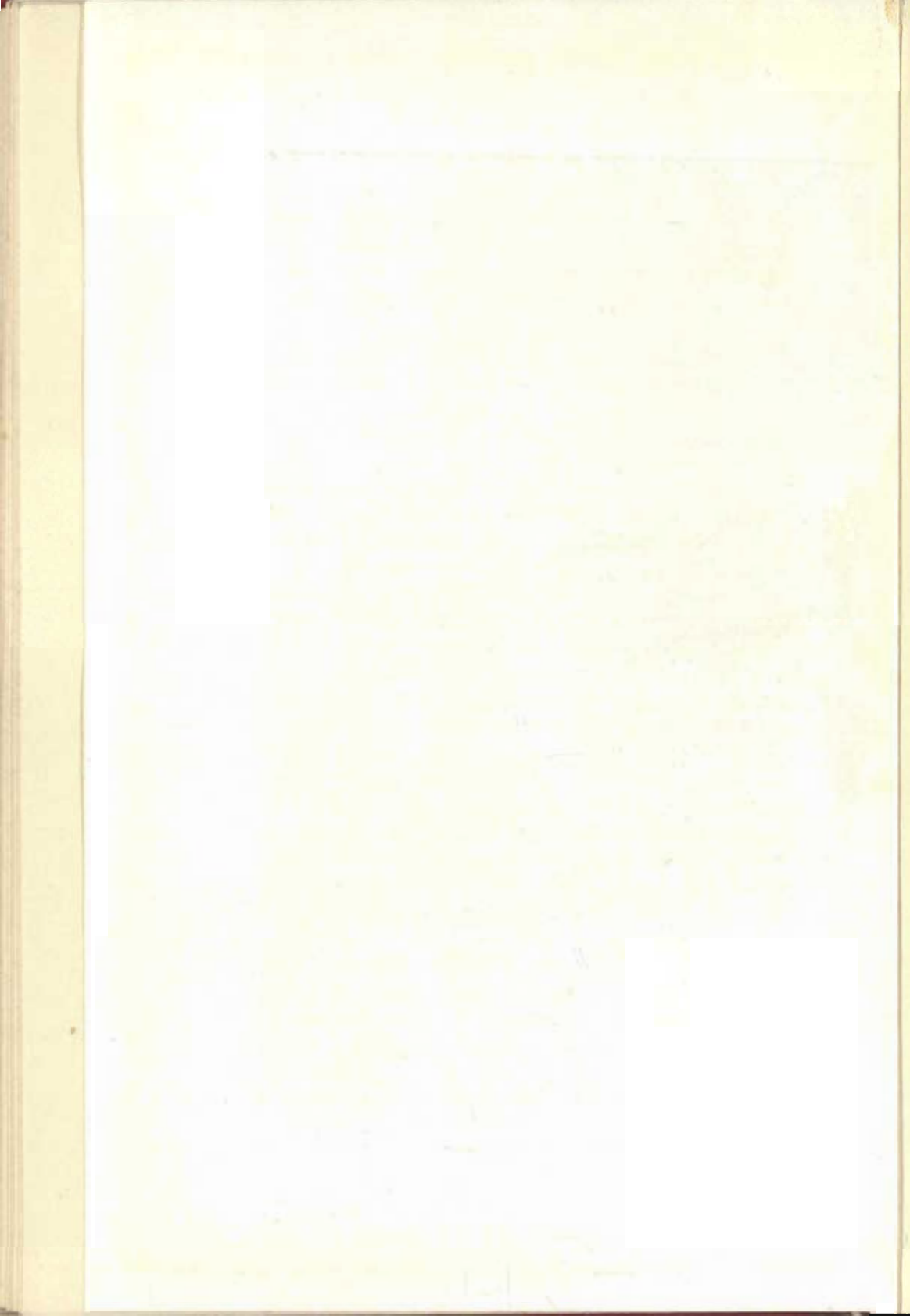




**In the Senate House.**

"It is held  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haire: if it be  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd."





reserved style as the other Tribune was far more convincing. Of the Citizens I liked the Third the best; Mr. Cornelius Murphy possessed a good deal of the Shakespearean clown about him, and his naturally droll manner of speech and action made his one scene in Act ii. thoroughly enjoyable and enjoyed.

Of the ladies' parts Mr. Nicholas Murphy's subdued, clear method of speaking made his Volumnia a very acceptable impersonation; nor was the Virgilia of Mr. Joseph Bowers bad either, though her affection for her husband was scarcely convincingly shown.

Many of the minor roles were filled with care, especially those of the two Volscian soldiers who bar the way to Menenius in the last act. They made quite a success of their little episode.

The good healthy "brogues" of a few of the players (which is inevitable in a College like All Hallows, where the students come from all parts of Ireland,) made many of the Romans appear "true sons of Erin," and some of Shakespeare's lines, like "a hundred thousand welcomes," seemed quite racy of the soil from which the players sprung. All provincialisms of speech, are, of course, faults in the correct speaking of a language, and Shakespeare above all should be spoken in its purity. Therefore, it would be well to guard against provincialisms of accent and dialect, as much as possible in plays like "Coriolanus" in future performances.

But when all is said and done the performance remains a very interesting and excellent one of a very difficult play, and one deserving of every praise. The truly noble Roman presented by Mr. Edge in the title-role will not readily fade from my memory. He was the central figure in all the scenes, and he realized each of the many fine dramatic situations in which he was placed in a thoroughly impressive way, using dignified and quiet, natural voice tones, that told their tale far better than all the "rant" in the world could have done.

JOSEPH HOLLOWAY.

**"KING LEAR."**

ON Shrove Tuesday, 1905, the students produced Shakespeare's "King Lear" in the presence of the Archbishop of Dublin and a number of distinguished visitors. The play is one of the most celebrated of Shakespeare's tragedies, and there are few to whom the old mad king and his daughters are not familiar; it is a play which requires a great deal of power on the part of the actors, as the situations in it are so strange, the emotions called up so disturbing; and it is only bare justice to say at once that the young actors in All Hallows deserved the hearty applause which was given them by the large and critical audience assembled in the Library Theatre. At times the acting reached a very high level of perfection, and we were all kept breathless with excitement during the wild scene on the heath, when the white-haired king, crazy with grief, wanders about bareheaded in the thunderstorm, attended by an outlaw, a fool, and a pretended madman; the human beings, their wits and the elements alike, seemed to reel deliriously before us. Then again, we listened with strained attention and lively sympathy to a scene of a different kind, but as stirring and as forcible in its way, when the poor old king is watching by the side of the dead Cordelia.

For the proper understanding of the plot, the repulsive characters of the ungrateful elder daughters, whose unfilial conduct broke the old king's heart, are of necessity prominent; and these uncongenial parts, with that of the villainous Edmund, were very successfully played; but let us commence with the king.

Mr. Thomas Hayes took the part of King Lear, and made the impulsive, generous, and much-afflicted old monarch live on the boards before us "every inch a king." In the first scene Lear's royal nature, royal to excess, was exhibited in a masterly way by Mr. Hayes in the splendid generosity of his abdication, the autocratic misjudging of the modest



Cordelia, the furious banishing of Kent. He was equally successful in the different scenes which follow, in which the old king is made to realize by his ungrateful daughters, Goneril and Regan, that his abdication has been accepted by them in a very different spirit from that in which he performed it. Rejected and ill-treated by Goneril, he trustfully betakes himself to the other daughter, and meets with a bitter, bitter disappointment to his hopes on finding that she sides with her elder sister :—

“ O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand ? ”

The acting here was excellent.

Misfortune gathers upon the aged kingly outcast : as he leaves his second daughter's Castle, thrust out of a portal not more strong than her heart, stung by her serpent tooth, the mutterings and low rumblings of a distant storm strike upon the ears of the now highly-strung audience ; and a new feeling of compassion is aroused by the discovery that Lear's mind is beginning to give way.

This scene and the tumultuous one that follows on the Heath are a severe test to the physical powers even of an All Hallows student, and here again loud and prolonged applause proved the appreciation of the assembled guests. The deep pathos of the concluding scenes (in the French Camp and in the British Camp at Dover) was admirably brought before us by Mr. Hayes, who is to be congratulated on his uniformly successful representation.

The part of Cordelia, that sweet flower of pagan virtue, whose characteristic it is to “ love and be silent,” was played by Mr. Thos. Monaghan with a good deal of ability. His soft musical voice greatly helped him to a sympathetic rendering of the part. The mild, inoffensive, and faithful Cordelia is like a dove between her Harpy sisters, and Mr. Monaghan successfully played this gentle role.

Goneril (Mr. John F. Coughlin) and Regan (Mr. Michael Keenan), the unnatural daughters of the good old king

were as cruel and vindictive, in fact as generally odious as could be reasonably expected: the tall figure of the eldest seemed to diffuse malignity and spitefulness around, especially in the scene where she shows her true character to Lear, while Regan reached her highest point of wickedness in the horrifying mutilation of Gloucester—and all this required great powers of acting.

There is a secondary plot connected with the fortunes of the house of Gloucester interwoven into the Lear story; and in the working out of it a large meed of praise is due to Mr. Cecil Lonergan for the very life-like Edgar which he gave us. Faultless declamation, a good stage presence, and a thorough appreciation of his difficult part made his entrance and his exits points of great interest: whether raving on the Heath as "Poor Tom," or, skilfully deluding his blinded father by the fancied particulars of the cliff at Dover—

"The surge that on th' unnumbered pebbles beats  
Cannot be heard so high"—

he showed exceptional dramatic power.

The unfortunate Earl of Gloucester found a stately and dignified representative in Mr. James McCarthy, while Edmund (Mr. Stanislaus St. Croix) enacted his deeds of baseness and treachery shamelessly before us. Mr. St. Croix put a good deal of dash and spirit into his performance and made a good villain.

Love and loyalty in fair and stormy weather are associated with "poor banish'd Kent" (Mr. Brennan), and the tragic sufferings of Lear would press too heavily upon an audience without the sturdy presence of that honest, plain-spoken and muscular nobleman: just as the quips and jests of the Fool (Mr. C. MacSherry) relieve the tension produced by the distracted king's wild apostrophe to the wind, the rain, and the thunder.

Kent was perhaps at his best in the scene with Goneril's



Steward, Oswald (Mr. Finan), whose imperturbable good humour under very trying circumstances, was one of the most successful pieces of by-play.

Mr. MacSherry's part was no easy one : the point of a Shakespearean joke is often not very obvious, the joke itself is often mere silliness and not unfrequently, plain coarseness ; but with quiet self-command, in a penetrating little voice, the follies of a by-gone age were paraded cleverly before us.

The Duke of Cornwall and the Duke of Albany were successfully and spiritedly impersonated by Messrs. Michael Lyons and Arthur O'Keeffe ; while Mr. Dan Murphy and Mr. John Finnegan were prominent as the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy. The caste also included a Doctor (Mr. Jas. Barry), a Captain (Mr. M. Cronin), a Gentleman, Attendant to Cordelia (Mr. T. Brosnan), a Herald (Mr. L. Conway), who, with the Knights, Ladies of Court, Attendants, and Soldiers contributed to the great success of the College Theatricals this year.

P. BOYLE.

#### THE GREGORIAN CHANT AND THE MONKS OF SOLESMES.

" Cantus ille est, qui fidelium animos ad devotionem et pietatem excitat ; qui, si recte decenterque peragatur in Dei ecclesiis, a piis hominibus libentius auditur "—(Bened. XIV).

THE Church of God has ever jealously guarded her sacred liturgy. Every detail thereof has been the object of her most watchful care. Whatsoever pertains to the worship of God is sacred in her eyes, and therefore treasured by her as a most precious inheritance. Of no part of her liturgy can this be more truly said than of her sacred music. The whole object of that liturgy is to raise the hearts of her children to God. This she does through their outward senses. Her ceremonial appeals to their eyes, her music to their ears, but the object, in both cases, is one and the same, through their senses, to reach the heart and raise it to God



**Church Music  
down to 600  
A.D.**

Music has ever had an important share in the divine worship. The Jews of old sang their sacred canticles, and God was pleased to accept the praise and homage given Him thereby. Hence the *Cantate Domino* so often on the lips of the royal Psalmist. Hence, too, we read, "in dedicatione templi decantabat populus laudem, et in ore eorum dulcis resonabat sonus." It was the same in the Christian Church in every age. In her very infancy she used music in her liturgy, and Pliny writing to the Emperor Trajan, testifies that the Christians were accustomed to meet together, "to sing in alternate choirs the praises of their God."

When the ages of persecution had passed away and the Church came forth from the catacombs, she began to build temples to God, her liturgy became more and more developed, and with it her sacred song. Hence, towards the end of the fourth century we find St. Ambrose giving his attention to the music of the Church, and originating a method of chant which still bears his name. But it is to Gregory the Great, and his labours in the cause of sacred music, that the Church is indebted for that chant which is peculiarly her own. This sainted Pontiff, as learned in the arts and sciences, as he was zealous for the honour of God, turned his attention to the music of the Church, and after years of labour gave her that song which is still her own, and which will ever bear his name—the Gregorian Chant. It is said that he founded a school of music in Rome, and notwithstanding the cares of his pontificate, found time to teach there in person the chant he had given to the Church.

In this connection it may be asked, whether Gregory himself wrote those chants which bear his name, or whether he did but gather together, classify, and finally arrange for future use, chants already existing. It is difficult to answer this question with absolute certainty. It is however the commonly received opinion that the latter was the great work

he accomplished. It is true that he composed music to suit the portion of the liturgy which he himself had added, but his great work was that of modification, adaptation, and rearrangement. He found already in use a music that had come down from the very dawn of Christianity. This he modified and rearranged, and finally gave to the Church a complete body of music worthy in every way of the temple of God. Whence, then, came those chants which Gregory found already in existence? To answer this we must remember that the language, customs, and habits of thought of the early Christians were mainly, if not altogether, Greek. The infant Church was composed of two great elements, viz. : converts from amongst the Hellenists or Greek-speaking Jews, and those from amongst the Gentiles who also spoke Greek. The former had already been familiar with the Septuagint, or Greek version of the Old Testament, of the latter, Greek was the language of every-day life. Hence the Gospels intended primarily for the early Christians were written in Greek. When St. Paul addressed the newly founded churches at Phillippi, Ephesus, Thessalonica, and even at Rome itself, he wrote to them in Greek, the early liturgy was in Greek, and it is a remarkable fact, that nearly all the Popes of the first two centuries bore Greek names. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to suppose, that the early music of the Church was also Greek both in its origin and character, with perhaps some admixture of Hebrew song still retained by the Greek-speaking Jews?

When Gregory had completed his great work he took steps to secure that it should be spread throughout the Church. As we have seen he commenced by establishing a school of music in Rome in which he himself taught. But this was not all. He sent skilled chanters to the different schools and monasteries of Europe to bring with them the new chant, and to teach how it was to be rendered. We find traces of these chanters both in France and England,



and there is strong reason to believe that some of them found their way to Ireland also.

**From Gregory to Palestrina.** The period of about 500 years which immediately followed the great work of

Gregory may be looked upon as the golden era of the Church's song. During that time, fostered by the Popes, and patronised by emperors and kings it spread all over Western Europe, till it reached the zenith of its glory about the year 1000. It was during this period that was founded the grand old monastery of St. Gall, in the Swiss mountains, which became in after years the cherished home and most celebrated school of Gregorian chant. We mention this fact not only on account of its founder, an Irish monk, but also on account of the part this monastery has played in recent times in the restoration of the ancient chant of the Church.

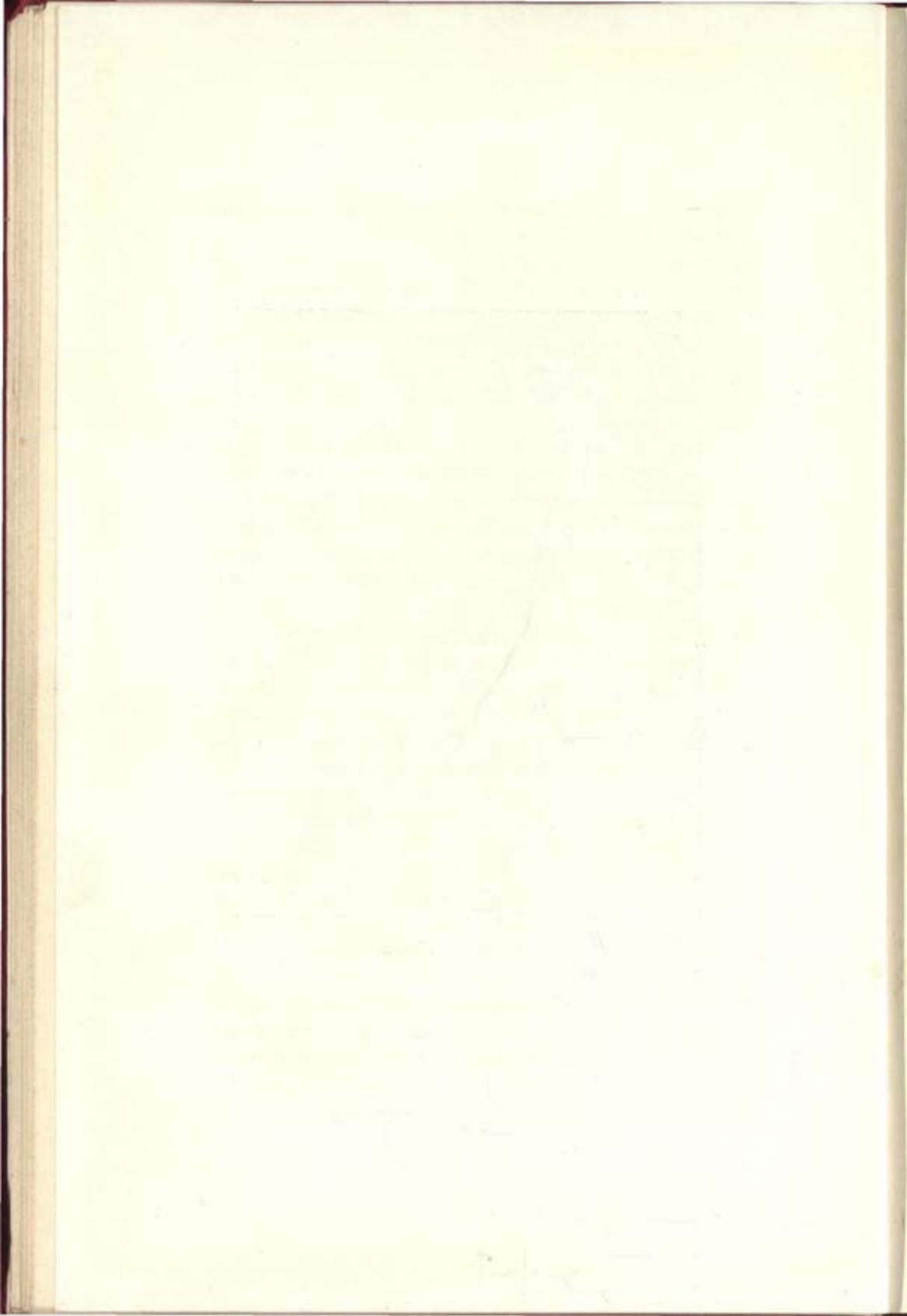
After this period, though the Gregorian chant was still held in honour, and though it was still the groundwork of all the music of the Church, yet, with the development of the art of music, and still more by the introduction of polyphony, it ceased to have that charm which it possessed in the first period of its existence. There was a growing desire for music of a more varied and ornate character, and, with it, a corresponding departure from the noble simplicity and sublime grandeur of the Gregorian chant. This we find was the case in many monasteries where new melodies were introduced, no longer characterized by the beauty and richness of the plain-song of the Church.

We must not, however, suppose that during this period plain chant was neglected, or, that the disposition to adopt the music of the time was universal. On the contrary, much was still done to maintain it in its purity, and some of its greatest champions lived during this period. We need but mention the names of Odo of Cluny, Guy d'Arezzo, Pope Leo IX, St. Bernard, Adam of St. Victor and St. Hildegarde,





Right Rev. Dr. Moore.



of whom it is said, that her knowledge of plain chant was imparted to her by supernatural inspiration.

About the beginning of the fourteenth century a severe blow was given to the Gregorian chant by the introduction of "measured" music. This latter, in addition to its other charms, had also that of novelty. This alone would have sufficed to render it popular in an age already growing weary of the simplicity of the ancient chant of the Church. It may be truly said that from this blow the Gregorian chant never fully recovered. Its decline went steadily on until, during the Renaissance, it was threatened with utter extinction. The spirit of that great movement was, to depart from old traditional methods, to scoff at and revile everything medieval, and to set up again the pagan ideals of ancient Greece and Rome. All the arts came under its influence, and music was no exception. Like the painters and sculptors of the period, musicians, too, were inspired by profane ideals and sought much more in their compositions, to please the ear than to touch the heart. The result was, that by degrees music of an entirely profane character was introduced into the Sacred Liturgy, and the same strains which might be heard at the opera or the play, accompanied the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. No doubt, Pope after Pope raised his voice in protest against this abuse. But still the evil went on, until at length it became so great that music of every kind was in danger of being banished from the Church altogether. If we are to believe tradition, banished it certainly would have been, had it not been, once again, restored to its true place in the liturgy, by the sublime compositions of Palestrina.

But the labours of Palestrina did not completely remove the abuse. Notwithstanding the efforts made to combat it, it has remained in a more or less aggravated form down to our own time. Pius IX in his day, appointed a special commission to undertake the reform of Church music, and



to lay down the fundamental principles of plain chant. The illustrious Leo XIII went further still, and ordered the publication of a complete and authentic edition of all the liturgical books in which the Gregorian chant was found. But it remained for our present Holy Father, Pius X, to inaugurate a new era, and to give a new life and vigour to the Church's ancient song.

**Magna  
Instauratio Pii  
Decimi.**

In the very beginning of his pontificate, with difficulties staring him in the face, with questions of the greatest and deepest interest pressing upon him, he still found time to give attention to the sacred music of the Church. It still required to be reformed and with all his apostolic authority, he took up the work of reformation. Hence in the very first year of his pontificate he issued his now famous *Motu Proprio* on Church Music. The object of that decree was to restore to the Church that music which is peculiarly her own. "Revertimini ad fontes Sancti Gregorii" was his theme. Bring back the old Gregorian chant with all its sublime beauty, and all its suitability to the worship of God. The music of the Church, he tells us, must be sacred in its character, and a fitting medium to convey to God the sentiments of heart and soul which the words contain. He does not indeed absolutely lay down, that no other but the Gregorian chant is to be used in the Church. He allows other music, provided it is based on the Gregorian chant, and provided also that its spirit remains always Gregorian. "The more closely," he says "a composition approaches in its movements and inspirations the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple of God." His wish, however, is, that as far as possible, the pure plain chant be used. For again he says, "ecclesiastical functions lose none of their

solemnity if accompanied throughout by none other than the Gregorian chant."

But where was the true Gregorian chant to be found? Many schools of plain song had arisen, but in his *Motu Proprio* the Holy Father does not specifically give preference to any. However, though he does not do so in so many words, still his own action and his letters clearly show his mind, that he gives a decided preference to the School of Solesmes. The Gregorian chant as restored and rendered by the Benedictine monks, he considers the highest and most perfect model we now possess. This is what in effect he says in a letter to Paul Delatte, Abbot of Solesmes: "We however, hold that the time has come for Our office to deal authoritatively with the work of restoring the Gregorian chant, according to the traditional order, and We have shown quite recently that We hold your labours in this department in very high esteem, as We have frequently testified elsewhere. For in the solemn ceremonies which We celebrated at the tomb of Gregory the Great, in honour of his centenary anniversary, when We wished, as it were, to consecrate the beginnings of the restoration of the Gregorian chant, We ordered the Solesmes melodies as an example."

Again in the same letter he says, "As by our *Motu Proprio* We have charged chosen men to prepare an official edition (of the liturgical melodies) so at the same time We wish it to be the work of the monks of Solesmes in their own manner and method, to go through the entire field of ancient records now existing." Finally, in an audience granted to the Archbishop of Westminster, the Holy Father is reported to have said, "It is my desire that the Solesmes chant be universally adopted, for it is the true chant of the Church." There can be no doubt, therefore, that Pius X gives a decided preference to the Solesmes chant.

\* \* \* \* \*



**The True Chant  
at  
Appuldurcombe.**

This fact it was, that over a year ago turned the eyes of the Catholic world towards the old Monastery of Solesmes. But alas ! it was silent, the song of praise had ceased within its walls, and the monks had been ruthlessly driven from the home they loved so well. By a law as unjust as it was cruel, they had been expelled from their country, and had been forced to seek in another land that liberty which was denied them in their own. They had come to England, and settled down in Appuldurcombe House, in the Isle of Wight, where in their temporary chapel may now be daily heard the pure Gregorian chant rendered in all its sublime beauty by the exiled monks.

There seems to have been a special providence in thus bringing the monks within comparatively easy reach. Many have been enabled to hear them, who might never have had that privilege had they remained in their old French home. Such was the privilege of the present writer during the summer holidays. He had the opportunity of being present on different occasions, both at High Mass and Vespers, and of hearing the chant rendered by the monks, as they alone can do. It was a revelation. It would be idle to attempt to give anything like a just idea of the richness and beauty and the depth and meaning of that chant as interpreted and rendered by the monks. It must be heard, and heard more than once, to form any idea of its simple pathos, and its power to reach the heart and soul. Nevertheless, the writer ventures to give his own impressions. Perhaps then, the *first* thing that struck him was, the softness and smoothness of the chant throughout. That softness is mainly due to the fact that, never, even in the loudest passages, do the monks sing in more than *mezza voce*. They always seem to be under the restraint that their reverence for the solemn meaning of the words impresses upon them. The smoothness comes principally from the absence of all undue stress



or accent—that accent, namely, which dwells unduly on one syllable of a word, and allows the others to pass without distinct articulation. Each syllable gets an almost equal value, with the result that, there is always an even flowing of the chant, like a river that flows smoothly along without a ripple on its surface. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the fact that the monks bring to the Latin language their own French pronunciation, which gives a distinctly articulate sound to every syllable of a word. All this does not mean, however, that their intonation is not perfect, difficult though it is to secure this in restrained singing.

*Another feature* of their chant is its utterly unobtrusive character. Never for a moment does it distract or turn away the mind from the worship of God. Here, in one sense at least, the principle is especially applied, *accessorium sequitur principale*. Music is after all but an accessory, a means to an end, the principal object ever being, to appeal to the soul and raise the heart to God. We can fully realise what this means, when we recall what we may perhaps have heard from time to time in our churches. The Divine Mysteries were being celebrated, yet the music so obtruded itself upon us, as to force us to give to the artistic efforts of the singers that attention which should have been given to God. Not so with the monks, their singing directly leads the mind and heart to God, it is a prayer in itself. As it has been said, "as they sing they seem to meditate aloud, and to give utterance in music, to the feelings of devotion which fill their hearts."

A *third* feature that may perhaps be noticed, is the absence of every attempt to produce dramatic effects. Not that the music is not dramatic, in the highest and purest sense, but it is not consciously so, the monks never attempt to convey through the music a meaning which they themselves do not feel. It is indeed in the highest sense dramatic because it not only expresses, but it makes those who hear

it feel, the sentiments of devotion which fill the souls of the monks as they sing. This is indeed what Dom Mocquereau means when he says in his *L'Art Gregorien*, "Art is necessary, but it is not enough. For the right rendering of the Gregorian melodies there must be preparation of the soul as well. The soul must be well-ordered, upright, serene, passionless, self-controlled, awake, full of light, straight with God, abounding in charity."

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**How Solesmes  
became famous.**

Having thus ventured to give the impressions produced by the singing of the monks, it may not be out of place to give here some account of the movement that has brought the Solesmes chant into such prominence. Its history can be told in a few words. About the year 1850, Dom Guéranger, first Abbot of Solesmes, was engaged in his great work on the sacred liturgy. The object of that work, we are told was to "restore sound liturgical traditions in France." This included not only the Church's ceremonial, but her music as well, and Guéranger was determined that the Church's music should flourish in all its ancient beauty in his own monastery. But the traditional chant was first to be found, and he courageously set about the work of finding it. For this purpose he commenced the heavy task of collating and comparing ancient manuscripts, always working according to the principle which he himself had laid down. "When manuscripts of different periods and different places agree on a version, it can be affirmed that the Gregorian text has been discovered." Later writers do not hesitate to give to Guéranger the honour of being the first "to lay down certain principles of execution, which having been perfected by study and practice, were to issue in the result we have reached to-day." Guéranger, however, did not live to see the full fruits of his labour.

The work which he had begun was taken up and continued by Dom Pothier. In 1880, Pothier published his



*Melodies Gregoriennes*, and later on his *Liber Gradualis*. These two books did much to advance the cause of plain chant. But it must be confessed that Pothier was severely handicapped in his work. There was still the insufficiency of manuscripts, but more than this, there was the approval that had recently been given to the Ratisbon edition of the liturgical books. Nevertheless advance was made, and much was done to prepare the way for Dom Mocquereau, of whom it has been said that he was the "true artistic founder of a practical school of Gregorian chant."

He commenced by gathering from every country and every church, ancient manuscripts and photographs of ancient manuscripts till they could be counted by thousands. These he classified under various heads, for the purpose of comparing and collating, and all this he did so skilfully that it could be seen at a glance where there was agreement, and where variation, in the numerous copies before him. In this gigantic work he was assisted by a number of the younger monks whom he had himself trained, and who had become so proficient in their work, that he himself tells us, the master often bowed to the judgment of the disciple. It cannot but be of interest to mention here that the most ancient, and at the same time most valuable, of all the manuscripts that fell into the hands of Dom Mocquereau was that found in the Monastery of St. Gall, which as we have already seen was an old Irish foundation. It is of this same monastery that Dom Kienle writes: "L'école de St. Gall constitue le foyer le plus brillant de la première phase. Elle n'est autre chose qu'une imitation vivante de l'école romaine. St. Gall était renommé pour la beauté de ses offices et la splendeur de ses chants. Ce monastère fournit une pléiade de moines qui s'acquirent les plus grands merites dans le chant sacré." The work of Dom Mocquereau and his monks still goes on—the same scientific research, the same patient labour, the same minute and careful examination of manuscript and photo-



graph: all, however, now directed to the one great work placed upon them by Pius X—the production of the official Vatican edition of the liturgical chant.

In connection with this Vatican edition, the *Ephemerides* for November, 1905, contains a very important decree, which, it may not be out of place, to give here. After speaking of the command of the Holy Father that this Vatican edition should be prepared, the decree continues:—

“Haec vero S. Rituum Congregatio, hanc ipsam editionem uti typicam ab omnibus habendam esse declarat atque decernit; ita ut ni posterum melodiæ gregorianæ, in futuris hujusmodi librorum editionibus contentæ, prædictæ typicæ editioni, nihil prorsus addito, dempto vel mutato, adamussim sint conformandæ, etiamsi agatur de excerptis ex libris iisdem.

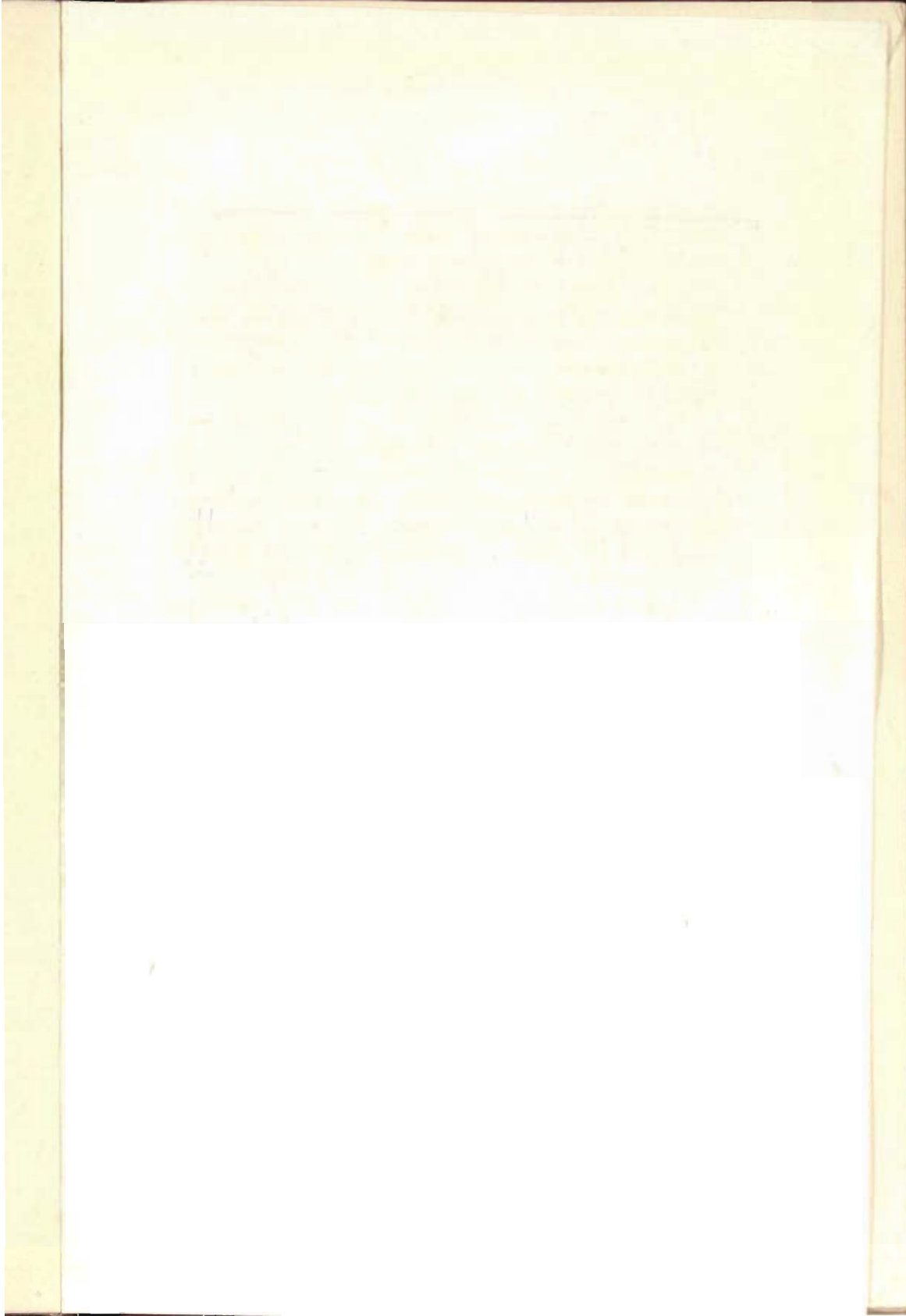
“Nulli tamen fas erit librorum cantus gregoriani sic restituti in totum vel ex parte editionem suscipere aut evulgare, nisi prius a S. Sede facultatem obtinuerit, normis servatis et instructionibus, quæ in decreto S.R.C. diei XI Augusti MCMV continentur.

“Denique hæc eadem S. R. Congregatio de mandato SSmi declarat vivissimum esse ejusdem Sanctitatis Suae desiderium, quod ubique locorum Ordinarii curent, ut quilibet libri hucusque editi cantum liturgicum referentes, etiamsi quocumque pontificio privilegio muniti, aut quavis approbatione commendati, sensim sine sensu, quamprimum tamen, ab ecclesiis, etiam Regularium, Romanum ritum sectantibus amoveantur, ita ut libri liturgici gregorianos concentus continentes ii tantummodo adhibeantur, qui, juxta normas supradictas compositi, huic editioni typicæ plane fuerint conformes.

“Contrariis non obstantibus quibuscumque.”

“Die 14 Augusti, 1905.”

This decree, as it may be seen, contains three provisions—*(a)* that the Vatican edition of the liturgical books containing the Gregorian chant is to be received by all as authentic,





A well-loved Shrine.



so that all future editions are to be in strictest conformity with it ; (b) no one is allowed to edit or publish either in whole or in part any book containing the Gregorian chant as now restored, without the permission of the Holy See ; (c) the Bishops are called upon to see, that all other editions, even though at any time they may have received pontifical privilege or approbation, are by degrees set aside, so that no other books of Gregorian chant will be in use but those which are in strict conformity with the new Vatican edition.

Though the labours of the monks have been approved, and encouraged by three successive Popes, yet it was Pius X who, by his famous *Motu Proprio*, set his seal on their work. That document was addressed not to the monks alone, but to the universal Church. No sooner was it issued than it was evident that it voiced the sense of the Church. It was always felt that the Church should have a music peculiarly her own, and suited in every way to the worship of God. Even those who most admired light and figured music, and who would still cling to its use in the Church, were forced to admit the justice of the provisions of the *Motu Proprio*. Hence, therefore, when the document appeared it was received with enthusiasm throughout the Church. On every side efforts were made to carry into effect the decree of the Sovereign Pontiff. No doubt difficulties stood in the way—difficulties great indeed, and almost insurmountable. But the Holy Father was not unreasonable, he wished that the beginnings should be made, and that what reasonably could be done, should be done, to restore by degrees the ancient and sublime chant of the Church. Such was his wish expressed in the *Motu Proprio*, and to that wish a generous and whole-hearted response was given. May we not add, that, thanks to the practical steps taken by his Grace the Archbishop, thanks too to the generous gift of Mr. Edward Martyn, that wish was nowhere more cordially

complied with than in this diocese of Dublin. Here, too, in All Hallows, we have endeavoured to do our part. By the united and persistent efforts of Dr. Sexton and Mr. O'Brien much has been done, and is still being done, to inculcate in our students an appreciation of the beauty and richness of the Gregorian chant, and at the same time, to teach them, as far as can be, to render it according to the method of the monks of Solesmes. Of course, much time and labour will be required, to attain to anything like perfection, but it must be always a source of encouragement, both to professors and students, to remember, that it was only after fifty years that the monks themselves attained to their present unrivalled position.

It will be of interest here to say a word **History of Appuldurcombe.** about the present English home of the monks. It is a remarkable coincidence that 800 years ago there stood a Benedictine Priory, if not on the spot, at least in the neighbourhood, of the present monastery. The old Priory of Appuldurcombe was founded in 1100, and was dependent on the parent Abbey of Montsbourgh in Normandy. It seems to have enjoyed royal patronage for it received a special charter in the time of Stephen. We find it again mentioned in the time of Edward I, when, in the Taxatio of Pope Nicholas, the Prior of Appuldurcombe is assessed at £30 17s. towards defraying the expenses of an expedition to the Holy Land. During the wars between France and England, the monks were looked upon with suspicion by the English, and they were ordered to leave their monastery and settle in the mainland. Their property was taken over by the King, and their estates managed by the King's officers. Finally, in 1414, the Priory was suppressed by statute, and shortly after seems to have passed into the possession of a family named "Fry." Sir John Oglander in his memoir, has the following reference: "These Fryes were an aiontient famely and fierners of Aplerdercombe after itt was taken awaie from the Abbey in Ffrance."



The present home of the monks seems to have been built as an island residence by the Earl of Yarborough. It eventually came into the market, and, before the monks came into possession, was used as a high-class school. Why it was not used as a private residence it is hard to tell, except, perhaps, that like many other old mansions it got the credit of having a ghost of its own. However, this did not deter the monks, and since they have come the ghost has been neither seen nor heard of. They have leased the house and grounds for twenty-one years, in the hope that, before that time has passed, brighter days will have dawned for their beloved France, and they will be permitted to return again, to continue their holy work, in their grand old Monastery of Solesmes.

JOHN E. FLYNN.

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**ANOTHER ABLE AND FRIENDLY CRITIQUE OF "KING LEAR."**

How to begin I know not. It is hard to write a notice when one has few faults to find with the performance under consideration; and unrelieved eulogy does not pan out interestingly as a rule. I could begin by giving a long account of the stage history of "King Lear," or of the various players I have seen in the title role, but no one wants an essay on the part of the play or players, when notice of a particular performance is the matter in hand. How did the present company interpret the piece is what every body is all agog to learn, and I agree with the clever dramatic critic, Mr. A. B. Walkely, who once wrote in the *Star* in criticising Sir Henry Irving's revival of "King Lear" at the Lyceum in 1892: "This (recalling of the past, etc.) is agreeable anecdote, but it is nothing more. Whole mornings at the British Museum are not worth a single evening at the Lyceum." "Gentlemen, dismiss from your minds," says the judge to the jury, "all that you may have heard or read in the newspapers, and confine your



attention to the evidence before you." I make the same admonition to myself, and proceed to tell you, as sincerely as I can, what passed through my mind at All Hallows College on Shrove Tuesday night, 1905.

I must begin by complimenting everybody concerned on the complete success of their efforts. Truly it was a marvellous performance when the difficulties attending such a representation are taken into account. The trials and sorrows which accumulate round poor old Lear on parting with his power and worldly goods to his honied-tongued, lip-serving, unnatural daughters were very graphically and ably mirrored forth by the students. When one aims high the unexpected often happens. This representation of "King Lear" is a case in point. Before witnessing the performance I thought that the impossible had been undertaken in students expecting to realise on the stage such a Titanic work, but when I saw it played in the presence of Archbishop Walsh and a hall full of clergy, students, and laity, my surprise was great, for in very truth, the seeming impossible task was made to appear quite a simple one; and the sublime, but eminently painful tragedy of "King Lear" became a reality before our very eyes, and Charles Lamb's opinion that it was impossible as a stage play was cast to the winds, and by students of an ecclesiastical college too. Just think of it! Wonders will never cease!

I have seen many actors of note essay the role of the too fond, doting, father turned into a witless old man by the inhuman treatment of his two elder daughters, and brought back to his senses again through the love and kindness of his disowned, youngest child, Cordelia; but, I verily believe, that Mr. Thomas Hayes could give any of them points and a beating, if my memory serves me aright.

There was so little of the text omitted that the play could be quite easily followed by those who had not a previous knowledge of the work, and the perfectly intelligible and

careful rendering of the lines by all concerned left no one at any time, in doubt as to the meaning of the poet's work. Many critics are of opinion that "King Lear" is the most profound of all Shakespeare's plays, and few who witnessed it at All Hallows College will be inclined to doubt those critics' judgment.

[All this seems like laying on eulogy with a trowel, but I am only recording my impressions of the performance as I found it. And from the opinions expressed in my hearing, after the play, I am almost certain that my enthusiasm was shared by many, if not all, present.

Earnestness was the key note employed by all the performers, and careful and skilled training accomplished the rest. The result, as I have just stated, was a most gratifying success. But no matter how dazzling the sun there are spots on it as we all know, and so with this fine performance of "King Lear," a few minor defects incidental to all non-professional theatrical performances—such as undue restlessness, a redundancy of crude gesticulations, and some affectations of speech on the part of some few of the players were noticeable.

[As to the individual performances of the various actors I will now speak. Mr. Thomas Hayes as Lear was "every inch a king" in his bearing throughout, and struck the true note of the complex character from the very first scene wherein he allots his kingdom to his elder daughters who flatter him, and casts off his youngest, who really loved him, but had not the art to translate her affection into words. Here the headstrong old man's better nature got twisted, and the floodgates of his passionate nature were opened wide, to burst their bonds completely later on, when his favoured daughters showed themselves in their true colours, and he, losing his wits, wanders aimlessly about attended by his faithful fool, and the banished Earl of Kent, disguised as a serving man. Mr. Hayes realised all the



various phases of the great role, and in the pathetic scene where he recognises his daughter, Cordelia, and again in his death scene, he reached a very high level of sincere pathos in his acting. The poor old man as he tries to revive his Cordelia's dead form into life again, and slips out of existence himself in his vain endeavour to do so, was a truly sad spectacle to behold, and one to long remember. He was also very fine in the storm scenes, and though a shade too vigorous in his mad scene with the sightless Earl of Gloucester, spoke his lines with remarkable point and dramatic excellence. When he was most natural then he was at his best. Only when on a few occasions he dropped into an artificial drawl-like whine, or stamped the ground too healthily, did he momentarily lose touch with the spectators. His habit of excessive hand trembling to express passion was not wholly effective in result, but on the whole his Lear was a study to be proud of.

The fool of Mr. Charles MacSherry, in look, by-play, and deportment generally was admirable. Occasionally a nasal trick of voice made it difficult to catch all he said, but he was ever in "the picture" and strengthened every scene in which he appeared.

Mr. Joseph Brennan as the blunt, outspoken, Earl of Kent spoke, as a rule, much too slowly and deliberately, but enacted the quarrel scene with the insolent Oswald capitally, and was also very effective in the dialogue which followed leading up to his being placed in the stocks.

The character-study of the misshapen, cowardly Oswald, steward to the hateful Goneril, essayed by Mr. Michael Finan, though a trifle highly-coloured, was very successful; and the uncomplimentary things said of him by the other characters always met with punctuating laughter from the audience, so aptly did he look the part of "serviceable villain;" "as duteous to the vices of thy mistress, as badness would desire."



A fine, manly, Duke of Albany was found in Mr. Arthur O'Keeffe, whose style of delivery pleased me very much. Mr. James M'Carthy's Earl of Gloucester was a very careful, if uneven, impersonation. Talk of the torture scenes in "La Tosca" and "The Sign of the Cross." They were never in it with the horror of the moment in which the Duke, of Cornwall, in the presence of his precious wife Regan gouges out the eyes of Gloucester. The agonising cries of the poor, helpless wretch when he loses his sight were too horrible for words! Mr. M'Carthy was very effective in the later episodes when he is lead to believe he is on the verge of the Cliffs of Dover and throws himself over, as he thinks, only to fall on the ground in front of him; and with the mad King who makes merry over his loss of sight. As his son, Edgar, Mr. Cecil Lonergan acted very well indeed, and did not overdo the mad business as "poor Tom." His acting in the Cliffs of Dover incident with his blind father liked me well; and he was vigorous and dramatically effective in the fight with Edmund.

Mr. Stanislaus St. Croix displayed a good deal of subtlety in his soliloquies as the bastard Edmund, but a peculiar twitching of his right elbow and shoulder, as if he were feeding the bellows of a bagpipes, somewhat marred his playing. He showed a keen appreciation of his part, and when he more completely masters the art of concealing art, he will make a good actor. At present he is inclined to overact and grimace a little too much.

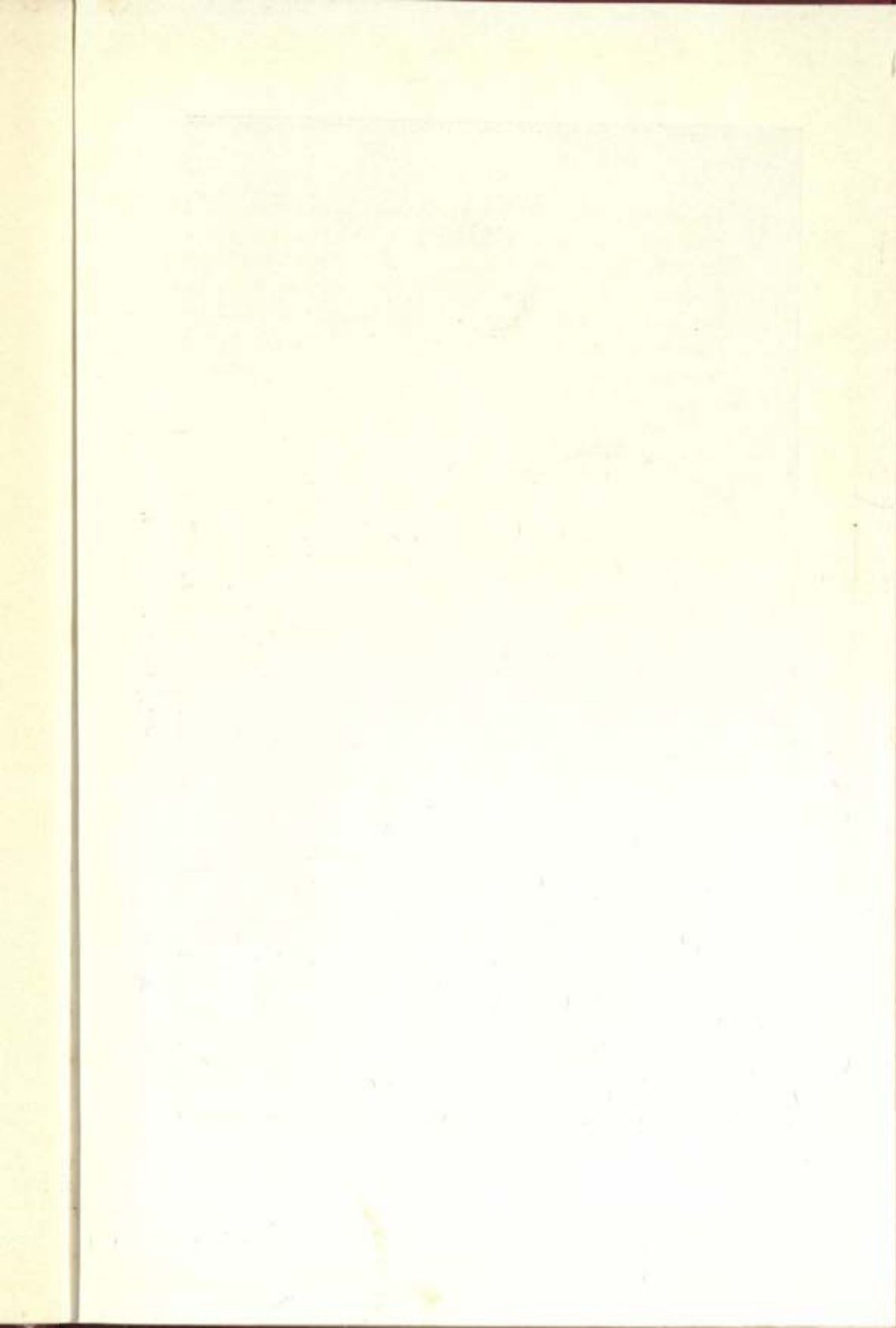
Of the three daughters of Lear, Mr. Michael Keenan looked the most girl-like as Regan, and if he did not wear a set smile continually would have been more convincing. At the same time there was in his conception of the part a strong note of superciliousness and callousness that well accorded with the cruel but weak character of Regan. Mr. Thomas Monaghan subdued his acting so successfully as Cordelia, that the final touching scenes were not spoiled in anyway

by his playing; and this was a great achievement on his part when the nature of the scenes is taken into account. Mr. John F. Coughlan enacted the role of the wicked Goneril so earnestly that one forgave the undue craning of his neck and peculiar simpering expression he thought well to adopt. I know it must be an extremely difficult thing for young students to appear ladylike; and that this trio succeeded so well is a thing to marvel at.

Mr. Michael Lyons was frequently effective as the cruel Duke of Cornwall; and the little accident of the loss of his wig in the torture scene passed by almost unnoticed so in earnest was the episode being enacted. Mr. Daniel Murphy's King of France, I liked best of all the minor roles. He bore himself well and spoke excellently. The small parts of Duke of Burgundy (Mr. John Finnegan), Captain (Mr. Michael Cronin), Doctor (Mr. James Barry), Gentleman (Mr. Thomas Brosnan), and Herald (Mr. Louis Conway) all deserve a passing word, as do also the warriors, messengers, etc., who peopled the various scenes. The four stalwart viking-attired soldiers always met with a round of applause from their fellow-students at the back of the Hall, whenever they marched off the stage. Certainly they were fine specimens of young manhood, and the solemnity of their visages won the day for them.

The staging and dressing of the play were first rate, and the stage management left nothing to be desired. Mr. M'Hardy-Flint and Father Sheehy I raise my hat to you both! I noticed with pleasure an almost complete absence of provincialisms of speech in the delivery of the lines; and only comparisons are not permissible I would be inclined to say that the representation of "Coriolanus" last year was not a patch on that of "King Lear." But, of course, I would not dare even whisper such a thing when comparisons are barred!

JOSEPH HOLLOWAY.







"King Lear."—The Players.

## "KING LEAR."

March 7th, 1905.

## Characters :

<i>Lear</i> , King of Britain,	.	.	.	THOMAS HAYES
<i>King of France</i> ,	.	.	.	DANIEL MURPHY
<i>Duke of Burgundy</i> ,	.	.	.	JOHN FINNEGAN
<i>Duke of Cornwall</i> ,	.	.	.	MICHAEL LYONS
<i>Duke of Albany</i> ,	.	.	.	ARTHUR O'KEEFFE
<i>Earl of Gloucester</i> ,	.	.	.	JAMES M'CARTHY
<i>Earl of Kent</i> ,	.	.	.	JOSEPH BRENNAN
<i>Edgar</i> , Son to Gloucester,	.	.	.	CECIL LONERGAN
<i>Edmund</i> , Natural Son to Gloucester,	.	.	.	STANISLAUS ST. CROIX
<i>Oswald</i> , Steward to Goneril,	.	.	.	MICHAEL FINAN
<i>Fool</i> ,	.	.	.	CHARLES MACSHERRY
<i>Doctor</i> ,	.	.	.	JAMES BARRY
<i>Captain to Edmund</i> ,	.	.	.	MICHAEL CRONIN
<i>Gentleman</i> , Attendant to Cordelia,	.	.	.	THOMAS BROSNAN
<i>Herald</i> ,	.	.	.	LOUIS CONWAY
<i>Goneril</i>	}	Daughters to Lear	.	JOHN F. COUGHLIN
<i>Regan</i>			.	MICHAEL KEENAN
<i>Cordelia</i>			.	THOMAS MONAGHAN

*Knights, Ladies of Court, Attendants, British and French  
Soldiers, etc.*

## "CORIOLANUS."

March 17th, 1904.

## Characters :

<i>Caius Marcius</i> , afterwards)	A noble	{	MICHAEL EDGE
<i>Caius Marcius Coriolanus</i>	Roman,		
<i>Marcus Cominius</i> , General against the Volscians,	.	{	JAMES M'CARTHY
<i>Menenius Agrippa</i> , friend to Coriolanus,	.		JAMES MEANEY
<i>Sicinius Velutus</i>	} Tribunes of the People	{	JOHN OWENS
<i>Junius Brutus</i>			THOMAS HAYES
<i>Tiberius Sulla</i> , Senator of Rome,	.	.	PATRICK WALSH
<i>Young Marcius</i> , Son to Coriolanus,	.	.	JOHN DUGGAN
<i>Caius Fabricius</i> , a Patrician,	.	.	JAMES TRAYNOR
<i>Tullus Aufidius</i> , General of the Volscians,	.	.	JOHN F. COUGHLIN
<i>Marcus Superbus</i> , First Lord of Antium,	.	.	JAMES BARRY
<i>Junius Mansuetus</i> , Second Lord of Antium,	.	.	WILLIAM IRWIN
<i>Fulvius</i> , a Roman Herald,	.	.	JOSEPH ROWAN
<i>Appius</i> , a Messenger,	.	.	THOMAS BROSNAN
<i>First Roman Citizen</i> ,	.	.	MICHAEL FINAN
<i>Second Roman Citizen</i> ,	.	.	TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN
<i>Third Roman Citizen</i> ,	.	.	CORNELIUS MURPHY
<i>A Citizen of Antium</i> ,	.	.	THOMAS MOLYNEUX
<i>Volumnia</i> , Mother to Coriolanus,	.	.	NICHOLAS MURPHY
<i>Virgilia</i> , Wife to Coriolanus,	.	.	JOSEPH BOWERS
<i>Valeria</i> , Friend to Virgilia,	.	.	JOHN FINNEGAN

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,  
Soldiers, Citizens, Servants, etc.*



## From the Mission Field.

**Sir John  
Forrest Speaks.**

ON his way back from the Sydney Synod, the Most Rev. Dr. Gibney was entertained at a special banquet in his honour by Sir John Forrest, the great statesman of Western Australia, and perhaps, at the same time, the most progressive beneath the Southern Cross. "I look upon the Bishop of Perth," said Sir John, "as the most enlightened and far seeing of our citizens; and if I wanted counsel in perplexing difficulties, there is no man in whom I could put more confidence than in our esteemed guest. In his clear vision he has foreseen, and never failed to foretell, the unparalleled progress and growth of Western Australia. By his ingenuity and diplomatic tact, the Bishop has given to the land of his adoption, a character and a name that makes it known and respected. As a churchman, he has achieved what few would even attempt, and in the cause of education, for rich and poor, blacks as well as whites, he has created a system that may possibly be rivalled but not excelled. In the interests of his people he has studded the vast areas under his jurisdiction with convents, colleges, and schools, until he has become the admiration or the envy of his contemporaries. The Bishop has been my friend for years, and I have gladly seized the present opportunity to show my personal regard for him, and to show that regardless of creed, I could do honour to one who is a credit to his country, to his Church, and to humanity."

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**MONSIGNOR  
TAAFFE.**

One of the best known and most respected priests in Greater New York—with its three conjoint cities, aggregating about five million inhabitants—is an All Hallows man, and a fine representative, too, of the old land. In manners kindly and courteous; in mental outlook far-sighted thoughtful and liberal; he is withal, in character and principle, as solid and unyielding as the granite of County Down. For over thirty years he has been Pastor of St. Patrick's, one of the chief parishes of Brooklyn, and during that period he has won the respect and affection of his people by the high tone and constancy of his principles, and by his prudent and indefatigable zeal. The training of the young has always been his chief solicitude. As Pastor he has in his own parish provided them with schools which competent critics pronounce the best-planned and the best equipped in the State; and as member of the Diocesan Board of Examiners he has extended his influence and his experience in educational questions far beyond the boundaries of St. Patrick's. Though sixty-five summers have gone by since Father Taafe was ushered into life in Co. Longford, and have brought with them the snowfall of time, yet his tall figure is as lithe and erect as on the day of his ordination, and hardly on the Broadway of New York would it be possible to find a quicker, more elastic footstep than his. Hard work and a keen relish for exercise have fortified and braced a naturally good constitution. And it is safe to predict that the recent favour conferred on Father Taafe by the Holy See, his elevation to prelatial rank, with the title of Monsignor, will not diminish his activity amongst his people, nor slacken his intercourse with the lowly and the poor. In a few years more he will celebrate the golden jubilee of his ordination. In the meantime, and for many years subsequently, we offer him the felicitations and good wishes of his friends in All Hallows, both the old, long known and cherished, and the new, discovered in more recent years.

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Conferring of  
the Pallium—  
Archbishop  
Ireland  
apostrophizes  
Archbishop  
Glennon.

" Archbishop Glennon, as I love the Church of America, I love the Church of St. Louis ; I wish her to do her full part in the battles of the future : hence my joy in seeing the pallium of Rome descending upon your shoulders. It befits you : as years go by, may it befit you more and more ! You are rich in talent ; you are rich in good will and energy ; you are fashioned to conquer, and youth is yours. Youth burns with the fire of enthusiasm, so important in him who is called to do great things ; it allows far-reaching vision, and wide and thoughtful planning. I envy you your youth on the threshold of the twentieth century, when such wondrous opportunities are unfolded, when the trumpet blast summons to such portentous battles. Forward to your God-given work. Clergy and laity trust you, and pledge to you unreserved and unwavering loyalty : forward, in the might of your soul, in the might of divine grace. Great things must you do for St. Louis and for America. You will build a Cathedral for St. Louis : already your hand is in the work. Yes, build it ; the honour of St. Louis demands a Cathedral, the complement of the crown of its many other religious glories : it demands a Cathedral, worthy of its past and of its future—towering high to the skies, as towers the historic eminence of St. Louis : rich and rare in its beauty of sanctuary and aisle, as is rich and rare the faith, the piety of the Church of St. Louis. Take up the memories of the old Cathedral, where a Rosati and a Kenrick prayed, where the early pioneers of St. Louis clustered around the altars, and perfume with those memories walls and shrines. Build your Cathedral, but remember it will be a small achievement if, when your career is over, the Cathedral does not draw its highest and sweetest honour from this that it is a monument to the glorious deeds done by you in the spiritual work of the episcopate—deeds done for God and for souls, for Church and for country. Onwards—I bid you—*prosperare procede et regna.*"



**VERY REV.  
DEAN O'DONNELL'S  
AUTOMOBILE.**

Rarely is a priest's silver jubilee invested with as much distinction as was the Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell's in June last. We read in the pages of the ably edited *New Zealand Tablet* that the priests and the Bishop, the Catholics and the non-Catholics, united in testifying their respect and esteem for the Pastor of Ashburton. The Mayor of the town and several ex-Mayors expressed their admiration of the unfailing courtesy and tact and business capacity of the Dean. The Very Rev. Dean Bowers, who was a College companion of the Deans in All Hallows, said that there was no priest more highly valued and appreciated by the clergy of New Zealand than Dean O'Donnell. Dr. Grimes, who never before took part in a presentation to any priest in his diocese of Christchurch, gave public recognition to the priestly zeal and administrative ability of the Dean. And in fine, the people, who after all constitute the jury and are the final arbiters of a man's character, the people, by their representatives presented their Pastor with a purse of £300 for the purchase of an automobile, and voiced their grateful sentiments in the following terms:—

"We hailed your advent to this parish, some thirteen years ago, because you were known to the clergy and laity of New Zealand, as a priest possessing in the highest degree qualities of mind and heart that were a guarantee to us that our spiritual and temporal welfare would be assured under your able administration. Your zeal as a spiritual director, and your extensive learning, have fitted you to be an able exponent of Catholic truth and doctrine. When you arrived here the immediate needs of the parish were the erection of a church at Rakaia, the enlargement of the church at Methven, and the removal of the convent to a more central site. These works you accomplished, and they are briefly mentioned to prove your worth as an administrator. When you assumed charge the financial position of the parish was in an embar-



raising condition ; and it says much for your financial ability that the debt, which for a number of years had hindered the progress of the parish, is now extinguished. On this memorable anniversary, we desire to assure you of our deep sense of gratitude for the self-sacrificing manner in which you have carried out many important undertakings on our behalf. Your parishioners (assisted by your many non-Catholic friends, together with your brother diocesan priests), who desire to add to your personal comfort, have much pleasure on this memorable occasion in presenting you with an automobile. We trust that your acceptance of it will tend to strengthen the bond of sympathy that already unites you to us."

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**THE EDITOR  
OF THE  
"CANADIAN  
MONTH."**

Father Thomas Sullivan, Halifax, N.S., is always going "one better." In our last ANNUAL it was our pleasing duty to announce that, young as he was then on the mission, he had already become editor of a Catholic paper, the *Cross*, devoted to the diffusion of religious knowledge. At that time it was only in its first beginnings, but it gave promise of great things to come. To-day the modest little paper that was the *Cross* has blossomed into the important well-written and well-edited periodical, the *Canadian Month*, that rivals such old-established Catholic magazines as the *Catholic World*, the *Month*, the *Dolphin*, both in size and the character of its articles. But this is only a portion of the work of Father Sullivan for the interests of Holy Church. Since the publication of the Pope's *Motu Proprio* on Church Music he has done a giant's part to have its prescriptions carried out, both by the organization of boys' and men's choirs, and by the publication in cheap form of the best liturgical music through the medium of the press of the *Canadian Month*. He is a great social worker, too, among Catholics. He promotes re-unions, lectures, concerts, picnics, etc.

His choirs do not confine themselves to their work for Church music only, they play a great part in promoting this friendly intercourse among Catholics, old and young, on which he seems to have set his heart. In this connection it is well to state that he is a sincere believer in lay help for Church purposes. He thinks that in this way, Catholic principles will have a better chance of permeating the whole body politic, than by maintaining the class system, clergy and laity apart, working on different and often antagonistic lines. It is pleasant to observe one so young, thus thoughtfully and thoroughly giving himself up, while he has strength health and enthusiasm, to the great cause of his Divine Master, as a true priest and a practical man.

JOSEPH SHEEHY.

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In August last the Very Rev. J. O'Dowd was appointed Pastor of the parish of Geelong. His departure from Bathurst—where he had been Administrator for ten years, was universally regretted, and a large number of representative citizens assembled in the Guildhall to make him a presentation and bid him a regretful farewell. It was on the occasion of this gathering that the President of St. Stanislaus College described Father O'Dowd's gentle, unobtrusive, and frictionless life, as one that always moved smoothly on ball bearings. He minded his own business, laboured earnestly for the betterment of his people, helped to bring his Young Men's Society to the premier position in New South Wales, and by his prudence and energy removed heavy financial burthens from the Cathedral, the episcopal residence, and other buildings. "It would be hard," said his own Bishop, Dr. Dunne, "to find anyone who has done his work more honestly and trustworthily than he has. He is fortunate in taking with him the benedictions of the people. He is fortunate also in going to a parish where he laboured before, and were I not a friend I should be disposed to envy him."

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Father Philip Brady was appointed Pastor a short time since at Red Bluff, Sacramento. He immediately set to work at the erection of a new church which we gather from the *San Francisco Leader*, bids fair to be one of the handsomest in site and style in Northern California. During the previous seven years Father Brady had been assistant at the Cathedral, where he endeared himself to all the parishioners, particularly the young men, in whose Sodality he took a very special interest.

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**TWO HUNDRED  
CONVERTS.**

On the first Sunday of last year quite a novel and interesting ceremony took place in church of St. Vincent, St. Paul, Minnesota. Two hundred converts, drawn within the fold of Catholicity by the intelligent zeal of the Very Rev. Father Cosgrove, were renewed and strengthened in their faith by the unction and the grace of Confirmation. And amongst those motley recipients of the Sacrament were representatives of nearly every European nationality, as well as members of the different races into which mankind is divided—red Indians, yellow Chinese, and dusky negroes, side by side with Celts, Teutons, and Latins. The names of the Celestials were, Mr. Ho Sam, Mr. Jee Jim, and Mr. Ju Jie.

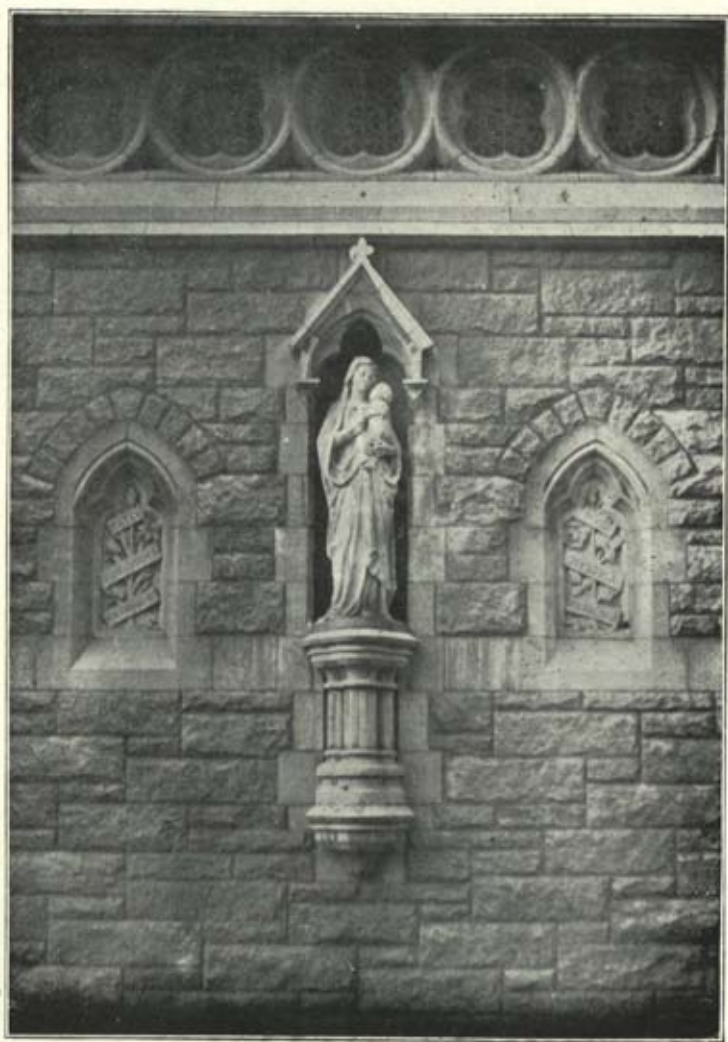
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Quite a patriotic souvenir was published during the year of the Bendigo celebration of St. Patrick's Day, 1905. It gave a number of the choicest Irish songs, as well as an account of the various events and amusements, including a hurling match, that filled up the day's programme. But what chiefly interested us was the information that under the inspiring guidance of its popular President, the Rev. Matthew Rohan, the St. Patrick's Day Demonstration was eminently successful in its secondary purpose, namely, the raising of funds for the Catholic schools. It realized fully £1,000.

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"The Mystical Rose."

**An all-round  
Athlete.**

The following letter has been taken from the *Watchman*, June 18, 1904, the Orange paper of Australia. It is printed under the caption, "Why Catholics Succeed," and runs as follows:—

"SIR,—I shall answer this question by asking another: Why did Dr. Dill Macky succeed when he made a tour of the country? Because he was a man of energy, grit, and determination. Protestantism is dying in places because we have few live parsons. The Doctor was a real live parson. See what he performed. Catholicity is going ahead, because it has some active men among the priests. We have seen what an energetic parson can do. I will point out what an energetic priest can do. There is a Father M'Auliffe, commonly called Father Mack, here at Cessnock, and the young folk of every faith flock round him. Why? Well, to begin, he is a man in every sense of the word. I must give Cæsar his due. He neither smokes, nor drinks, nor gambles. But he has no equal as an all-round athlete in the Northern district. What is the result? He has cleared off church debts wholesale. How? He gets up a sport day, gives big prizes, but wins them all himself, and makes fools pay dearly for their footing. As a preacher he is pointed and practical, never exceeding fifteen minutes—long enough for any man. His charity towards all classes everybody must admit. Send us parsons of this type, otherwise I fear Father Mack will be hauling us all into the 'one true Church.'—Yours, &c.

"AN AUSTRALIAN."

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There could be no mistaking the hearty spontaneity of the send off which the people of Essendon gave the Very Rev. D. B. Nelson last February, on his departure for a European trip. Not merely the Catholics, but all the leading citizens of the locality assembled to bid him a *bon voyage*. And deservedly so. During his twenty years amongst them he had laboured unostentatiously, he had zealously advanced



the interests of religion, no man ever heard his voice in sectarian controversy—on the contrary,

“His ways were ways of pleasantness,  
And all his paths were peace.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who remember Father P. Hayes in '98, the year of his ordination, will be surprised to hear that ill-health forced him recently to revisit his native land. He came in the early days of summer, and so skilfully did St. Vincent's Hospital attend to him, and so invigorating did he find the breezes of his native home in Limerick, that after a brief sojourn he was able to go back to Hobart, as robust and athletic as ever. It is no flattery to say of Father Hayes that he is a hard-working, tactful, and successful missionary and is held high in honour by the two eminent prelates who guide the destinies of Hobart. In the course of a few years he has enlarged both the material and spiritual edifice of the church in Burnie. About a year ago he visited an island—known as King Island—which lies midway between Victoria and Tasmania, and broke the Bread of Life to Catholics, some of whom had not seen a priest for half a dozen years. Here is what he observed and noted concerning mixed marriages: “In this Island, as in other parts, the blight of mixed marriages is painfully evident. A big dividing line separates those who have made Catholic and those who have made mixed marriages. Without exception the Catholic unions have turned out satisfactory from a religious standpoint, whereas the mixed marriages are all failures. The lamp of faith in these homes is either entirely extinguished or is but faintly burning! Not a single exception did I find to this rule; and if we take the Island as a microcosm what applies to it will be found generally true of all other places. Here is an object lesson for Catholic young men and women to avoid selecting non-Catholic partners—if they value the faith that is in them.”

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This time twelve months the children of Blair, away west in the diocese of Omaha, felt so grateful to Father Timothy O'Driscoll that they took his presbytery by storm, placed a Christmas tree in his parlour, loaded it with presents, and decorated it with poetry.

"Greetings to you our dear Father,  
On this blessed Christmas Day;  
We your children here have gathered,  
Here to thank you, here to say  
That we love you; yes, we thank you,  
On this blessed Christmas Day.

"Thank you for your loving vigil,  
Ever o'er us since you came;  
Thank you for the eyes that watched us,  
That we might not stray away:  
And the ears that listened to us,  
All the sins we had to say;  
For the hands upraised in blessing  
O'er our little heads to-day:  
O! we thank you, our dear Father,  
On this blessed Christmas Day."

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N.B.—We hope that past students will continue to send us, from time to time, letters and Press notices that will be of interest to our readers. We are anxious to facilitate an interchange of sentiments between the past and the present, and to stimulate the new levies by the noble example of the veterans at the front. Everyone co-operates with this purpose who contributes to our pages or supplies us with information from far-off missionary fields. In case the ANNUAL, in spite of all our efforts and precautions, should not reach some of the former *alumni* of All Hallows, we shall feel very grateful to anyone who kindly notifies us of the fact.





## Lectures, Debates and College Societies.

**WHY I AM A  
TOTAL  
ABSTAINER.**

"I HAD not, as far as I know, any desire for alcoholic stimulants, and if left to myself would scarcely ever touch them. Unfortunately, however, thirty years ago in Ireland one was not left to oneself, nor do I suppose things have changed much in that respect since then; people would ask you and press you to drink, and pretend to be more or less aggrieved if you refused. The decent thing was to spend money on drink; it was shabby not to have the money or the will to spend it. And noticing in myself a disinclination to appear shabby or to hurt anybody's feelings or to refuse anything—the disposition, that is, to pawn the future—I thought it would make things easier for me if I were to bring pressure to bear in the opposite direction; that is, if I could make it disgraceful to yield to these importunities. And so I took the pledge; not, I think so much from love of temperance—though that motive, too, was present—but from a desire to make things easy. I felt that these importunities had to be resisted, and also that the easiest way to resist was to say: 'I have the pledge.' . . .

"I believe there are two classes of men who do not stand so much in need of the pledge, delicate men and selfish men—especially if the two qualities meet, and one should be both selfish and delicate. I regard as one of the great natural blessings of my life, a certain constitutional weakness



by reason of which I could never take whiskey or strong wines, or even a couple of glasses of claret too much, without paying for it dearly and soon—that very night.

“If you are delicate, before the drink habit can get fixed in you drinking will make you so ill that you will in that very illness find the corrective, sheer self-love will be your salvation. I have known many men go to their graves from drink—men whom death mercifully rescued from a more helpless fate, a life of degradation; and all of them but one were very giants; so strong that for years they could drink night after night, apparently without inconvenience what would make me ill for a week. They could do this with apparent impunity; and they did it, unfortunately. Not without real injury, however, for they continued the practice till the fatal habit was formed, the nervous system set; and then, when the demon had got well entrenched, even though he made them writhe in agony of mind and body, they could not shake him off; and they sank slowly into degradation and the grave. *Vae potentibus ad bibendum* it has been said; if you feel little inconvenience when you take too much drink—and by this I do not mean when you get drunk or tipsy—you have reason to tremble for your future.

“The other class of man that does not need the pledge so much is the selfish man—the man who keeps a constant eye on promotion, and will do nothing to risk his future. In this connection I do not use the word selfish in any bad sense, but merely as the opposite of the Irish disposition to pawn. It is a real virtue to look to the future and make provision. I, myself, as I have told you, found very soon that I could not take much drink without paying for it in sleeplessness and kindred troubles; and as I disliked these more than I cared for drink, I was helped thereby—through self-love—to keep temperate.

“An excellent form of self-love is a craze or fad of some

kind, such as a taste for study. One cannot, as a rule, drink much and be a hard student, and yet the thirst for knowledge may be as selfish as that for whiskey. I have known in my time men who did not drink because the habit would keep them from getting on—from making money, getting or retaining a good curacy, or a good parish. Not a high motive, certainly; but I am dealing with facts, and in the course of my life I have met with that fact. And though I feel no great desire to raise my hat when I meet such a man, yet I feel that he is likely to be saved by his selfishness from the degradation of drink. It is the jolly, open-handed, kind-hearted man, full of health and spirits, prepared to fraternise with every body—it is such that are in most danger from the drink fiend. If you feel that you are built like that, and mind you, the qualities I have set forth are all great blessings—try to impress this on yourself, that these blessings that safeguard you from other forms of temptation leave you vulnerable, as it were, in the heel; that you are more exposed than some puny or narrow-hearted creature to the assaults of the demon of drink; and that you have a need of the pledge that is not felt by others. . . .

**THREE  
REASONS.**

“I have described why I became a total abstainer on two occasions; I will now, if you please, go on to say why I remain faithful to the second resolve. The same health reasons still avail that influenced me years ago. I could not be comfortable if I were to take alcoholic beverages or at least, if I were to take them except in drops, almost as one takes poison; and it is much easier not to take them at all than to take them so.

“There is, moreover, the pleasure of work. I could not work if I were to take stimulants; and my experience of life leaves me convinced that, after health, there is no pleasure in this life like that of working. I was not always of this mind: and looking back over my life, I see vast stretches



of it spent in idleness, whilst of the work I did much was done not for love but fear. This, however, is the reward of labour, that, do it how you will, from whatever motive, you come ultimately to love it, at least if there be in it any thing creative or inventive, as in the labour of a professor or almost any missionary priest. Make friends with labour while you are young ; and if health remains, however other friends may fail you, this one will not desert you as you grow old. Now my experience is, that unless alcoholic stimulants are taken in very minute quantities—a fact which it is difficult to accomplish continuously—they interfere with labour ; and I do not want any pleasure that will drive that beloved companion from my home. That is my second reason.

“ There is a third. Few men in Ireland can look back over their family history without perceiving that much evil, pain and bitter sorrow, has been brought by drink on themselves and all they love. And if we take a wide prospect, and, considering ourselves as belonging to the great family of the Irish Gael, survey the history of our country, what misery, disgrace, degradation, has not this demon brought on our fair island home ? Other fiends, it is true, helped him to enslave us and rob us in the past ; demons that assaulted us from without. Shall we allow it to be said that we who faced and conquered many external enemies shall not face and triumph over the ancestral foe ? ”

—(Extracts from an interesting lecture to the students by Dr. McDonald, Prefect of the Dunboyne).

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#### THE FERGHILLIAN SOCIETY.

OLD Ferghillians, widely scattered in many lands, will be glad to hear that our Society still lives and flourishes. Year by year its roll of membership has increased, and with

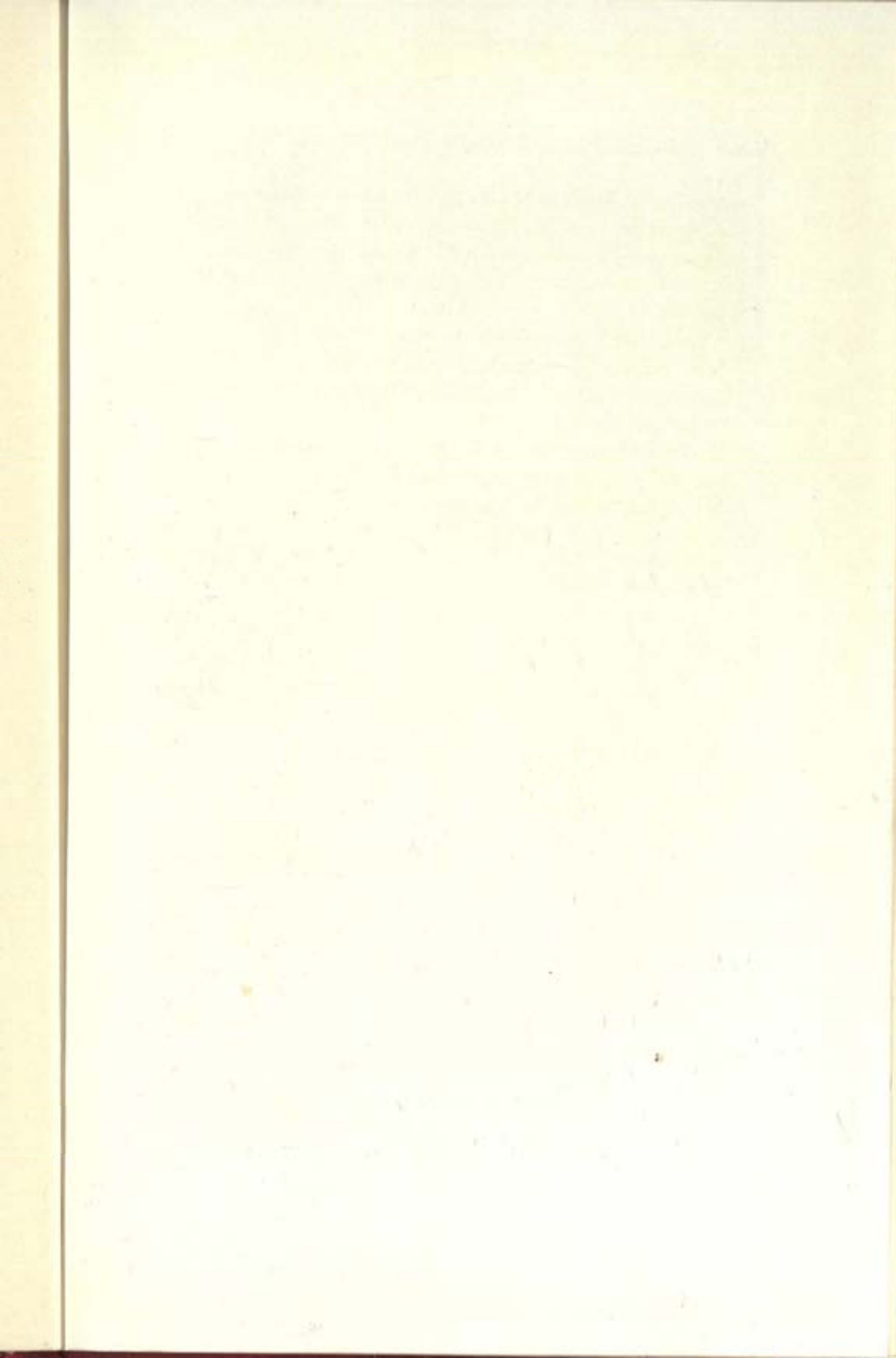


growing numbers have also come marked enthusiasm for the interests of the Society, an increased sense of individual responsibility towards it, and a genuine desire to use to the full the many opportunities for self-improvement the Society affords.

During the six years of its existence many changes have been introduced, with a view to widening as much as possible the scope of its utility. It is, no doubt, a great advantage to the members to be able to get, in a crystallized state, through the medium of a lecture, information historic or scientific, to the collecting and refining of which the lecturer has devoted long and anxious thought. But of late the opinion has been gaining ground that it is even of greater importance to acquire a facility in speaking intelligently and connectedly for a short time on a given subject without manuscript aid. As a result the Ferghillian, in its present state, is, perhaps, more a debating, than a literary Society in the strict sense of the term. Not that we have altogether done away with lectures and readings; but they no longer occupy the exclusive position which, up to a year or two ago, they held at the Society's meetings.

At the first meeting of the period to be covered by this little review we had a lecture from Mr. J. Meany on "The Life and Works of Gerald Griffin." Mr. Meany handled his subject with the gentle, tender touch of one in thorough sympathy with the hopes and aspirations and bitter disappointments of a truly great life, overshadowed with more than man's share of sorrow. The critical portion of the lecture showed a very just appreciation of Griffin's place in literature as a novelist, dramatist and poet.

The relative merits of Free Trade and Protection formed the subject of an exciting debate at our next reunion. Mr. Chamberlain had warm and eloquent supporters in Messrs. Killeen and McCarthy; while Messrs. Coughlan and Barry advocated the policy of the "open door." From the start





1. "Soccer."

2. In the Ball-courts.

3. Hockey.



the speakers launched out into the deep waters of Political Economy and Finance. The air was loud with mighty statistics, while an admiring audience looked on from afar. For some two hours the fight raged fast and furious ; and when at length a vote was taken the Free Traders carried the day by a sweeping majority amidst enthusiastic applause.

A paper on " The Fianna of Erin " took us back in spirit to " the days of old," when the Gael, in the strength of his manhood, possessed a civilization with its customs, social, political and religious, all his own. Finn MacComhall, and Oisín " the silver-tongued poet of the Fianna," and Oscar lived and moved again for an hour that sped on wings. And then we knew that Erin was not always sad and broken-hearted and hopeless, we knew that in those days of old she was a Warrior Queen.

At a subsequent meeting a discussion was held on the question : Are we Irish Patriotic ? The audience wore a fierce, " who said we aren't," kind of look. Mr. J. Rowan considers that we are by no means so very patriotic as we think we are. And what was stranger still, he actually seemed to give some very good reasons for his opinion. Mr. Maurice O'Hanlon and Mr. Wm. Kennedy denounced Mr. Rowan as a heretic ; but their arguments did not beget that sense of conviction we should have been so glad as Irishmen to feel. The " heretic " found more than one supporter in the audience, and a division declared in his favour, while the meeting stood convicted on its own verdict.

A lecture on Australia by Mr. Masterson afforded the Society a rare treat. The lecturer is himself a native Australian, and thus was able to speak with authority on the conditions, social and religious, of that great new land in which so many Ferghillians are destined to live and work and die. Perhaps the most interesting portion of a fascinating paper was that in which the speaker dealt with

Australian bush-life, and with the manners and customs of the Aborigines.

Our next meeting was devoted to what our Reverend Lecturer was pleased to call "a Chat" about Hobbies. A most enjoyable chat it was. He pointed out some subjects which might be cultivated as hobbies by his audience, and, amongst others, referred at length to Astronomy and national history. The priest with a hobby had, he said, a new power to draw his people together, and keep them together, for everyone nowadays was willing and eager to listen to interesting information on any subject.

In a discussion as to the meaning of Organization, and its power for good in the hands of the priest, Messrs. M. Sears and J. McCarthy were responsible for some very interesting suggestions as to the formation and direction of young men's clubs and associations of various kinds.

"Among the groves of sweet Adare" the scene of our next lecture was laid. Mr. Barry was our guide and instructor and led us through the ruins in and around that "soft retreat" so famous in song and story. The strictly historical accounts he gave us were, in many instances, strange and romantic enough. But he had the further peculiar advantage of being able to draw on a seemingly inexhaustible store of legend. And the result was a grand success.

Another debate. It was on the question: Is Emigration necessary? Mr. Brosnan who opened the discussion considered that, under existing circumstances, the alternative is forced upon the vast majority of the poorer labouring and farming classes of leaving the country, or leading a life of perennial starvation at home. Mr. Bowers in reply held that emigration is at the present day, to a great extent, voluntary; and is due, partly to a roving spirit inherent in the Celtic nature, and partly to the delusion so widespread amongst the peasant poor that America is a kind of latter-day Promised Land. After an exciting hour and



a half the sense of the meeting went to show that Mr. Brosnan had proved his thesis.

"Glendalough and its Ruins" formed the subject of a most entertaining lecture by Mr. J. Cullen. The lecturer hails from "Glendalough's deep bosomed plain," and showed an intimate acquaintance with the history, and the beauties, scenic and architectural, of the Valley of the Seven Churches.

In brilliant style Mr. Wm. Kennedy dealt with the period of our history beginning with the Reformation and terminating with the event known as "the Flight of the Earls." Vividly he depicted the heroic struggles of the people for faith and fatherland, first under the Geraldines, and later, under the two great warrior chiefs, O'Neill and O'Donnell. The lecturer gave evidence of great depth of research and acute discrimination in the selection of salient historic facts.

Is Ireland fitted for Self-Government? The question formed the subject of a most interesting discussion at a recent Ferghillian meeting. Mr. J. F. Coughlin, who proposed the subject of debate, took a rather gloomy view of the situation, and expressed opinions savouring of loyalty and Dublin Castle. Mr. J. Bowers followed suit. But the speeches of Messrs. O'Donnell, Cullen, and St. Croix were a triumphant vindication of the nation's capability to manage its own affairs. Mr. St. Croix had some very interesting information to give regarding the administration of government in his native country, Newfoundland.

Music continues to hold an honourable place at our meetings. Sometimes, in the excitement of debate, it comes as oil on troubled waters. Sometimes in lighter, gayer mood it breaks in pleasantly on, and punctuates, our lectures. Sometimes too, in more passionate strain, it drives home with telling force the lessons of pride in the past or hope for the future embodied in a spirited paper. But whether soothing or gay or passionate it is always welcome, and without it no Ferghillian meeting is considered "the thing."



It is rather a pity that some past members should forget us so quickly, utterly and invariably. A word of encouragement or a useful hint from those in a position to speak would be very much appreciated. In any case an occasional letter would be the means of establishing a bond between Ferghillians past and present which, for the latter, would unquestionably be a very great gain, and even for the former would not be altogether without advantage.

T. J. HAYES.

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**PREPARATION  
FOR THE  
PRIESTHOOD  
EVERYWHERE  
THE SAME.**

"The mission of the priest is essentially the same in all places, no matter how diverse the conditions of his ministry. His mission is to sanctify and save souls, and it matters not whether there is question of the soul of savage or civilized, of black or white, of red or yellow men. And the work of the student preparing for this sublime mission is everywhere the same—to educate and sanctify himself, to make himself like unto his Divine Master, that he may not unworthily represent Him before others whom he is in turn to teach and sanctify. Nor again is there any essential difference in the means and agencies on which a successful preparation and a successful ministry depend. Earnestness and zeal and fidelity in developing and employing the talents that God has given—the gifts of nature and the gifts of grace—these are the means by which the student may succeed in his preparation, and the priest in his ministry. There are, of course, accidental differences in the work of the student and of the priest, and it is the office of prudent zeal to accommodate our efforts to existing conditions in such a way as to promote most effectively the ultimate purpose of our ministry. . . . So that under all possible differences of manner and means and proximate ends in the work of the student or priest, there is an ultimate identity of motive and character; and there is, besides, an eternal

constancy in the standards of priestly character and conduct, since Christ Himself is the type and He is eternal and unchangeable. And whatever emphasis may be laid on accidental differences, these essentials must never be lost sight of. They are ever the main concern of the student, the indispensable ground-work of priestly efficiency; nor can neglect of them be compensated for by the most assiduous fidelity to accidentals. . . .

**Manly virtue  
and  
Laudable  
Ambition.**

"Try to cultivate a style of piety that is virile, manly, and substantial, that will bear transplanting from the nursery of college life to the busy bustling world, and will not

wither and die. And perhaps the very best means of securing this result is to look upon the College discipline as a self-imposed rule of training, and to practise it faithfully as such. Make it a matter of principle to be faithful to all your immediate duties—your studies, your rules, your devotions—learn to love principle, and to guide yourself by it even in matters that may seem to be trifling. Remember that if some present restrictions are to cease when you leave college, the habit of self-discipline, which these restrictions are meant to develop, will never cease to be necessary, though its objects many change, and that unless you have cultivated that habit during your student days you will go into the world deprived of one of the chief supports and protections of your sacred state. . . . The habit of ambition and self-improvement is more important than the actual degree of proficiency attained during one's student days. If the habit has been firmly implanted it will not be easily uprooted, and will continue to bear fruit indefinitely: while an exceptional proficiency lightly and easily acquired may be dissipated just as easily. . . .

**Pronunciation  
and Music.**

"I would offer a special word of advice. Many of us have inherited distinctive peculiarities and defects of pronunciation and



articulation, and we should make it our business to get rid of this inheritance, or at least to tone down its worst features. Else those who go abroad are liable to excite the contempt of the thoughtless, and to give pain to the serious-minded among those who pretend to culture; and you will have many such people in almost every congregation in America. Why should the priest burden his ministry by any such handicap? Slight, though it may seem, it counts for something, and cannot be over-looked. When St. Paul addressed the cultured of Athens, he did not disdain to quote from a pagan poet, and it is in keeping with the character of the Saint to suppose that he spoke with his best Greek accent on the occasion. . . .

"There is one other point in connection with your present preparation and future work which deserves to be specially mentioned, though it may surprise you to have it mentioned in conjunction with what precedes. I refer to Liturgical singing. In America every priest, as a matter of course, has to sing a Missa Cantata when he celebrates the principal Mass on Sundays and holidays, and generally also at funerals; and it is obvious in view of that duty that the student is bound to prepare for it to the best of his ability. It is a painful thing to hear the music of the Mass mauled and mutilated by the Church's minister—painful to the people and painful to the priest himself. . . .

"The adjective 'strenuous,' has, as you are aware, become classical as descriptive of an American characteristic which is in evidence in every department of life and action, and is one of the things that most forcibly impresses the stranger when he lands on American soil. As an example of the 'strenuous' in politics one may point to President Roosevelt, to the popularity of whose book, entitled *The Strenuous Life*, the word chiefly owes its vogue. The book which preaches the gospel of the strenuous life was written years ago while



the future President, after completing his university course, was leading the life of the cowboy in his ranch in South Dakota. Perhaps even then he had visions of the distant White House, but whatever about that, his remarkable advance by sheer force of character and steadiness of purpose to the head of the government of the nation is a striking vindication of the gospel he preached. Innumerable examples in business and commercial life, in scientific invention and discovery, in law, in journalism and so on, might be cited to the same effect. And, as you would naturally expect, the spirit which prevails so universally has penetrated to the sanctuary also; and I think I may safely affirm that the Priests and Bishops in the Church of America, and the students in the American seminaries, are, as a body, distinguished by their strenuousness beyond those of any other country. . . . Strenuousness as applied to the mission of the priest is really nothing more than zeal by another name; and whether you prefer one name or the other my parting word would be an exhortation to what it stands for in your work here first of all, and in your work on the mission afterwards."—Dr. Toner, Maynooth (Extracts from a lecture given to our students).

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**THE JUNIOR  
LITERARY AND  
DEBATING  
SOCIETY.**

The ends of this Society may be briefly stated. They are : the fostering and developing of a literary taste in the members, whilst affording them an opportunity of cultivating a facility in the accurate expression of their ideas on subjects which are not included in the ordinary curriculum of College life. A glance at the proceedings of the Society during the past year will show the practical work done towards the furtherance of these ends.

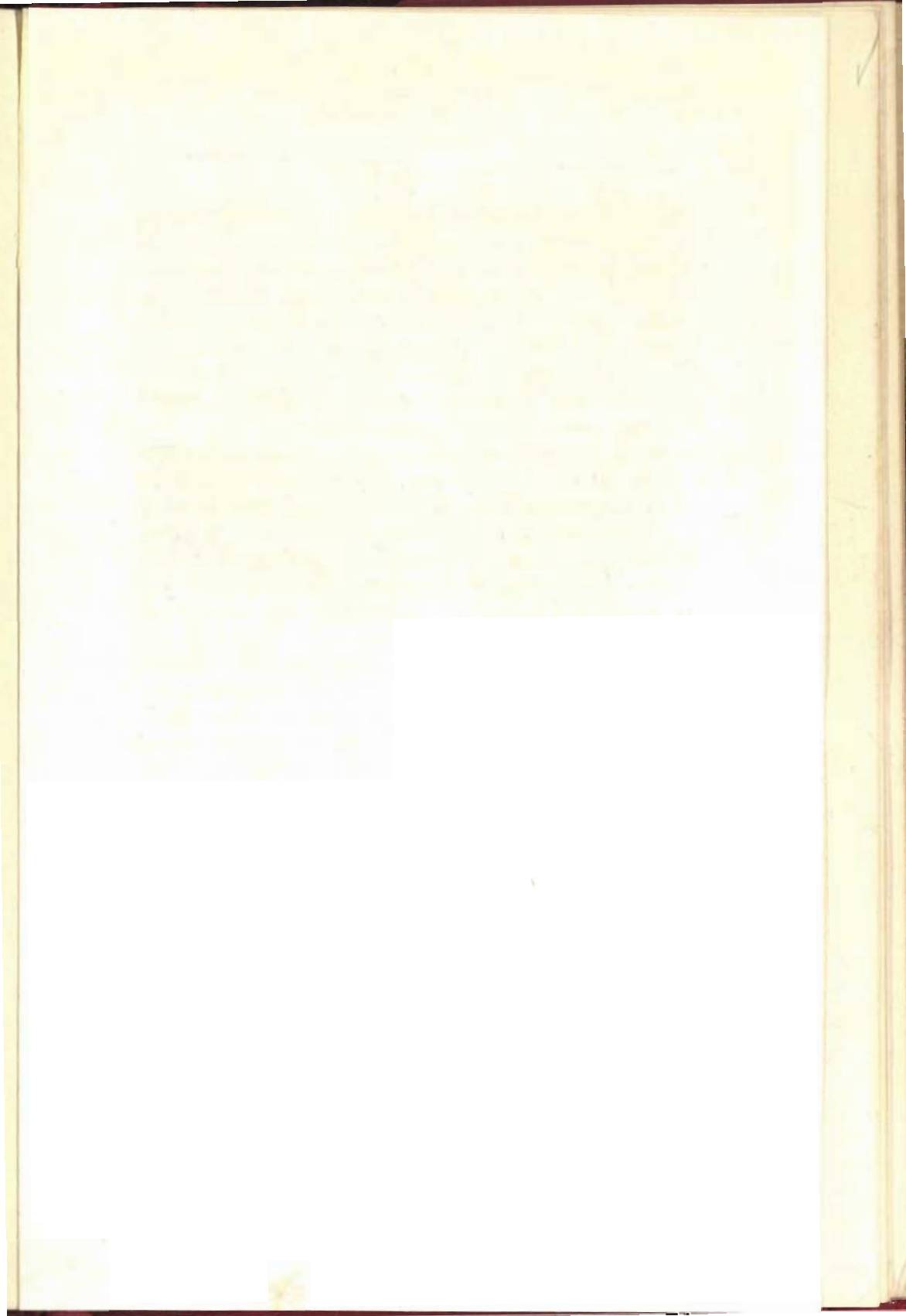
One November 11th, the session was opened by Father Sheehy, who read a paper on Novel-reading. This subject

is one of paramount importance, both on account of the help it affords in the acquirement of a correct style, as well as for the imparting of hints to those who afterwards may have to direct others in the choice of novels. The able treatment of the subject at the hands of Father Sheehy was evidenced by the close attention paid to the paper by his audience. The Rev. Lecturer's interest in the Society was well known and his admirable address was a favourable omen for the opening session.

Arising from Father Sheehy's lecture, an interesting debate on the advantages and disadvantages of novel-reading took place on December 11th. The Novel was vigorously attacked by Messrs. Minogue and Malcolm, and as vigorously defended by Messrs. Moran and M'Cormack. The debaters spoke well and to the point. "That novel-reading practised with moderation and caution is advantageous" was passed by an almost unanimous vote.

Whether the English Parliament was justified or not in taking up arms against Charles I, formed the subject of a debate on February 7th. The speakers on this occasion were Messrs. O'Sullivan and Coen advocating the Parliamentary cause, and Messrs. Mulvaney and O'Dwyer supporting that of the Royalists. The speeches on both sides were remarkable for their earnestness and depth of historical knowledge, and the debaters richly deserved the warm applause they received from their audience. The result of the debate was a sweeping majority in favour of the Parliament.

On March 10th a happy choice of subject was made by Dr. Sexton in his lecture on Hobbies. Two hobbies were dealt with exhaustively—Astronomy and Flowers. The Rev. Lecturer was listened to with rapt attention. A hearty vote of thanks expressed the appreciation of the members of the Society for a genuinely instructive and entertaining address.







1. Spring Sunshine.  
2. Virgo Immaculata.

3. A view in the Senior Grounds.  
4. "The Boulevard."

On April the 18th, Mr. Cullinane, a member of the Society, read a paper on the Confederation of Kilkenny. The young lecturer showed a thorough knowledge of his subject, and treated a complicated epoch of our history in an able and masterly manner.

The business of the year concluded with a debate on the Russo-Japanese War, then at its height. Sides were taken by Messrs. Power and Jordan for the Russians against Messrs. M'Carthy and Cashman for the Japanese. The speeches of the night were exceptionally good, and showed considerable proficiency in the art of debate. The result of a keen discussion was a small majority in favour of the subjects of the Mikado.

The duties of Secretary for the year fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Farrelly. These duties he performed well; and although on leaving the Junior House, he necessarily severed his connection with the Society, his work is not forgotten. A word of praise is also due to those who voiced the thanks of their fellow-members at the close of each meeting. The maiden speeches of many perhaps lacked polish and finish, but their earnestness was undoubted. It was gratifying to learn that their words and the close attention paid by the general body were keenly appreciated by those of the Professional staff who kindly delivered lectures during the Session.

Taken collectively, excellent work was done at the meetings throughout the year. Intelligent appreciation was given to the subjects put before the Society. The influence for good of such literary *seances* is not to be measured by the fruits of an actual meeting, however abundant they may have been; but rather by the stimulating efficacy of such social gatherings in supplying useful and elevating topics for conversation. How great a boon bright, cheerful, and useful conversation is in College life is well known to those who have any acquaintance with such a



life. Those who befriended us in sacrificing time and thought in the preparation of papers may indeed be happy in that they have ministered to one of the greatest needs of a College recreation—they have given us something to say :—

“ Honour to those whose words and deeds  
Assist us in our daily needs ;  
And by their overflow,  
Raise us from what is low.”

C. MURPHY.

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#### THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

It is now thirty years since Father James Cullen, S.J., established the Total Abstinence Society in All Hallows. Since then he has often come to review his work, and he often tells the students that they should be proud of the fact that theirs was the *first* college in Ireland to take up Total Abstinence. And so they are. They show their appreciation, by their fidelity to the principles he inculcated more than a quarter of a century ago. To this Father Cullen bears testimony, not only on the occasions of his visits to the College, but as well in his public lectures. Speaking some twelve months ago, in the Rotunda, of the propagation of the work of the Pioneer Total Abstinence League of the Sacred Heart, he said : “ An order has just been received at the Depot in North William Street for £5 worth of the pendants, pins, and broches of the League from a young All Hallows priest in far distant New Zealand.” It may be observed that this League was but a very short time established when its well-known, much cherished, little badge appeared upon the breasts of the students : and the Pioneer has ever since been the recognised Total Abstinence Society in the College. We are grateful to Father Cullen for the kindly interest he takes in us, and hope he may be spared for many years to continue the good work he has



done, and is doing, for the promotion of Temperance in Ireland.

Besides Father Cullen, there are others, and we are glad to say many others, to whom we owe our gratitude for services rendered to the Society. Since the publication of our last ANNUAL we were favoured with a lecture by the eminent Maynooth Professor, Dr. Walter McDonald. We had one from Very Rev. Father Curry, P.P., Drogheda; another from Father Rossiter, C.M., Spiritual Director, Maynooth College, and one from Father Aloysius, O.S.F.C., President of the Father Mathew Memorial Hall, Church Street, Dublin.

Dr. McDonald's lecture was characteristic of himself. It was extremely simple, clear and convincing. He divided his lecture into two parts under two headings:—1st. "Why I became a Total Abstainer"; 2nd. "Why I remained a Total Abstainer." From what he said under these headings it became clear that he is a typical example of a large class of professional men to whom Sir Frederick Treves has since then referred as giving up even the moderate use of alcoholic liquors, because they found that "alcohol, taken even in moderation is inconsistent with whatever requires a quick, acute, alert judgment."

On the 7th of April last, Father Curry treated us to a scholarly lecture. He brought us over the whole course of Irish ecclesiastical history, and showed us that "the alliance between faith and fatherland has been the source of priceless blessings as well to Ireland as to the Catholic Church itself. Before the introduction of Christianity into Ireland the country was in a state of backwardness; but no sooner was the Cross planted in Erin than civilization expanded itself over the whole country; learning began to be diffused, the arts and sciences to flourish. In the days of the Irish monasteries there was no need to introduce foreigners to train Irish hands to ply the tools, or Irish brains to design and invent. There was no need to scatter tens

of thousands of pounds annually for the merest rudiments of technical training, and no need of taxation to keep the unemployed from starving or to relieve the sick and poor. The character of the monasteries as centres of learning and sanctity became world-renowned, and attracted strangers in great numbers to her shores, for an education that Ireland alone could give them. The countries of Europe not only came to Ireland, but Ireland went to the countries of Europe, for when by savage tribes from without, and heresy from within, every vestige of learning and civilization was disappearing, and the lamp of faith was being extinguished, God raised up Ireland and commissioned her to relight from 'the lamp of Kildare's holy shrine' the extinguished or dimmed lamps of the sanctuaries of Europe, and Ireland became a missionary nation. Some idea of the extent of her missionary work may be gathered from the number of Irish monasteries founded abroad. There were thirteen in Scotland, seven in France, twelve in Armorica Gaul, seven in Lotharingia, eleven in Burgundy, nine in Belgium, ten in Alsace, sixteen in Bavaria, six in Italy, fifteen in Retia, and many in Thuringia on the left bank of the Rhine. There are as many as one hundred and fifty Irish saints venerated as patrons in Germany alone at the present time.

"Ireland is still a missionary nation, for it is very largely owing to the sacrifices and piety of Irish exiles, to the zealous labours of Irish priests and nuns, that in the vast continent of America, and throughout the British Empire, the Catholic Church holds its splendid position to-day.

"It is my privilege," continued the lecturer, "to address Levites destined to continue the noble work of their countrymen who have preceded them in the foreign missions. Truly patriotic is your task of gathering in the strayed sheep of our race, who, for want of pastors, or because of other circumstances have so far been lost to the true fold. . . . In vain would I have recalled our history, had we failed in



seeing that Heaven has again entrusted our race with the holiest and noblest mission given to them—the propagation of the true faith. . . . One stain, which it is your ambition to remove, attaches to the character of the Irish people: one deplorable vice disturbs the tranquillity of their lives, degrades them wherever it exists, destroys the beauty of their fair fame, prevents the development of their religious virtues, and thwarts the designs of God in the accomplishment of the glorious mission of propagating the faith that He has confided to their care. . . . Need I say it is intemperance. The voice of truth, the voice of patriotism, the voice of God call upon us to remove it. . . . Go on, and prosper in your 'Pioneer' movement. Propagate it when you leave these hallowed walls. If you succeed in your efforts, as succeed with God's help you must, you will transmit unsullied the fair name of our country, the virtues of our religion; and our faith and fatherland thus respected and bequeathed will keep the memories ever green that form the heirlooms of the scattered Irish race."

Father Rossiter took a purely spiritual view of the subject. He made an appeal on behalf of the souls lost through alcoholic excesses. In the course of a touching address he told us that the Catholic population of Liverpool was less at the last Census than it was forty years ago, although the population of the city had increased enormously in that period. Drink was not indeed the only cause, but it was one of the chief causes of the decrease.

Father Aloysius was a welcome visitor on the first Friday of May. His subject was "A Temperance Hall." As President of the great Father Mathew Temperance Hall, Dublin, with two thousand members, he was able to tell us of the immense benefit such a hall was, and at the same time give us some useful hints in reference to its establishment and its efficient working.

The result of such lectures is, as one should expect, that



the students take the deepest interest in the Temperance movement. An instance of this has been just given by the Junior House Branch of the Society.

No sooner had the Irish Bishops proclaimed a crusade against Intemperance than the Juniors took up the idea of having a paper read by one of their members on the future of the Temperance Crusade in Ireland. It was well prepared and produced most interesting discussions. One of the members in a very able criticism, afforded an opportunity of having possible objections answered, by denouncing the Crusade "in all the moods and tenses." The meeting appreciated the telling manner in which the objections were put; but far more, the readiness and effectiveness of the replies.

In our ANNUAL of two years ago, we attributed much of the "Temperance" enthusiasm throughout the country to the Irish Revival movement. Since then the beneficial influence thereof has become daily more pronounced. All admirers of the Gaelic League must have been pleased with the tribute paid to it in a public letter written in the month of September last by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. We hope the Gaelic League will continue its good work in the cause of temperance reform. We pray that the blessing of God may descend upon the new "Crusade," that drunkenness may give place to sobriety, and that Ireland may soon enjoy the religious and social blessings that temperance brings in its train.

JOHN CARR.

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**THE CON-  
FRATERNITY  
OF ST. FRANCIS  
XAVIER.**

The Confraternity of St. Francis Xavier which has now so long existed in our dear *Alma Mater*, and whose principles and spirit All Hallows' sons carry abroad to every clime, still continues in a vigorous and prosperous condition, and is, as the years move onwards realizing more and more, the noble object

for which it was established. In view of the good work that it has done in the past, and is continuing to effect at present, it might be well to consider here some striking characteristics of this our oldest society.

We may well admire the zeal that prompted former sons of the College to bind themselves into a common bond under the patronage of the glorious Apostles, St. Paul, St. Thomas, and him whose name the Society proudly bears, St. Francis Xavier, that through the strength and efficiency that comes of united action, some of the apostolic spirit that animated those great saints, might flow into the hearts of its young Levites. As the aim of Father Hand was to send forth to every land good and zealous priests, men imbued with the spirit of the Gospel and with the desire to spread it; so the aim of the Confraternity was to influence the children of Father Hand to model and shape their lives after the life of Christ, and to induce them to follow in the footsteps of the great apostles of the Church. This was the great and primary end of the Confraternity.

And as its aim was thus purely religious, so too were the means employed. Not only was it destined to foster a spirit of prayer and piety amongst its members, but also, by a yearly course of lectures and discussions, to fix the attention of the students on the glorious work that lay before them, its dangers and its requirements. By this means, they would at the end of their College days go forth fully equipped, not only with solid piety, but above all, with that spiritual mettle and muscle which the wear and tear of the mission field demand. Imbued with the life and spirit of the Confraternity, hundreds have gone forth year after year to do great things for souls and for God, and the successes that have attended their efforts serve to enliven and intensify the zeal of those at home. But it has other advantages. They do not cease with College days. They accompany the members beyond the seas. The fact of

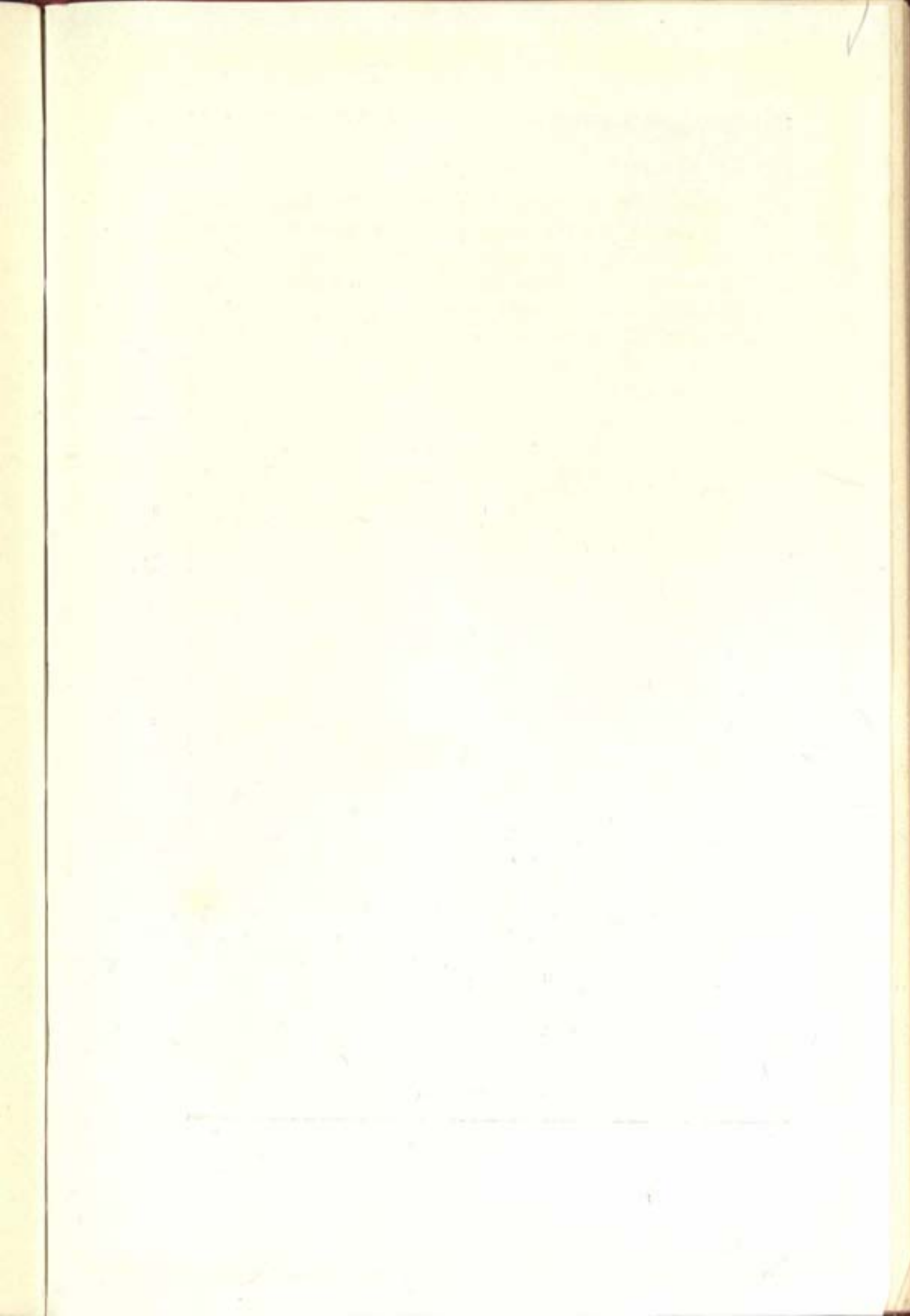


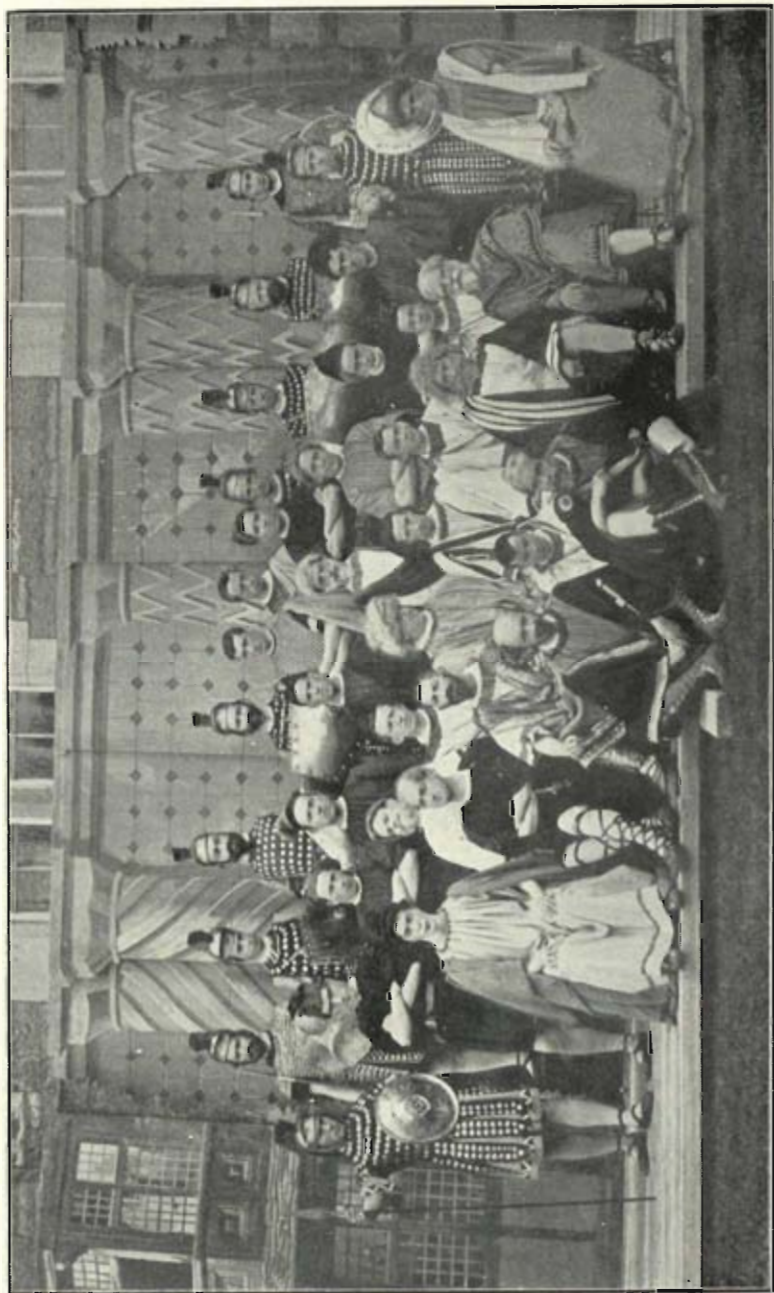
leaving College does not break off connection with the Society ; a member duly enrolled remains a member during life. In this way a golden link joins All Hallows' sons the wide world over ; and the young Levite as he grows in sanctity and knowledge within the College walls has a community of thought and feeling with those who toil and labour on the mission field. There is one other great advantage, and that not the least of those we have mentioned : it is the spiritual blessings in which each and every member of the Confraternity can so easily participate. No matter in what part of the world his lot is cast, on complying with a few easy conditions, each one can have the benefit, not only of the prayers of all the members, but also becomes partaker of the many and rich indulgences attached to the Society. In this way God's blessings are made to descend on the labours of the All Hallows' toiler no matter where he goes.

One of the essential features of the Confraternity is its annual series of lectures and discourses. These directly or indirectly deal with missionary work and all that it demands, and constitute one of the great means through which the special end of the Society is attained, namely, the formation of a true and apostolic spirit. The records of the Society show that such lectures and discussions have been important factors in preserving and nourishing its vigour and life. They direct the minds of the members to the great goal before them ; they beget thought, and create earnestness in the glorious work that is ever being carried forward in the world abroad. Year after year the inspiring deeds of the Church's heroes, her saints and doctors, her apostles and martyrs, are set forth in vivid and glowing colours ; and the zeal that such glorious lives cannot fail to infuse in the young hearts is one of the rich fruits of the ever-recurring meetings :—

“ Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime.”







"Coriolanus"—The Cast.

We have stated that the Society still continues to maintain its ancient vigour. This, please God, we shall endeavour to strengthen as far as possible ; we even hope to build a greater edifice on the foundations that have been so well laid. Last year, under the energetic direction of Father O'Hanlon, much new zeal and life was enkindled, and not the least of many treats during his Presidency was an able and beautiful lecture on our venerable Irish Prelate—Oliver Plunkett. We opened the first meeting of the current year by a stirring article on the apostle whose name the Society bears ; and the series of lantern scenes that accompanied the lecture added not a little to the attractiveness of the meeting. Thus aided by prayer and union and mutual encouragement we hope to follow in the footsteps and traditions of our predecessors, who, by the name and fame their saintly lives have won for them on the mission field, reflect back honour and credit on their old *Alma Mater* at home.

HUGH BRESLIN.







## A Satchel of Letters.

"THE ORATORY,

*February 6th, 1881.*

"MY DEAR MR. BEDFORD,—I thank you sincerely for your friendly letter. You are a true and constant friend, and I hope and trust, the more I decline **NEWMAN'S SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND.** in strength the more faithfully you will keep me in mind.

"The late severe winter did me no harm. I had one or two brief colds, but they were such as might have been in the mildest winter. I never had the thought come upon me, 'What an unusual winter is this!'—I mean from the *cold*.

"I have felt the political atmosphere far more trying. I wish, with all my heart, that the cruel injustices which have been inflicted on the Irish people should be utterly removed, but I don't think they go the best way to bring this about. I wish it was all over.

"With all kind and respectful messages to your associates at All Hallows, I am, most truly yours,

"JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN."

"THE ORATORY,

*November 10th, 1873.*

"MY DEAR MR. BEDFORD,—Your letter just received has given me the first intelligence which has come to me of Father Potter's death. What a loss to your College and to

the Church! I will not delay to say a Mass for him. I grieve for his loss.

"As to my sermon, it was never intended for publication, and, when it came to be written down would make a *book*; and I don't expect, except under some unforeseen call of duty, to write any more books. It is very kind in you and your friends to fancy what I said would be worth publishing.

"Thank you for your photograph—which makes you look far too old. As you wish it, I enclose one of myself.

"I hope when you come this way instead of Scotlandwards, you will not pass us by. Recollect you have Father Pope to see as well as others.—Yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"P.S.—So Ormsby is going to Dublin again. I was truly glad of the determination of the Bishops to throw off the expectation of State patronage, and to admit Catholic laymen into the governing body."

\* \* \* \* \*

"ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,

"WESTMINSTER, S.W., June 21st, 1886.

"MY DEAR MR. BEDFORD,—Your letter of this morning was a pleasure and a consolation to me, and I thank you for your kindness in writing it. I had no thought or hope when I was writing those few pages that our good Master would make use of them as He has.

"I have an abiding conviction that the state of the world comes from the state of the Priesthood, and that it is there we have to begin.

"The enclosed Pastoral will show in part what I mean.

"I hope you are well.—Believe me, always yours very faithfully,

"HENRY E.,

"Card. Archbishop."

\* \* \* \* \*



" FARRINGTON STREET,

" LONDON, 7th October, 1840.

" MY DEAR HENRY,—We received your letter on the 5th, and were happy to learn that you had so well passed your examination, and that after all your annoyance you had at last obtained your luggage and secured good apartments—we intend sending the three boxes by the train on Friday, directed as you advise for Rev. Henry Bedford. . . .

**A FATHER TO  
AN AGLICAN  
CURATE.**

" I have the pleasure to inform you that my foot is much better, so much so, that I was able to dine with my Company, the Joiners, on Tuesday when they swore me in as Master for the ensuing year. Mr. Kimble, the Member for Surrey, sat on my left hand and a very pleasant gentleman he is—he was invited by me as the Master of the Salters Company, which Company is incorporated with the Joiners in the Irish Estate. He informed me of his two journeys to Ireland, and I was much pleased as well as surprised to hear him speak so well of the poor Irish. Some people think they are a dreadful bloodthirsty people among whom no party could travel with safety. But he says that he can travel both in the north and south of Ireland with more safety than he can travel in some parts of England, that the poor people are anxious to do anything they can to oblige, and that he can speak with perfect truth of their honesty and great civility.

" You have not said anything in regard to the music of your church, if you have an organ or musical instrument to lead the singing; if you have single or double service on Sunday, and Sunday or other School to educate the children of your poor parishioners, the Stocking Weavers, as I should think a school for them would very much recommend their new curate to their good feelings and respect, for I have always found the best way to win the affections of the poor is to do good to their children; and I know you



will endeavour by acts of kindness and benevolence to your poorer congregation to prove to them that you are sincerely interested in their eternal happiness. It is said by many the poor are ungrateful. I do not believe it ; indeed I have proved by a tolerably long life among them the contrary, and I can assure you, my dear boy, with perfect truth, that if you prove to them that you are really anxious for their good they will be grateful for it.\*

" Mr. Waitman has sent us some grapes, and in his letter states his sorrow that he could not see you before you left town, but will make a point of paying you a visit as soon as may be. I must now conclude this long letter by informing you that your Mother, William, John, and family are all well, and desire to be affectionately remembered to you, and believe me, my dear Henry, your affectionate Father,

" JOSHUA BEDFORD."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 25 FOR THE BEST ELOCUTIONIST.

" I often heard it said that the priest going abroad does not need as long a course as the priest remaining at home. Ah ! that is a great mistake. My experience, as short as it is, shows quite the reverse. The priest in Australia holds a high place in the minds of the people. He is expected to know a little about everything, and to be able to take his place with the ablest in the land. At a moment's notice he may be called upon to address a public gathering, and his hearers will be very much disappointed, and Catholics very much ashamed, if he does not make a fairly good show. I should say, without hesitation, that there is no congregation in the world more attentive to what is said from the pulpit

\* On more than one occasion Mr. Bedford remarked to the President : " I believe my father's love of the poor was his means of salvation. I remember that his funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, and in particular by multitudes of the poor of London."

than one composed of Australian Catholics. But they do expect that the preacher will prepare his discourse and deliver it in an intelligent and refined manner. They criticise very sharply such expressions as 'as I said before,' and also needless repetitions, due, in most cases, to the want of careful preparation. Theology and philosophy, etc., are very good, but if a man cannot give expression to his grand philosophical and theological ideas in a pure and simple style, what doth it profit him? He only wastes his time, and irritates his hearers. Therefore, I should urge you to continue your 'campaign' in this matter, as you have always done, and I promise you that you will do much for the glory of God and the honour of the Church, in foreign lands. To prove my sincerity, I send £5 to be given to the best all-round student in elocution."

J. O'C.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Braidwood, a town of about 1,000 inhabitants, is one of the oldest in New South Wales. In the days of the diggings, it was a great gold-mining centre. A lot of old Irish diggers, all of whom seem endowed with longevity, are still living, although they have given up their old means of livelihood for pastoral and agricultural pursuits. 'Fossickers' are still to be found scraping up a paltry pittance of gold dust amongst the old diggings. Apart from these, the only gold industry carried on in the neighbourhood now is worked by dredges. The dredge on the gold-fields is a New Zealand idea, and generally managed by a New Zealand Company. The buckets scrape along the bottom of creeks and old claims, and as they come up and heave out their contents of rock and sand and water, the particles of gold slip down between some sieves, and on to some matting to which they adhere. This matting is cleaned weekly, and the takings of a single dredge on good ground generally amounts to £50 or £60 a



week. About £1,000 worth of gold passes out of Braidwood, accompanied by a strong police escort, every month.

" Catholics are strong in Braidwood. In the town, I think, they outnumber even the adherents of the Church of England. A great tribe of M'Graths came out here from County Tyrone in the 'fifties, and if you are not speaking to a M'Grath in Braidwood, ten to one you are speaking to a relative. They are good Catholics, especially the old stock in Braidwood. The younger members of the second generation are beginning to slip, and I have established a Young Men's Society to keep them in hand. The old Catholics from the North of Ireland brought a strong faith into exile with them, that regards a drive of eight or ten miles to Mass as a matter of duty. They have had as Parish Priest for the last twenty-five years one of the holiest of priests, who looks up to All Hallows, and reveres her as his *Alma Mater*, though his name seems to be lost sight of in her records. I speak of the Venerable Archdeacon D'Arcy, ordained in '65. He has a fine church and presbytery, a convent of Good Samaritan Sisters, and three outside chapels, the farthest thirty miles away.

" The climate and surroundings of Braidwood resemble Ireland's more than those of any other place I have been in since I left home. Since the break-up of the disastrous drought, we have here the big green fields, the snug little homesteads hid behind hedgerows and poplars and apple-trees, and the deep blue mountains in the background—all suggestive of Ireland, especially to one who has come up here from a Sydney suburb. Braidwood is thirty miles from the railway line. Goulbourn is our adjoining parish on the north-west.

" The ALL HALLOWS ANNUAL was quite a treat; and I am very grateful to you for remembering me in your distribution of the copies. The snatches published from the letters of past students was a most interesting item, though some



of the writers out here had to put up with a fair amount of banter in consequence. I am pleased to hear the new Temperance Sodality is thriving. To be a practical member of it is one of the greatest safeguards of a priest on the mission, especially if he is relegated to a lonely life in the bush. The Debating Branch of the Ferghillian Society will also be a great help to a young priest put in charge of similar societies abroad."

J. C.

\* \* \*

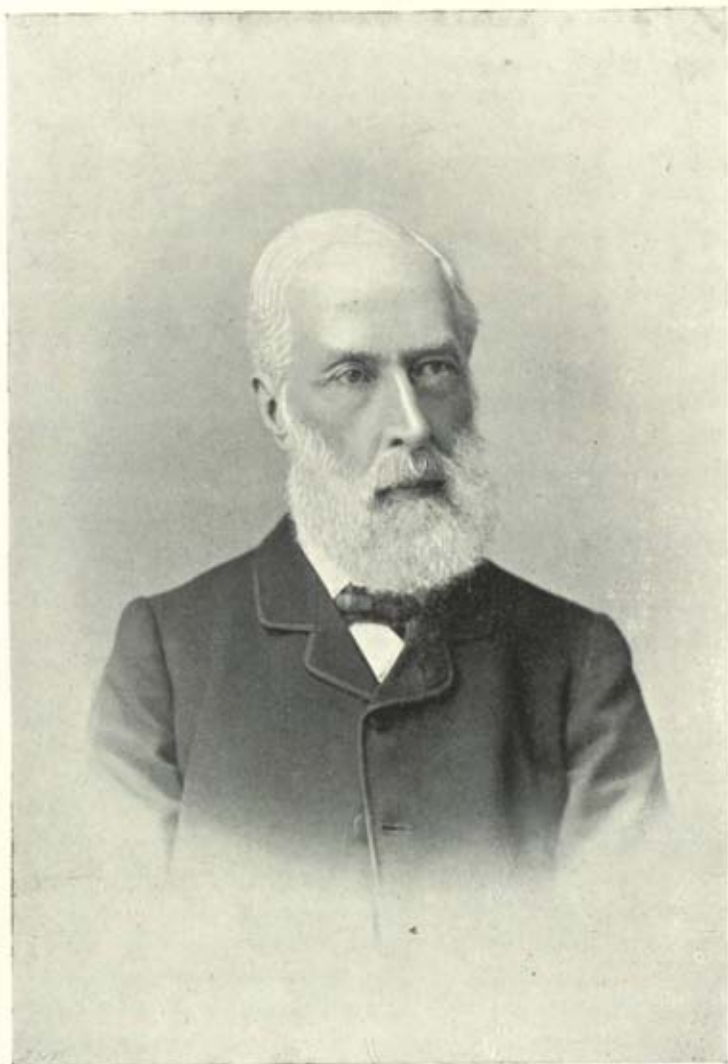
"KAPOUJA, TARANAKI.

**A Walking  
Church.**

"I have just received your very welcome epistle to Maoriland. I thought we had said good-bye. It is surprising what a *grah* the Clare people have for one another, and what an interest the 'stars' take in the poor duffers.

"When last I wrote to you, Father, I was administering. After nine months of that business I got a parish, if you please—a parish at the end of a few years. Contrast this with home life and Daddy Dan. But wait till you hear what a parish means in New Zealand. I came along without knowing a soul within its confines. Nobody knew I was coming. Consequently, nobody met me. I faced for the hotel for a night's lodging. I next looked out for my church and found it, a wooden building with a cheerless interior—a few glass candlesticks on the altar—no carpet on the sanctuary—no sanctuary lamp—no etc. Next day I went and bought bedding and carpet, and took up my abode in the vestry, where I remained for six months living again as a student. My first difficulty was to fix the boundary of my parish with my neighbouring *confrère*. Next came the building of the rector's 'palace.' I wanted a decent house, not for my own ease but for the credit of Catholicity—the people wanted any sort of a hut. This led to a pitched battle, which raged furiously, but ended in the surrender





"It makes you look too old."

[See p. 115.]



of the adversaries, and I carried out everything according to my original intention ; no, not I, but God with me ! I have now as good a presbytery as stands in New Zealand. The building alone has cost £700, the furnishing £250—so far, so good !

“ The presbytery and church stood apart about a quarter of a mile. It was inconvenient for any priest to be running up and down a public road to attend to the Blessed Sacrament. There was no cure for it but to shift the church, ‘ body and sleeves,’ and place it within insurance distance of the presbytery, on a five acre section. I gave directions to one man as to what I meant to do, and told the people where they would find the church next Sunday. This cool cheek from a ‘ new chum ’ led to open rebellion. However, the church walked for a month, and got home safely, *Deo gratias* ! I said Mass one Sunday while it stood in the middle of the public road, propped up *pro tem*. That is more than you will be able to tell St. Peter. The result now is, that the church property is the only valuable and decent part of the city of Kapouja. When I got the church at home I improved it to the amount of about £250, so that it is now a little gem for a country place.

“ I got a great gun to open my new palace. A collection was taken which realized only £218 ; we had a bazaar, which realized only £330 ; also ‘ socials,’ which realized in all about £660, in twelve months. We are now going to build a new church and to get nuns to teach school in one end of our parish ; and to build a convent and school in a year’s time, D.V., at Kapouja. Then we shall be fully equipped for our spiritual battle.

“ I had his Grace here last month. He confirmed seventy-one, including children and adults. He was quite pleased, and seemed as happy as a child from Thursday till Monday, when he took me for a bit of a holiday. However, he was scarcely at home when he gave me a fearful slating for writing

a certain slip-shod letter. I thanked him, and said, like J— D— when the Dean caught him smoking, *Peccavi*. This healed the sore at once."

T. H.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Father Forde is in Armidale where he gets very good health, and where he makes himself very useful in the Cathedral. Poor Father John Flynn is off in Queensland. The accounts about his health are not very satisfactory. He did wonders in Newcastle under the administration of Father Gleeson who joined the Redemptorists, but as soon as he was appointed to the full charge of this, the second most important parish in Maitland, the responsibility seemed to be too much for him. Father Florence M'Auliffe is now pastor of the important district of Cessknock, where he will have five or six churches and a large field for his great zeal. Father Ahearne is another priest of All Hallows, and, like all his fellow-collegians, doing wonderfully well,"

\* \* \* \* \*

A letter describing a certain Australian mission remarks: "The land is marvellously rich. Imagine paddocks under cultivation continuously for thirty years without one pound of manure, and so rich to-day that a farmer remarked to me, 'Oh, the soil is too rich, we have a regular rotation of crops, barley, oats, potatoes, etc., but no manure.' Now the best of my story is to come. The people are nearly all Irish or children of Irish, and, what is better still, they have preserved their Irish manners and customs, their simple faith, and traditional attachment to the Church. 'They call us,' said one of them, "'Little Ireland,' and we glory in the name.' And indeed this place is most suggestive of Ireland. The streams of people coming to church, the rich green fields, the fat sheep and cattle, above all, the good simple people, remind one of holy Ireland."



" GREENVILLE, S.C.,

" May 31st, 1905.

" MY DEAR FATHER SHEEHY,—I am sure I need not tell you how pleased I am to hear from you. A letter from you,

**A PASTMAN  
SPEAKS OUT.** in your well known hand-writing, always brings back ever so many memories of the many years I spent under your guidance.

You were six years Dean over me, and I think in that time you fairly accurately ' sized me up '—as we say here. Looking back now on all those years, many, very many things have assumed quite a different appearance from what they looked like when in College. That of course, is only natural. Students so often misunderstand their Superiors, and, Father, I fear that was my case occasionally too.

" You 'already' have, 'I reckon,' a fairly good idea of the nature of my duties in this diocese. Preaching is the principal work we are engaged in ; and, of course, all our sermons are dogmatic, or nearly all. On Sundays, if we happen to be where we have a church, we generally preach a moral sermon at Mass, and dogmatic at night service. This State is terribly bigoted against Catholics. There are large towns here of five and 6,000 people, and not a single Catholic in all that number. Still, the Church is growing very much, mainly by the arrival of Catholics from the Northern States. We have also a fair number of converts, but not as many as we would have if the atmosphere was not so very Protestant. A priest here is a kind of curiosity, and there are many, very many Protestants who have never yet laid eyes on one, and when first they do, they naturally, according to instructions, look for his horns. You will smile at this, I know ; but I assure you, you will meet some strange people here with very ignorant ideas of the Catholic religion.

" I wish to tell you now of a conversation I had with



Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, when he was our guest during the winter. He was thrown very much with me as Father Gwynne was absent, and Father Mahony was on duty, and so I got his views on very many things. I asked him for some hints about preaching, which exactly corresponded with what you had given us in class; and one subject he was very strong on was the necessity of refined manners amongst priests. He said Archbishop Ireland was very strong on that matter too, and that he has special instructions on etiquette given at St. Paul's. I then told the Archbishop about your class every week, and how much we do in All Hallows, and he said it was a capital idea to have a class and class book, etc., and that he would introduce it into St. Paul's when he returned. I mention this to you to encourage you in your work, for I know what little encouragement you sometimes get in certain quarters from students who are most defective.

"May I, before I conclude, invite your attention to one or two passing wants in All Hallows, and express a hope, shared by many a past student, that the superiors will soon be able to remedy them. I allude of course, to the need of an *Aula Maxima*. Where will you find a great college without it? What a boon it would be as a place of amusement on wet evenings. How the Procurator's brigade for removing chairs and forms would sprinkle benedictions on its foundation stone!

"I have no doubt but that you will meet with ready and generous responses on all sides—especially from the *Alumni* who, like myself, are alive to its want. I know well the superiors had their hands full up to the present in building a new chapel, kitchen, servants' apartments, etc., now that these much-needed works are complete—why not put the masons and bricklayers at work on the *Aula Maxima*. Let All Hallows make an appeal to her many devoted sons in every clime, and I feel certain of the result.

"And when you get into the bricks and mortar again don't send the workmen away till they build one other place, just as much needed as the *Aula Maxima*. I mean a Swimming Bath, where all the students can enjoy a refreshing swim. It seems unnecessary to urge the necessity and usefulness of such a place. The first principles of Hygiene plead loudly in its favour, not to mention the great advantage one has in knowing how to swim. Your friends, Father, will come to your aid, I am confident, when they know you have at last undertaken to supply two long-felt wants.

"N. A. M."





## Contests of the Playground.

**PIUS X.  
BLESSES  
GAMES AND  
PASTIMES.**

"It is a sweet consolation which I experience to find myself in the midst of you, dear youths; you, who represent the age of noble sentiments, of generous actions and of splendid victories; and Vicar of the Saviour, Who found His delight in the young, and Who once looking at a young man loved him, I, in looking upon you, desire to tell you that I wish you well, and that I wish you to regard me not only as a father, but likewise as a brother and a tender friend. And with these sentiments not only do I approve all your works in the cause of Catholicity, but I heartily admire and bless all the games and pastimes, gymnastics and cyclism, Alpinism, swimming, walking matches, marches, trials of skill, contests and academics to which you dedicate yourselves; because the material exercises of the body will have an admirable influence on the exercises of the mind; because these entertainments, requiring labour also, will take you away from idleness, which is the parent of vices; and because, finally, the same friendly contests will be for you an image of emulation in the exercise of virtue."

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE  
FOOTBALL  
LEAGUE.**

It has more than once struck us, that those who played as well as prayed within our walls, would be desirous of hearing something of the doings of their successors in the football field. Though it is still early in the season, and our notes



are consequently few, we will endeavour to tell what we have done in this department up to the present.

As in most other matters, so in football, All Hallows has evolved considerably. The term of the evolution has been in recent years a Football League, with medals as prizes for the winners. In the beginning of this season we were somewhat sceptical as to the prospects of our League. So many of our stalwarts had taken their farewell of us last June, that we were afraid our League would cease to be an annual affair—at least on as large lines as hitherto. As time went on matters did not mend much. The weather was so fine during vacation, and we had all enjoyed it so thoroughly, that on our return we sought a little rest. Then, of course, cycling muscles and football muscles will never agree: as some of us knew pretty well when we essayed to travel upstairs after our first evening's football match. Besides football is essentially a winter game, and the summer, or rather the fine weather, extended itself—although we do not regret the fact—very much into the period which we are accustomed to associate with frost and cold. However, tradition dies hard, and at last we ventured on a mustering of our available forces. The rally was sounded. It was answered with alacrity. We expected to have three teams. What was our surprise when we discovered we would have four, as on previous occasions, and substitutes in addition. Of course, some of us were never Internationals, nor did we even represent our native counties in an All-Ireland championship. But we knew that those on whom the task of drawing up the teams fell, would take all these little things into consideration.

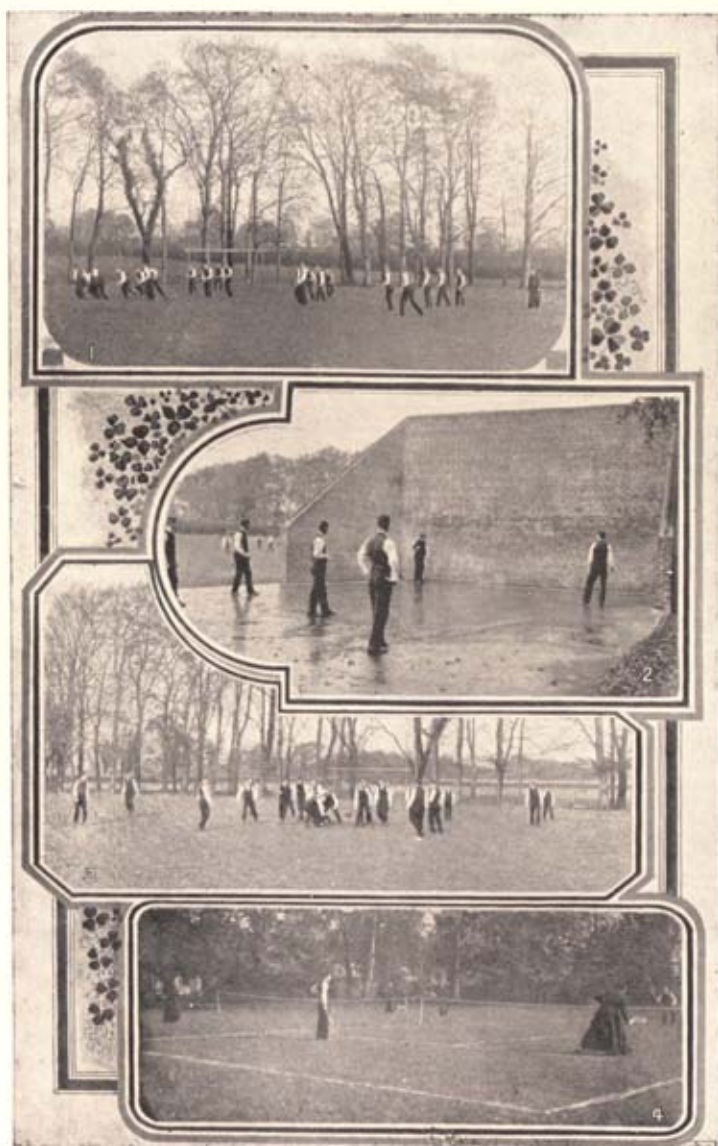
All of us were now eager to see the "draws," and when the four teams were put up for public inspection excitement ran high. Speculation as to the merits of the teams was rife. In fact—but we only whisper this—sometimes when we were deep down in the intricacies of Scripture and Canon

Law, a stray thought would flit across our minds as to the probable winners of the much-coveted medals. And then the draw had turned out so well. All the teams appeared well-matched, on paper, at least; we knew that whatever team would eventually obtain the medals would have earned them. To the teams were given the somewhat fanciful names of the Reds, the Whites, the Stripes and the Blues, on the principle, we suppose: *Nil innovetur, nisi quod traditum est.*

Operations were begun immediately. The first teams to meet were the Whites and Stripes. We thought when we saw the teams on the field, that the Whites would have to play hard to avert a disaster. But things turned out all the other way, and after a hard struggle the Stripes were beaten by one goal to nil. The teams next to appear were the Blues and Reds. The Reds had a great deal of weight on their side; but the Blues, thought light, looked active and hardy. And the event proved that weight is not everything in football, for an exciting match ended in a scoreless draw. And so the first round went on merrily, each team striving to steal a march on their rivals early in the contest. But at the end matters were pretty even; for two teams, the Whites and Blues, were equal; the third, the Reds were only a point behind, while the poor Stripes, who were rather unfortunate throughout, were bidding fair to become possessors of the wooden spoon.

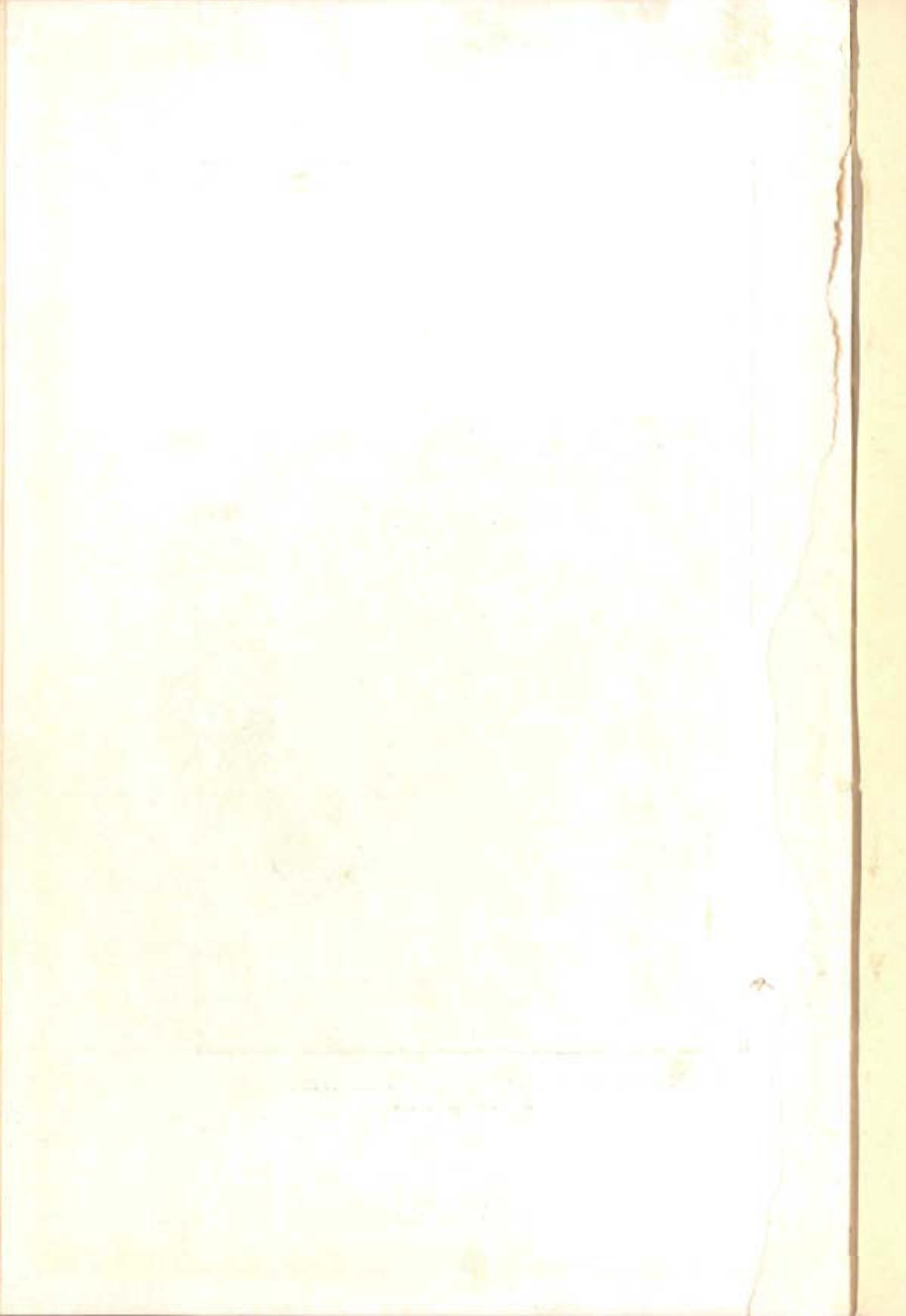
With the first round so evenly ended matters became rather brisk, for the medals were in sight and a defeat would mean a good deal. Practice had made wonderful improvements, and the forwards of the different teams were understanding one another better. As a consequence the matches of the second round became very exciting both for the spectators and players.

The order of the matches was the same as in the previous round. The Stripes were seen to be making gallant efforts



1. A Hurling Match.      2. "Toss!"      3. Seniors at Football.  
4. A Good Serve.





to retrieve their fallen fortunes, but though they succeeded in staving off further defeat, they could not overthrow any of their opponents, and after their first match they were altogether out of the running. By this same match the Whites obtained the premier position in the League. The next match was a very interesting one; for it was known that the Reds were looking for the medals in earnest. And they justified their expectations by beating the Blues; and so rose to a position of equality with the Whites. A great match was expected between the Reds and Whites as the winners of it would in all probability win the medals easily. But we were disappointed, and a rather dull game ended in a draw, leaving the two teams in the same position as before. For a good part of the game it looked as if the Whites would win by a goal scored in the match; but a lucky penalty kick equalized matters. Everyone was well pleased, though, that matters turned out as they did, for it gave assurance that the winners of the medals would have to earn them well before they received them.

The elements have leagued against us recently, and the really interesting and decisive matches have had to be postponed time after time. As we write matters stand thus: two teams, the Reds and Whites, are equal, having six points to their credit. The Blues come third with five points, and the Stripes bring up the rear with three points. Each team has to play one match. From all we hear, the next two matches will be of no mean order.

Besides these League matches we had also a few other really good matches. That interesting event, almost venerable with the sanction of years, America v. Australia, was the occasion of as good a contest as we have seen for a long time. Australia, as far as our memory goes, won the match for the last two seasons. They intended to repeat their success this year, but our "strenuous" friends objected, and they had to be contented with a scoreless draw. The

Third Divines too, though they have fallen away from their pristine strength were able to muster reserves enough to uphold their old traditions and succeeded, though after great efforts, in defeating the First Divines, who, however, are very anxious for the return match to vindicate themselves.

What strikes one most about the football in All Hallows, is the *verve* and energy with which the students play their matches. It shows that the games are in a healthy condition. And it is well it should be so. For thus are developed endurance and self-reliance; thus are moulded and built up the constitutions which will bear unflinchingly the summer's heat and winter's cold; thus the football field assists the lecture hall in combining in the student, the desideratum of all young men, the *Mens sana in sano corpore*.

MICHAEL KEENAN.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are some still amongst us who **THE CAMAN**, remember a time when hurling was not on the list of our games. Football then reigned supreme. At length came the day long-sighed for by us who love th *caman*. Were we not jubilant on that April morn, in 1901, when the Dean spun the leather into the field, and we swung our blades (of ash) for the first time in All Hallows? Those who played on that great day were no beginners; they had been trained to the game from their earliest years. How the uninitiated opened their eyes, what time the hurlers showed them the possibilities hidden in a ball and a hurley when science is brought to bear on both. Not long after that initial game were there men on the line to wonder; many saw they were losing a good thing, and hurleys were procured by the half-dozen.

Every year since then has seen the game advance. Increased skill, increased numbers, in these two blessings we go on our way rejoicing. Each evening sees us turn out for



a practice match, each Sunday a special match is arranged. These are as the fore-runners of the annual League. This year the prospects of such a contest were very gloomily discussed by the pessimists. "The great hurlers have gone from us with last year's Fourth Divines, we shall never look upon their like again." So they croaked. We of the practical minds replied, "There were giants in those days; let us do as best we can with our present material."

We *did* try to do our best. All fears vanished like smoke when the decision to go on with the League was announced. The Gaelic energy which seemed to be in a dormant condition in some of our members awakened as by magic. Soon three teams, styled the "Faughs," "Rovers," and "Shamrocks," were in the field. Well matched were they all; it was no easy task to pick out the winners in advance.

For the opening match lined out the "Faughs" and the "Shamrocks." They started out rather tamely, both teams apparently suffering from nervousness. However, they soon got into their stride, and the spectators saw a ding-dong struggle. Both teams evidently knew where the goal posts lay, for the shots came fast and furious. The "Shamrocks" having led for a time had to at length concede a goal to their opponents who thenceforward took the offensive. After the interval both sides struggled obstinately for victory, but it was plain that the "Faughs" were the better team. Not that "Shamrocks" did anything but fight to the bitter end. Their shooting was wild; the marksmanship of the "Faughs" was not so. Hence the latter ran out winners by 4 goals to 2.

The second match was between "Faughs" and "Rovers." Naturally the appearance of the doughty "Faughs" created a lot of interest. "But could they beat the Rovers?" Many asked themselves this question, for the "Rovers" were fancied by not a few judges. The play during the first quarter of an hour was very even, and then the "Faughs"

came away with a rush. They found a weak spot in the "Rovers'" back division, and the result of their onslaught was the notching of two goals in rapid succession. Then, how the "Rovers" fought! If good endeavour ever scored a goal, why did they not put in three or four? Go ask the "Faughs'" goalkeeper. Alas, soon in their very determination to win the "Rovers" became disorganized; their backs began to wander. This was to the liking of the "Faughs," who showed their appreciation by taking two more goals. "Never say die," was the "Rovers'" motto, and they renewed their plucky efforts. In vain! They could never draw level, although they put through one goal. "Faughs" again were victors, this time by the substantial score of 4 goals to 1.

When two defeated teams cross *camans*, the onlookers generally see a good fight. Such a fine struggle was that between the "Rovers" and the "Shamrocks" in the third match of the League. It was, indeed, the best contested match of the competition so far. Time and again with clockwork regularity each held the lead, only to be overtaken by the opposing team. At the final whistle "Shamrocks" led by one goal, the scores being, "Shamrocks" 3, "Rovers" 2. Thus had the "Rovers" twice tasted the bitterness of defeat. No matter; they were not dishonoured.

The fourth match was played by "Faughs" and "Shamrocks." The former team entered the field buoyed up by their former victories, and from the start brought heavy pressure to bear on their opponents. Twenty minutes, and no score; it cannot last. No, the backs of the "Faughs" make a mistake, and the "Shamrocks" open the scoring with a good goal. Excitement reigns, but the "Faughs" pull themselves together in a very business-like and calm manner, and soon they equalise. Half time!

Resuming, "Shamrocks" by a well-directed forward movement, got away, and overwhelming the opposition scored a



goal. Things were now looking bad for the "Faughs," but fortune came to their aid. An accident to one of the "Shamrock" backs let in the "Faughs," and they quickly gained two goals! Having thus secured the lead they contented themselves with keeping the "Shamrocks" out for the remainder of the match, thus winning their third victory.

The League was now practically over, as the "Faughs" were too far ahead to be overtaken. The two remaining matches were merely to decide which team should get second place. In the first of these the "Rovers" drew with the "Faughs," and in the second the "Shamrocks" were victorious over the "Rovers." Thus ended a very successful League with the "Faughs" on top, the "Shamrocks" runners-up, and "Rovers," by hard luck, last.

We are very modest, yet we cannot but feel proud of our success this year in the hurling field. Everyone admits that the standard of play as shown in the League competition has been as good this Term as could be expected. May future contests be as sportsmanlike as ours have been. Then there will be no falling-off in the affections of the students for the good old *camán*.

MICHAEL KIELY.

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The return of Spring found us busily engaged on the sites of the Tennis courts.

#### TENNIS.

The early April showers had softened the ground, and after much diligent rolling we succeeded in repairing the damage wrought by the Hurlers during the Winter. Then the grass was cut, and the now smooth lawns marked out into two courts.

In the warm days of May the Tennis courts became very popular. The Ball-alleys were frequented only by those enthusiasts from southern lands who revel in the sun, while many bare-footed heroes, who were formerly seen running Olympic races upon the green sward of the upper field



donned their shoes to become subscribers of the Tennis Club.

Players might be seen enjoying a game at every recreation—even after supper when the June days grew long. Many exciting games were played in the afternoon recreation, which seemed all too short. Unfortunately, no tournament was arranged, which is to be regretted. There is at present no spirit of rivalry between the clubs, and we think a far livelier interest in the game would be promoted by a series of matches.

We think the Committee might use their influence to have the boundaries of the courts netted. It would prevent waste of time in seeking for lost balls. There are not a few who take advantage of the absence of netting to slog balls into the long grass. In addition, it would be an effective check to the devastating band of hurlers who invade our land during the Winter months.

L.

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**THE GAMES IN  
THE JUNIOR  
HOUSE.**

Be it said, at once and emphatically, that we of the Lower Division pin our faith to muscular Christianity. You know the old saw about "Mens sana," etc., I am not going to inflict it on you, kind reader, but I may tell you that it is, amongst us, the expression of the first act of faith in the strenuous Gospel. To the point, however.

Pride of position to the king of games! Way there for Footer, as its legion devotees reverently name it. Know then, all and sundry, that we are going great guns this year at football. As in the Senior House, so here we have had a "League." It has just concluded with quite a flourish of trumpets. If you are one to be refreshed by the vision of honest enthusiasm your soul might have been gladdened any evening of the week while the war of the giants was raging. The said giants battled for honour and glory, and

(incidentally) silver medals. Here were sportsmen, full indeed of the zest of the fray, keen on snatching away the victory, but determined also to respect the laws of fair combat, in whom the spirit of chivalry was neither dead nor sleeping. And yet the severe and classic muse of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has branded the footballer (is it for all time ?) as "the muddled oaf at the goal!" No match of the competition was lost till it was won, and no match was won till the last solo was played on the referee's whistle. Yes, there was play! Perhaps the names assumed by the teams gave to the competitors a make-believe prestige. I almost think the secret lies here. To all intents and purposes we had Shelbourne, Derry Celtic, Bohemians, and Aston Villa playing before us every evening.

The Football Laws forbid a referee to write reports of matches which he supervises, hence I shall content myself with giving a few notes. The first round of the League ended to find Derry Celtic at the head of the table by the smallest of margins, the runners up being the sturdy Shelbourne combination. Here shed a tear for Aston Villa. Did not everyone, even the referee himself, who pens these lines, feel sad for the ill-luck that pursued the "Vil-lans"? A scientific team in sooth did they show themselves to be, and a better meed had they well deserved than the foot of the League table, at the end of the first round. But, alas for worth and valour when the fates are in opposition.

Even into the second round the stars in their courses seemed to fight against the "Vill-ans." Though they struggled hard for victory in every game, though they thrashed soundly the redoubtable Shelbournes, at the end of the round (which finished the competition) they were the unenvied guardians of the "wooden spoon." It was in this round that Bohemians flattered their followers, but it was only to deceive them in the end. One remove from



the "wooden spoonists" was their final resting place. "Better luck next time," say both "Vill-ans" and "Bohs," and we all hope so fervently.

One whole paragraph to Shelbourne and Derry Celtic. They must content themselves with a division of it. How exciting did these rivals make the concluding stages of the competition. How, in season and out of season, were their chances discussed by knowing strategists. How dour and determined they both became when it was clear that between them lay the struggle. I will not attempt to describe the great duel that ensued when those worthy foemen did meet in the final struggle of the League. My reluctance is not due to the fact of my being referee. For those who witnessed it the battle needs no description, they will remember its every detail for many a day. And those unhappy ones who missed it, to give them a pen-picture would be to mock their sorrow. Here enshrined for all time on this page, in real type (make it extra black, Mr. Printer, if you would do well by your fellow men), are the names of the conquering team, Shelbourne, the winners of the Junior Football League of All Hallows in 1905-6:—J. O'Reilly (captain), J. Murphy, A. Madden, P. Barrett, R. Fox, B. Duffy, J. Greally, J. Cronin, D. Manning, R. Kelly, M. O'Keeffe, and M. O'Connor (reserve). Flourish for ever the leather globe!

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Linger yet longer. Go not away with the thought that football with us is first and the rest nowhere. Hurling idolatry has been long rampant here. "The nice conduct" of an ash *camán* is no mysterious accomplishment beyond the reach of our art. No need to pray for a fine conceit of ourselves in this branch of sport, we are duly impressed by ourselves already. After Christmas vacation the Hurling League will be launched upon its conquering way. Already it is whispered (this in confidence) that some heroic souls have put themselves on training diet; while it is an open



secret that quite a forest of *camans* have been bespoke from Dungourney to Tubberadora.

Even now you can see that the athletic tastes of the Juniors are wide-embracing. And the catalogue of games is not yet finished. Lately the missionaries of Hockey have succeeded in getting a footing amongst us. These apostles trust rather to quiet determination than to active propagandism, and converts are daily increasing. Welcome to Hockey !

What shall I say of Handball ? Not much, for much is granted here. This long-established game shows no signs of waning influence, unless lively tournaments and daily competition for places in the court be taken as indications thereof. No ; we could not tolerate two days in succession if no music reached the ear of the sharp crisp volley and quick return, proclaiming that the handballers were piling up the score.

To bring to an end my very inadequate notice, I proclaim hereby, as the heralds of old were wont to cry in the lists the champion's prowess, that the Juniors on the field of play are fit to battle for a kingdom or two.

J. BOWERS.





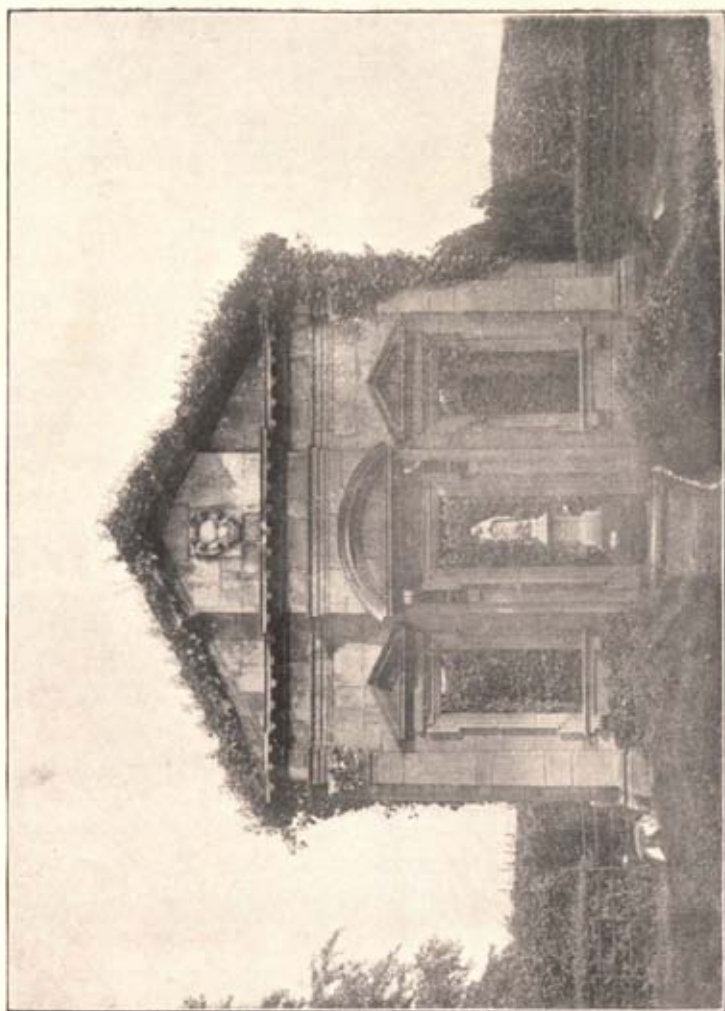
## The Memory of the Dead.

IN SPERM  
BEATAE RE-  
SURRECTIONIS.

"HAD he lived until October," I wrote on the night of the day Mr. Bedford died, "he would have entered the ninetieth year of his age." To-day, his birthday, the 1st of October, I am asked to write a few lines, "In Memoriam," if possible here, recording something I remember about him in addition to what I wrote elsewhere. Well, here is what I best remember since, what else I should wish to have most vividly remembered about him.

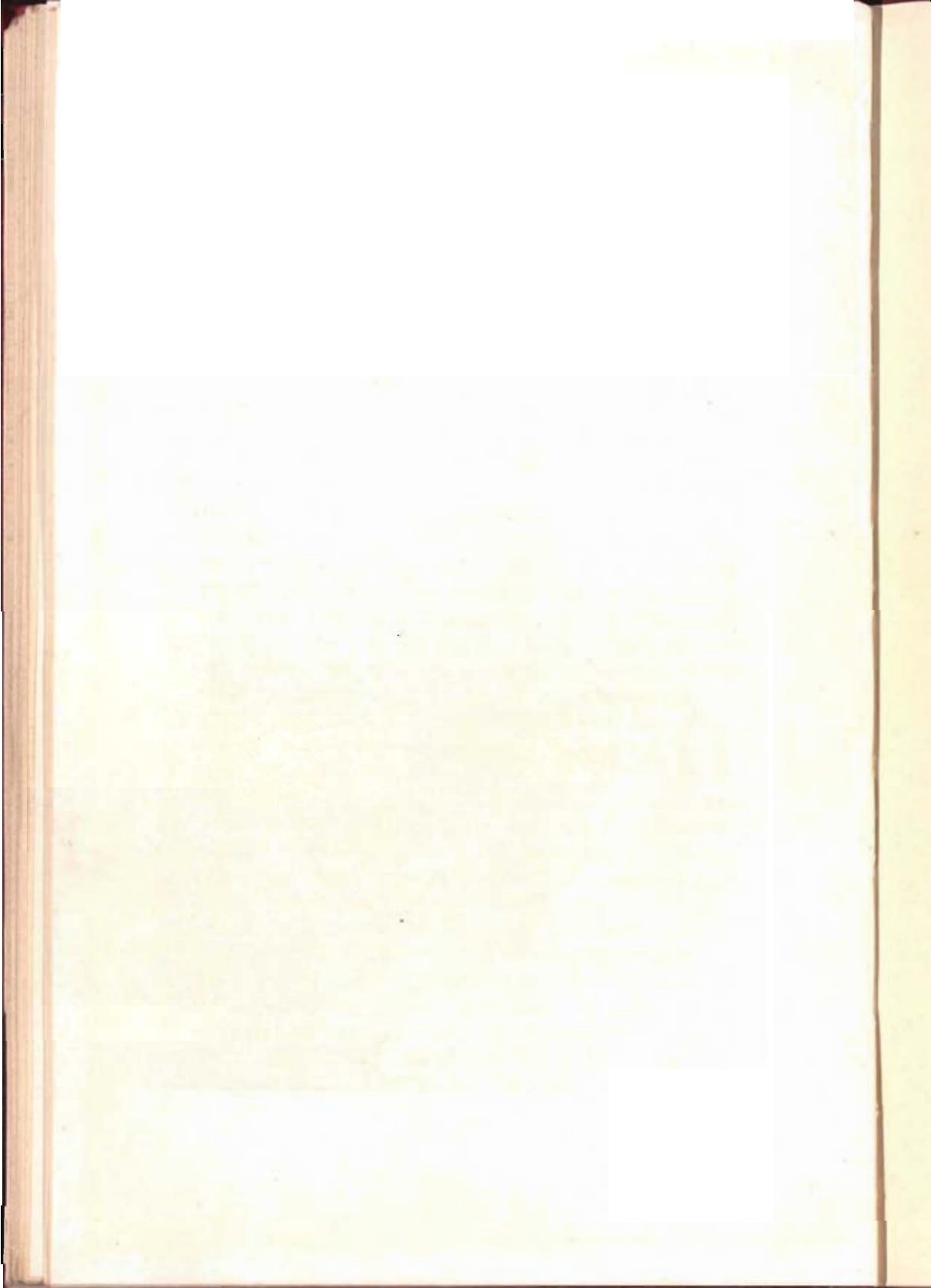
On the evening of the day after that of his death—a beautiful summer evening, I remember, towards the end of the Month of Mary, when the Park is at its brightest—his body was brought back to All Hallows. At the entrance to the College it was received by the President and professors and students, all clad in choir dress. It was then conveyed as for a first funeral procession to the chapel. There it lay all night, opposite his place in the choir, before the High Altar where rests the Blessed Sacrament: the altar before which he used to pray and above which already showed a lasting monument to his name,—the beautiful stained glass window which he had placed there some years before.

Next morning after the Requiem Office and Mass had been sung, followed by the whole Community, some clerical



Entrance to Cemetery.





friends, several members of his family and lay friends from the city and neighbourhood, his body was borne, again in funeral procession, with the customary psalms and prayers, to be laid in our College Cemetery near the grave of the holy Founder of the work to which the best part of his life on earth was given.

There now it lies, close to the students' play ground, beside which he lived, over which looked the windows of his room, nearly all the time he spent amongst us. This part of the Park—on, before, and on both sides of the "Boulevard"—furnishes most of the College souvenirs that old All Hallows men talk and laugh about when they come together: naturally, for it means talking about themselves in their young merry days during their merriest hours. So with the thought of that pleasant place and its souvenirs of youthful joy let Mr. Bedford's memory remain associated, for his heart was always young and with young hearts was most at home.

For my own part, writing as an old All Hallows Director, I have but to say: first, I am sure that the generations of our students whom he taught, for whom he worked and prayed, will not fail in regard to what they owe him now. Then to All Hallows' students—past, present, and to come—I would say: for their own souls' sakes let them cherish the memory of the English gentleman whose mortal remains rest here. As Irishmen and Catholics and foreign missionaries, let them think of him as one who, once so alien, was through God's providence so likened to them at their best: if only as one who like them got "the call"—to go forth from country and from kindred and from father's house, and come into the land which the Lord should show him—got the call that they did, and in his own far more difficult way obeyed it; thence, as they too may hope to be, was blessed in his life and its lasting fruit even among men on earth.

Here I stop and let All Hallows self speak *in memoriam*

*ejus* through the inscription in Mother Church's own tongue  
on the stone above his grave.

*October 1st, 1905.*

T. J. O'M.

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HIC, IN SPEM BEATÆ RESURRECTIONIS, CORPUS  
HENRICI BEDFORD, M.A., CANTAB. REQUIESCIT.  
OLIM MINISTER ECCLESIE ANGLICANÆ,  
CONVERSUS AUTEM AD FIDEM CATHOLICAM,  
PROFESSOR HUIUS COLLEGII  
PER ANNOS FERE QUINQUAGINTA EXSTITIT  
DOCTRINA,  
SUAVITATE MORUM AC PIETATE EXEMPLUM  
OMNIBUS FUIT.  
OBIIT DIE 21 MAII, 1905, ANNOS NATUS 89.  
R.I.P.

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**THE LATE  
BISHOP OF  
BALLARAT.**

A few years ago, when Dr. Moore was in our midst, we all admired his tall, robust and handsome figure, and little thought it would so soon lie mouldering in the grave. But though his exile and his human labours have come to an end, history will perpetuate his memory and intertwine it with all the early glories of the Diocese of Ballarat. For forty years, as priest, Dean, and Bishop, he lived and laboured in the great golden city of the Antipodes; and while the madding multitude went in eager pursuit of the yellow nuggets of Mammon, his daily study was to find and save souls, his constant task to erect schools and churches. In the early 'sixties, Ballarat was little more than a vast mining district, dotted here and there with groups of tents, and daily invaded and occupied by feverish gold-seekers from most of the countries of Europe. To-day the streets and squares of a noble city spread over the former camping ground, charming suburbs reach away beyond the urban boundaries, and the



outlying country supports as fine a race of peasant proprietors, many of them of Irish descent, as even Henry George ever dreamt of.

The missionary life of Dr. Moore was contemporaneous with the evolution of Ballarat. In his young days many a weary hour did he spend trying to collect the "sinews of war" at the camp-fires of his parishioners, many a long ride did he take on horseback through the "bush" to bring spiritual consolation to a dying backwoodsman, many a time, with twinkling eye and genial manner, did he captivate a red-shirted miner and lead him into ways of righteousness and peace. His later years have been gladdened and comforted by the rich results of his industry his zeal and his wise administration. A magnificent Cathedral, free from debt and consecrated to divine service, forms the chief architectural feature of Ballarat; beside it stands a fine new presbytery, and not far off are an episcopal palace and a splendid Catholic hall; in different parts of the city may be seen well-equipped colleges and convents and monasteries; and throughout the entire Diocese the people have an adequate supply of primary schools.

These are the monuments of the late Bishop. They represent a capital of £300,000. They embody his care and his provision for his flock. They will live long after him, striking testimonies to his activity in the cause of religion, education, and charity. No wonder that to the discerning eye of the Primate of Australia, Cardinal Moran, the faithful of Ballarat seemed to have greater religious and educational facilities than any other people under the Southern Cross. No wonder that the great Archbishop of Melbourne, the personal friend and admirer of Dr. Moore, should in his panegyric point to the various churches, academies, and institutions, and ask: "Are not these abundant proofs of life-long energy and devoted zeal?" No wonder that the Synodal address of the eloquent Bishop of Goulburn to the

assembled prelates of Australia should contain this prophetic reference to Dr. Moore :—

"Centuries will elapse before the results of his enlightened zeal will cease to exercise a beneficent influence on the intellectual, moral and even material interests of the people. If that financiering skill and tact for organization, which dotted every parish of his flourishing and extensive diocese with churches and convents and schools were forgotten, charity, as personified in Nazareth House, and learning, as represented by St. Patrick's College, Loreto Abbey, and the Young Men's Hall, will not soon allow his name to die or his good works to be forgotten."

The great secret of Dr. Moore's success lay in his singleness of purpose. He confined himself to his pastoral duties ; he steered clear of polemical pitfalls ; he taught his people by word and example to bury the past with its prejudices and dissensions ; he applied himself with indomitable determination to the education and religious training of the young, and to the relief of the necessitous, and not, as he said himself, until these were provided for did he proceed with other works, such as the erection of a great hall of assembly where Catholics and non-Catholics could meet together in friendly intercourse.

Thus he kept alive the faith of God not only in his own breast but also in the hearts of all the children and adults in his vast Diocese. Thus he earned for himself the respect, veneration, and even generous support of those without as well as of those within the Catholic fold. Thus he lived in peace and amity with Anglicans and Methodists, with Hebrews, and with every brother man. And now that he is gone to receive the crown of justice from the just and merciful Judge Who will render to him according to his deeds of charity and of religion, the noble example of his life will, as Dr. Carr anticipated, exercise a softening and unifying influence in Ballarat during all the years that are to come.



James Moore was born at Listowel, 1834; ordained at All Hallows, 1858; consecrated second Bishop of Ballarat, 1884; died, 1904.

T. J. O'D.

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**A STRONG  
CHARACTER.**

From the ecclesiastical memoirs of Iowa, gathered together with literary taste by Miss Catherine O'Farrell, the sister of the Rev. John O'Farrell, we shall make some selections dealing with the life of this excellent pioneer priest. He was born in 1846, and ordained priest in 1870. During the thirty-five years of his ministry he allowed himself neither rest nor vacation, except on two occasions, when his health was threatened. The second of those occasions was in 1904, when he returned to his native land after a prolonged absence. But not even the balmy breezes of Erin could restore his constitution, worn out by excessive labour. He went back to Dubuque, in November, and a fortnight afterwards death, the deliverer, came suddenly but not unexpectedly, and bore him, hosed and annealed, to the throne of his Father and his God.

"The Catholic Church in Iowa owes perhaps more for its material and spiritual growth to Father O'Farrell than to any other man who wore a cassock within the limits of that State in his time. For thirty-five years, from the day he first set foot on American soil, he never returned to a home that was as dear to him as his heart's blood—he was verily a slave to duty, and never could spare time to look behind him, much less to take his hands off the Lord's busy plough. In all his years he never took a vacation; he never absented himself from his post of duty, except for one month when ill-health drove him to Colorado and Yellowstone Park. Both as a priest and citizen he was eloquent and efficient. For seven years he stood shoulder to shoulder with the students and professors of Iowa's greatest institution of



learning, assisting and respecting them, and in turn receiving highest consideration from all. He was public-spirited and generous. He purchased books at his own expense, and placed them in more than one of the public libraries of the State, and he never tired distributing literature amongst his neighbours, non-Catholic as well as Catholic."

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" A murmur came along the way,  
On lightning's pinions swiftly sped,  
From the far-off Ottumwa,  
' The soldier of the Cross is dead . . .

" In alien soil, far, far away,  
He ne'er forgot his island green,  
Though blessings shone upon his way,  
He sighed for her, the crownless queen.

" He blessed her in the matin hymn,  
He blessed her in the vigil prayer.  
He saw through vistas cold and dim,  
The glory that she yet should wear.

" O shepherd priest, O patriot saint !  
From thy bright resting-place above,  
List to the sad and mournful plaint  
That rises from the land you love.

" Think on the want, and woe, and ruin,  
On the many hearts in bondage vile ;  
And beg of God to send them soon,  
The holy light of freedom's smile."

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The esteemed Pastor of Independence, Iowa, one of the leading factors in the development of Catholicity in Iowa,

was asked to give some reminiscences of Father O'Farrell, and the following was his reply :—

“ INDEPENDENCE, IOWA,

“ *February 18, 1905.*

“ It may appear in a measure like dipping into ‘ ancient history.’ Certainly it must have the effect of making myself feel that I am no longer young, when I state that my acquaintance with the late Father John O'Farrell began forty years ago. Forty golden years past ! ‘ How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood.’ Oh, no ; I was not a child at that time. I was in my second year's philosophy at All Hallows College, Dublin, in the year 1865. The late David J. Hennessy, brother of Bishop Hennessy, had left the College that year. Bishop Scanlon of Salt Lake City had entered two years previously. Bishop Scannell of Omaha came in the following year. Father John Smith of Emmetsburg was in the same class with Father O'Farrell. I was introduced to the new *alumnus* after he had passed a successful, even a brilliant entrance examination for philosophy. He was then indeed no less a prepossessing than a commanding figure, erect and square, colossal in strength, with intelligence and geniality beaming abundantly from a pair of bright eyes and a healthy, handsome face. He hailed from the County Longford, where the O'Farrells have always held rank among the most prominent and patriotic families in central Ireland. Before entering on his collegiate course the young man had studied the classics in a select school conducted by Professor M'Donald, a T.C.D. graduate, and as a classical teacher an extraordinary luminary in those days. (Fathers Murtagh, P. Smith, and Dean Carolan studied in the same school.) Like many other intellectual stars of the greatest eminence, Mr. M'Donald was noted for some peculiarities and eccentricities, but with all



his little shortcomings his old students with one accord admired him in life and revered his memory in death. More than once have I heard Father O'Farrell remark that 'M'Donald had a better knowledge of classics than any man, lay or clerical, I ever knew.' The encomium thus pronounced was not without weight. John O'Farrell was himself gifted with a singularly high order of talent, and the talents he received he developed with all the energy and enthusiasm of a most earnest, ardent, and ambitious scholar. Throughout his entire course at the College, he distinguished himself in all his studies—frequently carrying off some of the first premiums.

"In 1870 he was promoted to Holy Orders for the diocese of Dubuque. The first year of his ministry was spent in his native diocese in compliance with the invitation of his uncle, Dr. Dawson, then Vicar-General, and afterwards Administrator of the diocese of Ardagh.

"I can shut my eyes now and see John O'Farrell. In muscular make-up he was actually a giant. Yet withal, like every powerful man he could afford to be, and was exceedingly gentle. In fact he was always ready to champion the cause of the weak. His heart was the essence of kindness. Although passionately fond of out-door sports himself, he was nevertheless always ready and willing to forego the pleasures of the field in order to assist a fellow-student who might be a little backward in his studies. To a casual observer he might be taken as one possessed of a proud, haughty, and inflexible spirit, and there is no doubt he was a very strong character. But this strength and firmness grew out of the feeling that his judgment was moulded on conscience and principle whenever matters of importance were at stake. A high sense of dignity and honour was stamped on his whole personality. He had intellectual ability, and he knew it. He weighed a question *pro* and *con*, but, like all great men, like the martyrs of early Church, when he took a stand upon any question he



would hold and cling to his view, let the consequences be what they might.

"In very deed he was absolutely uncompromising. He had true friends, as loyally true to him as the needle to the pole. But many of his best friends and well-wishers would rather that he studied a little more in the school of diplomacy. Perhaps it would be too much of any merely human being to say that he was always on the right side. But I feel no fear in asserting this much: It is my solemn conviction, drawn from a long and most intimate acquaintance, that he honestly believed in the justice of any cause he had ever espoused. Beneath a seemingly severe exterior there nestled a tender, warm, and pure heart—overflowing with charity and crowned with self-sacrifice. Amongst his choice friends he was simple as a child, tender-hearted to a fault.

"Let no one imagine for a moment that I know not whereof I speak. He and I lived for four years under the same roof. We spent two years in the same class in the Senior House of our old *Alma Mater—floreat in æternum*. We lived for thirty-five years as co-labourers in the same section of God's vineyard. May we be reunited beyond the stars in companionship never-ending. He was truly a model student, filled with personal piety and zeal for the salvation of souls. He was a priest worthy of his sacred calling. I might say much more. I could not say less. Blessings on his memory; and may his spirit rest in God.

"PETER O'DOWD, *Pastor.*"

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**A CALIFORNIAN PIONEER.** One of the venerable pioneers of the Californian coast passed away last December (1904). His name was Father King. He was born in the year of Catholic Emancipation and ordained a priest in 1853. After spending a short time in the diocese of Nesqually, Oregon, he was compelled by failing health to proceed to San Francisco. And here, as he said himself,

he lived to see all those precede him to the eternal shore who thought him doomed to an early grave. The district which he ruled and ministered to was large enough to form a diocese, and has since been split up into a number of thriving parishes. But it was Father King who prepared the ground and planted the seed—others have entered on his labours. He introduced a teaching Sisterhood, as well as the Christian Brothers, and thus formed and trained those generations of splendid Catholics who now inhabit Oakland and the surrounding territory. His manners were simple, his eloquence homely, his disposition gentle; he was unworldly, he never mixed politics with piety, and, like his Master, never shrank from the victims of misfortune or of sin. On his appointment to Oakland, he found, says the *'Frisco Leader*, nothing but a scattered flock, and many a weary journey had he to make to give the last Sacraments to the dying, or to offer Sacrifice for the living. Few were the days of leisure in his well-rounded life. For half a century he was a soldier on the field of battle, and he died under arms, leaving behind him a well-organized and well-equipped church.

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**THE VEN.  
ARCHDEACON  
D'ARCY.**

We learn with regret from a recent number of the *Sydney Catholic Press* of the death of this esteemed and venerable priest. Forty-six years ago he was a pupil at Stillorgan of a former President of All Hallows, who still survives hale and hearty and beloved in our midst. And since his ordination in '66 he has been labouring with gentle and indefatigable zeal in the great arch-diocese of Cardinal Moran. More than half of his missionary career has been connected with Braidwood, where his noble qualities as a priest and citizen had endeared him to non-Catholics no less than to his own people. As the *Catholic Press* puts it, he took an active part in everything tending to the advancement of the community at large. He was exceedingly charitable, and was always



solicitous for the relief and consolation of the sick and afflicted. For many years he was connected with the management of the local hospital, and his kindly sympathy helped to sooth and relieve the sufferings of many. His generosity, to the destitute or those otherwise afflicted was boundless and was only fully known to his own large heart and the recipients of his bounty. He was born in 1841 in Killaloe, and began his studies at the well-known classical school near Kincora, which has sent forth many a robust and well-trained scholar to preach Christ's Gospel with sense and solidity.

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**REV. JAMES DOYLE,**  
**A VICTIM OF PHTHSIS.** After a prolonged illness Father Doyle passed peacefully to his reward on All Souls Day, 1905. His years in the vineyard were few, his age only thirty-six; but in spite of ill-health and the curtailment of his labours he contrived to win the respect of his ecclesiastical superiors, the friendship of many of the clergy and laity, and the love and gratitude of all those whom he served as God's minister. Born in Tipperary on the banks of the Suir, he had the sturdy, sterling character of the premier county; and educated in All Hallows, he bore with him across the seas to his adopted home in Kingston that tender zeal for souls, and that kindly gentlemanly manner which Father Hand wished to characterize all his children. . . .

" A shadow slept folded in vestments,  
 The dream of a smile on his face,  
 Dim, soft as the gleam after sunset  
 That hangs like a halo of grace  
 Where the daylight hath died in the valley  
 And the twilight hath taken its place—  
 A shadow—but still on the mortal  
 There rested the tremulous trace  
 Of the joy of a spirit immortal  
 Passed up to God in His grace.



he lived to see all those precede him to the eternal shore who thought him doomed to an early grave. The district which he ruled and ministered to was large enough to form a diocese, and has since been split up into a number of thriving parishes. But it was Father King who prepared the ground and planted the seed—others have entered on his labours. He introduced a teaching Sisterhood, as well as the Christian Brothers, and thus formed and trained those generations of splendid Catholics who now inhabit Oakland and the surrounding territory. His manners were simple, his eloquence homely, his disposition gentle; he was unworldly, he never mixed politics with piety, and, like his Master, never shrank from the victims of misfortune or of sin. On his appointment to Oakland, he found, says the *'Frisco Leader*, nothing but a scattered flock, and many a weary journey had he to make to give the last Sacraments to the dying, or to offer Sacrifice for the living. Few were the days of leisure in his well-rounded life. For half a century he was a soldier on the field of battle, and he died under arms, leaving behind him a well-organized and well-equipped church.

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**THE VEN.  
ARCHDEACON  
D'ARCY.**

We learn with regret from a recent number of the *Sydney Catholic Press* of the death of this esteemed and venerable priest. Forty-six years ago he was a pupil at Stillorgan of a former President of All Hallows, who still survives hale and hearty and beloved in our midst. And since his ordination in '66 he has been labouring with gentle and indefatigable zeal in the great arch-diocese of Cardinal Moran. More than half of his missionary career has been connected with Braidwood, where his noble qualities as a priest and citizen had endeared him to non-Catholics no less than to his own people. As the *Catholic Press* puts it, he took an active part in everything tending to the advancement of the community at large. He was exceedingly charitable, and was always

solicitous for the relief and consolation of the sick and afflicted. For many years he was connected with the management of the local hospital, and his kindly sympathy helped to sooth and relieve the sufferings of many. His generosity, to the destitute or those otherwise afflicted was boundless and was only fully known to his own large heart and the recipients of his bounty. He was born in 1841 in Killaloe, and began his studies at the well-known classical school near Kincora, which has sent forth many a robust and well-trained scholar to preach Christ's Gospel with sense and solidity.

\* \* \* \* \*

**REV. JAMES DOYLE,**  
**A VICTIM OF**  
**PHTHISIS.** After a prolonged illness Father Doyle passed peacefully to his reward on All Souls Day, 1905. His years in the vineyard were few, his age only thirty-six; but in spite of ill-health and the curtailment of his labours he contrived to win the respect of his ecclesiastical superiors, the friendship of many of the clergy and laity, and the love and gratitude of all those whom he served as God's minister. Born in Tipperary on the banks of the Suir, he had the sturdy, sterling character of the premier county; and educated in All Hallows, he bore with him across the seas to his adopted home in Kingston that tender zeal for souls, and that kindly gentlemanly manner which Father Hand wished to characterize all his children. . . .

" A shadow slept folded in vestments,  
The dream of a smile on his face,  
Dim, soft as the gleam after sunset  
That hangs like a halo of grace  
Where the daylight hath died in the valley  
And the twilight hath taken its place—  
A shadow—but still on the mortal  
There rested the tremulous trace  
Of the joy of a spirit immortal  
Passed up to God in His grace.



"A shadow—hast seen in the summer,  
     A cloud wear the smile of the sun ?  
 On the shadow of death there is flashing  
     The glory of noble deeds done ;  
 On the face of the dead there is glowing  
     The light of a holy race run,  
 And the smile of the face is reflecting  
     The gleam of the crown he has won ;  
 Still, shadow—sleep on in the vestments  
     Unstained by the priest who has gone."

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

From  
 Lough Derg.

Another member of an old and gifted family has gone to receive his eternal recompense in the person of the Rev. W. M'Golrick. He now rests beside his brother, Henry, in the Cathedral of Duluth. Like him, his heart was warm and true, "his plighted word he'd never vary." Though separated from Ireland by a vast expanse of land and ocean, his thoughts and affections often travelled homewards, and lingered lovingly around the sylvan shores of Lough Derg. He followed every phase of the national movement with the keenest interest, and never was an appeal made to him for sympathy or support that did not meet with a quick and generous response. Hence, while Minnesota honours him as a priest "rich in zeal and unselfish in his services," to quote the words of Archbishop Ireland, the district of Ormond, in Tipperary, cherishes his memory as a friend and a patriot. In the absence of fuller details, how can we more fittingly conclude than by appending the simple beautiful letter written to our President by the able and sagacious Prelate who governs the progressive Diocese of Duluth.



" THE BISHOP'S RESIDENCE,  
 " DULUTH, MINNESOTA,

25th February, 1905

" VERY REV. JAMES MOORE.

" MY DEAR FATHER MOORE,—My brother, Father William M'Golrick, died on 17th February at St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Paul, after a brief illness.

" I visited him the week before at his home in Shakopee, and found him suffering intense pain ; I suggested his removal to the Hospital, and there the surgeons found him in agony from a cancerous tumour. An operation was performed, but he did not recover from the effect of the anaesthetic.

" The funeral services took place in St. Paul, where the priests of the archdiocese assembled. Archbishop Ireland preached the funeral discourse.

" Father William was over thirty years on the mission ; he died universally regretted.

" I brought his remains to Duluth to be buried beside Father Henry ; their departure makes me lonely, but may our dear Lord's will be done.

" The College to which he was so much attached will, I am sure, remember him in the prayers and at the altar.

" With many good wishes to yourself and to the professors,

" I am, Yours sincerely,

" ✕ JAMES M'GOLRICK."

\* \* \* \* \*

Returns after  
38 years and  
dies in Rome.

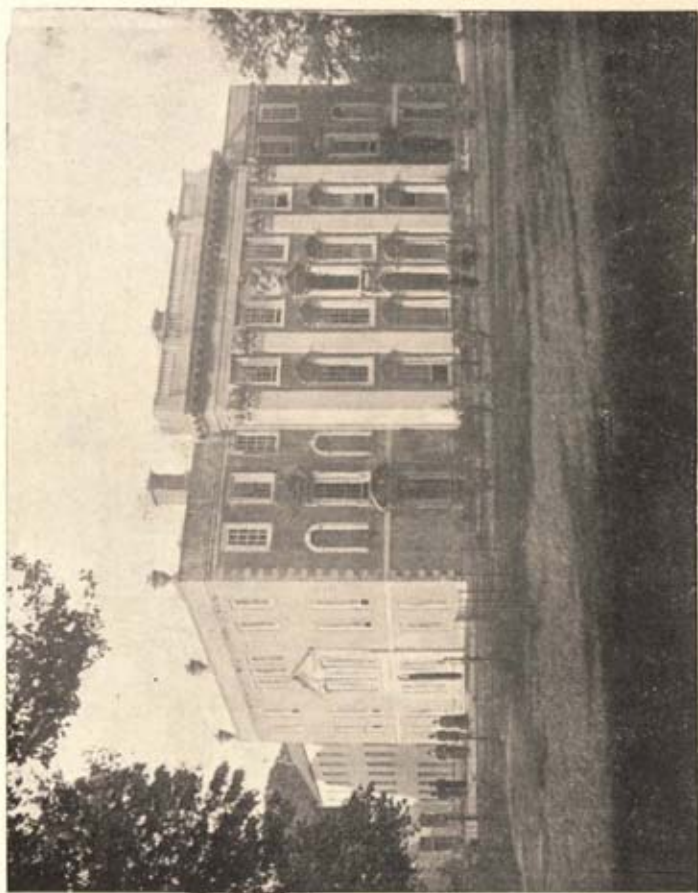
As fine a priest in character and physique as ever left the halls of All Hallows, was the late Archpriest Kennedy. He was born in 1842, at Currans, Co. Kerry, and was ordained thirty-eight years ago by Dr. Moriarty in the Cathedral of Killarney. His first appointment on reaching Australia was to the city of Adelaide. Twelve years subsequently he joined the diocese of Sandhurst, and became one of the warmest friends of its present venerated Bishop. For over

a quarter of a century he laboured with exceptional energy and disinterested zeal for the advancement of learning and religion. In recognition of his services, Dr. Reville raised him some time since to the dignity of Archpriest. After his long exile, this excellent priest, accompanied by his nephew, Dr. O'Sullivan of Melbourne, the leading Victorian gynæcologist, left Australia last spring for a rest in Europe, intending to spend Holy Week in the Eternal City where two of his nieces are nuns, and afterwards to revisit his native country and his relations. On his arrival in Rome, the Archpriest was so ill that he had at once to be placed under the care of the English Nursing Sisters. A severe cold had developed into pneumonia, and in spite of every effort of modern science he died on May 10th. His last moments were comforted by special messages and benedictions from the Holy Father and by a personal visit of Cardinal Macchi. He leaves behind him in Australia six nephews, three in the sacred ministry and three in the medical profession. As an illustration of the Archpriest's character, it may be added that on the eve of his departure from Australia he refused to accept a pecuniary presentation which his people prepared for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

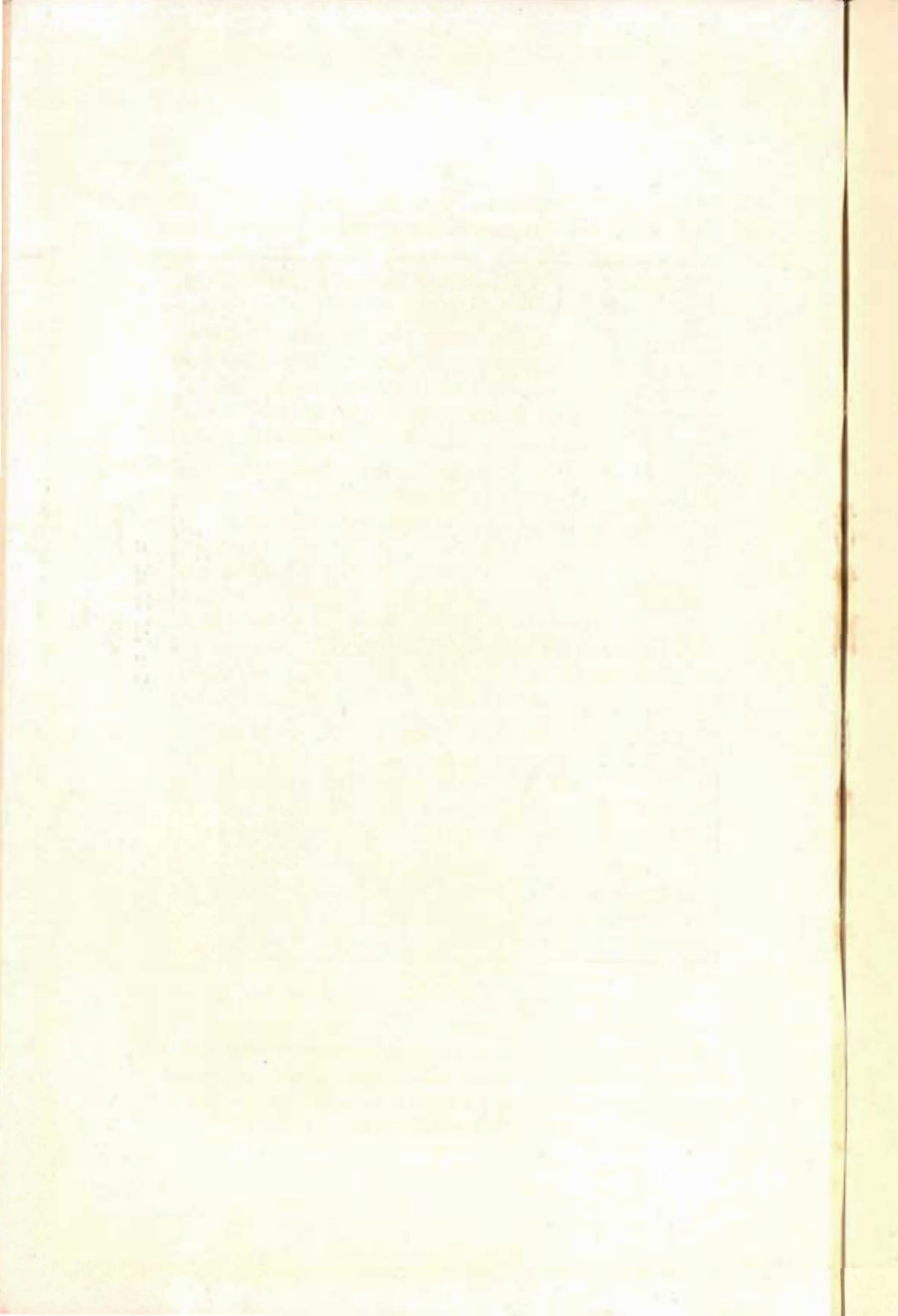
In our last ANNUAL we announced the death of the Rev. D. Hartnett of Sydney. Since then the sad news has come that his brother, Father T. Hartnett, in the twenty-sixth year of his priesthood, has been laid to rest by his side in the cemetery of Cooma. They were both men of powerful build, yet both died rather suddenly. Strength of character and largeness of heart characterized the both, and consequently they were immensely popular with their fellow-priests in Sydney, and with all classes of people in the parishes where they ministered. They came of one of those fine old Irish families in the neighbourhood of Listowel, every one of which contributes its quota to the ranks of the clergy.

\* \* \* \* \*



The old Mansion.





Another All Hallows veteran has passed to his reward in the person of the Very Rev. Dean O'Sullivan. He was one of the leading priests in the vast region occupied by the diocese of Armidale and Grafton, and for a time, in the absence of its first Bishop, was its efficient spiritual administrator. When the diocese was divided into two parts, as at present, the Dean remained at Armidale, and for the past sixteen years held the pastoral charge of Gunnedab. During his College course, both in the Vincentian Seminary, Cork, and at All Hallows, the young student from Ballincollig gave evidence of that ability and literary taste and strength of character which distinguished him on the mission.

\* \* \* \* \*

**"A NOBLE  
PRIEST."**

The Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan, Bishop of Auckland, laid, a year ago, the foundation stone of a church about to be erected in memory of the Very Rev. Walter M'Donald. A few of his Lordship's observations on the occasion may be appropriately quoted in our ANNUAL: "When I first came to Auckland, I was placed under Father Walter, and for twenty-two years my memory goes back in association with that good man. Father Walter had a gentle easy manner, but to be under him was to strive to do what was right and honourable. Of all the men I have known I could not say I have had more respect or love for any than for him. You are here to-day from Ellerslie, Panmure, and Howick, and from all parts of Auckland—old friends of Father Walter, anxious both to honour God and to perpetuate the memory of a noble priest. Many times have I met persons, even outside our communion whose fondness for Father Walter surprised me beyond expression. I am very glad to be here to-day to join with you in giving public and lasting testimony to the sterling virtues and boundless charity of your former Pastor, and to pay a last tribute of respect to one of the best men who ever set foot in this colony."

\* \* \* \* \*

In the absence of a fuller notice of the Rev. John M'Kernan of Hobart, we quote a few casual but telling sentences from the pen of the able Coadjutor Bishop of the diocese: "Father M'Kernan died of typhoid fever, caught, I believe, in attending a patient. He was an All Hallows man, and must have been ordained about 1863, a few months earlier than Archdeacon Noone. He was a delicate man even in his college days, and he continued such ever since. But his scrupulously high principled bearing as a gentleman in his relations with men in general, and as a pastor in discharging his duties, went far to make up for the frequent indispositions which prevented him from being as much about through his mission as ordinary priests need to be in order to keep religion before the people. He was beloved by all his flock, and all but beloved by the public in general."

\* \* \* \* \*

After an illness extending over two years, during which time he was unable to discharge any of his sacred duties, the Rev. Father F. A. Dunham, of Holy Cross Church, Woolloowin, died last spring. The deceased priest was born in England, in 1837, and was ordained in 1863. He was engaged in mission work in Liverpool for seven years previous to his arrival in Brisbane, in 1871. During his time in Brisbane he did duty at most of the city churches, and displayed a special aptitude for the training of boys. He was the first resident priest appointed to Woolloowin, where he was revered, and where his beautiful discourses on the Passion of Our Lord, a favourite subject with him, were highly appreciated. He was gentle and cultivated to a degree, devoted to his people, and faithful to his friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Very Rev. Patrick Cunningham, who died in August, 1904, had faithfully served the diocese of Burlington, U.S.A., for forty years. He was born in the year Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and was ordained in 1864. His prepara-



tory studies were made at Armagh and Stillorgan; he studied philosophy and theology at All Hallows, and completed his course at St. Sulpice. He was a man of rare energy. During the first sixteen years of his ministry he erected churches in three different districts, and during his pastorate of a quarter of a century at Battleboro', he remodelled, enlarged, and beautified the parochial church of St. Patrick's. He was esteemed by his fellow-priests, trusted and loved by his people, and respected by non-Catholics.

\* \* \* \*

One of the best known and most popular priests in the South of London passed peacefully to his Master at Weybridge towards the end of last November. His name was Canon M<sup>c</sup>Grath—a name to conjure with among the large Irish population of Camberwell. For the Canon was kindly and unostentatious; he loved to visit his people and to give them advice, and one gentle monition from him had more sway with his exiled countrymen than force or logic from other sources. His memory will long linger around Camberwell, where all his years of activity were spent, and where he lived the idol of his people, and the friend of his Bishop. Failing strength and the advent of old age made him seek some time since a quiet retreat at Weybridge, where death brought him the crown of his prolonged missionary labours. He belonged to an old and respected family at Blackrock, Co. Dublin, and was ordained in the chapel of All Hallows just forty years ago.

\* \* \* \*

There are a few other All Hallows *Alumni* who have passed to their reward since the last issue of our ANNUAL, but whose obituary notices have not, we regret to say, reached us—Father M. Nugent, an estimable young priest, and a near relative of the Very Rev. W. Walshe of Townsville, and also of the much respected D'Alton family of Sydney, was always of a delicate constitution, and had frequently

to go south from Rockhampton in search of health ; Father Dan Costelloe, of Greybridge, Co. Limerick, who died in April last at Kansas City in the thirty-fifth year of his age, beloved and deeply regretted by Catholics and non-Catholics ; and the Rev. Michael J. Cregan, also of Kansas City, a sterling young priest who died in 1902, after barely half a decade of years in the ministry.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jesukin  
Lives my little cell within ;  
What were wealth of cleric high—  
All is lie but Jesukin.\*

T. J. O'D.

\*From St. Ita's Hymn—translated by Dr. Sigerson.

# HORARUM ORDO SCHOLIS THEOLOGORUM.

	Feria ii.	Feria iii.	Feria iv.	Feria v.	Feria vi.	Sabbato
9.30—10.30 A.M.	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Sacra Scriptura</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Moralis</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Langua Anglicana</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Langua Anglicana</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Moralis</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Moralis</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Moralis</i>
10.30—11.30 A.M.	Theol. anni i. iii. iv. <i>Eloquentia Sacra</i>	Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Sacra Scriptura</i> Theol. anni iii. <i>Jus Canonium</i> Theol. anni iv. <i>Liturgia Sacra</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Sacra Scriptura</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Historia Eccles.</i>	Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Sacra Scriptura</i> Theol. anni iii. <i>Jus Canonium</i> Theol. iv. <i>Theol. Pastoral.</i>	Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Historia Eccles.</i> Theol. anni iii. <i>Liturgia Sacra</i> Theol. anni iv. <i>Cantus Specialis et</i> <i>Liturgia Sacra.</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Sacra Scriptura</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Historia Eccles.</i>
1.30—2.30 P.M.	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Moralis</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Moralis</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i>	Vacat Schola	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Moralis</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Moralis</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i>	Theol. anni iii. iv. <i>Theol. Moralis</i> Theol. anni i. ii. <i>Theol. Dogm.</i>
4.45—5.15	Theol. anni i. iii. iv. <i>Cantus Gregor.</i> 5.15—5.45 P.M. <i>Cantus pro Choro.</i>	Theol. anni i. iii. iv. <i>Cantus Gregor.</i> 5.15—5.45 P.M. <i>Cantus pro Choro.</i>		Theol. anni i. ii. iii. iv. <i>Cantus Gregor.</i> 5.15—5.45 P.M. <i>Cantus pro Choro.</i>		12—12.30 Theol. anni i. <i>Liturgia Sacra.</i>
	8—9. Theol. anni iv. <i>Elocutio</i>					5.45—6.25 P.M. <i>Cantus pro Choro</i>

Dominica—12.30—1.15 P.M. Theol. anni i. ii. iii. iv. *Elocutio.*



# HORARUM ORDO SCHOLIS PHILOSOPHORUM RHETORICORUM.

	Feria ii.	Feria iii.	Feria iv.	Feria v.	Feria vi.	Sab bato
9.30—10.30 A.M.	Philos. anni ii. <i>Metaphy.</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Log. et Metaphy.</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Graeca</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Scientia physica</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Log. et Metaphy.</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Latina</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Metaphy.</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Studium</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Latina</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Scientia physica</i> Philos. anni i. et Rhetorici <i>Lingua Gallica</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Scientia physica</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Log. et Metaphy.</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Latina</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Chimia</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Log. et Metaphy.</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Latina</i>
10.30—11.30 A.M.	Philos. anni ii. <i>Scientia physica</i> Philos. anni i. et Rhetorici <i>Lingua Anglicana</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Historia profana</i> Philos. anni i. et Rhetorici <i>Lingua Anglicana</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Lingua Anglicana</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Log. et Metaphy.</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Graeca</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Metaphy.</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Log. et Metaphy.</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Latina</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Metaphy.</i> Philos. anni i. et Rhetorici <i>Lingua Gallica</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Historia Philos.</i> Philos. anni i. et Rhetorici <i>Lingua Anglicana</i>
12.30—1.30 P.M.	<i>Cantus</i>					
1.30—2.30 P.M.	Philos. anni ii. <i>Hermen. Sacra.</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Mathematica</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Latina</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Metaphy.</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Log. et Metaphy.</i> Rhetorici <i>Mathematica</i>	Vacat Schola		Philos. anni ii. <i>Lingua Anglicana</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Mathematica</i> Rhetorici <i>Lingua Graeca</i>	Philos. anni ii. <i>Metaphy.</i> Philos. anni i. <i>Biblia Sacra</i> Rhetorici <i>Mathematica</i>
4.45—5.30 P.M.		<i>Cantus</i> (Tonic Sol- Fa) 5.15—6.30 Duae classes pro Junioribus		<i>Cantus</i> (Tonic Sol- Fa) 5.15—6.30 Duae classes pro Junioribus		<i>De Regula Urban-</i> <i>itatis</i> 8.30—9.

*Dominica*—1.15—2 P.M. Philos. anni i. ii. et Rhetorici. *Elocutio*.

## HORARIUM.

FERIIS IIa, IIIa, IVa,\* Vta,† Vta ET SABBATO.

6 0 a.m.	E lectulo surgitur	3 15 p.m.	Recreatio
6 30 "	Preces matutinae et meditatio	4 30 "	Visitatio SS. Sacramenti (Feria IVa Hora 5)
7 5 "	Missa	4 45 "	Studium
7 35 "	Studium	6 25 "	Rosarium et Lectio Spiritualis
8 30 "	Jentaculum	7 0 "	Coena
9 0 "	Recreatio	7 15 "	Recreatio
9 30 "	Schola prima	8 0 "	Studium
10 30 "	Schola secunda	9 0 "	Recreatio
11 30 "	Recreatio	9 30 "	Preces vespertinae
12 0 "	Angelus et studium	10 0 "	Omnes in lectulo sunt et lumina extinguuntur
1 30 p.m.	Schola tertia		
2 30 "	Examen conscientiae particulare		
2 40 "	Prandium		

\* In Feria IVa vacat meridie ad deambulandum.

† 6.30 a.m. Post Preces Matutinas Conferentia Spiritualis.

## EXAMINATION FOR THE ORDINANDI.

PENTECOST, 1906.

1. Each student in the Senior House called to the order of Lector will be examined in the treatise *De Sacramentis in Genere*.

Each student of the Junior House called to the order of Lector will be examined in the treatise *De Theologia Naturali*.

2. Each student called to the order of Acolyte will be examined in the treatises, viz.: *De Sacramentis in Genere* and *De Eucharistia*.

3. Each student called to the order of Sub-Deacon will be examined in three treatises, viz.: *De Ecclesia Christi*, *De Eucharistia*, and *De Sacramentis in Genere*.

4. Each student called to Deaconship will be examined in four treatises, viz.: *De Gratia*, *De Verbo Incarnato*, *De Vera Religione*, and *De Ecclesia Christi*.

5. Each student called to the Priesthood will be examined in the following treatises: *De Pœnitentia*, *De Peccatis*, *De Censuris*, *De Matrimonio*, *De Justitia et Restitutione*, *De Ordine*, *De utraque parte, Dogmatica et Morali*, *Eucharistiae*.

N.B.—The examiners will insist on a through knowledge of the class books in these as well as in the monthly and half-yearly examinations.

## CLASS BOOKS.

In Dogmatic Theology—*Tanqueray*.

In Moral Theology—*Noldin*.

In Canon Law—*Bergilliat*.

In Ecclesiastical History—*Alzog* and *Gilmartin*.

In Sacred Liturgy—*O' Kane*, *O' Loan*, *O' Callaghan* and *Wapalhorst*.

In Mental Science—*Zigliara*.

In Physics—*Ganot*.

J. M. J. V.

# All Hallows College, Dublin.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. WILLIAM J. WALSH, D.D.,  
*Archbishop of Dublin, and Primate of Ireland.*

## COLLEGE OFFICIALS.

### President :

Very Rev. James Moore, C.M.

### Vice-President :

Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, C.M.

### Dean :

Rev. Joseph S. Sheehy, C.M.

### Bursar :

Rev. John Carr, C.M.

### Professors:

#### DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.

##### *First Class.*

Very Rev. Timothy J. O'Mahony, D.D., D.C.L.,

##### *Second Class.*

Rev. Patrick Sexton, D.D.

#### MORAL THEOLOGY.

##### *First Class.*

Very Rev. William Fortune, D.D.

##### *Second Class.*

Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, C.M.

#### SACRED SCRIPTURE.

Rev. John E. Flynn, C.M.

#### CANON LAW.

Rev. Michael O'Brien, S.T.L.

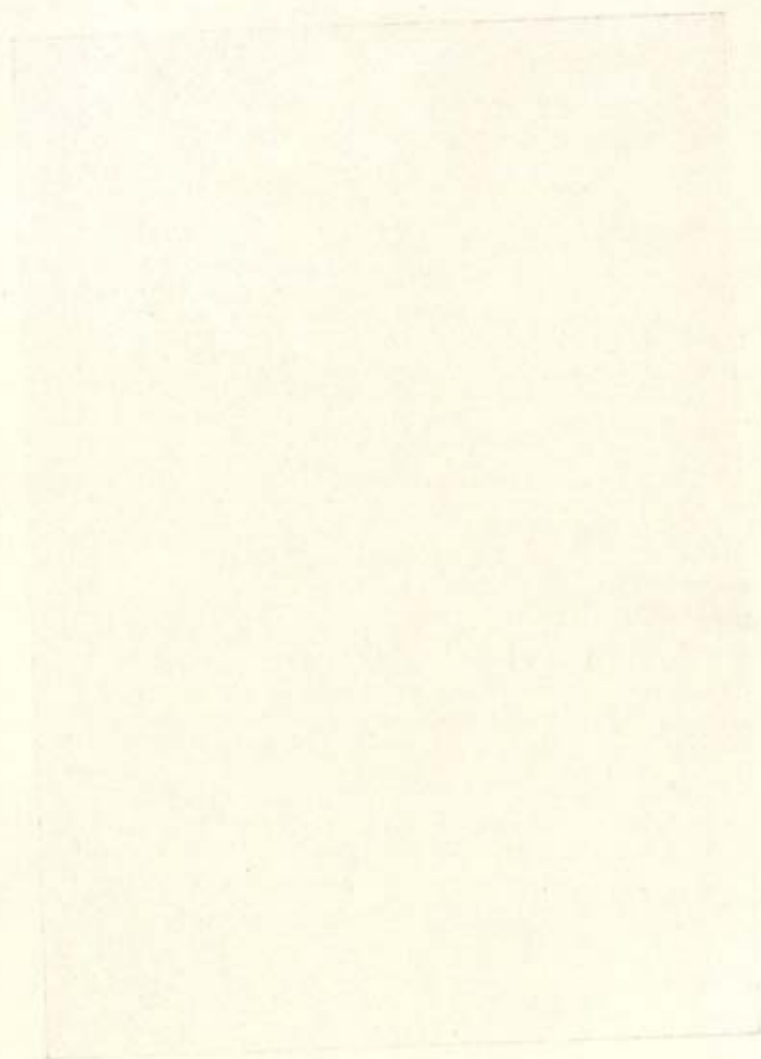
#### ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

Rev. Michael O'Brien, S.T.L.





Erected by the Students.



SACRED ELOQUENCE.

Rev. Joseph S. Sheehy, C.M.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Rev. Patrick Sexton, D.D.

LOGIC, METAPHYSICS, AND ETHICS.

*First Class.*

Rev. James Furlong, C.M.

*Second Class.*

Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell.

LATIN.

Rev. Cornelius Murphy, C.M.

GREEK.

Very Rev. J. Moore, C.M.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Rev. Cornelius Murphy, C.M.

FRENCH.

Rev. John E. Flynn, C.M.

MATHEMATICS.

Rev. Michael O'Brien, S.T.L.

CEREMONIES.

Rev. Joseph S. Sheehy, C.M.

ORGANIST AND LECTURER ON MODERN MUSIC.

Vincent O'Brien, Esq.

GREGORIAN CHANT.

Rev. P. Sexton, D.D.

LECTURER ON ELOCUTION.

M'Hardy-Flint, Esq.

PHYSICIAN.

Dr. M'Auley.

DRILL MASTER.

Mr. Woods.



## STUDENTS, 1905-1906.

## PREFECTS.

*Senior House.*

Rev. Thomas Hayes, Sacramento.  
 Rev. James M'Carthy, Westminster.

*Junior House.*

Rev. Joseph Bowers, Sydney.  
 Rev. John F. Coughlin, Ballarat.

## SACRISTAN.

Rev. Patrick O'Hanlon, Nashville.

## PREFECT OF CEREMONIES.

Rev. Thomas Hayes.

## PREFECT OF LIBRARY.

Rev. Thomas Brosnan, Bathurst.

## PREFECT OF CHOIR.

Rev. James M'Carthy.

## INFIRMARIAN.

Rev. John Duggan, Sandhurst.

## CLASSES.

## THEOLOGY.

## FOURTH YEAR—22.

Messrs. M'Auliffe, Edmond,  
 Sydney.  
 O'Connor, William, Omaha  
 Mulligan, William, Omaha  
 Breslin, Hugh, Portsmouth  
 O'Connor, Patrick, Melbourne  
 Brosnan, Thomas, Bathurst  
 Bowers, Joseph, Sydney  
 Coughlin, John F., Ballarat  
 Hayes, Thomas, Sacramento  
 M'Carthy, James, Westminster  
 Lyons, Michael, Kansas City

Messrs. O'Gorman, Thomas, Perth  
 Conway, Louis, Rockhampton  
 Kissane, Michael, Ballarat  
 M'Cann, John, Sale  
 Moran, John, Sandhurst  
 Enright, John, Alton  
 Sweeney, Patrick, Nottingham  
 Mulcahy, Michael, Ballarat  
 Brennan, Joseph, Sydney  
 O'Regan, Richard, Sydney  
 Barry, James, Hobart

## THIRD YEAR—19.

Messrs. O'Gorman, Richard, Duluth	Messrs. O'Hanlon, Patrick, Nash- ville
Duggan, John, Sandhurst	O'Herlihy, Michael, West- minster
Kiely, Michael, Lismore	O'Connor, Timothy, Leeds
Cooney, Patrick, Omaha	Cronin, Michael, Sydney
Sears, Martin, St. George's	Masterson, Francis H., Brisbane
O'Brien, James, Geraldton	Heneghan, John, Ballarat
Moloney, Denis, Pittsburgh	Ryan, William, Sale
Gaffney, Michael, Sacramento	M'Namara, Martin, Adelaide
Kennedy, Cornelius, Charleston	Loneragan, Cecil, Bathurst
Keenan, Michael, Melbourne	

## SECOND YEAR—28.

Messrs. Breen, Michael, Ballarat	Messrs. O'Reilly, John, Sydney
O'Farrell, Bernard, Sydney	Keegan, James, Kansas City
McCarthy, Jeremiah	Brennan, John, Auckland
Flanagan, James, Sacramento	Griffin, Edmond, Kansas City
Curran, John, Kansas City	Feeney, Michael, Omaha
O'Sullivan, Daniel, Sydney	Ryan, Thomas, Kansas City
Flannery, Michael, Melbourne	Lawton, Thomas, Westminster
Marshall, Henry, Salford	Dowling, Thomas, Richmond
O'Reilly, Philip, Trinidad	O'Sullivan, William, Omaha
Rohan, Anthony, Melbourne	O'Keeffe, Arthur, Brisbane
Byrne, Patrick, Grahamstown	St. Croix, Stanislaus, St. George's
M'Elhinney, William, Rock- hampton	Cullen, John, Hobart
O'Connell, Michael, Sydney	O'Callaghan, Maurice, Adelaide
Murphy, John, Portsmouth	O'Donnell, Thomas J., Hobart

## FIRST YEAR—24.

Messrs. Power, Thomas, Melbourne	Messrs. Cullinane, Michael, Tor- onto
Minogue, Thomas, Omaha	O'Flanagan, Daniel, Grahams- town
Begley, John, Duluth	Malcolm, George, St. John's
M'Gowan, Daniel, Ballarat	Murnane, James
O'Grady, John, Omaha	Connor, James, Duluth
Bradley, James, Concordia	Maher, William, Peterboro'
McCabe, Bartholemew, Perth	Cashman, Thomas, Sydney
Jordan, Martin, Brisbane	Ryan, James, Hobart
Coen, William, Sacramento	Moynehan, Patrick
O'Farrell, Michael, Sydney	Gatzemeyer, Francis J., Adelaide
Carney, Thomas, Kansas City	
Tarpey, Thomas, Goulburn	
O'Sullivan, Patrick, Kingston	
Cronin, Patrick, Sacramento	

## PHILOSOPHY.

## SECOND YEAR—38.

Messrs. Madden, Arthur, Kings-

ton  
 Moran, Patrick, Omaha  
 Casey, Daniel, Duluth  
 Greally, James, Sacramento  
 Murphy, Joseph, Melbourne  
 Culligan, Timothy, Dunluth  
 Fox, Richard  
 Daly, John, Melbourne  
 Barrett, Patrick  
 O'Herlihy, Michael, Sydney  
 O'Reilly, Patrick, Goulburn  
 Downey, Maurice, Lincoln  
 O'Connor, John, Kingston  
 O'Reilly, John, Concordia  
 O'Reilly, Joseph  
 Reddy, John, Lincoln  
 Lynch, Patrick  
 Tighe, George, Salford  
 Halpin, John, Sydney  
 Mulvaney, Richard, Hobart

Messrs. Masterson, Patrick  
 Cahir, Michael, Sacramento  
 Enright, Michael  
 Walsh, John  
 M'Elligot, Robert, Sydney  
 Galvin, Michael  
 Crowley, Michael  
 Wilson, Edward, St. John's  
 O'Leary, Patrick  
 Dwyer, Michael, Harbour Grace  
 O'Brien, Edward, Harbour  
 Grace  
 M'Cormack, John, Grahams-  
 town  
 Keating, Patrick, Maitland  
 Gleeson, John, Omaha  
 Duffy, Bernard, Ballarat  
 Costello, Jeremiah  
 Fitzpatrick, John, Wilcannia  
 Cussen, Edward, Maitland

## FIRST YEAR—30.

Messrs. Reardon, Michael  
 McCormack, Joseph, Perth  
 Devine, James  
 O'Donoghue, Matthew, Sydney  
 Conlon, Michael  
 Crean, John  
 O'Connor, Michael, Sacramento  
 O'Larrigan, Joseph  
 O'Donnell, Patrick, Sydney  
 O'Callaghan, Timothy  
 Hogan, Michael  
 O'Brien, William  
 O'Rourke, Stephen, Ballarat  
 Bryson, Charles, Goulburn  
 Murphy, Cornelius

Messrs. Keane, Edward, Sydney  
 Nicholson, Patrick, Melbourne  
 Moloney, Timothy  
 McBurney, Michael  
 Grogan, Thomas, Rockhampton  
 Cronin, John, Middlesborough  
 Keane, Alphonsus, Sandhurst  
 Ryan, Patrick  
 Lynch, Michael  
 Breen, Donal  
 Smith, James, Maitland  
 O'Toole, William  
 Murtagh, Edward  
 Manning, James  
 Manning, Daniel

## RHETORIC—25.

Messrs. O'Regan, Michael  
 Donovan, John, Melbourne  
 Kelly, Richard  
 Buckley, Timothy, Dallas  
 Moriarty, Joseph, Sydney  
 O'Connor, James B.  
 Finnegan, Peter, Perth  
 Mulvihill, Cornelius  
 Hickey, Francis, Dallas  
 O'Keefe, Michael  
 Moynihan, Patrick  
 Kelly, Daniel  
 O'Sullivan, Denis

Messrs. Twomey, Jeremiah  
 Macnamara, Michael  
 Curran, Edward, Richmond  
 Gerrity, Patrick, Perth  
 Nunan, Daniel  
 Donovan, Patrick, Sydney  
 Cunningham, Patrick  
 Prendergast, Patrick  
 O'Brien, Martin  
 Farrelly, Philip  
 Howe, Thomas, Bathurst  
 Moroney, Timothy



## SUMMARY OF CLASSES.

THEOLOGY—					
Fourth Year	..	..	..	..	22
Third Year	..	..	..	..	19
Second Year	..	..	..	..	28
First Year	..	..	..	..	24
				Total ..	93
PHILOSOPHY—					
Second Year	..	..	..	..	38
First Year	..	..	..	..	30
					68
RHETORIC— ..				..	25
				Total Number of Students ..	186



## PROSPECTUS.

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ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE was founded *exclusively* for the Education of Students for Foreign Missions ; no Students, therefore, can be educated in it for a Home Mission. Any Candidate for admission to the College must present a letter of recommendation from his Parish Priest, and from the President of the College in which he had previously studied. He must also present a Certificate of Baptism and of Confirmation.

### **Payment of Pension.**

By an arrangement with the various Bishops connected with the College, the yearly pension is only £10, except in the case of Students in the Rhetoric Class who are required to pay £25. The Pension is payable at the beginning of each Academic half-year, viz., the first week of September and the first week of February. In addition, each Student shall contribute £1, at the beginning of his Course, towards a Fund for Medical advice, and thirty shillings annually for washing.

Books, Medicine, Blankets, and Bed-linen are not supplied.

Immediately after entrance, each Student shall provide himself with the Ecclesiastical Dress, and also with a Bible, Diurnal, All Hallows Manual, and other Books required for Class and Church purposes.

### Entrance Examinations.

The Entrance Examinations begin each year on the *First Tuesday in September, at 9 o'clock, a.m.* ; Candidates, consequently, are required to present themselves in the College the previous evening. *The Examinations will be both written and oral.* The utmost importance will be attached to Composition and unprepared Translation. Proficiency in both will be taken as a guarantee that a Candidate has studied a language judiciously. In estimating the English Composition the Examiners will take into account the intelligence shown in dealing with the subject, the correctness of phraseology, the spelling and punctuation, and the character of the hand-writing. It may be mentioned here that certain Burses, which are left at the disposal of the College, will be given to promising Candidates who make a good examination in the various subjects.

### For admission to First Year's Theology.

Latin Composition.  
English Composition.  
Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics.  
Natural Philosophy.

### For admission to Second Year's Philosophy.

Latin Composition.  
English Composition.

*Logic* :— \*

Pars Dialectica.  
Pars Critica.

*General Metaphysics* :—

De Ontologia.  
De Cosmologia.  
De Psychologia.



*Mathematics :—*

Algebra.  
Plane Trigonometry.  
Mechanics.

**For admission to First Year's Philosophy.***Latin :—*

Composition.  
Unprepared Translation.  
Two Authors.  
Grammar.  
Roman History.

*English :—*

Composition.  
Irish History.  
Reading.  
Grammar.  
Literature.  
English History.  
Geography.

*Mathematics :—*

Euclid—Books I., II., III., IV., and VI.  
Algebra, to end of Quadratic Equations.  
Arithmetic.

*Greek :—*

Composition.  
Unprepared Translation.  
Two Authors.  
Grammar.  
Greek History.

*Christian Doctrine :—*

An exact and intelligent knowledge of the Catechism.

*Music :—*

Candidates will be required to sing simple passages pointed on the Modulator.

N.B.—Some of the Candidates who fail to secure First Year's Philosophy, and who obtain high marks in the different subjects for examination, will be admitted into the Rhetoric Class.

NOTES—1. Candidates will be examined orally in passages from Latin and Greek authors. The authors presented by a Candidate may be—

- (a) Those prescribed for the Senior Grade by the Board of Intermediate Education ; or,
- (b) Those prescribed for Matriculation with Honours in the Royal University ; or,
- (c) Any two authors, one prose and one poetical, similar in style and character to those indicated in the afore-mentioned programmes. In this last case (c) the amount of matter that should be presented by a Candidate may best be understood from an example, i.e., in Latin, two books of the *Odes* of Horace, together with two books of Livy ; in Greek, two books of Homer, together with the *Philippics* of Demosthenes.

2. Candidates for First Philosophy are free to present in English either the Senior Grade Course of the Intermediate Examinations or the programme of the Royal University for Matriculation with Honours.

3. Irish History, Joyce's or A. M. Sullivan's.

## TWO ANCIENT DEDES.

Two deeds, dated respectively 1229 and 1230, granting to the Canons of All Saints Priory the *pratum de Kenturk juxta Dublin*, namely the fields now occupied by the College and grounds of All Hallows.

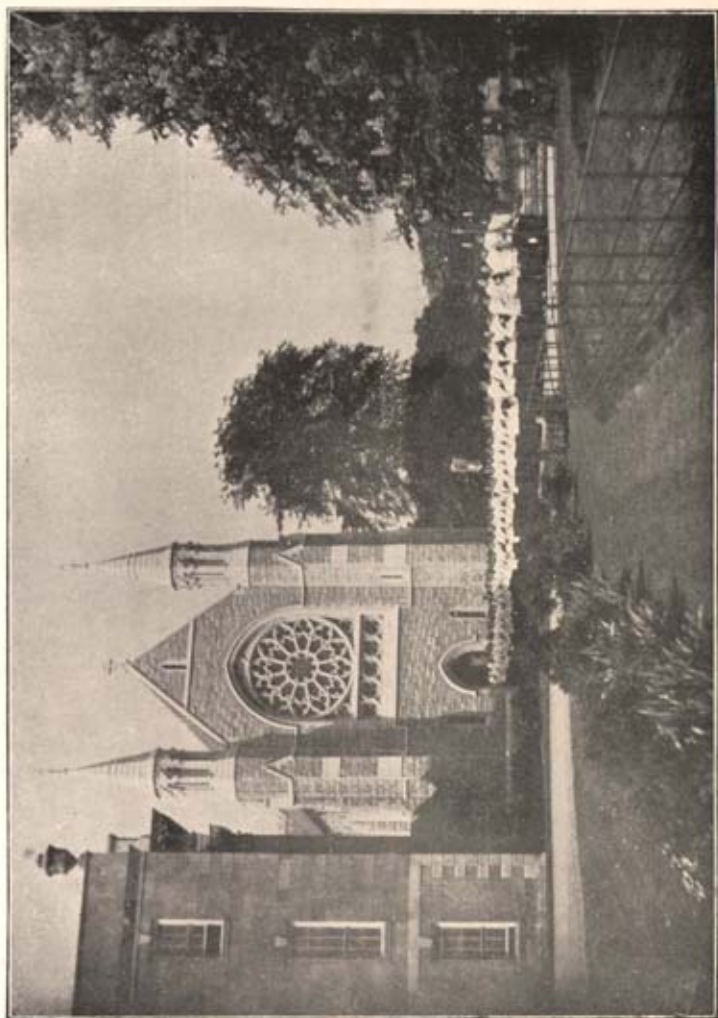
## DE PRATO DE KENTURK.

Hec est convencio facta inter Thurstanum filium Vincencii de la Strande ex una parte et Priorem et conventum ecclesie Omnium Sanctorum juxta Dublin ex altera parte. Scilicet quod dictus Thurstanus concessit et per hanc convencionem confirmavit Deo et ecclesie Omnium Sanctorum et canonicis Kenturk pro salute anime sue et dicti Vincencii patris sui et Elene matris sue et antecessorum et successorum suorum, habendum et tenendum eisdem sepedicte domus canonicis inperpetuum in puram et perpetuam elemosinam. Salvo quod dicti canonici dicto Thurstano vel heredibus suis persolvant annuatim unum par calcarium vel quatuor denarios in termino Pasche pro omni exactione vexacione et demanda sicut in dicti Vincentii carta continetur dominum Petrum bone memorie Ossorie episcopum dicto Vincencio persolvisse.

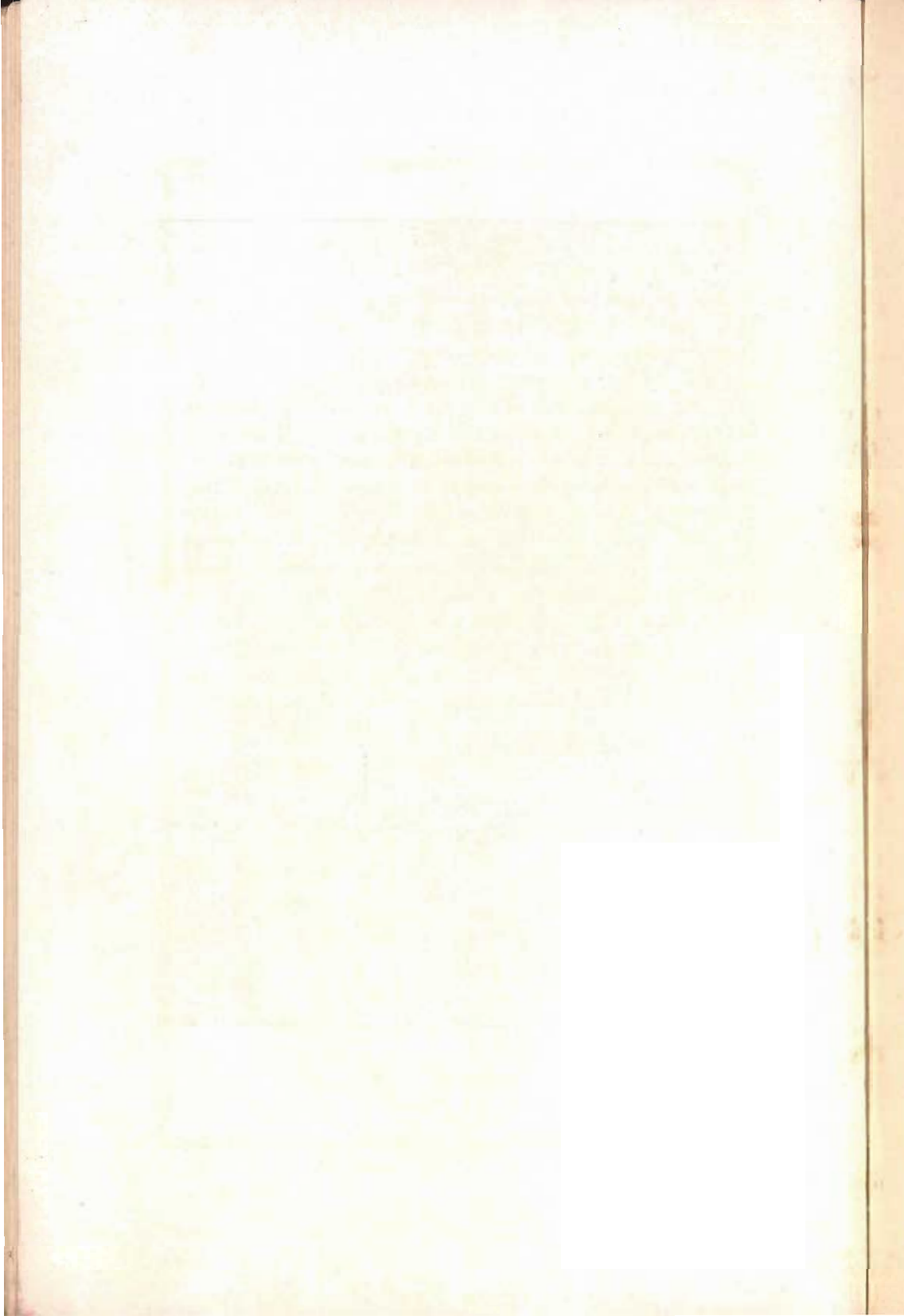
Quod si a solucione predictorum calcarium dicti canonici per annum cessaverint dictus Thurstanus vel heredes ejus predictum pratum intrabunt et libere possidebunt solvendo annuatim predictis canonicis duos solidos argenti. Et ut hec concessio et hujus convencionis confirmacio in presenciarum rata permaneat et in posterum inconcussa habeatur predicti canonici parti cyrograffi predicti Thurstani sigillum suum apposuerunt, et idem Thurstanus parti cyrograffi predictorum canonicorum sigillum suum apposuit, hec convencio facta fuit anno coronacionis Henrici tercii regis Anglie quintodecimo, luna currente per xvii. litera c. mutata de d. propter bisextum.

\* \* \* \* \*





Corpus Christi Procession.



## DE EODEM.

Universis presens scriptum inspecturis Petrus Dei gracia Ossoriensis episcopus eternam in Domino salutem. Noverit universitas vestra nos divini amoris intuitu dedisse concessisse et hac presenti carta nostra confirmasse Deo et ecclesiae omnium Sanctorum juxta Dublin et canonicis ibidem Deo servientibus porcionem nostram prati de Kenturk extra Dublin. Salvo jure heredum Vincencii et salvis decem solidis argenti quos Willelmo de Rumesye annuatim quoad vixerit in duobus anni terminis persolvent. medietatem videlicet in Pascha et aliam medietatem in festo Sancti Michaelis. Et ut hec nostra donacio rata sit et stabilis eam presentis scripti testimonio et sigilli nostri appositione roboravimus. Hiis testibus, domino R. Priore Sancte Trinitatis, magistro G. cancellario Sancti Patricii, domino G. tunc archidiacono Dublin, magistro W. de Wintonia, W. de Villa Colomanni et aliis.



## In Memoriam.

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*Memento fratrum qui nos praecesserunt cum signo fidei.*

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The Most Rev. Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ballarat.

The Venerable Archdeacon D'Arcy, Sydney.

The Very Rev. Archpriest Kennedy, Sandhurst.

Very Rev. John O'Farrell, Dubuque.

Very Rev. F. King, San Francisco.

Very Rev. Dean O'Sullivan, Armidale.

Very Rev. Canon M'Grath, Southwark.

Very Rev. Patrick Cunningham, Burlington.

Very Rev. William M'Golrick, Duluth.

Very Rev. T. Hartnett, Sydney.

Very Rev. John M'Kernan, Hobart.

Rev. F.A. Dunham, Brisbane.

Rev. James Doyle, Kingston.

Rev. Daniel Costelloe, Kansas City.

Rev. Michael J. Cregan, Kansas City.

Rev. M. Nugent, Rockhampton.

Mr. Martin O'Sullivan, Omaha.

Mr. Cornelius O'Leary, Brisbane.

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The day is done, the toil of life is over,  
The last bright streak is fading in the west,  
He comes at last, the Soul's Eternal Lover,  
He giveth His beloved sleep—and rest.

M. J. O'R.

