All Hallows Annual

1907

Arrival of the "Annual" on the Veldt.

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around them."

All Hallows Annual

1907

Dublin
BROWNE AND NOLAN, LIMITED
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1907

"... good memory brings the right
Of olden days around them."

In lands afar, for Christ our King
Our comrades bravely fight,
Where darkness reigned they haste to bring
The Holy Gospel's Light.
And zeal and love can never rest—
Can never sheathe the sword—
Till every Land on earth has blessed
The Banner of the Lord.

J. CULLEN.

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Féile Cuirp Chríost ag Áit Scoláirte.

O Salutaris Hostia,
Quae cœli pandis ostium.

Is mór an grádh atá ag Íosa dúinn i Sácramuint a Cuirp. Táinig Se anuas ó neamh agus do ghlac Sé colann daonna, do mhair Sé ar an dtalamh seo, do mhúin Sé slíghe cum flaitheas dúinn agus do fuair Sé bás ar ár sonsa. Acht is í Sácramuint a Cuirp cuimhneachán agus buanughadh na miorbúiltí seo. Oir tagann Sé aníos cughainn gach aon maidin ar ár n-altóirib agus ar an móimid a tagann Sé, oifráileann Sé É féin aníos d'a Athair fíorthuidhe ar son na mbeo agus na marbh, mar d'offráil Sé É féin ar Calbaire fad ó. Déaneann Sé é seo ní in aon áit amáin acht i ngach tír an domhain—i ndeic míle áiteachaibh thíd an ndomhain. Tá Sé ag a déanamh i gcomhnuidhe on éirighe na gréine go dtí a dul fé.

Ní fághuighean an méid seo á ghrádh. Fágann an ghrian sinn, imthighean a solus uainn, acht ní fágann Íosa sinn. Fánann Sé i gcomhnuidhe in ár measg agus tá Sé ag dorghadh na nghrádha ir iongnaighe gan stad orainn. Tugann Sé É féin faoi ghnéthibh aráin agus fíona gach aon lá dúinn. Ní amháin gur mian leis É féin a thabairt dúinn acht orduighean Sé dúinn teacht agus É ghlacadh.

Fór, nuair ní féidir linn teacht cuige, tagann Sé féin cuigainn in uair ár mbáir. Le n-a fompla múineann Sé na fudailcibe Criortaibe móra—umlacht, mianoiúltaid agus caiteamhacht—dúinn. Go deimhin is í an tSacramuint seo an rolár is mó atá againn i ngleann so na nuéor.

* * *

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui.

Is mór an gráid so agus da brígh sin is cóir gráid mór do beit ag Criortaibh go léir d-íosa i Sacramuint seo. Is cóir gráid speicialta do beit ag fagaintaib agus leibiteachaib Dó. Óir is ar focal an tragairt agus is irteach i lamhaib an tragairt a tagann Sé; is é an fagairt coiméadaibe agus miamuibe an tSácramuinte seo; is í Sacramuint seo beatha an tragairt, bunfhuit a naomhtachta agus a nirt. Agus go deimhin is mór an gráid atá ag fagaintaib don Sácramuint naomhta. Is é an gráid so a tóg na teampuill áilne agus n-altóra áilne atá ar fuaid an domhain agus is mian le gach fagairt é do beit ar a cumas a rad le n-a Tígearna in uair a báir:—"Do gráid mé áilneacht Do tige agus an áit go comhnuigeann Do glóire ann." Is é mo tuairim gurb í an tSácramuint naomhta an ceangal is daingne, is dílse agus is naomhta atá idir fagairt agus a Coláirte.

Mórán bliadan ó foin fcríob ceann d'ár fagaintaib litir cuigainn agus ag so na fmaointe a cuir sé ann:—Gíod go bfuil mé fad ó mo máthair dílis—Coláirte na n-Uile Naomh—fmaoineann mé go minic uirri; feiceann mé i m'airlingis í agus is é an padairc a feiceann mé is mionca:—An altóir agus í foilrigthe agus an tSácramuint naomhta taisbeánta uirri; an Séipéal dílis féin lán de folup; na fagairt agus na mic-léiginn ag adhradh ar a nglúnaib agus annfan an beannacht da tabairt. Lionann padairc fin de folár mé, óir tá a fior agam go bfuil fiú ór cómhair an Tígearna céadna atá i mo focair

Corpus Christi Procession.

annro agus mar rin go bruil rinn go léir le céile anír; tá a fior agam go bruil rib a guid orm agus go mbeannuigeann Iosa mé ón altóir rin, mar do beannuig Sé mé fad ó.

Anuraid taimig ceann eile d'ár fagaitaib cuigainn. Bí ré tuirseach agus breoite—nió nach iongtach, óir ba fagart dioghraiseach é agus bí ré imigte ón gColáirte cúig bliadna déug ir fiche. Mar do tuit ré amach, táinig ré um tráthnóna agus bí ré láithreach ag an mBeannacht. Nuair bí rí criochnuigte, ir é a dubairt ré liom:—"Ó chuaid mé ón gColáirte reo ní connaic mé aon Beannacht com breag, com naomta, agus com rolárach léi rin. Do chuir rí i gcuimne dom na laethe beannuigte, nuair bí mé i mo mhacléiginn annro agus do tog rí mo chroide."

Seadh, dearmadann fagart mórán a baineann le-n a Coláirte, acht ní dearmadann re riam Sácramuint Coirp Criost, óir ní féidir leis a dearmad an méid atá ag an Sacramuint reo air. Uime rin ar fon ár fagairt go léir—idir fean agus óg—atá fcairigte tríd an ndomain agus mar gniom gráda, cuirim fior ar lá mór na Sácramuinte reo—lá féile Cuirp Criost—mar follamnuigtear é ag ár gColáirte.

* * *

Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui.

Ag deic a clog feinntear an t-Airfeann Mór. Air criocnugad dó, tairbeántar an Sacramuint naomta ar an Altóir mór a ornuigtear agus roilrigtear go h-áluinn ar an mball. Fánann Sí mar rin go dti dó a clog fan tráthnóna nuair feinntear Earraigte na féile ór cómair na Sácramuinte naomta. Taréir na n-Earraigt beirtear an tSácramuint naomta go follamhta i gcomfuibal tri páirc an Colairte. Ir é fo an eagar a leanamaoid inr an gcomfuibal. I dtosach friublann Fódhaćan

ag iomcuiṙ Cṙoiṙe; n-a ḋiaiḋ tagann na micléiġinn ag ṙiubal na mbeiṙc, eadaiġte i na ngunaiḃ ṙada ḋuḃa agus a ṙuiṙpliṙiḃ bána; i meaḋón ṙiubLann buiḋean ceoil an Coláiṙte; annṙan na Fóḋiaḋain, na Diacain agus na Sagaiṙt agus iaṙṙan eadaiġte do ṙéiṙ a n-óiḋ. Bion ṙinn go léiṙ ceann-noctuiġte agus ag bṙeiṫ beo-ḋoinneal in áṙ lamaiḃ. I ndeiṙe tagann Íoṙa ṙéin i lamaiḃ a ṙagaiṙt maṙ bí Sé go minic i lamaiḃ a Maṫaṙ. Maṙ téimíḋ aṙ aġaiḋ oṙṙáilteaṙ túiṙ gan ṙtad do'n Sácṙamuint naoṁṫa; ṙcaiṙteaṙ bláṫanna oṙ a coṁaiṙ aṙ an ṙliġe agus ṙeinnteaṙ laoiḋeanna naoṁṫa maṙ atá an "Pange Lingua," an "Laudа Sion," an "Magnificat."

Aṙ teaṫt amaċ ón Séiṙéal ḋúinn, iṙ glóṙmaṙ an ṙáilte atá ṙoiṁ Íoṙa inṙ an bṙáiṙc. Um an taca ṙo na bliaḋna, tá na milliúin bláṫ ann—lile, ṙóṙa, nóiníní; tá na ceuḋta cṙann, agus Pompí ṙéin maṙ áṙoṙíġ óṙ a gceann, eadaiġte maṙ ní ṙaiḃ Saloman in a ġṙiaḋaṁ go iomlán; tá na ceuḋta éun ag ceileabṙaiḋ ann. Cuiṙeann ṙiaḋ go léiṙ le n-a ḋtúiṙ, a gceol agus a n-áilneaṫt ceuḋ mile ṙáilte ṙóiṁ a ḋTíġeaṙna agus a nDia. Iṙ maṙ ṙoin ṙṙeagṙann ṙiaḋ an cuiṙeaḋ a taḃṙamaoiḋ ḋóiḃ in bṙoclaiḃ na Scṙíḃne Diaḋa:—beannuiġiḋ an Tíġeaṙna, a oiḃṙeaċa an Tíġeaṙna; molaiḋ agus áṙoṁolaiḋ é go ṙíoṙuiḋe.

Aṙ ḋtúiṙ gluaiṙimíḋ ṙíoṙ an bóṫaṙ beag beannuiġte ṙin tṙíḋ a ḋtagann áṙ micléiġinn ċun an gcoláiṙte, agus tṙíḋ a n-imṫiġeann áṙ ṙagaiṙt n-óga cun na ngenti a múineaḋ. Annṙoin iompuiġimíḋ cun na ṙeilge in a gcoḋlann áṙ maṙḃ ndílṙe. Maṙ téimíḋ ṫaiṙiṙ cuiṁniġmíḋ aṙ ṙoclaiḃ Cṙíoṙt:—"Iṙ Miṙe an eiṙéiṙġe agus an beaċa; an té a cṙeiḋann i Mé, bioḋ go bṙuiġeaḋ ṙé báṙ, maiṙṙiḋ ṙé." "Iṙ Miṙe an t-aṙán beo a ṫáinig anuaṙ ó neaṁ: má iṫeann duine an t-aṙán ṙo, maiṙṙiḋ ṙé go ṙíoṙuiḋe . . . agus tógṙaiḋ Mé ṙuaṙ lá déiḋeanaċ é." Do ḋṙeiḋ na maiṙḃ ṙeo i gCṙíoṙt agus ba í Sacṙamuint

a Ċuiṁp a n-aṙán laeċeaṁail. Aṙ an aṫḃaṙ ṙoin, gioṫ go gcuiṫimío oṁṗa, moċuiġimío go bṙuil ṙiaṫ i meaṙg na naoṁ agus go mbeiṫ a n-eiṙéiṁġe glóṁaṙ.

* * *

Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere.

Anoiṙ taġann ṙinn go ṙeṁín an Ċṁoiṫe Naoṁṫa atá amuiġ inṙ an bṙáiṁc. Cuiṁeaṙ an Sacṙamuint naoṁṫa aṙ an n-altoiṙ mbeag agus taḃaṙtaṙ beannaċt ṙollaṁnta i dteampull móṙ an doṁain atá dionuiġċe leiṙ an ṙṙéiṁ agus atá ṙoilṙiġċe ag an ngṙéin, ag an ngealaiġ agus ag na neulṫaiḃ. Is oiṙeaṁnaċ an teampull é don Té a cṙuṫuiġ an ṙṙéiṁ agus an talaṁ agus a n-áilneaċt go léiṙ. Taṙéiṙ na beannaċta ṙo ṗillimío go'n Seipéal ṫṙío ṁoinnt eile na páiṙce agus aṙ teaċt aiṙ aiṙ dúinn, taḃaṙtaṙ beannaċt ṙollaṁnta aṁíġ, ṙeinnteaṙ an "Adoṙémuṙ in éteṙnum," agus tá an ṙéile cṁiocnuiġċe. Tá, aċt ṙánann beannaċt íoṙa—beannaċt a tug Sé do'n ndoṁain go léiṙ ṙé léaṙṙolac na ṙṙéiṙe—beannaċt ṙé leiṫ a tug Sé dúinn, d'aṙ gColáiṙte agus agus d'a mbaineann leiṙ.

Cuiṙeann an comṙiubal ṙo i gcuiṁne dúinn na laeċe úd a ṫoġ clanna Iṙṙael ṙuaṙ Aiṙce an coinġíl agus gluaiṙteaṙ ċun an dTalṁan gealltа. Agus deiṙimío maṙ dubṙadaṙ, "Éiṙiġ, a Ṫiġeaṙna, agus biod do náiṁde ṙcaiṙaiġċe."

Cuiṙeann ṙé i gcuiṁne dúinn na laeċe úd a ṙiubal íoṙa ó áit go h-áit, ag ṙóġṙaḋ an Soiṙcéil agus ag leiġeaṙ na mbṙeoiṫe—agus iaṙṙaimío go uṁal Aiṙ ṙinn a múineaḋ agus ṙinn a leiġeaṙ i gcoṙṙ agus in anam.

Cuiṙeann ṙé i gcuiṁne dúinn an lá úd a ċuaiḋ íoṙa go glóiṙéimeaċ iṙteaċ i Ieṙuṙalem cum báiṙ d'faġail aṙ áṙ ṙoṙṫa agus ṙeinnimío, maṙ ṙeinn ṙluaiġte na caṫaiḋ ṙin: "Hóṙanna do mac Dáiḃi, is beannuiġċe a taġann in ainm an Ṫiġeaṙna: hóṙanna inṙ na ṙlaiṫiṙ go áṙd."

Cuireann ré i gcuimhne dúinn an lá úd a fiuchail fiora go Calbairie ag iomcuir a croir agus é gan caraid i measg á náimhad—agus deinimíd ár nóiceall onóir a tairbeáint Dó ar a bhfulaing Sé an lá dubhrónach, uaidhbárach roin.

* * *

Coheredes et sodales
Fac Sanctorum civium.

Cuireann ré i gcuimhne dúinn lá déidheanach nuair racaid fiora irteach i Ierusalem Nua i dteannta á Máthair, á aingeal, agus a naoimh go léir—agus guidimíd arís agus arís:--Go raibh rinn go léir i bhfochair fiora i gcomhfiuchail ir glóirmhaire rin agus annran ar feadh na Síorraidheachta.

Micheal Ó Fearghail.

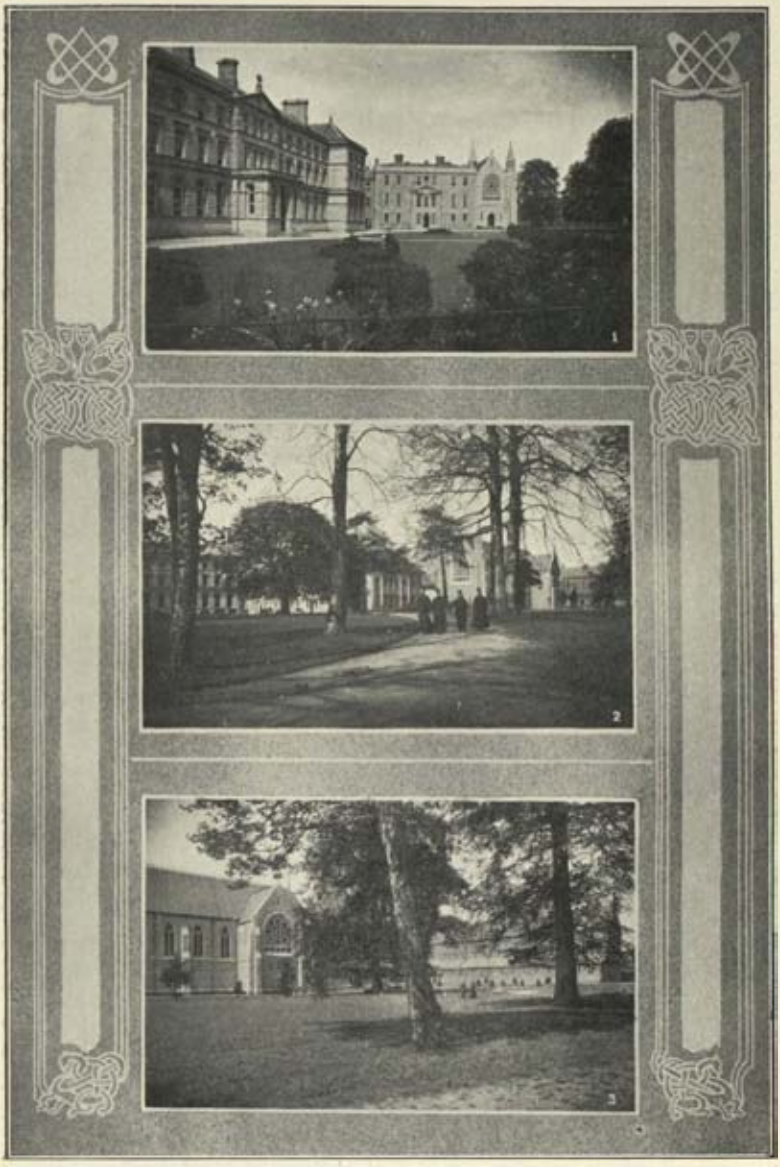
Catechetical Instruction.

Ignorance of Catholic Truth.

HOWEVER far it may be possible in such missionary countries as we are engaged in, to carry out the definite prescriptions enacted by the present Pontiff in regard to Catechetical Instruction, we must all admit that the drift of His Holiness's exhortation commands the approval of bishops and priests alike. Many causes, no doubt, contribute to the laxity of morals and the decay of faith among the baptized, but a chief factor must be, and is, the lack of sufficient knowledge. As the Pope declares, it is not the illiterate merely who thus suffer; Catholics well versed in secular letters betray not seldom a sad ignorance of the truths of faith.

We need not concern ourselves with the state of things in other countries than our own, and as most of those for whose instruction we are responsible are either Irish from Ireland, or are children of Irish parentage, we will do well to inquire what, and how far, improvement is called for. I can speak from an experience of over a quarter of a century, and surely that should be enough for anyone fairly observant

within the sphere of his professional activity. And, then, as to our educated Catholics. A medical man, born and bred in Ireland, and educated in a leading Catholic college there, confessed to me that the perusal, in a week of convalescence, of Cardinal Gibbon's *Faith of Our Fathers* came to him as a revelation. He had never in his college days heard the reasoned statement of Catholic doctrine; and he was so charmed and relieved that though he was a very unobtrusive —indeed a painfully shy—man, he could not help bringing the book under the notice of a Protestant brother-physician, with the request that he would read it through. I have known another Catholic professional man of distinction who studied in another of Ireland's chief Catholic schools, and who is indeed a staunch Catholic, more than once betray a singular hesitancy on points of doctrine—awaiting statement rather than prepared to give it. And on one important occasion he took an uncatholic line of action through sheer ignorance. I have known a third, of Irish parentage, and educated in one of our own leading Catholic colleges of Australia, fall into the strange error of confusing the virgin birth of Christ with the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. What was worse, he gave that in reply to a Protestant's question, as to what Catholics meant by the Immaculate Conception. He was a clever man, too, well read, and prepared on occasion to confess his Catholicity. For I purposely prescind from the blunders of educated Catholics whose worldliness has obviously blotted out much of what they did learn, or might have learnt of Catholics teachers. I have in mind the average intelligent educated Catholic layman, the product of Catholic teachers, both at home and amongst ourselves. And of them] I feel [bound in candour to own, that while their loyalty to the Church's teaching in the immense bulk of cases is above suspicion, their explicit acquaintance with that teaching is not of a kind to constitute them, when occasion arises, capable exponents. Compared with converts of the



"How delicate the leafy veil
Through which yon house of God
Gleams 'mid the peace of this sweet dale
By few but students trod!"

same educational standing, they cut a sorry figure in the main.

* * *

A husk without the kernel.

And surely it is not altogether fair to lay the whole blame at their door. They may, and they will retort, that they were no better taught. Perhaps my own remembrance will find a responsive echo in other memories. When I entered the class of dogmatic theology, it happened that the tract on Grace supplied the business of the first half year. I well remember how, in the very first week, I realized what it would have meant to me in loss of Catholic knowledge had it been my ill fortune not to have been called to study theology. I saw clearly that all through the years of catechetical instruction in school and college, even at the hands of learned priests, I had never once had put before me such a simple notion of supernatural grace, as I could satisfactorily apprehend. And so I had had just a word, a husk, while the inner kernel remained unknown to me. And what surprised me and irritated me was the further discovery that after all, it would have been quite easy by explanation and illustration to bring well within knowledge that elevating and illuminating fact.

It sounds exaggerated, but I am not sure it is not quite true, that our English-speaking Catholics, educated in Catholic schools and colleges though they have been, are sadly deficient in mental grasp of the doctrines of faith. They have in general a fair familiarity with verbal orthodoxy, as far forth as the catechetical statements reach, but the revealed facts do not in general appeal to a supernaturalised imagination with the vividness and force which a concrete system of instruction would have secured. We English-speaking Catholics have been content to take over into our religious diction a vocabulary of untranslated Latin. In our theological studies we of the clergy have become per-

fectly acquainted with a tongue which was fashioned in the course of centuries as a vehicle of perfect expression in theological disputation and dogmatic definition. Fortunately for us in one respect the genius of living English allows us without a too serious demur to give right of citizenship in current speech to a whole tribe of Latin terms fashioned to perfection in the schools. It is a convenient procedure for ourselves. Every term calls up to our minds whole trains of thought and annals of disputation. Distinctions and limitations of the nicest precision leap to our minds; we are relieved of the effort of fighting over anew battles of orthodoxy whose successful issue is embodied in our very speech.

* * *

Scholastic terms and definitions need elucidation.

All this is very convenient, and we cannot deny that we have taken it in large measure. Our Catholic speech in the pulpit has in general a somewhat foreign sound, and I fear that in the class-room it is even more outlandish. But what is our convenience, who have to teach and preach, may easily and I believe does actually become a hindrance to our learners and congregations. They have not gone through our course of theological study through the medium of scholastic Latin; and hence, words that to us call up realities, living and forceful as the face of a remembered friend, appear to them with the feebleness of little more than a nominal apprehension. It is our duty, then, to put them, as far as we can, in our own favoured position. We ought to make them see what we ourselves see, and feel what we feel. This is the inconvenience of a situation which at first seems to make for our ease. As teachers, whether in the school or in the pulpit, we must employ terms that are now too firmly fixed to be prudently, if indeed possibly, ousted. Such words as incarnation, grace, faith, charity may not, in our Catholic speech, be set aside for non-Latin equivalents. The Germans are more fortunate

than we. They at the very first employed the simple equivalents, and their children may easily apprehend what "becoming man," "favour," "belief," "love," signify. With us the case is different. Our children have to learn the Latin forms, our people would be almost shocked were we to abandon them for more familiar terms. We must, therefore, from the very first repeat and repeat what they mean.

But, it will be said, the Catechism does contain definitions of such terms. Yes, and in those definitions the simpler English terms are generally found; but the difficulty is not so easily smoothed. Just consider what a definition is to the mind of the child, and to those who, in years beyond childhood, are nevertheless mentally about the same stage. A definition is the result of an effort of trained intellect; to such an intellect it appeals, to such an intellect it delivers its message. A definition locates its object to the mental vision not merely by inclusion, but also by exclusion. To the clear, trained, broad, vision it is a safe and most convenient sign; but what of the untrained, unsteady, vague view? Indeed, we must get our children to commit to memory our chief theological definitions, because Catholic doctrine is embodied in a deductive science, and such sciences are well expressed in definitions. Definitions, too, are safeguards to orthodoxy. As the child grows, provided care is taken that he shall grow too in knowledge and in all understanding of the word, he will find his definitions invaluable in the process. But, supposing he simply stops at the memorising—and how many do!—of what avail is all his trouble?

But, there is a still further defect in the method of catechetical instruction which we have known in our youth through our primary and secondary studies. And it seems to me that what I have alluded to already regarding the insufficient grasp of doctrine so painfully manifested by a large number of educated lay Catholics, results from this defect in

their religious instruction. We have been, as it were, fighting shy of the mystical burden and content of our doctrine; we have in a sort of false modesty kept up unseasonably a *disciplina arcani*. Protestant controversy has done us much harm, even after our victory. We have grown so used to forms of thought imposed by our defensive position, forms that, from the emergency which at first called them forth, are void of all suggestion beyond what is of avail in face of the Protestant foe. We are expert at textual analysis, at logical cogency. That was at one time the most urgent need, and the indispensable equipment. But although it still has its value and may not therefore be discarded in the course of clerical training, there remains the earlier and more enduring and in every respect more important consideration of supplying our own people with the pith and marrow of the word. They have a right to be fed, because they have more need of this than of training in controversy, and the food of their souls will be poor indeed if it does not reach beyond the terms of orthodox definition and statement.

* * *

An illustration: Grace is Life.

Let us illustrate the position from the current catechetical treatment of Grace. Nothing can be more meagre than that treatment. We are told that Grace is a supernatural gift destined for our salvation; that it consists of two kinds, one of which makes the soul holy, the other helping us to do good and avoid evil; finally, that Grace is necessary for our salvation. Now, when one remembers that the great evil of Christendom to-day is the prevalence of Naturalism, and that all modern literature which commands the attention of the multitude and of the cultured alike is saturated with Naturalism, does it not at once strike us that our first duty as religious instructors is to bring forth the "old things," the things which conquered Naturalism in the Apostolic age,

and in the age of the Fathers? Were those "things" a string of definitions and statements in recondite terms? Were they mere triumphs in logic? No; they were as substantive as the notions which they aimed, and successfully aimed, at displacing. How different in effect upon the whole mind is the form of the word "life" from that of even the word "gift" or "favour"? And which did our Saviour choose? The Gospels are replete with His message, and much of its burden is the promise of "life," "eternal life," the genesis of which in our souls is even disclosed to Nicodemus. When our risen Lord is about to commission His Apostles, He gives them the source and agent of this life, and He does so by an action which recalls on purpose the words of Genesis describing the first creation of man's rational soul. There is no shyness, no reserve in the language of our Lord, or in the language of the Apostles, or in the works of the Fathers regarding this deep and fruitful mystery of the Christian regeneration. If its ineffable gratuitousness impressed the Apostles so deeply and as a consequence elicited frequent reference to it as the "favour" and "gift" of God through Christ, still they did not fail to keep its essential, substantial reality well in view; it was bold of St. Paul to say to the converts of his day that they were flesh of His flesh and bone of His bone with Christ; and bolder yet of St. Peter to assure them that they were sharers of the Divine Nature. The Fathers insist upon this deep fact of our dispensation; they draw more inferences from it than from texts as texts. And who that has read St. Thomas on Grace but sees at once that here as in other tracts his conclusions seem to appeal to him with more cogency from the analogies of "life" than from isolated texts of Scripture?

And quite lawfully so. Once we have the Divine assurance of faith to the fact that God has willed to restore us by way of life, the way which is most in harmony with the nature He has made ours, and that the new life comes, like

the old from Him, but unlike the old by a mysterious generation, so that we have grown to become His children, then at once we see the whole cycle of Christian obligation both in the individual and in the Church, and in Christendom, too, the civil embodiment of the Church. We see what the supernatural means, not relatively simply, but in its absolute essence and imperative claims. This and this alone is what can avail to supplant Naturalism.

For what is Naturalism? It is the passionate, because more or less consciously impotent, assertion that Life is all-sufficient, that the life men know is the best and highest and consequently its fruition the end and norm of conduct. I say they have an uneasy sense of insecurity, partly because they find themselves confronted by the great Christian Affirmation, and partly because they cannot help feeling that their ground is unstable. But they cling to it passionately, as drowning men to their last hold. Now we weary ourselves to small purpose, and only irritate them by logical disputation alone. Our remedy is to set over against their facts the analogous but supreme fact of the Divine Life which is offered to us in Christ's mystical body. Life is vanquished by and absorbed in life when Naturalism collapses at the very sight of the Supernatural. I say, at the sight, not merely the mere statement, for surely I need not insist on the real intuition of faith. I need not remind my readers that in Baptism the imagination as well as the other powers of the soul has been supernaturalized, and has communicated to it a virtue to acquiesce in the contemplation of the objects of faith. Now, the child has that virtue, and hence we ought betimes to supply it with the objects, the facts of faith. The child will welcome them, as he will not welcome logical statements, however admirable and necessary for him. At a later stage when they do come with their textual supports they will find their proper place ready made in his mental framework. He has started from the proper centre of

Expectancy!
"Out, down there"!
"In actu alterius"

observation, and every additional glimpse comes to complete his panorama.

* * *

Students must master the art of Catechizing.

What has been said thus far will, I hope, make my view clear. I want our authorized teachers of Catholic doctrine—our young priests that is—to prepare themselves for the task that awaits them. That they will come forth well grounded in the theological science, I have no fear; but this will not suffice. To learn is one thing, to teach is more. I observe that at least one German bishop has made it imperative on all his newly-ordained priests to resort to a college of pedagogics for at least six weeks after completing their theological course. There they learn the art and science of dealing with other minds—mostly raw minds—with a view to their culture. I see no absolute necessity in our case for having recourse to any outside institution In the final quarter of the fourth year's Divinity, the students might well be drilled in the art of catechetical teaching. It should be done as class-work, and just as if the student had actually in hand a set of children of a given age and mental development. The aim should be to win the attention of the children at the outset by the attractiveness of the lesson, both in its substance and in its form, and to sustain that attention to the end. This is really what forms the main requisite in catechetical instruction. Indeed with the improvement in educational methods so noticeable at the present day, it is considered sufficient to condemn a teacher of youth if he is obliged any longer to force the children to their lessons. He is rightly expected to have developed sufficient resource to enable him to win the attention of his youthful learners.

And it should not be so hard after all. Children crave for the marvellous. In the nursery it has been found from time

immemorial that a fairy tale will subdue all disorder. Appeal to the child's imagination in concrete form, and you have his attention at command. Fill in the terms of the catechism lesson, not with other terms in explanation, so much as with facts. If the facts are direct from faith, as in the instance I have already given, do not be afraid to set them forth; if they are but in analogy, yet as facts they will speak more intelligibly to the child than words can. What is needed, then, is care so that their illustrative force may not be vitiated by false implications.

But after all, why should this be difficult to a trained theologian? No; the difficulty is simply how to master the art of framing instructions orally. This has to be mastered and this is what I call for in the college training. You may dispense with half the written sermons rather than with this. This once mastered will make the missionary welcome to young and old, they will experience satisfaction at his instructions—whether in the school or from the pulpit. His people will feel that under his care they are growing in knowledge, not merely rocked to slumber by cadenced passages. If he has a natural talent for the more ambitious effort, his ease and mastery at instruction will go far towards making him an effective preacher.

✠ PATRICK DELANEY,
Bishop of Laranda.

Hobart.

By the Shores of Lake Constance.

"How could we ever forget the island of Ireland, from whence this great sunlight of faith has risen upon us."

—HERMANN, *Abbot of Reichenau.*

Its Irish associations.

OF the many who visit Switzerland, but few reach the shores of Lake Constance. It is off the beaten track, and there is nothing exceptional in its scenery that would tempt the ordinary tourist to turn aside to it. It suffers by comparison with Lake Lucerne and Lake Geneva, yet it has a beauty of its own, especially towards its southern shores, where the Austrian Alps come down to its waters, and the snow-streaked peaks of Switzerland show strongly against the western sky. Perhaps the monotony of travelling through the plains of Bavaria made the lake appear beautiful to me, as the train ran down its wooded shore to the island town of Lindau.

It was the past, however, rather than the present, which the scene called to my mind; for I was in the midst of the ancient mission-field of the Irish in Germany, where they planted the faith, and kept learning alive during ages of darkness. I was in the centre of the country of the Alemanni, evangelized by Columban, Gall, Fridolin, and Finden, and held for Christ

by Dissentis, St. Gall, Reichenau, Rheinau, and Seckingen—a chain of spiritual fortresses, all showing the influence of Ireland, and commanding the Rhine from its source almost to the mountains of the Jura. From this lake St. Gall had heard the demon voices bewailing his coming. Below where the hills fall steeply to the water, is a miniature Genoa, the Austrian town of Bregenz, standing on the site of the old Roman Brigantium. Here St. Columban built a little monastery, and spent three years trying to convert its people. Opposite, on the Swiss shore, is Arbon, the abode of the priest Willimar, who sheltered St. Gall in his sickness. Farther inland up towards the mountains, is the monastery and town of St. Gallen, which mark the place of that saint's final abode. On a clear day can be seen far off in the north-west, the Gothic tower of the Cathedral of Constance. On its site stood the little church wherein St. Gall preached the consecration sermon of his disciple John, which has come down to us at the present day. Not far from Constance on a richly meadowed island, where the lake narrows at the exit of the Rhine, stands the famous monastery of Reichenau; one with St. Gall's in spirit and in zeal for the cultivation of learning and piety. In fact the whole surroundings of Lake Constance recall those Irish pilgrims, who laboured and prayed here far from their native land.

* * *

Irish and Anglo-Saxon missionaries compared.

To anyone who studies the history of the conversion of Germany, it will seem strange that the Irish who, to use the words of St. Bernard, poured into Europe like the sea, were not as successful missionaries in that country as in France. Though first in the field, they practically confined themselves to that part of Germany which was once within the territory of the old Roman Empire, and left to the Anglo-Saxons the glory of establishing an organized Church throughout almost the whole land. Of course this was, in part, due

to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon missionaries were near kinsmen to the pagans of central Germany, whilst the Irish were not. There was, however, a more fundamental reason, deep-seated in the Irish nature, which put its impress on the character of Irish missionary work throughout Europe. This reason is revealed to us on the shores of Lake Constance, in the history of the Abbey of St. Gall's, and in the lives of its founder and of his master, St. Columban.

* * *

Columban a monk first, then an apostle.

Undoubtedly, Columban was the greatest Irish missionary in Europe. From his monastery of Luxeuil, at the foot of the Vosges, went forth that spirit which quickened into life the almost dead Church of France, and subdued by its living power its warlike people to the law of the Gospel. He found France spiritually sterile; he left it covered with a ripening harvest. Yet, for all this, I believe that Columban was always the monk first and the apostle afterwards. No one can say that Annegrai, his first foundation in France, was selected primarily with a view to apostolic work. Jonas of Bobbio, his biographer, thus describes the place: ". . a great wilderness called Vosages, in which there was once a camp, now in ruins, to which ancient tradition gave the name Anagrates. And when the saint reached it, although the places were wild, and notwithstanding their extreme solitude and the hindrance of the rocks, yet here he settled with his people." Even when he took up his abode in a more central situation at Luxeuil, he was still in the wilderness, for here, according to Jonas, "there were only wild beasts, bears, buffaloes, and wolves; they were to be found in numbers." It was the cry of the helpless, piercing his solitude, that roused the zeal of Columban and brought him forth to work for their salvation. Later on in life he manifested the same desire to live far away from men. When he had performed his task of silencing the

Arians of Northern Italy, he withdrew to the mountains of Bobbio, there to lead, in work and prayer, the life of a recluse.

What I have said of Columban may be said of Gall also. The great monastery which bears his name, shows, by its situation, between Lake Constance and the mountains, that, like Annegrai, Luxeuil, and Bobbio, it was intended for a retreat rather than for a missionary centre. That it soon became a powerful help in the conversion of the Alemanni, was, as it were, an accident, brought on by the inevitable march of events, and by the proximity to Constance, the ecclesiastical capital of the region.

Contrast all this with what we know of St. Boniface. Though a monk, he went to Germany not as a monk, but as a missionary. He did not build the monastery of Fulda; that was the work of his disciple Sturm. When he became a bishop, he fixed his see in the imperial city of Mainz. He established dioceses throughout Germany, planted his monasteries, and built his schools, all on a definite plan. True, he loved Fulda, and wished to be buried there, but he was the bishop and missionary first, the monk afterwards.

* * *

Irish monks strongly individualist.

In this contrast between Columban and Boniface, we may see the nature and limitations of Irish missionary work in Europe. I know that the examples I have taken are extreme rather than typical cases, but, on that very account they will bring out all the more clearly what I wish to show. By nature and by his social upbringing, the Irish monk was strongly individualist. The working of this individualism in Irish monastic life, almost from the time of St. Patrick, is shown in the traditional account of the three Orders of Irish saints. The First Order was in the time of St. Patrick. They

Abbey and Church of St. Gall.

were all of them great and holy bishops, worshipping one head, namely Christ, following one leader, Patrick, having one tonsure, one celebration of Mass, and one Easter. In the Second Order, there were few bishops, but many priests. Whilst worshipping God as their one Head, they had different rites for celebrating and different rules of living; they celebrated one Easter, and had a uniform tonsure. The Third Order consisted of holy priests and a few bishops, who dwelt in desert places. They had different rules, different rites for celebrating, and different tonsures. They had also different days for solemnizing Easter.

In all this we see the solvent power of the Irish character and of Irish institutions on the unity of the ecclesiastical rule of St. Patrick. The result was the triumph of the individual, at the expense of uniformity and organization. Fortunately there were two other qualities in the Irish which counteracted, in some degree at least, this tendency, namely, capacity for hero worship and love of learning. These two filled the monasteries of Ireland with seekers after virtue and learning. Yet the spirit of the solitary was still within the Irish monk, now driving him in his little coracle to the lonely isles of the Western Ocean, even as far as Iceland, and again sending him to the Continent, to wander through its mountains and forests, in search of a desert spot in which to live undisturbed with his Creator. It was this trait of individualism rather than any set missionary purpose that gave rise, in my opinion, to the first settlements of the Irish monk in Europe. The lonely island in the ocean and the dense forest of Europe were alike pleasing to him, provided that he could find in them that solitude he so much desired. Yet, no matter how secluded was the place of his abode, the fame of his holiness would spread at last through the surrounding country. Thus his cell became a religious centre, rather from accident than from design. Even when his new flock had gathered

round him, he often did not appreciate the necessity of giving it permanence. Brought up in a country where organization was weak, and where episcopal territorial rule had become overshadowed by the power of the monasteries, he did not advert to the fact that organized episcopal centres are necessary for the permanent conversion of a people. If there was no episcopal city near the scene of his labours, the good effects of his preaching passed away at his death, and his converts fell back into their old superstitions. By nature, then, the Irish missionary was intended rather as a pioneer of the Faith in a heathen country or of its revival in a Christian one, than as an organizer of an infant Church of newly-made converts.

What I have said will explain why the Irish missions in Germany were of a limited character. In those parts of Germany which formerly belonged to the Roman Empire, and which had episcopal centres, the Irish missions were a success, but outside these limits they required to be aided by the organizing power of the Anglo-Saxons to give them permanence. This is why the presence of a bishopric in Constance gave at once stability to the faith which St. Gall preached to the Alemanni, whilst Franconia, evangelized by St. Kilian, was not fully secured for Christendom until St. Bruchard was made Bishop of Wurzburg, fifty years after Kilian's death.

* * *

Irish monks foremost intellectually.

Though Ireland's influence has not been felt as much as we might expect, in the conversion of Germany, the same cannot be said of its share in the intellectual making of that nation. No monastery in Germany, not even Fulda, under Rhaban Maur, could compare, as a literary centre, with St. Gall's, or even with Reichenau. Both Fulda and St. Gall's cultivated ecclesiastical learning, scriptural and patristic; both, too, excelled in the Latin classics; but there

was a higher and wider culture in St. Gall's, arising from the fusion of the Benedictine learning with the Greek artistic spirit, stamped on the monastery, by the Irish exile, Maengal (Marcellus). Painting, metal work, and sculpture, besides the particularly Irish art of illumination, were prosecuted with success. The zeal of the monks in collecting and copying manuscripts, laid the foundation of one of the largest and most valuable libraries of Europe. Music, too, found a home there. From the time of Charlemagne, when the Italian teacher of the Roman Chant, on his way back to Rome, left his Antiphonarium to the monastery, Church music became an object of special study. Its scientific treatment was the work of B. Notker Balbulus, whose Sequences and Hymns are sung even at the present day. To a pupil of this school, Hermann of Reichenau, is attributed the liturgical hymn *Alma Redemptoris Mater*. The music of Ireland, too, was cultivated, for we are told that the harp had an honoured place in the monastery.

In the study of languages St. Gall's more than held its own. Besides Latin, which all the older scholars were bound to speak correctly, Greek filled an important place in its plan of education; and its *fratres Ellenici* were famous. Nor, whilst the classics were attended to, was the German language forgotten. Scholars like Notker Labeo worked hard to turn the rude unwritten speech of the people into a systematized written language. They translated the classics into German, thus spreading abroad the learning of Greece and Rome, and, at the same time, fixing German on a scientific basis. From the Irish glosses and the Irish poems, which have come down to us, we see that the Irish on the shores of Lake Constance did not forget their mother tongue.

With all their learning the monks of St. Gall's led a simple life, their hearts full of the love of God and of nature. A beautiful example of this two-fold love is shown in B. Notker's Sequence, "Cantemus Cuncti Melodum." It

illustrates so well the poetic blending of the natural and the supernatural, that I cannot refrain from quoting the greater part of it. To enter into its spirit we should remember that t was written amidst nature's wilds, among the mountains and the forests. The translation I give is contained in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* :—

"Cantemus Cuncti Melodum."

" Ye planets glittering on your heavenly way,
Ye shining constellations, join and say
Alleluia !

" Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite
Your Alleluia !

" Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests sing,
Alleluia !

" First, let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say,
Alleluia !
Then let the beasts of earth with varying strain,
Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again,
Alleluia !

" Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
Alleluia !
There let the valleys sing in gentle chorus,
Alleluia !
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry,
Alleluia !
Ye tracts of earth and continents reply,
Alleluia !

"To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !"

From an ancient manuscript of St. Gall's, we get another glimpse of this spirit. A monk was copying, when a bird began to sing. He paused in his work, and wrote on the margin of his manuscript a little Irish poem, of which Dr. Sigerson gives the following translation :—

"Great woods gird me now around,
With sweet sound merle sings to me ;
My much-lined pages over
Sings its lone minstrelsie.
Soft it sings its measured song,
Hid among the tree-tops green :
May God on high thus love me,
Thus approve me all unseen."

It is only natural that St. Gall's should have a great effect on German life. As a school for learned bishops and laymen, it took the lead in German education, until University life supplanted the older form of teaching. Though far away from the centre of government, it was always in touch with the Emperor ; and we find from its records how close were its relations with Charlemagne—*Carolus Noster*, as its monks affectionately called him—and his successors. The Reformers left their mark on St. Gall's, but it survived them. At last came those apostles of liberty, the soldiers of the French Revolution, and their work was thorough. They extinguished for ever that light which had shone so long and so gloriously throughout Christendom.

Standing by the shores of Lake Constance, almost under the shadow of St. Gall's, the thought uppermost in an Irishman's mind is of them who lived and toiled to give these countries the religion and learning they now possess. Time may have, in many cases, blotted their good deeds from the minds of men ; often even their names may be forgotten ;

but their work remains. The Catholic spirit of Southern Germany and of Austria is due, in no small measure, to their prayers and preaching. As for themselves—they looked not for reward here, nor for human fame; they sought something higher and more enduring. We know that they have not been disappointed. To quote the words of the biographer of another Irish pilgrim for Christ, Marianus Scotus of Ratisbon: "If you should ask me what will be the reward of Marianus and pilgrims like him, who left the sweet soil of their native land, which is free from every noxious beast and worm, and its mountains and hills, its valleys and groves . . . and—like the children of Abraham the patriarch—came, without hesitation, into the land which God had pointed out to them, this is my answer: They will dwell in the house of the Lord with the angels and archangels of God for ever; they will behold in Sion the God of Gods, to whom be honour and glory for endless ages."

JAMES FURLONG, C.M.

In Excelsis.

BEGONE ! thought of all felt, seen, heard
Through space-time's sense-accords . . .
Now, free soul, rise on song's winged word
To truth of the Lord of lords.

" Mystic ! " will men cry—well, why care
For sense-thought scientists' rant ?
Sursum ! my soul, cast from thee their
Anthropomorphic cant.

Sense-swamped souls—let them shout at thee
Out of their dark abyss.
Up ! pure-thought's way word all dost see
There *must be* of what *is*.

* * *

" How worlds here roll "—on, let each roll
Away its timed course there :
Excelsior !—ay, o'er the Whole
Space-forming everywhere.

" Everywhere all-o'er "—on, on !
Heed not sense-science's cry :
Borne along on the wings of song—
On, on to thought's Most High !

" Higher than eye may see "—more, dare
Self free from all forms of sense:
Not such pure thought shows must be there,
Not such calls spirits hence.

* * *

" THE Spirit Creator He must be "—
Right: then, here recognising
All such as thou all-other than He,
Rejecting all keep rising.

" Rising, rising . . . O Pure Act—
SUPREME! 'Tis Thine, I see,
To act as First in every fact "—
Sing how as First acts He.

" As The All-other than we there "—sing
How All-other than we
Is He as Who wholly made being
All ever there came to be.

* * *

" WHOLLY All-o'er as before time's All,
Eternal "—on! shalt learn
How, e'en though thou wert eternal,
Shouldst bow to One Eterne.

" Eternally there such as I
Should worship One Supernal "—
Why? How could One e'er be more high
Than other One-eternal?

" Eternal might be what ne'er may,
Willed-world as world's decree "—
Then what were as higher than world from aye
Will that e'er making be?

" Will all else there e'er-making-be
Love Infinite were "—That is He,
The First to own, The Last to see,
The Most High and The All Holy:
The One Who Is absolutely—
Excelsior excelsis.

* * *

O INFINITE—thoughts-terming Thought!
Things—men—cares disappear
From troubling consciousness, nor aught
Of speech-made mist shows, when above
Time's strife of words thus, Who art Love
All making be and live and move,
Thou smilest away fear
As e'er in *excelsis.*

T. J. O'M.

***Tract.* " *De Deo.*"**

College Memorabilia.

Episcopal Visits.

LAST year All Hallows had the privilege of entertaining three of her most distinguished sons—two from beneath the Southern Cross, one from distant Minnesota. The two former came attended by a princely train—by citizens of the new world, as well as by a number of fellow-labourers from the mission field and of such worthy sons of All Hallows as the Very Rev. F. Shanahan of Ballarat, the Rev. T. O'Reilly, the popular pastor of Paramatta, and Father Donohue of Hamilton. As soon as they reached our isle of destiny, they, each and all, turned their faces to the Tolka, and came to pay their homage to their *Alma Mater*. How hale and hearty they looked after twenty-five or thirty years in the "bush"! What better evidence could anyone desire of the charms of the Australian climate and of the sprightly, progressive, character of its people than to converse with those priests, to listen to their ripened views and their unbounded admiration for the self-governing land of their adoption. What a joy it is to meet Dr. O'Connor! He is Bishop of Armidale, and nearly 250 pounds in the scale—yet as light-hearted, as guileless, and as supple, too, as a boy of twelve. In his

Fathers P. O'Connor, M. Kiely, W. O'Connor, T. O'Gorman,
M. Kissane, John J. Enright, T. Brosnan. J. Moran, R. O'Regan, J. Bowers, M. Mulcahy J. Barry, P. Sweeney, J. M'Cann.

Fathers M. Lyons, W. Mulligan, J. T. M'Carthy, L. Conway, H. Breslin, E. M'Auliffe, T. Hayes, J. Coughlin.

The Young Priests of 1906.

presence one is forcibly reminded of two well-known passages, one telling us that τῶν τοιούτων ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ θεοῦ, the other declaring that τό ἐπισκοπειν εἶναι καλον ἔργον. Dr. Dunne does not possess the physique of his episcopal comrade, but he is an athlete after St. Paul's heart, and can run in the way of the commandments. He loves his people with a disinterested love, and rules Bathurst with rare prudence and financial skill. Our third episcopal visitor was Dr. M'Golrick. Though his name suggests a northern origin, he was cradled on the banks of the Shannon, and shaped into a strong and independent character in the barony of Lower Ormond. Forty years ago he went to St. Paul's, Minnesota, and in 1889 received his appointment to the Diocese of Duluth. His cathedral city is beautifully situated on Lake Superior, in the heart of a country that is as fertile from a mineral as from an agricultural point of view. Many a pleasant afternoon have we spent listening to the Bishop, who is a cultured *raconteur*, relating his experiences and observations along the mighty rivers and amidst the vast expanses, once roamed over by Indian tribes, where now only a remnant of the Chippewas survive amidst the ever-advancing tide of modern civilization. May it often be the privilege of All Hallows to extend hospitality to three such apostolic sons, as the Bishops of Duluth, Bathurst, and Armidale.

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Ordinations. The annual ordinations took place last summer as usual on the festival of St. John the Baptist. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Armidale, New South Wales, was the ordaining prelate. Twenty-two young Levites were promoted to the order of Priesthood, and ten to Deaconship. The impressiveness of the sacred rite was brought into strong relief by the spacious and elevated sanctuary of the beautiful chapel. To an onlooker, perhaps no feature of the ceremony seemed

more solemn than the triple blessing imparted by the Bishop to the white-robed prostrate clerics. The ordinations derived unique interest from the fact that the Bishop and several of the priests who assisted in the " Imposition of hands " had come back from distant lands—after many years of absence —to their *Alma Mater*, and were thus enabled to join in the sending forth of a new generation of Irish missionaries. The newly-ordained priests were destined for various parts of the English-speaking world, whither the emigrants from Ireland have gone; above half the number were for the Antipodes, and the remainder for England and the Western States of North America. The need for Irish missionaries in not less now than when Father Hand founded All Hallows College. This can best be realized from the fact that new dioceses are being opened up from year to year, and that many of those existing are of vast extent, with ever-increasing populations. For instance, the diocese of Armidale, N.S.W., is a fertile region, as large in area as Ireland. Bathurst, too, which is ruled by the Right Rev. Dr. Dunne, a saintly son of All Hallows like Dr. O'Connor, is another vast and prosperous territory. In the United States, also, there are many young, progressive dioceses, such as Duluth, Minnesota. During the course of another half century these, and many similar sees, will become sub-divided, and are then likely to require individually almost as many bishops and priests as are at present engaged on missionary work in Ireland.

In addition to the professors of the College, the following priests, nearly all of them past students, assisted at the ordination and solemn imposition of hands: Very Rev. M. J. Shanahan, Ballarat; Very Rev. J. Donohoe, Maitland; Very Rev. Father Hayes, Brisbane; Rev. Father O'Herlihy, C.M., Irish College, Paris; Rev. Thomas O'Brien, and Rev. Father Kiely, Chicago; Rev. Father Dwyer, Goulbourn; Rev. S. M'Gee, Bathurst; Rev. Father Dunne, Sydney; Rev. H. Floyd, Duluth, U.S.A.; Rev. J. Leonard, C.M., St. Patrick's

College, Armagh; Rev. W. Byrne, S.T.L., St. John's College, Waterford; Rev. P. Kilty, C.M., Castleknock College.

* * *

At eleven o'clock the distribution of prizes took place in the library. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, presided. At the conclusion, the President rose and said:—

The President. "I have to express my gratitude to Dr. O'Connor for having conferred Orders here this morning, and to express my indebtedness to the two Bishops—Dr. O'Connor and Dr. Dunne—for their kindness in being present upon this occasion. Consultation of the *Catholic Directory* shows immense dioceses in Australia, yet they are well provided with Catholic Churches and schools. It is matter for great congratulation to reflect how much the bishops and priests have done for religion in these districts. Mr. Birrell, speaking in the House of Commons some time since, expressed his wonder at what the Catholics of England had done in the way of building schools, and that such great work made him regard them with the highest admiration. When we compare what has been done in Australia with that done in England; when we realize that in the latter the Catholic schools and churches were usually confined to a small area, and that the nobility gave great assistance to their erection, and when we see, upon the other hand, what has been done over such immense districts by the bishops and priests of Australia, we may well express our astonishment and amazement, in addition to wonder. These two bishops are old students of All Hallows. I need not say that their *Alma Mater* is proud of them. Nor can I omit references to the kindness of our friends, those priests from Australia and America, who were present at this morning's ceremony, and some of whom we are happy to have now present in this hall. One of them was ordained here forty-two years ago to-day. Now I would ask you to put to your

own ages forty-two years, and see what a span it will cover. I fancy that one fact speaks volumes for the climate of Australia. We are glad to have some of our kind friends from America with us to-day. I desire to state an incident with regard to one of them. On the 13th of May, 1895, there occurred what appeared to be an awful calamity, but what subsequently turned out to be matter for congratulation. On that night our chapel was burned down. Father Terence O'Brien, who was with us this morning, was then sacristan here, and though the place was one mass of flames, this young sacristan heroically made his way through all, and opened the door of the tabernacle for one of our professors, Father Geoghegan, who thus was enabled to save the Blessed Sacrament. I have only to say to the bishops and priests present that the spirit of study and discipline during the year was not only satisfactory, but consoling.

* * *

The Bishop of Armidale. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor then addressed those present :—" Rev. President, Rev. Fathers, and Gentlemen,—Let me, first, thank the rector and professors of this noble institution for their very warm and cordial welcome, and for their kind and generous hospitality during our stay. For myself, I am very glad to be once more within the walls of All Hallows. It is now thirty-one years since I witnessed such a scene as was presented here before us this morning. That is, I am thirty-one years away from the College. I do not know whether Father Moore referred to me when he remarked how well the appearance of those present from Australia 'spoke for' the climate of Australia ; still, I illustrate the effects of a beautiful climate. Having experience of the Irish climate, I would say ours is far preferable. If it comes to choosing between a delightful blue sky with a grand glow, and a weeping climate, I am for Australia. Some parts

indeed, are hot. It is hard to please everybody; but in my diocese, some of the priests prefer the very warmest parts. To-day a fine body of young men presented themselves for ordination. I congratulate them. They have been for years looking forward to and preparing for this day. I wish them every success and prosperity on the mission, and hope that they will honour their calling by doing well God's holy work. In Australia we have a most flourishing Church—one that is progressive in every way. You may, perhaps, know that we have had Councils there every ten years for the past thirty years. We have had also two Catholic Congresses—one in Sydney and one in Melbourne—at which men of great talent read papers, which were criticized by intellects of no ordinary acumen. This shows progress, progress which is traceable to the work of those great leaders of Catholic thought, with whom Australia has been so singularly blessed, those eminent men who guided the infancy of the Catholic Church there, and pointed out the way in which its people were to walk. In the first place, Archbishop Polding, whose history almost resembles a fairy tale, so marvellous in its effects was the success of the simple-minded, holy, old man. Archbishop R. B. Vaughan, a great genius, a splendid orator, a profound scholar, succeeded him. He guided our Church for many years, and was followed by an Irishman—one of the greatest of the century—His Eminence Cardinal Moran. The Cardinal has raised the Church of Australia to a very high degree. He is admired by all, and dreaded by his enemies, and has proved to be one of the greatest rulers of the Church in the Southern Hemisphere. I would like to unite with his name that of another illustrious prelate, Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, whose rule has been most beneficent. These are doing great and noble work, and we pray that they may live long for its continuance. In the future, we shall be face to face with serious problems, which young men will be expected to meet and solve, particularly with regard to Socialism, now

rising so much in America and Australia. I feel satisfied that the study of these matters has not been lost sight of here. It is well for young men to be proficient in them. It is also well to know English literature thoroughly. They will not be asked to speak in Greek or French, but they will be called upon to speak in English, and express their ideas therein clearly and precisely. If they do so, they will win the sympathies of the people and conduct them heavenwards. Before concluding and giving way to Dr. Dunne, let me wish those young priests whom I ordained this morning, a hearty God-speed, and all of you a very enjoyable vacation.

* * *

The Bishop of Bathurst.

Bishop Dunne said his remarks would necessarily be very brief, firstly, because he was on holidays, and he did not believe in thinking or speaking seriously while on a health expedition and a pleasure excursion, and secondly, because the previous speakers had exhausted all that might be said in regard to Australian affairs. He could not, however, allow the opportunity given him to pass without congratulating the students on the large collection of premiums they had received on this interesting occasion. The fact that so large a number had been deemed worthy of prizes and honourable mention was ample evidence of the hard work they were engaged in during the year, for he was well aware their superiors would not offer such awards if they had not been well merited. He regretted that all who deserved such substantial rewards could not be winners, but in such a case he supposed it would take the national treasury to supply the funds, and as it was they must have exhausted all the booksellers' depots. He had much sympathy with the losers and others who could not come to the front ranks, but if they had worked faithfully they would receive everlasting rewards for their labours later. He rejoiced with them also that they were on the eve of a much-needed rest and pleasant relaxation.

Being human, they wanted both rest and diversion to refresh mind and body, and, having discharged their duties with such credit to themselves and their college, they could enter on their vacation with excellent spirits and the determination of making the most of the enjoyments offered them. He had himself worked for months without cessation, and, when returning home for a suitable rest, he felt happy at the good accomplished and the recreation that awaited him. He thought their feelings on the present occasion were of a similar nature, and he thoroughly shared in their happy dispositions and pleasurable expectations. He was delighted to witness the beautiful and impressive celebration of that festival day, and it brought very vividly to his mind such another event thirty-six years ago. A large number of their companions, after many years of prayer and labours, had now reached the object of their ambition, and would soon be engaged in the fruitful and glorious work of the sacred ministry. Others would have to continue their probation and studies for some time to come, and he would exhort them to take the fullest advantage of the opportunities given them. The harder they studied, and the better they were now trained, the lighter and the happier would be their labour in the sacred ministry hereafter. He would suggest to them, however, not to worry themselves too much about the cares and duties of the future—" Sufficient for the day was the evil thereof "—and if they carefully observed the rules of this great institution, and profited by the direction and enlightened training of the learned and experienced teachers and superiors that Providence had given them, they need have no misgivings about the results of their future spiritual occupations. He hoped their lives in the ministry would reflect honour and credit on the College that was so dear to so many missionaries all over the world, that they would advocate its claims and give it a generous support on all available occasions, and that after the glory of God and the salvation of souls

they would labour for the imperishable fame of their *Alma Mater.*

* * *

THE YOUNG PRIESTS OF 1906.

Rev. Edmund M'Auliffe, Sydney
Rev. William O'Connor, Omaha
Rev. William Mulligan, Omaha
Rev. Hugh Breslin, Portsmouth
Rev. Patrick O'Connor, Melbourne
Rev. Thomas Brosnan, Bathurst
Rev. Joseph Bowers, Sydney
Rev. John Coughlin, Ballarat
Rev. Thomas Hayes, Sacramento
Rev. James M'Carthy, Westminster
Rev. Michael Lyons, Kansas City
Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, Perth
Rev. Louis Conway, Ballarat
Rev. Michael Kissane, Ballarat
Rev. John M'Cann, Sale
Rev. John Moran, Sandhurst
Rev. Jodn Enright, Alton
Rev. Patrick Sweeney, Nottingham
Rev. Michael Mulcahy, Ballarat
Rev. Richard O'Regan, Sydney
Rev. James Barry, Hobart
Rev. Michael Kiely, Bathurst

"See you scale life's misty highlands,
By the light of living truth!
And with bosom braced for labour
Breast them in your manly youth;
So when age and care have found you
Shall your downward path be smooth."

—GAVAN DUFFY.

"May the Arm of God protect ye!
May the wisdom of God direct ye!
May God give ye power to preach and teach."
—Ex Lorica S. Patritii.

SALVAGE FROM A LOST NOTEBOOK.

" A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent them ! "

November 1, 1905.—All Saints' Day. The name-day of the College. The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, presides at the High Mass in our beautiful chapel. A splendid function in every sense. In the evening Dr. Walsh did us the honour of coming amongst us ; this time we were to enjoy a concert given by the College students. The critics all delighted. We are also delighted—with ourselves.

December 9.—This Sunday evening after the strains of " Adoremus in Aeternum " following Benediction had died out, the organ suddenly burst into the sublime cadences of Haydn's Imperial Hymn. Dr. O'Mahony stared down the chapel, and began to rub his eyes. But there was a greater shock in store for him ; for at once the words " Holy, Holy, Hail all Holy ! " broke on his astonished ears, from 200 voices. Was he dreaming ? Or, was it Trinity Sunday, 1875, when All Hallows in its " Song of the Sons of God," gave its answer to the famous Belfast address of Professor Tyndall, at the meeting of the British Association ? No ; it was not that day of long ago. But, it was the revival in new All Hallows of that famous song of the far-off past, the words of which Dr. O'Mahony, in his early enthusiastic days composed, and set to the air of the noble Austrian anthem. It was a pleasant surprise planned by his young

admirers for the beloved little doctor. We now give the words as they stood in the first version :—

SONG OF THE SONS OF GOD.

I.

Holy ! Holy ! Hail all-Holy !
Far before beyond all time,
Of all beings Thou art solely
Being wholly, sole Divine !
Boundless ! By Thee, all that great is
Doth with borrowed greatness shine :
Glory, benediction, praise is
Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Thine.

II.

Holy ! Holy ! Hail all-Holy !
For, before, beyond all time,
Glory, blessing, praise, be solely
Lord, O God Almighty, Thine !
Love ! O make us love Thee ever
And the Truth Thy light here shows ;
Life ! O let us leave Thee never,
When this mortal life shall close.

December 16.—A great social function. In the Senior Library the medals are presented to the victorious teams in the Senior and Junior Football and Hurling Leagues. Who does not sigh that he is not an expert footballer or hurler when these little ceremonies come round ? When the conquering heroes had laid the flattering pieces of silver on their waistcoats, and had been duly congratulated, the songsters cleared their voices, and lo ! even a huge gramophone made its appearance. Traditional Irish dancing had we also. Father Sheehy received the sincere and hearty thanks of the students, before the sad moment of breaking up came round, for his great kindness in consenting to distribute the medals, and in providing the very fine gramophone.

December 21.—Christmas Vacation begins. (The heart of

the scribe is evidently too full for many words, his further entry on this day being merely this: "To-day to be marked —with large white stone, or two if obtainable."—Note.)

* * *

January 16, 1906.—(Some gloomy verses are entered under this date with the following: "Christmas Vacation ends."—Note.)

February 26.—Production by the College students of William Shakespeare's (or Francis Bacon's) "King Henry IV, Part I." An able pen has written of that performance at length elsewhere. Loyal work by the players, an unexcelled coaching by Mr. M'Hardy-Flint, and the stage management of Father Sheehy, to these the historian in cold and truthful language attributes the great successes of the past few years.

March 17.—The Feast of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. The religious part of our celebration of Ireland's day was carried out with fervent devotion and strict ceremonial. A sermon in our own tongue by a student who is a native Gaelic speaker (Mr. Martin Sears).

Hitherto the orthodox way of spending St. Patrick's night was listening to songs and recitations by artists from the city. But as good ones are not always obtainable a meeting of the students was called, and a committee appointed to provide us with an appropriate entertainment for our national feast. What a pleasant evening we had, the annalist undertaketh not to say, for "pleasures are like poppies spread—you seize the flower—its bloom is shed—or like the snowflake in the river, one moment there—then gone for ever." The programme speaks for itself—an excellent concert, followed by an amusing farce. To Mr. M. Cronin, as Pierce O'Hara, the success of the latter is mainly to be ascribed. His portrayal of the jovial, careless, generous, dashing Irish attorney, was the main feature of the evening. Mr. Barry gave us a realistic rendering of the fussy red-tape English

lawyer. The other parts, too, were worthy of the leading rôle. They displayed ease and intelligence, and did justice to the various comical situations. All who had a share in the entertainment—the singers, the orchestra, the *farceurs*, the dancers, and above all, the committee—deserve the sincerest congratulations. And it should be encouraging to them to remember that while they were developing their own artistic gifts, they were at the same time acquiring a power of initiative, and a skill in managing entertainments and plays which will be of no little utility in the future, in connection with Catholic halls and Young Men's Societies.

March 25.—The Feast of the Annunciation. The Junior House Library in the evening was the theatre in which the young hopefuls of the lower division trod the boards in broad farce. "The Resurrection of Dinny O'Dowd," was the piece in which they did strut their brief hour. The character that impressed us most was Con (Mr. M. Conlon). But in truth all the players sustained their parts very creditably. Let us mention one more character. The Bailiff of Mr. F. Hickey was a very laughable rendering indeed. During intervals between the scenes some musical items that were much enjoyed were presented by members of the Junior House Choir.

April 12.—Arrival of friends from the sunny south—
"The swallows twitt'ring to the straw-built sheds."

April 19.—A very able and interesting demonstration by Dr. M'Auley of "First Aids to the Injured." One or two enthusiasts wree heard after the lecture to give expression to their longing desires of an opportunity to "aid" some victim of accident. The chronicler calls that misguided zeal.

* * *

Corpus Christi.—Always a joyous day at All Hallows.

"Laudis thema specialis
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur."

Nature and grace harmonize at such a time. The glorious sunshine, the spreading foliage of the trees, the long line of surpliced levites, the rich resonance of the singing, the various grades of the hierarchy—clerics, coped minorites, deacons in dalmatics, priests in chasubles, and an episcopal son of All Hallows following humbly in the rear—all these elements combined to magnify this day of precious memories, and to awaken love and reverence for our invisible Master. With what deep emotion those words of St. Thomas welled up from our hearts :—

" Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio,
Ut te revelato cernens facie
Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae."

June 14.—Father Maturin, who was once a Cowley Father, preached here. It was a very beautiful discourse. The gist of it was that a man must be a disciple before he can be an apostle ; especially is this true of a priest. Our Lord said, " Come to Me, learn of Me," before He said, " Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." The commandment, " Love the Lord thy God," comes before " Love thy neighbour." After faith in God, comes faith in man. We must come in contact with some person and be influenced by him ; we must go in for hero-worship to a certain extent. Law in itself is rigid and unelastic ; but seen in a person who obser ves it, it becomes feasible and attractive.

June 14—This day dawned brightly, a joyous dawn for those soon to become the Lord's anointed. June, of the leaf and blossom, fittingly saw their life's hopes bloom. The fruitful harvest follows after. The old College was *en fête*. Had it not gathered to it its children of every age—students, priests, and bishops ! Dr. O'Connor, its prelate-son from southern seas, raised to the priesthood twenty-two followers in his footsteps. The shady grounds were thronged with visitors till close on noon.

Presiding, later, at the distribution of prizes, his Lordship spoke warm words of encouragement to the young generation in his *Alma Mater*. Then Dr. Dunne, of Bathurst, in a racy chat, exhorted all to loyalty to All Hallows. He loves his old College, no priest from its walls needs introduction to his diocese. But, at dinner in the great refectory a unique reunion followed. A concert and last pleasant *ceilidh* was devised to beguile

" . . . the sorrow of that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away."

Very fitting it was that those, so long amongst us, so soon to pass from us for aye, should spend the last hours so. Fitting, too, it was that the sons of All Hallows, so united, to part so soon, should join in the fine All Hallows song, " Good Night."

* * *

September 7, 1906.—An excellent retreat, conducted by the Very Rev. Father Griffith. All in good form and cheer for the coming year.

September 21.—Father Gwynne gave us a very interesting " talk " on his mission in South Carolina, and on our future work. Out of a population of 1¼ millions two-thirds are negroes, and of the white population only 8,000 are Catholics. A priest's work consists in visiting the various Catholic missions, and in mixing with the Protestants, dissipating their prejudices, and disabusing them of their distorted notions of the Church. The most important requisite for a missionary is real goodness—nothing else will stand the wear and tear of time. " I say to you, my friends, in all earnestness as a fellow-student who knelt where you kneel, that a young man must be straight and honest, with himself, with his conscience, with his superiors, and if he has not a strong vocation and a spirit of unselfishness he ought retire at once from the fighting line. . . . I suggest to you also to cultivate

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presiding at High Mass.

the social virtues—the external courtesies you notice in gentlemen of the world. A priest must observe the laws and conventions of society, otherwise he will be despised and his influence will be gone. Good manners, perfect cleanliness, personal becomingness—these things are essential. . . . Christ, our Master, was a perfect man. . . . I urge also on your attention the art of speaking—I mean, especially, a refined and cultivated voice, and correctness of accent and intonation. I know there is such a thing as a legitimate brogue—but a determined student will strive to cast off everything that lessens his capacity for good. . . . One word more. I advise every one of you not to touch drink at all. It is perilous. It is a subtle traitor . . . You have a glorious work to do to keep alive the torch of Revelation at a time when the whole world, as at the end of the eighteenth century, is turning to naturalism. The time you spend here is short—learn all you can ; the longer you live, the more you will realize how little you know. Acquire habits of study and a love for books. Be perfect gentlemen ; neglect nothing that will advance the cause of Truth ; and pray for Father Murphy and myself in our joyful struggles in Carolina."

* * *

October 14.—A pleasant run south. Who would believe it ? An event takes place in Cork, unheard of for three hundred years—the consecration of a church. It is the Vincentian Church so magnificently situated on the city's slope at Sunday's Well. A special choir is requisitioned from Dublin for the occasion, and the baton is in the hands of our own Dr. Sexton. The President allows some of us, fourth divines, to go as part of the choir. What a delightful time we had !

" With deep affection
And recollection,
We often think of
Those Shandon Bells,

Whose sounds so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling round Prout's cradle
Their magic spells."

* * *

November 1.—All Hallows Day. Jupiter Pluvius was on his worst behaviour, treating us to imitation shower baths on an extensive scale. Oh, for an Aula Maxima on days such as these! The day began as usual with solemn High Mass, followed by Benediction, at which His Grace, Dr. Walsh, presided. The ceremonies were faultless and impressive; and the choir, that went from Dublin to sing at the dedication of the Vincentian Church in Cork, gave us a rare treat, which we will not readily forget. All Hallows men do not need to be told that November 1 is a "gaudy" day; so we only allude to the fact *cum omni quod hoc importat*, as a distinguished professor would add. The day wound up with a high-class concert in the refectory, the programme of which we append.

PART I.

CHORUS	"Hail to the Chief"	*Bishop*
	CHOIR.	
PIANO DUETS	Military March	*Diabelli*
	Hungarian March	*Schubert*
SONGS	Battle Hymn	Irish
	Battle Song	Manx
	MR. CRONIN.	
DUET	"Watchman, What of the Night?"	*Sergeant*
	FR. SEXTON.	
SONG		Irish
	MR. SEARS.	
SOLO AND HUMMING TRIO	"Home, Sweet Home"	*Bishop*
CHORUS	"A Little Boat Song"	—
	CHOIR.	
SONG	"Nirvana"	*Adams*
	FR. SEXTON.	

PART II.

TRIO	"Gather Your Rosebuds"	*Lawes*
	MESSRS. O'SULLIVAN, CROWLEY AND MASTERSON.	
SONG	"The Deathless Army"	*Trotcie*
	MR. MASTERSON.	
SONGS	Turf-Cutting Song	Irish
	Turf-Cutting Song	Manx
	MR. CROWLEY.	
SOLO AND HUMMING QUARTETTE	"Lovely Vale"	*J. Beschnitt*
SONG	"William Dhoar" (Manx Hero)	Manx
	MR. ST. CROIX.	
SONG	"Ireland, I love you"	*R. H. Browne*
	MR. O'MULLANE.	
QUARTETTE	"Oft in the Stilly Night"	*Moore*
	CHOIR.	

* * *

November 10.—The annual Solemn Requiem Mass for the deceased Benefactors of the College was celebrated. In addition to this annual celebration, the Holy Sacrifice is offered daily for all Benefactors living and dead.

December 2.—Bad news from Cork—one of our professors withdrawn. We had hoped against hope that he would be left with us. But St. Finn Barr said nay, and, with a sort of twinkle in his celestial eye, told us he could no longer resist the touching appeal of the song :—

> "Take me back, take me back
> To the sweet sunny south."

In spite, however, of our disappointment we confess that there is a certain destiny, even a fittingness, in what has happened. For if Cork be the Athens of Ireland—which nobody dare deny—what could be more natural than that, like her Attican prototype, she should wish to allure to her academies minds of a noble tone? If the Queen's College is about to evolve into a University, what more reasonable

than that the clergy by the Lee, as well as those who are to succeed them, should desire to have at the head of their Seminary one to whom they can look with confidence and with pride? We heartily wish Dr. Sexton a brilliant future in his new sphere of activity. We hope that notwithstanding his many imtellectual preoccupations he will sometimes remember All Hallows, and sometimes revisit the corridors and shady walks, which for years had grown familiar with his dainty footfall. We shall not forget him. Even to the lands beyond the seas, whither we are going, we shall bring with us the memory of his keen intellect, of his artistic temperament, and above all of the unbroken tenor of his priestly example.

December 11.—Distribution of medals. Father Sheehy kindly presides. The deep interest he takes in our games and recreations is fully appreciated. Mr. Patrick O'Shea gave us beautiful renderings of Irish melodies.

* * *

February 2, 1907.—The President, long an adept in the use of the trowel, lays the foundation stone of the Aula Maxima.

February 12.—Shrove Tuesday. Production of "Hamlet." It was fitting that the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies should terminate the series in the Library. Next year we expect to have our new Aula Maxima in working order.

* * *

Holy Week.—"Viae Sion lugent—facta est quasi vidua domina gentium—recordata est dierum afflictionis suae." The pathetic lamentations of Jeremiah, sweetly rendered amidst the outward symbols of gloom and mourning, are calculated to make a lasting impression. On *Holy Thursday*

there is a sudden pause in the mournful commemorations; grateful Christian hearts burst forth into hymns and canticles of joy, and throughout the day, while "all the air a solemn stillness holds," clusters of students gather lovingly around the altar of Repose. At noon Father Leonard gave us a touching practical discourse on the Mystery of Love. After the eloquent ceremonies of *Good Friday* morning, we returned to the chapel to listen to the no less eloquent pleadings of Father O'Farrell, on behalf of the dying Saviour. He beautifully expanded those words of Christ, *Consummatum est*—"Father, I have accomplished the work Thou gavest Me to do,"—and then earnestly urged us so to shape our aims and our lives, that when the shadows fall, we, too, may be able to say confidently: "We have fought the good fight, we have been true to our College principles." At eight o'clock, according to time-honoured tradition, we went in a body round the Stations of the Cross, the choir and the students singing alternate verses of the "Stabat Mater."

"Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth,
Should touch the heart with softer power,
For comfort, than an angel's mirth?
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn,
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?"

We are all familiar with the note of exultation which heralds the returning "Light of Christ," on *Saturday* morning. Every year we look forward to the joyous music of the *Exultet*, and to Dr. O'Mahony's threefold acclaim of the ascending Alleluia. On *Easter Sunday*, our "Forty Hours" begin—how appropriate and realistic that our Risen Master should show Himself enthroned on our chaste altar, and from amidst our humble offering of flowers and lights and scented shrubs, dispense to His little flock the fragrance of His Presence. The order and reverence with which those days of Exposition are honoured are calculated to awaken

homage in the heart of every onlooker, and a deep conviction of the influence and need of graceful ceremonies.

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Easter Week.—Excursions by train in the early part of the day to Howth, Killiney, Lucan, Tallaght, etc. Gracious hospitality of the Dominican Fathers, amongst whom we discovered an esteemed alumnus of All Hallows, the Rev. P. M'Kenna, O.P. Each evening some mental pabulum in the form of a lecture, music and dramatic art.

Tuesday Evening.—Dr. Coffey, one of the members of the recent Royal Commission on University Education, brought us in spirit to Spain, and gave us graphic literary pictures of its marvellous architecture, its picturesque people, and its bloody bull fights.

Wednesday Evening.—"Tempus erat dapibus choragi." The unmusical tribe, rooks, crows, and daws, retired to study and contemplation, while the songsters of the College, in other words Caecilius Lonergan and the choir, were invited by the genial Bursar to a special tea, with various interludes, *et caetera de more*, as the concise calendar says.

Thursday Evening.—Our old and esteemed friend, Father Phelan, S.J., came before us this evening, and, though he had only a day's notice, gave us a charming combination of the *dulce cum utili*, tactfully diluting the wisdom of the travelled, well-read Jesuit with Hibernian wit and humour. He described Australian life, its gay, quick-witted people, the boundless "bush," and the joys and dangers that await the young missionary.

Friday Evening.—Mr. T. J. O'Donnell presented to an expectant audience his latest comedy, "The Falling Tear." "Unparalleled success," as the papers say. It evoked the cheery spirits of the heart—merriment, fun, and "laughter holding both his sides."

* * *

The coming Aula Maxima.

May 5.—Cuckoo !

" Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet, thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing
A voice, a mystery."

May 14.—Spring in the Park again. The birds are singing, the boulevards are green, and Pompey is blooming once more ; blooming as he used do in the days of Father Hand ; as he shall be doing, if not *per omnia sæcula sæculorum*, at least *a generatione in generationem alumnorum Collegii Omnium Sanctorum*—when we have all gone away. When some of us have gone to our eternal account, have passed our last exam. and others are about completing their course on their missions throughout the world, All Hallows men just come from " The College " shall be telling how :—

" Pompey is blooming there still,
And the thrushes still sing round the green Boulevards."

May 20.—Annual procession to Father Hand's grave, where with grateful hearts we recite a *De Profundis* for the benefactors of the College. What an appropriate epitaph is the one inscribed on our saintly Founder's tomb : " Vir simplex, rectus, ac timens Deum "—one who, to childlike simplicity and manly rectitude united the reverential spirit of a creature.

* * *

Aula Maxima.

The Directors have long felt the need of an *Aula Maxima* or large hall, where the entire body of students could occasionally be assembled for lectures and other public functions. As, however, the funds of the College, limited and sacred as they are, were not available for such a project, it had to be postponed from year to year. Last Spring a benefactor unexpectedly came forward and encouraged them to begin by offering a considerable nucleus for a building

fund. Several esteemed past students, on hearing that the long-wished-for hall was at last in embryo forwarded generous letters of approval and encouragement. We venture to give some of their names, and return them all the lasting gratitude of their *Alma Mater*.

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous	300	0	0
Rev. Timothy Crowe, Richmond . .	10	0	0
Rev. Terence O'Brien, Chicago . .	20	0	0
Rev. John McGowan, Down and Connor .	5	0	0
Rev. Eugene Feeney, Lincoln . . .	20	0	0
Rev. John Hennessy, ,, . . .	20	0	0
Rev. Fr. Bradley, ,, . . .	10	0	0
Rev. David Cronin, ,, . . .	10	0	0

THE SPIRIT OF ALL HALLOWS.

FATHER JOHN HAND, the saintly founder of All Hallows College, was truly a *homo Dei*. He was a man of God, especially in the fact that he wished to see God's work done, first, in his own soul, and then in the souls of others. In previous numbers of the ANNUAL, his life and personal character have been brought under the notice of its readers, also his work in the foundation of this College. In this short paper it is my purpose to refer briefly to the spirit he breathed into the College, a spirit which, with the advance of years, has made itself felt in the young men trained within its venerable walls.

God's work, as I have said, was the aim of his life. The idea of the foundation of All Hallows arose from his desire that God's work, begun in Catholic Ireland in the souls of Irish men and women, would not be frustrated when, through forced emigration, they left their native land for climes foreign alike to their race and creed. He wished to send them priests of their own kith and kin, to enable them to

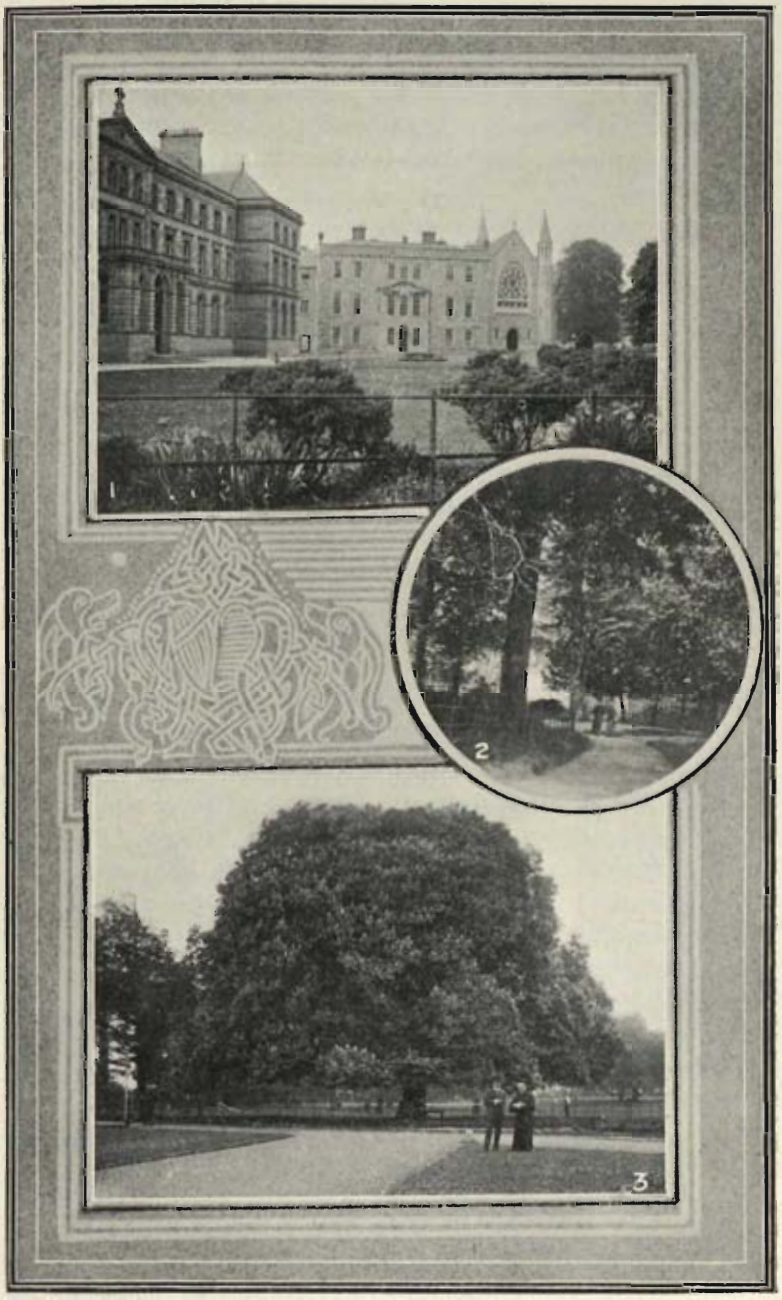
correspond with God's grace and to fulfil God's will in their various walks in life. But the priests to be sent to them were to be men who would do this work, thoroughly and unselfishly. To do so they should have a perfect realization of their great vocation and mission. Thus, from the moment students entered the College, he wished them to understand that they came not for merely personal ends, not to follow a line in life that would be safe and comfortable for them in time and eternity, not even to work for the benefit of others, but chiefly to do God's work. When he spoke to them of their high vocation, as he often did, he impressed this on them, time out of mind. He used to say to them: "My children, when you are studying in your rooms and preparing to fit yourselves to be Apostles, to carry the good tidings to those of your race beyond the seas, often raise your eyes from your books, and fix them on your crucifix, and say, 'All for Thee, Lord, all for Thee.'" To do God's work, then, was what Father Hand wished those trained in All Hallows to realize was their life's duty.

This shows what was the spirit which All Hallows received from its saintly founder. Therefore its first characteristic note is purity of intention. It is a lively impression that God is being served, and a corresponding efficacious intention to work for His sake only, to do well what is to be done, simply because the work is His in whose service each student is taught to feel he has enlisted himself, on the day he enters the College to prepare for the priesthood. This idea, with the train of thought it suggests, and the state of feeling it gives rise to, is fostered in several ways; kept alive and active; in its different bearings it is dwelt on in the morning's meditation; its practical consequences in particular cases form the matter for self-examination in particular and general scrutinies of conscience; and motives for general action are, as far as possible, taken from it in the evening's spiritual lecture, and the Thursday morning's conference. In direction and in the

sacred tribunal, it is still further instilled into the mind ; and the official book of devotions for the College—the *All Hallows Manual*—keeps it constantly before the students in its instructions, explanations, and prayers.

Even in their intellectual works, the motive most insisted on is the necessity of preparing to do God's work. Human rewards are not dangled before them ; they are alluded to, as certain to come to the man who does his duty. But work for God is insisted on as the real aim of all intellectual effort. Recreation, too, and games are taught to be looked on from a supernatural point of view. Students are got to realize that they can serve God, and perform meritorious acts, when they are engaged in the playing-fields, as well as when they are going through purely spiritual exercises. The motive, they are made to feel, is the chief thing. So, too, when rules are explained to them, as they are at the beginning of each academic year, the students are implored never to think of punishment for violation of them, but of the Great Master they are serving, " Whom to serve is to reign." The great ideals of the priestly life, the character-formation attained, the preparation for a life of self-sacrifice secured, and all that God may be served—these are the motives placed before the students for observance of rule, and not threats of punishment. Thus they come to have a real respect for rules ; they no longer regard them as penal laws to be evaded, but as wise ordinances to fit them for their life's work. They become rather ashamed than afraid of violating rules. They feel they are trusted, and they respect that trust. They come in time to regard their superiors, not as task-masters, but as elder brothers and friends, and the head of the College as a father. The atmosphere created thus, is that of a well-ordered home, and the rule of the house a paternal one.

A high type, therefore, of priestly virtue is what All Hallows expects from its sons, as the fruit of the spirit received



1. A view from the walnut tree. 2. In the shade of the Boulevard.
3. Under the spreading chestnut tree.

from its saintly founder and early directors. Everything should be cultivated to attain this high ideal of the man who will give his life to God's work. There cannot be too high a preparation, therefore, for the priesthood. There might be considered to be four elements in the priestly character—the man, the gentleman, the Christian, and the priest. Each requires to get as much perfectibility as possible. The *Man* should have all the natural virtues. He should be truthful just, brave, relf-respecting, prudent, temperate, the soul of honour. These are all looked for from him, merely as a man, and for the priest going to a foreign land, among strangers in religion and nationality, it is of the utmost importance that his manhood should primarily shine forth. They will test him, as a man first, and, if he stands that test, all will be well for him. From respect for the man, they will come to respect his office.

The priest must be a *gentleman*. He must, in a word, have the social qualities that win respect. Cardinal Newman says " it is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain." The gentleman has thought for others first, he is unselfish. He is " all things to all men. " Therefore, he cultivates the graces that go so much to make social success. He is a model of cleanliness and good taste, in person and dress. He cultivates ease of manner, a good style of speaking, and courteous deference to others. He has no pretence or display. He is simply his natural self perfected. These are the leading characteristics of the gentlemanly character. All these are expected of the priest ; for he must move in society, and obey its unwritten laws, otherwise he will fail to influence it. But he *must* influence it, to win it for God. That is his work in life. So his duty here is clearly marked, too. He must be a gentleman.

Far more, however, is required of the priest. On him the Christian system must emphatically set its seal. Besides being a man and a gentleman, he must be a *Christian* in name

and in deed. He must be a man of self-control, and supernatural virtue. The Christian must supernaturalize the man and the gentleman, in him. He must be a man of faith. He must be charitable. He must be meek and a lover of the Cross. He must forgive injuries. Christian principles must enter into his daily life, and regulate his conduct. He must be a model to others in his life. This is expected from every Christian, much more, therefore, from the priest.

Finally, however, it is simply, as the *priest*, that the anointed minister of God must stand forth. His ideal is the highest any mortal can have. He is to be a second Christ, a mediator between God and man. He is to call down his God upon the altar, and offer up the Spotless Victim for the living and the dead. From his lips will go forth, as long as the world lasts, the sentence of pardon to the sinner. He is, then, to realize that everything that pertains to his high office, and prepares him for his life's duty, merits his serious attention. Thus the Church's rubrics, ceremonies, chant, are all to be studied with loving care, for the sake of Him, to whose worship they are dedicated. As a preacher, too, God's priest must treat "the word of God" reverently. In him, therefore, who has dedicated his life to the sanctuary, it is especially the *priest* that must be manifest. The man, the gentleman, the Christian, must be transformed into the priest. He must have the priestly mind, or what is called the ecclesiastical spirit. He must be the most unworldly of men, though moving through the midst of the world. He must be a man of spotless purity, and blind obedience. He must be devoted to the progress of the Church, and have burning zeal for souls. But the motive of it all must be the greater honour and glory of God. And from the beginning this is what the College training of the All Hallows priest keeps before him—the precious heirloom of Father Hand. He will be a success as a student and a priest, if he never lose sight of his life's purpose, God's work.

When temptations and trials come in after years to the sons of All Hallows, what will save them? The work, through God's grace, that their *Alma Mater* was enabled to do for their souls. The spirit they imbibed within its hallowed walls; that subtle, intangible thing, greater than environment or heredity, the voice of the past speaking in the undying traditions of the place, telling the purpose of life. This is the voice that speaks to the Freshman in his first Retreat, and to the Fourth Divine, when as a man, he looks back on the scenes of his youth; and, in the depths of his soul thanks God, he has never done anything unworthy of his College, and hopes he never will. This is the spirit of All Hallows; not the spirit of a barracks, or of a mere school; but the spirit of a place that has been a home to her sons, a true *Alma Mater*; the spirit of love for God and Man, of natural honour, and of supernatural and priestly virtue. This is the spirit that raised up the Church in America and Australia; it is our grandest inheritance, which please God we shall cherish *usque ad consummationem.*

JOSEPH S. SHEEHY, C.M.

THE BANNER OF THE LORD.

I.

HARK to the loving Saviour's voice:
"Go! teach the nations all!"
Well may All Hallows sons rejoice
Whom He thus deigns to call.
The toil sublime with love embrace,
And reap the grand reward,
Unfold before each erring race,
The Banner of the Lord.

Chorus.

Thee, Alma Mater, Mother fair!
We hail with sweet accord,
With love, thy children teach, to bear
The Banner of the Lord.

II.

In lands afar, for Christ our King,
Our comrades bravely fight,
Where darkness reigned they haste to bring
The Holy Gospel's Light.
And zeal and love can never rest—
Can never sheathe the sword—
Till every Land on earth has blessed
The Banner of the Lord.

III.

Sing fondly Alma Mater's fame,
And love her more and more,
Go, sound abroad the Master's name
As did her sons of yore.
May God give us their ardent zeal,
To spread the living word,
And to the gazing world reveal
The Banner of the Lord.

J. CULLEN.

Monsignor O'Reilly,

Chivilcoy, Argentina, a notice of whom appears on another page.

From the Mission Field.

" Am I remembered in Erin ?
I charge you, tell me true.
Has my name a sound, a meaning,
In the scenes my boyhood knew ?
Does the heart of the Mother ever
Recall her exile's name ?
For to be forgot in Erin
And on earth is all the same."

Monsignor O'Reilly.

MONSIGNOR O'REILLY of Chivilcoy, is a venerable figure, a noble type of the Irish priesthood. The Irish Catholics of the Argentine, a prosperous sturdy intelligent colony, love and revere him. He has been one of their faithful chaplains for forty years, and during that period he never once shrank from the labours and hardships incidental to a missionary's life in a new and growing country. Hence there was a feeling of widespread satisfaction when it came to be known through the Papal Nuncio of Buenos Ayres, Archbishop Tabucci, that the chaplain of the Irish had been appointed *Cappellano Segreto d'onore* to the Pope, and a banquet was organized in honour of the newly-created Monsignor which, the *Southern Cross* informs us, was one of the most successful social events that has ever taken place among the children of St. Patrick in the far-off Argentine. " At first," writes the able editor of that paper, " Father O'Reilly's only thought was to decline the offered dignity —a dignity which he had neither ambitioned nor sought,

and which was originated in Rome, without even the slightest knowledge on his part of the matter. 'For goodness' sake,' said he, when we spoke to him about the expected papers of nomination, 'do not say anything about this honour. I would be better pleased than you can imagine, if there was never another word about it.'

"'But, why?' we asked.

"'Well,' he replied, 'I have no desire for such honours. A quiet life is my greatest ambition. I have shunned the glare of publicity all my life as much as I could. I am happier in retirement.'

"'But this is a compliment to the whole community.'

"'Others have said the same thing to me, and I suppose there is a point in it. But have mercy on me. Don't be rushing me into print until there is no way out of it.'

" When we heard that the documents had reached him, we got into communication with him.

"'The heartiest congratulations of the *Southern Cross* to you, Monsignor,' we began.

"'Many thanks,' he said, 'but keep it as quiet as possible.'

"'You cannot hide it any longer,' we urged. 'It has to come out now.'

"'I suppose so,' he said. 'You can publish it then, in your next issue, but be very moderate, won't you?'

"'We will do our best. Is there anything particular you would wish us to say?'

" He thought for a few moments and then he said. 'Yes. Kindly say for me that although this has come unsought, and although I never coveted it, still I am none the less sensible of the honour. I am deeply thankful to the Holy Father, and I thank the prelates, dignitaries, and my fellow priests who interested themselves in my behalf.'

" We respect his wishes. It would be difficult to meet a man who more distinctly means what he says; and he is not

a man of many words. We are sure his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, and their children, and his brother priests in the Argentine Republic, will rejoice that this honour has come to a priest who is now as he has ever been—first and last and always—one of themselves. The flowers of rhetoric might be culled in vain to find a more fitting tribute to pay to a priest of Ireland ; and it can be offered to our respected Monsignor in all sincerity and truth."

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Very Rev. Dean Smith.

We learn from the *Catholic Messenger* that Father J. Smith, who was ordained in 1870, has been pastor of Emmetsburg, Iowa, since 1872. During those thirty-five years he has advanced the interests of Catholicity in Dubuque to an extent that no dry statistics can do justice to. On his arrival in Palo Alto County, there were only forty Catholic families in an immense area that included even the southern extremities of Minnesota. Had not Father Smith been a man of splendid physique, as well as a priest of strong will and practical piety, he could never have succeeded in fulfilling the arduous duties of his pastorate, much less have laid the foundations of a new diocese. For the new see of Sioux City has been carved out of Iowa, and more than a hundred priests are now ministering where the young Irishman began in the seventies. Father Smith was far-seeing and sagacious, and, anticipating that towns and cities would soon occupy the untenanted country, he took care to secure ample property rights for the future needs of the Church. But man of affairs and capable administrator though he has proved himself, he is still more appreciated as a counsellor, a true friend, and an upright loyal priest. " Wherever," says the *Messenger*, " the people want a father's help, in the factory or in the church, in sorrow or in joy, by their hearths or in the public arena, there has Dean Smith been always found in their midst, strong, generous, and wise."

The President of Manly College, Sydney.

Last year the V. Rev. Hugh M'Dermott was appointed Rector of the great Australian ecclesiastical College at Manly, by his Eminence Cardinal Moran. As Father M'Dermott is still comparatively a young man, his selection for so responsible a position bears testimony more eloquently than words to the high esteem in which he is held by prelates and priests in Australia. But it should not be forgotten, says the *Catholic Press*, that even "as a student he attracted the appreciation of his superiors. Less than twenty years ago, the Directors of All Hallows, recognizing his high intellectual attainments and the priestly spirit that governed his conduct, invited him to join the College teaching staff. This he gladly did, and for two years continued to discharge his duties with remarkable efficiency. In 1889, the newly opened College of Manly, being naturally solicitous to secure the service of able ecclesiastics, applied to Dr. Fortune for the young professor, and at once Father M'Dermott, in accordance with his Archbishop's wishes, took possession of the chair of Moral Theology at St. Patrick's. In his new post he proved himself a capable and inspiriting teacher, and rapidly acquired a reputation for a wide acquaintance with sacred learning. Now that he has been made Rector of the leading College in Australia, his friends both here and across the seas, rejoice at his well-merited advancement to an office as honourable as it is responsible."

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Monsignor O'Brien.

We take the following from the Sydney *Catholic Press*, for January 10 of this year: "The Right Rev. Monsignor O'Brien (Rector of St. John's College within the University) left on Saturday by the 'Barbarossa,' on a health voyage to Colombo. The Monsignor is one of the most popular prelates in Australia, and his friends were resolved not to allow the opportunity to pass without showing him how he is esteemed. When the

Monsignor Dillon,
Buenos Aires.

Monsignor O'Brien,
Sydney.

testimonial presented to him at the Hotel Australia, on Thursday afternoon was first proposed, the Monsignor intimated his unwillingness to accept anything of the kind, but the movers in the matter were determined. . . . A large number of Monsignor O'Brien's friends went down to the 'Barbarossa' at the N. D. Wharf, on Saturday, to wish him a pleasant and recuperative voyage." That it proved both, and especially "recuperative," we are happy to learn from a subsequent number of the *Catholic Press* reporting his remarks at a meeting in which he took part shortly after his return.

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Many generations of students have passed through All Hallows since Monsignor O'Brien left his chair of Moral Theology there for his present important charge. Many also passed through the House during his long connection with it as student and professor. So, if only for its biographical reference, very many of our readers even outside Australia will be interested in the following notice which appeared as a leaderette in the *Catholic Times* shortly before he left Dublin—just twenty years ago:—"The Very Rev. James O'Brien, D.D., Vice-President of the Catholic Missionary College, All Hallows, Drumcondra, has accepted through His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Rectorship of St. John's College, Sydney, which may be briefly described as the Catholic College of the premier University of Australia. Its present distinguished President commenced his studies in All Hallows. From there, towards the end of his course, he was sent to the Seminario Romano, where he completed his studies and took with considerable distinction the degree of Doctor of Divinity On his return to All Hallows he was appointed to the chair of Moral Theology, which he has ever since continued to fill; and with marked success, as hundreds of Missionaries through out the English-speaking world have reason to know." As such newspaper paragraphs usually are, the above was

anonymous. It will not take from its interest for our reader to note here that the writer was Dr. O'Mahony—Monsignor O'Brien's fellow-professor and fellow-dean in the House at the time. He, too, by the way, has great faith in the "recuperative" effect of a long sea-voyage—a form of recuperation to which, as it happens, most All Hallows men have to submit, and which, by all accounts, nowadays at least, they greatly enjoy; particularly those whose voyage, like Monsignor O'Brien's last, implies a visit to Colombo.

The Sydney *Catholic Press* gave a fine likeness of him in connexion with its notice of his departure for that visit. We adjoin an interesting one taken here a few years before he left the College. The priest in our picture standing by his side was an All Hallows class mate, just then on a visit to Ireland, but since dead, Monsignor Dillon, Canon of the Archdiocese of Buenos Ayres, for a time Senator of the Argentine Republic, and gratefully remembered by Irish Catholics in that part of the world as, in addition to other thoughtful work for their spiritual and temporal welfare, founder of their still flourishing organ the *Southern Cross*.

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Monsignor Barry.

So our former "Minister" and Professor of Scripture—"Father Syll" of old times—for many years already Vicar-General of Sandhurst, and for some time Doctor of Divinity, is now also a Monsignor. Here speaking of him only as known to All Hallows over twenty golden years ago, all we would say is: we are sure he deserves any testimonial of personal or official regard he may receive, taking him all in all, as a priest, and a man, and an Irishman, with the best characteristics of a Wexfordman to boot. He is now, we cannot forget, quite other than a young man, yet we may hope he will live many more years to do honour to the dignity to which he has been raised—and to his old *Alma Mater*, for he was a student of All Hallows before becoming one

of its professors. As he was of the same year as Monsignors O'Brien and Dillon (1862), his class has now given three Monsignors to dioceses under the light of the Southern Cross.

* * *

Monsignor M'Namee.

In the present ANNUAL, as in former ones, are recorded a number of All Hallows men who have been singled out for honourable distinction; but in the long list there is not one who was more deserving of the laurels of recognition than Monsignor M'Namee, of Brooklyn. For well nigh forty years he has been an efficient, energetic missionary in his adopted Diocese, leading in public a life which has been well described as the fitting complement and sequel of his collegiate course. Concerning that course we have the testimony of an experienced and sagacious observer of men declaring that it was characterized by solid qualities of heart and head. "Never did a better student pass through All Hallows!" He was manly—strong in those homely, fundamental virtues which are a main guarantee of perseverance. He was studious—alert at all those branches of learning which mould and inform the minister of the Gospel. Above all, he was high-principled—neither human ambition nor temporal advancement constrained his footsteps, nothing but the Charity of Christ. Doubtless the grace of God was the chief factor in the formation of so priestly a character; but some credit should be given to the staunch and sturdy spirit which he inherited from a long line of honourable ancestors. The M'Namees had been for generations a fine old Irish family that gave many of its members to the service of the Church, and we have no need of modern theories to enable us to appreciate the telling influence of such a fact. The dawning promises of Joseph M'Namee's youth and spring-time have not been falsified—they have issued in a rich harvest: in the venerable pastor of St. Teresa's Parish we may now behold the ripeness of a manhood crowned with fruits and good works. The Monsignor is already in his sixty-sixth year, and round his ample

brow the snowfall of time lies in abundance. But the revolving years have scarcely touched his tall and vigorous frame—he is still the hale and hearty son of one who lived, with faculties unimpaired, to the very verge of a century. From his lips you will, however, hear no word of egotism—from others you must learn the record of his pastorate, of the spiritual, even more than the material, edifice, which he has built up for many years—the young he has moulded into good citizens, the erring sheep he has brought back, the heavy-laden he has comforted, the good he has sustained, and the multitudes he has nourished with sound doctrine. It is not surprising that his own Bishop and the Supreme Pastor selected him last year for special distinction, and created him Prelate and Monsignor of the Roman Court. We may acknowledge, indeed, that such a dignity can in no way enhance his real worth ; but if the fertile vine receives a meed of praise, and if warriors and benefactors are crowned with laurels, it is only right and proper to honour and applaud the rarer achievements of virtuous men.

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Monsignor Masterson.

For forty years Father Masterson has laboured in the Diocese of Kingston, Canada. His success has been commensurate with his activity, and there are few priests in the Dominion who have a better title to be ranked among evangelical *operarii*. Glengarry was his first mission, and neither the zeal which characterized his early years nor the affectionate esteem which it enkindled in the Scotch Catholics of that locality has been diminished by time or change. The clergy, as well as the laity, have always looked upon Father Masterson as a model of the sacerdotal virtues. Archbishop Cleary, appreciating the breadth and prudence of his mind, appointed him Dean. Archbishop Gauthier made him his Vicar-General and, in his absence, Administrator of the Diocese. In fine, the present Holy Father, hearing of his tireless energy —of the magnificent church he had erected, and of his loyalty

to his people—raised him to the high dignity of domestic prelate with the title and insignia of a Monsignor of the first rank. We may well believe that the kindly, modest Pastor of Prescott would prefer to continue a simple *soggarth aroon*. But we are sure that, even clothed in the purple, he will be as humble and as beloved among his parishioners for the next, no less than for the past, quarter of a century.

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Monsignor M'Carthy.

It is but the simple truth to say that all who ever knew Father John M'Carthy were delighted to hear that in recognition of his success as a missionary priest our Holy Father had made him a Prelate of the Church. The good news came last summer, and brought joy to the companions of his childhood in Brooklyn, his native city; to his kindred in Ireland; to his class-mates scattered all over the world, who loved and esteemed him as the soul of honour and the truest of friends; to the people whose good pastor he had been in the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles. But nowhere was the news received with such gratification as at his *Alma Mater* to which he is an honour and where he is still held in affectionate remembrance. We heartily congratulate the youthful Monsignor, and we pray that he may live long not only to wear his honours but also to bless the fortunate people committed to his care.

* * *

Very Rev. G. F. Fallon.

In the *Freeman's Journal* of Sydney, there is an interesting account of the transformation of a mining camp into a flourishing town. We read that in the 'eighties 10,000 thirsty gold-seekers camped under canvas at Temora, and that in a few years, when the mines failed, they had nearly all melted away. Then farming operations began, the railway platforms groaned with stacks of grain, and in one season agriculture yielded more wealth than the panning and

sluicing processes of a decade. Ecclesiastical progress has kept pace with the growth of the district, and that such is the case—that religion, like a wholesome leaven, permeates the entire community—is altogether due to the influence and energy of Temora's popular pastor, the Very Rev. G. F. Fallon. He has built a presbytery, and called to his aid two devoted Irish curates. He has erected a convent and school for the education of the young. And he is now engaged in raising a temple to God, which will complete the Catholic Square of Temora and stand forth as a striking symbol of the faith as well as of the prosperity of its people. What surer evidence of Father Fallon's hold on the hearts of his people could be given than that last March they came together in large numbers, Protestants and Catholics alike, and in a few minutes placed on the foundation stone a sum of £2,000, in sums varying from five pounds to a hundred. "Justus ut palma florebit."

* * *

Rev. D. Menagh.

More than a year ago the Catholics of Alfreton and Ripley in England, presented an address to their Pastor, the Very Rev. D. Meenagh, in the course of which the following passage occurs: "During the past twenty-five years you have been to the Catholics of this district a real father and friend, a true shepherd, never studying your own interests, never failing in your duty, never resting in your strenuous efforts for the maintenance and spread of our holy religion." From the reply of the indefatigable missionary graphically pourtrayed in this one sentence we give a few extracts, which are both interesting and suggestive:—"For the last twenty-five years I have put confidence in you, and you have not betrayed me. Nor do I think I have betrayed you. During all those years you have had Mass each Sunday, on the minute of eleven o'clock, except one Sunday, when I could not get through the snow, and arrived about

1, Half-time palaver. 2. First aid to wounded. 3. An anxious moment.
4. A drive. 5 Senior goal in danger. 6. An interested on-looker.

twelve o'clock. When I say Mass in Clay Cross at 9.15, and come to Alfreton, a distance of five or six miles over the Derbyshire hills, and say Mass at eleven o'clock, and get back to Clay Cross about two o'clock, I do not require more to give me an appetite. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than coming to Alfreton, because I know that the majority of you come a distance of five or six miles every Sunday to Mass. God has blessed me with good health. I never think about it. I have one in the congregation that does all the thinking for me. Dr. Corkery keeps his eye over me every Sunday, and gives me a bit of his mind if he finds I am not up to the mark. This district is not now what it was twenty-five years ago. In those days people had curious ideas about Catholics. All they knew about them was what they heard from Bible Society orators, who to dig they are not willing, and to beg they are afraid of the policeman. But all that is now changed, thanks to the editor of the *Alfreton and Belper Journal*, who has given us Catholics the opportunity of nailing the base coin of those orators to the counter. We have treated in the *Journal* every subject from the days of Adam and Eve to the last Act of Parliament. We have given an account of the faith that is in us. The Bible Society orators have had to take up their beds and walk, and we still hold the field. The Catholics in this district are under a debt of gratitude to the editor of the *Journal*, which they can never repay. While treating all those who differ from us in creed, in the spirit of Christian-like charity, showing them signs of Christian kindliness, giving them every token of Christian respect, let us at the same time be never ashamed to prove to the world how sterling is the faith that is inborn in us, or how determined we are to defend with our might that same faith. Though great have been the difficulties that surrounded us, and the obstacles that confronted us in the last twenty-five years, we have no fear for the future. We will not shrink from our task. And I hope that a quarter

of a century hence we shall all meet again, and be able to say we did what we could by word, and especially by example, for God's cause in this, district."

* * *

The Pastor of Hamilton.

The following observations of the Co-adjutor-Bishop of Maitland, Dr. Dwyer, deserve to be recorded as a tribute to the Very Rev. Pastor of Hamilton:—"I knew Father O'Donohue long before he became administrator of this parish of Hamilton. He is well worthy of the high esteem in which you hold him. As Inspector of Schools he showed not only a willingness to work, but also a very high capability. He occupied that position for seventeen years, and it is largely due to him that the schools are in a very good position. For about ten years he has been administrator of Hamilton, and the building we are in to-day and others which are in course of erection are evidence of what he has accomplished amongst you. I am glad he gets on so well with non-Catholics. I like to see priest or layman living in peace with all his neighbours, and it is easy to do so without sacrificing a single principle. I wish Father O'Donohue God-speed on his journey, and I trust the mothers of Ireland will send us many a priest like him."

* * *

Rev. L. Cosgrove.

When publishing an account of the Rev. L. Cosgrove's victory in a remarkable will case, the *Irish Standard* of Minneapolis adds the following biographical note:—"Few men, even in civil life, ever engaged in the discharge of important executive duties and high responsibilities with less hopeful prospects than those which confronted Father Cosgrove on assuming his present pastoral charge. That was eighteen years ago. The Catholic population of the parish was then in inverse ratio to its territorial dimensions. The territory was wide; the Catholic residents within it were few and far apart, and were far from being blessed

with an over abundance of the world's goods. But the Scriptural story of the mustard seed has found another illustration in the history of St. Vincent's parish since the eventful day when Father Cosgrove was appointed its pastor. From a Catholic community all but non-existent, St. Vincent's parish has since developed into one of the most influential of the various parishes of the province. The material proof of its greatness is presented to public view in its splendid parochial buildings, including its church school, its church structure, its parochial residence, and all their equipments which, it is an underestimate to say, will figure up in tangible value the gratifying sum of $150,000.00. As long as Ireland sends out to us priests who can accomplish in a few years what has been done by Father Cosgrove, she can be proud of her apostles and of their records."

* * *

Rev. P. O'Leary.

The esteem of one's fellow priests is a high testimony to a man's worth. The action, therefore, of the Goulburn clergy, when Father Peter O'Leary was leaving them, has a peculiar significance. Indeed, as Father Hennessy remarked, it was rarely, if ever, that a secular priest, betaking himself to a religious community, received a pecuniary presentation from the clergy in their corporate capacity. The words of the address, too, had a cordial ring about them: "Abstracting altogether from your high exemplary character as a priest, we wish to honour your other qualities of head and heart, for you have won an honoured place in the affections of the priests with whom you have lived and laboured, and also with those who, whilst they cannot lay claim to the same close relationship, hold you in the highest regard as a friend. You leave this diocese to carry out an ideal that has long been uppermost in your heart—to become a member of a Religious Order."

The Gem of Sacramento Churches.

The Rev. P. F. Brady has been only three years in Tehama County, California, and he has already succeeded in raising a temple to God, which the Superior of the Paulists pronounces the most beautiful in the broad rich valley in which it is situated, and as truly the gem of Sacramento churches as Red Bluff is the "gem" of western cities. Referring to Father Brady he thus continues:—"A few years ago, a quiet unassuming priest, who had left his home in a Catholic country, half-a-world's distance away, comes by the voice of God to spread in this valley that faith which, since the days of St. Patrick, has filled his own motherland. He rallies about him all the faithful committed to his care; he wins the love and favour of all the people dwelling in this beautiful land. They lavish the gifts which God has bestowed upon them at his feet. He takes these gifts, lays these foundations, erects these walls and towers as an everlasting beacon light to way-faring souls seeking for eternal union with the Author of their being. His coming marks an new era: it is the beginning of a season of perennial grace to every soul here."

* * *

The Rev. J. A. Murray deserves hearty congratulations on his success in Clinton, Iowa. For sixteen years he has laboured with unceasing zeal and energy at the erection of a new church. It rises to-day in Elm Street, the leading ecclesiastical ornament of the town, and the Catholics of St. Patrick's parish are justly proud of the pastor who has given them a noble and inspiring sanctuary, in which to gather together in Christian fellowship and common worship.

* * *

The Very Rev. James Kissane, who is pastor of St. Mary's, Williamsburg, in the Diocese of Davenport, recently accomplished a feat which several architects pronounced impossible. As his church was too small for the growing population, he

decided to cut it in two, to move the vestibule out in front, and to erect in the open space a considerable extension. He carried out his design in the face of criticism and opposition, and to-day the remodelled church is one of the finest in the city, beautifully decorated and free of debt.

* * *

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.

A Few Interesting Letters.

"MOUNTJOY SQUARE,
"DUBLIN,
"*25th February*, 1842.

"REV. DEAR SIR,—

Archbishop Murray's co-operation with Fr. Hand.

"Your letter of the 8th inst. has afforded me the most heartfelt satisfaction. It has anticipated the wishes of the Dublin clergy, and exempted me from the necessity o applying to the Sacred Congregation, in their name and my own, for the approbation which you have, so happily, obtained of our projected College. I will communcate this intelligence to the Central Committee of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, in Paris; and I fully expect that those zealous and devoted men will, at once, see the expediency of allowing it to allocate, for the support of the projected establishme:', a portion of the funds, which are collected, *in this kin om*, for the Propagation of the Faith.

"In the meantime it would be desirable that, with the aid of good Doctor Cullen, you should endeavour to obtain, from the Sacred Congregation, a recommendation to that effect. This obtained, you could, on your way home, have a personal communication with the Central Committee, at Lyons and Paris, whom you will, I have no doubt, find perfectly inclined to give every encouragement in their power,

House Teams, 1906.

to a work which is so much in harmony with the great object of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. You will find at the other side the Resolutions to which I alluded in the beginning of this letter; and from them you may conclude with what satisfaction the framers of them, received an account of your communication, at a subsequent meeting, on yesterday. It will give me great pleasure to hear of any future progress you may make. Present my respects to Doctors Cullen and Kirby, and believe me,

"Rev. dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yrs.,

"✠ D. MURRAY.

"REV. JOHN HAND,
Rome."

* * *

"S. AFRICA,

"*12th February*, 1906.

Arrival of the "Annual"

"DEAR FATHER MOORE,—Just after Christmas, on a very hot day, three priests were seated on the *stoop* or verandah of a presbytery in South Africa. It had been a real summer's day—in December—the thermometer between 90° and 100° in the shade, and the three priests had hurried from the hot dining-room to the cool evening air of the verandah, and were now stretched on deck chairs and Madeira chairs in light and scanty costumes that could not stand your northern clime. The English mail had just come in, and the verandah floor was lettered with torn envelopes and newspaper wrappers; here lay an *Irish Catholic*, there a *Cork Examiner*, and further on a cartoon from the *Weekly Freeman*. These were forgotten, for all three were devouring a red-backed book, and the calumet of peace ascended on high as in silence the three smoked and read. After a while their eyes turned towards the West, where the setting sun was flooding the parched veldt with its last rays, giving a colour and glory to every shrub

and blade of grass, and their minds following the sun, carried them back to old study-halls and corridors, and green, *real* green fields, and a stately chapel, and their heart's wish went out to the old *Alma Mater—esto perpetua.* They were from All Hallows, and were reading the ANNUAL, just arrived. And when the silence was broken it was to talk of deans, and class halls, and school-fellows, and professors, and they lived again, in merry chat and laughter, the adventurous days of long ago in old Drumcondra. This is a roundabout way of acknowledging the receipt with many thanks, of the ANNUAL, to wish it and you all a long life and success in the work both it and its editors are engaged upon.

"With kind regards to all,

I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"J— K—."

* * *

"CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART,

"TRENTON, N.J.,

"26, IV, '06.

The memory of All Hallows.

"DEAR DR. FORTUNE,—I need not tell you that in America the Lenten time is a very busy one I have two assistants, and we have had all three a superabundance of work, which was by no means lessened towards the end. At present we have a 'mission' in progress, an event that keeps the local clergy busy, as you know. However, I am snatching a few moments to let you know that my thoughts are not all about American life. What a wonderful being is man! what a mysterious product of the mind and omnipotence of God! Will you believe that at times dear All Hallows is more vividly present to me than my real surroundings. Nor is this seldom—scarcely one day passes during which something does not remind me of my early Collegiate life, and awaken memories that have been a source of strength to me

in the distressing and adverse circumstances of life. But, my dear Father Fortune, I have no time to pursue my philosophical meanderings. Perhaps some day, *Le bon Dieu* will give me the chance of having a prolonged chat with you. *In illa die*, I hope to take up my discourse with you *de cedro Libani*, and to continue it *usque ad hyssopum*. If we can only manage to confine it, the stretch of subject-matter will be so extensive.

"But, how are you? Tell me something about the College. Does it grow in the richness of piety and learning? Oh, yes, piety—strong faith, always in evidence in the life of the priest; and real solid learning—these are the great essentials. The true estimate of life, the true estimate of material things the true estimate of everything, *philosophically put before men*, this, I believe, is the necessity of the age in which we ive. But you are likely to become tired of what to you in your quiet retreat must be platitudes; so I shall finish, merely adding that I want you to hand the College Bursar the enclosed draft for £30, from me.

"My dear Dr. Fortune,

"Very sincerely yours,

"THADDEUS HOGAN."

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"ST. MARY'S,

"CAPETOWN,

"*July* 20, 1863.

En route to the Cape.

"DEAR MR. HARNETT,—At last I have reached my adopted country after a six weeks' voyage, during which our ship was for a time seriously threatened with destruction. On June 9, a storm burst over the deep and continued unmitigated for sixteen hours. All the passengers were imprisoned under the hatchways,—apart from the Providence of God, we should, I think, attribute our escape to the skilful captain and brave 'tars,' as well as to our plucky vessel

You will probably ask what were my feelings on the brink of what seemed a watery grave. Well, indeed, I suffered great fear at first, but subsequently endeavoured to reconcile myself and others to the inevitable. I must not, however, conceal from you that in the hour of bodily danger it is very difficult to realize the other world. Alas, for those who vainly hope to put on new dispositions 'on the last lap,' as the athletes say. There were only four Catholics on board besides myself; my berth companion was a Protestant clergyman on his way from Trinity College to St. Helena. No day passed on which I had not occasion to explain some point of Catholic doctrine, or to wipe away a stain, the result of some lingering prejudice. In justice, however, I am bound to say that all on board treated me with great courtesy and respect. In fact I was waited on by two first-class passengers with a request from the officers and passengers that I would deliver a lecture to them. I did so with pleasure, and I hope, too, with some success. Each morning, as I was unable to say Mass, I wafted myself in spirit to St. Paul's Church on the Dublin quays, and in the evening I transported myself to my *Alma Mater*, and there kneeling at Benediction in the midst of its devoted levites, I cast my eyes with awe and love upon the sacred tabernacle, and joined with the College choir in chanting the 'O Salutaris Hostia.' O blessed retreat of All Hallows! Thou art my dear mother, thou gavest me the milk of knowledge and that manly strength which, please God, will enable me to walk in the pathway of thy many children.

"We landed at St. Helena, once the prison of the mightiest of mortals. He, whose ambition Europe could not appease, had for years to endure petty tyrannies on a petty islet in the dreary ocean. We saw the house where Napoleon lived, and visited the secluded vale on the hill-top where amidst sombre trees he was laid to rest. I could not tell you with what silent wonder we paused, for our

tread was on an empire's grave. On reaching Table Bay we stood at the foot of a mountain 3,500 feet in height, which rises up over Cape Town, like a huge wall of solid rock. Boats, manned by Malays and Portuguese, quickly brought us to *terra firma*.

* * *

" 20, VI, '75.

" Some years ago at a Methodist mission station, a certain Hottentot asserted his call, and therefore his right, to become an evangelist; he was ill-looking and possessed of unusually large feet, each foot being about the size of an ordinary frying-pan. On Sunday, during a prayer-meeting, the preacher addressed him solemnly:—

" 'John, do you still insist on your vocation to be a minister?'

" 'Most decidedly; I feel the Spirit calling me.'

" 'Do you believe the whole Bible?'

" 'Certainly.'

" 'Read, then, St. Paul to the Romans, 10th chapter and 15th verse: "How beautiful are the feet of an evangelist."'

" John took up his hat and left; he saw he had not the mark of a divine vocation.

* * *

In the bush.

" The hospitality of the Dutch is proverbial, like that of the Irish. I was refused it only once. Anyone coming at night to a Dutch farm gets without trouble and free of expense, a good supper and a bed, but is expected to proceed on his journey next morning, and to pay for any food his horse may stand in need of. While journeying I often preferred the open field—during one year I slept one hundred and twenty-one nights in the bush. Having, however, two veldt *comberses* or field blankets, each made up of ten or twelve sheepskins, I was able to sleep comfortably enough.

I had always with me two good dogs who gave warning on the approach of jackals, wild cats, natives, or anything dangerous. Before retiring to rest we gathered a pile of bushes, lighted our fire, roasted a piece of mutton, made coffee, took supper, said our prayers, and then wrapped ourselves in our sheepskins. After four or five hours' rest we rise, stir up the embers, make coffee, breakfast, say prayers, inspan, and proceed, giving our horses or mules, as the case may be, an hour's rest after each two hours' ride. On one occasion, on alighting at a farmstead, the lady of the house, a Dutchwoman, after a friendly welcome said :

" ' Where is your wife ? '

" ' I am a Catholic priest,' I answered, ' and Catholic priests do not marry.'

" ' What an unhappy state ! ' she coldly remarked.

" The whole household was Protestant, but they made me most comfortable, and served a sumptuous supper, in aristocratic English style. After supper, the farmer asked me if I had any objection to be present at night prayers, and to read the Bible. I replied, ' Certainly not ; I will give out the prayers and read the Word of God.' They were surprised at my compliance. They all knelt during the prayers, and sat while I read and explained the sixth chapter of St. John. There were nineteen persons present who understood English, and I must say they were all polite and friendly with me. I have resided at the Capè twelve years, and during that time I moved through all classes of society, from the Governor to the degraded beggar. I visited the houses of high and low, walked through streets and alleys, and met men of every colour, of every nationality, and of every creed, and now as the result of my experience I can say with truth that anyone who wishes to live in concord with his fellowmen, and in an atmosphere unpolluted by religious bigotry, may well select the Cape of Good Hope. If he cares for beautiful scenery, a healthful climate, a fertile country, and

"Joy serene
As airs that fan the Summer."

mineral wealth, he will also obtain these things in South Africa.

"JAMES O'HAIRE."

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"PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.,
"*Dec.* 4, '06.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER MOORE,

An Alumni Association.

—The Annual Meeting of the All Hallows *Alumni* Association of the Diocese of Lincoln, was held this year, Monday, November 26, at Father John Murphy's house, near Davey. The following All Hallows men were present: Fathers Feeney, Bradley, J. F. Hennessy, D. J. Cronin, and J. J. Murphy. Fathers Healy and Gilroy had intended to come, but were unexpectedly detained. On Tuesday morning we celebrated a Solemn High Mass of Requiem in Father Murphy's Church of St. Patrick, near Davey, for the deceased professors and students of All Hallows throughout the world. After Mass the visiting priests rode into Lincoln by automobile, and thence departed for their various missions.

"You will be p'eased to learn that All Hallows men in the diocese are doing good work, and are in excellent health. Father Feeney, whose church was struck by lightning and burned to the ground, is engaged in the erection of a new one. It is nearly finished, and will be one of the finest in the diocese. Father Cronin has just finished a priest's house at Marvard, Neb., which will be a credit to his people and himself. Father Murphy has now got his place into very good trim, although he had a rather hard time for a while. Father Healy was appointed to a newly-formed parish, and has more difficulties than are common out here to contend with. Father Gilroy is still assistant at Hastings. Father Hennessy and myself are near neighbours (only twenty miles apart), and see one another often. We are both getting along very nicely.

"Father Cronin, who made the type-written copies of

the report, requests me in the letter which accompanied them, to send his kindest regards to Father Sheehy, and to complain that neither he nor I, 'the two best All Hallows men in the State,' he says, with his accustomed modesty, received copies of the ANNUAL. In the name of the All Hallows' *Alumni* Association of the Diocese of Lincoln, Neb. I send you the enclosed report of the proceedings at the recent annual meeting, with the request that you do us the honor to peruse it; also that you will be kind enough to signify whether or not the College authorities will approve of the proposed disposition of the funds, as therein set forth, and in case you do approve, that you will let us know the usual conditions under which students are admitted into the College for a fixed diocese. Needless to say, in case our intentions should not meet with approval both from the College and from the Bishop, we will endeavor to find some other scope for our energies as an Association.

"You will, perhaps, think that I am somewhat bold to claim to be an *alumnus* of All Hallows, as my only title is the fact that I was ordained there, after making a retreat of some three weeks. However, we wish to make our Association as numerous and as strong as possible, so that it may be a more efficient power for good in the Diocese; hence we made the requirements for membership as elastic as seems feasible, consistently with the maintenance of an *esprit de corps*. With best regards from all of us to old friends and teachers in the College, and with fervent prayers for its prosperity.

"Believe me, Very Rev. and Dear Father,

"Yours respectfully,

"W. H. BRADLEY,

"*Sec. A.H.A.A.*"

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Modern Requirements.

"REV. DEAR FATHER,—It is rather late to acknowledge the receipt of the ALL HALLOWS ANNUAL, nevertheless, it is better late than never, and I am very grateful to you for thinking of one hidden away in this Island of mist and snow. I am glad to see that the dear old College is prospering—may it ever do so, and keep pace with the times. . . . A priest coming West needs to be up-to-date, needs to approach the problems of life in the temper and thought of modern times. And it is daily growing clearer that seminaries must more and more discard traditional methods and adapt their curriculum to the new order of things. The battle with Protestantism is practically ended—a new adversary has stepped into its place It is from the seminaries must come the men who will marshal our forces in the future. There is not much time in missions like ours to make preparations—our time is taken up with grinding, monotonous work, from week to week. My district alone is a hundred miles long, with a Catholic population of not more than twelve hundred, and there are others more extensive and harder to look after than mine; but then we are in a free country, and know nothing of Dublin Castle rule. . . .

"A. SEARS."

* * *

"SAN LUIS ENGLISH COLLEGE,
"SAN FRANCISCO DE LIMACHE,
"CHILI.

Chili.

"DEAR FATHER MOORE,—I am afraid that if you have ever thought of me since I left Ireland, it has only been to put me down as most ungrateful for not having written to you, who were so kind to me during the time I was in your College. But I think you asked me to write to you when I was settled down in my new home, and knew something about the country which I have for the time being, at least,

adopted. So I have delayed some time before writing to you. In the first place, then, I must tell you that I am very comfortably situated. As to the voyage out it was a most successful one. We had lovely weather, very little rain, and no storms. We left Liverpool on January 7, and arrived in Valparaiso on the morning of February 13. Among the ports of call *en route* were Lisbon, Cape Verde Islands, Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro, Monte Video, and Sandy Point in the Straits of Magellan. At Lisbon we paid a visit to the Irish Dominican College of Corpo Santo, where we had the pleasure of meeting several of our countrymen, including two Dubliners. At Sandy Point, where we visited the Salesian Fathers, we just missed another Dublin man, a young Salesian, who was away at another of their missions. At Valparaiso, we were met by the Rector of the College, Rev. Father Lorie. He is an English gentleman, and a convert. He has worked for some twelve years in Chili, first as Parish Priest, afterwards as Rector of a College in Valparaiso. This College some years ago he removed to Limache, a country district, some twenty-eight miles inland from Valparaiso. Although I call it a country district, there are two towns in the neighbourhood, which contain between them about 7,000 inhabitants.

"To understand the nature of Father Lorie's College, you must know that on account of the extensive commercial relations between this country and England, there is a great demand in Chili for English schools. This was in the main supplied by Protestant or non-religious institutions. Father Lorie, seeing the danger to which Catholic boys were exposed in such schools, started an English College, which would afford a sound Catholic education. You see therefore that this College is doing a great work for Catholicity in this country. There is indeed no small need of it. The religion of the country is Catholic, but there is a great lack of practical Catholicism. Mass and the Sacraments are

regularly neglected by the majority of the male portion of the population, although outwardly there are what would seem to be signs of a Catholic spirit, such as the closing of business houses on the holidays of obligation. From what I understand, the clergy, although men of good morals, are not energetic, and do not come in touch with their people. There is a great lack of vocations to the priesthood. Anyone therefore who makes it his aim to instil solid practical principles of religion into the minds and hearts of the youth of this country, is doing a great work for God. You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that in the Rector's College, in which Providence has for the time being placed me, I have not merely a superior or an employer, but a father and a friend. The education is of a commerical nature. The class I teach is not very advanced, the principal thing being to push the boys on in English. They are mostly Chilians, or the sons of English people settled for some generations in the country, and naturalized to practically being the same as Chilians. I have also some duties in hours of recreation My hours of teaching amount to twenty-seven in the week. There are two half-holidays every week, and the majority of the boys go home at the beginning of each month for a couple of days. We, of course, have our home in the College where we can stay if we wish all the year round. There are fine grounds attached, and the country looks pretty when you surmount the neighbouring hills. We are, in fact, in one of the most fertile valleys of Central Chili. As I write we are just getting into winter, which opens here on the feast of our patron, San Luis, June 21. Mornings and evenings are somewhat cold, but the middle of the day can be as beautiful as a summer day at home, as long as we have no rain. When it does rain, it is generally very heavy while it lasts. Generally there is no rain during the other seasons of the year, that is, for about nine months. This year, however, we had some heavy rain in early autumn, and some days ago a

phenomenal downfall. You can imagine what it was when you consider that the total annual rainfall in England does not exceed thirty inches, and that we were drenched with a third of that quantity in the course of a few days. However, we cannot complain, as our climate is excellent, indeed the most temperate in Chili, and the heavy rains when they do come, are rapidly drained off, owing to the configuration of the country.

"JOHN R. CAREY."

* * *

"*April* 5, 1907.

"MY DEAR FATHER PRESIDENT,—I am forwarding to you one hundred shares in the New Zealand Insurance Company for a burse in All Hallows. The donor does not wish his name to be known to anyone but God and ourselves, yet I shall be able to make it known sufficiently for other benefactors of our growing Diocese to follow his generous example. . . . .

"I should like to know whether before ordination or during their collegiate course all the students take the pledge to abstain from intoxicants. The abuse of drink is in the colonies, as elsewhere, a great curse, and no inconsiderable danger for priests. . . . . .

"I remain, dear Father President,

"Yours faithfully in Christ,

"✠ J. J. GRIMES, S.M.,

"*Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand.*"

* * *

"ST. THOMAS' RECTORY,

"CHICAGO,

"*May* 12, 1907.

"MY DEAR FATHER MOORE,—The enclosed draft £20, is in fulfilment of my promise made last summer to contribute to the erection of an *Aula Maxima*, so ardently desired by Father Sheehy. To counteract the impression my delay in

sending it may have occasioned, I am doubling the amount you suggested as a suitable donation. . . . With kindest regards to . . . and all the faculty, and hoping that you will sometimes remember at the altar one of your boys, who forgets no day to say a prayer for all All Hallows men, past and present. God bless you all,

" Your sincere friend,

" TERENCE O'BRIEN."

Drama and Music.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

A puzzle.

GOETHE published *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* in 1796, and that date will serve as a mark to determine the beginning of the modern and more critical study of the character of Hamlet. Not, indeed, that the fascination of the subject had not been felt before that time, but it was reserved for an age whose tendency was more towards speculation and analysis to devote itself more fully, if not more successfully, to such a task. The critical genius of the great German poet and critic had sounded a new note—that of a more intense and subjective study of the play. It was a note that resounded; and, as he says himself, "except to a fine ear reverberations are confusing," the natural result was that the clear tone of the leader has been lost to many in the din of his strident followers. The character of Hamlet has been subjected to analysis and re-analysis, refinement and re-refinement, until one can no longer see the wood for the trees, and until the "melancholy Dane" often serves but as a peg for a German metaphysician on which to hang a theory. Hence we have such views as that the parting between Hamlet and Ophelia was intended to be taken as a comic scene, or that Hamlet himself is primarily intended to be taken as an interesting study in the phenomenon of revolutions.

An antidote to such exaggerations lies in the study of

1. HAMLET: "Do you not come your tardy son to chide?"
   QUEEN: "O gentle son! How is't with you
   That with the incorporal air you hold discourse?"
2. POLONIUS: "A double blessing is a double grace."
3. FIRST CLOWN: "The houses that the gravedigger makes last till doomsday."
4. POLONIUS: "To define true madness what is't but to be nothing else but mad."

the play, keeping before the mind that it was primarily a play to be acted and enjoyed. A further help would be in seeing it acted in its entirety by an intelligent and interested company of players. Nowadays, however, such a company is a rarity, rarer, perhaps, than an interested audience, and so it happens that seldom or never do we see the play acted as it was written. It is played and cut to suit the "star," and, to be just, perhaps to suit his audience.

Yet, if the tragedy be read through a couple of times carefully and one tries to remember that it was intended to be acted, and was in truth acted, presumably as it was written, and not merely acted but enjoyed—for "Hamlet" was a very popular play—provided, moreover, that as one reads he tries to look at it with the eyes of the ordinary man of Shakespeare's age—an effort not nearly so difficult as some who require intense powers of historic projection would have us believe—provided that this be done, a great deal of the mystery and puzzle of "Hamlet" diminishes.

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Various theories.

Puzzle, indeed, and food for thought, there is enough and to spare from the outset. Witness the motive of the play. A duty was laid upon Hamlet by his father's spirit, and that was the duty of revenge. Hamlet did not avenge him, and we may well ask why? There are those who say that Hamlet was a refined and sensitive young prince, out of touch with the stern realities and rough customs of his age, and that hence he shrunk from the task. Such critics say that it is a study, a close psychological study, in the manner of Henry James or George Meredith, of an altruist analysing himself and his emotions, that he may finally determine whether or not they will suffer him to murder his clever, unscrupulous, but very resourceful uncle. Critics of this stamp seem to think that Shakespeare wrote for the latter half of the nineteenth century, and Emerson indeed says it was not until our day

that he could have such wondering readers. It is a reflection, perhaps, that does more credit to us than to Shakespeare.

Dr. Furnivall says that Hamlet knew he was bound to avenge his father, and was quite prepared to do it. He finds an excuse and palliative for his readiness to act in the fact that the idea of "blood-revenge" was a common and generally accepted one in Scandinavian countries, and was not one that would jar upon the feelings of an Elizabethan audience. But the atmosphere of the play is decidedly much more Christian than it is Pagan, and the playwright's audience can scarcely be expected to have had such a wise understanding of the ethical ideals of Scandinavia.

At the risk of iteration the play, it may be repeated, was popular, and a play to be popular—we have had reason to know this recently—cannot fly violently in the teeth of the preconceived ideas, prejudices, if you like, of a popular audience.

* * *

Hamlet's "cue" for passion" and revenge.

Hence it would seem to be more likely that while Hamlet was indeed to avenge his father's death, the primary duty that lay upon him was to bring the offender to justice, and not merely to satisfy his own private personal passion for vengeance. This is very clearly borne out by the Ghost's parting words:—

"But, howsoever thou pursueth this act
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to Heaven."

Here it is sufficiently shown that Hamlet is to avenge his father's death, and whilst the Ghost does not indicate the means of doing it, he emphasizes two points: the first that Hamlet is not to act against his own moral sense, and the second that he is to leave his mother to the stings of her own conscience.

However, altogether apart from the fact that Claudius has murdered his father and degraded his mother by a dishonourable marriage, there were other reasons—motives of public right and justice—that might have induced the young prince to sink his own passion for revenge in the nobler passion of repairing the wrongs done to the State. His native land was in a distressed condition. From the very moment the first scene opens we feel that there is an atmosphere of suspense and mystery. Secret preparations are being made far and wide over the land to meet some hidden and impending danger. Strange portents and omens are being observed and noted. The country had been sinking during the last years of the late Hamlet's reign to a more and more degraded state. One indication of this is given in the numerous references to its notoriety for intemperate drinking habits, and the soldier Marcellus sums up the common feeling by his exclamation that "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." And so, too, Hamlet says, "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right."

And yet there was no one, at first sight, better fitted for the task. Hamlet was young, brave, accomplished. "He was a prince, a born prince . . . the model of youth, the delight of the world . . . a beautiful, pure, and most moral nature," says Goethe. This judgment is clearly borne out in the play. All the characters to whom we feel drawn by sympathy or admiration were friends or admirers of Hamlet. He is the bosom friend of Horatio, the cool, quiet, determined man of action, who is withal capable of deep and genuine feeling. And he is admired and respected by Fortinbras, that other typical man of action, who serves as a foil to bring out in strong relief the contemplative disposition of Hamlet. Again, many pleasant traits of character are shown in his dealings with the soldiers and players: his kindness and cordiality to the former and his easy condescension and

consideration for the latter. So, too, he is beloved by the people, and so much so, that he is feared by Claudius, who says :—

"The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him."

And yet in spite of all this he fails, and in the cause of his failure lies the heart of the tragedy. He fails because with all his gifts of mind and heart, there is one missing, and that one "the notable faculty of being intent on one's own business," the power of being able to act when one has determined.

• • •

Why he falters.

To reach the root of Hamlet's irresolution is a task to which he himself gives us no slight help. He is his own most excellent commentator. The tragic failure arises, as we have said, from the lack of one great quality. On this Hamlet says :—

"So oft it chances in particular men
That from some vicious mole of nature in them
As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty
Since Nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manner ;—that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect
Being Nature's livery or fortune's star—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From the particular fault."

The passage is not less interesting in that it also shows Hamlet's fondness for over-refining, and making reflections and distinctions on each idea, as it is suggested to his mind. The famous speech, beginning, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I," at the end of the Second Act, gives him a rare

opportunity of analysing himself and his emotions, and he uses it to the full. He has heard the player and seen him overcome with grief at the thought of the imaginary woes of Hecuba, and he bursts out :—

" What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech
Make mad the guilty and appal the free.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward ? "

And then off he goes and examines himself in detail, to see how much he would bear, and finding that he has passion, he works himself up to a wild cry for vengeance, to be followed by :—

" Why, what an ass am I ? This is most brave
That I the son of a dear father murdered
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell
Must, like a shrew, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion.
Fie on it ! Foh ! "

He is as good as a chorus to himself, and thus we learn that he has lived, and is living, out of touch with his fellow-men, and very often he sees them " as trees walking." He is in another world than this work-a-day one, and his sense of values and realities is not that of his fellow-men. He has lost the sense of proportion and perspective in life. He has lost hold of the need of linking action to thought, by giving free rein to his passion for reflection and contemplation. He wishes to see the truth in the centre from every point on the circumference, and in doing so he wastes his time, and shirks his life work.

In spite of this analysis and introspection, and the consequent inability to act, it is paradoxical to see how much Hamlet does in reality. He kills Polonius, jumps aboard the pirate's vessel, alters the letters from Claudius to England, calmly sends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their fate, and finally despatches Laertes and Claudius. But not one of these deeds was done as the result of a well-thought out plan. They were done on the spur of the moment ; the result of a spasmodic fit of passion, and were over almost before he knew what he had done.

But, besides thinking too much Hamlet feels too much. Not, indeed that his feeling could be too strong or deep for the bewildering situation in which he found or placed himself, but he allows himself to be the slave of passion, and is not of those blest ones,

" Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please."

There are four or five instances in the play where he allows himself to be utterly overmastered by his feeling, such as the parting scene with Ophelia, the wild outburst of excitement when he has caught " the conscience of the King," and, finally, when he flies into a towering passion at the " bravery " of Laertes' grief. At times, too, he really seems to be indulging himself in his feelings. The strong and vibrant note of passion rises perilously near to the falsetto. The pity of his situation seizes on him, and he makes a luxury of his grief. In other words, he plays the sentimentalist, and as that is " a happy pastime for the timid, the idle, and the heartless, but a damning one to them that have anything to lose," so Hamlet having much, lost, and losing paid heavily. It is because he lost so badly and paid so heavily, we pity him so heartily.

These, then, seem to be a few well marked features in the character of Hamlet, but they are in no wise put forward as giving the secret of his character. " Character must ever be

The Caste of "Hamlet."

"Let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time."—*Hamlet*, Act ii.

a mystery, only to be explained in some degree by conduct," and having considered his conduct, an effort has been made to read his character in that light. However, Shakespeare made him too much alive to be dissected, and so he may be left with a questioning look in his eye, asking us :—

" Would you play upon me ;
Would you seem to know my stops ;
Would you pluck out the heart of my mystery ? "

JOSEPH LEONARD.

MUSIC IN THE COLLEGE.

IN glancing back to the history of the Synagogue, it must be interesting to a thoughtful student to observe what an important element music has always been in sacred liturgy. Scarcely have the Hebrew hosts escaped from the Egyptians than under the baton of Moses they burst into exultant antiphons in praise of Jehovah. As soon as they pitch their tents on the hill-girt city of Jerusalem their royal leader and musician institutes a choir and animates it with his own zeal and enthusiasm ; and when David's son presides at the dedication of the glorious Temple, countless bands of Levite singers proclaim the majesty of its Master, to the accompaniment of silver trumpets and loud resounding cymbals. Even in exile the harps are not forgotten, though for the most part they hang in silence on the willows of Babylon. But when Cyrus bursts the Jewish chains of slavery a new era and a new temple are inaugurated, with the ancient liturgy and choral services restored in all their pristine splendour. This new era lasted till the advent of Christ. But not even the sorrows and tragedy of the Son of Man dimmed the sublime eloquence of sacred song. The birth at Bethlehem that brought weeping to the women of Ramah is ushered in by a heavenly concert announcing

" Glory to God on high
And peace on earth to men."

The aged Simeon, even while he foretells that the Infant in his arms shall be contradicted, and that its Mother's soul shall be pierced, yet like the dying swan departs with a canticle of music on his lips. And, last and most striking fact of all, the very evening on which Jesus went down all alone into the wine-press of Gethsemane, the very eve of Calvary, He chanted a hymn with His apostles. How our hearts yearn to catch an echo of that Divine voice sweetly blending with the voices of His friends and followers, and teaching us that there can be no more appropriate ending to a solemn occasion, no more fitting way to uplift the soul in thanksgiving or in fortitude than the melody of sacred song. Even in the catacombs the early Christians brightened their existence with hymns and canticles. And as soon as the fires of persecution died down in the fourth century we behold an illustrious Ruler—Ambrose of Milan—devoting himself, in the midst of perils from within and without, to the restoration of Church Music, composing and collecting hymns, banishing frivolous music from God's temple, establishing sacred vigils during which the faithful spent whole nights in psalmody and prayer, instituting the custom of antiphonal congregational singing, and fixing the authentic scale from which his successors have evolved the most haunting strains in the Church's treasury of song. It is interesting to know in this connexion that the music first used by the churches of Ireland was the Ambrosian chant introduced into this country within fifty years of its institution in Milan.

Passing over a couple of centuries, our attention is next drawn towards the noble Pontiff who more than any other has given an undying existence as well as a name to ecclesiastical plain chant. A musical no less than a religious enthusiast, Gregory the Great, enriched the Church system with four new scales, which he called plagal, made a collection of hymns, arranged the Church service according to the Church year, erected singing schools in Rome, and was himself

often present at their exercises. His Antiphonarium chained to the altar of St. Peter as an unchangeable direction for all time to come, might be taken as symbolizing the intimate union which should ever exist between Plain-song and the supreme act of worship. One of the greatest tributes to the fitness of the chant for its sacred purpose is the fact that the bulk of the melodies which accompany "the proper" for the Mass have come down to us just as they were sung in St. Gregory's time.

With the advent of the fourteenth century harmony began to attract the musical from the severity of the Church's simple song, and the inventions of the mensuralists interfering with the perfection of the rhythm gradually led to decadence. Then came the reformers of the Pagan Renaissance, who despised everything savouring of medievalism, whether in Painting, Architecture or Music, abbreviated the text, and altered the melodies almost beyond recognition.

One's thoughts turn gladly from this period to observe the beginning of another reformation inaugurated by the restoration of the Roman Liturgy in France in the beginning of the nineteenth century; and when we think of the able part taken in this reformation by the Benedictines of Solesmes, as well as their extraordinary labours in behalf of true Church Music, we rejoice at the crown which has been set on their work by the approbation and sanction of our Holy Father Pius X. Thus to recall from time to time the important epochs in the history of Plain Chant will be especially useful for the student of a College such as All Hallows. It will lead him to recognize that music has been the vehicle on which the praise of the Most High ascended heavenward in all ages. It will show him that the greatest minds have looked upon music as an able adjunct in the diffusion and conservation of Religion. He will admire all the more the zealous way in which the Church's music is cultivated in his *Alma Mater*, and will also recognize that in giving al

possible encouragement to its practice, the Superiors are but animated by the knowledge that music, which for many is but an accomplishment, is, for those aspiring to the dignity of the Priesthood, a subject of practically vital importance.

All Hallows, then, follows the lines laid down in the *Motu Proprio* with an enthusiasm which cannot but command success. An arrangement of classes is working which provides the student from his first year to his Fourth Divinity, with detailed instruction in the theory and practice of Plain-song. Special attention is given to Sunday's Mass and Vespers, the entire proper being sung from the Solesmes books, and sung in excellent style. A special feature of very great importance is the general weekly practice under the presidency of the Rev. Dean, to whose sympathy and encouragement much of the success of the work is due. The result of this general practice has been the attainment of good attack, blending of voices, a facility and unity of phrasing without which the most precious gems of sacred melody would be but a meaningless jumble of notes. An idea as to the sight-reading ability of the students may be gained from the fact that the Mass *Orbis Factor* was sung at a general practice, and so well sung as to warrant its being rendered on the following Sunday.

It is right and proper that acknowledgments should be made to the students for the earnestness of their co-operation in the good work, and especially to Mr. Loneragan for the successful way in which he discharged the duties of leader during the year. The solemnity, dignity and ability with which the ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out reflect the highest credit upon all who took part in them. The Passion on Palm Sunday and again on Good Friday was beautifully rendered by the Chanters assisted by the small choir taking the " Turba " part in harmonized form. Speaking generally of the singing, whether at Mass, Vespers, Benediction, or the rendering of Hymns, the work of the students

is marked by an ever increasing ease and efficiency which gives promise of perfection. Indeed on many occasions the singing reached a very high level—the rendering of many well-known chants being quite worthy of comparison with the beautiful singing of the monks of Solesmes. This would go to show that the students have not only facility in reading the notation, but also that the qualities which should be pre-eminent in all good chanting, viz., understanding of and sympathy with the meaning and spirit of the text, often influence their singing with the most pleasing results. Another gratifying feature in All Hallows is the variety of the chants for the Ordinary of the Mass. The chants are selected from the following programme according to fitness: "Missa Fons Bonitatis," "Cunctipotens Genitor Deus," "Missa de Angelis," "Magne Deus," "Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," "Orbis Factor," "Dominicis Adventus et Quadragesimæ," "Missa Regia," the four Credos. The fact that any of the above Masses could be rendered with good effect by the general body of students is one of which a college might be reasonably proud. The students have also at command an extensive repertoire of English Hymns. These hymns are chosen to suit various occasions throughout the Church year, and are sung in impressive style from time to time. Considering the stress laid by our Holy Father the Pope, in his *Motu Proprio*, upon the necessity of cultivating congregational singing, it is gratifying to find that the students avail themselves so earnestly of the opportunity offered them in All Hallows for practice in this important branch of Church Music.

There has been a marked improvement in the singing of Vespers during the past year. The Antiphons have been sung by the entire body of students. A special feature was the fine singing of the Vesper Hymns. The Psalm tones with their proper endings were rendered with that careful attention to pronunciation, pauses, and control of the voice

in the cadences, so essential, if the inherent beauty of psalmody is to be fully developed.

The members of the small choir acquitted themselves very creditably on various occasions during the year. On Easter Sunday the " Surrexit Deus " for four voices, of Haller and the " Sanctus " and " Benedictus " from the Mass of St Lucy, of F. X. Witt, were sung with good effect. Again, on the Feast of Pentecost, the Choir gave the " Veni Creator " by Palestrina, and the " Sanctus " and " Benedictus " from " Missa Tertia " of Haller, and at Vespers the " Magnificat " of Angola. Another important occasion for the Choir was the " Corpus Christi " procession, and it is pleasing to be able to say that the painstaking and earnest work of the members at the preliminary rehearsals were crowned by an effective rendering of the following programme of music :—" Sacris Solemniis " and " O Sacrum Convivium " of Haller, " Homo Quidam " and " Pange Lingua " by Ahle, and " Benedictus " by Bernaber.

Another interesting feature of the year's work was the composition of hymns and songs by members of the College. A beautiful hymn in honour of the Blessed Trinity, by the Rev. Dr. O'Mahony, was sung on several occasions, whilst the " Banner of the Lord "—the words by Mr. Cullen and the music by the writer of this article—made a fitting conclusion for the College reunions.

Living as we do in a time of revival, when Pius X, like another Gregory, is using his pre-eminent influence in behalf of true Church Music, and the learned Benedictines of Solesmes, following the traditions of their Order in other ages, are bringing scholarly and critical examination to bear on the problems of ancient manuscripts, and are reproducing the old melodies in their traditional beauty and excellence, and with such simplification of the notation as to make a uniform method easy of attainment throughout the world—at such a time, and with students who love

everything that makes for efficiency in the Sacred Profession to which they aspire, it may not be presumptuous to hope that many will go forth from All Hallows, as did the Irish Saints, Foillanus, Ultanus, Helias and Seanlius in other times, to spread not only the Faith, but also a knowledge and love of the Church's beautiful music.

VINCENT O'BRIEN.

COLLEGE PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET."

THROUGH the kindness of Father Sheehy, I was enabled to witness the performance of "Hamlet" by the students of All Hallows College, on February 12, of this year, and I gladly avail myself of his invitation to give my impressions of it. I must say at once that it came as an agreeable surprise to me, for I had expected a very crude performance of one of the most difficult of plays—a crude performance in the sense that most amateur actors lack the finish achieved by long and consistent professional experience in varying parts. Moreover, knowing that the female characters would be necessarily played by men, I looked forward with some misgiving to the result. My doubts were soon dispelled, and it soon became clear that the ambitious programme was more than justified. Except in one or two of the minor parts, the acting was first rate. The Hamlet of Mr. Loneragan was most admirable. It may seem an exaggeration, but I have seen performances by noted actors which could not compare with it for dignity and intelligence. From the first moment he appeared on the scene, one felt that the performance would be a success, and that the crowded audience (which included the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh) thoroughly appreciated it, was shown by frequent and enthusiastic applause. In the scene with the Ghost, in the play scene, in the interview with the Queen, in all the important moments, Mr. Lonergan quite rose to the occasion, and in the soliloquies, perhaps the

most truly difficult of all the speeches, he was remarkably effective. Even in the cheap and (one would hope) rather un-Shakespearean business with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and the pipe, and the amusing scenes with Polonius, Mr. Loneragan acquitted himself very well. I was so delighted and surprised at the general high level of his acting, that I really do not know where he pleased me best.

Next to Mr. Loneragan's performance, I rank that of Mr. St. Croix as Polonius. It is an easier part to play, no doubt, but it is not always well played on the professional stage. I have seen few better presentations of the part. It was wonderfully successful. One of the things I most admired about the All Hallows students was their courage. This is not said in any jocular sense. It requires heroism for a man to play the Queen, and even more to play the luckless Ophelia. Seeing that so few women are able to play the latter part in a convincing way, it is a high tribute to Mr. O'Donnell to say that he did not make it ridiculous. Indeed, there were times when he suggested the tragedy of the situation. He did wonders with a thankless part, and deserves to have his earnestness and courage recognized. In the part of the Queen, Hamlet's mother, Mr. Keenan was also excellent. To play the Queen is to play one of the most difficult of all Shakespearean parts, and it requires no small amount of confidence and nerve. I think Mr. Keenan played admirably, with dignity and gracefulness. Mr. Denis Moloney was as truculent a King as could be wished.

The Ghost of Mr. Marshall was somewhat too sepulchral, and his speeches were much too slow, but the weirdness and solemnity of the part did not lose thereby. Mr. O'Brien's Horatio was very good, and the smaller parts were well filled. Laertes, as played by Mr. O'Keeffe, did not realize all one's conceptions of the character, but he was earnest and manly in the most important scene of all. It seemed to me that Mr. O'Farrell made the First Grave-digger's joviality a

1. FALSTAFF: "Down with them! They hate us youth."
2. K. HENRY: "For thou has lost thy princely privilege with vile participation."
3. PRINCE: "I never did see such pitiful rascals." FAL.: "Tut, tut, food for powder."

little too pronounced, and I preferred the more restrained playing of his colleague, Mr. Ryan. Mr. Murphy, as First Player, and Messrs. Griffin and O'Sullivan, as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, did very well. The arrangement of the play into three acts of four scenes each, was most skilful, and the whole production reflects the greatest credit on Father Sheehy and Mr. M'Hardy Flint. I, for one, greatly enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

D. J. O'Donoghue.*

"KING HENRY IV, PART I."

The annual Shrovetide theatricals of 1906—"King Henry IV, Part I," was the play—at All Hallows College will long be remembered for the memorable performance of Sir John Falstaff of Mr. Stanislaus St. Croix. Easy and natural from start to finish, and bubbling over with rich ripe humour, the genial old reprobate, as lived by this clever young student warmed himself into the good graces of all beholders. His every look caused mirth, and the droll little twinkle that came unbidden into his eye, whenever his boasting got him into a tight fix and he wanted to back gracefully out, were a source of constant delight to all present possessed of a sense of humour, or an appreciation of the highly artistic in stage portraiture. So consistently did he maintain the illusion of being in reality the fat old sottish humorist, that acting became reality, and one laughed or felt sorrow, for the jolly old mountain of flesh in his joys or sorrows as if he lived in the flesh before them, and not only as a counterfeit of the dramatist's wonderful creation. The art of concealing art, which is the true goal of all real art in its highest form of achievement, was here present. There was a geniality about Mr. St. Croix's impersonation that was infectious, and com-

* The well-known author of several interesting works, amongst others *The Life of Mangan, The Geography of Irish Talent.*

pelled us all to love the old sinning boaster and coward, in spite of our better judgment. His conception was fine, and he lived the part. He got inside the skin of the merry rotund old soul, and in the final acts, his every saying was punctuated by a round of applause accompanied by a peal of hearty laughter. In voice he reminded me of that ripe Shakespearean comedian, Mr. George R. Weir, and a better model could not have been chosen. Old Falstaff took to heart Hamlet's advice—to assume a virtue if you have it not—and was monstrous brave and boastful when danger lurked not nigh; and he boasted so often and loudly that he came to believe in himself, or at least, his interpreter gave one to imagine so.

The play was re-arranged into three acts, with Falstaff as the central figure, and Hotspur a good second. Though much of the piece had been cut, what remained made a very excellent entertainment; and the pranks that Prince Hal and his companion Poins played at the expense of Falstaff, and the revolt of the hot rebellious spirit of Hotspur and his followers against the King, run hand in hand through each act, in very happy blend. The cutting and re-arrangement of scenes were well done.

Few will forget in a hurry Mr. St. Croix's delivery of the "Honour" soliloquy, nor the humours of his acting on his arising from counterfeiting death to save his skin. Both items were quite admirable. In make-up fat was suggested rather than heaped on his stomach, and his movements suggested weight to carry, while his shortness of breath was excellently feigned. His by-play and facial expression were always in keeping with the sentiments he uttered, and his sense of humour keen. I set down all this as I was brought up to tell the truth and shame the devil, and, therefore, scorn to tell a lie in setting down the merits of Mr. St. Croix's jolly old sack-loving knight. From an art point of view as well as a personal, his Falstaff quite overshadowed the rest of

the cast, though many of the youthful performers were very commendable indeed in their respective rôles, while others I thought heavily handicapped by over pronounced provincialisms of accent, though ever and always they spoke their lines with intelligence, care, and earnestness.

" King Henry IV, Part I," is seldom acted on the regular stage nowadays, but I have seen it performed at least thrice. Once by the late Barry Sullivan for his benefit, when he essayed the rôle of Falstaff " for one night only," and some ten years ago, Mr. Tree revived it at the Gaiety Theatre, for two nights, when he alternated the characters of Falstaff and Hotspur with Mr. Louis Calvert. Most interesting performances they all were. Of course, in recent years, Falstaff has become quite a familiar stage figure through the medium of " The Merry Wives of Windsor," frequently revived by Mr. Tree, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Edmund Tearle's companies. Excellent Falstaffs have resulted, but not one of them a whit better, nor more delightfully droll and convincing than Mr. St. Croix's. His greatest hits were made in the scene in Boar's Head Tavern, where he describes his adventures with robbers to Poins and Prince Hal, and later on where he descants at length (by the way, Falstaff is long winded in everything only his own breath) on the usefulness of Bardolph's Salamander nose. The incident with his ragged army created great mirth also.

Mr. George Malcolm as Henry, Prince of Wales, was inclined to be too deliberate and stilted in speech, and mouthed his words, for the most part, curiously ; a lack of ease characterised his movements generally speaking, but in the interview with his father he became more reposeful and natural, and impressed the audience accordingly. Restlessness is the ban of amateur acting, and should be fought against resolutely by all youthful aspirants to histrionic laurels ! To be a stick is bad, but to be ever moving from one foot to another is damnable ! Mr. Denis Moloney as Poins, his companion, was much more at ease, and consequently more

successful. Mr. Michael Keenan made a fine outspoken Sir Walter Blunt, and Mr. Arthur O'Keeffe's dignified bearing and easy graceful method of delivery made his Earl of Worcester stand well out from the rest. There was much merit in Mr. Cecil Lonergan's Henry Percy (Hotspur), though he was over spasmodic and jerky in his movements and delivery, as a rule.

Mr. Michael Cronin's conception of Bardolph was quiet and effective. An unusually impetuous and declamatory Douglas was found in Mr. Michael Lyons, and his vigorous fight with Sir Walter Blunt looked mighty dangerous from the front. There was not pretence of fierceness about it, it *was* fierce. Mr. Thomas Hayes struck me as too hesitating in his delivery, as King Henry IV, to wholly conjure up the dignity of a king to those who looked on. The minor rôles were earnestly filled in every case, and the play proved interesting from the opening scene.

Again Mr. M'Hardy Flint and Father J. J. Sheehy have to be sincerely congratulated on their work as guiding spirits of the students; and the company and Mr. Flint richly deserved the enthusiastic call they received at the end of the performance.

The intervals were whiled away most agreeably by an excellent programme of music agreeably performed by a small but effective orchestra. His Grace the Archbishop and all present were loud in their praises of the performance, and the name of Mr. St. Croix, and his wonderful Falstaff, was on the lips of all as they left the hall.

JOSEPH HOLLOWAY.*

MUSICAL NOTES, 1906-07.

IT is a matter for congratulation that, losing as we did so many talented musicians of last year, we nevertheless maintained the standard of College music, continued to march

* President of the Architectural Association of Ireland.

"Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary."—*Henry IV.*, Act v.

in the line of new achievements, and in a few instances surpassed the efforts of former years.

A great many changes were made in the singing body. At Christmas time the Junior members were withdrawn, and, with ranks somewhat diminished, we faced our first independent performance—St. Patrick's Night Concert. Among other items the rendering of " The Days of the Kerry Dancing " in four-part harmony was warmly applauded.

This year is perhaps most remarkable for the appearance of an entirely new talent, the composition and production of College songs. There is not a great University of Europe which has not its own traditional songs, expressive of the spirit of the life of its students. " The Banner of the Lord," recently composed by one of the students provides us now with what we hope will become *our* National Anthem. The fine marching air to which the words are set has produced a splendid effect, and the chorus is taken up with great spirit by the whole house. Efforts have been stimulated by this first success. While Father Potter's beautiful old song continues to be the " Auld Lang Syne " of all our meetings, we have nevertheless brought out some new student-songs, the expression in music and in verse of All Hallows sentiment. As a pattern also for future development along these lines, some old student songs of the Middle Ages are being prepared for the breaking-up day, and are peculiarly suited to the sentiments of that day. Thus we have " Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus," " Alma Mater," and " Domum, dulce Domum."

* * *

I have left to the last, to speak briefly of the real work of the Choir—the production of Church Music. Many new pieces have been attempted from the masters of the Italian school. They have been always exceedingly easy, and therefore successful, for it is certainly more prudent to do what is easy, and do it well, than to attempt more

difficult flights with very doubtful success. An instance of this is a beautiful and simple "Magnificat" of Agnola, which has succeeded splendidly where more elaborate settings have proved scarcely artistic. A great change has been made in the Benediction Service. In place of the old Litany tunes, some very beautiful chants have been introduced, while the "O Salutaris" is also varied by chanting one of the many antiphons of the Blessed Sacrament. Indeed, chant has improved so rapidly, and has increased so much, that it may soon be expected that a wider range of Gregorian melodies, and a more successful rendering of them by some 200 voices, will rarely be heard except in some great College. The repertory of English Hymns, too, has increased proportionately. Nine new ones have been added in the course of the year. In this connexion it is pleasing to note the establishing of processionals and recessionals for High Mass on great festivals. On Easter Sunday the effect of a great body of surpliced students chanting the "O Filii et Filiae," as they entered the Church, was very soul-inspiring indeed.

"Servi Domini hymnum dicite Deo alleluia." Thus, ever trying to render the service of song more perfect, we pass through the years of our choir work. We have returned to Summer; and now the golden beams come streaming through the high chapel windows, slanting across and illumining a carved capital of some Gothic column, or upon the reredos of the altar, tipping the angels' wings with flames of gold.

The *Te Deum*: what a conclusion! The hymn of the great Doctor and Bishop, and of his convert! This is the chant which closes our College days, and speeds us on our mission. As we sing it, facing the altar round which we have sung so often,—if the sun has now set, and no longer tips the angels' wings with fire, it is to remind us that some now, some later, must bear away heavenly fire in our hearts, to be the angels of God's dispensation upon earth.

C. LONERAGAN.

1. Reading on "The Boulevard."
2. "Pompey" in bloom.
3. Mr. Loneragan, to whose taste and camera we are indebted for most of the charming pictures in this and the last "Annual."
4. Concert Choir.
5. The Yew-tree's shade.

Natural Elocution.

Past All Hallows men, like the present students in the College, will be very rejoiced to hear that Mr. Flint has, at length, printed his lectures on Elocution. They are collected into a little book, and appropriately called *Natural Elocution.* He divides his system into two main divisions, (1) *Voice Production*, and (2) *Emotional Delivery.* He has a graduated series of exercises to secure the first: these are vowel and consonant exercises, which if gone through systematically will bring about correct pronunciation, perfect articulation, and fine resounding quality of voice. There is a splendid practice also for nasal resonance—a great factor in the carrying power of the voice. He gives, moreover, a most useful list of words usually mispronounced by Irishmen, and quite a number of provincialisms, which ought to be corrected.

But it is in his treatment of the emotional delivery of speech, that Mr. Flint especially shines. The principles he lays down on this matter truly entitle him to call his system *Natural Elocution.* He goes back to Nature. He takes the feelings or emotions that people experience, joy, sorrow indignation, pride, pity, etc. He makes these the foundation of his system. He says that all these emotions have a natural language, which in ordinary life is often lost. His method restores this. He lays down the principles that, if followed, will undoubtedly restore it. We will not go into detail here on these principles; but we refer all readers of the ANNUAL to the book itself. They will be charmed with it. It is excellently written, clear and precise in language, without a superfluous word. It is not a long book; and it is not a dear book. A modest shilling will procure it. Of course those who have the advantage of Mr. Flint's *viva voce* instructions will derive most advantage from the book, for Mr. Flint is a most perfect example of the excellence reached by his system; and as a teacher of Elocution he is *facile princeps.* Still as his system is founded on nature, all can derive

advantage from his work; and can, if in earnest, reduce his principles to practice.

Here in All Hallows we are under great obligations to Mr. Flint. His system has had a perfect trial here; and anyone who has witnessed our plays, or heard our students preach, can testify that it has been crowned with success. We trust that his valuable work will command a large circulation, especially among our own old students, to whom its perusal will bring back happy memories.

J. S. SHEEHY, C.M.

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St. Patrick's Night, 1907.

After two experiments St. Patrick's night is now established a Students' night—one of the best of the year. It was the men of 1906 who took the plunge—who decided to strike out for themselves and to substitute unused and unappreciated talent in the College for professionals with dreamy faces and sentimental effusions. When this year came round, a capable committee was chosen, consisting of Messrs. Keenan, Loneragan and Griffin, and so quickly and unostentatiously did this triumvirate pick and practice their men and arrange all details that Patrick's Night Programme surprised as well as gratified the audience. Glees, solos, duets, "rincas" what a profusion of kindly Irish sentiment and humour too :—

"O native music beyond comparing
The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in gentle thralls."

As soon as the concert, vocal and instrumental, came to an end, the "Eloquent Dempsey," that clever progeny of Mr. Boyle, made his blushing entry. His social and political entanglements were a never-ending source of merriment. They were admirably portrayed by the caste. A competent critic who happened to be present could hardly believe he was

witnessing a collegiate presentation of the life of "Cloghermore." The rolling periods and the shifty manœuvres of Dempsey, the lowly wisdom of his better half, the democratic ideals of Brian O'Neill and Mike Flanagan, the double-dealing of Dr. Bunbury, the blunt honesty of the English captain, the filial devotedness of Dempsey's daughter and the inimitable interjections of the crowd—all these things were set before us unaffectedly yet artistically. Our attention never flagged. Every situation, every dialogue, nearly every phrase is edged with wit and humour. No wonder the players were called forth more than once to receive an ovation. If the committees of the future are as well chosen, as judicious, and as tactful as that of 1907, Patrick's Night will always rank *facile princeps*.

JOHN BRENNAN.

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STUDENTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

March 17, 1907.

PART I.

1. "Oh the Shamrock"—A Legend		*Moore—Balfe*
	THE GLEE SINGERS.	
2. QUARTETTE	Caiṫlín ní h-Uallacáin	*Arr. by Goodman*
	MESSRS. HALPIN, O'BRIEN, CULLEN AND P. O'SULLIVAN.	
3. SONG,	"Rory Darlin'"	*Hope Temple*
	DANIEL O'SULLIVAN.	
4. A Song for 1908		*Original*
	THOMAS O'DONNELL.	
5. "Deep in Canadian Woods"		*Arr. by Goodman*
	THE GLEE SINGERS.	
6. CHANSON COMIQUE	"Early Rising"	—
	PATRICK MOYNIHAN.	
7. SONG	"There's a Land"	*Allison*
	FRANCIS MASTERSON.	
8. SONG	Raiṫneaċ a Ḃean ḃeag	—
	MARTIN SEARS.	
9. SONG	"The Singer was Irish"	*Murphy*
	STANISLAUS ST. CROIX.	
10. GLEE AND DANCE		*Arr. for the occasion*
"O, the Days of the Kerry Dancing."		

PART II.

"THE ELOQUENT DEMPSEY."

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS. BY WILLIAM BOYLE.

SCENE . . . . . Drawingroom in Dempsey's Hotel
TIME, ... Present day in Ireland

SYNOPSIS.

Jeremiah Dempsey, a County Councillor and Hotel-keeper in the country town of Cloghermore, is naturally a man of importance. He is, therefore, sought after by the Conservatives and Nationalists on the occasion of the visit of the Chief Secretary to Cloghermore; the Conservatives wish him to join a deputation to present an Address of welcome to the Secretary; the Nationalists wish him to denounce the Address. A bribe in the shape of an appointment to the Magistracy, which has ever been his ardent wish, is offered by the loyalists; fear of the people's disapproval deters him from accepting. By feigning sickness he manages to be absent from the deputation, and is presented by the people with an Address for his patriotic stand. The Chief Secretary is unable to stop on his way down, and Dempsey suddenly recovers. But there falls a bolt from the blue. The Chief Secretary promises to stop on his way back. The Address comes on again, and Dempsey signs it. At the same time he signs a document denouncing the Address. His duplicity is discovered. He is opposed and ousted from the Councillorship by Flanagan, the people's champion. The magistracy, for which he had risked all, is offered him; but he refuses it, and retires from public life.

Dramatis Personae:

Jeremiah Dempsey, County Councillor for Cloghermore, PATRICK O'SULLIVAN
Dr. Bunbury, J.P. . . . . . THOMAS CARNEY
Captain McNamara, J.P. . . . . EDWARD O'BRIEN
Mike Flanagan, a Working-man . . . HENRY MARSHALL
Brian O'Neill . . . . . MICHAEL ENRIGHT
Mrs. Catherine Dempsey, the wife of Jeremiah . JOHN MURPHY
Mary Kate, her daughter . . . . JOHN WALSH
A crowd of People off the Stage.

FINALE—All Hallows Song . . "The Banner of the Lord."

"HENRY IV.—PART I."

February 27, 1906.

"The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long."

Characters:

King Henry IV. – – – – THOMAS HAYES
Henry, Prince of Wales – – – GEORGE MALCOLM
Prince John of Lancaster – – – MARTIN JORDAN
Earl of Westmoreland – – – JOHN CULLEN
Sir Walter Blunt – – – – MICHAEL KEENAN
Earl of Worcester – – – – ARTHUR O'KEEFE
Earl of Northumberland – – – – MARTIN SEARS

Henry Percy (Hotspur) – – –	CECIL LONERAGAN
Douglas – – – – –	MICHAEL LYONS
Sir Richard Vernon – – –	EDMUND GRIFFIN
Sir John Falstaff – – – –	STANISLAUS ST. CROIX
Poins – – – – –	DENIS MOLONEY
Gadshill – – – – –	CORNELIUS KENNEDY
Bardolph – – – – –	MICHAEL CRONIN
Host – – – – –	THOMAS RYAN
Peto – – – – –	PATRICK O'SULLIVAN
Sheriff – – – – –	TIMOTHY O'CONNOR
Messenger – – – – –	JOHN MURPHY
Carrier – – – – –	THOMAS LAWTON

Lords, Travellers, Soldiers, etc.

"HAMLET."

"There is nothing either good or bad
But thinking makes it so."—*Hamlet*, Act II.

Characters :

Claudius (King of Denmark) – –	DENIS MALONEY
Hamlet (son to the former and nephew to the present King) – – – –	CECIL LONERAGAN
Horatio (friend to Hamlet) – – –	EDWARD O'BRIEN
Polonius (Lord Chamberlain) – –	STANISLAUS ST. CROIX
Laertes (his son) – – – –	ARTHUR O'KEEFFE
Rosencrantz, *Guildenstern*, *Osric* } Courtiers –	EDMOND GRIFFIN; PATRICK O'SULLIVAN; MICHAEL CROWLEY
A Priest – – – – –	THOMAS MINOGUE
Marcellus, *Bernardo* } Officers	THOMAS CARNEY; MICHAEL ENRIGHT
Reynaldo (servant to Polonius) – –	ARTHUR MADDEN
Ghost of Hamlet's Father – – –	HENRY MARSHALL
Player-King – – – – –	MARTIN SEARS
Francisco (a soldier) – – –	THOMAS LAWTON
Lucianus – – – – – –	THOMAS POWER
First Player – – – – –	JOHN MURPHY
Second Player – – – – –	MARTIN JORDAN
First Grave-digger – – – –	BERNARD O'FARRELL
Second Grave-digger – – – –	THOMAS RYAN
Gertrude (Queen of Denmark, mother to Hamlet)	MICHAEL KEENAN
Ophelia (daughter to Polonius) – –	THOMAS O'DONNELL
Player-Queen – – – – –	JOHN CULLEN

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Act I.—Warnings.

SCENE I.—Elsinore—A Platform before the Castle.
SCENE II.—Room of State in Castle.
SCENE III.—Room in house of Polonius.
SCENE IV.—A Platform before the Castle.

Act II.—Discovery.

SCENE I.—Room in house of Polonius.
SCENE II.—Room in Castle.
SCENE III.—Hall in Castle.
SCENE IV.—Room in Castle.

Act III.—Punishment.

SCENE I.—The Orchard.
SCENE II.—A Churchyard.
SCENE III.—A Street.
SCENE IV.—Room of State in Castle.

Holidays and Pastimes.

"And the nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares which infest the day,
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

The Easter Holidays, 1906.

It seemed strange to face a commonplace world again on the Tuesday of Easter Week. The sound of chanting and the odour of incense that had seemed to blend with our very existence during Holy Week and the days of Exposition, now died away, except, perhaps, for something that seemed to linger like a sweet echo, or a delicate fragrance, within our hearts.

There is, perhaps, no excursion during the free days of Easter Week so thoroughly appreciated as that to the Hill of Howth. There is a feeling of being "off for the day," as the special trams speed by the circling shores of Dublin Bay, and carry us out to the fine old headland.

The Hill of Howth is indeed an old and well-loved spot. The gorse is ever the same short gorse, where one can lie in sweet content to bask in the soft Spring sunshine, or gaze lazily out over the expanse of the Bay to the peaked hills of Wicklow beyond. It is a glorious look out, and one might meditate fittingly upon the events of centuries that have been

staged upon the waters of the Bay that lies at the foot of the headland ;—the coming of St. Patrick just across the water from the Wicklow side, the warships of Vikings and Danes that ploughed its shining surface for a hundred years and more, and in later and sadder times, the sails that bore away many an exile and the last hopes of a noble cause. But the Prefect's voice would soon end such meditations with a welcome appeal to one's sense of the fitness of things. What more fitting, certainly, than that we should each lose our individual appetite, and find everyone's, on such a breezy height. And equally fitting that such a debit balance in our accounts should be squared. Thereafter the day drew rapidly to an end, and leaving the village of Howth behind, with its quaint quays and fishing smacks, we sped homeward as fast as electricity could speed us.

Killiney is, in a way, a younger brother of Howth, standing sentinel upon the southern shores of Dublin Bay. Here we found ourselves two days afterwards, scanning the great valley that lay between us and Bray, even to the great jagged wall of hills that form the northern frontier of the County Wicklow. There was a summerful of fragrance in the air ; and by the wise arrangement of the man at the helm an appetising supply of " stores." But the peaceful enjoyment of the day was not a little disturbed by two camera fiends, who were in evidence from time to time,—and indeed, it is sad to think of the fate of some who were joining merrily in " A Nation Once Again," as the special tram sped homeward. For the perpetual memory of the thing, we insert one of the snapshots, which the maker thereof surrendered in a spirit of penance.

Of the numerous concerts and entertainments which filled the nights of Easter Week, two were especially enjoyable—the programme of Recitations provided by Professor Burke, and the Cup Concert. It was at this latter function that the Juniors received and carried off the Cup, won at the Football

Sports. Day Snaps.

Match, amidst vociferous cheering, and a display of kindly feeling between the rival Houses. I say *rival*, for of course I mean in the football sense. The other interesting lectures and lantern-slide evenings fall under the Report of the Ferghillian Society, which appears elsewhere.

The week's tripping came to an end at Tallaght. It would have been a poor trip indeed,—for the day was most disagreeable,—had it not been for the kindness and hospitality of the sons of St. Dominic, who welcomed us and entertained us within the guest-house. In fact, from a social point of view, this was the most enjoyable day of the week. Refreshments were served, the musical talent was brought into requisition, and indeed we seemed rather to celebrate a family gathering than to pay a visit. Felicitous little speeches were made, and our appreciation of the great kindliness of the monks found warm expression in a few nice words from Mr. Hayes.

And so the Easter holidays came to a close. Like many other parts of the year, they had their novelties and their improvements. In this connexion there may have been little adversities to contend against; when are there not? For the wheel of every innovation requires a *push* to set it going, and a continued supply of the oil of wrath and perseverance to *keep* it going. But these are little matters that pass quickly, like the smoke of breath on polished glass, and after all, the best way to be happy is to know exactly what one wants to do and to do it.

CECIL LONERAGAN.

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The Tale of two Goals and a third.

The chronicler of the College has elsewhere told how it came about that we had this year an Inter-House match for the possession of a silver cup. The Juniors invaded the Senior grounds on the 4th April, 1906. They came, they saw, and they conquered. The title of this article tells you

the manner of it. Goals win matches, and at the final wind of the horn, two of these valuable contingencies were credited to the " Infants," while the " Ancients " could only point to one as their net gain (no pun intended). And the Juniors did " maffick " as men do who have striven and won.

The power is in some pens to write of sport to stir the blood and make the pulses dance. As you read what they write of the out-door life your nerves tingle as they do when you follow up a tale of the tented field and of the " pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Alas, mine is no such fire-tipped pen. A plain unvarnished tale must you be content with, for veracity unadorned gives no veneer. To your work, then, mine honest quill !

It is not an unprofitable exercise to beat upon the big drum—provided you beat it long and lustily. We had performed upon it with such admired discretion, and over such a long period, that interest was tuned to a very high pitch. The players had trained conscientiously, and were hungering to be at it.

The day of the battle was summer-like and sultry, the sod a little on the hard side. We prayed for a little of the " gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath," but it came not. What would you ? All things are not, even to the footballer. Mr. Callanan of the Bohemian Football Club, who had kindly consented to carry the whistle, tooted upon his unpastoral pipe, and the Juniors rushed impetuously away. They were seemingly in a hurry to score. However, the tide of battle did ebb and flow until upon the middle plain the contest grim was hourly waged between the opposing half-backs. (Note the rolling blank verse.) We had an exhibition of keen tactical play. The Junior halves won golden opinions at this stage from friends and foes by their resourceful and plucky play. Johnny Reddy the left half is no giant, but he has a giant's heart. The bigger is his opponent the better he likes him, and he loves them all like

brothers. I lay not praise on with a trowel. I speak what I do know. Hail, O Reddy!

The present scribe will tell you the one reason why the "Infants" did not score three goals in the first ten minutes. In Tom Lawton, the pivot of the Senior middle line, behold the reason. A strong argument is Tom the stalwarth. An experienced player, he has the intuition to anticipate, and possesses a very deft pair of feet. How the following of the Junior team writhed what time he was breaking up many a pretty movement!

The wily forwards of the Lower House were being matched by guile equal to their own—except once, and then came the first goal from their shooting boots. It happened thus. Paddy Reilly, on the outside right, had wheeled, and pirouetted, and twisted, and doubled, to the mystification of the "Ancients'" defence. He had tapped the ball cleverly into the centre, then Joe Reilly had trapped it in his stride, and with a mighty rush was off goalwards. When he got in his shot all was over, except the cheering, for the goal-keeper seemed paralysed. The Juniors were one up. The scene that followed was not "one to rouse." It cannot be described even as "electrifying." Let us say simply this, that no word-painting can let you see the joy of our Junior friends. Actually first blood for the much despised! And they did cheer and cheer, and did begin again to cheer. And then shrilly rang out the call of "Half-time."

The second half is described in the heroic key.

The centre forward kicked off the sphere, and again the strife is waged for goals and glory and the silver "pot." Bernard O'Farrell's is no fairy form. He boots the ball in the centre of the Senior forward line. To put it bluntly, his is many a stone of sterling avoirdupois. Yet can he move with speeding feet, as fast as many a lighter man. And now he leads a foray. And 'tis for goals. O'Donovan in the Junior second rank has no sinecure in his mission to be

guardian angel unto Bernard the strenuous. In truth, O'Farrell! did that rush of thine a better meed deserve than a "corner," flat and unprofitable. In sporting mood we wish and pray that Manning and M'Elligott would make just one small slip that a goal might fall to the lot of the Senior warriors. Strive on, brave hearts and cunning feet, on both sides. Well fought out, and well thought out, sturdy and brainy forwards of the Upper House. Applaud enthusiasts, Junior and Old, for that little bit of play was just Football. The scion of the house of Mulligan of the nimble step and swift, how doth he keep the Juniors in anxiety and dread. For he shoots with disconcerting sureness. But the Juniors possess a "goalie"! He has good hands, and his eyes are keen, and his brain directs their movements. And no goals are scored against him. Unaided just now doth he stand in the breach repelling the bombardment, for the Junior backs are indulging a foolish desire to wander. Rolls back the wave of assault. O'Donovan has sped the ball away to O'Donnell, the Junior outside left. He of the twinkling feet does not stay to look about him as he careereth along. He parts with the sphere most judiciously to receive it again, and ground is made. Look! Yonder thunders Galvin, the ball at his toe, now surely something will happen. Tricked and tricked again. Two Seniors outwitted: he shoots, he scores. The goal has fallen. Two goals to love. Again the cheers and cheers, and next the kick-off. Soon cometh the Seniors' chance. Determined attack, clean understanding between the forwards and halves, palpable weariness in the "youngsters'" lines—these were the factors from now onward in the deadly strife. Lawton the cool, Lawton the strong, how much do thy comrades owe thee for thy day's work? Heneghan and Mulligan, well did ye do your part, but to O'Farrell be mainly the glory. From his foot came your solitary goal, O Seniors. Honour to O'Farrell, the stout and the heavy. With dragooning stride he covers

House Teams, 1907.

the ground in pursuit of the leather ; there is no one between him and the goal-keeper, and he receives that cross pass. Then came the shock, and the scorer he did mark, " One net(t) goal."

'Twere long to tell of keenly fought bouts from this unto the end. The play, as keen as at the start, was marked by sporting and gentlemanly feeling. Seldom had the knight of the whistle to perform upon that instrument. As the full time drew near, it was marked of all the spectators that the staying powers of the Seniors were superior to those of the younger brigade. But they were not fated to equalise. No, the Seniors did not score again. While pressing home a strong attack they hear the fatal sound that marks the fulness of the players' time. A lamentation, gentles, o'er the defeat of a gallant sporting side : a hymn of praise for worth and cleverness, and the victory of sportsmen every whit as true.

Here follow the names of the gallant ones who fought in that great though unbloody fight :—

The Seniors—Goal, John O'Reilly ; full backs, M. Keenan, and J. Bradley ; half-backs, M. Feeney, T. Lawton, and P. O'Sullivan ; forwards, W. Mulligan, M. Lyons, B. O'Farrell, J. Heneghan, J. M'Cann.

The Juniors—Goal, D. O'Sullivan ; full backs, D. Manning, and R. M'Elligott ; half-backs, J. Murphy, J. O'Donovan, and J. Reddy ; forwards, P. O'Reilly, M. Galvin, Joseph O'Reilly, P. Barrett, M. O'Donnell.

JOSEPH BOWERS.

* * *

Hurling. This time-honoured game of Cucullain and Finn has not, it is true, a big tradition in All Hallows, extending back to the early or middle ages of our College history. There are some amongst us still—the distinction is now confined to a few of our Reverend Seniors—who remember that red-lettered day when our

Dean spun the leather into the forest of up-lifted camans, and launched our national game upon its conquering way. Swelling ranks and advancing skill have been its yearly record since, while this year it has attained—I cannot say perfection for a philosophical reason, but I may say—a perfection hitherto unknown amongst us.

This year, our League matches having been brought to a successful issue, we decided on a new departure. We approached our superiors and asked permission for an inter-division match between the Seniors and the Juniors. A favourable response was the result. The period of probation began and keen was the competition and great the exertions to secure the much coveted prize of an International Cap.

The day fixed for the encounter—the 18th March—at length arrived. The weather was seasonable, the air fresh and bracing, such as fans into life again the dormant pulses of Nature. Old Sol, too, looked gaily down, and beneath his cheering influence our spirits bubbled over with joyous animation. At the appointed hour the combatants, in bright-coloured costumes appear, and, as they go to cross swords in mid-field, they are cheered by their admirers on the ditch. At the sound of the whistle the backs fly to position, while the cluster upon the ball in mid-field makes the air ring with the music of the game. When the ball gets loose it is sent for a short time on its winged message alternately up and down field. The Seniors are already doing steady work; the Juniors show a little nervous wavering. The Seniors are in possession, and, out-manœuvring the opposing backs, the centre-forward quickly shoots for goal and scores. It is first blood—and within ten minutes from the start.

The game is now an excellent one—fast and furious. Up and down the ball travels with electric speed. The air rings with the clash of arms. The very music of the fray lends strength and vigour to the players. See how they dash for the ball; see that quick artistic movement of the hurley

Hurling Teams, 1907.

in the air—it is a prelude to the unerring shot which sends the ball whirring on its course. The onlookers have caught the excitement; they are fired with enthusiasm, until, overcome by it, they unconsciously proclaim their sympathy by applauding the victors or encouraging the vanquished.

Many a bold rush is made by the Juniors—worthy of a score—but they are held at bay by the impenetrable lines opposed to them. Only once did they lower the goal-flag —which had thrice fallen to the Seniors—in the first half of the game. During the second half the gallant efforts of the visitors to retrieve their fortunes excited general admiration, and when the final whistle sounded the Seniors, wearied by the stress of the struggle, were not less gratified with the cessation of hostilities than with the laurels of victory. Another year must elapse before the issue can be knit again between the two divisions, but in the meantime I trust there is no imprudence in advertizing a hitherto half-suppressed wish that our next engagement may not be that of a kingdom divided against itself, but of All Hallows united against a team from University College or the College of Science.

E. GRIFFIN.

* * *

Tennis 1905-1906.

We cannot help feeling now, at the close of the Tennis Season of 1906, that it was not quite so successful as that of the previous year. No doubt, the unsatisfactory state of the weather was responsible for this. At a time when we wanted showers to soften the ground for rolling operations, a prolonged period of dry and warm weather made the turf too hard to work upon. Then the winter seemed to come back in May, and retarded the playing of the game, to some extent. During the month of June, however, Tennis was in full swing, and the courts were in the pink of condition. It would certainly be unfair here not to acknowledge the efforts of energetic members who seized every opportunty to lay aside the

racquet for the whitewash brush and the lawn-mower, greatly enhancing the appearance of the courts, especially when the application of the lime was liberal. *Qui potest capere, capiat.* There is no disputing the advantages of a good broad line : it leaves so little room for doubt, and plenty of room for a tennis ball. We have only to express once more the Utopian wish for permanent netted courts. What they would save in lost balls and lost time, and what a gain they would be in the pleasure of the game, we leave to every lover of Tennis to judge.

CECIL LONERAGAN.

* * *

The Second Inter-House Football Match, 1907.

The result of last year's contest, needless to say, was a disagreeable surprise to the Seniors. The cup rested in the Junior House during the inaugural year of the matches, and that was a notable achievement for the Philosophers. As the 1907 fixture drew round, every nerve was strained for the struggle. In consequence, a finely practised and fit twenty-two lined up on March 18, obedient to the experienced whistle of Mr. Hooper, of the Bohemians. The day was a typical March one, bright with scurrying hail-clouds, and a brisk wind shifting S.W. to N.W. Around the lines were grouped the Houses sociably intermingled. A remarkable feature in the game was, that, despite the keen competition for the laurels, the spectators most impartially encouraged and applauded good play on either side. In this particular, the pluck and dash of the Junior team gained them many sympathisers amongst the Seniors.

In the opening half, it became clear that an up-hill struggle lay before the visitors ; they were deficient in point of weight as compared with their opponents, and the Senior team seemed the more scientific. Cusack, for the Lower House, was a veritable Cucullain on the field ; he made many dashing spurts, and did very useful tackling. Galvin, on

the Senior side, kept him in check, and was in the right place. First score fell to the Seniors. A scrum in front of the goal resulted in the leather going through off Flannery's shoulder. Things now grew lively, and the pace was very fast. Keenan, Heneghan, and Lawton showed splendid combination work, and the Senior forward line was wonderfully in advance of that of 1906. P. J. O'Reilly was reliable on the wing, if a trifle slow. Towards half-time the Seniors made a dashing attack. Excitement grew as the forwards neared the posts. It needed all O'Farrell's portly presence on the lines to restrain the spectators. Again, the Seniors scored, Heneghan notching second goal for his side. Con Murphy between the Junior posts was all a goal-man should be ; he was incessantly bombarded and cleared most accurately with feet and hands in turn. For the Seniors John O'Reilly rivalled him, a picture of grim determination at his post. He gave, on one occasion, a splendid opportunity to the ubiquitious camera-fiends. To block a dangerous rush he charged the Junior line, and Seniors and Juniors, a second later, ruefully picked themselves from a promiscuous heap.

After the interval, nothing daunted by their failing fortunes, the Junior eleven made a gallant fight. The wind was rather in their favour and, soon, a faulty clearing gave O'Donnell his chance. He cleverly passed to his centre, and, the ball getting jammed between the massed Seniors in goal, Cusack, with characteristic dash, brought ball and all right through. He picked himself up, some yards behind, and had consolation in the applause of the field. Ring, Hayes and Meade did splendid mid-field work for the Juniors, at this point of play. M'Elligott and Bradley were towers of strength on the Senior back, and Feeney on the half line. Indeed, it was evident, as earlier in the hurling contest, that more weight in the Junior team would have greatly altered matters. Nowhere could a more athletic, well-set up, eleven be seen for their age, and there seems small fear of Irish-

Ireland, while Munster vales and Connaught glens can send out men like these. Towards the middle of the second half, Lawton sent in a succession of well-directed shots, but Murphy in goal defended brilliantly. A long kick from Joseph Murphy at mid-field found Flannery on the alert, and another goal left the score at call of time, three, one for the Seniors. Beaten for the time, but not disgracefully, the Juniors received a ringing cheer at the centre, ere the teams dispersed, and a capital day's sport concluded. The visitors parted from their Senior friends, a hearty CEAD MILE FAILTE to the May-day sports reaching them as they left.

JOHN BRENNAN.

* * *

With the Juniors.

It is a well-known fact that the motto of the Junior students is, in all things, *Excelsior*. What wonder, then, that this year we set ourselves to outdo the great doings of the past. Then, Hurrah for the winter, and for the bouncing leather and the booted feet that pattern it swiftly along the green sward! Meetings called, league formed, teams picked, fixtures settled, whistle blown, and off we go! Who is the sad old man who sighed for the days of the Kerry dancing, and the gatherings in the glen? What was this to the spectacle of youth and vigour, arrayed in all the glory of foot-ball togs, that appeared evening after evening on our own green field? Ye of the camera, snap it if you can, but the picture of it will hang in memory's halls for ever, to grow more sweet as we ourselves grow older.

Five teams constitute the Football League. Glentoran and Freebooters ran equal in the first round, but in the second the 'Booters came out on top, just by a goal. The wooden spoon was hotly contested for by the other three teams, and our congratulations are due to the Cliftonians for having secured it.

The Hurling League was a rattling success. It is evident

Discussing prospects at Half-time.

that the swing of the ash *caman* is loved as dearly as the shoot of the soccer ball. The matches were played off with great exuberance of Celtic spirit, and the Milesians—the "dark horse" of the competition—annexed the medals.

Gentle Tennis! Aye, gentle, though you do mow down the wee crimson-tipped daisies and flatten out the face of poor old mother earth, the better to play your game. In the warm June days the twang of the racquet sounds sweet, and from beneath the shade of Pompey's spreading branches, interested eyes follow the hop, hop, of the little white balls.

I am not forgetting Handball—last but not least. It is a popular game all the year round, but Spring invariably witnesses a rush to the courts, and the tournament in early Summer is a most exciting fixture. We heartily congratulate the winners on their excellent play.

Though the games are in reality but a small portion o: our strenuous daily life, we learn from them lessons o far play, manliness, and unselfishness, and, with strong and vigorous hearts and frames, lay the foundations, let us hope, of a healthy spiritual life.

P. J. O'DONNELL.

* * *

Athletic Sports 1906 and 1907.

For some years there had been no attempt to organize "Sports" on a large scale in All Hallows. The selection of an energetic and capable committee for 1906 aroused great hopes of an interesting and enjoyable programme. The most sanguine expectations were realized. On the morning of the first Wednesday of May, the field presented a gay appearance. The contests, especially in running, were keen; and the success of the whole venture made it evident that "Sports" were now established as an important annual fixture.

In 1907, as might be expected, the athletes asserted themselves by beginning to practice early in the term. It was soon apparent that the competitions in the various events

would be up to a high standard. Using to the best advantage the experience of the previous year the active organizers improved the old attractions and introduced new ones. The interest and excitement increased as the day of trial approached. In spite of the efforts of Jupiter Pluvius to damp our spirits, the day was very enjoyable. Like a gleam of light such items as "Sports" come to remove monotony from College life. None believe more than we the saying of Coleridge: "He that relapseth not into sportiveness is a wearisome companion." Hence it is not surprising that in all the usual competitions the numbers taking part surpassed expectation. The performances were very creditable, too, and no laurels were carried off without a hard struggle. Now that the "Sports" are on a firm footing it would, perhaps, be advisable to establish College records in the different events, so that each generation may have the desire to surpass their predecessors as a further motive to excellence.

J. CULLEN, B.A.

All Hallows:

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

It has been often said that history repeats itself, and that the scenes and events of one age, are but the echoes of the scenes and events of another. This is fully illustrated in our own All Hallows of the present day. Few readers of the ANNUAL are aware, perhaps, that nearly eight hundred years ago there stood on the outskirts of, what was then, the city of Dublin, an All Hallows, in which the daily round of labour and study went on, as it goes on in the All Hallows of the present day. When we add that this old All Hallows stood on the site of the present Trinity College, it cannot fail to receive thereby an additional item of interest. It is of this old All Hallows that we purpose to give a short sketch in the following pages.

Dermot Mac Murrogh.

Our narrative goes back to the time when Dermot Mac Murrogh reigned in Leinster, and when the saintly Laurence O'Toole sat in the see of Dublin. It is not necessary here to give any account of the vices of the one or of the virtues of the other. Suffice it to say, that the ill-fated Dermot left many a blot upon his memory. Amongst the rest, he is charged with having despoiled and burned many monasteries and churches throughout the land, and of putting their priests

and monks to the sword. But if this be true, it must be added to his credit, that Dermot did penance, and, as far as possible, made reparation for the crimes he had committed. This he did by founding many religious houses in different parts of his kingdom. We find mention of the Abbey of St. Mary, for monks of the Order of St. Augustine, founded at Ferns, in the County Wexford; of a Cistercian Monastery at Baltinglass, in the County Wicklow; of a convent of Nuns established in Dublin, known as St. Mary de Hogges, and having dependent upon it foundations at Kilcheelen and Athady, the former in Kilkenny, the latter in Carlow. But of all the religious houses that owe their foundation to the penance of Dermot, the most famous was the Prioratus Omnium Sanctorum, the Priory of All Hallows. As we have seen, it stood on the ground at present occupied by Trinity College. When we consult the maps of Dublin of that period, we find that a large portion of the southern bank of the Liffey was then outside the city boundary. There was a city gate standing somewhere about the site of the present City Hall at the end of Dame Street, and the ground stretching on to the sea, from the present College Green to Ringsend, was an open space, known by the name of the Steyn. This spot was well known to the Danes, for here it was that, under Hasculf, they prepared to assault the city in 1171. Here, then, just outside the city, Dermot founded the Priory of All Hallows in 1166, and established there the Canons Regular of St. Augustine.

His grants to old All Hallows.

The old Chronicler tells us that Dermot brought the Canons of All Hallows from the Church of the daughter of Zola; but, what or where this Church was, cannot now with certainty be determined. The canons followed the rule of St. Augustine as it had lately been reformed in the Convent of Aroasia. It is an interesting fact that St. Laurence O'Toole first introduced this reformed Order into his Diocese. We

have no trace, however, of where their monastery was, prior to their being established at All Hallows. They must have stood high in the favour of Mac Murrogh, for, we find that not long after their establishment, he conferred upon Bishop Edan, his confessor, for the use and benefit of All Hallows, a large tract of land called Ballidubgail (the present Baldoyle) with its men, that is " with Melisu Macfeilccan, his sons and grandsons free and released from any procuration or expedition," and, moreover, " he charged the men of Dublin and Leinster to maintain the Canons in the possession of the said land, in all liberty, without any exaction of tithes, as fully and honourably as any college of canons or monks in Ireland was possessed of any royal endowment." This was a very special privilege in those early days, for, the exactions then made on Church lands and property were very exorbitant. Hence we find an ancient Synod of Cashel formulating a special decree against them " that all the Church lands and possessions throughout all Ireland shall be free from all secular exactions and impositions, and especiallie that no lords, earles, nor noblemen, nor their children nor familie shall exact or take anie coine and liverie, cosheries, nor cuddies nor anie other like custome from thenseforth, in or upon anie of the Church lands and territories."—(Stanyhurst.)

The grant of land made by Dermot to the newly established Priory of All Hallows was confirmed by Royal Charter, and, it is an interesting fact that, amongst the witnesses to this Charter, appears the name of Kevin, then Abbot of Glendalough.

Henry II.

In 1171, Henry II came to Dublin and established his Court at the old " Thengmote" or place of assembly of the Danish Colonists. This was on the rising ground above the Hoggen (the present College Green) and would correspond with that now occupied by St. Andrew's Church and the surrounding district. It was consequently in close proximity to the old Priory of All

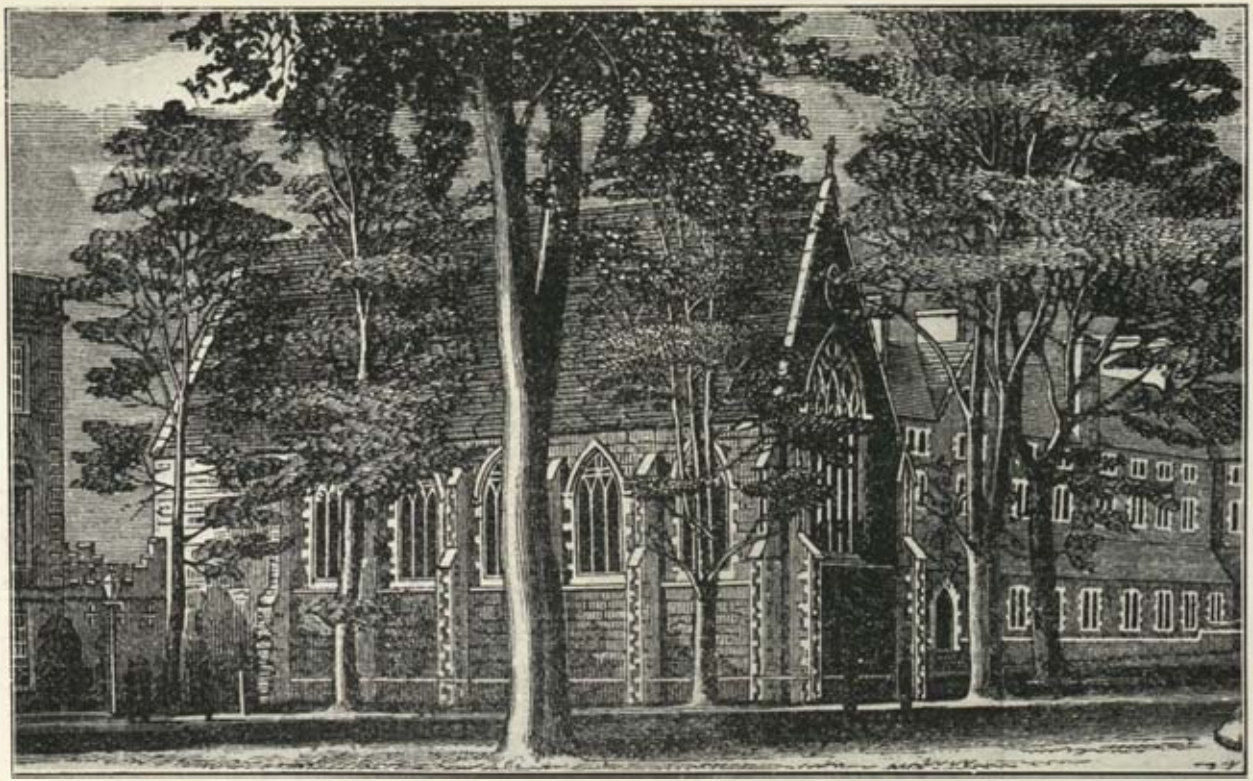
Hallows. Here, we are told, Henry passed some six months, and about Christmas of the year 1171, entertained the Irish Princes with royal magnificence. The close proximity of royalty may have been a mixed blessing for the Canons of All Hallows. However, it brought them one very substantial benefit. Before leaving Dublin, Henry confirmed to them the grants of land already made them by Dermod. After events proved the advantage of this important concession. The successors of Henry had little respect for Irish monastic property, and for centuries the English robbery of Church lands was an ever-recurring source of bitter hostility.

The first English Archbishop of Dublin, John Comyn, was appointed in 1181. Shortly after his arrival in Dublin, he became the patron of the Priory of All Hallows, and we find this patronage confirmed to his successor, Henry de Loundres by a Bull of Innocent III in 1216.

Papal grants.

Prior to this date, however, the Priory of All Hallows had become the object of Papal favour. There is extant a Bull of Urban II in 1186, in which he exempts from tithes the tillage lands of the Priory which the Canons should have cultivated with their own hands or at their own expense. He confirms to them all their ancient liberties and immunities. He forbids any ecclesiastical authority to presume to pronounce against them, without most manifest cause, sentence of interdict or excommunication, and, finally, by Apostolic authority grants to their houses and granges the privilege of freedom from arrest.

Later on, Gregory IX, by a Bull given in 1234, prohibited the erection of new chapels or oratories within their parish without their consent, though in the same Bull he enjoins them to receive Holy Orders, the Holy Oils, and the Consecration of their Churches and Altars, from the Bishop of their diocese. From this it would seem that the Canons of All Hallows were claiming exemption from Episcopal jurisdiction. This claim they probably based on the fact that,



College Chapel, 1852-1895.

in the time of Bishop Edan they were independent of the See of Dublin.

Finally, about 1276, Innocent V conferred additional privileges; the Canons were now to be protected against all new and undue exactions of Archbishops and Bishops, and all other persons, whether secular or ecclesiastic, and it was specially provided that the monastery was to be under the government of a prior.

Glendalough subject to All Hallows.

Such were some of the temporal favours bestowed on old All Hallows and its monks. But this was not all. It enjoyed also great spiritual authority. The first and most important was that exercised over the old Abbey of St. Saviour of Glendalough. Prior to 1152 Glendalough was a separate diocese containing an important city. Laurence O'Toole had been Abbot of Glendalough before being transferred to the See of Dublin, and Kevin was Abbot at the time of the foundation of the monastery of All Hallows. In 1152, in a Synod held at Mellifont (at which the Bishop of Glendalough was present), the See of Glendalough was divided, and a portion added to the See of Dublin, which up to that time was confined within the walls of the city. In 1192 the privilege of nominating the Bishop of Glendalough was conferred on John Comyn, who, as we have seen, was the first English Archbishop of Dublin. Finally, in 1216, Innocent III confirmed the union of Dublin and Glendalough, on condition that with the revenues of the latter, a religious house or hospital should be established. It was in fulfilment of this condition, that Henry de Loundres had a large hospital built on the sea shore, then close to the Priory of All Hallows. This hospital was intended as a refuge for pilgrims on their way to St. James of Compostella, who might be detained by stress of weather on the Eastern Coast. Thus Dublin became first not only in temporal, but also in spiritual importance. There is an old tradition that St. Patrick had

foretold this superiority of Dublin. He came on one occasion as far as Finglas, and looking over the land that lay before him he blessed it, and, in the spirit of prophecy, said: "Pagus iste nunc exiguus, eximius erit, divitiis et dignitate dilatabitur, nec crescere cessabit donec in regni solium sublimetur—(Jocelin, *Vita S. Patr.*).

It was shortly after the union of the two dioceses that the Abbey of Glendalough was subjected to the Priory of All Hallows; and we find in the Charter of Subjection that the monks of Glendalough are commanded to be obedient to the wise and wholesome admonitions of their new Priors.

Gifts of Land.

As time went on additional grants of land were made to the Priory. In 1234, forty acres in the territory of Dovenachbroc (now Donnybrook) were bestowed upon it, for which the Canons were to pay yearly one pound of pepper for pottage.

In 1240, the Lord of Offaly conferred upon them the parish of Tughadoe in Kildare; William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, made a grant of the church of Rathmackne in the diocese of Ferns, and Theobald Fitzwalter bestowed upon the Priory two acres and a half of the land of Steyn quite close to the Priory itself. There is also mention about this time of a curious gift of John, son of Dermic. By a formal deed he gives and grants to the Canons of All Hallows a boat to catch salmon and other fish in the Liffey, in return for which he was to receive a rose, on every St. John the Baptist's Day, in the Church of All Hallows.

The present site of All Hallows.

It is at this time that we find mention of that grant of land to the Priory which was to have such deep and lasting interest for All Hallows of the present day. There is extant a deed bearing date of the fifteenth year of the reign of Henry III, by which Thurstan, son of Vincent de la Strande, grants in perpetuity to the Prior of All Hallows and to the Canons serving therein, his estate of Kenturk or Clonturk

near Dublin. This is no other than the ground on which our College of All Hallows now tands. We shall see later on, how this land came into the possession of the founder of the College, the saintly Father Hand.

Serfs.

Passing now from the various grants of land thus made to the ancient Priory of All Hallows, we find mention of a very extraordinary, and, in our days, of an almost incredible gift made by one Richard de Pheypo. There is no longer question of a grant of land, it is now a grant of serfs or slaves, with all the issue and progeny of their sept. We may remember, that Dermot Mac Murrogh, when conferring on the Canons of All Hallows the lands of Ballidubgail, granted, together with the land, all its men. The gift of Pheypo seems to be the renewal of the former grant of Mac Murrogh. That some form of serfdom existed in Ireland down to a comparatively recent period cannot be questioned. But in the grant here made, as far as can be gathered from the Charter of Concession, it seems certain that there is question of slaves in full sense of the word. They are given independently of the land, and might be removed or sold independently of it.

It does not appear, however, that they were used for any other purpose than the cultivation of the land, and there is no suggestion of any harshness in their treatment. On the contrary, they seem to have been thoroughly devoted to their masters and to have served them with perfect freedom and alacrity.

It is a remarkable fact that almost invariably in the grants of land made to the Priory, the donors declare that they make the grant '*pro salute animarum*' as well of themselves as of their parents, children, relations, and friends, but never do they look for any temporal advantage from their generosity. Sometimes, indeed, a rent was exacted, but it was merely nominal, and was imposed only to give the Priory greater security in its possessions.

Decadence of the Priory.

The period which we have now reached, seems to have been the brightest and most prosperous in the history of the old Priory of All Hallows. Its spiritual authority was acknowledged far beyond its own walls, and its temporal possessions were scattered largely over the land.

But, like so many other religious institutions, its decline set in, just when it was at the height of its prosperity. Not that the decadence is in any way to be laid to the charge of the Priory itself, or to the infidelity of its Canons. But the times were changed. New masters reigned in Ireland. The spirit of lawlessness was abroad, and little respect was shown to the property of the Church. So great was the feeling of hostility that existed between the natives and the *strangers* that we find in the Statute of Kilkenny an enactment that "no Irishman should be admitted into any religious house within the land of Ireland," while at the same time the Irish Bishops were ordered by Innocent IV to revoke a statute they had made that "no Englishman should be received into their religious houses as a Canon." Moreover, as a result of this hostility between the two races, mutual incursions were being constantly made by them into one another's territory. In this state of things it was difficult indeed for the old Priory to maintain peaceful possession of its more distant lands, and more difficult still to secure the revenues they should bring in. Hence, in 1305 we find the Prior complaining of a "*rescue of distresses which had been made in the fee of Tipperary.*" In 1318 he was obliged to put forward the plea of poverty as the grounds for not paying a fine that had been levied upon him, and seventy years later, the same plea was put forward for a similar purpose.

Things must have gone from bad to worse, for in 1423 the Canons drew up a statement which was vouched by Archbishop Talbot, to the effect that, owing to the unjust and hostile occupation of its lands, the ruin of its buildings, and various other oppressions, the Priory was reduced to such a

state of misery, that what remained of its goods was not sufficient for its support. They, moreover, ask a remittance of two marks payable to the Archbishop so that they may be able to maintain the divine service and their other works of piety.

Prior of All Hallows appointed Admiral of Baldoyle in perpetuity.

Little more of interest is recorded of the ancient Priory till the reign of Edward IV. In that reign, in the years 1472 and 1474, we find the Canons once again the objects of Royal favour. In the former year the title of William Stewnot, Prior of All Hallows, to all wrecks in the manor of Baldowell was conferred by Act of Parliament, while in 1474 a new and unheard of privilege was conferred upon the Priors of All Hallows for all time to come. The Canons had complained that the inhabitants of their land of Ballidubgail were being daily troubled and molested by the King's admirals, who levied inordinate *amercements* upon hem. The complaint was heard and a strange remedy applied. The King's admirals were removed, and by authority of Parliament it was enacted, that the Prior of All Hallows and his successors for all time should be admirals of Ballidubgail, and should enjoy that office without any molestation from the King or his heirs or successors.

In the same year an Act of Parliament was passed in Dublin by which the Prior of All Hallows was empowered "to send and carry to the *Irish enemies*, victuals and other necessaries, to let out to them the lands of the Priory, to treat and be conversant with them in war and peace, and to be godfathers to their children without any breach of the law."

The next mention we find of the ancient Priory is in the year year 1506, when the masters and wardens of the Church of St. George in Dublin agree to pay to Nicholas, Prior of All Hallows, the sum of four marks yearly "for the sustentacion and wages of a honnest chapleyn to say Masse and other divine service in the said chapell." The last grant of land of which we have any record was in the year 1507. In that year

one Margaret White surrendered to the King for the use of the Prior and Canons of All Hallows her lands and tenements in the barony of Newcastle in the County of Dublin.

Confiscation of the Old Priory.

From this time little more is known of its history till, some thirty years later, it shared the fate of so many other monastic institutions and fell a prey to the licentiousness and greed of Henry VIII. One interesting event, however, is recorded in the meantime. In 1528 the Lord Deputy Butler, Earl of Ossory, was received and entertained by the Prior of All Hallows. Portion of this entertainment consisted in the production of two plays—one representing the Passion of Christ, the other the several deaths of the different Apostles. These plays must have been on a very large scale, for they were enacted in the open air on a large stage erected in Hoggen Green (now College Green) in front of the Priory.

So far we have endeavoured to gather together whatever information was available concerning the old Priory of All Hallows. Its history may be said to end here. The day of doom was not far distant. Within ten years the decree of confiscation and dissolution had gone forth, and All Hallows, whose Canons had for nigh 400 years daily sung the divine praises, whether within their own Priory, or in the old Cathedral of Christchurch, was to be silent for ever.

On the 16th November, 1538, the farce of surrender was gone through. The last Prior and Canons of All Hallows were gathered together, and in presence of the Royal Commissioners were made to declare that " they did of their own free will, seal, sign and deliver to the King, their ancient Priory with all its goods and possessions."

Confiscated Priory becomes the property of Dublin Corporation.

The work of confiscation was complete, and the old Priory, as such, ceased to exist. Its after history is easily told. In 1534 Lord Thomas Fitzgerald had revolted against the King. The loyal citizens of Dublin had

supported the Royal cause, and now in 1539 as a reward of their loyalty, the King granted to the mayor, bailiffs and citizens of Dublin the Priory of All Hallows with all its lands and advowsons just as they had been surrendered only a year before into the hands of the Royal Commissioners. Thus the Priory, with all its possessions, became the property of the Corporation of Dublin, and such it has remained till this day.

Foundation of Trinity College.

Some fifty years later Elizabeth founded the "*College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin.*" A site for buildings was required. In their effusive loyalty the Corporation of Dublin came forward, and in 1592, made over to Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, Chancellor of Ireland, and Provost of the New College, the ground on which the old Priory stood. The old buildings were all soon demolished, and Trinity College was raised on that spot, which, more than four hundred years before, Dermot Mac Murrogh had freely given to the Prior and Canons of All Hallows. It may be said with truth of the old Priory that, in the work of demolition, not a "stone was left upon a stone," and indeed no trace of it now remains. The old steeple of the chapel did remain standing for some years after the work of destruction was completed, but that too is gone.

Relics of Ancient Priory.

Some of the stones were used in the building of Trinity College and some are still preserved as relics of the past. Built into the south wall of the old church of St. Werburgh is the tomb of the Fitzgerald family. This tomb first stood in the ancient Priory of All Hallows, from which it was transferred to the Church of St. Mary del Dam, and finally, found a resting-place in its present position. However, all trace of the past is not lost. One silent witness of old All Hallows still remains. In the garden of the Provost of Trinity College stands to-day an old

mulberry tree which has seen at least four hundred summers. Tradition has it that this tree was planted by the Canons of old, and grew and flourished in the days of their ancient glory. By the kind permission of the present Provost of Trinity College, we have been able to secure a photograph of this old and historic tree. We reproduce it in the ANNUAL. Standing under its shade are the Provost and one of the oldest and most revered Directors of the new All Hallows, Dr. O'Mahony.

The New All Hallows.

Such, then, is a brief account of the All Hallows of old. The history of the new All Hallows has already been written. Suffice it to recall here its main details. As we have seen the lands of Kenturk or Clonturk, on which the new All Hallows now stands, had been granted to the Priory of All Hallows in 1229. These lands, therefore, with all the other possessions of the Priory passed into the hands of the Dublin Corporation in 1539.

The first reliable record we have after this date tells us that the lands of Clonturk were leased to James Coghill, a member of a Yorkshire family. This must have been early in the eighteenth century. We find that the old Mansion house now standing was built in 1750 by the Earl of Charleville on the estate of his wife, who was the only daughter and heir of James Coghill. How long it remained in the possession of the Earl of Charleville does not appear.

It next passed into the hands of one of Dublin's most famous or infamous citizens, John Claudius Beresford. Famous indeed he was, because no man did more to extend and beautify the Dublin of his day than he did. He conceived the design of widening and extending the quays. He connected Sackville Street with the new Parliament House by the building of Carlisle Bridge, and finally, the present Custom House, one of the most imposing buildings in Dublin, owes its origin to him. In so far, he deserved well of his

1. "Entente Cordiale." The Provost of Trinity College receiving Dr. O'Mahony under a Mulberry tree of old All Hallows. (See Article.)
2. A favourite tree of Dr. O'Mahony in the Junior Grounds.

ancient city. But his name is held in execration for his cruelty during the dark days of 1798. He was captain of a corps of Yeomanry during the Rebellion, and so many and so cruel were the deeds of blood and vengeance they perpetrated that they were commonly known as "Beresford's Bloodhounds."

When Beresford passed away, the house and grounds came into the possession of Sir Guy Campbell. He does not seem to have retained possession for any considerable time, for we know that they were unoccupied in 1842.

Purchase of the lands of Clonturk.

This was some three or four years after Father Hand had conceived the idea of establishing a missionary college which would send forth priests to minister to the wants of the poor exiles of Erin, in whatsoever quarter of the globe they were to be found. He had already laid his plans before the Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, and had received his cordial support. He had gone further still and obtained the blessing of the Holy See on his undertaking. Nothing remained but to commence the work. A house was necessary. Father Hand looked around him and fixed his eyes on the old manor and grounds of Clonturk. They were in every way suited to his purpose. No time was to be lost in securing them. He approached the Dublin Corporation on the subject, and, mainly through the influence of O'Connell, who was then Lord Mayor, he became their legal possessor. This was in September, 1842. On the first of the following November the College was opened. Remembering that the lands now in possession of Father Hand had been the property of the old Priory of All Hallows, Archbishop Murray suggested that the new College should bear the old name. The suggestion was gladly adopted, and All Hallows College began its noble work. What that work has been during the past sixty years it is not for us to

chronicle; it is written in those indelible characters that eternity itself shall not efface.

For us, let it suffice to join with the sons of All Hallows scattered over the earth, and in the words of one of our country's greatest orators to cry out, "All Hallows, in thy new character we hail thee, and bowing down in thy august presence, we say, *Esto perpetua.*"

JOHN E. FLYNN.

Societies.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

A VERY short experience of missionary life has convinced me of what, a few months ago, I would not have easily admitted—that the Society which has for its object the spreading of Total Abstinence amongst clerical students and educating them to appreciate its value for themselves and for their life's work is, of all the societies in the College, by far the most important. Make one student a convinced follower of Father Mathew, get him to read the literature of the subject and to grasp the need and the power of the Temperance platform for himself, and for our people, and you have produced an apostle. The one difficulty, the source of all others with our people, is simply and solely drink. Get your young student to realize this, and to go straight for this point when he starts his professional career, and you have truly "sent" him, not turned him out of College to "go" where his inexperience leads or rather misleads him.

Carrying on the good traditions of the past our Society in the brief session from September to Christmas, 1906, aimed at this "teetotal" education of the student. We had three lectures—two from the Director, Dr. Sexton, and one from Father Thomas Murphy, S.J. They formed—more by accident than design—a series.

In the first we discussed the real object of our monthly

meeting, viz., to convince ourselves of the necessity of the movement, and then to deliberate as to the means which should be adopted to make it a success.

It did not need much to prove the first point. Great men —clerics, statesmen, judges, doctors—can be quoted *ad infinitum* to prove the havoc wrought by drink to-day; and figures—from the wearisome £13,000,000, to the newer £1,000,000 sterling for Dublin alone in the year 1905-6 are despairingly clear as to the wild excess of our unfortunate people to-day in the matter of intoxicating drink.

Father Tom Murphy, with all his accustomed energy, and not a little of his well-known eloquence and lucidity, showed us what we should do in order to conduct our campaign to victory. "Educate yourselves," he said, "read yourselves into total abstinence; and then you will be able to do work; but not till then." And he exemplified the value of his advice by giving some of the many disheartening and sometimes encouraging facts and theories which such reading supplies.

The last lecture, just before Christmas, applied the zealous Jesuit's counsel to the examination of the effects of alcohol on the system. Drawing from a standard work by Richardson, M.D., the Director of the Society showed that the one effect of alcohol, to which all its effects, bad and good, may be traced, is the power which this drug has of causing paralysis, and consequent distension of the various blood-vessels, veins, arteries, capillaries, and the rest. He used a simile which it would be useful to remember. The inside of even a moderate drinker becomes in course of time much like the sides of an antiquated pair of the now old-fashioned elastic boots.

And with this lecture and simile, the season closed for the vacation repairs.

P. SEXTON.

P.S.—Since the appearance of our last ANNUAL some

changes have taken place in the Directorship of the Society. In October, 1906, Father Carr, whose zeal and enthusiasm in "the cause" attracted Father Cullen's admiration, was called away from All Hallows, and subsequently succeeded in the Directorship by Dr. Sexton. Dr. Sexton did not long survive his appointment. At Christmas he went to Cork to take charge of St. Finn Barr's Seminary. Since then the Teetotalers of the College have been directed by Father Shanahan. To the lectures mentioned by Dr. Sexton, we should add one given by Father Aloysius, on the first Friday of May, in the current year. It was most encouraging to hear from one who is so prominently associated with the Temperance movement, that there has been of late a considerable diminution in the drink bill both in the city and throughout the country. The prospects for the future, he told us, are brighter than they have been for some time, and "with the clergy, now more than ever, lies the opportunity of saving Ireland's manhood and nationality."

The student of All Hallows have an honourable record to uphold in connexion with Temperance. It is more than thirty years since they were first enrolled under its banner. For a notable period they have taken a leading place in the Pioneer League, and whoever may come or go, their loyalty knows no change, their propaganda goes on for ever. They are grateful for whatever help they receive—for the interest taken in them by such eminent apostles as Father Cullen—and for the stimulating and instructive lectures given to them by their own Director, as well as by kind friends from outside the College.

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THE FERGHILLIAN SOCIETY.

It is hard to realize that the above Society is but seven short years in our midst. During that brief span it has accomplished a great amount of good intellectually and socially.

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Its results are not to be limited to the actual meetings held during that period, satisfactory though they have been. With its past members, who are now labouring in the vineyard, have gone forth those principles of organization by which the Ferghillian is guided, and which, we feel sure, will lead in due time to the origin and development of similar societies.

Living as we do in times when the importance of clubs of all kinds is almost universally recognized, it may appear strange that we should begin this brief record of our work with such a flourish of trumpets. But our excuse is—well, our success. The Ferghillian has been no exception to the general law which ordains that all new movements must face initial difficulties. Hence, for a time its purpose was misunderstood, or its utility called in question. Some there were who considered that the aims of the Society could affect those only who had a literary taste, or were somewhat proficient in public oratory. By such the end was mistaken for the means. Others, again, there were who somehow deluded themselves into the idea that the benefits contemplated would form part of the graces of Ordination!

All this, we are happy to say, is now a thing of the past. No better proof could we give than the fact that at present Senior student and Ferghillian are convertible terms. The founders of the Society, the officers who succeeded them, and the painstaking members have reason to congratulate themselves. Their untiring energy, their patience and perseverance have been crowned with a well-deserved reward.

Looking over the notes of the Society that deal with the past Session, we find that its first meeting was occupied by a lecture from Mr. Bowers, on the "Life and Works of Charles Dickens." Mr. Bowers divided his paper in accordance with four well-defined periods in the life of the great author, and in each of them he gave an exhaustive analysis of his gradual development as man and writer. Seldom have we listened

Father Cosgrove's latest Yerts from the Orient.

Pat Sam Lung. Hum Chee. Chas. Kang. Hum Thing Gee.
Wah Kim. Rev. L. Cosgrove. Tom Gim.

to a lecturer who treated his subject in so natural and fascinating a manner. Not the least interesting feature of the meeting was the recital of passages illustrative of Dickens' high powers of wit and pathos.

Now, for a debate: "Is Ireland capable of becoming a great industrial nation?" Who would be so rash as to risk the dangers of denial in the face of a sturdy Irish audience? Well, there were debaters to be found who had the courage of their convictions. As a result, an interesting division of opinion followed. Mr. Keenan contended that the insufficient resources of the country, and the lack of business methods in its people precluded such a possibility. Mr. O'Keeffe, on the other hand, strongly repudiated the idea that Nature had frowned on the "fair land of Ireland." Furthermore, he was convinced that given a chance, Irishmen would quickly develop any commerical quality in which they were at present wanting. At the close of an exciting discussion it was found that the majority endorsed his hopeful views.

We were very fortunate in our next lecturer, and he was no less so in his choice of subject. The life of Thomas Moore by Mr. O'Connor was a treat that will be long remembered by Ferghillians. Kindred spirits have much in common, and we more than half suspect that Mr. O'Connor himself has wooed the Muse. At any rate, in the critical portion of his paper he displayed a keen poetic insight, and in a passionate yet musical peroration, vindicated for Moore the title of our National Bard.

At a subsequent meeting a topic of current interest was vigorously discussed. A National or International Exhibition for Ireland in her present circumstances? Such was the "apple of discord" cast among the members. Mr. Cullen warmly supported a National Exhibition on the grounds that it alone would teach Irishmen initiative and self-reliance, in regard to native industries. In favour of a

International Mr. O'Hanlon enumerated several distinct advantages to people and country. Messrs. Power and Ryan followed on similar lines. But they found dialecticians " worthy of their steel " in Messrs. St. Croix and Carney. The result of a well-sustained debate was a rather doubtful victory for the Internationalists.

An agreeable change from the turmoil of debate was the invitation of Mr. Loneragan to join him in a pilgrimage to Rome. We heartily accepted the invitation, and went in search of our travelling " kit "—the old and faithful magic lantern. Mr. Loneragan proved himself a most delightful cicerone. His comments on the various slides were marked by an accurate knowledge of history and art. But even still more interesting were his personal reminiscences of the various places described. Before we bade farewell to the eternal city we had a rather free " audience " with our present Holy Pontiff, and at its close might be heard the very appropriate " Song for the Pope."

The relative merits of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the Gaelic League evoked not a little political excitement at our next meeting. Messrs. O'Donnell and Casey championed the cause of the Party ; while ardent Gaelic Leaguers were found in Messrs. P. O'Sullivan and Sears. The former relied on Home Rule, the latter on the development of a sterling national character as the safest road to true independence. Numerous other speakers took their stand on either side, and an all night sitting did not appear improbable. But a " dark horse " now came forward. Mr. Rohan rushed into the fight with a shield bearing the magic words : " The land for the people." He was invulnerable. The Parliamentarians won.

Last, but by no means the least interesting of our lectures of this year, was one in which Mr. Carney contrasted the Ireland of to-day with the Ireland of the past. With rare vividness he depicted the domestic, social, and

political life of our country a few centuries back. It was a revelation to some of us to learn that we have sprung from so noble a stock. The lecturer next discussed the various causes that have contributed to stunt the growth of that grand old type of Irish character which should be ours to-day. The conclusion of a brilliant paper contained a well-deserved tribute to the work which the revival movement is at present accomplishing against fearful odds.

Away from the beaten track. Hitherto we have given almost exclusive attention to Irish topics. At a recent meeting, Mr. Howard maintained: "That the progress of the British Empire is favourable to Catholicity." In support of his contention he appealed to the flourishing condition of Catholicity in the Colonies. But all were not convinced. Mr. Wilson, in a speech of great weight and eloquence, made a strong case for the opposition. The big guns had now boomed; the opposing parties drew nearer; small shot was found handy. Messrs. M'Elhinney and Walsh discharged several rounds of facts and figures on Messrs. Cullen and Ryan; but the latter returned the "fire" with telling force. After a conflict of close on two hours' duration, Mr. Howard's proposition was carried amid applause.

Thus stands the record of our year's work. As is seen, lectures and debates are evenly divided. In that way we have not only avoided monotony, but at the same time have given due consideration to the two-fold end of the Society.

In our last ANNUAL an appeal was made to past members to stand by us. That appeal was not made in vain. Since then we have been favoured with a description of a voyage to Australia. Towards the close of an interesting paper, the writer was pleased to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Ferghillian even in a short missionary experience. We thank him for his encouraging words. May his example stimulate others to strengthen the bond between past and

present. A lecture by proxy, a word of advice, a suggestion to break new ground will be gratefully received. We might appeal for such on many grounds. We content ourselves with the reminder that we are of the same literary fold, to say nothing of the one *Alma Mater*.

MICHAEL O'HERLIHY.

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JUNIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE first duty that falls to the chronicler of the proceedings of the Junior House Literary and Debating Society is that of acknowledging in some slight way the gratitude of all the members to their past President, Father Cornelius Murphy, C.M. To him is due the flourishing state in which we found ourselves at the beginning of the term 1906-7, and it is his gentle forcefulness as President that made things so smooth for all who had to labour and carry on his work during the past year.

A preliminary meeting of the Society was held on October 19, for the purpose of electing a Secretary. Mr. Alphonsus Keane was proposed for the honourable but onerous post by Mr. P. O'Donnell, and being seconded by Mr. O'Connor, was declared unanimously elected, on the vote having been put to the meeting by our new Chairman, Father Leonard.

The second meeting of the Society was held on November 24, our esteemed Junior House prefect, Mr. O'Herlihy, presiding. On this occasion our new President gave us a paper on " Reading," which was very kindly received by his hearers. Mr. O'Connor on this occasion proposed the vote of thanks, and Mr. O'Donnell seconded it. Mr. O'Herlihy put the vote to the meeting in a brilliant little speech, and it was passed unanimously.

The next meeting was held on December 1, to hear a paper by Father Joseph Sheehy, C.M., entitled " The Schoolboy in Fiction." The close and earnest attention, and the

well-merited applause at the conclusion, showed the keen appreciation of the Society at Father Sheehy's broad and illuminating treatment of a subject which he has made peculiarly his own. The general sentiments of the meeting were voiced by Mr. O'Callaghan and Mr. O'Toole, who respectively proposed and seconded the vote of thanks.

The third meeting of this year's Session was held on March 1. It was the occasion of a most interesting debate on a subject that has been so much before the country recently—"Home Rule *v.* Devolution." Mr. Hogan opened the debate in a speech that was marked by the clearness and ease with which he stated the case for Home Rule. He was followed by Mr. Murphy in a strong plea for Devolution as a practical fighting policy which carried great weight with his audience. Mr. Ryan succeeded in turn and ably seconded Mr. Hogan's views. In conclusion, Mr. Cronin added some strong reasons for Devolution, which were listened to with the closest attention, and helped to win votes for his point of view, because, to the surprise of all, the Devolutionists won by a majority.

The Society next met on March 16 to hear a paper by Mr. P. J. O'Donnell on "The French Revolution." The lecturer gave an outline of the state of France on the eve of the Revolution, and traced with much skill the various causes which were silently operating to produce the great cataclysm. He sketched in a very vivid way the rise and progress of the movement; and by dwelling on some of the great personalities, and on some of the salient events, he enabled his audience to grasp very clearly the main features of the Revolutionary period. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer on the proposal of Mr. O'Toole, which was seconded by Mr. Conlan.

The final meeting was devoted to a debate of great and well-sustained interest on the question of "Woman Suffrage." The Suffragettes had two very able and strong advocates in the persons of Mr. O'Rorke and Mr. Grogan, and they gave

their opponents Messrs. O'Callaghan and Smith some very hard argumentative nuts to crack. The latter gentlemen, in addition to their oratorical skill, and debating ability, had the sympathy of a large section of their audience, and accordingly, the Suffragettes must for the present not expect the support of our Society. Before bringing the meetings of this Session to an end, the Chairman paid a well-merited tribute to the earnestness and zeal of Mr. Keane, the Secretary for 1906-7.

NYCTICORAX.

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ALL HALLOWS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE DIOCESE OF LINCOLN, NEB.

THE Third Annual Meeting of the above mentioned Association took place on January 23, at the residence of Very Rev. W. F. Bradley, Plattsmouth, Neb. The following Members of the Association were present: Rev. J. F. Hennessy, Manley, President; V. Rev. W. F. Bradley, Plattsmouth, Secretary; Rev. E. J. Feeney, S. Auburn, Treasurer; Rev. J. J. Murphy, Davey; Rev. D. J. Cronin, Harvard. The assembled guests sat down to dinner at 6 o'clock, p.m., having arrived in Plattsmouth on the afternoon trains.

Father Hennessy acted as toast-master, and the following toasts were responded to: "Our Host," by Father Feeney; "Our Bishop," by Father Bradley; "The Missionary," by Father Murphy; "All Hallows Past and Present," by Father Cronin.

After dinner, the business meeting of the Association was held, Father Hennessy, the President, acting as Chairman. In a lengthy and well sustained discourse, the rev. gentleman recalled how the Association originated three years ago at an informal gathering of the *alumni* then in the Diocese, at the house of Father Feeney, in S. Auburn, and referred to the formal organization on November 8, 1904, at Manley.

He defined with eloquence and feeling the purpose and object of the Association, as being the keeping alive of the best memories of youth and of College days, the fostering of the spirit of Apostolic zeal and earnestness there imbibed, and the mutual help and encouragement of the members in the attainment of the highest ideals of the priestly life in the service of religion in the Diocese of Lincoln. He mentioned the understanding that was arrived at and made a rule of the organization that its members should meet annually at the house of one of their number, each one taking turn to act as host. He appointed Father Murphy's residence as the place of the next annual meeting.

The following resolutions were then put to a vote, and unanimously carried :—

1. That those shall be eligible to membership in the Association who have been ordained in All Hallows College, Dublin, and who are actually engaged in the work of the mission, in the Diocese of Lincoln, Neb.

2. That a fund, to be called 'The All Hallows Alumni Fund' shall be formed towards which each member of the Association shall be expected to contribute annually, beginning with this meeting, a sum of not less than $5.

3. That fees and all monies paid to the Association, shall be payable to the Secretary, who shall keep a record thereof, and hand the money to the Treasurer, who shall deposit it in a savings bank.

4. That in paying out money, an order shall be drawn on the Treasurer, by the Secretary, and countersigned by the President.

5. That the funds of the Association shall, subject to the approval of the Bishop, and of the College authorities, be used to defray the expenses of an ecclesiastical student for the Diocese of Lincoln, at All Hallows, according to the rules in force regarding such expenses; which the Secretary was

instructed to find out by correspondence with the College authorities.

6. That the annual meeting and banquet of the Association shall be held in the period between the 1st November in each year and January 1st of the year following, the precise date to be fixed by the host of that year.

7. That the Secretary shall take notes of the proceedings at each meeting, which shall be read at the meeting of the following year.

The Secretary was instructed to send accounts of the present meeting to All Hallows College, to the All Hallows *alumni* in the Diocese, and to the following papers: the *True Voice*, Omaha, *Omaha Bee*, *Nebraska State Journal*.

The officers of the organization for 1905, were unanimously re-elected for 1906, as follows: President, Rev. J. F. Hennessy; Secretary, Very Rev. W. F. Bradley; Treasurer, E. J. Feeney.

Letters of regret at unavoidable absence were read from the Rev. F. Healey, M'Cool, and Rev. James Gilroy, Hastings, and Very Rev. J. J. Gennette, V.F., Omaha, who had been invited as the guest of honor, being the *doyen* of the All Hallows men in the State.

On Wednesday morning the members of the Association present assisted at a Solemn High Mass of Requiem for deceased professors, priests, and students of All Hallows, in all parts of the world; and it was agreed that such a Mass should be made a recognized practice at the annual meetings.

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The Confraternity of St. Francis Xavier.

Our first lecture this year was on the Tractarian Movement. Mr. Moloney traced for us the various stages of its development, and incidentally gave us interesting glimpses of the Oxford men and scenes connected with it. On a subsequent occasion we visited some of the shrines on the banks of the lordly Shannon. With Mr. Griffin as our well-

1. " But hearts when gay
Make all times May."
2. A Special to Ben Edar.

informed cicerone, we wandered through the ruins of Clonmacnoise, feasted our fancy on the scenery of Lough Derg and its venerable associations, and, chartering a boat, lingered long near Scattery's sainted isle. Our last lecture dealt with St. Laurence O'Toole, and the disastrous days in which he lived. Mr. Cullen, a Wicklow man like the patriotic Archbishop, told us of the heroic efforts made by the saint to unite the Irish against the Norman adventurers, and of the bitter consequences of division. At the same time he gave us a picture of the social condition of the country which the "pious" Henry II came to reform. Lectures such as these have a stimulating effect. They suggest outlets for missionary zeal. They teach us in what various ways truth may be propagated. And they afford a student an opportunity of studying up with care and precision some particular period of history. We trust the past men will not forget us. Their letters with words of advice and with the wisdom of experience are always as helpful as they are welcome.

MARTIN SEARS.

Science Notes.

AN UNENDOWED OBSERVATORY.

A PRETTY picture with the above title in the last number of the ANNUAL, must have caused a slight pang to rich friends interested in the College, and anxious that the students should not only know the ways and means of spiritual life but should see as far as possible into the stimulating mysteries of the world that is around them.

It has been stated recently that the number of atheistic or agnostic astronomers is surprisingly great, considering the clearness of the voice which speaks from out the rolling suns of space of God's wondrous power. However true the statement be it in no way detracts from the value of the Psalmist's words. Neither does it cause the starry realms to be less inspiring to the observer, or decrease the almost infinite greatness which seems to belong to them alone of all creatures. The stars are wondrous still; the depths of their immensities are still unfathomable; the silence of the void in which they wheel and move is eloquent as ever to fill the listening mind with reverential awe, and tell the humble heart of Him who regulates their seasons and their times.

To feel this influence of the skies a large glass is no way necessary. The unaided human eye does much, and goes not a small distance towards the fathoming of those fathomless abysses. But the keenest that man has ever known or used is blind in comparison with that which sees even through a small glass those " wandering isles of night " that speckle all our brightest suns, or the silent valleys of our pale attendant satellite sleeping in the shadows of its mighty dead volcanoes, or the glorious arching rings which gird old Saturn's globe, and float with it in kinglike majesty through ever rippling oceans of the viewless ether.

Such scenes when first beheld produce a strange feeling in a student heart. They are a revelation, an unveiling of God's greatness such as no wonder of our terrestrial globe can hope to emulate. One feels caught up by them into the immensity through which they glide, borne with them on their voyages out into the infinities where all the little things of earth will disappear, and man will gaze at last on that great Being who can truly fill his mind, and satiate the longings of his ever restless heart.

And then, the peace such views will bring—the peace of night, the broad, sweet rest of all that mighty dome spread out above us, the wondrous sense of calm which comes to one who stands upon the silent confines of our earthly home, and sees the noiseless ripples breaking at his feet, and feels upon his cheek the breezes from a far land, fragrant with the very restfulness of God's untold immensity.

To students who deal with that greatest of all sciences —theology, who need minds capable of rising to and taking in the greatness of our Faith, this earnest scanning of our heavens is a glorious discipline. It will help them to shake off the trammels which the sixteenth century placed upon our speculations. It will help them to forget that text-books are something more than armour-plated battleships of controversy, and realize that they are merchant vessels

laden with the grandest and the highest truths. They will move, even the least gifted of them, on a higher plane of thought from which their creed will seem to them as something one, as something whole; and they will show it to their people in its beauty and its truth rather by broad, bold, touches than tedious and wearisome analysis.

This method is sadly needed in the preaching and the teaching of to-day. The prophets of science have used it but too well to magnify discoveries which, really great, were thus shown to all as final solutions of our enigmas, and bounding all our history and our hopes by the cradle and the grave. We have done but little in this wise to show the grandeur of our heritage, to fill the imagination even of the poorest with the glamour and the glow of faith. We have taught the intellect, but we have not inflamed the heart; we have set forth the mysteries, but have dealt sparingly with the riddles which religion solves so easily, but which are confessedly the despair of all real scientists. We have left the fairy tales of science to the enemy to gild or ratify their wildest dreams, and all this we have done or rather not done through a lurking fear that those same tales are true, and really bear conclusions this enemy has fixed upon them. A little more courage in our teaching, a little more welcome to hypotheses, and use thereof in all departments, a little more co-ordination and relationship between the natural and what is above it, and a little more first-hand acquaintance in the light of this with what we read or dream of, a little more and this will change. To reverse the ancient parable, science is a sheep in wolf's clothing; and the duty of scientific scribblers seems more and more to be to divert our attention from the sham by clamouring loudly that the beast has come. Well, he has come; and all who know, the Spencers, and the Tyndalls, and the Haeckels, some of them once brave shouters, have told us in their life-stories or their essays how like he is to elephants in warfare, when

hey turn in their fight and break the very ranks they were goaded on to save.

It is extremely easy to create enthusiasm for science in the minds of our young men. I do not think, however, the slopping and the messing of our modern Intermediate is in any sense a real help thereto. The inductive system has run mad in it, and leads to neither theories nor general facts. A liberal supply of the newest books, those particularly which propound the latest theories, be they false or true, a generous number of experiments performed, just when the student's mind is opening to see the exemplification of some new hypothesis; and then, above all, the witchery of the sky let in upon his soul through ears which hear the fable of the stars, their age, their clothing, their place and their names, through eyes which see the rolling suns of heaven, and mark the shadows trail across their burning spheres, and stretch in vain to pierce the further depths that reach out almost in tangible, sensible infinity beyond—such in my mind can do all this best. The result, I believe, will be, as above explained,—an elevation, and an increased efficiency, sadly needed in our modern times.

So, then, dear rich friends of All Hallows, look upon that picture and on this. Both represent what might have been. It is in your hands to make the latter a reality. A five-inch telescope placed upon that tower, a skilful hand to focus it on starlight nights, as well as in the brightness of the days, and our students begin to be such as those we dream of and hope for. God's greatest wonders will be theirs, and in their hearts the silence and the strength of the mysterious heavens—which our great God has made—that silence and that strength will reign.

PATRICK SEXTON.

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ATOMS AND ULTRA-ATOMS.

"It may seem singular that down to a few years ago, our race have lived and died in a world of illusions, and that its illusions, or these with which we are here concerned, have not been about things remote or abstract, things transcendental or divine, but about what men see and handle, about these 'plain matters of fact' among which common-sense daily moves with its most confident step and self-satisfied smile." So spoke Mr. Balfour to the British Association some years ago. For, to judge that the 'solid ground' and the 'unchanging hills,' those 'plain matters of fact' are what they seem—massive, restful, unchanging—is, it now appears, an illusion. Scientists for a long time were accustomed to explain the behaviour of matter in the bulk by the behaviour of matter in the atom; the atom was considered as possessed of weight, massive, indivisible, ultimate, material. It was looked on as matter in miniature. Of late years physical science has pushed forward its outposts. Matter, whether in the bulk or in the atom, is now analyzed into something which is not matter at all. The atom itself, no longer indivisible, is now no more than the vast theatre in which minute monads, atom-dust, perform orderly evolutions, while these monads are regarded not as units of matter but as units of electricity; so that matter is not merely explained, but *explained away*.

It may be interesting to trace the steps that have led to this very strange result: how the atom—(a-toma, the thing uncut)—has been divided; and how this divided atom should lose these qualities that were supposed characteristic of all matter whether found in large masses or in small. The problem, then, supposes there are such things as atoms and ultra-atoms.

Atomic Theory.

The opinion that matter is atomic in structure is one which has grown in strength as chemical and physical knowledge has progressed; and in spite of the difficulties that metaphysicians

have raised against the theory, it has been found to be the hypothesis that best reconciles very diverse and numerous observed effects. It implies that all matter is, ultimately, granular in structure; not made up in one uniform, continuous texture but rather an aggregate of minute indivisible grains. We may take a pinch of common table salt, sodic-chloride, and divide and subdivide it a thousand times over, and each part, by all tests, will be as much entitled to be called "salt" as a mountain of the material; but we cannot carry on the process of division indefinitely; for, ultimately, sooner or later, we should come to parts, "molecules" they are called, which, if they were divided, would yield portions that would be no longer identical in properties, but which, if all of one kind were collected together would form a metal, sodium, and all of the other kind a non-metal, chlorine. Each of the parts into which the molecule is divided is called "an atom," and this atom is indivisible. And as salt, so all bodies. The subtle air; the smoothest, most transparent glass are in their ultimate structure not of one continuous, homogeneous, unvarying quality, but gross-grained and discrete.

Indeed, the behaviour of light in passing through a glass prism, supplies, perhaps, the strongest argument in favour of the atomic theory. A ray of light, as is well known, in passing through a prism, is not only bent out of the straight path, but is broken up and dispersed into vari-coloured beams. The bending or refraction of light may possibly occur in a homogeneous medium; the dispersion postulates an atomic one.

We may liken the waves of a beam of light traversing a prism to a company of soldiers marching. The line of march is, of course, perpendicular to the ranks. Now let the troops in their march meet more difficult ground; move, say, from grass to ploughed land. If the members of each rank cross the boundary at the same time, while the pace will grow slower and the ranks will be closer up, there will be no change in the line of march. If the boundary be oblique to the

ranks, so that those on the right cross over before those on the left, the men will still keep their places together, the ranks will close up as before, but the line of march changing its direction will swing round towards the right. There will be refraction but not dispersion. Were, however, the troops to emerge from the field with ranks broken, and in scattered masses, we should conclude that the individual soldiers encountered varying obstacles; that the land was not merely heavy but broken; that the way was rough, boulder-strewn, and set with difficulties. So when the beam of light is broken up and divided, we conclude *it* also has encountered in the glass, material that is not infinitely smooth and homogeneous; that the individual light waves met each with its own difficulties; that they passed through a rough, coarse-grained country.

Size of the Atom.

The question, then, arises, is there any limit to the smallness of those tiny masses; how far may we carry the subdivisions before we come to the critical point, when atom stands out from atom, and all further division is barred? A variety of arguments furnished by Maxwell, Boltzmann, and Lord Kelvin, show that there is a high degree of probability that the diameter of an atom is approximately one millionth of a millimetre, or the twenty-five millionth part of an inch in length.

One may be curious to know how such an estimate was arrived at. One method of the many used by Lord Kelvin, depends on some effects observed in that most interesting and curious phenomenon, a soap bubble. If we blow a soap bubble, and let it rest, we shall notice as the water streams down the film that it passes through beautiful gradations of colour, deep red, yellow, blue, violet. The violet is followed by a dark black hue; and invariably, very soon after the black spot appears, the bubble bursts. The film seems to retain its strength until it shows black. The thickness of the film when the yellow appears, is quarter the wave length of that colour about 1-60,000th of a centimetre

Pastoral Glimpses in the College Grounds.

"Russet lawns and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks do stray."

(a centimetre is $\frac{2}{5}$ths of an inch) and accordingly its thickness, when its strength breaks down, is considerably less than that amount. There is strong reason for saying, however, that though less than that quantity, it is greater than 1-100,000,000th cm., that is, that it is not 1,000 times thinner.

When a bubble is blown larger and larger, work is done in stretching the film which, like an elastic membrane, resists extension. This contractile force can be measured accurately; and, therefore, on the assumption that the elasticity remains constant, the work done in stretching it. Blowing a bubble to the thickness of 1-100,000th cm., absorbs as much energy as would, if turned into heat, raise its temperature by $\frac{1}{2}$° C. At this thickness the bubble shows blue, and loses none of its contractile force. But suppose the film to be stretched until its thickness is reduced to 1-100,000,000th cm., the work spent in doing this is 1,000 times more than in the first case, and as its heat equivalent would convert the water into vapour, it is more than a possible amount of work to spend in stretching a liquid film. The film, therefore, must lose its contractile force, before it is reduced to a thickness of 1-100,000,000th cm.; that implies that there are not several molecules in that thickness of a film of water.

Estimates based on measuring electrically the thickness of these layers of oxide that give polished steel bars the temper colour; on the rates of diffusion of gases; on some phenomena in contact electricity; all converge in giving to the atom a diameter of 1-100,000,000th cm. or 10^{-8} cm.; that in a cubic cm. of hydrogen gas there are about 10^{19} atoms; and that each of these atoms has a mass of 10^{-24} grammes.*

Our imagination altogether fails to grasp the meaning of

* For the sake of those readers of the ANNUAL, with whom the dust of time has settled on their one-time acquaintance with indices and metrics, it may be well to state that the symbol 10^{18} signifies 10 multiplied by itself 18 times, a number expressed by 1 followed by eighteen o's; on the other hand 10^{-18} means 1 divided by 10^{18}, a quantity expressed by a decimal of 18 places—seventeen o's followed by 1. A centimetre is approximately equal to two-fifths of an inch. A gramme weighs 15 grains or 1-5000 part of a lb. avoirdupois.

these numbers; they are, however, necessary data for some conclusions drawn hereafter. We may indeed get some idea of their magnitude when we state that if we could pick out all the atoms in one cubic inch of air, and place them side by side in a row, small as they are individually, the row would extend nearly twice the distance from the earth to the sun. In a good microscope we can see an object whose diameter is only the one hundred-thousandth of an inch. In a small box of this size we could pack 16 million molecules close together.

Electrons. Not only is matter atomic in structure, but the idea was, years ago, broached by Helmholtz, that electricity also, in some analogous way, is atomic. According to this view we cannot have infinitely small quantities of electricity, there is a certain unit quantity than which there can be none smaller, all quantities of electricity contain an exact number of these small units.

It has long been recognized that a current of electricity can only pass through a conducting liquid by being carried on atoms or groups of atoms, which are called "ions," i.e., wanderers. In fact, the current consists of a procession of electrical charges travelling with the atoms, the atoms carrying the charges, or the charges dragging the atoms; and accordingly as the current leaves the liquid, there is deposited on the cathode (as the metallic path which leads away the electricity is called), the atoms which were borne down by the current; a fact which is the basis of the electro-plating industry.

The electric charge thus carried by the smallest of the atoms—the hydrogen atom—is a natural, definite unit. It is indivisible in quantity. It is the electric atom or "electron." Knowing the number of hydrogen atoms in 1c.c. of water, and the number of ampères of current required to decompose it, it is calculated that a current of one ampère flowing for one second, contains 10^{20} electrons.

Until a few years ago, then, our knowledge of the inner

structure of matter may be said to have ended with the chemical unit, the atom ; a minute speck possessing in miniature the properties of a material body ; in size, of diameter about 10^{-8} cm. ; in mass, varying with the nature of the substance ; the lightest of all, the hydrogen atom, weighing 10^{-24} grammes. And of electricity it could be said that there was a natural unit charge, viz., that carried by a hydrogen atom, and equivalent to 10^{-20} ampères of current flowing for one second. That the ratio $\frac{e}{m}$, the electron divided by the mass of a hydrogen atom, was about 10,000.

Ultra Atoms

Within the last ten years, events have moved very fast. The discovery of radium coming fast on the wondrous phenomena of Becquerel and X-rays, themselves but recent discoveries, and researches into the nature of the discharge in vacuum tubes, have opened a new chapter in science ; they have radically changed a number of fundamental concepts ; they have disclosed new worlds within the tiny atom.

If we take a glass tube, called from its inventor, a "Crooke's tube," exhausted to a very high degree of exhaustion, and pass through it an electric discharge of sufficient intensity, the tube appears to be filled with an apple-green light. Regard it closely, and this is seen to be due not to any light-rays emitted by the discharge, but to a stream of particles proceeding from the cathode or negative pole, which strike upon the wall of the tube immediately opposing them, and excite it to fluorescence. By interposing a small windmill with mica vanes in the path of this stream, it possesses sufficient momentum to set the mill twirling, while the application of a magnet to the side of the tube causes it to be deflected from its rigidly straight path. By giving the cathode a concave form, the stream of particles can be concentrated, and a piece of platinum placed in the focus becomes heated to redness ; a metallic vessel connected with an electroscope, placed in the stream shows an ever increasing charge of negative electricity ; while the shock caused by the sudden arrest of the stream by the glass wall

of the tube, sets up those radiations in the ether outside the tube, which we have learned to call the X or Röntgen rays. These phenomena seem consistent only with the conclusion that the particles have a substantial existence, are what we are accustomed to call matter; that they bear with them negative electricity; that the cathode rays, as they are called, consist of material particles negatively electrified and travelling with a high velocity. The effects produced by an electric current in a Crooke's tube, are produced normally without any exciting external cause by the strange metal, Radium. It is continually sending out from itself particles, Beta rays, as they are called, which seem to differ from the cathode rays in nothing, except their higher speed. While M. Becquerel discovered in compounds of uranium, and others in ultra-violet light, hot flames, etc., powers of producing one or more of the effects we have just described.

Certain questions, then, naturally arise. What is the mass of these particles? what is the electric charge each one carries? with what speed are they projected? Much brilliant experimental work has been done in this connexion, notably by Lorentz and Kaufmann on the Continent, and by Thomson in England; and considering the difficulties of the problem, and the differences in the methods of attack, the agreement in the results obtained is truly surprising.

Measuring the Charge.

It is comparatively easy to measure the *total* charge carried by the stream of particles, and could we but count the particles, then by a sum in simple division, we could get the charge (E) carried by each.

How could one hope to count the vast number of those little bodies—particles so tiny as to be far beyond the range of the most powerful microscope? Thomson adopted the following device: It is well known that the little globules of water that constitute a mist can form only round solid nuclei, that in perfectly clear, dust-free air aqueous vapour, even supersaturated, does not condense, nor does a mist form. If we introduce into such an atmosphere particles of matter such

as dust, condensation immediately starts; little globules of water form round each of the nuclei, and the number of drops in the mist thus formed will represent the number of solid particles present. Producing supersaturated steam in an atmosphere free of dust, Thomson sent through it the stream of cathode particles whose number he wished to count. A cloud of very minute drops formed, each of them having as its centre one of the corpuscles.

The cloud then began to settle down. Measuring the rate at which it sank and using a formula of Sir G. Stokes, connecting the velocity of a falling raindrop with its radius, he found the average radius of the drops, and consequently their average weight. Knowing, on the other hand, the total weight of the condensed water and dividing by the weight of each drop, he found the number of drops, and therefore of negative particles. When he had in this way counted the particles, the electric charge (E) on each was calculated. A surprising result was reached. Within the limits of experimental error, it turned out that the electric charge borne by a corpuscle is the same as that carried by the hydrogen atom. viz., one electron.

The other two questions were more easily answered.

Measuring the Speed and Mass of a Corpuscle.

Passing the rays through a magnetic field the strength of which was known, the rays were bent into a circular arc; measuring the radius of this arc, we deduce the momentum of the stream, (that is mv). An electric field of known strength is then applied, and again measuring the radius of deflection, the value of the mass of the particles multiplied by the square of the velocity (mv^2) is ascertained. Dividing the second of these quantities by the first, the velocity (v) appears, and, then, from the first quantity the mass (m). The little particles were thus found to be shot from the cathode with a velocity from 1-15th to 1-3rd that of light, the rate depending on the vacuum in the tube. This means that these bodies move with a speed ranging anywhere from 10,000 to 90,000 miles a second. Their mass was calculated to

be approximately 10^{-27} grammes, or about 1,000th part of the smallest previously known quantity of matter, the atom of hydrogen. The existence of masses smaller than atoms was thus experimentally demonstrated, and a new era opened in physics.

Were this result—that the corpuscle was smaller than the atom—altogether based on a comparison of the two quantities, 10^{-24} and 10^{-27} grammes, the mass of the hydrogen atom according to Kelvin, and of the corpuscle according to Thomson, it might be said, perhaps, that after all, Kelvin's estimate of the size of the atom is too high, that the atom is really smaller than was imagined, that therefore the corpuscle is, in fact, the atom, and not a part thereof. There is, however, a decisive reason against this supposition. Atom differs in nature from atom. They possess, in fact, almost all the specific properties of the elements of which they are part; an atom of silver and an atom of copper are two different kinds of things. Negative corpuscles, on the contrary, have the *same* properties irrespective of the source of their production. They have been studied when produced by X-rays, Radium rays, ultra-violet light, and in every case identical results have been reached. The negative ion is always the same. The remnant of the atom, the positive ion, on the other hand, varies in different cases, depending for its properties on the nature of the body from which it is formed. The negative particle is, therefore, a chip from the atom. The atom is proved divisible, and divisible into two very unequal parts. First, a small part negatively electrified and identically the same, no matter from what atom it is cut; and secondly, a much larger mass which is the remainder of the atom, and is positively electrified, but which varies in nature according to the kind of chemical atom broken up.

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These corpuscles have never been found without their charge of negative electricity. Why? If we can distinguish between the corpuscle and its charge, why have they not been separated? Or is it that they are one and the same

thing, that the corpuscle is an electric charge and nothing more, an electron without a material nucleus? If this be true, it may be further asked, do electrons constitute matter? Are the atoms of matter merely aggregates of electric charges? Should we accordingly explain all physical effects according to purely electric laws, instead of aiming at translating electrical effects into mechanical operations?

Electrical Theory of Matter.

There are some indications that matter is made up of electricity, and nothing more. We know that an electric current possesses something equivalent to that peculiarly material property, inertia. Matter is inert, is lazy. It hesitates to start, and when in motion it hesitates to stop. An electric current also cannot be started or stopped instantaneously. When made, it has to gather way like a ship, and climbs rather slowly to its full strength; and when broken it tends to persist, it dies down gradually. This 'inductance' of a current *can* be explained electrically from the phenomena of charges in motion. It seems needless to require another cause for the inertia of matter.

It was shown hypothetically, as far back as 1881, that a little sphere carrying an electric charge, possesses when in motion, in addition to its own native material inertia, electric inertia; and by virtue of this added inertia, it behaves as though its mass were increased. To render this increase perceptible, the theory demanded that the sphere be very small, and that its velocity be very great. With the advent of the high speed Beta rays of radium, an opportunity was given of testing the theory by experiment. These rays provided spheres of extremely small mass (m), carrying an invariable charge (E), and moving at high speeds; in fact, almost as fast as light. Kaufmann carried out the experiment. Varying the speed of the particles and deflecting the rays in the manner already indicated, he determined the values of the ratio $E : m$ for the different velocities. Another German, Abrahams, working independently, calculated what the values of that ratio should be at different velocities on the assump-

tion that there was no material nucleus in the particles, that the *whole* of the inertia was due to the electrical charge. The experimental results agreed in a surprising way with the calculations. When the velocity was near that of light, the mass of the corpuscles increased by just the amount required in accordance with the assumption that the corpuscle had no mass; that it was merely an electrical charge, At the velocity of light the mass of the particle would become infinite. The converging results of other investigators working both on mathematical and experimental lines, give additional force to the probability of the strange theory that strips matter of its mass. So that what used to be thought an original property of matter, unchangeable in its nature, immovable in its quantity even under the stress of the strongest forces,—mass, that was defined as the amount of matter in a body, now appears to be not matter at all; and from being unchangeable, changes when moving at high speeds with every change in velocity.

The size of the corpuscle, determined on this assumption, worked out at 10^{-13} cm., or the 1-100,000th the diameter of an atom; and from its almost infinite smallness, we can somewhat understand the penetrating power of the cathode rays. In the solar system, the diameter of the earth is 1-12,000th part of its distance from the sun. If the earth, then, represented an electron, an atom would occupy a space with the sun as centre and twice the distance of the earth as radius. In proportion to their size the electrons are as far from the centre of the atom as the planets from the sun. There is a new meaning in Browning's lines.

> "Oh, the little more and how much it is,
> And the little less and what worlds away."

Structure of the Atom.

There are many theories as to the internal structure of the atom. Starting from the proved fact that the electrons are endowed with great velocity, in order to explain the emission by incandescent gases of rays of light, the length and number

of whose waves depend on the nature of the luminous body, the Irish physicist, Larmor, assumes that in the centre of the atom is a nucleus charge of positive electricity, and round this as centre, negative electrons revolve as planets round a sun. These electrons are bathed in the ether; and as a ship in the sea lifts the surrounding water so they drag the ether with them in their motion, and impart to it every time some cause disturbs their speed, those vibrations in space that constitute light. Moving faster, the waves will have higher frequency, and so the light emitted will approach towards the violet; moving slower, it will move towards the red. To give light at all, dull red light, the electrons must complete their circle 400 billion times in the second—a fairly rapid performance when one thinks that that number represents about the number of seconds in a geological period of 14 million years. Atoms will differ *inter se*, solely in the number and disposition of their electrons. Silver is not iron, therefore, because the planets within the atom system of silver, are more numerous and move in different orbits from those in the iron. Something may cause the velocity of an electron to exceed a certain critical value. It flies out of its orbit, and mayhap out of the atom, and behold! we get cathode rays and bodies like radium. The speed may so diminish that interatomic complications ensue, there is a shifting of orbits, a change in the *nature* of the atom, and new bodies may arise, just as helium does arise from the breakdown of radium. As in the starry heavens, stars are cooling down and dying away, and new ones arise, so in the little world of the atom:—

> "Worlds on worlds are rolling ever,
> From creation to decay,
> Like the bubbles on a river,
> Sparkling, bursting, borne away."

But though the sun and the stars are burning out their lives, radiating out their heat into empty space, and so moving towards the frozen darkness that is their fate; this

vast seeming waste of energy is insignificant compared with the energy stored up within their atoms. Within their countless atoms there are countless electrons moving at enormous speeds. A mere pin-head turning on itself with the speed of light develops energy enough to drive seventy-five Atlantic liners; within the atoms of one gramme of hydrogen there is energy enough to lift Dublin to the top of the Three Rock Mountain. The interatomic energy of the countless atoms in every breath we draw, could drive the workshops of the world. We live on the fringe of this prodigious mechanism, and some day we may hope to tap it, to harness it to our trains, to drive our mills.

If gross matter be a grouping of atoms, and if atoms be a system of electrical monads, what are electrical monads? They are independent of matter, they are bound in some way to the ether, they borrow their mass from the ether. But what *are* they? That is, what is negative electricity? Larmor says it is a kink or knot in the ether; Poincaré, a *trou*, a hole in the ether; Le Bon, a stage between matter and ether. And what is the ether? Sir Oliver Lodge says of both questions: "Especially must the inner ethereal meaning of positive and negative charges be explained: whether on the notion of a right-and-left-handed self-locked intrinsic wrench-strain in a Kelvin gyrostatically stable ether, elaborated by Larmor, or on some hitherto unimagined plan." The inner meaning whereof let some gyrostatically-stable brain inquire.

Some recent discoveries, as well as the fact that no proof is given that the atom is essentially composed of electrons, leaves the electro-magnetic theory of matter, for the present, no better than a working hypothesis.

J. A. SHANAHAN, C.M.

Memory of the Dead.

" I had a dream ; yes—some one softly said
' He's gone,' and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry ' *subvenite* ; ' and they knelt in prayer."

Rev. Lloyd Coghlan.

The Rev. Lloyd Coghlan was a convert. He came into the Church at the age of nineteen. He had been sent from his home in the south of England to Oxford, to prepare for the Anglican ministry, but coming under the influence of the Tractarian movement he followed in the footsteps of many eminent High Churchmen. After leaving Oxford he went for his philosophical course to St. Sulpice, and became greatly enamoured with the gentle, Christ-like spirit prevalent in that great seminary. But for one reason or another he came to All Hallows for the concluding years of his student life, and was ordained there in the year 1858. One who knew him and lived with him as a school-mate tells us that he was " a clever young fellow, and," what was better, " an unusually pious one as well." Several members of his family followed his example and became Catholics. His father and mother did so, and on the death of the latter, the Rev. Mr. Coghlan, who had been a Protestant Rector, applied himself to the study of Catholic theology and subsequently received the grace of the priesthood. Both before and after the doctrinal differences which sent its members in different directions, the Coghlan family presented an interesting illustration of cultured and Christian harmony. The Protestant Rector and Rectress did not ostracise the son who had verted to

Romanism; on the contrary, it was from his lips, and still more from his example, that they learned to cast off the prejudices of a life-time and to appreciate the true character of Catholicity. While the young convert was pursuing his studies at All Hallows, his brother was a resident in Trinity College, preparing for orders in the Established Church; and many a Sunday did they spend together round the boulevards and shady walks of All Hallows in brotherly love and genial controversy. Indeed it is said that when the young Protestant divine was about to stand his examination for orders, he went to his father, who had become a priest, for a final coaching and preparation.

After his ordination, Father Coghlan was appointed army chaplain in the Diocese of Plymouth. In this capacity he had the advantage or disadvantage of many changes, passing from England to Malta, from Malta to Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, from Woolwich to Dover, from Dover to Netley Hospital, and finally from Netley to the camp at Shorncliffe. He was always most compassionate and generous to anyone in trouble or want—visiting his people as a rule twice daily, though in his own home he led the life of a hermit. "I have known him for thirty-five years," writes an intimate friend, "and during that time I never turned to him in vain for sympathy or help. His people, so he called his soldiers, kept him in mind long after they had gone from his care. and wrote to him from all parts, telling him how they were getting on, thanking him for having started them in life, or shown them the way to do well. He was especially kind and encouraging to converts and to those desirous of knowing about the Catholic religion, recommending them to priests for instruction, or advising them as to the books they should read. No matter how tired he might be after his daily duties, and he had a high sense of duty, he never put off answering a letter of enquiry or one needing a word of comfort."

The amount of good he accomplished by his pen is incalculable. Readers of the *Tablet* and *Catholic Times* will remember

his pithy, pointed letters. They cleared away the doubts and hesitancies of thousands ; they made the position of the Church clear to many an enquirer, they supplied strong rejoinders to cavilling enemies—and above all they taught persons within as well as without the Church the courtesies of Christian controversy. We regret we have not a fuller account of so remarkable a convert and priest as Father Coghlan.

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Rev. James O'Haire.

Just a year ago the death of Father O'Haire was announced from San Remo. He had been over forty years in harness. Rarely did a more indefatigable worker leave the walls of All Hallows. The love of God consumed him. Even in the early days of his youth he had given proofs of earnestness and disinterestedness. We learn from Mr. Cleary that with five other young Dublin men, members like himself of a confraternity attached to SS. Michael and John's church, he formed a relief committee during a cholera epidemic, and but of the surplus of his slender earnings helped to support several families in distress. It was this little committee, thus initiated by a few unpretentions laymen, that gave rise subsequently to that wonderful organization long known as the "Queen of Charity." Bishop Grimley of Capetown recognizing the vocation and the many good qualities of young O'Haire, sent him to pursue his studies in All Hallows, and on his ordination in 1863, commissioned him to preach the Gospel to a very mixed population at Capetown. For twelve years Father O'Haire continued his labours, and in a book subsequently published, gave a very interesting, and at times amusing picture of his pastoral experiences and of the novel features of South African life. In another part of the present ANNUAL will be found a few extracts from letters in which Father O'Haire deals with this first period of his priesthood. He loved the African Mission. During all his College days he burned, he tells us, with an ardent desire to become an

apostle beneath the crozier of his friend and Bishop, the saintly Dr. Grimley. And when in 1875 ill health compelled him to return to the British Isles and to part from the large concourse of Catholics and non-Catholics who came to bid him adieu, his affectionate heart was filled with sadness and moved to tears. "If it be God's will," said he to them, "for us to meet again, my soul shall rejoice exceedingly; but whether we do or no, the people of Capetown shall, as long as life lasts, be remembered by me at the altar and in my private prayers." The promise contained in the concluding words was conscientiously fulfilled. Father O'Haire never forgot his first love. As he was unable to return himself, he sent others in his place. In all his missionary labours and expeditions throughout Great Britain he kept Africa and its needs in mind, he preached on its behalf, he collected by degrees a considerable sum of money and finally under God's providence he became instrumental in introducing into Ireland the great apostolic institute at Wilton, Cork. That institute is widely known as the Society for African Missions, and under the able guidance of Father Zimmerman, is educating at the present time no less than fifty students for the diffusion of the Gospel in various parts of the Dark Continent. What a joy it must have been to Father O'Haire's ardent nature to behold the realization of all his dreams!

Many duties had occupied him during the years that followed his return from Capetown. In the pen, as well as in the orator's tongue, he had found an outlet for his zeal. He wrote several works dealing with religious and historical topics, such as *Mohammedanism*, *Monasticism*, *The Temperance Cause*, and when, in 1900, English journalists were striving to discredit their victorious enemies in South Africa, Father O'Haire came forward and published more than one vigorous article in defence of the Boers. But amidst all his toils and interests and engagements, the foundation of an

apostolic college for the enlightenment of Africa was ever close to his heart. And when in the evening of his life he went to the south of France to prepare for his last journey, his thoughts and his wishes still turned to Ireland, resting contentedly on the noble bands of workmen who would go forth year after year from the Society for African Missions at Wilton.

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Father O'Gorman.

Seldom has a young priest's death awakened such widespread sorrow as did Father O'Gorman's, of Sydney, last year. "*Consummatus in brevi multa explevit tempora.*" His energy and disinterestedness had endeared him to the people, his frank and genial disposition made him a favourite with the priests. The sympathy and hopes of a wide circle had pursued him on his trip to Ireland in search of health, and when, after a year he returned, still suffering, those hopes were dashed by disappointment. Day by day as the clergy of Sydney came to visit him in the hospital, and as they bade him adieu, they were cheered and stimulated by the words of buoyancy and fortitude that fell from his closing lips. The only shadow that dulled the brightness of those last hours was the remembrance of a well-loved mother far off in Ireland on the banks of Lough Derg. From her the dying priest had learned his earliest aspirations to religion, beneath her fostering care he had grown in piety and faith. She had nourished the tendrils of his vocation, had heard with lawful pride of the honours and the lectureship that had crowned his College course, had knelt in reverence for his earliest benediction, had read with delight of his labours for God in the Colonies, and with all a mother's joy had welcomed him back once more to the native hearth. And now the message has crossed the seas to her—Michael is gone, the eloquent tongue is silent, the brave heart lies still, and the presiding spirit has fled in angel's company from the sorrows and the fatigues of life.

" Placita enim erat Deo anima illius : propter hoc properavit educere illum de medio iniquitatum." Born 1870, ordained 1891.

* * *

Pastor of Rutland.

In Father Gaffney the marble city of Rutland has lost one of its best and most generous citizens. He was always doing for others, never for himself. His unselfish life shed a halo of honour on all his co-religionists. The union that linked him with his own people was of the closest nature. He lost no opportunity of advancing the cause of truth. His work in behalf of Catholic education was unsurpassed in the Diocese of Burlington (U.S.A.). He was public spirited and ever ready to promote the interests of the community. Though an advanced and ardent Irish Nationalist, no sounder American ever lived. His sympathies were broad and liberal. He was as robust in his varied tastes and acquirements as he was in his noble figure. Indeed he has been well described as the beau ideal of an Irish gentleman— frank, genial, generous, hospitable, and keen-witted. By his own request he has been laid to rest in an obscure corner of the cemetery, with no monument but a simple *prie dieu* at the foot of his grave, as a gentle request for a prayer ; but besides the memory and the influence of his priestly life the many buildings which he erected for the service of charity, religion, and education, will long survive him as monuments to his capacity and zeal. He was born at Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, in 1843, and after completing his course at Montreal, was ordained in 1867.

* * *

Father Fitzgibbon.

" The Diocese of Kansas City has suffered a great loss in the death of Father Fitzgibbon." These are the words of the saintly Bishop Hogan. And surely they are not exaggerated. " For," as the Bishop himself added, " this young priest was a man of rare executive ability, a fine pulpit orator,

thorough-going, practical, full of tact in his dealings with others, and consequently beloved not only by his parishioners but even by all the clergy of the Diocese." Indeed to not a few it looked as if, like Archbishop Glennon, he were in training for a mitre under the sagacious guidance of Dr. Hogan. On his arrival in Kansas in 1894, Father Fitzgibbon became assistant to the Very Rev. J. J. Glennon, then Vicar-General as well as Administrator of the Cathedral. In 1895, he was appointed Secretary to the Bishop and Chancellor of the Diocese, and in 1903, when Dr. Glennon left for the Archdiocese of St. Louis, he was charged with the administration of the populous Cathedral parish. Thus efficiency brought with it trust and responsibility, and when a neglected cold settled down on the young hard-working priest it rapidly developed into fatal pneumonia. He was born at Glen House, Co. Limerick, in 1871.

* * *

Father O'Dwyer.

Kansas City lost one of its best priests at the close of 1906, in the person of the Rev. M. J. O'Dwyer. He was born in 1850, at Fedamore, Co. Limerick, and ordained in the old College Chapel in 1880. His early years of manhood were spent at the head of a business establishment, but, discovering his vocation to the priesthood, he devoted his evenings to study and to reading. His career in Kansas was marked by unusual energy and zeal. In the first five months of his ministry, he cleared an orphan asylum of a heavy debt. Soon after, taking charge of a parish, he erected an academy for the Sisters of Loreto, now acknowledged to be one of the leading schools of the State. Father O'Dwyer's last and longest charge was the new parish of the Sacred Heart in the South West of Kansas City. Here his labours were so extensive and so untiring that death came both prematurely and suddenly. He built a school, a presbytery, and a church. He made generous provision for the abandoned babes of St.

Antony's Home. He acted as consultor to his venerable and saintly Bishop, Dr. Hogan. He was Secretary to the Sick Priests' Association. And he was so ardent an advocate of Temperance, enrolling members in the Knights of St. Mathew, that the Supreme Council singled him out for the unique distinction of a gold medal. He now rests in peace, beside other All Hallows men, in St. Mary's Cemetery, awaiting that blessed day when the frail and mortal body shall arise spiritual, strong, and incorrupt.

* * *

Father Hassett.

The details of Father John Hassett's illness and death have not reached us ; but no obituary notice could compare with the eulogy pronounced by the Archbishop, who knew and appreciated his apostolic character : " While assembled here this morning," said Dr. Keane, of Dubuque, " to pay our last obligation to dear Father Hassett, let us take to heart the lesson he desires us to learn. It is the lesson St. Paul gave to the Corinthians, when he said : ' For me to live is Christ and for me to die is Christ.' The priest is another Christ. He is Christ living and working in the midst of us. He sheds the light of Christ on mankind ; he is the channel through which Christ guides, teaches and saves the souls of His people. They look up to him, and call him ' father.' There is nothing so beautiful as the veneration of the people for the poor priest. Oh ! the blessedness of his sacred responsibility. He kneels down before the altar and says the Lord is my portion. How well Father Hassett has done this you all know. The first time I met him there was something in his looks that made me think him a true priest, and I never had reason to change. No one ever heard a complaint from him ; with hardships he was contented because it was his portion. He was a priest, every inch of him. He wanted nothing else, he wanted to hear nothing else, but Christ.

Blessed is the priest who has the spirit of Jesus in him, and such was Father Hassett."

* * *

Rev. M. Daly.

In 1900 Bishop Tierney of Hartford, appointed the Rev. Michael Daly pastor of the newly created parish of St. Joseph's, New Haven. He did so because he knew that no one would more rapidly or more successfully organize and administer the new district than the priest whom he had chosen. Father Daly set to work with characteristic energy. He was young, only forty-five, popular with priests and people in the city and neighbouring country, enlightened and experienced, as his previous records had shown. In five years he consolidated the people of St. Joseph's into a compact congregation, provided them with a splendid church, which reflects credit on them and their city, and then, worn out by his unremitting labours, he died before he had completed his fiftieth year. He was ordained in 1881.

* * *

The Rev. Patrick O'Connor, of St. John's, Newfoundland, is another past student whose earthly pilgrimage has terminated at a comparatively early age. He was ordained in 1888, and died last year. The eighteen years of his ministry were spent in Burin, with the inhabitants of which place he was very popular. His death came in the end rather suddenly, but for years he had been suffering from the consequences of sleigh accident.

The Book of Kells.

THE illuminated initial letters on the cover of the ANNUAL are a reproduction from the most beautifully written book in existence. That book is known as the "Book of Kells," because of its association with the monastery and town of that name. It may be seen in the Library of Trinity College. It consists of the four Gospels, written in Latin, after the Hieronymian version about the year 650. Mr. Westwood tells us that, even after an experience of half a century in the art of illumination, he cannot conceive how men could have hands and eyes and tools to execute such marvellously delicate designs as are to be seen in this ancient manuscript. "I know pretty well all the libraries of Europe where such books occur," he continues, "and there is no such book in any of them." Only a scribe whose eyesight had grown short and microscopic from years of passionate devotion to caligraphy could have produced page after page of lines and figures and colours, so finely and exquisitely drawn that, as Miss Stokes says, not even the most powerful magnifying glass can discover a discordant note, an uneven curve, a false interlacement, or the faintest trace of a trembling hand or an erring eye. Of course such perfection was the outcome not of mere genius, but of the skill of successive generations of artists, and of the emulation of various monasteries and schools. As anyone who obtains a peep at the interior of the "Book of Kells" will readily perceive, the ornamentation is generally restricted to the capital letters, which sometimes

occupy an entire page, always a considerable section of one, and round uncial characters, much more shapely than the angular Gothic, are used in the remainder of the text. It is made up partly of linear designs, partly of natural forms conventionally treated. The former for the most part are interwoven bands or ribbons, diversified at times by various devices, such as spirals, gammadion, knot-work, and rectilinear patterns. The natural forms employed by the scribe include human and angelic faces, serpents, birds, fishes, and many quaint-looking animals with tails or tongues elongated into the general plan. Foliage rarely occurs, and when it does, is limited to the familiar trefoil.

The parchment, made from the skins of animals, was not very perfect, possessing neither the smoothness nor brightness imparted to it in other countries. But what it lacked was more than compensated for by the ink and the colours. The materials used by those old Irish monks have stood the test of a thousand years. The carbon writing, says Reeves, is as black as if executed yesterday, and the colours, some of which seem to have been obtained from shell-fish, are still brilliant after the lapse of centuries. In fine, as regards the pens employed, Miss Stokes proves that they were neither reed nor metallic, but formed from the quills of geese, swans, and even rooks. With all the discoveries of modern times, " no effort hitherto made to transcribe any one page of this book [of Kells] had the perfection of execution and rich harmony of colour belonging to the original."

OUR MISSION FIELD FOR YEAR 1906-7.

United States of America.

PROVINCE OF BALTIMORE.

Charleston
Richmond

PROVINCE OF CHICAGO.

Alton

PROVINCE OF CINCINNATI.

Nashville

PROVINCE OF DUBUQUE.

Cheyenne
Lincoln
Omaha

PROVINCE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Dallas
Natchez

PROVINCE OF ST. LOUIS.

Concordia
Kansas City

PROVINCE OF NEW YORK.

Brooklyn

PROVINCE OF OREGAN.

Helena

PROVINCE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Harrisburg
Pittsburg
Scranton

PROVINCE OF ST. PAUL.

Duluth

PROVINCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Sacramento.

Canada.

Kingston
Toronto
Peterborough

Newfoundland.

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

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
Christchurch.

Tasmania.

Hobart

Cape Colony.

Eastern Vicariate

Great Britain.

Westminster
Leeds
Middlesborough
Portsmouth
Salford
Southwark
Glasgow

India.

Madras

RESCRIPTS.

Copy of a Rescript granting faculties to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, to confer Orders on the students of All Hallows, *extra tempora et non servatis interstitiis*, and to allow them to be ordained one year before the canonical age. *Prot.* 71170.

[COPY.]

Ex Audientia SSmi habita die 22 Maii 1906.

SSmus Dominus Noster Pius Divina Providentia PP. X, referente me infrascripto Sacrae Congregationis de Propaganda Fide Secretario, facultatem tribuit R. P. D. Archiepiscopo Dublinensi, ad quinquennium, conferendi sive per se, sive per alium Episcopum cum Apostolica Sede commun ionem habentem Ordines extra tempora et non servatis interstitiis Collegii Omnium Sanctorum, Dublini, alumnis etiam alienae diocesis subditis; nec non cum eisdem dispensandi super defectu unius anni aetatis canonicae ad sacrum Presbyteratus Ordinem suscipiendum praescriptae; de consensu tamen respectivi promovendorum Ordinarii, atque ab eo prius habitis litteris dimissorialibus. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus.

Dat. Romae ex aed. praedictae S. C. die et anno ut supra.

ALOISIUS VECCIA, *Secrius.*
Gratis.

The following Rescript was obtained through the intervention of Dr. Woodlock, in 1854. By it Pius IX granted a plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, to the students of All Hallows, on three special occasions—first on the day on which they bind themselves to the service of the missions; secondly, on the anniversary of that day; and lastly on the day of their departure for their missions.

Ex Audientia SSmi habita die 6 Augusti, 1854.

SSmus Dominus Noster Pius Divina Providentia PP. IX, inferente me infrasto S. Congnis de Propaganda Fide Secreto ad preces A. D. Bartholomaei Woodlock, Rectoris Collegii Omnium Sanctorum Dublini alumnis ejusdem Collegii plenariam Indulgentiam benigne concessit (servatis solitis conditionibus) consequendam eo die quo ad Sacras missionis sese obligaverint, in anniversario ejusdem, et in die discessus ad Missionem.

Dat. Romae ex aed. dict. S. Congnis. die et anno praedictis gratis sine ulla solutione quocumque titulo.

A. BARNABO, *a Secretis*

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 E. Flynn, C.M.

Professors

DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.

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

Second Class.
Rev. John Shanahan, C.M.

MORAL THEOLOGY.

First Class.
Very Rev. William Fortune, D.D.

Second Class.
Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, C.M.

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

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

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.
Rev. Edward Sheehy, C.M.

SACRED ELOQUENCE.
Rev. Joseph S. Sheehy, C.M.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.
Rev. John Shanahan, C.M.

LOGIC, METAPHYSICS, AND ETHICS.
First Class.
Rev. James Furlong, C.M.
Second Class.
Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell.

LATIN.
Rev. Joseph Leonard, C.M.

GREEK.
Very Rev. J. Moore, C.M.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.
Rev. Joseph Leonard, C.M.

FRENCH.
Rev. Edward Sheehy, C.M.

MATHEMATICS.
Rev. Edward Sheehy, C.M.

CEREMONIES.
Rev. Joseph S. Sheehy, C.M.

ORGANIST AND LECTURER ON MODERN MUSIC.
Vincent O'Brien, Esq.

GREGORIAN CHANT.
Vincent O'Brien, Esq.

LECTURER ON ELOCUTION.
M'Hardy-Flint, Esq.

PHYSICIAN.
Dr. M'Auley.

DRILL MASTER.
Mr. Woods.

STUDENTS, 1906-1907.

PREFECTS.

Senior House.

Rev. John Duggan Sandhurst.
Rev. Patrick O'Hanlon, Nashville.

Junior House.

Rev. Michael O'Herlihy, Westminster.
Rev. Timothy O'Connor, Leeds.

SACRISTAN.

Rev. William O'Sullivan, Omaha.

PREFECT OF CEREMONIES.

Rev. Timothy O'Connor, Leeds.

PREFECT OF LIBRARY.

Rev. James O'Brien, Bathurst.

PREFECT OF CHOIR.

Rev. Cecil Loneragan, Bathurst.

INFIRMARIAN.

Rev. John Brennan, Auckland.

CLASSES.

THEOLOGY.

FOURTH YEAR.—18.

Messrs. O'Gorman, Richd., Duluth	Messrs. O'Hanlon, Ptk., Nashville
Duggan, John, Sandhurst	O'Herlihy, Mchl., Westminster
Cooney, Patrick, Omaha	O'Connor, Timothy, Leeds
Sears, Martin, St. George's	Masterson, Francis H., Brisbane
O'Brien, James, Bathu rst	Heneghan, John, Ballarat
Moloney, Denis, Pittsburg	Ryan, William, Sale
Gaffney, Michael, Sacramento	M'Namara, Martin, Adelaide
Kennedy, Cornelius, Charleston	Loneragan, Cecil, Bathurst
Keenan, Michael, Melbourne	O'Donnell, Thos. J., Hobart

THIRD YEAR.—24.

Messrs. O'Farrell, Bernard, Sydney	Messrs. O'Reilly, John, Sydney
Flanagan, James, Sacramento	Keegan, James, Kansas City
Curran, John, Kansas City	Brennan, John, Auckland
O'Sullivan, Daniel, Sydney	Griffin, Edmund, Kansas City
Flannery, Michael, Melbourne	Feeney, Michael, Omaha
Marshall, Henry, Salford	Ryan, Thomas, Kansas City
O'Reilly, Philip, Sacramento	Lawton, Thomas, Westminster
Rohan, Anthony, Melbourne	Dowling, Thomas, Richmond
Byrne, Patrick, Grahamstown	O'Sullivan, William, Omaha
McElhinney Wm., Rockhampton	O'Keeffe, Arthur, Brisbane
O'Connell, Michael, Sydney	St. Croix, Stanislaus, St. George's
Murphy, John, Portsmouth	Cullen, John, Hobart

SECOND YEAR.—21.

Messrs. Power, Thos., Melbourne
Minogue, Thomas, Omaha
Begley, John, Duluth
McGowan, Daniel, Ballarat
O'Grady, John, Omaha
Bradley, James, Concordia
McCabe, Bartholomew, Perth
Jordan, Martin, Brisbane
Coen, William, Sacramento
Carney, Thomas, Kansas City
Tarpey, Thos., Goulburn
Messrs. O'Sullivan, Patk., Kingston
Cronin, Patrick, Sacramento
Cullinane, Michael, Toronto
O'Flanagan, Danl., Grahamstown
Murnane, James, Alton
Connor, James, Duluth
Maher, William, Peterborough
Ryan, James, Hobart
Moynihan, Patrick, Omaha
Gatzemeyer, Fras. J., Adelaide

FIRST YEAR.—37.

Messrs. Madden, Arthur, Kingston
Moran, Patrick, Omaha
Casey, Daniel, Duluth
Greally, James, Sacramento
Murphy, Joseph, Melbourne
Culligan, Timothy, Duluth
Fox, Richard, Concordia
Daly, John, Melbourne
Barrett, Patrick, Sandhurst
O'Herlihy, Michael, Sydney
O'Reilly, Patrick, Goulburn
Downey, Maurice, Lincoln
O'Reilly, John, Concordia
O'Reilly, Joseph
Reddy, John, Lincoln
Lynch, Patrick, Cheyenne
Halpin, John, Sydney
Mulvanny, Richard, Hobart
Cahir, Michael, Sacramento
Messrs. Enright, M., Pittsburg
Walsh, John, Scranton
McElligott, Robert, Sydney
Galvin, Michael, Melbourne
Crowley, Michael, Southwark
Wilson, Edward, St. John's
O'Leary, Patrick, Brooklyn
Dwyer, Mark, Harbour Grace
O'Brien, Edwd., Harbour Grace
McCormick, Jno., Grahamstown
Keating, Patrick, Maitland
Gleeson, John, Omaha
Duffy, Bernard, Ballarat
Costello, Jeremiah, Alton
Fitzpatrick, John, Wilcannia
Cussen, Edward, Maitland
Howard, John B., Bathurst
Manning, John, Ballarat

PHILOSOPHY.

SECOND YEAR.—26.

Messrs. Reardon, Michael
McCormick, Joseph, Perth
Devine, James, Harrisburg
O'Donoghue, Matthew, Sydney
Conlon, Michael, Ballarat
Crean, John, Duluth
O'Connor, Michael, Sacramento
O'Larrigan, Joseph, Duluth
O'Donnell, Patrick, Sydney
O'Callaghan, Timothy
Hogan, Michael, Sacramento
O'Brien, William
O'Rourke, Stephen, Ballarat
Messrs. Murphy, Cor., Sacramento
Nicholson, Patrick, Melbourne
Moloney, Timothy, Omaha
Grogan, Thomas, Rockhampton
Cronin, John, Middlesbrough
Keane, Alphonsus, Sandhurst
Ryan, Patrick
Lynch, Michael, Helena
Smith, James, Maitland
O'Toole, William
Murtagh, Edward, Melbourne
Manning, James, Sandhurst
Manning, Daniel, Omaha

FIRST YEAR.—37.

Messrs. O'Regan, Michael, Omaha
Donovan, John, Melbourne
Buckley, Timothy, Dallas
Moriarty, Joseph, Sydney
O'Connor, James B.
Finnegan, Peter Paul, Perth
Mulvihill, Cornelius, Natchez
Hickey, Francis, Dallas
Moynihan, Patrick
Kelly, Daniel, Leeds
Twomey, Jeremiah
MacNamara, Michael
Curran, Edward, Richmond
Nunan, Daniel
Donovan, Patrick, Sydney
Prendergast, Patrick, Glasgow
O'Brien, Martin
Howe, Thomas, Bathurst
Moroney, Timothy, Helena
Messrs. Meade, Joseph, Adelaide
Timmons, James, Ballarat
Conway, John
Mulcahy, Charles
Casey, John
Costello, Michael
McKeogh, Timothy
O'Keeffe, Denis, Brisbane
Neligan, David
Foley, John
Cusack, Thomas, Goulburn
Murray, John
O'Connor, John
O'Brien, Dominick
Pierse, Patrick
Boland, Michael
McLary, Francis, Brisbane
Prendergast, Geoffrey, Maitland

RHETORIC.—17.

Messrs. Morris, Bernard, Sydney
Hayes, John
DeCourcy, Edward
Mangan, Michael
Hayes, Michael
Moriarty, John
O'Grady, Thos., Rockhampton
Carmody, Thomas
O'Callaghan, John
Messrs. O'Farrell, Thomas, Hobart
Walsh, Patrick
O'Grady, Michael
O'Kane, Thomas
Dillane, Matthew
Ring, John
Doyle, Simeon, Madras
McKenna, Michael, Brisbane

SUMMARY.

THEOLOGY—			
Fourth Year	18		
Third Year	24		
Second Year	21		
First Year	37		
		—	100
PHILOSOPHY—			
Second Year	26		
First Year	38		
		—	64
RHETORIC—			17
Total number of Students ..			181

PROSPECTUS.

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.

The Pension is £25 per year. By arrangement with the various foreign Bishops connected with the College this sum may, in most cases, be reduced to £10 per year, from the date of adoption, for Students who accept the missions which the President may be enabled to offer them.

Students entering for, or intending to select a particular diocese or mission not embraced in the arrangement, and all Students in the Rhetoric class, will be required to pay the full amount, £25 per year.

The Pension is payable at commencement of each academic half-year, viz., the first week of September, and the first week of February.

The President has at his disposal some places, which have been provided at the College, free of pension, and are available, according to merit and circumstances, to Students who leave in his hands the selection of their missions.

At entrance, each Student contributes £1 towards medical advice; and shall pay 30s. per year 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 :—

Composit on.
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—

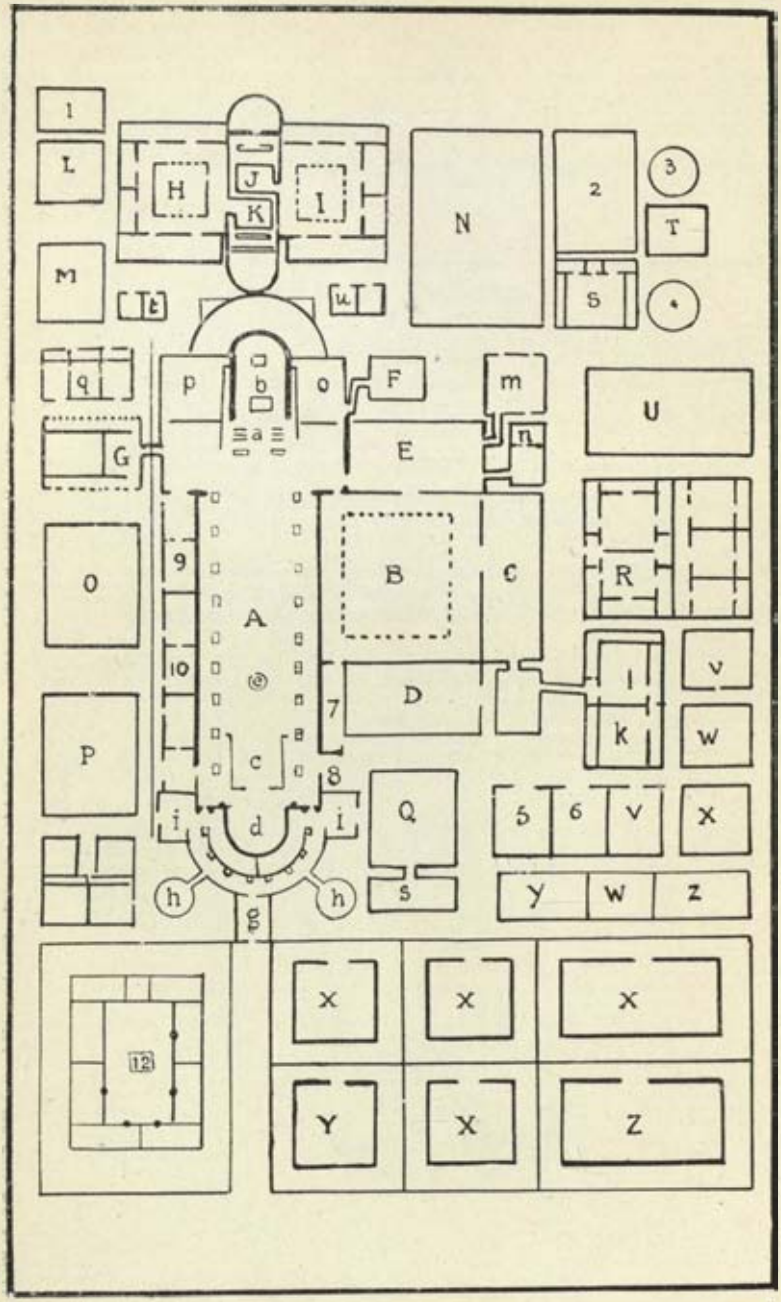
(*a*) Those prescribed for the Senior Grade by the Board of Intermediate Education ; or,

(*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 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.



Plan of the Abbey of St. Gall, about 850.

KEY TO PLAN.

A Church—*a*, eastern choir ; *b*, presbytery with high altar of St. Mary and St. Gall ; *c*, western choir ; *d*, exedra ; *e*, baptismal font ; *f*, western paradise ; *g*, public entrance vestibule ; *hh*, towers ; *ii*, entrance vestibules for the hospitium and school and monastery.

B Cloister.

C Refectory—*j*, kitchen ; *k*, brew-house ; *l*, bake-house.

D Wine and beer cellar.

E Dormitory—*m*, urinal ; *n*, bathroom.

F Room for preparation of the holy bread and oil—*o*, sacristy ; *p*, scriptorium and library above.

G Abbot's House—*q*, room for servants.

H Infirmary.

I Convent for Novices.

J Chapel for Novices—*n*, bath and kitchen for novices.

K Chapel of Infirmary—*t*, bath and kitchen of infirmary.

L Doctor's House—1, physic garden.

M House for blood-letting and giving physic.

N Cemetery.

O Schoolhouse.

P Hospitium for distinguished guests—*r*, kitchen, bake and brew houses and store-room of hospitium.

Q Hospitium for poor guests—*s*, kitchen offices of same.

R 5, 6, Workshops—7, cloister parlour; 8, almoner's room ; 9, room for strange monks ; 10, schoolmaster's lodgings ; 11, lodgings for porters.

S Gardener's House—2, garden.

T Fowl-keeper's Place—3, 4, hen and duck houses.

U Larger threshing floor.

V Smaller threshing floor—*v*, mills ; *w*, mortars ; *x*, malt kiln.

W House for Grooms and Herdsmen—*y*, stables ; *z*, stalls for oxen.

X, X, X, X, sheds for animals.

Y Place for country servants.

Z Horse-stables—12, lodgings for retinues.