

FATHER JOSEPH.

It was the day after the storm which wrought such destruction in Ireland, that plain and poverty stricken Maurice Maloney found a tiny boy wedged beside the haggard, sleeping lad.

beautiful in their expressions of gratitude to the devoted couple, to whom, he said, he owed his great happiness. With proud hearts, Maurice and his good wife, would pass the letters to the neighbors, and those who were able to read did so, and told the contents to their friends.

returning from a tour of the missions farther up, he came to a convent, and there met a saintly nun, Sister Marie. Something drew his attention to her (for he seldom spoke to strangers), and a resemblance to some one, somewhere, whom he felt he knew, seemed to strike him.

A MONTH OF FAVORS. (Arthur Barry, in Ave Maria.) Another new month,—grave October's here, With its flaming leaves that will soon grow sore

of the first Motu Proprio. The Commission has been reinforced by the addition of several new consultants, four of whom are habitually resident in England.

IN MEMORIAM. Death of Miss Alice Morris, of St. John's, Newfoundland. "In the midst of life we are in death" is being verified every day, year, every moment of the day.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Rev. L. V. Broughall, formerly attached to the staff of St. Laurent College, has been received into the Congregation of the Holy Cross, in the Chapel of St. Joseph's University.

Chamberlain's Policy Not Needed.

E. H. Holden, managing director of one of the largest financial institutions in England, The City and Midland Bank of London, is at present on a visit to Canada.

The Pontifical Commission On Gregorian Chant.

The London Tablet of September 10, notes that Appuldurcombe Abbey, Isle of Wight, scene of the recent Summer School of Gregorian Music, was during the week ending at that date, the assembling place of the Commission appointed to prepare the Vatican edition of the Gregorian Chant.

CLOG-NA-MARR.

(WEXFORD BALLAD OF '98, "The Croppy Boy.") As I was walking Slieve-Coiltha's slope, Heavy my heart and bereft of hope;

A BACHELOR'S TIP.

A bachelor is not usually credited with a knowledge about the proper treatment of children, but sometimes they step in where angels fear to tread.

VERY SLOW.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient. "Yes," was the reply.

SOMEbody DID A GOLDEN DEED.

Somebody proved a friend in need. Somebody sang a beautiful song. Somebody mended the whole day long.