

MY OBSERVATIONS.—I have, in the course of my various observations, of men especially, found that they do all in their power, while keeping within the pale of fashion to get rid of their cuffs. You see a young man set out for his office in the morning; he has wrestle of some minutes with his cuffs in an attempt to get the studs into them. Then he has to fasten them on to the ends of his sleeves. If they are well, or rather stiffly laundried, he is sure to have occasion to use some unparliamentary language—especially if he

As a result of the inclement weather, a famine in turf is reported from the County Roscommon, where it is the fuel universally in use. The master of the Roscommon Workhouse has reported to the Guardians that no turf had been delivered, at the institution for a fortnight, and he had to adopt the unusual expedient of procuring coal. The Chairman of the Board of Guardians declared there was no turf in the country, while a member of the board stated it would be a famine year.

"In China there is a profession for ladies, strange because openly and handsomely remunerated in the current coin of the realm. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house of rich people, announcing their coming by beating a drum and offering their services to amuse the lady of the house. This offer accepted, they sit down and tell her the latest scandal and the newest stories and sayings and are rewarded at the rate of half a crown an hour, besides a handsome present."

Now, this is surely a delightful profession. It is one that cannot fail to be remunerative. If people delight to tell stories, in inventing or retelling gossip, in spreading scandal, there are just as many others, (and more perhaps) who take intense delight in listening to the same. We do not advocate the introduction of the profession, amongst us, but we are under the impression that if it did exist, it might put the unpaid scandal-mongers to shame, and by the cause making many of them hesitate before exposing themselves to be ranked on a level with the professional vendors of lies.

to Didon, and a Montsabre.

If it is generally more noticeable when the homes of virtue are transformed into the lurking places of iniquity, it is on account of the enormity of the evil done. But the world is rarely informed of the millions of converts in each year, and the thousands of places that are changed from purposes of sin to purposes of virtue. If we were permitted to walk the refuges that dot the face of every civilized land, where in the Sisters of Mercy, and kindred sisterhoods, receive and care for those members of their sex whose lives have been unfortunate and far from the pathways of virtue, we would be astonished to learn how many individual careers are turned into the avenue that leads to God, and how many soul are saved from the brink of eternal ruin and restored to the state of grace.

Pope Pius X. has decided that the first meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in presence of the Holy Father, which is to take place on November 17, is to be devoted to the cause of the Maid of Orleans.

A bright, rosy-cheeked boy, sa  
with a dissatisfied look, gazing sky  
ward. "Oh, dear!" he sighed. "Why  
wasn't I a little star? Boys have to  
go to bed just when they want to  
stay and watch the stars. I should  
so love to be up there with nothing

The maiden vanished as she ceased speaking. A wild fear filled Robbie's breast. Was he to be left in the sky? He reached out his arms and tried to follow her—there was a fall and Robbie's mamma came running in to find him lying on the floor, rubbing his eyes and looking very much surprised at seeing her. He jumped up quickly, and, throwing his little arms around her neck, he held her tight and said: "Mamma! mamma! I love you most of anything in the world, and I'll never be a naughty boy again!"

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

that no race of people was ever more devoted to the Holy Rosary than the Irish. And this stands to reason, for the long centuries of religious persecution, when the practice of the Rosary was forbidden by law, made a crime to teach or read, they had recourse to the "Beads," and these they have always worn with them. It is necessary to be able to recite the Rosary to practise the devotion, and it is necessary that the "Beads" be said in any special language. It is thus that the Irish people carry their "Beads" around with them in the field or the fair, and they esteem them in his own God. In spite of proscriptions, and persecutions, the Rosary has been in the Parliament. It is but just to give it the same justice in all—that the nation should have even material reward for its devotion of its sons and daughters to the Holy Rosary. And a reward has been given, and it has been in many forms, one of which is the Queen's Medal. No section of the population has ever stood more in need of the Rosary than the Irish girls who have emigrated to America. On this subject, the Atlantic they cannot cross without a protecting hand, and we have not yet been forgotten. The Queen's patronage of the Queen's Medal for the Holy Rosary.

In 1833, in the city of New York, Rev. Father Riordan began a mission that is bearing wonderful fruit every day. For twenty years Irish emigrant girls have found shelter, protection and assistance at the Mission of Our Lady of the Holy Child, No. 7 State street. In the last twenty years seventy-five Irish girls have been cared for by the mission, free of charge, until they could be sent to their respective homes or placed in service. Mr. H. J. Henry, the president of the Mission, says that he has never seen one who was not been confined to assistants in New York. Its influence has been long enough to reach across the Atlantic to correct abuses.

Here is a theme for our selection and study. No need to enter into the detailed history of the mission of Our Lady of the Holy Child. We have the results in hand. Given, and from that we can conjecture the details. Just as the seventy-five thousand Irish immigrants are obliged to leave their native land, so the foster-rooms of their virtue must be ready to face the dangers of the world, the very terrors of unbelief, the life in the largest city, the most corrupt one, of the New World. Time was when the maiden, clothed in gems, could walk unhindered through Ireland, and "no sin would do her harm;" but now the York of to-day is not Erin's home, and the men that haunt the streets are more than the homeless purlious of Gotham. Not the "sons of Erin" of whom the Bard has sung. But Ireland, especially Ireland's pure women, having been faithful throughout