

HAMILTON LETTER.

Ecclesiastical—Confirmation—Bishop of Hong Kong—Municipal—The Parks Question Revived—Exports and Imports—Harbor of Refuge—A Fair Day's Pay for a Fair Day's Labor—Obituary—Great Fire in Dundas—Central Fair—Curb-stone Education—New Daily Paper—Brevelities.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

His Lordship Bishop Chinnor administered the sacrament of Confirmation on last Sunday to about one hundred children in Arthur.

The Vicar Apostolic of Hong Kong, China, visited Hamilton during the past week.

According to a rough estimate, the proceeds of the late bazaar will net between five and six thousand dollars.

It is intended to begin the Cathedral improvements at the earliest practicable moment.

MUNICIPAL.

Candidates for the majority of 1882 is already under discussion, and the names of Mayor O'Reilly, Chas. Magill, Aldermen Mason and Kent have been freely used.

Another systematic test of the new water works improvements was made on Wednesday last. The stream thrown from a one-inch nozzle reached the top of the College on King street, or twenty feet higher than on a former occasion.

The city council seems in earnest about the question of Parks. At a recent meeting of that body a report of the Parks committee recommending the advertising for tenders, offering lands for such purposes, was adopted.

Hamilton was not represented at President Garfield's funeral, although it was intended that it should be. The reasons given were lack of time and opportunity to reach Cleveland at the time appointed for the funeral.

The inland revenue and customs receipts at this port for September, amount to nearly \$120,000. This is an increase of \$12,000 over the corresponding period of last year. During the past month Hamilton exported to the United States goods to the value of \$72,000.

The mercantile community consider it essential to their interests to have the Burlington canal deepened and the Bay made a harbor of Refuge. Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works, on the occasion of his recent visit here, was memorialized to that effect.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION. A correspondent to the Times not long since complained of the hardships endured by many of the shop girls of this city. They must work for low wages, frequently without fire in winter, extend their labor far into the night during busy seasons and receive no pay for overtime. The editor of the Times acknowledges the facts; but goes on to state that they are caused by a too popular desire to become shop-girls, and suggests as a remedy domestic service, where is greater comfort and better wages.

OBITUARY. The New Orleans Times of the 27th ultimo announces the sudden death of Mr. E. E. Duffy from paralysis of the heart. The deceased was a native of Hamilton and lived here for many years. He has numerous friends in the city, among whom he made himself popular by his agreeable manners and general good qualities, and who are now surprised and saddened by the news of his untimely death. Rev. P. Allen attended his dying moments and administered the last sacraments. At his funeral on Monday, a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's church, New Orleans, at which the Rev. Fr. Allen delivered a sermon on the many qualities of the deceased. The large concourse of city notables and personal friends testified to Mr. Duffy's prominent position and the high esteem in which he was held by the citizens of New Orleans. He was 33 years old at the time of his death. Requiescat in pace.

DUNDAS. On Tuesday morning, the 27th ult., Dundas was attacked by a terrible fire, which destroyed a large portion of the business section of the town. It started in a moulding shop near King Street, rapidly gained in strength and spread itself in all directions, and when its action had finally ceased it had burned up some sixty thousand dollars' worth of property. The Dufferin House (a fine three-story hotel) the Wellington Buildings (a substantial block of stores) Billington's moulding shop and several dwellings were included in the conflagration. The fire-brigade made determined efforts to arrest the progress of the flames, but as their only source of water supply were the neighboring wells and pumps their labors were almost ineffectual. The cry in Dundas now is for better water facilities, and it is likely that arrangements for that purpose already on foot, but hitherto slow in movement, will be consequently accelerated.

THE CENTRAL FAIR. The managers of this exhibition soon to be held in Hamilton, are working earnestly to make it successful. As Hamilton is a city of more than ordinary manufacturing importance, and also the centre of a rich agricultural district, it possesses many advantages for a respectable exhibition.

BREVELITIES. Grand Banquet in honor of the Dominion Minister of Public Works in the Opera House on Wednesday evening.

The "old resident" has been around again telling the reporters that he "minds the time" when Bill Jones kept a log tavern in the Princess Square, and when John Smith planted potatoes on the site of the Royal Hotel.

Hamilton is to have a new daily paper, to be called the *Freeman*. It will have a ten thousand dollar building of its own, and workingmen have commenced digging the foundation for the same, on James street near Vine.

If a number of large lamps, such as that on James street near the city Hall were located at other particular points throughout the city, they would add much to its general appearance, and make night travelling more convenient and secure.

The show season is about commencing, and the boys who have been holding summer concerts at the street corners will soon transfer their patronage to the public halls. The curb stone and the theatre gal-

lery are schools which have imparted a sort of knowledge that has ruined hundreds of boys, and yet the evil continues unchecked by those who have the authority to do so.

CLANCAILL.

GODERICH LETTER.

As the CATHOLIC RECORD professes to be, and is indeed in the true sense of the word, a Catholic newspaper, perfectly independent of both political parties and representing the opinions, if not of all, at least of a vast majority of the Catholics of this portion of the province who weekly scan its pages, which are well-filled with interesting news on all Catholic subjects, under these circumstances I think your columns are the proper place to refer briefly to a matter which is now agitating the public mind, and which directly concerns the interest of all Irish Catholics, but more particularly those of Western Ontario, viz., the appointments to the vacancies in the Senate.

During the last six or eight weeks the organs of both political parties have been urging on the Government the advisability of appointing one or other of their various nominees to the vacant places in the Senate Chamber. And the Government in its wisdom is taking ample time to make its selection. The Irish Catholics of Ontario watch with interest the action of the Government, and are in hopes that their claims to a fuller representation in the Upper House will not be entirely ignored. Amongst the many names which have been mentioned as eligible for the exalted position I think none are more deserving than that of Mr. Joseph Kidd, Dublin. This gentleman is deservedly popular amongst all classes in Western Ontario. His strict integrity in business transactions, coupled with his whole-souled and generous nature make him an especial favorite everywhere. Being an Irish Catholic and a life-long supporter of the Conservatives, in whose cause he has spent time and money, his appointment to the Senatorial chair would be hailed with delight, not only by his co-religionists but by all parties in Western Ontario. The Senate being a representative body and composed of men who are supposed to be able political preferences, so long as the antiquated institution lasts, only those possessing a good practical knowledge of the affairs of the country ought to be appointed to the position. Mr. Kidd's claims in this respect are far ahead of all other competitors. His thoroughly practical knowledge of commerce and agriculture, in both of which he has been immensely successful, would be of incalculable benefit in the Senate Chamber, and his views on all questions of the day are known to be broad, intelligent and honest. His devotion to the Conservative Government is too well known to need any further mention here, and his two brothers, one in Senfort, the other in Cardwell, have always supported the same cause "through thick and thin." I have no doubt but that Mr. Kidd would rather be left to attend to his extensive business and spend the remainder of his days in the privacy of his own interesting family, but the Irish Catholics of Ontario, and more particularly this western section, desire some recognition at the hands of the Conservative Government, and looking around find to find one more qualified to represent them than the gentleman mentioned above, and who is well known to most of your readers.

The Jubilee will open at St. Peter's on Sunday 16th inst., and will be conducted by the Rev. Canon Macdonald, from Jersey City, who are at present engaged in the same missionary work in other parishes. We thank Father Watters for his efforts in affording the congregation of St. Peter's such a spiritual treat, and we sincerely trust that the Fathers will be much edified with the fruits of the mission. On Monday a Requiem High Mass was sung for the repose of the soul of Mr. Conroy, late of Dublin. The deceased lady was much respected.

Yours, &c.,
AN IRISH CATHOLIC,
Goderich, Oct. 2nd, 1881.

JUBILEE AT WAWANOSH.

Catholic news is always interesting to you, I am sure, hence a few words from Wawanosh, I hope will find a short space in your over-crowded columns. The 19th inst. will be a day long to be remembered both by the people and beloved pastor of St. Augustine's Church. On that day the jubilees of the Jubilee began. Our good pastor, full of zeal and love for us, invited a few of his clerical friends to assist him, who warmly responded to his invitation. All the members of the congregation pliously assisted at the several devotions given in the church. The Jubilee lasted three days. Each morning there was a high mass, followed by a sermon; in the evening stations of the cross, sermon and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Confessions were heard at all hours, and I assure you the reverend clergy were kept busy. The subjects of the sermons naturally set us thinking, being on salvation, sin, confession, death, love of God, Holy Communion and perseverance. The good effects of the sermons were to be seen each morning from the number who approached the Holy Communion table. Our dear pastor has every reason to be pleased at the spiritual success of the mission. On Tuesday morning, a solemn requiem mass was sung for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the congregation; mass being ended, a powerful and impressive sermon on death was given by the Rev. Father Lennon, of Hamilton; after the sermon the congregation formed into procession, and headed by a cross-bearer, followed by the rev. clergy, wended their way to the cemetery, reciting aloud the Holy Rosary. The sight was grand and imposing. The object of going to the cemetery was to assist at its blessing. Before proceeding to bless the cemetery, Father O'Connor addressed a few words to the congregation assembled around the cross erected in the centre of the grave-yard, lucidly explaining the nature of the ceremony about to take place. His words were few, but like all his, they came from his lips, impressive and forcible. We have reason to be proud of our young parish priest, who during the short time he has been in our midst has worked wonders. Providence has blessed his labors, and blessed us in placing him over us. May he long remain among us, to preach to us the holy word of God, to

administer to us the Holy Sacraments, and encourage us on the way to eternity by his shining example.

M. C.

R. C. BAZAAR, GALT.

The bazaar which occupied the attention and interest of the ladies of St. Patrick's Church, Galt, for the past three months, commenced in the Town Hall, on Monday, 19th inst., and closed the following Wednesday evening. It was organized by the zealous and energetic pastor, Rev. Father Maguire, for the purpose of liquidating the debt on the new church, and considered by persons of every denomination who attended to have been the most successful ever held here, both in regard to the quantity and quality of goods displayed, and the perseverance and energy shown by the ladies of the congregation, who animated by a friendly rivalry, did all in their power to make the bazaar what it really was—a decided success.

The interior of the hall was neatly fitted up for the occasion, and the three tables arranged for the display of work, were all presided over by (table No. 1) Mrs. Larin and Secretary, Miss Cadden; No. 2, by Mrs. Barrett, secretary, Miss Radigan; No. 3, Miss Kelleher, secretary, Mrs. Hienhold. The goods consisting of fancy, useful and ornamental articles, were tastefully arranged and showed to good advantage. We noticed on table No. 1, a fine portrait of Very Rev. E. J. Heenan, V. G., a handsome chair, a set of china, a well-executed oil painting of Very Rev. Father Dowling, some nice designs of hand painting on satin, and other valuable and useful things. Table No. 2 displayed a very life-like picture of His Lordship Bishop Crimmon, a handsome gold watch, (gift of Rev. Father O'Reilly, Mount Forest), a good show of silver ware, and was noted for the amount of useful articles it contained. Table No. 3 showed some very nice pictures, a beautiful gold watch, a set of mink, a fancy chair and table, a wax cross and flowers, a nicely worked ottoman, cushions of various kinds, brackets, toilet sets, &c., and other articles too numerous to specify.

The two refreshment tables loaded with all the delicacies of the season were under the management of Mrs. McTear, Mrs. Kelleher, and Mrs. Wolstenholme, and were well patronized during the afternoon and evening.

On Monday evening, the sale of tickets and small wares was immense. A post office was in requisition, and the mails distributed by the young ladies. On Tuesday evening the hall was again crowded, an entertainment began with a selection capably played by the Old Fellows' band. Miss Graham, of Hamilton, and Miss Clarke, of Toronto, sang solos and duets and were warmly received—the choir assisted by these ladies, gave two choruses in good style, and followed some tableaux which were much admired by the audience. Many of the neighboring clergy visited the hall during the progress of the bazaar; we had the pleasure of seeing Very Rev. Father Dowling, Paris; Rev. Father Lillis, Freeport; Rev. Father O'Reilly, Oakville; and Rev. Father Feeney, Dundas.

On Wednesday evening the hall was as well filled as on the preceding night—the Good Templars' Band, Preston, discoursed sweet music, and delighted those present with their fine playing. The drawing for the prizes on the Art Union principle commenced about 8.30 and closed at 10.30 p. m. The following is a full list of the tickets drawn, and the name of the ticket holder—

TABLE NO. 1.

Coal stove, Mrs. Trump, Preston; oil painting of Father Dowling, sugar bowl and pickle bottle, C. McLean; 44, silver cruet and butter cooler, A. McIntosh; 63, picture of Banquo, E. Trotter, Galt; 97, scroll work of our Lord's prayer, A. Quirk, Galt; 37, gold watch, Geo. Sanderson; 11, counterpane, Mrs. E. Barrett, Galt; 6, barrel of flour, J. Hood, Galt; 53, beautiful quilt, Mrs. Sharp; 99, set of lace curtains, E. King, Galt.

TABLE NO. 2.

20, china set, Mrs. O. Cooper, Galt; 10, silver plated butter cooler, sugar bowl and pickle bottle, C. McLean; 44, silver cruet and butter cooler, A. McIntosh; 63, picture of Banquo, E. Trotter, Galt; 97, scroll work of our Lord's prayer, A. Quirk, Galt; 37, gold watch, Geo. Sanderson; 11, counterpane, Mrs. E. Barrett, Galt; 6, barrel of flour, J. Hood, Galt; 53, beautiful quilt, Mrs. Sharp; 99, set of lace curtains, E. King, Galt.

TABLE NO. 3.

1, silver cake basket, Mrs. S. Winters, Hespeler; 123, gold watch, Wm. Lundy, 21, fancy chair, J. Bodkin, Galt; 57, fancy table, W. E. Kelleher, Galt; 82, ottoman, Mrs. Bury, Berlin; 112, set of furs, Julia Walters, Bamberg; 73, wax cross, Mrs. Daniels, Galt; 4, pin cushion, Mrs. Dunlop, Galt; 79, sofa cushion, J. H. Clyna, Galt; 59, counterpane, Mrs. John Wells, Galt.

Taking everything in connection with the bazaar in a general way, the cheerfulness with which the various committees worked, the friendly and generous spirit shown by our Protestant friends and neighbors, there is every reason to congratulate Rev. Father Maguire, who managed and directed the whole affair, that the result of his untiring labors was such a complete success. The amount realized will not fall far short of \$1000.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Provincial Fair held in this city, was the largest that has been for a number of years. The receipts are several thousand dollars ahead of the disbursements.

The Band Tournament was a grand financial success. The 7th Fusilier Band of this city took first prize in the military class, and the Guelph Band second. In the amateur contest the Preston Musical Society took first, and the Dominion Organ Company Band, of Bowmanville, second. The dog show was also very successful, but the people who live in the neighborhood would vote unanimously against having any more dog shows within half a mile of their residences.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel had an interview at about an hour's duration with his Eminence Cardinal Manning recently. He was accompanied by the Bishop of Ross. Both these dignitaries will visit Michael Davitt at Dartmoor before returning to Ireland, the requisite permission having been obtained from Sir William Harcourt.

DRAMATIC PICTURES OF "IRISH LIFE."

It is hard to reconcile the appearance and manners of the Irish people here in America with the impressions which we derive from the drama principally—of their manners and appearance at home. It would be uncharitable to assume that the Irish men and women who come here have deliberately arranged to deceive us (many of us Irish by every tie, except that of birth) by assuming a dress and a manner which are foreign to them, but anyone who knows Ireland as represented in the drama is almost forced to this conclusion. A long and careful series of observations taken at Castle Garden have failed to bring to light a single "colleen" of the kind which the manufacturers of "Irish" plays have made so familiar to the American people. Thousands of young women, comfortably and neatly attired, have passed before the eyes of the observer through the gates of Castle Garden, but never a "colleen" in a short red petticoat, a very low cut upper garment, slipping with high heels, and much display of stockings. Why is this? The persecuted "colleen" with a very red spot on each of her cheeks and a diamond ring which is always held in the blaze of the footlights, must exist in Ireland. Has she not appeared hundreds of times and been applauded by enthusiastic people—the majority of whom had come from Ireland—constant patrons of the Irish (?) drama, to save her lover from the tyranny of the "bloody Saxon"? Why does she stay in Ireland? Why does she not come among us? Watching until his heart grew sick with hope deferred, the observer has stood day after day at Castle Garden, but no gleam of the diamond ring, no glimpse of the red petticoat, has gladdened his gaze. Have the dramatists deceived us? Is this lovely and heroic creature only a being evolved from their inner consciousness? Experience would lead us to answer this question in the affirmative, did we not know that the Irish people in America are constant patrons of the Irish (?) drama, and that even in Lent, when the *Shanghaï* or some other hodge-podge of Boucicault's is announced, the Theatre is filled with Irish men and women. So these pictures of "Irish" life must be truthful, since the Irish give them the mark of their approbation. Is it so? Is it so?

Where are the ordinary snail-shells and immense shoe-buckles which Barney O'Brannigan, the "bold boy of Wicklow," always wears in these plays of "contemporary human interest"? Where is the dudder? And his carefully-battered hat? And the tail of his coat? Who hath seen these things of the stage? And his brogue, when he says "Arise, me swee gur-r-el, the cold sod and the bloomin' potato-vine which wreathes your mother's tomb shall grow above me ere I break mee troth to you"—where is his brogue? Who hath heard it in Cork or in Dublin, in Tipperary or Connaught? It is never spoken here; and yet, when the "bold boy of Wicklow" approaches the footlights, throws out his buckled shoe in a jig-step and begs that somebody may tread on the tail of his coat, people that are or have been—wonderful changes sometimes take place—Irish—applaud him to the echo. It has sometimes occurred to the patient investigator of this Irish question that the parish priest, who is often feelingly alluded to in the drama, is extraordinarily "liberal" in his views in regard to unnecessary swearing and the wearing of low-necked frocks. We have never met an Irish priest who patted his female parishioner under the chin, as he always does in the play, and the laughter of his Catholic flock, in the audience, when the young person who would dare to enter a church here in the attire in which she is supposed to go to chapel in the "Irish" drama would receive "a blast from the pulpit that would astonish her—'simple gur-r-el' that she is." There is the parish priest in the "Colleen Bawn." Thousands of Irishmen have laughed at him and applauded him. But the actor generally makes him a buffoon. Do the Irish people who support plays of this kind want Americans to accept Boucicault's caricature as a portrait of an Irish parish priest? If they do, they have gone in the right way about it. And if strangers form a false impression of Ireland and her people, actors like Barney Williams, novelist like Carleton and playwrights like Boucicault are responsible for it.

When Lent approaches, additional "attractions" are needed to draw Catholics to the theatre, and with this the average manager, the term Irish is synonymous with the term Catholic, "a new drama of Irish life, founded on fact," is produced. It may be "Arrah-na-pogue," "The Colleen Bawn," or the "Connie Soogah," it must have an Irish name. It is possibly, "The Gruesome Law," or, Shaun Aggra the Rapparee." This was the last Irish drama in a recent investigator saw. The usual "colleen" entered and declared that she would die rather than wed another. Upon this, "another"—a nondescript person, supposed to be a land-agent—insists that she shall be "this" or, refusing, the home of her ancestors shall be torn from her. "Never," she replies, scornfully, "never, though our 'act and only 'act' should seek the market, though mee theer's snowy locks should float in sorrow to the grave, never can I be yours." She will be true to the "boy" who has sworn to drive the Saxon from the "old sod." Exit the land-agent murmuring, "I must be sensible." The next scene showed the "home of her ancestors." Tropics vines wreathed the pillars of a ruined cottage; a large rock, out of which grew a tree of an unknown species, occupied the foreground. A number of village maidens, in the scanty skirts supposed to be common in Ireland, came forth as the sun rose, and sang a characteristic chorus. It was *Nora's* singing-day. To save the home of her ancestors, she had consented to marry the agent. When the merry village maidens had ceased their chorus, "Father Mick," attired in a garment resembling a shroud, entered. "Pray, reverend friar," said the eldest of the village maidens, "give us your blessing." The maidens then covered their faces and made an unanimous courtesy, to slow music. The parish priest raised his eyes to Heaven and gave his blessing in three motions resembling the action of a disabled sawmill. This was pathetic. Then he addressed the maidens in lively tones, and they formed

a ring and performed a dance around the "benighted old friar." This was comic. In combining these elements and at the same time pleasing the Catholics, the manager felt that he had made a skilful stroke. After much dialogue, night falls. The wedding-lamps are lit in Nora's ancestral home, when suddenly red fire issues from the rock in the foreground. Conspirators, with shillalah, battered hats, and duddeens appear. They all swear to rescue Nora and slaughter the Saxon. They are joined in a sociable and off-hand way by skeletons. Nora is rescued. Tableau, slow music and red fire!

To be serious, this is the kind of dramatic luncheon that passed for a picture of Irish life. This is the sensational, degraded, frivolous stuff which is paid for by Irishmen and their families. If Americans misconceive the manners and sentiments of the Irish in Ireland, the "Irish" drama of story will not remove this misconception. On the contrary, they heighten it. All of which is resolved into the painful fact that children of Irish Catholic parents are not trained in the practice and in the love of their faith, as they should be.—Freeman's Journal.

A HELPING HAND WANTED.

The most common of questions which arises to every man who holds extensive social relations is, why is there so much expected from Catholics as Catholics, and why is there so little done for them by Catholics. To put it in another shape, if there is a Catholic lawyer, or a Catholic physician, or a Catholic merchant, what favors do not other Catholics expect from them. How many favors, too, how great favors also do they not apply for as to impart them they are only a duty, and not a free gift.

The Catholic merchant is to bestow his goods upon Catholics free, gratis, and for nothing stronger than a promise. He is to find situations in his own establishment for them, or to seek them from others when he has no vacancy, and if he does not do this, or if he has no opportunity to do it, the consequence is obsequy, insult or injury in trade or character.

With a Catholic physician the same process is gone through. When his means are limited in the beginning of his career he is doomed to the task of healing the sick who, with means sufficient, intend never to pay him, or else to render the payment unremunerative, and the poor, from whom he never expects payment. When, having passed through five or ten years of this, he has succeeded, not because he was a genuine Catholic, with all its principles close to his heart, but because his ability forced its way to the front, he is expected to go on with his generosity because he is a Catholic, and drag himself from hours of rest or study for the same class of the unremunerative and ungrateful. If not, he is maligned in every respect like the Catholic merchant.

With the Catholic lawyer it is the same story. Let him stand at the bar with the genius of Socrates, the Greek, with the oratory of Cicero the Roman, and with all the gifts of ancient or modern skill to adorn his intellect and yield him power, he may stand there briefless as far as Catholic influence will assist him on his way. He will be asked to labor without fee or reward, occasionally, when the worker cannot be easily had elsewhere, and, moneyless, he will be asked to interest himself in a cause which to another would bring fame and means often, whilst even its triumphant conclusion will not leave him further on his way to success.

These are general instances of a more widespread application of the facts of Catholic life, and of the conduct of their own household. We have heard Catholic traders complain of this dominant spirit of Catholic neglect of Catholic brotherhood. We have heard Catholic professional men speak of it bitterly, and point out with repugnance how Protestants and infidels can fly to the bonds of secret societies and of other condemned organizations, and by their aid rise to be notabilities, whilst they had to toil on for years in obscurity and often years of penury simply from the cause we have mentioned. We have known, in fact, Catholics who ought to know better give the successful outsiders the preference simply because of the success, whilst in loyalty, capability, earnestness and intellect they were inferior to their Catholic rival.

Now, let it be distinctly understood that we revolt from the idea of directing sectionalism in public dealing. To object to any man in commercial life, in professional life, or in political life because he is of one religion is synonymous with the term Catholic, "a new drama of Irish life, founded on fact," is produced. It may be "Arrah-na-pogue," "The Colleen Bawn," or the "Connie Soogah," it must have an Irish name. It is possibly, "The Gruesome Law," or, Shaun Aggra the Rapparee." This was the last Irish drama in a recent investigator saw. The usual "colleen" entered and declared that she would die rather than wed another. Upon this, "another"—a nondescript person, supposed to be a land-agent—insists that she shall be "this" or, refusing, the home of her ancestors shall be torn from her. "Never," she replies, scornfully, "never, though our 'act and only 'act' should seek the market, though mee theer's snowy locks should float in sorrow to the grave, never can I be yours." She will be true to the "boy" who has sworn to drive the Saxon from the "old sod." Exit the land-agent murmuring, "I must be sensible." The next scene showed the "home of her ancestors." Tropics vines wreathed the pillars of a ruined cottage; a large rock, out of which grew a tree of an unknown species, occupied the foreground. A number of village maidens, in the scanty skirts supposed to be common in Ireland, came forth as the sun rose, and sang a characteristic chorus. It was *Nora's* singing-day. To save the home of her ancestors, she had consented to marry the agent. When the merry village maidens had ceased their chorus, "Father Mick," attired in a garment resembling a shroud, entered. "Pray, reverend friar," said the eldest of the village maidens, "give us your blessing." The maidens then covered their faces and made an unanimous courtesy, to slow music. The parish priest raised his eyes to Heaven and gave his blessing in three motions resembling the action of a disabled sawmill. This was pathetic. Then he addressed the maidens in lively tones, and they formed

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weighted" in his career, and if we expect anything from him we must take a little of the "dead" off him by giving him a helping hand, with the recollection that we are brethren of the household of the faith.—Baltimore Mirror.

INDIFFERENCE.

By Father Faber.

What have you been doing, how have you been living all last week? All day long, and a good part of the night, taking interest in things? All life looks like a denial of indifference, like a protest against indifference. Such an interest, and in so many things, and for so long a time, and in such a succession of things! It is scarcely credible you are not worn out. Indifference is only the occasional carelessness, or collapse of our intense and laborious interests. But what are we interested in? Nay, rather what are we not interested in? Well, are we much interested in religion? But why many words? I ask you this—you have often taken a vivid interest in spreading a piece of gossip, or in discussing a neighbor's character; I do not say that has been your highest, or greatest, interest—Oh, no! but have you ever taken as much interest in Jesus Christ? Have you ever been as keen, as quick, as busy, as loquacious for Him? 1. Human life is full of interest. Look at the human life in the Tabernacle, the sacred heart of our Blessed Lord. 1. The adorable activity of its countless and intense interests. 2. Its passionate interests in the glory of God and the cause of holiness. 3. Its unutterable occupations and sensitiveness about us and in behalf of the salvation of each one of us. And our indifference! I do not tell itself too light a punishment for indifference! II. Description of indifference. 1. A dying man is unable to taste or feed, he cares about nothing; even human respect may go, though it seems the last thing to go. 2. Imagine a man indifferent at the crucifixion, or a spirit indifferent in heaven. 3. So a Catholic indifference among the doctrines, sacraments, spiritual presence, historical grandeur, or present conflicts of his religion! Does such a man look as if he were predestinated? III. The sources of indifference. 1. From worldliness, with its opposite interests, heartlessness, its vulgarizing of the good of natural character, and its manifold suffocations of grace. Worldliness is a supplying of ourselves with interesting things which are not God. 2. From habits of past sin, especially sin of thought. 3. From a bad use of the sacraments, whether sacrilegious, invalid or slovenly. IV. The dangers of indifference. 1. It hinders present repentance, and prevents growth by stunting everything. 2. It makes future return to God immensely difficult, specially by making us deaf to calls and inspirations. 3. It is the worst form of tepidity, which is so hateful to God, and becomes incurable sooner than any other spiritual disease. God hates it! And is not hateful! Oh, is it not enough to cause the whole boundless meekness and benignity of God into the darkest storms of holy abhorrence? Indifference! Was God the Father indifferent when He gave His only begotten son to die for men? Was God the Son indifferent when He hung upon the Cross, and every beating of His heart was a martyrdom of intensest love of sinners? Was God the Holy Ghost indifferent when He sprang down from heaven, shaking the strong foundations of the temple with the mighty wind, and filling apostolic hearts and tongues with fire that they might convert the world? And the creature, the puny, mean, uninteresting creature, to whom God might be well indifferent, the creature who should be prostrate, adoring, showing the extremest of a most reasonable adoration, dares to be indifferent, to care more for his money, his honor, nay, I will say it, for his food and his dress than for the majesty on high—nay, who does not care less for God, but who does not care for God at all!

Well! the indifferent must die like others. You may die distracted and despairing, but most likely will not—quite, quietly—stupidly like an animal, indifferent to the last; is that any comfort to you? I think not, but you may take it so if you will. But, will the indifference be eternal? No! You will wake up in God's eternal prison-house of fire—and there will be no indifference there!

TO BE CONTINUED.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

The Rev. Pere Frederic, visitor to the territories of the Franciscan order, has been preaching a retreat in the chapel of the *Congregationist* at Quebec. During its progress one Madame Goudreau, who for many years had suffered from a painful disease, was cured in a most miraculous manner. Instantly that she found what had taken place she called the Rev. Father to where she was sitting in the chapel and taking from her pocket a magnificent gold watch, she presented it to him saying: This is a watch which I highly prize; be pleased to accept it as an acknowledgment of the miraculous cure which you have obtained for me! The father took it whilst tears rolled down his cheeks; but needless to say, not as the price of his prayers, nor for his own use or benefit, as everything goes into the treasury of the mission in the Holy Land.

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LADY BLANCHE MURPHY AND THE POPE.

The death of Lord Gainsborough recalls an anecdote of the time of his conversion. The then Lord and Lady Campbell, with their eldest child, Lady Blanche (Murphy), at the decisive audience with Pius IX., were moved to tears. Lady Blanche, who had never seen either father or mother cry previously (she was at the time 5 or 6 years old), supposed the Pope had been guilty of some exceeding ill treatment to her parents, whereupon, with closed infant fists and feet, she took over herself to avenge the imagined grievance. Judge of the horror of her parents at seeing such an irreverent deed committed on the sacred person of the Pope! Pius IX., much embarrassed between the tears of the child and the cuffs of the junior neophyte, called a monsignor of his ante-chamber to the rescue.