

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO REV. DR. BIRMINGHAM.

(Condensed from the Wagga Wagga 'Advocate'.)

On Thursday evening, a number of the members of the congregation of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church assembled at the Presbytery, Newtown, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. Dr. Birmingham with an address and a purse of sovereigns. The members of the congregation, at the conclusion of the recent Jubilee devotions, desired to mark their sense of the arduous labors of their pastor, and in a few days the splendid gift of 300 sovereigns was readily subscribed. About sixty persons having assembled, it was found necessary to adjourn to the large room of Mr. Hopkins's Royal Hotel. Dr. Birmingham having entered the room, Dr. O'Connor, addressing him, said that he had been deputed by the subscribers to the gift to read an address to him, but before doing so he wished to say that, although he had borne a part in, and been present at, the presentation of many testimonials, he had never witnessed such thorough goodwill and whole-heartedness as he had seen in this case. Dr. O'Connor then read the following address, and at its conclusion handed Dr. Birmingham the gift of his flock, enclosed in a tasteful purse of green silk—

DEAR DR. BIRMINGHAM,—We, the members of your congregation, have assembled here to-day to give expression to feelings of friendship and esteem we entertain towards you. We have witnessed your arduous and incessant labors since you have come amongst us; your warm-hearted interest in our spiritual and temporal welfare; your ardent zeal in the education of our children. We have been instructed and impressed by your fervid eloquence, and edified by your life and priestly bearing. Under these circumstances, we cannot allow this happy time—the conclusion of the Jubilee—during which your labors reached their climax—to pass, without coming here to tell you how deeply we appreciate your exertions, and to offer you our hearty congratulations on their fruitful results. You have yet great works before you. Already the graceful form of our beautiful Convent is swelling from yonder hill, and our Church will quickly follow in its wake. But in all your toils be assured that we will be with you to cheer you on, and support you—pastor and people animated by one purpose, one in heart, one in soul, one in effort. Do us the pleasure of accepting this heart-offering, which we affectionately present to you; and it will be a source of the greatest gratification to every one of us, if it assist in affording you that relaxation so necessary for your health and future labors.

Dr. Birmingham said—

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is certainly a most agreeable surprise to me to find myself suddenly surrounded by the affectionate representatives of a noble people in the quiet room of my good landlord, and hurried, this 4th day of November, 1875, into the actual possession of—I may call it—a gold mine; and yet surely I should not marvel at your munificence. Long since I knew my eyes were daily looking on an exhaustless mine of purer ore exceeding far in value gold or diamond. A mine of holy faith, with all the precious virtues that have their spring and support in that priceless gift of God. I shall, therefore, regard and value your golden present as the pale symbol, and but poor expression of the splendid qualities of head and heart with which you are enriched and ennobled. And, oh! I do specially prize it as the sterling token of your pure attachment to me, as "The Minister of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God."

After Dr. Birmingham concluded a lengthy and beautiful reply, Dr. O'Connor said that he hoped Dr. Birmingham would use their gift so as to give himself that relaxation and repose which he had so well earned by his arduous labour, and not apply it, as he said he would, to parochial purposes.

Dr. Birmingham said that there were so many calls for public good, and the sum of money they had so generously given him was so very large, he did not feel justified in applying it to his own use. If he consented to modify a little his resolution as to the uses to which it should be put, he hoped they would not ask him to do more. He might use a little of it for himself, but he proposed to apply the greater part of it to a parochial work, which was a pressing need—a work which would be a permanent good, and a source of gratification to them all. For himself, he was satisfied in the proof he had received that he had their esteem and affection.

The art of conversation consists far less in saying much than in drawing out others. He who goes away from your society, pleased with himself and his visit, is perfectly so with you.—*La Bruyere*.

A simple way to make a new pen hold ink is to put it for a second or two in a lighted candle, and then plunge it in the ink while hot. So far from spoiling it, it rather improves.

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

CONFIRMATION AT NORTH ADELAIDE.—On Sunday, the 24th ult., his Lordship the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of persons at St. Lawrence's Church, North Adelaide. Mass was celebrated by Father Keogh, the choir contributing the usual musical portion of the service. The Bishop then confirmed 92 persons, of whom 90 were children, and two adults, and, at the suggestion of his Lordship, the children all agreed to take the pledge until they were 21 years of age. An address to his Lordship from the St. Lawrence's Catholic Literary Association, which was beautifully illuminated by Mr. Brazell, was then read by Mr. Hourigan, and presented to the Bishop by the Rev. the Archdeacon Russell, together with a neatly-bound copy of the rules of the Society. At the request of the president, his Lordship was pleased to consent to become patron of the Society.—'Harp,' 5th November.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME.—"Why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin Lydia, one morning after she had spent the night at Lydia's house. The dress in question was a spotted, faded old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed. "Oh, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar, and, twisting up her hair in a knot, she went down to breakfast. "Your hair is coming down," said Emily. "Oh, never mind. It's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, and with neat hair, and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back again among her brothers and sisters, and with her parents, she seemed to think anything would answer, and went about untidy and rough in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress; she seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything was good enough for home. There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home. Young men who are polite and pleasant in outside society are rude to their mothers and snarl at their sisters; and girls who, among strangers, are all gaiety and animation, never make an exertion to please their own family. It is a wretched way to turn always the smoothest side to the world, and the roughest and coarsest to one's nearest and dearest friends.

A WITNESS was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began:—"May it please your honor, you lie, you steal, and get your living by cheating." The face of the Judge reddened, and he exclaimed, "Turn your head to the jury when you speak."

"How would you feel, my dear, if you were to meet a wolf?" asked an old lady of her grandchild, with whom she was walking along a lonely country road. O grandmamma, I should be so frightened!" was the reply. "But I should stand in front of you and protect you," said the old lady. "Would you, grannie?" cried the child, clapping her hands with delight. "That would be nice! While the wolf was eating you, I should have time to turn away."

In a Scotch court a witness swore to the identity of a chicken "from its resemblance to its mother."

A LADY whose husband has an unpleasant habit of railing at her, has hit upon the plan of calling in her servants when he begins to let his temper rise and then turning to him and saying sweetly, "Now, my dear, please go on with your remarks." He doesn't go on, at least, not as he began.

An obliging gentleman, who thinks that personal favors do not cost much, while they make friends, was applied to by a "nigger" for a certificate of character by which he might get a situation. The testimonial proving to be more complimentary than Scipio had himself expected, that worthy, on recovering from his astonishment exclaimed, "Say, Mr. — won't you gib me something to do yourself on dat recommendation?"

A COUNTRY fellow hearing the law called one of the liberal professions, employed three barristers in a suit he had. He gained his cause, but the counsel's fees were more than the sum recovered. "Dear heart!" said he, "but this is the most curious liberal profession I ever heard of; in our part of the country we should be apt to call this mercenary."

CHARLES GOUNOD, the composer of "Faust," is giving the last touch to an oratorio, the subject of which is taken from the life of Sainte-Geneviève. The libretto has been written by Abbé Freppe, the well-known Catholic prelate.

A HINT TO DRINKERS.—At a festival, recently, a gentleman said of the use of intoxicating drinks:—"I overcame the appetite by a receipt given to me by Dr. Hatfield, one of the good old physicians who do not have a per-centage with a neighbouring druggist. When I called on him he said, 'Now that you have the moral courage, I'll tell you the tonic which I have used with effect among my friends for twenty years.' I expected, of course some nasty medicine stuff; but no, he prescribed an orange every morning, a half hour before breakfast. 'Take that, and you will want neither liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of the tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil, as rum with my taste."

NOT TO BE SCARED.—A story is told of an old French shoemaker, who boasted that nothing could frighten him. Two young men thought they would test him, so one pretended to be dead, and the other induced the shoemaker to sit up with the supposed corpse. As the shoemaker was in a hurry about some work, he took his tools and leather, and began working beside the corpse. About midnight a cup of *café noir* was brought him to keep him awake. Soon after, the coffee having exhilarated him, forgetting he was in the presence of death, he commenced to sing a lively tune, keeping time with his hammer. Suddenly the corpse arose and exclaimed in a hollow voice; "When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing." The shoemaker started, then suddenly dealt the corpse a blow on the head, exclaiming at the same time: "When a man is dead he should not speak." It was the last time they tried to scare the shoemaker.

THE LIGHT OF THE GLOWWORM.—Dr. Phipson has made an interesting discovery regarding the light of the glowworm which, says the 'Times,' will be brought forward at the forthcoming meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science. For many years Dr. Phipson has devoted his attention to the subject of phosphorescence, and about the year 1860 he already suspected the true cause of the light of the glowworm and the fireflies. A paper upon this subject was communicated by the author to the French Academy of Science in 1872, followed by another communication