and how it is Lent. Not over indulgent to himself, he grants indulgence, nay even license to others, especially to those who wish to lead a fast life. He may not have toast for breakfast, but he often gets a surfeit of toasting after dinner. He is ever hospitable, particularly to young clergymen; indeed he no sooner gives a priest an entree into his diocese, than he helps him to a remove. He may be a handsome man, but he must be ordinary. Sometimes, though quiet and subdued in his disposition, he is often to the end of his life an Arch-bishop. Performing rights for others, he is content with dues for himself. The bishop is the head of his own chapter, which reminds us that he is the tale of this.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED GRINDER.

This morning I lost by death one of my very oldest and most cherished friends. I made his acquaintance some thirty golden years ago, and from that moment to the hour of his demise we lived and loved together. I cannot boast of having properly appreciated or requited his friendship, for the manifestation of that tender feeling was altogether one-sided—he lived and laboured for me, while I did very little to promote his comfort or convenience. I could only admire and commend his devotion on every occasion that offered; in truth, it may be said, he was ever in my mouth. But he did not stand in need of me, being perfectly independent in his own resources, possessing a considerable interest in his native soil, and having, moreover, a large and profitable connection with the gum trade. He is a

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