

An Ancient Toast.

It was a grand day in the old Celtic time, the wine circled round the board...

"I drink to you," he said, "Whose image never may depart, Deep carved on the human heart, Till memory is dead."

"To one whose love for me shall last, When lighter passions long have passed, So holy 'tis and true, To one whose love shall longer dwell, More deeply fixed, more keenly felt, Than any pledged by you."

Each guest started at the word, And laid a hand upon his sword, With fiery flash of eye, And Stanley said, "We crave the name, Proud knight, of the most excellent dame, Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would Not breathe her name in careless mood, To give light to another, Then bent his head, as though To give that word the reverence due, And gently said, "My mother."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

On the occasion of the blessing of a bell, and the following address on the political situation—

My dear friends of Emly and its neighbourhood, this is the third public visit that I have paid you within the last couple of years in connection with the rise and progress of your new church. Each of those visits may be said to represent a distinct and noteworthy epoch in the history of the good and much-needed work which for some time past the people of this parish have had on hand.

On Tuesday evening a gentleman, who stated that he was a retired constabulary officer, called at Store Street police station and informed the inspector on duty that he had reason to believe a quantity of arms were hidden in the premises in a neighboring street.

dition and future prospects as a struggling people—that is to say, what gains, if any, we have made during the last three years, and how best we may secure and even augment them (hear, hear). Here, then, in the rough is substantially what we have gained. First and foremost, up to three years ago it was generally believed by the great mass of our people that an Irish agriculturist was a mere rent-making machine, and that it was his bounden duty to work contentedly in that way, for a minimum recompense, day and night, without ceasing.

Each of those visits may be said to represent a distinct and noteworthy epoch in the history of the good and much-needed work which for some time past the people of this parish have had on hand. I visited you, in the first instance, to lay the foundation stone of the very admirable structure beside which we now stand, and of which we are all so heartily and so justly proud (hear, hear).

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WITH THE MONKS OF CHARNWOOD FOREST.

No portion of the monastery is excluded from our inspection. The distinguishing characteristic of the place is its austere simplicity. Even in the church itself the eye is captivated with nothing externally attractive. Pass we into the refectory and note its studied opposition to everything calculated to indulge luxurious taste.

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THE TRAPPISTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

How They are Turning a Desert into an Eden. The Eastern Province Herald, a Cape paper, gives the following description of a visit to Dunbrody Abbey, the Trappist House established by Bishop Richards, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, in the neighborhood of Port Elizabeth.

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MASS IN A BOAT.

Toward the close of the last century the people of the monarchy of France rebelled against their king, a good and amiable ruler, who was styled Louis the Sixteenth, and after treating him with much indignity, they put him to death. The leaders in this rebellion, and indeed all who took part in it, were wicked and cruel men, who sought not only to overthrow the Government, but also to destroy the Christian religion.

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DEATH OF REV. FATHER COOKE, O. M. I.

We regret to announce the sudden death of the Rev. Father Robert Cooke, O. M. I., recently, at the Presbytery attached to the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill, London.

A Power in the House of Parliament.

Conspicuous among the influential men of the Dominion is Mr. J. H. Metcalf, Member of Parliament from the city of Kingston. Commencing life as a school teacher, he has steadily worked his way upward to the honored position in business and politics he now holds.

Restored from a Decline.

North Greece, N. Y., April 25, 1880. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" have done for my daughter.

with me for a moment our actual condition and future prospects as a struggling people—that is to say, what gains, if any, we have made during the last three years, and how best we may secure and even augment them (hear, hear).