

## An Ancient Toast.

It was a grand day in the old chivalric time, the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of the knightly heart was pledged by name, and many a syllable significant of love had been uttered since the time St. Leon's turn, when lifting the sparkling cup on high:

"I drink to one," he said,  
"Whose image never may depart,  
Deep carven 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 upturned at the word,  
And laid a hand upon his sword,  
With fiery flashing eye,  
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,  
Proud knight, of the most peerless dame,  
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would  
Not breathe her name in careless mood  
Thus lightly to another;  
Then bent his noble 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, at Emly, the Archbishop of Cashel delivered 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. 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). About three months ago, and, indeed, quite casually, I paid you another visit, when I had the honour and gratification of crowning this same noble edifice with the sacred symbol of the cross; and I am here to-day to perform the ceremony which you have just witnessed of blessing a bell for you and dedicating it to the post of usefulness that has been prepared for it high up in your newly-built steeple (hear). Both my former visits were significant in more ways than one, notably by reason of the great gathering of people from near and far who came here to meet me, of the wonderful enthusiasm they displayed, and the unmistakable proof given by them of true Irish goodness and generosity (cheers). On each of those occasions I delivered a short address. There is no need to repeat for you now what was then said. But I may observe that when two years ago, or thereabouts, on a bright and beautiful May day, I stood here in the midst of at least ten thousand of my fellow-countrymen, while reminding them of the ancient glories of this hallowed spot, I bade them be of good cheer as to the future, and referring to the great ecclesiastical work which they had undertaken, I ventured, moreover, to predict that, as regards artistic finish and completeness, as well as the faith and fervour of those who were to worship therein, this, the second temple of Emly, would be in no respect inferior to the first (loud cheers). That prediction has to some extent, at least, been already fulfilled; for to-day it is our privilege to look with pride and admiration on this, your second temple, all but completed—a temple large and lofty, exquisitely designed and executed, even the sad and sickening story of Ireland's wretchedness and wrongs. Our rulers passed, pondered gravely, at length, on passing Irish events, gauged their significance aright, and as usual, struck by the justice of our claims, and still more by the strength and stability of our organization, introduced remedial measures of a substantial character into the House of Commons, and passed them successfully into law (loud cheers). Thereupon, landlords trembled throughout the length and breadth of the land, and rack rents received a staggering, if not a death-blow in Ireland. Moreover, we have a phalanx now representing us in the British House of Commons that cannot be bribed or intimidated, and as we mean soon, please God, to pay our members, we shall add largely, ere long, to the numerical and effective strength of the advanced party in Parliament. On the whole, then, we have been victorious (cheers). The righteousness of our cause has been all but universally recognised; rents have been reduced from 20 to 25 per cent all round, even by Government commissioners; further substantial ameliorations cannot be much longer withheld; and so the sun of Ireland's prosperity may be said to have begun to shine out at last, after a long and dreary night of sorrow and darkness. Thus it is as to the past. But what of the future? Are we able and willing to hold our own; and, in fact, are we resolved to do so, whether against Kavanagh's confiscation scheme or the coercive legislation of Mr. Gladstone? (Cries of "We are, we are.") Will the landlord league, like Aaron's rod, eat up the people's league, and will the threats of fine and imprisonment with which the law is now full of frighten or corrupt us? (Cries of "Never," and loud cheers.) On that score I have no apprehensions. But, my dear friends, in this connection you have heard it said, and truthfully said, that force is no remedy; as a warning to you, that crime, in like manner, is no remedy. It is my firm conviction that you have no enemy to dread at this moment but yourselves. Crime and outrage on the part of any section of our people are the only things that I am now afraid of. I dread crime—first, because it is sinful, and because I believe that sin, as a rule, is punished even in this life. I dread crime, secondly, because it will give us a bad name where we desire to be well thought of, estranging from our cause the sympathies of all good and high-minded men, besides bringing direct disgrace on our religion and country (hear, hear). I dread it, thirdly, because of the sufferings and sorrow which it is sure to entail, not upon its victims alone, but upon its agents and abettors as well (cheers). Be just, and fear not. That is my motto. Let it be yours also. Violate no law, whether human or divine. Avail yourselves, by all means, of every constitutional agency still within your reach to assert your inalienable right to live and thrive in Ireland. Bear ill will to nobody. Tolerate all; but

in these troubled times, repose trust only in a few (loud cheers). All the coercive laws that can be framed will not succeed, I fear, in inducing our people to love and make free with, however they may pray for and forgive, those who have injured and insulted them, or sided with their reputed enemies. Be this as it may, no law can oblige you to bid for an excited vacant farm, or to pay an amount of rent which you have been notoriously unable to make. In all these respects, then, be cautious and resolute, but above all, be reasonable (great cheering). Now, as in the past, whatever you do in the way of agitation, let it be done, or spoken, in the open light of day. Stick to the old country for wear or loss. Don't think of emigrating if you can at all help it. Ireland is the fittest place for Irishmen to live in. Hold on to the original lines of the national organization. (Cries of "We will.") Strive to secure your land in fee, or for the full letting value. Have nothing to do with theories however plausible or attractive. Avoid angry collision of any kind with the constituted authorities; submit quietly to what you cannot control; be prepared to make reasonable sacrifices for public weal; put your trust in God above you, and rest assured withal of the full and final triumph of right and justice. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Fourthly, up to three years ago in Ireland there were who took a practical interest in the condition of our agricultural labourers. They worked from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the afternoon, and for wages which in other countries they might earn a few hours. They lived in cabins scarcely fit for savage men, were fed miserably, and clad in rags (hear). To-day, though for the most part fed and housed quite as wretchedly as ever, they are attracting a good deal of attention to their just complaints; and if the tenant-farmers here present, and those elsewhere whom my words may reach and possibly influence, would but take a friendly advice from me, they would from motives of policy as well as of gratitude, look without delay to the sad case of their labourers, and strive to improve their condition as far as it is possible for them in reason to do so (cheers). Fifthly, up to three years ago in Ireland agitation was a disunion. The people were not united in heart. They had been more than once betrayed by so-called leaders in whom they put their trust. Fine speeches were made for them and fine promises given them; but the orator very often sold himself for pay or preference, soon after swearing that he would die rather than do so, and the promises made were carried out, but the trust, unfulfilled. But the trumpet of our resurrection was sounded at last (cheers). It had pleased Providence to spread famine like a pall over the land. Men were awakened by it to a sense of their mean and mendicant condition; and the cry went forth, and was wafted by priests and people from shore to shore, that Ireland was made for the Irish, and that, now or never, we should assert our rights, not alone to live, but to thrive as well, in our native land (continued cheers). Our brethren in America and at the Antipodes took up the echoes of our expressed resolve, swelled the chorus of our complaint, and thus gave the whole civilized world, even the sad and sickening story of Ireland's wretchedness and wrongs. Our rulers passed, pondered gravely, at length, on passing Irish events, gauged their significance aright, and as usual, struck by the justice of our claims, and still more by the strength and stability of our organization, introduced remedial measures of a substantial character into the House of Commons, and passed them successfully into law (loud cheers). Thereupon, landlords trembled throughout the length and breadth of the land, and rack rents received a staggering, if not a death-blow in Ireland. Moreover, we have a phalanx now representing us in the British House of Commons that cannot be bribed or intimidated, and as we mean soon, please God, to pay our members, we shall add largely, ere long, to the numerical and effective strength of the advanced party in Parliament. On the whole, then, we have been victorious (cheers). The righteousness of our cause has been all but universally recognised; rents have been reduced from 20 to 25 per cent all round, even by Government commissioners; further substantial ameliorations cannot be much longer withheld; and so the sun of Ireland's prosperity may be said to have begun to shine out at last, after a long and dreary night of sorrow and darkness. Thus it is as to the past. But what of the future? Are we able and willing to hold our own; and, in fact, are we resolved to do so, whether against Kavanagh's confiscation scheme or the coercive legislation of Mr. Gladstone? (Cries of "We are, we are.") Will the landlord league, like Aaron's rod, eat up the people's league, and will the threats of fine and imprisonment with which the law is now full of frighten or corrupt us? (Cries of "Never," and loud cheers.) On that score I have no apprehensions. But, my dear friends, in this connection you have heard it said, and truthfully said, that force is no remedy; as a warning to you, that crime, in like manner, is no remedy. It is my firm conviction that you have no enemy to dread at this moment but yourselves. Crime and outrage on the part of any section of our people are the only things that I am now afraid of. I dread crime—first, because it is sinful, and because I believe that sin, as a rule, is punished even in this life. I dread crime, secondly, because it will give us a bad name where we desire to be well thought of, estranging from our cause the sympathies of all good and high-minded men, besides bringing direct disgrace on our religion and country (hear, hear). I dread it, thirdly, because of the sufferings and sorrow which it is sure to entail, not upon its victims alone, but upon its agents and abettors as well (cheers). Be just, and fear not. That is my motto. Let it be yours also. Violate no law, whether human or divine. Avail yourselves, by all means, of every constitutional agency still within your reach to assert your inalienable right to live and thrive in Ireland. Bear ill will to nobody. Tolerate all; but

in these troubled times, repose trust only in a few (loud cheers). All the coercive laws that can be framed will not succeed, I fear, in inducing our people to love and make free with, however they may pray for and forgive, those who have injured and insulted them, or sided with their reputed enemies. Be this as it may, no law can oblige you to bid for an excited vacant farm, or to pay an amount of rent which you have been notoriously unable to make. In all these respects, then, be cautious and resolute, but above all, be reasonable (great cheering). Now, as in the past, whatever you do in the way of agitation, let it be done, or spoken, in the open light of day. Stick to the old country for wear or loss. Don't think of emigrating if you can at all help it. Ireland is the fittest place for Irishmen to live in. Hold on to the original lines of the national organization. (Cries of "We will.") Strive to secure your land in fee, or for the full letting value. Have nothing to do with theories however plausible or attractive. Avoid angry collision of any kind with the constituted authorities; submit quietly to what you cannot control; be prepared to make reasonable sacrifices for public weal; put your trust in God above you, and rest assured withal of the full and final triumph of right and justice. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Fourthly, up to three years ago in Ireland there were who took a practical interest in the condition of our agricultural labourers. They worked from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the afternoon, and for wages which in other countries they might earn a few hours. They lived in cabins scarcely fit for savage men, were fed miserably, and clad in rags (hear). To-day, though for the most part fed and housed quite as wretchedly as ever, they are attracting a good deal of attention to their just complaints; and if the tenant-farmers here present, and those elsewhere whom my words may reach and possibly influence, would but take a friendly advice from me, they would from motives of policy as well as of gratitude, look without delay to the sad case of their labourers, and strive to improve their condition as far as it is possible for them in reason to do so (cheers). Fifthly, up to three years ago in Ireland agitation was a disunion. The people were not united in heart. They had been more than once betrayed by so-called leaders in whom they put their trust. Fine speeches were made for them and fine promises given them; but the orator very often sold himself for pay or preference, soon after swearing that he would die rather than do so, and the promises made were carried out, but the trust, unfulfilled. But the trumpet of our resurrection was sounded at last (cheers). It had pleased Providence to spread famine like a pall over the land. Men were awakened by it to a sense of their mean and mendicant condition; and the cry went forth, and was wafted by priests and people from shore to shore, that Ireland was made for the Irish, and that, now or never, we should assert our rights, not alone to live, but to thrive as well, in our native land (continued cheers). Our brethren in America and at the Antipodes took up the echoes of our expressed resolve, swelled the chorus of our complaint, and thus gave the whole civilized world, even the sad and sickening story of Ireland's wretchedness and wrongs. Our rulers passed, pondered gravely, at length, on passing Irish events, gauged their significance aright, and as usual, struck by the justice of our claims, and still more by the strength and stability of our organization, introduced remedial measures of a substantial character into the House of Commons, and passed them successfully into law (loud cheers). Thereupon, landlords trembled throughout the length and breadth of the land, and rack rents received a staggering, if not a death-blow in Ireland. Moreover, we have a phalanx now representing us in the British House of Commons that cannot be bribed or intimidated, and as we mean soon, please God, to pay our members, we shall add largely, ere long, to the numerical and effective strength of the advanced party in Parliament. On the whole, then, we have been victorious (cheers). The righteousness of our cause has been all but universally recognised; rents have been reduced from 20 to 25 per cent all round, even by Government commissioners; further substantial ameliorations cannot be much longer withheld; and so the sun of Ireland's prosperity may be said to have begun to shine out at last, after a long and dreary night of sorrow and darkness. Thus it is as to the past. But what of the future? Are we able and willing to hold our own; and, in fact, are we resolved to do so, whether against Kavanagh's confiscation scheme or the coercive legislation of Mr. Gladstone? (Cries of "We are, we are.") Will the landlord league, like Aaron's rod, eat up the people's league, and will the threats of fine and imprisonment with which the law is now full of frighten or corrupt us? (Cries of "Never," and loud cheers.) On that score I have no apprehensions. But, my dear friends, in this connection you have heard it said, and truthfully said, that force is no remedy; as a warning to you, that crime, in like manner, is no remedy. It is my firm conviction that you have no enemy to dread at this moment but yourselves. Crime and outrage on the part of any section of our people are the only things that I am now afraid of. I dread crime—first, because it is sinful, and because I believe that sin, as a rule, is punished even in this life. I dread crime, secondly, because it will give us a bad name where we desire to be well thought of, estranging from our cause the sympathies of all good and high-minded men, besides bringing direct disgrace on our religion and country (hear, hear). I dread it, thirdly, because of the sufferings and sorrow which it is sure to entail, not upon its victims alone, but upon its agents and abettors as well (cheers). Be just, and fear not. That is my motto. Let it be yours also. Violate no law, whether human or divine. Avail yourselves, by all means, of every constitutional agency still within your reach to assert your inalienable right to live and thrive in Ireland. Bear ill will to nobody. Tolerate all; but

## Hoaxing the Police.

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 secreted in the premises in a neighboring street. As a result of this communication a constable went to Talbot Place, where his attention was directed to a cart, apparently laden with manure, which was leaving the premises of a dairyman. The constable's informant, whose suspicion was aroused by the appearance of the cart, and which the horse yoked to the cart succeeded in moving the vehicle, surmised that at the bottom of the load would be found something heavier than the manure, which, in his opinion, was merely placed upon the top to conceal the real nature of the freight. The cart was by the constable's directions taken to the yard of the dairyman, who, however, indignantly denied that there was any foundation for the charge, or any reason for interfering with his business. The constable, however, insisted that it was his duty to inquire into the matter, and required that the cart should be emptied. This, however, the dairyman refused to do, saying that if they were bent on making fools of themselves they should do so without any assistance on his part, and he accordingly ordered his men not to lend any help. The cart was then brought to Store Street station and a couple of police-recruits set to work to turn out the manure. The gentleman who gave the information to the police watched the proceedings with great interest for a while, but as the heap upon the barrack-yard increased without revealing the hidden arsenal his confidence began to evaporate, and finally, when the bottom of the cart was exposed to view and no arms had been discovered, he quietly took his departure, leaving the police to shovel back the manure, which they did in no very good temper with their share in the transaction.—N. Y. Tablet.

## 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. Coming to a personal matter we would mention that Mr. Metcalf was formerly secretary to the police and the chief of police, as he himself says "I could find no remedy save St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy." In the following letter Mr. Metcalf gives evidence of his appreciation. "I take great pleasure in stating that I used St. Jacobs Oil for extreme soreness of the chest, and found it to be the best remedy I could find. I would not be without it for ten times its selling price, as a family remedy it certainly has no equal."

PEOPLE WHO RESIDE OR SOJOURN in regions of country where fever and ague and bilious remittent fever are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate digestion, the liver and the bowels, before the approach of the season for the periodic malarial. The timely use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market. Sold by Harkness and Co. Druggists, Dundas St.

## WITH THE MONKS OF CHARNWOOD FOREST.

From the London Society.

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. The religion is one of poverty and penance, prayer and penance. Witness its refectory, with its cotiled floor, its bare deal tables, and the meagre yellow-ware utensils, wooden trenchers and spoons. There is, mark you, given to each brother the indulgence of a napkin, accompanying which is the name of him who uses it, painted in white on a small black wooden tablet. The secular name is left behind when the brother enters the house, and he adopts the name of a saint, such as Ignatius, Bernard, Robert, Stephen, etc. There are at present fifty-nine members of the order in the house. They are presided over by the Abbot, (Brother Bartholomew) retired by the Pope. The monastic habit of white with black angular borders to the choir religious; the brown frock distinguishes the lay members. The brothers take precedence at the table according to the date of their admission into the abbey. The Abbot presides at the head of the table. It is supported by the Prior and sub-prior. In winter two meals are indulged in a day; in summer only one is taken. Breakfast consists of bread and milk; dinner is of an emphatic vegetarian character. It is a solemn table, this monastic meal. There is nothing to please the worldly eye or ear. There are no appetizing colors, no flowers, no glass, no silver, no gold, nor quiddity. The cheerful explosion of champagne would sound like a profanity. The exhilaration of dining is exchanged for a stern, rigorous, oppressive silence. Enter we the refectory in the midst of the monastic meal. It has just begun. Each brother has a "portion." The strange stillness of milk boiled with onions, cabbage, turnips, rice, etc., flanked with dry bread. A relishing repast! Conversation is forbidden. The diners seem to be unaware of each other's presence. It might be their last meal. Here surely is that "brilliant flash of silence" for which Thomas Carlyle yearned. There is a look of resigned melancholy on each face, a tender melancholy, a subdued sadness, that makes the intrusive visitor vaguely ponder as to the past careers of these contemplative, gray-headed, gloomy men, who have thus taken themselves from the busy world and its great opportunities. The only sound heard as the meal progresses is the voice of the brother deputed to read aloud the Bible. He stands in a pulpit in the middle of the room. It is a dolorous dinner, and so I tell Brother Ignatius afterward. He is a fine, factious old gentleman, who will never see 76 again. Fifty-one years he has spent in the priesthood, and thirty-four in the monastic life. Of the twenty-four hours in the day, six hours are spent in the open air in farming operations, seven hours are devoted to religious duties, and eleven hours are divided between sleeping, reading, and meals. The religious duties include services seven times each day. The monks rise at two o'clock in the morning for matins—at one on Sundays and minor festivals, and at midnight in Lent and on the occasion of special observances. At five o'clock the bell rings for prime, followed by tierce at fifteen minutes past seven o'clock; sext comes at eleven, then none, vespers at five in the afternoon, and compline at seven in the evening, while work and prayer are practically combined in the fields; for when one of the brethren out of doors hears the bell chiming from the church, reminding him of the devotions taking place before the altar, he repeats a prayer set apart for recitation under such circumstances.

## 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. For fifteen years he was Provincial of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Ireland, England, and Scotland. He may be said to have been the founder, too, of most of the missions of his Order in these countries, although helping to build no less than ten churches. Father Cooke, who belonged to an old Waterford family, began his career in Ireland as an Oblate missionary in 1856, and from that time up almost to the day of his death he continued to labor most zealously and successfully amongst his flock. In 1870 he came to Cork to Belfast, from Galway to Dublin—he has worked with an unending energy that seemed all but miraculous. In late years, though still giving occasional Missions, and sacerdotal and other retreats in Ireland, he busied himself chiefly in the important work in Tower Hill, London. Here he had built a beautiful church. In the midst of the arduous duties of his missionary life, Father Cooke found time to indulge a little his literary tastes. He gave to the public some time ago a book entitled "Pictures of Youthful Holiness," which was a very large circulation. This was followed by "Catholic Memories of the Power of London, and the Life of Cardinal Fisher." A larger and a more enduring work, however, than any of these he had been engaged on up to within a few days of his death. It was "Sketches of the Life of Mgr. de Muzenod," the founder of the Oblate Congregation. Only two or three days ago the second volume of the "Sketches" was published, and almost before its circulation had begun its distinguished author was no more. Father Cooke belonged to the same Congregation as the Oblate Fathers of Lowell, Mass. May he rest in peace!

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" (Trademark registered) is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

## 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:

The Zuurberg and the Winterhoek mountain look upon Dunbrody, which is situated between the two, in the valley of the Sunday's River, six miles from Blue-cliff station on the Midland Railway, and eighteen miles from Coeney on the North-Eastern line. We go from Port Elizabeth by the 7.15 A. M. train, and reach Blue-cliff between 9 and 10 o'clock. There is, we first come in contact with the Brothers who await our arrival with a primitive-looking but very useful wagon, made by themselves, in which is the luggage, and those gentlemen who have no horses, are transported to the monastery. The road is tolerably good, winding through hills and bush until we come to a great amphitheatre, bounded by the Zuurberg mountains. But the Trappists, comparatively high ground, above the Sunday's River, are the temporary buildings of Dunbrody. We drive down over a steep road into the valley, and then de profundis, climb upward and reach our destination. Let it be understood that the cottages, old farm houses, chapel, etc., form, in a building point of view, the grub or chrysalis form of the institution. Money is in course of being collected, plans have been prepared, a site chosen, and a good monastery of stone will shortly be commenced. Then each monk will have his separate cell—a barrack-room. Then there will be a handsome church as well as a house of reception for visitors, and the various building requirements of the Cistercian Order can be fully complied with.

Let us take a walk with the Sub-Prior and a monk who speaks English fluently, by whom in the most courteous manner the fullest explanations are given. The Trappists are a very plain, unassuming building with an earthen floor. Inside the sanctuary are deal desks on which the great tomes of ritual are placed from which the choir monks sing day and night the praises of God. The altar is of wood, with one stone step in front. Everything is as simple and plain as possible. Immediately adjoining the chapel is the refectory, where huge jugs of water, vegetables cooked with oil, meagre porridge and milk, form the food of the community. They never eat meat. It was proved clearly to us during our visit that vegetables may be very healthy and strong human beings can be both silent and cheerful. There are several workshops. Here a saddler is busily engaged, there a tailor, and in another place a carpenter. Agriculture, however, is the specialty, and we must, therefore, descend in the fields and see what progress is made. At one point we admire a windmill set up to grind corn, and further up the White River are exceedingly pleased to notice a never failing spring, running on like the brook "forever." At this excellent position a pulpmeter pump has been erected, and the supply thus obtained is practically inexhaustible. Now we look upon excellent deep alluvial soil, which, with the aid of water, will grow "anything" in superabundance. The meadow crop is a splendid one, the potatoes are excellent, "blue corn" is shooting up healthy, and a large tract of oat hay has been sown. The work of clearing the bush is going on steadily, and there need be no difficulty in placing hundreds of acres of good, well irrigated land under culture. Viticulture has been commenced and the day may yet come when Cistercian wine from Dunbrody Abbey will obtain a good reputation and fetch a good price. A great deal has been accomplished which is not at once appreciated. For instance, the fencing is extensive, and extends for miles, while the clearing of bush and taking up troublesome roots and stumps has been really hard work. If to labor is to pray, then the Trappists have indeed made the open fields a frequent oratory, their chapel is small, but their principal church is unsurpassable. Its walls are the everlasting mountains, and its roof the canopy of heaven. The farm comprises 4,000 morgen, or 10,000 acres, and is well situated on the Sundays and White Rivers, so as to secure means of irrigation in those droughts which nature gives to South Africa in the heat of the frozen winters of the North.

You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smoldering fire can be found and put out, but when the coals are scattered who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and distressing things is under the ground. A cut finger is never benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it under somebody's eye. Tie it up and let it alone. It will get well sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often covered without a scar; but once published and confided to meddling friends there is no end to the trouble that they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles may be transient, and when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it until the trouble was all over!"

"Facts speak plainer than words." Proof—"The Doctor told me to take a blue pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggist told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am in both dry and liquid form."

Mr. Peter Varnett, Hinchelaga, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me of Rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine." Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, costing only 25 cents.

## 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. They put to death the bishops and priests, destroyed the churches and religious houses, and either killed the inmates or drove them into exile. They even carried their wickedness so far as to abolish the Sunday and make every fourth day a day of rest. The most gloomy part of this period is called the Reign of Terror. During this unhappy time no man had any certainty of his life, not even for an hour. All who remained faithful to their king or their religion, were looked upon as enemies to those who had usurped the Government, and were hunted down like wild beasts. During this terrible time the poor people put all their confidence in God, and sought consolation in religion.

The sight of a priest filled them with joy, and to have the happiness to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was one of the greatest of blessings. Though it was death for a priest to appear in public, still many of these good and devoted men remained with their flocks. They would lay concealed during the day, and at night come forth and meet the people in some secluded spot, in a deep wood or cave, and there hear their confessions; and after midnight say Mass for them and give them Holy Communion. But in many places this was not even possible to do, so closely were they watched by the spies of the Government. But when driven from the land they would take refuge on the ocean, and even there find means to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. In the year 1793, the venerable Cure for such the priest is called in France of a village on the coast of Bretagne, finding it unsafe any longer to remain on land, took refuge in a boat and sailed a long way out into the ocean. He was attended by several devoted fishermen, who understood well how to manage vessels on the water. The people soon learned where he had retired to, and when night came on and everything was quiet, they got in their boats and went to visit him. Here he would instruct and console them, and after midnight he would have an altar erected in his boat and say Mass for them, and offer up to them the Holy Sacraments. And then, receiving his blessing, the people would return before day to the shore. It happened on one of these occasions, that just as the good Cure had finished the Holy Sacrifice, he, with his flock, was surprised by the enemy in a sloop-of-war, which had been attracted to the spot by the torches carried by the persons in the boats. The sloop approaching nearer, fired upon the boats. The Cure immediately turned toward the people, and extending his hands, gave them his blessing. In another instant a second fire from the sloop sent a ball into the midst of the fleet, and it struck the boat in which the Cure was standing, near the altar, on which he had just offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The people forgot their own danger, and thought only of the priest. They gathered around his little bark, determined to defend him at the risk of their lives. And seeing the sloop had but few persons on board, and being well armed themselves, they resolved to attack it. One of them giving the signal, they returned the fire and then hastened to board the sloop. The enemy seeing it, immediately hoisted their sails and made their escape. The people in the boats then turned to the Cure, and having received his blessing, departed for the shore—Catholic Sentinel.

## A ROMANCE OF CASTLE GARDEN.

Castle Garden, the leading place of all immigrants at New York, is among other things a great employment bureau. A farmer from Germantown, Pa., came Wednesday to Castle Garden in search of a young married couple to take into his service. His name was Amos Miller, and he was of a jolly and benevolent temperament. He was willing to give \$25 a month and board to a man and his wife who would accompany him to his home. Unfortunately this happened at the time to be no couples at the Garden who were desirous of obtaining such a situation as he offered. Not to be discouraged, however, he set about finding two single young persons of opposite sex who might not be averse to uniting their lives and their luck. He first accosted a number of men who looked like honest, amiable fellows, and among them discovered one whose fancy was taken by the picture which he held out to him of a cozy rustic home and a good natured young wife to keep it, all to be acquired by a single and very simple transaction. This negotiation settled, he sought for a damsel to match the willing swain, and it was not long before he succeeded in obtaining from a shy and bashful young woman, her social condition. He immediately brought the future husband and wife together in spite of their sudden confusion and assumed reluctance. Once presented to each other, they found no difficulty whatever in making an acquaintance, through the medium of their native tongue, the German. She was Rosina Huelmer, 19 years of age, and he was Adam Horner, 25. The Rev. Mr. Berke-meyer was summoned, and in the employment office he united them by the time-honored tie that man is solemnly forbidden to sunder. A matron and an officer attached to the Department of Emigration served as bridesmaid and best man. The couple embraced with hearty satisfaction, and went away leaving smiling faces behind them.

## Restored from a Decline.

NORTH GREENE, 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. It is now five weeks since she began her cure. She is healthy, and is in other ways greatly improved. Yours truly,  
MRS. MARCELLA MYERS.