aimed Fern o tell us his ter all," she ine it. rated inscrip ne of his des ing what was ssion to paint abbots have eath their pic t to unravel

vere lighting pers, but we the old books priests have undred years, st method of aced in longa, blue and red dieu the good ym had the n at the benee grand organ with the face aris" chanted side the organ where black-the passionate It was like a

ore the altar, not only with ut the sunset ows, that we orkness told us sunset. Th

not the castles, conse-ne public; hence Alt Altenberg, visit the Rit

flowers, or be-faus Amerika," heart, I know the abbot's precoffee, honey, emagne. After convent gardens of the extent proportions of pisters and con roses; and so we ther who had so

a day. Indeed, join them if ever it "ladies." REE OAKS. se "inn for pilremain for the es to the west of of pilgrims, inpictures that ous episodes in ria. The legend the place with 1656 there lived a pious citizen, his home he had until he felling a severe illpent in prayer, dreamed that the to him as in the carry his trea-to the neighborhang it upon an

three separate withstanding his the sick man was withstand such a come to him a dream, so he y the mandate. began to recover, stored to health, which was that of ended him in all en the case, sucise. One day as Eggenburg, where furs, he lost his hills. Overcome himself down to l first of heaven, an oak rising in uddenly thunder awoke him. He

evening was calm and still, and the vesper bells of the old Benedictine monastery at Alt Altenburg faintly sounded from over the valley. He looked up; an oak tree shaded him, and looking down he saw it was three trees in one, the Drel Elchen of his dream. He then recalled his vow made in his illness, and the next day his loved picture was hung upon the tree. Hundreds of miraculous cures are said to have been made before the shrine, and numerous are the legends of miracles wrought. A hundred years the waxen picture hung upon the tree; then through some strange accident the shrine took fire, the picture was melted, but fresh saplings rose from the spot where fire had destroyed the tree, and this was taken as a sign that God wished to have a perpetual shrine established here. With permission of the Benedictine Convent, and consent of His Excellency, Philip Josef, Count Von Hoyas, a small stone chapel was built; but this was far too small to asommodate the troops of pilgrims who came to visit the shrine. In, 1744 Count and Countess Hoyas laid the foundation of the present magnificent church, and from that time until the present, crowds of pilgrims and long processions of peasants come on "woodland journey" to the

THE VALUE OF SUFFERINGS.

these words and took them to heart. The

some bread.
"Are you ill?" asked her mother, in sur-

"Why do you not eat, then ?" said her

then she related to suffer, that her be-was determined to suffer, that her be-loved mother might not have such fre-

quent cause to weep—that he might be

quent cause to weep—that its migration come converted.
"My darling child, you have conquered!"
exclaimed the father, as the tears coursed freely down his cheeks; "and I will give

your mother no more cause for tears. On

Saturday we will all go to confession, and I trust that the grace of God, through the holy Sacraments, will enable me to keep

my promise."
Need we add that the hope of the poor man was not in vain, and that he still continues to lead a sober and edifying life?

O. E. Comstock, Caledonia, Minn.

commands their confid

prise. "No, mamma."

A TRUE STORY OF THE SCAPULAR.

It is now just fifty years since Mary Clark, daughter of a respectable farmer of county Derry, Ireland, emigrated to this country. Her parents were strict Catholics, and the sentiments of our holy religion were early imprinted upon the youthful mind of the young girl by her pious mother. They were members of the Scapular society of the parish, and careful observers of its rules. Their devotion to the ever Blessed Mother of God was, in fact, unbounded. In the morning they commended themselves to her protection, and at night, before retiring to rest, the Rosary was recited aloud in the family circle. The month of May was of course a month of special devotion; and even in her childhood Mary had her little altar, which she decorated with choicest flowers, and there she would kneel and humbly offer up her infant prayers to the Queen of Heaven. She daily placed herself under her protection, and that good Mother never abandoned her. The Blessed Mother of God never forsakes her children, but on the contrary in their severest trials and afflictions ever brings them comdren, but on the contrary in their severest trials and afflictions ever brings them com-

fort and consolation.

The last injunctions of Mary's mother to her when parting was: "Never neglect your devotion to the Holy Mother of God."

the present magnineent church, and from that time until the present, crowds of pilgrims and long processions of peasants come on "woodland journey" to the shrine at Three Oaks. The church was open last evening when we entered the hamlet, and crowds of pilgrims were kneeling before the confessionals on every side, preparing for the early Communion at five o'clock this morning. Priests heard Confessions all night, our landlady told us, and this morning we are awakened by new bands of pilgrims arriving chanting their hymns in honor of Our Lady of Three Oaks. Sweet Fern and I went to early Mass, but the building was too crowded to see anything but the freescoes of the dome and the lights on the high altar. At Vespers to night the crowd will have dispersed, so we shall be able to see the treasure-room; therefore we have delayed our journey southward until tomorrow.—"Imperia," in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

your devotion to the Holy Mother of God."

The voyage from Ireland to America was not so rapid in those days as now. Those leviathans of the deep carrying their cargoes of living freight were not propelled by steam power over the wide expanse of the Atlantic. The mariner depended solely upon the wind to fill his spreading sails, and drive his frail bark over the boisterous billows.

For two days after the departure the weather was highly propitious. The sun shone from a cloudless sky upon the placid waters. Everybody predicted a favorable voyage. But our predictions are oftentimes vain. It was the third day. The ship was sailing at a rapid rate, and everybody on board was in the best humor. Suddenly a little speck appeared in the west. It was small, but ominous. The captain gave the order to "reef the sails," and the passengers were ordered below. Everyone was thunderstruck and wondered what it all meant; the weather was so delightful and the sea so tranquil! But suddenly the winds rise. The azure becomes overshadowed and the noonday sun A priest was one day preaching on patience, and he insisted on the merit of sufferings, affirming that they often obtain for us graces that are not granted to our prayers. "You desire the conversion of a soul," he said: "pray for that soul, but also suffer for it." A little girl that had just made her First Communion heard these words and took them to heart. The But suddenly the winds rise. The azure be-comes overshadowed, and the noonday sun But suddenly the winds risk.

But suddenly the winds risk.

To strike terror into the most hardened heart. these words and took them to heart. The poor child had often seen her mother in tears when her father came home drunk at night. When she returned from church that day she kissed her mother with unusual tenderness. "Mother," she said, "I hope not to see you crying any more; I know how to obtain father's conversion." sion."
The family were very poor, so that they had only one real meal a day, which they took together at noon. At this meal, next day, the little girl eat only her soup and

heart.
The war of elements continued; wave after wave, hurled on by the impetuosity of the winds, glides over and past the ship. Nature seems to arouse from a lethargy in which she was accumulating strength to display her powers and humble the proud heart of man. His frail timber is but a feeble protection against the onslaught of the elements. Can the ship withstand the fury of the tempest? Naught but a miracle can save her from destruction. "I do not want any more."

He took it to be a childish whim, and thought the best punishment would be to let her have been constant. let her have her own way.

At night the father came home drunk

At night the father came home drunk At night the father came home drunk asleep, was startled, and wept bitterly. Next day she took only bread and water for dinner. The mother was surprised, and the father vexed.

"You must eat your dinner," he said angrily.

"No, no!" she answered, firmly; "as who, no!" she answered, firmly; "as long as you get drunk and curse mamma long as you get drunk and chertal, such a miracle can save her from destruction.

But what a change on board! The hilarity which had prevailed a short time of the fore was changed to fear and trembling. Pallid cheeks supplanted countenances suffused with joy and merriment. Cheerfulness ceased, and sadness was depicted on every brow. Everyone expected that his final hour had come. Some were praying, some weeping, and others, in most harrowing accents, bewailing their unfortunate fate.

that I will suffer, so that He may not.

The father made no answer, but that night he came home sober. The conduct of his little girl had evidently impressed him deeply.

Next day the child took her dinner as usual. It seems, however, that the man's passion for drink was deeply rooted, so that in a few days he returned again in a state of intoxication. The child, next day, resumed her fast. The father was moved, and a tear stole into his eye; the mother word, and a tear stole into his eye; the most harrowing accents, bewailing their unfortunate fate.

Mary was in her berth prostrate before a little statue of the blessed Virgin, humbly supplicating that Patroness of the afflication and He returns them to you to be educated in His name. The grace of God in heaven, the saints cast their crowns before the Kea' guide their frail bark to a harbor of safety. She was not dejected as the other was not dejected as the other was also; the child, was quite the most have not be saved only by the grace of God, I am what I am. What a solace is religion to those in sormoved, and a tear stole into his eye; the most harrowing accents, bewailing their unfortunate fate.

Mary was in her berth prostrate before a little statue of the blessed Virgin, humbly supplicating that Patrones of the Alloy supplicating that Patrones of the Holy Ghost made St. Anne the saint that she is, and now, before the face of God in heaven, the saints cast their crowns before the Kea' guide their frail bark to a harbor of safety. She was not dejected as the other was not dejected as t usual. It seems, however, that the man's passion for drink was deeply rooted, so that in a few days he returned again in a state of intoxication. The child, next day, resumed her fast. The father was moved, and a tear stole into his eye; the mother wept also; the child was quite tranquil. "Little one," said the father, rising and kissing her, "are you going to continue this course of life?"

"Yes, papa," she answered, "until I die, or you are converted."
Then she related what she had heard row, in affliction, in danger! She alone was calm and collected in the midst of was calm and collected in the midst of clamor and confusion around her. She depended upon the mercies of God, which never fail. He may, to try our patience, abandon us for a short time to sorrow and affliction. But when we have passed through this ordeal we become still more objects of His laye. Then she related what she had heard

objects of His love.

A sudden impulse seized Mary. She A sudden impulse science and a sudden impulse science glided like a spirit up the hatchway upon the deck. The seamen endeavored to reglided like a spill up to the deck. The seamen endeavored to restrain, but in vain. Standing for a moment on deck, she gazed upon the rolling billows and the sombresky. Opening the bosom of her dress, she coolly removed the scapulars from her shoulders and threw them with a firm faith, into the seething them, with a firm faith, into the seething water, and then retired to her berth to pray once more. Listen! There is a lull. water, and then teem to pray once more. Listen! There is a lull. The howling of the wind is no longer heard; it has exhausted its energies. The howling of the tempest has ceased, the agitated waves gradually subside, and that broad expanse of waters becomes transmit Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high seasoned food, rich pies, cake &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the

What joy to all on board! The past few hours had been a period of suspense, agi-tation and terror. All regain the former cheerfulness, everything again goes "merry as a marriage bell." On the return of sunshine the clouds are forgotten. So with these voyagers. After the storm, instead of entering into conversation with house.

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive instead of entering into conversation with her fellow passengers on the perils through which they had passed, Mary prostrated herself before her little statue of the Blessed Virgin, and with a grateful heart returned God thanks for the mercy exten-ded to her and the others on hoard wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disor-ders of the system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street. returned God thanks for the mercy extended to her and the others on board.

Twas night. All retired to rest after the fatigues and perils of the day. Mary especially slept well.

Next morning at dawn she arose, and went on deck. What a contrast to the previous days. The glorieus are the previous days.

writes: I was suffering the most excruci-ating pains from inflammatory rheumat-ism. One application of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil afforded almost instant relief, and two bottles effected a permanent cure. went on deck. What a contrast to the previous day! The glorious sun was rising in the east and spreading effulgence over the waters; the sky was clear and cloudless, and not a trace of the storm could be discerned. Looking down, ing in the east and spreading effulgence over the waters; the sky was clear and cloudless, and not a trace of the storm could be discerned. Looking down, Mary's surprise may be easily imagined when she found at her feet the very scapulars she had cast into the seething waters the day before. Lifting them up, she fondly kissed them, and thanked the There is no preparation before the peomore, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for all forms of Summer Complaint.

Great God again and again for his good-

Great God again and again for his goodness and mercy.

Mary was ever after a most faithful client of the Mother of God, and induced many young women of her nationality to join the Society of the Holy Scapular. She remained in this country ten years, and then returned to her native parish where she spent the remainder of her days.

days.
O Lamb of God! enable us, we beseech
Thee, to imitate Mary, in her devotion to
Thy Holy Mother.—Ave Maria.

CARDINAL MANNING AT ST. ANNE'S.

The patronal Feast of the Church of St. Anne, Spitalfields, was duly observed on Sunday, when a very large congregation attended the High Mass. The music was rendered by an efficient choir with full band. The procession to the sanctuary of the officiating clergy was followed by a cross-bearer, preceding his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, who was followed by a number of the Cardinal's Guards of the local branch of the League of the Cross. At the conclu-Cardinal's Guards of the local branch of the League of the Cross. At the conclusion of the first Gospel his Eminence the Cardinal ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "By the grace of God I am what I am." His Eminence proceeded to say it was a law of the kingdom of God, that whensoever He called any one to a great work or to any great dignity He bestowed upon that person grace and sanctity in proportion to He called any one to a great work or to any great dignity He bestowed upon that person grace and sanctity in proportion to the dignity of the work to which they were called. That was to say that God the Holy Ghost by His grace sanctified and made fit the person called in proportion to the greatness, in proportion to the dignity, of that work. The grace of God meant the grace, the fervor, the generosity, the love and the goodness of God in giving to His creatures the gift of His spirit. Grace was not a person, it was a gift, or rather the motive of the manner of the gift, for the sanctification of souls, and was the work of the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier, and they must never lose sight of the person in the gift. That day they were keeping the feast of their holy patroness, St. Anne. What was her sanctity, and what was her dignity? Her dignity was to be gathered from that of her child, Mary Immaculate, whose dignity and grace could be measured by the Divine sanctity of the Son of God, who of our substance took our manhood. She Divine sanctity of the Son of God, who of our substance took our manhood. She brought into the world a Divine Infant. That being so, was her sanctity in proportion to so great a dignity? It was to be sinless, without spot or stain, or sin, either actual or original. This was the gift of the Holy Ghost to make Mary Immaculate fit for the dignity of Mother of God. If such was the sanctity and dignity of Mary, what must have been the purity and the holiness that shone in her mother? St. Anne was the fond mother of the im-St. Anne was the fond mother of the immaculate child Mary. She it was who had to watch over her in her infancy, and to To-day.

to watch over her in her inlancy, and train her from the beginning. To-day in meditating upon her, there is one lesson to be drawn.

WHAT A HOME? How holy must that house have been!
There was only one holier, and that was the home of Nazareth, where Jesus, Mary and Joseph dwelt together. The care and the love that your holy patroness, St. Anne, had for her immaculate child is an example to you, fathers and mothers. of Anne, had for her immaculate child is an example to you, fathers and mothers, of the care and watchfulness with which you should guard and love the children God has committed to you. On this feast you can have no better thought than the holy home of St. Anne, wherein is your example. Imitate it with prayer, for though we be not saints, as she was yet in our ample. Imitate it with prayer, for though
we be not saints, as she was, yet in our
measure we may walk in her footsteps.
You can be holy mothers of the children
of God, for they are God'schildren, because
He gave them to you, and you gave them
back to Him at the font in holy Baptism,

who created all things for His pleasure, and who made them saints, exclaiming, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." Every soul that shall be saved will be saved only by the grace of God, and everyone lost will be through their own evil will. It is God who begins our salvation. He created us when we knew Him not, and when sin and death entered into the world He redeemed us. When we were born we were and death entered into the world He redeemed us. When we were born we were brought to the font and born again in holy Baptism. Before we knew Him or were able to know anything He began our salvation. He made us and He regenerated us. If you have persevered in your innocence, it is God who has gone before you all the days of your life and kept you safe. If you have lost that grace since Baptism, as too many do, He brought you back if you have returned. You perhaps, think it was some book you You, perhaps, think it was some book you read which struck your conscience, or some word you heard from a preacher in the word you neard from a preacher in the church, or some great sickness or sorriow that struck the hardness of your heart, or some great danger from which you only just escaped that caused you to return to God, make your confession and begin a new life. But it was none of these. It was God the Holy Ghost, who through new life. But it was none of these. It was God the Holy Ghost, who through these things was working out your salvation: even as Jesus took and made clay of the dust and anointed and opened the eyes of the blind man. It was not the healing properties of the clay; that was only the means or sign by which He worked. Jesus has said, "Behold I stand at ed. Jesus has said, "Behold I stand at the gate and knock. If any man will hear my voice and will open the door, I will come unto him and sup with him, and he with me." That is to say, Jesus is ever knocking at the door of our hearts, and if we will but open our hearts to Him He will come in and give us an increase of grace. He will work with us and on us just as you teach your child to read. You read the words and the child repeats them. Your intelligence, grown and ripened,

BEFORE THEIR INFANT'S SIMPLICITY.

so, if we are willing, God will guide us on so, if we are willing, God will guide us on our way and shape our course towards heaven. You have seen on a river a great water-gate to keep the stream back till the water rises, and at high water the hand of a child can open that gate. So it is with our heart. The Holy Ghost is always pressing upon our heart and will, even as the water presses upon the floodgate. If we will only open our hearts to Him He will let go the floodgates of His love and pour in the abounding streams of His Grace. Proceeding to speak of the gift of final perseverance and correspondgift of final perseverance and correspond-ence with the grace of God, the Cardinal said that even the saints of God have accused themselves of forfeiting many

was know of only one
who corresponded to every grace, who
shone so high, so deep and so bright, and
that was the Blessed Mother of God. She
never lost a grace, and we forfeit them
every day of our lives. Just as you make
a chain, so God gives us grace. Every
grace corresponded to is a golden link in
the chain of our salvation. Every good
act is a link in that chain which, if gold,
God lets down within our reach, and with
which, if we hold fast and persevere to the
end, He will, in His loving grace and
sovereign mercy, lift us up to that place
which is alone the home of the blessed.
We can by the perseverance of our own We can by the perseverance of our own evil will break that chain asunder, but we cannot bring it together again. No man evil will break that chain asunder, but we cannot bring it together again. No man can weld it and make it as it was before. God only can do that. His Eminence next proceeded to point out the necessity of avoiding not only sin, but the occasions that lead to it. Having spoken of the necessity of avoiding the indulgence of a bad temper, and the careful training of good habits, the Cardinal proceeded to say that the greatest drunkard, that brings shame in his Home

that the greatest drunkard, that brings
SHAME IN HIS HOME
and death to his soul, once was as sober
as you are. Little by little he began to
indulge himself until he became developed by the temptation, which ended in a
habit which he could not overcome. Habit
is made up of single actions as a river is
made up of drops of water, and when
they become a multitude they are so
strong one cannot break them off. Look
at the poor man who has lost his brain and
his will. There was a time when he had
the power to drink to his own ruin or
pour it out on the ground. He had the
power once to be firm, and often he may
have stood and wavered, and longed, and
desired to do so, but at last he gives way.
He cannot resist it now, and you pity
him, and he is to be pitied; but it is his
own fault, for he did it as if he had
destroyed his own life, for it was the act
of his own free will. This is

THE WAY MEN FALL FROM GOD.

We need not fall from God if we have
confidence in the great love He has shown
us. Let us be very humble and say to our-

We need not fall from God if we have confidence in the great love He has shown us. Let us be very humble and say to ourselves, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." "If God had left me to myself, I would have become a devil; but I am not. I am not a saint. No, but I hope I am a penitent. I must be very humble, for of myself I am nothing, and it is only His free sovereign grace that makes me what I am." Have a great gratitude to God for what He has done for myself I am nothing, and It is only Impered to a solution. The solution is a great gratitude to God for what He has done for you in the past. It were better to die now and save our soul than to live long out of the grace of God, and die separated from Him in eternity. Go to your homes and look on your little ones and say, I have to train up these little children as St. Anne trained up that immaculate child who was the Mother of God. I thank God when I remember that the children of your schools are, every one of them, members of the Catholic Total Abetinence League of the Cross. That will keep them from the haunts and taint of sin. If

IN HAPPY CHILDHOOD they never know the taste of drink, they will not have the temptation to taste it will not have the temptation to taste it when they are grown up men and women. This is a great joy to me, and whenever I come here I think of the day I enrolled your little children in the League of the Cross. A blessed page in the book of life shall that be for them, and if they persevere there is laid up for them a bright crown in eternity which they shall cast at the foot of the great white throne and say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." By the grace of God I am London Universe, Aug 4.

Prayer for the Dead.

One of the most beautiful and satisfying doctrines of the Church is that of praying for the dead. The comfort and solace that spring from this practice, together with the advantages to the poor souls that are undergoing their purgation, and thus satisfying the Eternal Justice previous to their admission to the full enjoyment of the divine presence of God, should lead all those who have friends departed from this life to the constant practice of assisting them by prayers. One of the most beautiful and satisfy

departed from this life to the constant practice of assisting them by prayers, almsdeeds, and, above all else, by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The practice of this devotion should not be a thing to be taken up and laid aside at the direction of mere whim or so-called opportunity. On the contrary, the practice should be a daily one, should never be wholly absent from the mind. never be wholly absent from the mind and should be studiously cultivated until it enters into and becomes part of every thought and spiritual action

The dead form a Church by themselves called the Suffering Church. Between that and the Triumphant Church of heaven stands the Militant Church of earth, which assaults the Triumphant with prayer and sacrifice in behalf of those

who cannot help themselves.

If the souls in Purgatory cannot help themselves they assuredly can and do help those on earth, particularly those who pray

for them.

Last week there was quite a theological storm at the Andover Seminary in consequence of the necessity felt by some of those present to put forward the doctrine of probation after death. When we behold those outside the faith endeavoring to bring about this beautiful devotion of proving for the dead, it should be a repraying for the dead it should be a re-proach and a lesson to those Catholics

proach and a lesson to those Catholics who are derelict in a practice commanded and so highly commended by the Church. Some of the greatest saints ever raised to the altars of God were those who devoted their entire lives to the practice of assisting the dead. These examples should corne to expound and direct others to serve to encourage and direct others to such works so useful to the dear departed

Comfortless BY H. J. W.

O the poverty of this lane, Chant its sorrowful dirge my love, The burden of sorrow inwoven with shame "That madity threatens to sunder us twain; And a star-lit heaven above.

Gather your cloak for the wind is cold; When can we sing a light love song? When unbosom the wee that we hold? And escape from the hunger, frost, mould That is wasting our blood along.

What would it matter if we were dead!

Nestle your head against my breast—
Think of it, love, a grave for a bed
And the living might dance with joy overhead
And never disturb our rest.

—Pilot.

-Pilot. INTEMPERANCE.

A Too Much Loved Vice-Its Rapid Strides and Brutalizing Effects.

BY REV. P. A. TREACY.

It is not difficult to perceive that man is gifted with a nature superior to that of other animals. They are led merely by that natural instinct which impels them to consult for their preservation; they are mere creatures of appetite. Grovelling on the earth, they fulfil, it is true, the end of their existence, but they are wholly incapable of any high or noble impulse. Man, on the contrary, is endowed with a capable of any high or noble impulse.

Man, on the contrary, is endowed with a
beautiful and spiritual nature. In man
the perfection of the Almighty resides in
miniature. The elevated sentiment of
affection has been frequently shown in
man, pure and disinterested. Gratitude,
which returns all good offices to him who
has proved himself a kind and controls. which returns all good offices to him who has proved himself a kind and generous benefactor, has in many instances shone resplendent in the human character. Magnanimity, hospitality, and all their sister virtues combine to decorate and render bright and glorious the humanity of which we are partakers. But in the bright galaxy of valuable qualities which man possesses, that independence of will by which he is free to choose for himself whether he will perform or omit an action which he is free to choose for himself whether he will perform or omit an action is specially refulgent. The beasts of the field are guided solely by their appetites, consequently when the provender is given them they have no other rule to direct them in the quantity they shall take than the appetite with which nature has gifted them. Man, differently constituted, has dominion over his appetite. It is in his power to regulate it according to the dictates of reason and the requirements of the body, and, moreover. requirements of the body, and, moreover, he is bound to do so. Thus nobly endowed as we have just seen, man neverthe-less sometimes proves untrue to the gran-der instincts of his nature. Is it not amader instincts of his nature. Is it not amazing that one upon whom have been showered the riches of spirituality in such abundance should perpetrate acts unworthy of his grade, of his faculties and his destiny? If, indeed, we were to consider man only as a being endowed with such transcendent faculties, we might lean to transcendent faculties, we might lean to the opinion that all admonitions imparted the opinion that all admonitions imparted to him with the object of impressing upon his mind the necessity of shunning vice would be works of pure superogation. But from the rapid strides and menacing carriage of a certain well-known and, alast too much-loved vice, it is well to lay down some reasons why it should be avoided. The vice of which I speak is drunkenness, or the sin of indulging too freely in intoxicating liquors even to the temporary deprivation of reason. The few thoughts to which it is determined now to give expression will regard in the first place the evil of drunkenness in itself, and, secondly, its lamentable effects.

ly, its lamentable effects.

No one denies that the drunkard is gradually degraded and brutalized. In gradually degraded and brutalized. In order that we may the better see how low he falls by being addicted to his pet sin, let us first take a survey of the magnificent soul of man. Formed to the image and likeness of that infinitely perfect Being whose beauty is reflected in the dezzling lustre of the sun, whose voice is heard in the loud and rumbling noise of the thunder, and whose power is seen in that stupendous firmament that, as a garment envelopes our earth, man's soul has in itself three faculties—the memory, the understanding, and the will. Though three are united in the same essence, yet they discharge different functions. The memory recalls the happy scenes of our childhood, when we were the idols of loving and anxious parents; the little songs endeared to us by being the favorites of the workers of the outcast poor. The clothing which the woe-worn mother and neglected chilendeared to us by being the favorites of our friends, and the romantic aspirations

our friends, and the romanus aspirations and ardent longings we were accustomed to foster in our young hearts.

The understanding teaches us to mark out the line between what is based upon solid and irrefragable evidence and what solid and irrefragable evidence and what has only the filmsy testimony of an erring intellect in its favor. By the understanding we rise to the knowledge of the great maxims and glorious truths which God, through his infallible church, has communicated to mankind. By the understanding we, from promises given, deduce a proper and consequential conclusion. In proper and consequential conclusion. In this conclusion it is the part of the will to act. We are so formed that in what we do we are not hampered or constrained. God was pleased to confer free will upon u was pleased to confer free will upon u that we might, by a legitimate exercise of it, pay to him a just homage, and render ourselves worthy of eternal happiness.

Here let me pause and inquire what effect has drunkenness upon the faculties I have mentioned? Does it in any manner operate to their disadvantage? Can it has

have mentioned? Does it in any manner operate to their disadvantage? Can it be said to derogate anything from their excellence? Is the memory effected by deep and protracted potations? Is it? Why, is it not for the time completely clouded? Drunkenness deprives man of the power for examplering. Instead of the quick Drunkenness deprives man of the power of remembering. Instead of the quick apprehension of events long past, instead of the apt enunciation of a song not heard for years, there succeeds a torpor which forbids anything to be recollected, a blank on which nothing is imprinted. Does it leave reason intact? Can it be called reason which is the purest absurdity? Can the ravings of one in delirium be denominated the calm, majestic, coherent consequences of reason? Can he who acts without a motive, who seems a mere automaton, a man machine enjoying the power of speech and motion only, be estimated a rational being? O, reason! emanation of the very bosom of divinity, can we so far debase thy sublime name as to couple it with that of a sinful oblivion and an infamous irrationality? Where is the will in drunkenness? ones, and so eminently beneficial to those who practice them. Begin the good work at once and continue it.—Catholic Herald.

and vitiated will that blindly follows where unruly passion leads. In drunkenness the dignity of man is lost. The glorious position as the most exalted and ennobled creature that God placed in the world is exchanged for the miserable state of the presenting lents. of the unreasoning brute. Saddening, in-deed, it is to remark that that poor brute, which with a stolid indifference enters its stall or roams through the pastures unstall or roams through the pastures unconscious of the beauties of creation, unaware of the eternal laws of nature, utterly ignorant of a future life or of God,
should become in any event the equal of
magnificent, enlightened, independent
man. Does it not call up to the cheek
the crimson blush of shame to recollect
the degradation of that nature of which
we as well as the miserable drunkard are the degradation of that nature of which we as well as the miserable drunkard are partakers? Even though there be a pleas-ure in drunkenness, that pleasure is cer-tainly of too low and sinful a kind for man to stoop to its enjoyment. Moreover, the pleasure of possessing the property of another or the pleasure of revenging an another or the pleasure of revenging an injury does not remove the crime or lessen the infamy of the robber or murderer; nay, so far from such being the case, the intensity of the pleasure felt in such actions is but the measure of their guilt and the criterion of their penalty.

It is indeed true that without the use of reason sin cannot exist. Where reason is

reason sin cannot exist. Where reason is wanting sin must also be wanting. The wretch who has robbed himself of the use of reason by drunkenness may impudently plead that while intexicated he cannot compile until the compiler world in the control of the use of the compiler world in the control of the cont of reason by drunkenness may impudently plead that while intoxicated he cannot commit mortal sin. Does that excuse him? Not at all! Would God excuse the suicide who had rashly and wickedly laid violent hands upon himself, because, forsooth! after taking away his own life he could no longer sin? You might well be shocked if, this very day, while you were gazing at a form, which from outward appearance you supposed to be a man, you were told that the claims of the creature before you to humanity lay in appearance only; that it was a monster possessing the heart of a tiger or of some less noble animal. How you would shrink from the touch of that monster as though it could contaminate you! How you would shudder at its ghastly glances, and shut your ears to its boisterous laughter! Yet you shrink not from the drunkard with such a sense of horror or of hatred, although the weird and repulsive attiwith such a sense of norror or of natred, although the weird and repulsive attri-butes of the monster have no moral deformity, while the drunkard's transient bestiality is so foul and criminal as to make

bestiality is so foul and criminal as to make
the angels weep.
Let us now turn our attention to the
consideration of the calamitous results of
intemperance. As the drunkard is primarily and chiefly the sufferer, a survey of
the diversified nature of the losses he sustains will be appropriate. His time, which
might be well spent in some useful and
lucrative employment, is devoted to his
comrades of the tavern—men sunk like might be well spent in some useful and lucrative employment, is devoted to his conrades of the tavern—men sunk like himself in degradation and squalor; men whose friendship is contagion, and whose discourse and manner exhibit unequivocal signs of a marked and deep rooted depravity. His money, which should be laid out in providing for the necessity of his family, is lavished upon wretches whose claim to his companionship has no other basis than their carelessness of the observance of common decorum, and their bold and oft-repeated defiance of a healthy public opinion. His health, which temperate habits would have long preserved in its natural robust state, is fast breaking down under the accumulated weight of multifarious diseases which his reckless way of living has brought upon him. Finally, his soul, more precious—infinitely more precious—than all else, is stripped of its robe of innocence and clothed in the black and tattered raiment of the sinner.

> charity to visit the snumed nomestedate of the outcast poor. The clothing which the woe-worn mother and neglected chil-dren call their own are such as would not be deemed sufficient shield against the light be deemed sufficient shield against the light breeze of spring, let alone the bitter, stinging blast of winter. The hearth is truly dreadful. No fire flashes upon bright and smiling faces or adds its pleasurable contribution to a host of domestic and household joys. The little ones nestle household joys. The little ones nestle close to their kind-hearted mother and murmur in her ear the name of their unmurmur in her ear the name of their di-natural father. Poverty is written upon their shrunken countenances, and the pale-ness of their cheeks gives token that the inhuman treatment they have received in their budding forth will cause them soon to wither away and die. As the cold in-creases in intensity they crouch closer creases in intensity they crouch closer and closer to their darling and heroic mother and seek to keep their little limbs warm. Many a tedious hour has passed since food has entered their lips. The last dollar was taken away by their father to the tavern, and, unless God directs some charitable person to their humble abode, they may perish of hunger, while the man, or rather the monster, who has left them thus is rioting in the society of his pot-companions. If in the society of his pot-companions. It they expect his return to the dismal habitation of woe which they call "home," it is with sentiments of dread and terror. it is with sentiments of dread and terror.
> Their bruised and blackened bodies tell a horrifying tale. Maddened by intoxication, the drunkard is accustomed to wreak his ill-humor upon his defenceless family at finding them unable to supply him with money for a further carouse. Even should those children survive the bad treatment that they are subjected, think you those children survive the bad treatment to which they are subjected, think you not that their minds are sown with an evil seed? Can the conduct of their father be forgotten? Will they not imitate the example set them, and accompany their vile parent to his usual haunts? Or will they not fly from the house to see the they not fly from the house to avoid his presence and join the enemies of human society—those who live by preying upon their fellow-men—the swindler, the thief, and the murderer?

OXFORD, N. J. It is better to avoid a quarrel than to evenge it afterwards.

Qui amor con-E. rned towards ilding, where intly Count-

anting priests, n tones of the ulted roof, the of the veiled 'Glorias' that

castle is now and thither we vesper bread ered in every pictures in the really marvelme of the larg-mpire, and one aen may be admonastery near found only in

creams, cakes, quisite porcelain morial crests of the great size to go entirely walked in its esprays of their ere added migusly entertained merika," as he ajos declared the

roomed and fed, tertainment, he es, to whose care were the happiest

Blessed Virgin, all things. He t until he fell

as no storm, the