

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 Dred Eichen 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.

THE VALUE OF SUFFERINGS.

A priest was one day preaching on patience, and he insisted on the merit of sufferings, affirming that they offered us a share in the graces that are not granted to our prayers.

"Are you ill?" asked her mother, in surprise. "No, mamma."

"Why do you not eat, then?" said her father. "I do not want any more."

"No, no!" she answered, firmly; "as long as you get drunk and curse mamma and make her cry, I have promised God that I will suffer, so that He may not punish you."

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

"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."

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.

The last injunctions of Mary's mother to her when parting was "Never neglect 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 war of elements continued; wave after wave, hurled on by the impetuosity of the winds, glides over and past the ship.

But what a change on board! The hilarity which had prevailed a short time before was changed to fear and trembling. The sailors were supplanted countenances faded with joy and merriment.

A sudden impulse seized Mary. She glided like a spirit up the hatchway upon the deck. The seamen endeavored to restrain her, but she was determined to see the scapular.

What joy to all on board! The past few weeks had been a period of suspense, agitation and terror. All regain the former cheerfulness, everything is again going "merry as a marriage bell."

Next morning at dawn she arose, and went on deck. What a contrast to the previous day! The glorious sun was rising in the east and spreading effluence over the waters; the sky was clear and cloudless, and not a trace of the storm could be discerned.

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.

CARDINAL MANNING AT ST. ANNE'S.

The patronal Feast of the Church of St. Anne, Philadelphia, was duly observed on Sunday, when a very large congregation attended the High Mass.

The 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."

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.

They never know the taste of drink, they will not have the temptation to taste it when they are grown up men and women.

One of the most beautiful and satisfying doctrines of the Church is that of prayer for the dead.

Before their infant's simplicity. The intelligence of your children is narrow, because they are children; you guide them and they learn of you, because you teach them, but if they turn away and refuse to attend they will learn nothing.

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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.

Comfortless.

Oh the poverty of this life. What care for a light love song? When unshorn the woe that we hold? And escape from the hunger, frost, and mould.

INTEMPERANCE.

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

It is not difficult to perceive that man is gifted with a nature superior to that of other animals. They are led merely by their natural instincts which impels them to the earth, they fulfill, it is true, the end of their existence, but they are wholly incapable of any high or noble impulse.

Let us be very humble and say to ourselves, "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

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and vitiated will that blindly follows where unwily 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 unreasoning brute.

It is indeed true that without the use of 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 intoxicated he cannot commit mortal sin.

Let us now turn our attention to the consideration of the calamitous results of intemperance. As the drunkard is preyed upon by the sufferer 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 him in degradation and squalor; men whose friendship is contagion, and whose discourse and manner exhibit unexampled signs of a marked and deep rooted depravity.

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It is better to avoid a quarrel than to engage it afterwards.