

most to live up to it. Accept him as your ideal, and be very sure he will most willingly accept himself as such, and for the rest of his lifetime will sink steadily below his best.

If I were to put my finger on the New Year resolution most desirable for many of us women to make, it would be, that we live our lives for the future less as parts, even though the indispensable cog-wheel of the domestic machinery, less as fractions of the family unit, and more entirely as indivi-

duals whose God-given mission is first of all the salvation of our own souls. And that is a problem not separate from the conservation of our health and energies, the development of our intellect, the broadening of our sympathies, and the best interests of family and home.

Let us look to this, not selfishly, but earnestly, and then, with days not empty of thought, word and deed, let us look to the giver of all good for a truly happy New Year.

## FAVORS OBTAINED

From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

BY S. X. B.

CONTINUED.

THE incident I am about to relate was told to me by a young man, to whom I had given the Brown Scapular in 1875. It had occurred in his own parish, and the unfortunate hero was quite well known to him. A man who was entirely given up to the fatal habit of drunkenness and to all the vices which follow in its train was an object of great scandal in his village. He never entered a church, and could not even see a priest without blaspheming. Still he did not lay aside the Scapular, which he had probably received after he had made his first holy communion. In the midst of his disorders he was taken sick, and was soon pronounced dangerously ill. The near approach of death made no change in his sentiments. He obstinately refused to see a priest, although so much reduced that they expected every moment to see him die. Suddenly those who stood by his dying bed saw him convulsively struggle as if he wished to relieve himself of some weight which oppressed him, and when they enquired if they could give him any aid, he cried out in despairing accents, "I stifle, I smother, and this is what does it." Then with a supreme effort he tore open his linen and tearing off the Scapular threw it as far as he could. The next moment he died with every mark of reprobation.—*Annals of Carmel*, 1881, page 304.

Evil companions and pernicious literature wrought such fatal effects in the mind

and heart of a young girl that she forgot the good principles instilled into her from early childhood, until virtue and reputation were no longer hers. A prey to the deepest remorse, instead of casting herself before Jesus and Mary to implore pardon and mercy, she gave herself up to despair, the only sin which does not admit of a pardon. Full of the most gloomy thoughts she resolved to end her life, and plunged into the river for that purpose. What was her amazement, for she could not swim, when she found that she remained on the surface of the water. A fisherman who saw her danger ran to her assistance, but when he was about to rescue her, the demon, no doubt, suggested to her that what prevented her from drowning was the Scapular she wore around her neck. The unfortunate creature took it off and cast it away. Then she sank, not only beneath the waves but into that abyss whose shores are but a poet's fancy, and whose fathomless depths no human skill can measure—eternity.—*PERE HUGUET, La Devotion a Marie in examples, tome II, p 55.*

The solemn promise of the Most Blessed Virgin, the enthusiastic words of so many learned and holy priests, devoted clients of Mary, the unanimous belief of the whole christian people, the numerous examples of a terrifying as well as of a consoling nature here related—all unquestionably give us the right to say positively: No! Satan