

pondence with the designs of God in his regard, and dismissed him with his blessing and a letter of recommendation to the master of novices. The youth withdrew, fully determined to tread the path marked out for him by the loving predilection of his Divine Benefactor. But previous to entering the cloister, he decided once more visiting his home and bidding adieu to his parents and friends.

The youthful aspirant for the religious state had no sooner made known his intentions to his family than he was assailed by a storm of entreaties, tears and expostulations. They would not give up the beloved son in whom they had centered hopes so high. He was told to pause, to reflect, to take into consideration the signs of the times, which seemed to sound the knell of all monastic institutions. The time in which his lot was cast was a transition period, with his talents, his energy and his tact he would be sure to make his mark. Why relinquish prospects so brilliant? Why bury gifts so rare in the obscurity of a Capuchin monastery? Gradually his high resolve began to waver. The voice of the syren murmured of halcyon days, all radiant with glory, musical with public applause, the meed of his great and noble deeds. The still small voice continued to plead, but the clang or trumpet of fame deadened the sound; the youth determined to devote his energies to an earthly career. He did so, studying jurisprudence.

It was the time of the fearful upheaval in France. Society was convulsed; the existing order overthrown; a chaos of crime and horror, reddened by the noblest and best blood of France, was the order of those days of blood. In the sanguinary tragedy overthrowing Church and throne, our candidate for the Order of St. Francis soon played a conspicuous part. On and on swept the deluge of blood and anarchy, until all Europe was shaken to its foundations. The boldest, most relentless, most blood-thirsty spirit of the all-engulfing movement was he, the once gentle, devout and God-fearing Maximilian Robespierre, anon the crime-dyed executioner of France, the man of blood, the heartless regicide, the monster of the blackest days of woe that ever dawned on doomed and bleeding France.—*St. Anthony's Messenger.*