

himself properly, and he is to-day a model young man.

I had him call upon me and asked him about his prospects for the future, and his life during his absence, and this is what he told me :

"My extreme love of adulation was my downfall. I longed for the company my witticisms could court about me. The well learned people I had met were my equals in conversational powers, but that was not sufficient for me. I acquired a thirst for drink, and did my utmost to gratify my desires in company with those who, in their ignorance, looked up to me as a scholar and a gentleman.

"I neglected to attend to my religious duties, and instead of striving to serve God, rendered homage to Mammon. When all seemed lost, the light burst upon me and I turned my thoughts homeward, and the devotion of a good and pure woman and her mother wooed me back to the path of grace. I sought for hard work, labor I could perform, and my reformation induced kind people to give me one more chance. I have it now and ask for the prayers of the faithful to keep me in the path of grace."

Tears were in his eyes as he concluded and I encouraged him in his resolutions and to-day I believe he is attentive to his duties and hopes to take his proper station in the near future among those he neglected so long ago. This end will be acquired by the aid of Our Lady of Carmel and the prayers of patrons of the Review.

Stanley.

THE SCAPULAR.

A soldier of the garrison at the city of Luxemburg, Jacquin by name, while riding through the country, found, not far from Cirque, a Frenchman in a most pitiable state, who appeared more like a rotten carcass than a human being. Several parts of his body had been corrupted, emitting a most intolerable stench. Jacquin, when he saw that the apparently dead man raised his hand, approached him, not without feelings of horror and asked him if he was a Catholic and desired the assistance of a priest. By repeatedly raising his hand, the

Frenchman seemed to give an affirmative answer. Moved with pity and charity the soldier hastened to the Convent of the Carthusians, about a quarter of a mile from Cirque. The prior of the place immediately repaired to the spot and heard the confession of the dying man, who made it in clear and intelligible words, although before, he had not been able to speak one word. Having received absolution he declared to the bystanders, that having been mortally wounded at the siege of Diesenhofen, (1639) he was left by his comrades as dead. He acknowledged that his remaining alive in such a condition till the present moment was owing altogether to Mary, whose livery he wore. Then pulling out a brown Scapular and kissing it repeatedly he happily departed this life. (Raph. a. s. Jos. sign. sal.) —Flavius.

PASSING OF A GREAT SOUL.

Father Ryan is no more ! The news came as a great shock to the countless number of the dead priest's friends. That great heart which for so many years had beaten almost solely in response to his untiring zeal and efforts on behalf of his people, had at last ceased its work. His was indeed a noble soul. A man of great learning, and with the simplicity of manner of a child ; he well exemplified the Master's exhortation, "Unless ye become like unto little children."

All who ever came in contact with this nobleman of nature were struck forcibly by the largeness of soul ; the breadth and deep humanity of his mind. He was ever intensely alive to all that concerned the welfare of his people ; and with Father Ryan "his people" truly meant, "mankind of every description," though, naturally, his own flock were uppermost in his mind.

His name will live as a benediction amongst us all our lives. May his soul rest in peace.

Gratitude is memory of the heart.

He who offers God a second place offers Him no place.

He is idle who may be better employed.—Scotch Proverb.