

have been paid for in this way, but we have hopes that all will be christened in the same charitable manner.

All our subscribers and readers are invited to attend the solemn ceremony of the opening on Thursday, June 15. An excursion train on the Michigan Central to the Hospice grounds will leave Buffalo at 7.30 a.m. on that day. The fare for the round trip will be only 50 cents. Trains will leave the grounds about 8 p.m. Our friends who are coming from other points in the States will do well to connect with this train at the New York Central station in Buffalo. Canadian visitors can easily reach the grounds by the Canadian Park Electric Railway. This trolley line connects with boats from Toronto at Queenston, Ont., and with

the Grand Trunk Railway at the Bridge. We hope to see a large gathering of our friends on this solemn occasion.

After the 15th of June we can offer hospitality to a limited number of visitors. To secure lodging at the Hospice, our friends, who contemplate a stay of a few days, should notify us at least ten to fifteen days ahead. A certificate as benefactor or subscriber to THE CARMELITE REVIEW will be sufficient to make you a welcome guest. Those who have hitherto not been in communication with us must present references from their pastors or confessors to be admitted.

The dates of retreats, as soon as we are ready to give them, will be made known in these pages and in the principal Catholic papers of the country.

A Famous Shrine.

There are famous shrines of Mary throughout the world, but few are more ancient or more curious than the chapel of "Our Lady of Peace" in Normandy. An oak under which the Druids offered their heathen rites, paying actually divine honors to it; a tree consecrated by the earliest apostles of Gaul to Jesus and Mary; a tree beneath whose shade William marshalled his Norman hosts before he led them to the conquest of England; a tree under which the returning warriors of the first crusade told to wandering crowds the story of their strange adventures in the Morning Land; a tree which time hollowed out to form a crypt for a chapel in honor of Mary—it still stands revered by all hearts as their dearest monument. This venerable tree, the last of the chapel trees, is thirty-five feet round the trunk, and in spite of its centuries, each spring still robes it in green. The statue of Mary had dedicated it to her, so when ages ago time hollowed it out,

the people lined the hollow trunk with white marble, and set up within this crypt an altar surmounted by a beautiful marble Madonna. In this tree-shrine Mass is celebrated. A flight of steps leads up to it; and above, amidst its still brilliant foliage, towers an iron cross surmounting a little hermit cell, to which a winding stair encircling the tree leads you up. Even this little chapel is ancient and the people cling to it so devotedly that, when during the French Revolution the envoys of the infidel government were sent to seize and destroy it the people flew to arms, and presented so bold a defiance that the deputies of the National Assembly left them masters of the field, and this was the only spot where the old faith was openly practised in that part of Normandy, hearing on its portal amid the hurricane of civil war and desolation its long honored title: *Notre Dame de la Paix*—"Our Lady of Peace."