

world by day and night, while men and their affairs clatter outside. The retreat in some monastic house is merely this sweet silence prolonged, while the interior voice speaks to the awakened conscience.

Why should this spiritual luxury be left to the clergy ? Have not men in the world souls also which they treasure and try to purify ? Why, therefore should it seem strange of men and women of the world to seek God in the solitude and silence of the religious retreat ? There is nothing strange in such conduct. To leave one's desk, to hold one's tongue for a week, to look at the crucifix even for a short while and rest one's weary eyes from temptations at which we have been staring blindly for many a day, and then to listen to the truth and not to customary lies that is a prospect to tempt even a pagan, let alone a Christian.

VISITOR.

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### MOTHERS' PRAYER.

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WE cannot better illustrate the power of a good mother's prayer than by reciting the following touching incident that happened during the Franco-Prussian war.

There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made to her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire : " Do not forget to pray for me. " She did not forget to do what he had asked, but prayed for him morning and evening. One Wednesday afternoon this mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind she could not tell why or how, but so it was that her son was in great danger, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so, and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger ; he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army in the battle of Buffalora. Soldiers