

more respected, honored and revered; her weakness was her strength.

Now, alas! threatening shadows hover over these peaceful retreats, and soon the French soldiery will have a sorrowful mission. They will be seen breaking open the houses of virgins consecrated to God, and chasing from his poor cell, and from his beloved chapel, separating him from the dear companions of his self-imposed captivity, that Carmelite, or that servant of God, whose only crime will have been that he worked ceaselessly for his soul's salvation, praying for his church and for his country, whose happiness and peace he was far removed from troubling by word or deed.

We repeat it, that self-interest, ambition, avarice, licentiousness, hatred, and all other passions could not inspire in the human breast, even if as evil as one can imagine, such excesses.

Satanic intervention alone can be pointed out as the cause, and we do not fear to affirm that from some of the Masonic Lodges, at one and the same time temples and schools of Satan himself, comes a part of this infernal breath that goes over France, making it traverse this strange and lamentable path, which astonishes and rejoices its enemies, and which fills with pain and grief its sorrow-stricken children.

Here is the scene of which we spoke at first, and which confirms what we have put forward:—

Father Iandel, a Dominican, preaching at Lyons, was obliged by a presentiment to instruct the faithful in the virtues of the Sign of the Cross; he did not resist this inspiration, and so preached them.

At the entrance to the cathedral he was joined by a man, who said to him, "Sir, do you believe that which you have just taught?"

"If I did not believe it I would not teach it," he replied. "I do not teach what I do not believe. The virtue of the Sign of the Cross is

recognized by the church, and I hold as certain its virtue."

"Truly," replies his questioner, astonished, "You believe? Well, I am a Freemason, and I do not believe; but since I am profoundly surprised at what you have taught, I shall propose to you to put the Sign of the Cross to the test. Every evening we meet in such a street, at such a number; the Devil himself comes and presides at the meeting. Come this evening with me. We shall stand at the door of the hall; you will make the Sign of the Cross over the meeting, and I will see if what you say is true."

"I believe in the power of the Sign of the Cross," said Father Iandel, "but I cannot, without having maturely deliberated, put it to the test. Give me three days."

"When you wish to test your faith, I am at your command," replied the Freemason, and he gave his address to the Dominican.

Father Iandel forthwith repaired to Monseigneur de Bonald, and asked him if he ought, in the name of the Cross, to accept the challenge. The Archbishop brought together several divines, and discussed for some time the pros. and cons., and finally all agreed that Father Iandel ought to accept. "Go, my son," said Monseigneur de Bonald when giving him his benediction, "and may God be with you."

There yet remained for Father Iandel forty-eight hours; he spent them in prayer, in self-mortification, and in commending himself to the prayers of his friends, and towards the evening of the day named he knocked at the door of the Freemason.

The latter waited for him. Nothing disclosed the monk; he had clothed himself in layman's dress, and under this he had concealed a large cross. They started out, and soon reached a large hall, luxuriously furnished, and so brilliantly lighted that the eyes were dazzled. They stopped