

the world in her day. Yet no word of protest came from her lips. The sins of men caused her an anguish compared to which, the most burning zeal of an apostle were but a flickering flame. Yet no remonstrance came from her who had no interests in the world save those of God and souls. Solitude is the city of the strong, and silence their prayer. In these days of the "New Woman," (a character happily unknown amongst the children of Mary,) the life of her who is the most perfect model of her sex, looms up in a very striking light. The light of other days, 'tis true, but it has lost none of its clear brilliancy. No, the virgin wax tapers that burn on Mary's Shrine are the fitting emblem of her light that shines in purity and beauty, reflected in the lives of her children, and going on from age to age even unto the perfect day. Give us no more of the "New Woman" type. Alas! for the days when the distaff is exchanged for the wheel, which knows more of bloomers than of linen in beautiful variety. When knight and lady alike are astride, and when the flowing drapery which added grace to beauty is a thing of the past, as are the days of Esther and the woman's kingdom, now that the bicycle is the beast of burden. Not very seemly are such thoughts for the twilights of August. No, let us leave them for the garish light of day and the dusty high roads of the world's thoroughfares. Rather let us draw a sigh of relief as we raise our weary eyes to the true harvest home which Mary, the perfect woman, has reached. 'Tis like the refreshing rain that falls "after the dust and heat," the thought of her on Assumption Day. Some of us know what the sense of exile is. The long years of separation from all the heart holds dear. The yearning for scenes and faces that are a part of our very selves. The feeling of utter desolation which comes over the heart at the thought that life is passing, and the distance 'twixt us and the arms of those we love is lengthening. Happy we if tears can relieve the longing eyes and aching hearts. What then of Mary, during her fifteen years of weary waiting for home and her beloved Son! And oh! what of the rapture of her Assumption Day. How good is God, and how royally He repays those who wait for Him! So, with the help of the blessed beads that crown our dear Mother day by day even

during *our* weary exile, let us while away the twilights of August. Would that one and all we could pass them among the mountains. Then, with our eyes fixed on the heights, we could frame sweet pictures of hope and promise, and build our castles, not in Spain, but in heaven. Yes, let us take heart of hope. *Some* bright Lady Day in Harvest we will look *down*, not up; then how small will earth and its dreary vales appear, when we view them from the skies. May our dear Lady of Peace hasten the blessed day.

SAVED BY THE ANGELUS BELL.

THE following beautiful instance of a providential escape from death occurred in Austria. Two brothers, aged nine and four respectively, were playing towards mid-day at a brook close to a mill. The small brother happened to fall into the water. Immediately the elder brother, well aware of the danger, jumped in after him, which, though at that place shallow enough, began to flow rapidly towards the mill, which was only twenty paces off. The younger brother was therefore in the greatest danger of being carried away by the current, and if not saved there and then, he would be torn to pieces by the wheel, meeting with a certain and cruel death. The elder brother, aided by the current, was lucky enough to get hold of the younger one; already he had grasped with one arm his half-dead brother, but, as seemed certain, only to die with him. With a fearfully increasing rapidity both brothers were carried by the current to the revolving wheel, and nobody seemed to hear the shouting and screaming of the elder boy. Already the two brothers were touching the wheel, and the elder one was caught in it, when, behold, at the last critical moment the wheel suddenly stops—the *Angelus bell is tolling*—and barehead and praying appears the miller who, at the sound of the Angelus bell, had stopped the wheel and mill, for the usual time of prayer and the mid-day rest, and both the brothers were saved;—*Exchange*.

LET the action be ever so insignificant it is impossible to perform it without the help of Him, without whom nothing can be done.—ST. AUGUSTINE.