

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Our Lady of the Scapular Protects Her Clients.

I.

One of the most appalling catastrophes is fire, and no one can see the lurid flames mounting higher and higher as if eager to consume whatever might come in their path, without a thrill of terror, and a shudder of fear.

In vain the gallant firemen would put forth their best efforts if our Lord did not assist them in extinguishing the flames. His divine Mother, too, seems to show forth her power in checking the fiery element on earth, even as she tempers the ardor of those flames which encircle her children of the suffering Church.

There was in China a very good faithful Catholic, who unhappily was mated for her life to a pagan, and one of the very worst specimens at that. He was an opium fiend, brutal in manner, and jealous as a Turk. All she had to console her was the annual mission to which she looked eagerly forward, and the scapular, the little badge she was always careful to replace by a new one at the yearly visit of the priest. On one occasion when she returned on the following day the priest asked, in response to her petition for another scapular, what had she done with that one she had so recently received.

"I will tell you, Father! We lodge with a pagan at one end of a court where there is always a large quantity of sorgham. The night after you gave me the scapular, we were awakened by the brilliant light which illumined the court, and by the cry of fire, for indeed the whole court was ablaze. My poor children could not cross that sea of fire. My husband swore and raved like a mad man. I fell on my knees, took off my scapular, and wrapping it round a stone cast it in the midst of the flames. The fire at once abated, then it stopped. Our poor home, with all our belongings, was saved. Thanks to Mary. The next day, accompanied by some Christians, I went to look for

my scapular, but being under the debris I could not find it. (Her lively faith would not permit her to say that it was perhaps burned.) I therefore came in all haste to ask for another."

II.

The city of Saint Anlaye, in the diocese of Perigueux, was in danger of being destroyed by a terrible conflagration. It was during the progress of a mission. One of the priests called to a young man in the church noted for his faith and devotion and before the assembled multitude said: "Jalagie, go to the fire and throw your scapular into the flames." The youth obeyed, and rushing past the terrified citizens, cried out as he went, "Pray to the blessed Virgin, I am going to put out the fire!" And then as he cast his scapular into the flames, a column of fire rose grandly aloft to the height of fifteen feet, then gradually sank, leaving darkness to follow in its path. "Thanks to the Queen of the Scapular," cried the faithful. "The boy is a sorcerer," cried the impious. Rather would they believe him to be a wizard than to acknowledge the protection of Mary! Next day appeared a new proof of her power, when the scapular was found unharmed amid the still living embers.

III.

On the eighth of May there happened to the train bound for Versailles an accident, the terrible details of which will not soon be forgotten. More than one hundred dead and many injured were heaped up amid the wreck and debris of the shattered cars. Fire added its horrors to the scene, and many who escaped the wreck fell victims to the flames. On the morrow attention was attracted to a young man who had been only slightly injured, and who protested that he owed his escape to Lady of the Scapular. "I was the only one in my car who wore the scapular, and all unknown to myself, I found myself safely landed at some distance from the wreck with but the slightest injury, while my poor fellow travelers were dying or dead.