

relate this incident, and to recall the promise of the Blessed Virgin. "*In quo quis moriens aeternum non patietur incendium.*"

In 1640, upon the frontiers of Lorraine, a detachment of infantry having been surprised by a company of light horse from the enemy, the Captain ordered that no quarter should be given to those who had thus fallen into his hands. One of these latter had received several severe wounds already, and when, to finish the work, a soldier gave him several thrusts with his bayonet, and even beat him upon the head, the suffering hero said with a coolness which astonished them: "Try as you will you cannot take away my life. I am a child of Mary. I wear her Scapular, and she will not let me die without confession." "Why did you not speak before? We would have given you your life. But, make an Act of Contrition, and be content, for there is certainly no priest to be had." To these kind words, spoken by one of the cavaliers, the soldier replied: "I still hope that God will grant me this favor," and in truth, although sadly mutilated, he still had sufficient strength to drag himself along the road to Metz. A priest led thither by Providence passed that way. He made his confession to him, and received the absolution—final pledge of Mary's protection—for which his soul had so ardently longed—then full of faith and hope he died at the feet of the priest.—(Fr. Lejeune, oratorian; Fr. Jerome, the Fathers de la Colombiere and Theophile Raynaud, Jesuits; Fr. Brocard of St. Theresa, Carmelite; L'abbé de Sambuay, Canon at Paris.)

A Lieutenant of Cavalry at Lorraine, who wore the Scapular, was stricken with a pestilence which carried away numberless victims. He was deaf to all the advice and entreaties of anxious friends, who urged him to go to confession before he died. Our Lord waited with patience, and every opportunity was given him to make his peace with God.

The unhappy man could neither live nor die, and not wishing to be converted, he tore the Scapular from his neck, threw it away, and died in the most utter despair.—FR. MATHIAS of St. John, "*True Devotion.*" Ch. xxiii.

It was related that a man, who was to all appearances at the very point of death, and who had most obstinately refused to make his peace with God, still lingered on to the surprise of all. The physician had given him up, and at each visit expected to find him dead. One day, when those who attended the invalid were changing his linen, they inadvertently drew off the Scapular as well. The unfortunate man instantly fell back, and, with all his sins, went to appear before his terrible Judge. They knew then to what cause they should attribute the prolongation of a life, which, according to all human calculations, should have ended long before.

At the Marine Hospital at Toulon, an officer, who had led a very dissipated life, was daily expected to die. Full of the ideas of Voltaire, he would not hear of confession, the very name of religion would make him furious. In vain did the zealous Chaplain of the house, and the good Sisters, who had been most devoted in their ministrations, redouble their efforts and prayers. Nothing seemed to move him. Meanwhile the malady made frightful progress, and the prayers went on with even greater fervor than before. One of the Sisters proposed to put a Blessed Scapular upon him, but scarcely had he been touched by the holy habit of Mary, than, awakening from semi-unconsciousness, he cried out in a terrible voice: "Take it off; take it off! Do you think I will not be in hell soon enough? Why have you brought it's fire to burn me here?" His words were interrupted by frightful convulsions. They took off the Scapular, and he fell into the same lethargic state. Some hours later on they tried to put it on again, but he tore it off with fearful blasphemies, and died in his impenitent state.—P. HUGGET, *La Devotion a Marie en exemples, tome II, p. 62.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY proceeds from independence.

SUSPICION is the sure road to misunderstanding.

The most innocent pleasures are the sweetest, the most affecting, and the most lasting.