

A Charitable Wearer of the Scapular.

Not so very long ago, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the so-called Brandburg miners in Germany, a rich man, the owner of the mines, assembled his workmen and spoke to them words of thanks for their faithfulness. And to give them, as he said, a substantial token of his love, he made them a present of twenty-five thousand dollars, which he had put in the savings bank for the benefit of all. Each workman had a certain sum in the bank, which he was supposed to leave there on interest, unless he was urged by special needs at home, to go and draw his money. So far the agreement—and now what happened? Not a few of the workmen, it is said, as soon as the chance was given, were in a hurry to draw their money for the support of their families, as they pretended. Of course, the rich man said nothing; he let them go. But what did he do in his turn? He went to the banker and told him to double the shares of those of his working men who had not drawn their money. And who did this? Who was the generous giver? He was a child of Mary, a faithful wearer of the Brown, Count Ballestrem, the President of the German Reichstag. It is related of him, that during the Franco-German war, when an officer in the army of his country, quarters were assigned him one day at the house of a French lady of rank. Soon after his arrival, the Count, as a matter of courtesy, sent to the rich lady, asking when it would be agreeable for him to come to pay his respects to her. The lady declined to receive one who was the enemy of her country. A day or two later, however, a circumstance, trifling as it were, in itself, made the lady change her mind. The Count found his scapular torn and gave it to one of his soldiers to mend for him. The latter's fingers proved too clumsy for the task, and he took it to the rich lady's servant-maid, begging her to do the work for him. When the scapular was brought back, it was accompanied by a message from her mistress. In the note the rich lady told the Count that she no longer refused to receive one in whom she recognized a devout servant of Mary.

A.M.D.G.

Homeland Beauties.

Beautiful the homeland rapture,
And its everlasting peace,
When the weary ones are restful
And all pains of exile cease.
Beautiful the homeland music
On that tranquil, far-off shore,
Where the golden harps are thrilling
With God's praise for evermore.

Beautiful the homeland welcomes
After lapse of many years,
When "farewells!" were often murmured
Sadly, through a mist of tears.
Beautiful the homeland angels,
Still more beautiful their Queen,
With a diadem of star-gems,
And arrayed in sun-lit sheen.

Beautiful the homeland vision
Of our Saviour's holy Face!
Radiant "lamp" in life of glory,
As, on earth, in life of grace,
Faith reveals these homeland beauties,
Hope aspires to things above,
As we glide so swiftly onward
To the homeland of God's love.
Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

*—Apac. xxi, 23.

The great doers of history have always been men of faith.—Chapin.

Half the ease of life oozes away through the leaks of unpunctuality.

Our prayers are ships. We send them to no uncertain port. They are destined for the throne of grace; and while they take a cargo of supplications from us, they come back laden with riches of Divine grace.

We never know how rotten the tree is until it falls, and how unstable the wall until it crumbles. And so in the moral nature of men, subtle forces eat their way silently and imperceptibly to the very centre.

Read all history; the despotism of kings, the revels of wealth and luxury wrung from the toils of the poor can never be glorified. The good, the morally sublime, those who have blessed the world, live in the memory of love and mankind.