

## SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

The following interesting fact in connection with the Scapular of Mount Carmel comes from the Catholic Seminary at Versailles, France. One day, not long ago, five of the pupils had permission to plunge into a bed of water large and deep in quest of water lilies. Those on land soon heard cries for help, and then saw one of the swimmers struggle, sink and disappear. In catching at a lily he had become entangled by water plants. The other swimmers went to his assistance, but without success, and were in danger of drowning also. Their companions on *terra firma* fell on their knees and began invoking the Blessed Virgin amid the gibes of a curious crowd. The head of the youth who had disappeared showed itself above water. His words were: "Without the Blessed Virgin it would have been all over with me."

He remained in this position, sustained by an invisible hand, until a boat was procured. Into this, like a bundle of weeds and plants, he was dragged with difficulty. His account was: "My feelings were at first those of rage on seeing myself about to die. Then I seemed to experience all the horrors of death. Then I thought of invoking Our Lady, and I called upon her as well as I could in the water, saying: 'Blessed Virgin save me.' At that moment my eyes opened and I saw my Scapular rising to the surface. I caught it and rose with it. In this position, with my head above water and with more than twenty pounds weight of weeds and plants about my feet and hands, I remained until the boat came." The master of the Versailles swimming baths declares this fact to be at variance with the laws of natation.

## Flowers of Dreamland.

"Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams."—Tennyson.



LOOMING in the fields ethereal  
Where all pains forever cease,  
Flow'rets from the earth transplanted  
"Lilies of eternal peace."

Haunting still our shady dreamland,  
With sweet odors of the past;  
Lighting, as the silvery star-gleams,  
Shades of night around us cast.

Ah! we sadly watched our dear ones  
Drooping slowly to their rest,  
But the—Angel—reapers bore them  
To a soil forever blest.

Clothed in spotless garb their spirits,  
Flowers of God's love and grace,  
Springing forth to life-immortal  
In the light of His own Face.

Hopefully they soothe our sighings  
For that fair eternal shore,  
'Where, with love, they still await us  
In God's peace forever more.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.