

with rapturous gratitude His mercies in the Most Holy Sacrament, which was their "place of pasture" on earth until they attained the vision of His face in Heaven. Let us echo the glowing aspirations of St. Thomas, "Angel of the schools and of the Altar":

"Bene Pastor, Panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere,
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium."

—Lauda Sion.

Jesus! Shepherd of the sheep
Thou thy flock in safety keep;
Living Bread! Thy life supply
Strengthen us or else we die,

Fill us with celestial grace!

—Enfant de Marie

St. Clare's.

SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

The following letter was written by a poor widow to a person acquainted with her troubles. The letter is dated January 8, 1889.

My troubles increase every day. The loss of my employment, the impossibility for my son to leave, are the climax of the difficulties which have been harrassing me so long a time. But I have most solemnly promised not to hasten the hour of my death and, though I have to suffer very much, I shall keep my oath. For, hardly two months ago, I have tried to die and without a miracle of Divine Providence I would have been lost eternally! Judge for yourself the infinite mercy God has shown to me.

Towards the end of last October, having no means whatever, being a burden to my son-in-law, without work though I tried very hard to find some, I gave way to distress and despair and went to drown myself in the Seine, looking at death as a deliverance from all miseries. What I suffered that day is impos-

sible to describe. Leaving Paris in the morning I went towards St. Cloud. On the way I thought of my past life. At six o'clock in the evening, at a lonesome place, after having prayed the Rosary and the Angelus, I, without any hesitation, jumped into the Seine. Nobody can understand the tortures of my agony. Nevertheless, all my thoughts centered in God and in the Blessed Virgin. At the moment when death seemed certain, at the moment I was going to be lost eternally, Providence saved me! As far as I am able I will give you a full account. In the fearful convulsions, caused by asphyxia, I suddenly felt the touch of a hand, but neither touch nor hand seemed human. This hand—this supernatural support—raised me from the depths to the surface of the river. At this moment of grace God permitted that a belated laborer saw from afar a floating black mass. The brave man threw himself into the water, and, not without much trouble, taking hold of my shawl and my dress, brought me to the shore. His hand had not touched me. The indefinable sensation I had had came from my Saviour. I will not attempt to express what took place in my heart since that time. There are secrets which cannot be written down and which can be told only while we are kneeling down, confessing with a low voice our sins. After my miraculous rescue I was brought back, a dying woman, to Paris. The Superior of a convent took me to her house and there, my soul and my body being taken care of, I recovered under the influence of a generous and sympathizing charity, which I forever shall hold in deep gratitude.

Never, never,—with the help of God—shall I forget the protection I was favored with at a moment when I gave way to despair. Never shall I abandon the Scapular which on that day I had on me.