

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

A Knight of the Scapular.

From the Canadian Messenger

I. HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

Ludovic Leslie, his father had called him, in honor of St. Louis of France, and in memory of brave old battle-scarred Ludovic Leslie of Louis XI's Archer Guard—Captain Cassils had been reading "Quentin Durward" just before his son was born. Mrs. Cassils, who had a good, old-fashioned, wifely belief that everything her husband did must be right—was he not the bravest, wisest, handsomest and best of men?—acquiesced without a word, and, so, her only boy was Ludovic Leslie Cassils.

He was her only boy, indeed, now. Her husband had died when Ludovic was a baby, died as a Catholic Highland soldier should die, fighting for his Queen and for his country. Mrs. Cassils was content that it should be so. The laddie who had won her heart, her first and only love, had gone, first, to the Land o' the Leal, and was waiting for her there. But there was their wee laddie to fend for, to guard, to guide, to bring up, just such another man as his fahter had been—if that were possible.

And, to-day, her wee laddie, grown up, tall, strong and bonny, his father's very self, was to bid her goodbye. He, too, was to fight for his Queen and country; was not his name in the war office "Gazette"?—"Ludovic Leslie Cassils, Esq., to be Lieutenant in Her Majesty's —th regiment of Highland Light infantry." Who was she that she should say him nay? His mother? Had not her lover, her Ronald, her

husband, fought for his Queen and country in the same regiment?

Proud? Why should the boy not be proud? And, if his mother and his distant cousin, Jessie McLeod, who lived with them, thought him, in his new uniform, the finest, handsomest, bonniest laddie that ever wore kilt, who shall blame them?

"Dinna greet, (cry) Mither," said the boy, when the "Good-bye" moment came. It was not manly to cry, to be sure, but there were tears in his eyes, for all that he tried to speak bravely, and to cheer his mother. "Dinna greet, I'll be home again when the war's ended." He spoke, as he always did, when laboring under any emotion, in the kindly Scot's tongue they all loved best.

"God keep ye, God keep ye," said the mother clinging to him, and smiling through her tears, "ye'll no forget your mither, will ye my ain bairn? Your mither in the Highland home, and your Mother in Heaven?"

"That will I no," answered the boy, gently, "I'll aye be your bairn, mither mine, and our Lady's knight."

"Our Lady keep ye sae," returned Mrs. Cassils, kissing him fondly, "and may your faither, in Paradise, pray to her for you my laddie. And noo," she continued, speaking more cheerily, by an effort such as mothers only know, "kiss me once mair, my ain bairn, and gie a kiss to your cousin Jessie, then leave us women to greet, and go fight for our Lady, and for our gude Queen."

It is not manly to cry, it is true; but Ludovic Cassils shed many tears, after the parting was over, and when a turn