

judgment, *that* is a hungry pain which is so awful that only the saints of God know what it means. Now, if we loved our dear dead in life—and oh! how tenderly we *did* love them, *can* we be idle in November, when they are calling to us so piteously for help?

Oh! no, a thousand times no. We will work for them and suffer for them, and make a ladder of our prayers whereby they may quickly mount to heaven. Why, we can be *so* busy with their cause in November that we will have no time to think of ourselves—no time for sin, nor foolish talk, nor silly reading, nor selfishness of *any* kind—and oh! how our dear angel guardian will smile as he sees us fast growing into saints all because of love for our dear dead. But, you may say, *I* have no dear dead—all *I* love are around me. Well then, dear children, learn to be generous and *buy* your future happiness by charity to the dear dead of God. They *should* be yours also—for in November the whole world is one—all are kith and kin in praying and weeping for the Church suffering, and the prayers of the young are especially dear and precious in God's sight.

So now set to work. One little aspiration: "My Jesus mercy!"—that is all—but, 100 days' Indulgence for it every time. So who would not be willing to say it over and over again—going along the street, in school, at play—any time, every time you think of it? Let it rise like a mountain to the heart of Him who, "like all good fathers, wants his children home."

Bishop Grant, of England, lovely, saintly soul as he was, used to teach the children, who were happy enough to hear him talk, this little aspiration: "Dear Immaculate Mother, open the door of heaven to the suffering souls

in Purgatory!" He used to write it on the blackboard when he visited a school, he taught it to grown men and women, and now in turn the Secretary teaches it to you. Use it—write it down, say ten copies of it—become missionaries for the poor souls during November, and you will only know in eternity how very generously God remembers charity to his suffering children.

Dear children, learn to comfort those who are in sorrow. Oh! if you only knew what it is to have a kind and tender heart which is only happy when it is making others so. Be very sweet and loving to those who are in trouble—and how many are. An act of kindness shown us when we are in sorrow is never forgotten. A poor child in a great public school of New York was crying bitterly one day, because some one was talking of loving one's dear mother and holding on to her as the most precious thing in *life*. She was a dull stupid-looking child, and a trial in the school. The lady who was talking saw the little one's grief, and, without seeming to notice it, passed down the aisle of the class room, still talking, bent down and kissed the child.

It was like a miracle. That child was starved, hungry for kindness, for love, and her poor little heart was touched, not by her own sorrow, but another's responded to sympathy, and the once dull, uninteresting child changed, and came out of her shell as it were, all because of one kind act.

No one can resist kindness. Show it then lovingly and faithfully all this month to those who need it most. Your turn will come some day—and as you sow, so shall you reap.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.