

sed in the highest degree of that stimulating brightening influence, cheerfulness.

A Catholic certainly does not associate long faces and cold stern looks with religion. Cheerfulness, indeed, ought among us to be as universal as a knowledge of the Catechism. But is it, even among those whose particular duty and pride it is to make home attractive, life, graceful; who willingly and ungrudgingly perform all the different parts of the task, and too often neglect this crown of their labors. A sermon might be preached upon the moral effect.

It is just like our best speeches and pretty clothes, cheerfulness may be thought by some unnecessary in the privacy of home, perhaps smacking somewhat at hypocrisy, but it is the virtue prized most in sickness or in health, in trouble or prosperity, and that exists only as the habit of one's life.

There is none more deserving of sympathy and praise than the mother whose life is all one sacrifice; the sister or daughter whose names are synonyms with self-sacrifice, but can they wish to show those whom they love best the labor and cost of their sacrifice. Would they not rather rejoice that they can accomplish so much. Yet we do meet discontent, fretfulness and gloominess.

The lack of sociability among Catholics has called forth not a few comments lately in the press. The fact is stated over and over again, but no remedy suggested, nor no scapegoat singled out to bear the blame for this lack of charity.

With the woman lies the remedy. If each would act as if individually responsible. Be generous and magnanimous, not spasmodically but continuously; show the concern for young people especially, they would have been grateful to

receive themselves, the reproach would soon be silenced.

* * * * *

The long evenings are fast approaching with their opportunities for reading, and for hearing and seeing one's reading illustrated. It cannot be too often impressed upon young people, that time spent in desultory reading is time wasted—is not even recreation. An attentive notice continued over a few days of the patrons and frequenters of any of our Public Libraries will be sufficient to prove that reading can degenerate into a vice; and will prompt the resolution that this winter's books—shall lead somewhere. One of the beauties to be derived from membership in a literary Society is this direction in the matter of books and studies. A wise arrangement and one that cannot fail but prove gratifying is to hang one's reading on a hobby, or even a pad—should a deeper interest be lacking.

The girl who studies music and loves it has infinite resources. She can study history, sacred or profane, ancient and modern, as she traces the origin and development of music; her powers of comparison and deduction will be well practised in following the differences and relations of the separate schools in music; the distinguishing characteristics of different styles of composition; there will be no romance more fascinating than the lines of musicians and composers. The same holds good for her who is gifted with artistic taste and aspirations; the possibilities are even greater. As for one devoted to the natural sciences while the literature of the day is teeming with information and new discoveries for her. She can study with profit and pleasure the different roads that led to the present outlook.