

of these great sons of hers. They were made of the same flesh and blood as we are—they were men of courage—weak as they were, they were giants in thought—they feared nothing when God's honor was at stake—they became willing instruments in the hands of the Holy Spirit, and conceived noble plans, which like the mustard seed have spread to gigantic proportions. How it must rejoice the hearts of these saints to see thousands walking in their holy footsteps, and the great things being done for God under the same banner which they themselves threw to the breeze. Centuries have rolled by, but the memory of these saintly heroes is ever fresh, and with gladness do we, year after year, chant their praises.

The Most Pure Heart of Mary.

Love grows cold. Time changes it—our best friends cease to love us—everything is changeable, so much so that we lose faith in all earthly affection. How many a poor deluded soul pined away with grief on account of unrequited love! and love is so selfish. Too true indeed is it of all human love. But is there nowhere to be found a heart true and loving—a heart that will embrace us and never forsake us—a heart that will love us when all the world forsakes us—when the darkest clouds envelope us—when all seems lost? Yes, there is one such heart—the most pure heart of Mary. Holy church wishes to advise us of this when, on the 29th of this month, she honors the immaculate heart of Mary. Mary's loving heart is true, constant and merciful. Go to it! There you will find rest, peace and consolation.

Without Decay.

What worry, expense and anxiety to keep intact this human casket of ours! What sacrifices are not made

and actual suffering undergone in order to preserve our bodily life and beauty? How we fear the approach of decay, and how we try to fight against it. But all in vain. Human flesh withers as the grass. Everything ends in the grave. The heart will some day cease to beat and fall to dust. But is no one spared this cruel fate? Ah, yes; but only one, she, the fairest among earth's daughters—Mary—the spotless one. She lives. Her body is intact. No decay approaches her. Her heart is still young, and day and night never ceases to beat and yearn with love for us in this land of exile. Our Queen is immortal; she has passed the gates of death and is waiting to receive us into the city of endless life. Let us redouble our fervor and spend heaven—in spirit—with Mary on the day of her glorious Assumption.

The Patroness of the American Carmel.

It was a happy thought to dedicate all our Carmelite houses in America to the "Most Pure Heart of Mary," and make it the official and hallowed title of our young and vigorous province, which, we are sure, has ever been near to our mother's immaculate heart. We feel grateful to that same pure heart for untold blessings. May it shower new blessings on all those who, by prayer or labor, help us to spread the reign of the Queen of Carmel.

The Heart of a Carmelite.

In this "month of hearts" we have a special festival in honor of a Carmelite saint—namely, the *Transfiguring of the Heart of St. Teresa*. The whole life of St. Teresa could be summed up in one word—love. How her heart must have burned with devotion to the mother of God! Teresa's heart was ever in harmony with the heart of