

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The month of November, with its dark days and cheerless skies, is in striking contrast to the charming Indian summer, which makes October the queen month of the year.

And yet this bleak sunless November holds in itself a strong reminder of the lesson, which our holy mother the Church, in her wisdom, desires to teach her children.

The mournful sound of the wind, as it falls on our ears, seems like the voices of our dear dead calling to us from their exile in that sunless land of souls where they yearn for the sight of God, which is the perfect day of eternity.

November, cold and bleak and mournful as it is, does more work for the glory of God than any other month of the year. See how unselfish people grow during this month of the holy souls, as it is lovingly called.

Comfort, and pleasure, and self-indulgence are all forgotten where there is question of the beloved dead who have carried away with them our very hearts, so hard does it seem to live on after them and take up the burden of a life which without them is desolation.

In November a strange peace steals into the souls of the sorrowing, as the world disappears and they live another life drawn nearer to God and the holy dead.

God in His tender mercy seems

prodigal of consolation at this season of the year, and eyes long unused to tears shed them in love and submission, without a thought of bitterness against that adorable Will, which does all things well.

Dear children, you will say, *we* do not want to hear a prosy talk like this about death and tears and suffering—they are not for us now.

No, I fondly hope they are not for you now, nor may they be for many happy years—but sweet sympathy and love for those who suffer, *that* is for you now, all the sweeter because it comes from your young hearts, to whom sorrow is a stranger.

Even the very little ones of the household can be taught to pray for the dear dead. The Secretary knows a darling little boy not five years old who prays morning and night for his dead father and talks about him as "waiting to see God."

Let every boy and girl, who reads this letter, try to become "helpers of the holy souls."

In New York there is a band of devoted women, religious, who are known by this touching name, and who are doing great things for God and souls all for the holy dead who are prisoners of divine justice.

Think, dear children, what it would be to spend years and years dying of hunger and yet unable to die. That is just the case with the holy souls in Purgatory. The pain of loss, as it is called, the being shut out from the sight of God's face, after having seen it for the first time at the particular