

dark, but smiling, happy children, tiptoeing after the holy shadow; yes, and ever playing a game. What shall it be? Button-holing! What girl would not like to make a pretty buttonhole? So we will—all of us. (We'll leave the boys out of this game.) We'll buttonhole our lips; that shall be our way of keeping Lent. Never mind the cakes and candies—they are all right at the right time; but, like St. Francis de Sales, the dear sweet saint who said that the little daughter of the great St. de Chantal, little Francois, must have some pretty dresses to go to a party. Think of it, a saint begging a little girl's mother to buy her some "fixins." Like him, we will buttonhole our lips. "Keep the first word a prisoner," he tells us, "and the next cannot escape." No sermons, no preaching, but sweet, pretty little sayings for you, dear children, from the sweetest saint in the great honey hive of the church. Now, just talk to him about buttonholes, and tell him there are to be hundreds of them made in Canada—I mean Carmel—this Lent, and that hundreds of pretty white teeth will snap down on angry words and unkind sayings and make them prisoners, and on Easter Sunday we will bring them to the King, the Son of Justice, who will drive all shadows away. Now, one word more and I have done. Sin and Shadow go together. Lord and Lady likewise, our dear Lady of sorrows. No, you are not to cry. Indeed no, but wipe her tears away this Lent. She wept that we might laugh for joy, because we are her children; so we will be glad and gay all through Lent, but hard at work buttonholing; and the boys, wait on your sisters, my dears, and don't spoil the buttonholes.

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

February, 1893.

Answers to Puzzles.

- I—"Do your little well."
 II—Balaam's ass.
 III—Lot's wife.

"SEC."

PUZZLES.

IV

I am composed of seven words and thirty-one letters.

My 11, 9, 16, 8, 27 is the people

My 1, 20, 3, 5, 4, 29 is the Lenten season in France.

My 24, 25, 6, 17 is the Pope's message.

My 14, 2, 10, 30, 31 is what you will be one day.

My 13, 12, 7, 22 is the queen of flowers.

My 18, 12, 15 is not a good aim to take.

My 19, 23, 21, 3, 5 is a sea-port in Europe.

My 28, 26 will stand for English money.

My whole is a prophecy.

V

What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter?

VI

Feet I carry, but cannot walk;

Tongue I have, but cannot talk;

Eyes I have, but cannot see;

Now, boys and girls, what can this be?

VII

Where is the Blessed Virgin last mentioned in scripture?

VIII.

How many feet should a thief have?

"SEC."

One of our Little Friends Heard From.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Jan. 10, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We have just received the first number of your CARMELITE REVIEW. I like it very much. I have asked papa to let me subscribe for it, and he gave me a dollar, which I enclose to you. I will keep all the numbers, and at the end of the year will ask papa to get them bound for me. Hoping that THE REVIEW will be a great success,

I am your sincere little friend,

DAVID L. BARRETT, JR.

[Write to "Carmel's Secretary" now and then, David. Her address is given at the head of the "Children's Corner."—ED. C. R.]

Never do anything which you would not do before the whole world.—*St. Teresa.*