

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1896.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
—Longfellow's *Ladder of St. Augustine*.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Another New Year, bright in hope and promise, has begun for us. The Rev Editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW greets you in an especial manner, by opening for your pleasure a Youth's Department in the columns of Our Lady's journal. You will, no doubt, remember the "Children's Corner" of its first year. That was a very solitary angle for the secretary, who could not tempt any of the little ones into it, even for the shortest game of "Pass in the Corner." Now, let us begin all over. This year, since we are older, we will dignify our department with the title of "Youths."

Boys in knickerbockers, and girls in—*not* bloomers—anything else they please though, are most cordially invited to come and join our circle. You know these are the days of Reading Circles and Summer Schools, and all such delightful things. Now, why can we not have a "Carmelite Circle?" See what a very pretty name that makes. Long ago, when the secretary was studying geography and such like trying tales, the *Young Catholic* of New York, edited by the Paulist Fathers, was a source of great joy to the young people who read it, because all had a key for the "Letter Box."

Don't let the secretary do all the talking, give her some models of good English style.

This month's letter to you is headed by the beautiful verse of the poet Longfellow.

This is a New Year—so if we are away down at the foot of the ladder, let us look up, and then we must needs climb. Sup-

pose our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel stood at the top. Imagine her so, her loving arms extended to embrace us when we reach her, and her smile encouraging us to "Come up higher." Ah! let us make the effort, one and all, dear children. If we slip down one day—never mind—laugh at the slip, and wish ourselves better luck next time.

Only laugh at things, and you will be much nearer the top of the ladder than you imagine. Who ever heard of a sad saint? So let us take a laughing good humor for our daily practice for January in honor of the winning smiles of the sweet and lovely Infant Jesus. Now, fill up the secretary's letter box, and believe her always your devoted friend.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Infant Jesus come to me,
That I may good and happy be;
My heart is small; for Thee my all,
For Thee, dear Jesus, Holy Child.

What father, mother, teacher say,
I'll do at once, yes, right away,
All that they will, I must fulfil,
For love of Thee, dear Jesus, Child.

Should wicked satan to me say,
"Come, little friend, do walk my way,"
I'll say *No! No!* I can not go,
I'll only go with Jesus Child.

MAXIMS FOR JANUARY.

1. Wouldst thou the fervid glow
Of endless sunshine know;
It is the Heart Divine,
Whose rays forever shine,
Live in this sunshine clear,
A holy, happy year.

H. V. R.

2. Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

C. W. HOLMES.

3. It is easier to forgive an enemy than a friend.