

Mary Immaculate.

For the Carmelite Review.

"Thou art all fair my beloved and the original stain is not in thee."

Amid the depressing evils which surround us at the present day, we often find it very hard to raise our hearts and our minds in unison with the *Sursum Corda* of the Church to a higher plane, a broader field of vision, where, far removed from the jarring sounds of the world and "the weary ways of self and men," we may refresh our souls with the thought of the infinite Purity of God, and rejoice that in His presence at least, Sin, hydra-headed monster as it is, lies crushed and conquered writhing 'neath the heel of the Archangel whose war-cry was "Who is like God."

And now as another 8th of December comes around, those of the dear family of Carmel rejoice as none other may at the thought so rich in comfort, that, long, long before the Church through the voice of Pio Nono of happy memory had set her seal on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the religious of Carmel, with an instinct born of love, had *anticipated* the day of the glorious definition which crowned Mary with her diadem of twelve stars, by celebrating this feast as a double of the first class. Well may her children of Carmel wish her joy then on this day of lilies and of love. Perfect love, born of perfect purity finds its highest model in Mary conceived without sin, whose incomparable prerogative is one of the strongest pillars of the Incarnation to-day.

The world, and sin, and self all depress us. Evil seems at times to be looseing the very bulwarks of the strongholds of Zion. O! let us raise our eyes to Mary, who, in the strength and beauty of her holiness, is "terrible as an army in battle array." "He maketh those who rebel to dwell in sepulchres," but she, who has been ever loyal, in whom sin, the arch-rebel

never found an ally, is near to Him who dwells in light inaccessible. To her on "the hills whence cometh our strength" may we look, when the poisoned air of the world below has made us faint, and well-nigh fallen in the dire struggle 'twixt nature and grace. Blessed be God for this peerless grace of His Mother's Immaculate Conception, and blessed be His mercy which fills us with the glad hope that the day *will* come, when we who have fed our souls on her unseen beauty, will see her face to face. Not till then shall we fully know to the abounding joy and exaltation with which all heaven and its angels are overflowing, because the Queen of Paradise, the dear Empress of angels and men, your Mother and mine was, through the omnipotence of unutterable love, conceived without sin.

MATHILDA CUMMINGS.

COURTESY.

COURTESY is the unostentatious giving of due deference and due attention to others. He who would seem truly courteous—and no one can be truly courteous without seeming to be so must show by his words and acts, in all his intercourse with others, that he is thinking of the one whom he addresses rather than of himself; that he has more pleasure in hearing what that person says to him; or in expressing his recognition of that person's worth, than in telling what he has done, or in speaking of what concerns himself alone. Courtesy may be instinctive; but again it may be the result of honest effort. In either case it is an honor to him who exhibits it, and a gain to him who is the recipient.

NOTHING is more opposed to charity, or more fatal to salvation than the evil reports we make of one another.

WE ought not to be wise and cunning, after the fashion of the world, but simple, humble and chaste.—ST. FRANCIS.