

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

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MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

I wonder how many of you have grown tired of vacation. The long summer days *do* hang very heavily if they are only days of sweet doing nothing; but if one would keep in mind that complete living means two things: to enjoy one's work, and to enjoy one's leisure, then there might be an effort made in vacation to happily combine the two.

I read lately a very fine quotation from a deep thinker: "This would be an ideal world if each one were doing the work which he is best fitted to do."

Now, in vacation, one *can* do the work for which he is best fitted to do—can take books, or sewing, or drawing, or housework and make *that* work and so be happy—it is the absence of work, of a definite object in life, in or out of vacation, that causes a great part of the world's unhappiness.

We constantly hear people carping about the necessity of work, little knowing that in that very necessity lies their salvation. One month of the long vacation remains, and it would be a very good thing to think seriously of the work before us in the fall, and quite as seriously of the work done in the past.

The latter, surely, was not all one could desire, and we are not willing to go on adding to the mistakes already made. Every school boy or girl, who is old enough to read the CARMELITE REVIEW, is old enough to plan out the

kind of work to be done in the future. Very often we do not bring our conscience to bear upon our work, and we fail to recognize that our duty is divided into two classes—our duty to God *and* to our neighbor—(the duty to ourselves is included in the two.)

One's work has always more or less to do with the neighbor—be it school work or the business of the great outside world.

The *duty* of work is imperfectly understood. The necessity of being useful, whether with head or hand; of taking a definite *part* in the world and "doing" our own little patch in the garden—all this is as much our duty as to hear Mass on Sundays, or abstain from meat on Friday, or to keep any of the commandments of God or the Church.

Vacation time seems an odd one to select for a talk on work—but it is *the* time to think, if one isn't entirely careless as to the kind of character one wishes to build up for life.

We hear a man or woman spoken of as "a conscientious worker," and immediately we think of a fine character—so it follows that work depends on character, and we can *make* character depend on work.

The 15th of August brings us the sweetest feast of the summer vacation, "Lady Day in harvest" as the old-fashioned Catholics still call it. I don't know of any feast *after* our Lord's Ascension, which gives us such a longing for heaven as the Assumption.

We sigh as we think that our dear, long suffering, patient Blessed Mother is at last gloriously crowned forever in the home of her eternity, while we are