

## Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
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LET us begin the glad New Year  
with the roundelay of the  
children.—

"Over and over again,  
This is the song we sing."

Another year! Its echoes from  
the chime of Auld Lang Syne,  
"soft, gentle and low," even as  
the voice of one's mother. Its coming finds  
us up and doing, bright with hope, and full  
of generous resolves, our lips frauding the  
word sweeter than honey and the honey-  
comb, whose utterance blesses the New  
Year, Jesus! the joy of angels and men!  
Surely 'tis our beginning and our end, the  
fulfillment of all our hopes and the com-  
pletion of all our joys. No wonder that  
St. Bernard found in it such wells of  
honeyed sweetness as to make him as it  
were inebriated with its essence. Oh! be  
it the strength of the coming year with  
its hidden scroll of joys and sorrows. May  
this Holy Name be burned into our hearts  
with the hot iron of a glowing love. May  
it be to us, one and all, as a soothing balm  
for hearts that grow sick and sore as the  
years roll on and the iron of sorrow enters  
our soul. Oh! for the heart of a little  
child to greet the glad New Year. How  
delightful the zest with which the young  
enter upon a new era in life—so be it with  
us all—for why should the heart grow old?  
There's nothing like the faith for keeping  
fresh and young the field of the soul. So  
let us all quicken our lagging steps—press  
onward to the goal, almost in sight for  
some of us. Heaven is so near, and its  
pathways of earth are *not* all through the  
sandy desert, or the treeless plain. So  
many suffer their courage to waver and  
their buoyancy to die out because of an  
overstrained vision which *will* sight the  
coming storm, overlooking in their eager-  
ness the patches of bright blue in the sky  
overhead. Why not deceive one's self into  
spreading them out far and wide. Why  
not let the delusion be on the side of a

bright unflinching hope. We all begin the  
year with new resolutions—not a score of  
them. Experience has taught us that 'tis  
well to be very chary of those promises  
made in the heat of a sunny day. No,  
let them be passing few, but oh! let us  
write in great round characters: *I will take  
heart of hope!* 'Tis the sore pressing need  
of our day and our souls. Oh! for a St.  
Francis de Sales to come among us who  
need him as much as those of Geneva,  
whom he saved from the perils of heresy,  
low spirits, and disloyal views of God, and  
faint reliance on that Providence, devotion  
to which we would do well to cultivate.  
These are the evils of well-meaning souls.  
These are the wounds of which our dear  
Lord complained that He received them in  
the house of His friends.

"What can I do but trust Thee Lord?  
That trust my heart will cheer;  
And love must learn to live abashed  
Beneath continual fear."

There is no alternative. We are in His  
hands—the dear Baby hands that are  
stretched out to us now at the beginning of  
another year. Why not yield to His infant  
wiles so full of a winning love? Surely  
there is nothing in the sweet Babe of  
Bethlehem to intimidate the faintest heart.  
And let us strive to keep Him as the  
Infant God, whose eyes speak only low,  
whose heart knows only tenderness, who  
beckons us to come nigh to His Mother  
Mary and ours. Why, near His crib we  
may sport with Him in the sweet  
familiarities of a childish love. Mary will  
give Him to us when our hearts plead for  
Him, because they are cold. With Him  
comes delicious warmth and sweet rest.  
So let us press Him close to our breasts, this  
darling of Mary's heart, dear Brother of  
our souls. Let the year '95 know no  
thought of Him save that of a childish  
confidence, an abounding trust, an all  
embracing hope. Hope!—Let our every  
prayer be for it. Why distrust Him who  
fairly yearns to do us good? What a joy it  
is to trust those we love, and our hearts  
go out to those who confide in us poor,  
weak, helpless creatures as we are. What  
then shall we say of our dear Lord?  
Words are empty things, let our hearts  
speak in the one silent strain, "In thee  
have I hoped, let me not be confounded  
forever." And now before the lamps are  
lighted, and we leave this first "Twilight