

his last Mass on the Assumption, was anointed at the foot of the altar, and went that very day to praise our holy Queen forever. His feast is kept on the 16th.

On the 20th is celebrated the transit of St. Bernard, who made the solitudes of Clairvaux melodious with the sound of her sweet name. "Look at the Star: call on Mary!" His beautiful "Memorare" has been through all ages, a source of unfailing light and comfort in Holy Church. How many souls have been converted, strengthened, soothed in various emergencies of life, illumined in "the vale of death," led safely on to Mary's welcome on the everlasting shore, by St. Bernard's touching "Memorare!" Only eternity will reveal this secret.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal, whose life of exceptional suffering was in some manner assimilated to that of the "Mater dolorosa," and St. Philip Beniti, true "Servite" of Mary, sanctified in the Order founded by her in remembrance of the Seven Dolores, passed to eternal joy ere the rays of this glorious Octave had faded away.

At the close of August we are refreshed with the mystic fragrance of

that Dominican flower—Rose of Lima, lovely reflection of our "Rosa Mystica," in purity, love, and heroic self-sacrifice.

These are a few of Mary's star-gems, and as we gaze on and admire their beauty, let us also try to gain their interest by imitating the bright examples placed before us, and echoing those prayers they loved, the Rosary, "Salve," "Memorare," etc. Thus, as the author of the "Imitation" tells us, we will "make to ourselves friends of the saints of God," and they will "receive us into everlasting tabernacles."

* "Those who in her steps had trodden,
followed her in robes of white,
Palms within their hands were waving,
they were crowned with gems of light."

Ransomed from earth's tribulation,
safe forever in the fold,

Passing 'neath the pearly gateway—
walking in the streets of gold;

And I heard their thrilling anthem
floating o'er the crystal sea,

"Unto Him who hath redeemed us,
glory, praise, and honor be."

ENFANT DE MARIE.

* From, "A Dream of Paradise,"—H. M. Stuart.
("Carmine Mariana.")

SYMPATHY.

How often have we desired to stand with the "Mater dolorosa" at the foot of the cross, and relieve the sufferings of our agonizing Saviour! Perhaps we have envied Simon, who assisted Him, or Veronica, who gazed on the sacred though disfigured Face, and tenderly offered her veil to wipe from it the Precious Blood. Jesus "dieth now no more," but He appeals to our sympathy in the persons of others. He touches now one, now another inward chord to wake all the spirit-music of our hearts. Longfellow says beautifully:

"Only the sorrows of others
Throws its shadow o'er me."

Every sorrow, every pain should awaken our sympathy, and every joy that is good and pure should light us with a golden ray, in imitation of St. Paul's world-wide comparison, "rejoice with those that rejoice, weep with those that weep." There is only *one* way of true and holy sympathy, namely, to see Christ in others, and remember His divine words: "As long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to Me."—St. Matt. xxv., 40.