

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
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INTRODUCTORY.



TWILIGHT in lead pencil," says Mme. Swetchine, "is like talking in a low voice," and so with twilight talks. The dear hour 'twixt day and dark, hallowed as it is by many memories of the days of yore; the time for softened eyes and tender thoughts; the quiet time when the dim eyes of age gaze vacantly into the glowing firelight, or peer searchingly into the gathering gloom without; the time when a chaplet of memories twines itself around the heart, and the precious chaplet of the Rosary slips through the fingers, consecrating the twilight hour to our dear Lady of Peace, our guiding star to the perfect day of eternity, when the sweetness of earth's twilights will lapse into the delights of paradise. Youth knows no twilight. The garish light of day, the high noon, the broad sunlight—in these does it revel; and the attractions of the firelight, or the soft pensive shadows which usher in the evening, find no lovers in the ardent, impetuous natures in whom the wine of youth is sparkling brightly, and whose eyes seek only the glories of the god of day in his noon-tide splendor. But when the years, like the seasons, wane somewhat from their meridian brightness, when life, great oculist of men, has removed from our eyes the mirage which lent such a double glory to the things of sense, when the *hoop* has disappeared and the world in the thinness of its truth has taught us "what a fatal gift of heaven it is to have a sensitive soul," then the twilight, with its peaceful reveries—if such a thing there be, in these days of rapid transit in thought as in all things else—holds much that is restful and inviting, and in times like ours when the land is made more than desolate, because of the wastes in mind and soul un-

watered by the rain of thought, the twilight hour may be as an oasis in the day, and the sparks, which Eugenie de Guerin calls the flowers of the chimney, may bear with them flashes of light for thinking minds and willing hearts. As we grow older, we feel the more, that "heaven is around and above us, so close that our heads wear its near glories like a crown"; and when we recall the attractions which the lake and the mountain and the sea shore had for our blessed Lord in the days when He walked among men, we may take sweet comfort to ourselves in the thought that, though He says "they who seek me early shall find me," He may not, in the indulgence of His mercy, disdain the hour when the day is far spent. Did He not suffer Himself to be constrained to go in with the disciples who walked with Him to Emmaus? So may it be with us; and the thought will hallow our twilight talks, and make us feel that He is near, an almost visible presence, bringing a benediction to the gloaming, filling it with sweetness and with peace. And now that June, in its wealth of beauty, has come again to delight us with its long, perfect days, what sweeter pictures can we frame for the eyes of our soul than the garden scene in sunny France, when 'neath the nut tree the Sacred Heart appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. Let us kneel in spirit under that blessed shade and listen wistfully to the words falling from those lips, sweeter than honey and the honey comb, and let the promises of the Sacred Heart be the food for June's twilight thoughts, and the memory of that tender Heart, which expected reproach and looked for one that would comfort Him, will fill the purple-shadowed hour with the spirit of reparation, and the yearning that "Thy kingdom come."

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New York City, June, 1894.

SEEK the company of the good. Have intercourse with persons of a strictly pure life.—ST. ANSELM.

ROSES grow on briars, say the wise men of the world. Yes; but as the very different spirit of piety would say, it is a truer truth that briars bloom with roses. If roses have thorns; thorns have roses.—FATHER FABER.