

of writing its editorial matter, under this supposed editorship. One day, the then sub-editor asked Father Bayley to read, or hear read, the editorial matter, ready to go to press. Father Bayley was well pleased with it all. The sub-editor, wishing to be open-hearted, drew Father Bayley's attention to the fact that *thirteen* parties, calling themselves Catholics, were hit in that one number of the *Freeman's Journal*, and that some of them would *howl!* Roman orthodoxy was not then recognized, as it is now, among Catholics of the United States. In jocose mood we suggested to Father Bayley that he had better get ready for *explanations!* And so, at the foot of the fifth page of that issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, as a quiet joke, we agreed that the line should be put: "*Apologies next week!*" The 'apologies' were worse than the first slaps. But the points then made in the *Freeman's Journal* are no longer open to controversy."

Bishop Hughes and Father Bayley were convinced that in Mr. McMaster they had the man they wanted. He was precisely of that needful combative nature, and when he had stirred up matters he showed that he was able to take care of himself. Accordingly, in 1848, the *Freeman's Journal* was transferred to him, and he became sole editor and proprietor.

END OF CHAPTER II.

A THOUGHT.

"The year roll us as they pass."—FATHER FACER.

For the *Carmelite Review*,

Swiftly the tide of life is onward flowing

Into the tearless land so far away,

And on its rippling waves are ever going

Some loved and loving spirits day by day.

Low 'neath the shady trees are dear ones
lying

Springs o'er their graves the daisy-
sprinkled grass;

Ah, how the years, un mindful of our sigh-
ing,

Glide ever on and "rob us as they pass,"

Yes! but the ties they seem to rudely sever,

Bind us in Him to whom no spirit dies;

Deep in His loving Heart they live for ever,

There in His blissful home beyond the
skies.

R. I. P.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

CHARACTER is what a man is in his in-
most thought.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the *Carmelite Review* by
Miss Matilda Cummings.



THE queen month of the year is upon us, and the charming days of the delicious Indian Summer are near. The air is perfectly transparent, and the clouds which float in a sky of purest azure are gorgeous in their draperies of crimson and gold. The thought of God as a beneficent being seems as a first principle among all the nations of the earth, and so this exquisitely beautiful time of the Indian Summer takes its name from the belief of certain tribes in a south-west wind blowing direct from the court of their great and benevolent god, *Chautauwit*—the south-western god. Little knew they! poor children of nature, of the south wind which in very truth blew through the garden of God, where the aromatical spices filled the air with a perfume as if from *Araly*, luring many to follow the beloved into His Garden, there to feed and gather lilies. Nature and grace are ever in sympathy; so we find the holy church quick to recognize and appropriate the beauty of the one as a dowry for the other. May belongs by every right and title to Mary, gracious Queen of the Spring, and now October twines its wreath of autumn leaves for the Queen of the Holy Rosary, graceful mistress and patroness of the harvest home.

Many and varied were the delights of the happy summer, and its twilights found us in the full enjoyment of its hours of rest and perfect abandonment. Now come the mellowing influences of the autumn, when the twilight is filled with a certain soft melancholy, and the memories of other days flit before eyes that are closing our fast gathering tears.

The last, the last, the last!

Oh! by that little word how many thoughts are stirred.

That sister of the past.

The autumn seems like a reminder of the eleventh hour to many of us, and as with bated breath and fast beating heart we