

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
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"All things pass away."

WITH St. Teresa we may well say it, now that summer days are over, and the work-a-day world claims us once more as its own. How much we all live in the future! 'Tis well that we do; for hope, kindly companion, walks with us through its untrodden by-ways, and gives us a green sward only for our feet. But the past, too, has its hold on us. Stronger, more tender, and more attractive as we advance in life, and the world that shone "bright for inexperienced eyes" loses its glamour.

How many lessons come to us from the lips of childhood! A little girl was asked what she thought heaven was like? "It's a place where you'll never be sorry," she said. O the wisdom of the childish thought! Yes, the past is for many of us unlike heaven, in that respect. It is a cavern of regrets. What of the summer that has just left us! Did the mountains bring us nearer to God, or the sea-shore fill us with a yearning for eternity and its shoreless sea? What is it that strikes the observant thinking mind in the days of idleness, that are a necessary evil to all of us after a season of work? Not the prevalence of evil, not the amount of positive sin in the world, but the spirit of unrest, the utter worldliness of even the so-called best people. It is like a plague in its devastations, in its foul spots which disfigure the fairest and brightest in God's creation. No one seems safe in its atmosphere, no one free from its approach. Fr. Faber speaks of the great crowded city as being a better school of sanctity than the fresh, green country, and the summer proves how true were his words. The law of compensation holds good in every relation of life. The poor working crowds, who toil on amid the

burden and heat of the day, have among them many who found refreshment and rest and sweetest peace in the early morning hour that saw them wending their way to the daily Mass, that was more to them than mountain or sea shore. And on the contrary, in how many country chapels was He that yearns for consolation left to tread the wine press alone. Why? Because the fog of a worldly spirit makes a London of what might well be a Bethany for chosen souls. 'Tis sad to watch the indifference of Catholics to their own best interests, but sadder still to be forced to own how little drawing power God has for the majority of His own. Oh! for an apostle of generosity to come among us, and show us to ourselves in all our meanness! If regret *could* find place in heaven, surely it would come because of the thought of how niggardly we were in time where Infinite Love was concerned.

Sin grieves the Sacred Heart, of course; but it would seem that lack of generosity wounds it with a deeper wound. Do we not all feel this where those we love are concerned? Is it not a joy too deep for words to give and give, where our hearts go out in sympathy and affection. Now come the days of labor. Happily they whose work is a congenial one. But for one and all generosity will do much. It will transform the world for us, and it will conform us to the standard of duty, that spoken voice of God. What of the feasts of September? What of the thoughts that will most fitly fill its twilight hours? One feast is coming that is singularly comforting for those who fret and chafe under the burden of their daily toil. The Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady, which falls on the third Sunday of September. The joys of the summer are like the joys of life in general. Our gains are but preludes to losses.

Our hopes are all balanced by fears.

So now at the very beginning of the fear of labor comes the thought of our Mother's sorrows to help us bear the monotony of work, the ceaseless round of daily duty which frets us like an aching tooth—no relief save by its loss:—cure comes by sacrifice. Her sorrows were life-long; ours have at least seasons of alleviation. There are those on whom the burden of life, and above all its *monotony*, presses sorely. Sensitive natures that are keenly alive to the little