

A CIRCLET OF STARS.

"The risen stars are round thy throne in Heaven."—REV. H. A. RAWES, O.C.C.



THOSE "risen stars" ever gleaming in the celestial firmament, and differing in glory, are the saints of God, encircling His blessed Mother like a royal diadem. In this month dedi-

cated to her Immaculate Heart, while rejoicing at her glorious Assumption, we may also rejoice in the consideration of how many spiritual luminaries entered into "the joy of the Lord," about this time, as if to grace the recurring feast and reflect its glories. Let us watch them going up "from the desert," flowing with delights, all leaning on the Beloved. First we have the white-robed St. Dominic, who taught us to honor her Assumption and Coronation in the Rosary, and, to all time, his mystic chaplets embalm with sweet rose-fragrance, the aisles of Holy Church, refreshing the hearts of her children with Mary's love.

There is St. Cajetan, dedicated to her from earliest childhood, favored like St. Anthony with the embraces of the Divine Infant whom she placed in his arms; and, at last, breathing forth his soul in Mary's presence as if in answer to her sweet invitation; "Cajetan, my Son calls thee, let us go in peace."

St. Clare, that "little plant" culled in the spring-time of beauty and laid by St. Francis on the altar of "Our Lady of Angels" passed to the eternal nuptials of the Lamb, August the 11th.

She also was favored with a vision of our Heavenly Queen, and robed for Heaven in a mystic garb of dazzling magnificence.

St. John Berchmans—a fair lily from the garden of St. Ignatius, breathed forth his soul enamoured of Mary, on the 13th, clasping in his wasted hands the treasures most prized—the Crucifix, the Beads and the Rule.

And another saintly Jesuit novice—St. Stanislaus, died, we may say, of longing desire to celebrate Mary's glorious triumph with the angels. The touching accents of his favorite "Salve Regina" only died away on earth in order to swell into a more ecstatic hymn above than we can conceive in this "vale of tears."

During the Octave also, we have many beautiful star-gleams from saints specially devoted to Mary.

St. Hyacinth (true disciple of his glorious father, St. Dominic) of whose ardent love we read many instances in the annals of his Order, claims our mention.

On one occasion, when the Tartars besieged the town of Kiev, this saint took the Ciborium, and was hastily leaving the church to save the most Holy Sacrament, when a voice from our Lady's image exclaimed: "Hyacinth, my son, why dost thou leave me behind? Take me with thee, and leave me not to my enemies." Full of confidence in God, he took the heavy alabaster statue, now become light almost as a feather, and with Jesus and His Blessed Mother's image, walked on the waters of the Danube to a place of safety. He celebrated