

→ *Thoughts for November* ←



(Written for the Sentinel.)



NOVEMBER, that month so sad yet filled with so many sacred memories is once more upon us. No month could be more fittingly consecrated to our beloved dead; even nature itself seems to mourn with us; the trees but recently throbbing with life and beauty now are desolate and bare, no rustle of leaves re-echoes the wind playing amongst its branches; those leaves now lie in heaps of golden brown, to be swept at will, by wind and storm; truly a veritable type of the mortality of earthly life; the flowers that from the coming of early spring lifted their heads towards the heavens in praise to their Creator, no longer adorn field or valley; the very air speaks of death so chill and bleak it is, and darkening shies tend to impress upon the mind the desolation of this sad month.

Holy Mother the Church drapes her altars in sombre hues, and reminds us: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead"

O there are many for whom this reminder is not necessary their dead are always with them in spirit but, there are others who perhaps, in the stress of life, have forgotten the loved ones with whom they spent so many happy hours and thought not the grim reaper "Death" would snatch so soon from their love and friendship.

But death waits for no one, rich or poor noble or lowly; when the allotted time had passed they were called to