



The Joyful Mysteries

Where shall we find white roses in this dreary month, to lay on the altar of Mary? Not in earthly gardens surely, but in the enclosed garden of God's Holy Church, by contemplating her joyful mysteries.

Whiter in purity, charity, joy, peace are these flowerets, than the wintry snow drifts, or the first frail snow-drops that seem such beautiful emblems of Mary's Immaculate heart drooping humbly at Angelic praise.

In this brief article, we can only indicate these mysteries which volumes of learned thoughts could not portray in all their beauties. May our Blessed Mother suggest to all who are twining a chaplet of "Fifteen Saturdays," sweeter reflections than ours. Let us look up on the first Saturday to God the Father who gave His only begotten Son. Let us unite ourselves to the filial love of Jesus' Sacred Heart, and adore the Holy Spirit who overshadowed Mary. With Gabriel we will salute her, "full of grace," and admire, love, and imitate her example in purity, charity, humble resignation, offering some special white rose of celestial fragrance, by an act of whatever in this mystery we feel attracted to.

It is a holy and beautiful idea when reciting the "Angelus" to offer the first "Hail Mary" in honor of her humility, the second of her purity, and the third of her charity, asking at the same time for an increase of these virtues. The Visitation seems as it were, embalmed with summer flowers and mountain breezes, and resonant with the melody of Mary's inspired "Magnificat." It is a mystery of gratitude to God of charity, zeal, sympathy for souls, and has ever been most dear to us as beautifully sugges-

tive of the Adorable Sacrament. Jesus is more hidden now than when Mary "went with haste" bearing Him over the hills of Judea. The visit enlightens, rejoices, purifies us still in Holy Communion and those interior graces, consolations and lights that are nameless indeed, but make His presence a pledge of future glory.

Let us enter into her sentiments, and magnify Him in the tones of a voice more sweet than the melody of golden harps before "the great white throne" and "crystal seas." Let us also exhale the "good odor" of charity, thoughtful sympathy and that joy which a holy writer says, "without speaking, preaches" Him, whose spirit is one of charity, joy, and peace.

We would gladly linger amidst these white roses of joyful mysteries, and inhale their celestial fragrance. This we may do at all seasons near God's Holy Altar, for eternal love always blooms there, "yesterday, to-day, the same for ever." "The Babe and the Host," whom we can adore like Mary and Joseph, or again, with angels, shepherds, and kings. The victim, whom we can offer as of old Mary did at His Presentation. The teacher, whose lessons are whispering to our souls in His sanctuary. There alone, is Jesus to be found, and we rejoice in the bliss of our sweet mother when her treasure was regained. We admire the zeal of Jesus' Sacred Heart about His Father's business, its submission to Mary and Joseph, its meekness and humility in Nazareth.

Sweet-scented rose-buds! Let us gather them with gladness and wreath the chaplets meet to lay at the shrine of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary even to encircle her royal brow.