OCTOBER 4. 1924

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE OPEN DOOR

There's a dear old Irish saying That is murmured o'er and o'er; "When misfortunes close around

Sure God leaves an open door." Oh, the blessed faith of Ireland That descends through all the years; Oh, the loving trust and patience That can drive away all fears! For when trials come upon us, Disappointments sad and sore, Seek we still with hope and courage, and find His open door.

And 'tis joy to know in passing, When this earthly strife is o'er, High in Heaven waits Our Father, Holds for us the open door.

GUEEN OF THE ROSARY There is an element of poetry in many of the Church's devotions. She makes an appeal to the senses, the feelings, the heart of man as well as to his intellect and will. Incense, flowers, candles, costly vessels, artistic vestments, all find a place in her ritual. Nor need this the spouse of Christ and He has adorned her with all beauty, exadorned her with all beauty, ex-terior and interior. It is but natural, then, that this richness of ornament should at times take the form of poetic expression in the practices of piety that the Church offers to her faithful. And as the Blessed Virgin is the noblest of all ing their beads as the best prepara-God's adopted children, as she is the mother of the Saviour, the queen of which the fate of a nation depends. mother of the Saviour, the queen of all angels and saints, it is natural too, that the best of all the Church's poetry, next to that offered to Christ Himself should be paid to the one who is all fair and in whom there is no stain. Thus with the coming of the

tion of Jew and Gentile? And at the present season, in the last love-liness of autumn, before the liness of autumn, before the approach of decaying fall and lighting winter, is it not with an instinct that is more than human that the Church turns again to the Immaculate One and consecrates to her the month of October under the patronage of the Holy Rosary? For with this symbolism of nature play, And from its strings what harmonshe bedecks the supernatural truth that our Mother is our hope in life There is one song that any mouth and our solace in death. Non-Catholics have not been tardy

in proclaiming this fitness of Mary's honor, though failing unfortunately to perceive its supernatural full-ness. Thus the English master Scott, in the person of a Christian maiden, addresses Mary :

ies arise !

ng that lingers when all sing-

can sav-

ing dies.

Ave Maria, maiden mild ! Listen to a maiden's prayer ! Thou canst hear though from the wild :

Thou canst save amidst despair. Safe may we sleep beneath thy care, Though banished, outcast, and reviled.

Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer! Mother, hear a suppliant child! Ave Maria

And Wordsworth, in one of his most beautiful sonnets, speaks of Mary as "Our tainted nature's solitary boast :" Mother! whose Virgin boso uncrost With the least shade of thought to sin allied; us most strongly to begin such a salutary custom. After all, it will us, it has been said, some idea Woman! above all women glorified, Our tainted nature's solitary boast; Purer than foam on central ocean tost, Brighter than eastern skies at dayless profitable tasks. And may we less profitable tasks. And may we not rest assured that the petition, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sincers now and at the hour of our death," so often directed to the Mother of Mercy herself, will not fall on closed ears? Surely we shall have the blessings of Jesus and His Mother on us now in life break strewn With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast. Thy image falls to earth. Yet some l ween, Not unforgiven the suppliant knee and His Mother on us now in life and especially in the hour of death. —Daniel J. O'Connell, S. J., in the might bend As to a visible form in which did Queen's Work. blend All that was mixed and reconciled in thee Of mother's love with maiden **OUR BOYS AND GIRLS** purity, Of high with low, celestial with MONTH OF THE ROSARY Say, dearest Mother Mary, can it be That, having May, thou claim'st October, too ? terrene. Again Edgar Allen Poe could confidently exclaim : The flowers of spring we plucked At morn, at noon, at twilight dim, Maria, thou hast heard my hymn! In joy and woe, in good and ill, Mother of God, be with me still! and gave to thee, And these sad leaves of autumn. wilt thou sue? When evenings first were lengthening, calm and warm, We lit thy altars gay with lily Yet no poem ever dedicated to God's mother can compare to the beauty of the verse which devout Catholics of every rank in life recite Now falls the night full swift, with lowering storm, And still thy tapers stay the so often to the Queen of the Rosary. The statement is proved by the universal consent of Mary's clients. advancing gloom. Tis thine, and ten times welcome The Vicars of Christ, the Supreme Pontiffs, find strength and consola-Mother dear ! Pontifis, and strength and consola-tion in the daily saying of their beads; learned theologians and philosophers turn their weary thoughts from the subtleties of metaphysical disputes to the sweet This ripe and crisp October month is thine, What though our flowers and leaves be scant and sere ? The Calendar of Love knows no decline. simplicity of the rosary; the priest tired out from long hours in the confessional and other ministerial works or discouraged at the apparworks or discouraged at the appar-ent failure of his efforts finds re-freshment in the pouring forth of the repeated "Hail Mary, full of grace!" But no matter what field of labor may be that of the anointed minister of God, no matter to what

heights of sanctity he may attain, his beads are his daily source of help. How beautifully and simply does Father Abram Ryan express the sentiments of all his brethren : Sweet, blessed beads ! I would not part With one of you for richest gem

That gleams in kingly diadem. Ye know the history of my heart.

Ye know the history of my heart. For many and many a time, in grief, My weary fingers wandered round Thy circled chain, and always found In some Hail Mary sweet relief. How many a story you might tell Of inner life to all unknown ! I trusted you and you alone. But ah ye keep my secrets well But, ah, ye keep my secrets well. Ye are the only chain I wear— A sign that I am but the slave, In life, in death, beyond the grave, Of Jesus and His mother fair. The case is the same with the

the Guardian Angels. As September draws towards its "How quickly the days are shorten-ing, it will soon be dark very early, the long bright days are over !" as well as for happiness, has an instinctive dislike and fear of dark-Virgin! By meditating on the meaning of the repeated Ave has many a nobleCatholic mother steeled her soul for the deep sacrifices she ness. So, as a good mother tells the little one just tucked up in bed: "Do not mind being left in the dark, child, you know your own Angel is with you." Our Holy Mother the Church chooses this time of the year to remind us that paid to have us become faithful members of the true Church. But strong men too have not been unaware of the strength that comes we are surrounded by heavenly spirits who, if they cannot literally from the recitation of the rosary. We read of Catholic statesmen saylighten our path (we must live by faith), stand by to defend us against hidden dangers, and shed their light over our soul, to dispel

beetry, bear and be paid to the convert to the second seco

dangerous task of making observa-tions in No Man's Land. While thus the road towards heaven in so sweet a companionship ! who cling to it by faith as they grow older. They will be led safely to the end of their journey, though, maybe, through engaged, his young and brilliant life was taken. Yet it was he who could in his Catholicity write from France to a friend: "Pray that I may love God more." And it was this virile soldier, patriot and child of Mary who sang of the rosary: many perils and many sorrows. As to the souls who carelessly ignore or at least neglect their Holy Guardian, they will never know what graces they lose in this world and what happiness hereafter, until it is too lete There is one harp that any hand can

it is too late. In most convent schools there is a sodality of the Guardian Angels. But why is not this devotion mentioned more frequently by Catholic mothers and school teachers? It

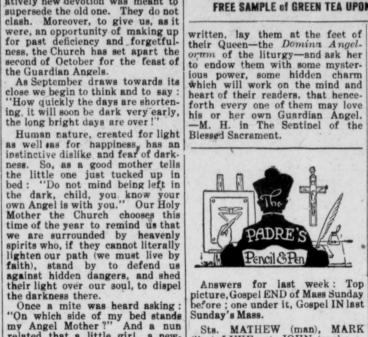
When on their beads our Mother's would soon make an impression on children pray, Immortal music charms the grateful the children's heart and in time

We need, then, but to say the beads devoutly to experience to the truth attested to by all Catholics that there is a sweetness and constant and in time least during their month let us church on this subject. Out of the product. truth attested to by all Catholics that there is a sweetness and con-solation in the rosary that is more than natural; that it is Our Lady herself with her divine Son who is present with us in the telling of the oft repeated Hail Mary. It family rosary in common each even-ing has largely passed away. Still each of us may in private every day ing has largely passed away. Suit each of us may in private every day place with childlike simplicity this mystical crown of roses on the brow of Mary Immaculate. During the of the prompting of their own month of October the Church urges inclination. The angels are genersalutary custom. After all, it will us, it has been said, some idea of the promptitude with which minutes of our time. We do not find it difficult to allot a similar part of our twenty-four hours for wings have also another meaning wings have also another meaning deeper and more intimately connected with us. In the Old Testament the metaphor of wings spread out is often used as a symbol of safe shelter, loving protection. "Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings," says the Psalmist. Again: "Under the the shadow of Thy wings," says the Psalmist. Again: "Under the shadow of Thy wings I shall hope." And: "He shall cover thee with His feathers and under His wings shall thou trust." Our Lord condescends to liken Himself in such tender words to the hen spreading her wings over her brood: "How often would I have gathered thy children together as gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her broad under her wings and ye would not. The very name : guardian, sums up all our Angel is to us, but to help us, as it were, to fathom the meaning of the word, the Church shows us pictures of the winged Angels: If anything frightens the little chicks they rush to hide under their mother's wings. If she sees any danger threatening them from afar she calls to them and they run to their shelter. So we should turn to our Guardian Angel in every fear and trouble. We should take heed of his calls and warnings. Are we not often deaf to both ? Ingratitude is a base thing indeed, we strongly resent it in our fellow creatures. Yet how un-grateful we are to the heavensent protectors who should be our very best friends. Let us ask our Angel to forgive us, and during Accept these autumn wreaths—our • chaplets bright With crimson—yellow-stained, like sunset skies. O Star of Morn; be still our star at night, Accept these autumn wreaths—our • chaplets bright With crimson—yellow-stained, like sunset skies. O Star of Morn; be still our star at night, Accept these autumn wreaths—our • chaplets bright • chapl And bless our fading years, as thou didst bless their rise. -FATHER RYAN whose beh Now may the Holy Angels in whose behalf these pages have been

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

OCTOBER After You Have Used

Though devotion to the Guardian Angels holds so prominent a place in God's scheme for our salvation, In God's scheme for our salvation, not a few practicing Catholics are wont to say: I sometimes pray to my patron saint, but not to my Guardian Angel, yet the Church has dedicated to them the month of October, just as May to Our Lady and March to St. Joseph, lest we should forget them. The fact than Leo XIII. decreed that the Rosary should be said publicly every day of October for the wants of the Church brought no change to tha. old regulation. We change to the old regulation. We were never told that the compar-atively new devotion was meant to



week.

Answers next week.

Answers for last week: Top picture, Gospel END of Mass Sunday before; one under it, Gospel IN last

Sts. MATHEW (man), MARK (lion), LUKE (ox), JOHN (eagle).



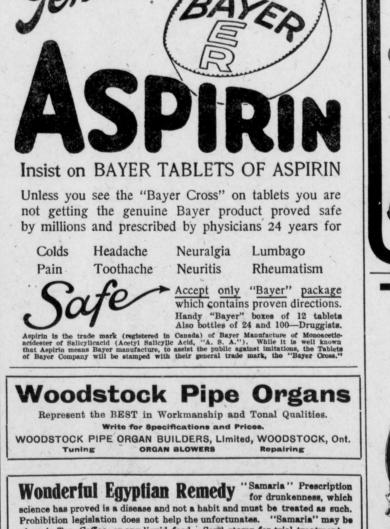
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