

## Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C.  
1588 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

### Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

It seems but a very little while since we gave our Our Blessed Lady a bouquet of Masses as an offering for her own dear month of May and now we must get ready to give her another. Did the first one fade? Ah! no dear children: The roses of that bouquet are imperishable. They were of purest gold, and are safe in the royal treasury of the King. Why, He has been giving us gold dust daily from that bouquet, sprinkling it over us in blessings and yet keeping the roses to place in our hands, when crowned and conquered we walk in the happy train of the children of Mary who will be her maids of honor for all eternity. How wise our holy mother, the Church, is, and what admirable judgment she displays in all her ways. May, in all the freshness and beauty of the spring, she gives to Mary the queen of the flowers and now in these latter days of ours, October, the queen-month of the year, in its wealth of golden foliage and its ever changing beauty of brilliant forest hues, is consecrated to the Queen of the holy Rosary, the gracious advocate whose eyes of mercy we beg her to turn towards us. They tell us that the saints look at us only when we pray to them; but that Mary, our mother, looks always,—and rightly so. What eyes are like those of a mother? Stars as they are; love lights ever shining on the paths of her children. And what earthly mother, dear and sweet though she be, can equal in love and tenderness this heavenly Mother whose eyes like myraids of stars are watching constantly over us, her children in exile, her wanderers maybe, all the dearer because of their staying in a strange land. Let us crown her

this month, dear children, with roses of prayer. Let our beads twine them for her as they pass lovingly through our fingers and our eyes are fixed wistfully on her sweet face, while we cry to her in the touching words of the *Salve Regina*. "Hail Mother of mercy! our life our sweetness and our hope." Beautiful prayer. One would almost think that Adam and Eve first spoke its words when the fair paradise of delights were shut against them. But no—they knew nought of Mary, who was to crush the head of the serpent which made them and us poor banished children. To know her and to love her is our joy. Let us then in union with the whole church—the great army of God upon earth, join our hearts and our voices in this consoling of devotions—the Holy Rosary. God wishes to give us all things through Mary, says St. Bernard. Go to her then, dear children, and trust her for all things. In the words of one of her servants say to her, "I leave all things to thee direct Mother in thine own name, as God left all to thee in Jesus."

Very safe are those who are sheltered under the mantle of Mary.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

### PUZZLES.

- XL  
What tree bears the most fruit to market?
- XLII  
Why is a selfish friend like the letter "p"?
- XLIII  
At what time was Adam married?
- XLIV  
Which is the coldest river?
- XLV  
When is a tea-pot like a kitten?

### Answers to Puzzles.

- XXXVI—Because it is seldom seen after Lent.
- XXXVII—"You are too pointed."
- XXXVIII—The wheelwright.
- XXXIX—The elephant, who had his trunk, and the fox and the rooster who had a brush and comb between them
- "SEC."