

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Rosary Sunday, p. 25. Notes—Shelley; Francis Thompson, p. 26. Topics—Where Angels Fear to Tread; Irish History Competitions; "A Man of Imagination"; Demoralised New Zealand; Modernism, pp. 14-15. The Catholic Revival in France, p. 9. The Zionist Regime in the Holy Land, p. 13. Why Islam is "Sore" at Britain, p. 18. Retreat for Laymen, p. 19. The Late Mr. Tighe Ryan, p. 21.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1922.

ROSARY SUNDAY



AYER is compared to incense arising before God, pouring out its fragrance and perfume in His sight. In Christian tradition, as well as in pious legend, it is also compared to flowers: "My flowers are the fruit of honor and riches." From time immemorial it has been a custom with devout clients of Mary to deck her shrines with roses, and we may be sure that no

flowers that bloom in the gardens are as acceptable to her as the garlands of roses woven in her honor by the recitation of the Most Holy Rosary; for the word Rosary as applied to this devotion means a garland of roses offered as a wreath to the Mother of God. For centuries men and women reckoned their prayers on beads, until in time the word bead became a synonym for the prayer itself. And since St. Dominic taught the faithful to recite the Rosary on their beads for the overthrow of the Albigensian heretics, in castle and in shieling the chaplet has passed through the fingers of rich and poor, young and old, and brought down abundant graces and blessings on the souls of the Christian people.

*

On the first Sunday of October the Church celebrates by a special festival the Most Holy Rosary. The day was fixed by Pope Gregory XIII. to commemorate the victory gained over the Turks at Lepanto, on Sunday, October 7, 1571. The Turks, who once again are threatening Europe, at that distant time looked likely to bring all Christendom under the power of the Crescent, and the fate of civilisation depended on their speedy defeat. In a moment of supreme danger, the Pope put the forces of the Christian Kings under the protection of Our Lady, relying on her powerful intercession, and committing the great army to the leadership of Don John of Austria. As for a crusade, which indeed it was, the fighting men of Europe rallied to the standard of the Cross, marching from cities and towns, from mountains and plains, to embark at Venice for the campaign which was to save humanity from slavery and degradation:

*In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,*

*Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold,
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon,
and he comes.*

*Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the
world,*

*Holding his head up for a flag for all the free,
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!*

Death-light of Africa!

Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.

And so they passed over Europe and sailed in their stately ships down the Adriatic, and by the intercession of Mary, and the valor of Don John and his Christian army, they smashed and routed the Turk so effectively that never since until the present day has he been a serious menace to Europe. When you say your Rosary, think of that victory which we still commemorate on the first Sunday of October, and remember that Mary is now as she was then powerful to help her children in trial and temptation.

*

That is one picture; here is another: Imagine a great American liner at sea under the stars. Starshine on the waves; phosphorescent fires around the plunging bows; long lines of port holes that glow as they pass in the night; the steady beating of the pulse of the propeller; sounds of music from the saloon, sounds of singing from groups on deck—imagine all that, and then listen for another sound. "It pauses and swells in rhythmical rotation, like the sweep of a storm in a pine forest, or the mournful cadences of the sea as it thunders in cataracts on the beach. And there is something about it which reminds you of a Greek chorus. The tiny monotone of one voice and the hoarse murmur of many. It comes not from the saloon or deck of the steamer; not from the wind, there is none; not from the waves—the shores are fifty miles distant. Let us look forward. Yes, here it is coming unmistakably from the dark depths of the steerage. We descend. What a sight! All along the sides of the vessel, pale and angular Norwegian faces, lean and hungry Italian faces, calm and heavy Teutonic faces, are looking—at what? A spectacle for angels and men, and even for philosophers! An aged Irish peasant, clad in rough homespun frieze, and without any ornament save the glory of the white hair that streams upon his shoulders, is surrounded by a group of Irish men, women, and children. Their heads are reverently bent, and the deep bass voices of the men and the light tenors of the women and children blend in touching harmony. And what are they chaunting? Not the *La ci darem* of an Italian maestro of yesterday, but a certain canticle that was composed by an angel nineteen centuries ago, and his audience was a Woman, blessed above all and among all. And the chorus is another canticle, composed by a chorus of a hundred thousand voices fourteen centuries ago, and on the streets of an Asiatic city, when the gates of the Cathedral were thrown open, and mitred prelates came forth, and the people anticipated the decision of their pastors, and proclaimed the Woman of Nazareth to be the Mother of the Living God. . . . The canticle of the Rosary is familiar to those poor exiles. They learned it at their mothers' knees—they sang it in the lonely white-washed chapel on the Irish hills—they will carry it in their hearts and on their lips, and like the children of Israel by the waters of Babylon, they will sing that song of Sion in a strange land." Think deeply on that picture. Think too of the men and women and children who knelt round the prisons in Ireland during the last five years and prayed for the souls of the boys who were being killed inside because they loved their land. If your thinking will help you to realise what the Rosary meant to the Irish people you will say it better and love it better all the days of your life.

*Se do bheatha, a Mhuire, ta lam de grasta, ta an
Tighearna leat;*

is beannuighthe thu idir mhnaibh agus is beannuighthe toradh do bronnn, Iosa.