

The splendor of the stars above,
The vastness of the land;
The mystery of living things,
The essence of the soul of man:

All this is God's great artistry!
All this, the product of His hand!
Which serves to reflect His majesty,
And manifest His power to man.

—L. O'HANLEY '51

THE ROSARY

The Rosary is a form of prayer, according to the Roman Breviary, "wherein we say fifteen decades of 'Hail Marys' with an 'Our Father' between each ten, while at each of these decades we recall successively in pious meditation one of the principal mysteries of our Redemption."

As days pass on and as we frequently recite this form of prayer, the following questions must have often entered our mind: When did such a prayer come into being? Who is the author of the Rosary?

St. Dominic, founder of the Dominican Friars, has been credited with the authorship of the Rosary because, according to tradition, when the Albigensian heresy was raging in the country of Toulouse, he earnestly besought the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. St. Dominic was instructed by Mary to preach the devotion of the Rosary as a remedy for this sin and heresy. From that time St. Dominic strongly urged the observance of this pious practice and many of the Supreme Pontiffs, among them Pope Lep XIII, have in various passages declared him the author of the Rosary.

We find from historical data, however, that, before the time of the Albigensian heresy, there existed in almost every culture some form of prayer-counters or prayer-beads corresponding to our present day form of the Rosary.

At a very early date, certain monastic orders observed the practice of reciting one hundred and fifty psalms or a third part of them in memory of their deceased brethren. As time went on and the lay brothers, because of their illiteracy, became distinct from the choir monks, it was found necessary to substitute some simple

prayer in place of the psalms. Fifty "Pater Nosters" were adopted for the psalms. It seems quite natural then to infer that during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, there must have been some mechanism for counting these prayers.

It is recorded that as early as 1075, a certain Countess bequeathed to a statute of Our Blessed Lady in a certain monastery a string of precious stones which she had used for counting prayers. Similar strings of beads were found in various early tombs. These were called "Pater Nosters", which clearly indicates their purpose.

The "Ave Maria", or "Hail Mary", did not come into use as a form of devotion until the middle of the twelfth century. As the recitation of one hundred and fifty psalms or "Pater Nosters" was the favorite devotion of the pious and learned, so also the recitation of one hundred and fifty or fifty "Aves" became a favorite devotion of the simple people. From the many legends or stories of our Blessed Lady, there is evidence that this prayer existed before the time of St. Dominic. The story of Eulalia relates that a certain client of the Blessed Virgin, who had been accustomed to say one hundred and fifty "Aves" each day, was instructed by her to say only fifty, but more slowly and more fervently.

These historical facts call into question the authorship of St. Dominic, but the immense diffusion of the Rosary since his time and the vast influence it has exercised are attributed chiefly to St. Dominic and his followers.

The recitation of the Rosary or the beads, is a general custom today; it is also a complete profession of our faith. At the beginning of the Rosary there is the Apostles Creed, wherein we recall the Incarnation, Death and Resurrection of Our Lord, our belief in the Holy Catholic Church as the true church, and our participation in the Communion of Saints. In the "Our Father", we honor God, and ask His assistance in obtaining the daily needs for the soul and body. We also ask forgiveness for our offenses against Him, and beg His assistance in overcoming temptations. The "Hail Mary" is a salute to the Blessed Virgin. We salute her as the Mother of God; and we ask her to pray for us both now and when the Angel of Death is closing our eyes to earthly light. The "Gloria" at the end of each decade, recalls to our mind the mystery of the Blessed Trinity.

The importance of the Rosary has been stressed and emphasized on many occasions. The chief request of the Blessed Virgin during her apparitions at Lourdes and Fatima, was a greater and more

pious devotion to the Rosary. She urged the people to pray that God would stem the tide of wickedness and sin which was conquering the world, and grant us a lasting peace founded upon Christian principles, especially that of Charity.

The importance of the family Rosary can never be emphasized too strongly. There is no better sign of a truly Catholic family than to see the parents gather together their children in the evening for the recitation of the family Rosary. For He said, "Where any two are gathered in My name, behold I am in the midst of them."

—FRANCIS CAMERON '50

THERE ARE TWO WORLDS

From my window this morning I watched you, as you walked to your day's work. Out the lane and up the winding hill you went, towards the town, the lunch pail swinging by your side, reflecting the bright red from the newly-rising sun, that was just removing the lengthy coloured mantle of morning mist. In the elms and birches, that lined the road on each side of you, the birds were chirping their welcome to the new day.

Down the hill you went, and I watched you as you crossed the little wooden bridge that crosses Baker's brook in the hollow. The coolness of the night was still on the slow moving, lazy, little brook, and each ripple was decked out in a bit of red borrowed from the morning-sky. There were water lilies there, opening their large beautiful leaves to the sun rays, and myriads of dandelions sat on the bank like gold pieces on a green carpet. Then you climbed the hill on the other side. No longer was the sun hiding behind the cold mist. It was shining brightly now, and you could feel its increasing warmth. The bees felt that warmth too and were going to work on that large field of sweet-smelling clover blooms on your left. The dew that clung to the earth, feeling the warmth of the morning, suddenly began to rise and soon it was hanging as if suspended in mid-air above you.

What did you see this morning on your way to work? Your eyes were cast downward as if intent upon the dust of the road. Perhaps you were thinking and saw nothing but the prospect of standing at that noisy old weaving machine for a whole day. You raised your eyes only to see the massive hulk of the Imperial Textile