

The QUIET HOUR

BENEDICTION.

"Peace, all earthly peace surpassing,
God of love, what joy we feel,
When in loving adoration we
At Thy altar humbly kneel.
There our weary hearts unburden,
Their heavy load of grief and pain,
There we find a heavenly solace,
There we find sweet peace again,
In Thy love Thou art never weary
Of the sinful heart's appeal.
Ever yearning, ever eager, all
Our trials and woes to heal.
Knowing this, O dearest Jesus!
See us kneeling at Thy feet,
Thoughts of mercy, though unworthy,
Bid us hope and prayer repeat.
Peace that floweth like a river
Comes from Thee, O Lord divine!
Take us, keep us, gentle Saviour!
Make our hearts like unto Thine.
—Edie Sophia Martin.

LIFE'S PURPOSE.

There is a great question, my dear brethren, that comes home some time or other to every man in the world who is not entirely taken up with the passing pleasures and fleeting interests of the moments; to every man, that is, who lives as a man, and not as a mere child. It is the most important and vital of all questions; and it will return often on us, put it away as much as we will. It is this: "What am I here for? What is the purpose of all this life which I am living? What is the goal to which it is tending? what end do I hope to obtain?"

One man proposes wealth, another knowledge and learning, another fame and honor as his object in life; or at least he looks forward to bringing up children to whom he can leave his memory and his name, who will carry on and complete the work he has begun.

But we Christians do not seek for an answer to this question. The answer is written plainly by faith in our souls; we may try to forget it or put something else in its place, but we shall find no other in which we can believe. The answer for us is, that this life has no end or object in itself which can justify or explain it, but that it is a time of trial, of probation for something better; that we live in order that it may be seen from our life whether we are worthy to share in an eternal life; that only beyond the grave can what the soul longs for be attained, and that we may fall in attaining it if we do not keep it steadily in view and work for it with all the strength we have.

So our life is a race, a struggle for an immense and unspeakable prize to come at its end; and a prize which will never be offered again if we do not secure it this time. If we fail in this life our failure can never be retrieved; nor will anything else ever be offered us to live for. For all eternity we shall see what we might have had, and shall be tortured with vain remorse; and nothing else will give us even a moment's peace. This eternity will be intolerable, even were there no other pains in it; but on account of this alone we shall seek death forever, and never find it.

Since, then, we have to run in the race; since we have to suffer, to labor, to pursue a happiness which we now have not; since we must do this even in spite of ourselves; since we can-

not sit down and give up our place, what folly it is to run to no purpose, to turn aside and try to forget the only possible reward for all our toil, the only thing that can make the life which we must live worth living! Let St. Paul's words on this day sink into our minds; and, since we have to run in this race on which everything depends, let us not trifle and lose its precious moments, but so run that we may obtain.

ABOUT HELP IN SEASON.

Have we not all noticed time and time again, says the Catholic Columbian, how quickly, when a horse falls down in a crowded street, all kinds and conditions of men rush from the sidewalks and lend assistance to get the poor beast on his feet again? And has not the sight made us feel that after all there is a great deal of humane feeling in the hearts of the multitude? But there is another side to the matter. When the poor, overworked, overburdened and underfed beast was plodding along, straining and tugging at his load and staggering in his harness, but still keeping his feet, how many have offered to help him? So long as he kept at his work, no matter how much he needed help, nobody was forthcoming with a friendly helping shove over the rough pavements, but the minute he went down with a crash, a crowd of sympathizers and curiosity seekers went to the rescue.

There is a lesson in this for us Christians. The time to help a fellow-struggler is not when he is 'down and out,' but while he is still able to keep on. The help that comes when the horse has fallen down is often too late. Nothing can be done. His struggles are over. So with the poor man or woman, struggling along under heavy burdens. In cold selfishness and forgetfulness we often let our brothers and sisters in Christ stagger on unhelped by a word of sympathy or an act of charity. We are so wrapped up in ourselves and our own concerns that we pay no attention to those who are suffering bravely but silently around us trying to work as best they may, though they feel themselves growing weaker and weaker every day.

A word of cheer, the offer of a little help while the struggler is able to help himself would renew his courage and add new strength to his heart. Sympathy and support and help and pity—all these come too late when all hope, all ambition, all faith, all strength, have departed.

Let us not, then, be so blind, so cold, so forgetful, so selfish. Let us not shut our eyes and our ears to the struggles of those around us, waiting till the crash of their fall awakes us to their need. Let us help our fellow-toilers while they are yet on their feet, able to respond to a word or an act of pity or Christian kindness. Let us try to avoid the censures of our own hearts for generosity offered when the day of generosity was over, and for help which we tendered when it was too late to benefit the one we should have helped earlier in the struggle.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

A letter published in "Le Messagerio di Santo Antonio," the organ

of the Basilica of the Saint at Padua, has come under our notice, and it may interest our readers," says St. Anthony's Monthly:

It bears the signature of Rev. Peter Bressan, the parish priest of Paderello, in the Diocese of Treviso, Italy. It is generally known among Catholics that Treviso is the native diocese of our Holy Father Pius X. There he was born and there he passed the days of his childhood. In that diocese, too, he studied, and there he began his ecclesiastical career. There, also, he labored with great fruit as a simple assistant, as well as an humble parish priest. The name Bressan aroused our attention, because it is the name of the illustrious Monsignore Giovanni Bressan, the confidential private secretary of the reigning Pontiff, and our esteemed friend.

That reverend correspondent says: I deem it my duty to bring to your notice a signal favor obtained from St. Anthony by one of my parishioners, whose name is Catherine Gallina. In the second week of last January, she got an attack of bronchitis, which left her at the point of death. On the evening of the 17th, she received Holy Communion as a viaticum, and she was anointed. She asked these Holy Sacraments with great fervor, and received them with the most edifying dispositions. After that, her malady developed, and it went on increasing until she became unconscious. Then she passed through the most aggravated forms of the disease. On the night of Saturday the 18th, I was hurriedly called; and fearing that the end would come during the night I went prepared to give her all the consolation that religion can afford. Her speech was gone, and she could not take any nourishment. It is needless to remark that the attending physician pronounced the case hopeless, and left his patient in the care of the minister of religion. The sorrow-stricken family proposed to me all their doubts that priests are accustomed to hear, and they asked me, over and over again, whether a recovery was at all possible. I had to answer in all sincerity that God alone could save her. Faith, however, never despaired, and true clients of St. Anthony never cease hoping until they find it a duty to bow in humble submission to God's holy will. A miracle was desired and a miracle was asked. An offering, too, was promised from the best that their limited means could afford.

"If miracles thou fain would'st see, Let those relate who know it well; Let Padua of her Patron tell."

It is not my purpose to reason on the merits of this now. I am merely narrating what really happened; leaving these good people in their honest piety, and letting God judge them as well as their motives according to His good will. When all hope seemed gone, and when death was momentarily expected, she appeared to awake from a profound sleep; and lifting her hand to her eyes as if about to open them, she asked for a drink.

It was a moment of unspeakable wonder for all present, because all were really awaiting death. From that moment the dying woman began to rally. She experienced no more pain. It was the beginning of the remarkable cure the truth of which cannot be questioned. Hope returned to that disconsolate home, and hope did not depart until a perfect cure had come. Gladness took the place of despair. Over "Wonder-Worker" gave comfort to devoted hearts. His clients had reason to rejoice. The sick woman, entirely restored to health, has come to Mass and received Holy Communion in thanksgiving. All praise to the dear Saint of Padua.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF MARY THE MOTHER OF GOD.

Of all the feasts of our Blessed Lady, none is more grateful to us than that of her Immaculate Conception. It is dear to the whole world, but especially to the Catholics of these United States, for it is their national feast. Nowhere in the whole world is Mary more loved and honored than in this, the land of the free. Let us strive to lead the whole world in devotion to her. She is worthy of our greatest love. "Thou art all fair my beloved, and there is neither spot nor stain in thee," sings Holy Church when commemorating her Immaculate Conception. Purer than the snows of heaven, brighter than the sun, was Mary from the first moment she was conceived. And well and proper it were so! For was she not to be the Mother of the Son of God, Who would take flesh in her womb and offer the life she gave Him in sacrifice for the sins of men? How could it be that she were ever under sin or the ban of Satan, whose power she was to crush and destroy under the night of her heel? From the very first she was filled with the Holy Ghost, filled with grace thereof, and so as child and maiden found companionship with the Father and predilection with the Son and Holy Ghost. Thus was Mary in the divine mind greater than the angels, and the highest in worthiness of all the creatures of God. How all heaven must have rejoiced at the moment when she was conceived, and how must they rejoice and felicitate her on every anniversary of it. Let us Catholics of these United States proclaim aloud her goodness, her greatness, and her glory, and let no other nation outdo us in the demonstration of our love.

We are free men, and as such can appreciate what it is to be the free children of God. Through Mary we enjoy that boon, for she helped to give liberty to our immortal souls. We love our national freedom and our flag that proclaims it. Let us

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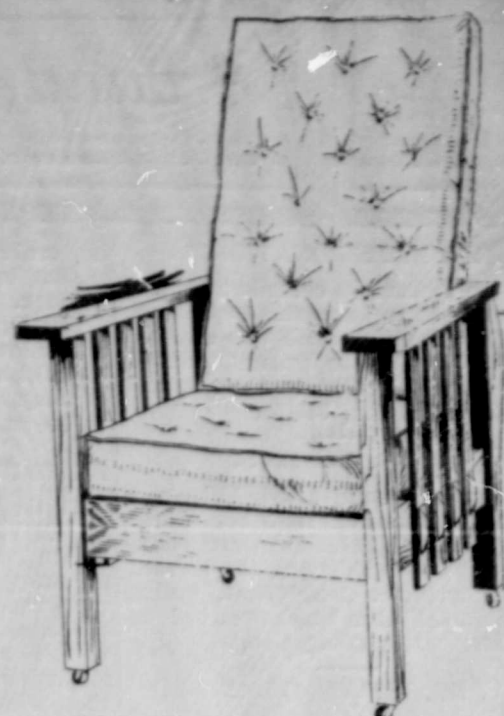
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Praised be the Immaculate Conception!—"Seedlings."

St. Louis Priests the Centre of Applause

(Western Watchman.)

After the magnificent ovation tendered Father Timothy Dempsey at the Catholic Missionary Congress in Chicago, recently, St. Louisans cannot help feeling a tinge of pride in the fact that he belongs to them. Amidst all the important problems so learnedly and practically discussed by eminent churchmen; the colonization of indigent and immigrant Catholics, the care of the Catholic deaf, the furtherance of Catholic literature, etc., the simple words of Father Dempsey and evoked a storm of applause that all the former speeches put together could never have effected.

"He won the good graces of all by saying at the outset that unlike every speaker that they heard or would hear he did not come to ask for money, would not accept it even. As he said, when the people of St. Louis found out the work he was doing he received more checks than he could acknowledge."

We will let the Chicago Tribune (November 18) continue the story, in the following extract:

"It was after a sensational castigation of social settlements by Father James E. Curry of New York, lasting until long after the time for the session to adjourn, that Archbishop Messmer, the chairman, apologetically asked the delegates to remain for 'one more' address. But the delegates were evidently hungry, sated with oratory, and by hundreds they arose and began to file out. The prelates on the platform also hurried down the aisles toward their automobiles and waiting luncheons. Then Father Dempsey, founder of Father Dempsey's Hotel for Workmen, spoke.

"I left 364 men in my hotel last night, and it's with them I ought to be this minute," he said.

"It was not so much what he said as the tender, musical voice and the soft Irish accent in which he said it that halted every departing man and woman, priest and prelate. He spoke for over half an hour, and not a soul left before he had said his last word, but all remained just as they were when he finished his last sentence.

"He told of how he has become pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in St. Louis, a church that had had as many as 30,000 parishioners and 1,700 baptisms in one year, but which now is surrounded by nothing but factories, saloons, the levee and the cheap lodgings of the river front, leaving him for parishioners only the 'men of the road.'"

"He did not call them 'tramps,' or 'bums,' or 'hoboes,' and apparently not through any stilted restraint, but because the names were not in his vocabulary. Father Dempsey is tall, and wide, and thick, of a gigantic frame to match his heart, and he shook with emotion and his voice trembled with tenderness as he told of his 'men of the road,' and refuted the calumnies that have been heaped upon them.

"He told how he had started the hotel two years ago to take the men away from the combination of saloon and lodging house; how 20,000 men have slept in it since then; how he has \$5,000 in bank for them; how over 10,000 free meals and lodgings had been given, and still the 10 cents a night paid by those who did pay have paid all expenses; how the dead had been given decent Christian burial, and then there were tears of joy in his voice, if not in his eyes, when he told how 200 men who had not approached the sacraments for from five to thirty years, received communion at his hands last St. Patrick's day."

"The like of it never was seen since the conversion of Ireland by the saint himself," he cried.

"He had a carefully prepared speech neatly typewritten, but as he went away from the combination of saloon and lodging house; how 20,000 men have slept in it since then; how he has \$5,000 in bank for them; how over 10,000 free meals and lodgings had been given, and still the 10 cents a night paid by those who did pay have paid all expenses; how the dead had been given decent Christian burial, and then there were tears of joy in his voice, if not in his eyes, when he told how 200 men who had not approached the sacraments for from five to thirty years, received communion at his hands last St. Patrick's day."

that even those who were accommodated without pay could consider that they were merely visiting for a night with their brothers.

"This," he said, "is what we give for a dime: Clean bed and comfort and linen, hot and cold bath, shower, or plunge, shoe blacking and brushes, hair brush and comb, all leading newspapers and magazines, towels, ventilated locker and key, piano and music in recreation room, and employment through free labor agency—when times are good."

"And when Father Dempsey finished telling about the Exile's Rest—for that is what he called his hotel the prominent laymen, the bishops and archbishops, walked back up the aisles to seek the privilege of shaking hands with him."

Father Dempsey in September issued the opening number of a little monthly publication in the interests of workmen under the title "Father Dempsey's Hotel Record," and in the November number is published in full the article he had prepared for reading at the missionary convention.

Was It a Miracle

A very striking thing happened at the burning of St. Jerome's Novitiate Chapel the other day, as Mr. Joseph Ferguson of St. Michael's College learned by letter from first class authority.

A cibarion containing some Hosts went down in the burning of the altar. Such was the suddenness and fury of the fire that it could not be rescued. In the ashes on the following day it was found intact. Not even the color of the ciborium had been changed one whit.

Was it a miracle? Well, our friends without the fold would be inclined to scoff. We of the faith know what to think. We are free to think what ever we wish—but on such a question we generally think the same. Christ is as powerful in the nineteenth century as He was in the first. He is with His church to the consummation of the world, and He takes interested measure, as much now as of yore, to grip tighter the adhesion of the minds and hearts of His people to the facts and principles laid down by Him in the original deposit of Revelation.

A. E. H.