

The QUIET HOUR

A THOUGHT FROM THE PSALMS. When I beheld the heavens, O my God, How petty seems the things of this brief life!

neyed toward their distant destination. Can we not picture them? The Blessed Virgin seated on a humble beast of burden, bearing in her arms, her God and Maker and yet her Son, and looking down so lovingly on Him, and dear St. Joseph, so tender and thoughtful, walking by her side, ever trying to make the way easier. And can we doubt but that myriad angels attended their way and paid sweet homage to their Infant King.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. (By Ignatius.) Thy Blood that once was trodden on the hill Where stood the Cross that looked to Heaven in woe For pity on the hand that struck the blow

At a little distance apart from His Apostles the Master knelt in prayer, under the wide spreading trees of Gethsemane. The deep darkness and solitude his His heart-rending agony from the eyes of the world, as He entered on His bitter passion.

ANGELS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. (Sacred Heart Rev.) The Annunciation. In an humble cottage of Israel knelt a little Jewish maiden rapt in prayer. The day was far spent and the mellow radiance of the setting sun cast a glory of softened color into the tiny room.

Early at the Tomb as were the holy women, they could not precede the angels of God, who had watched all the long night through, that they might welcome with joyous Hosannas, their King's triumphant victory over death. O happy angels! God's closest friends, His constant adorers before the great White Throne! How blest are you, ye thrice blessed, to be so favored by God Almighty!

ONLY A Common Cold BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED. PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH OR CONSUMPTION IS THE RESULT.

LAST FRENCH NUNS. After thirteen centuries of charitable ministrations the last of the nuns left the Hotel Dieu of Paris on Jan. 1, 1908. The foundation of the Hotel Dieu goes back to the earliest Christian ages, and was practically established at the same time as the See of Paris, for in those days every Bishop had a hospice for the poor and infirm attached to his residence or church.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Obsolete coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep, and often effecting a permanent cure.

THE WICKEDNESS OF ANTI-CLERICALISM. (Liverpool Catholic Times) There are many aspects under which wrong and infamy are disclosed when the Continental campaigns against the clergy are closely examined. But we venture to say that no phase of that detestable proceedings is so hateful to Catholics of every nation as their attempts to besmirch the characters of the clergy.

INTERESTING ADDRESS

(Continued from page 1.) At the end of June, 1907, the estimated amount in the Post Office Savings Banks in Ireland stood at £10,637,000 as compared with £10,459,000 for the corresponding year of 1906, showing an increase of £178,000.

able feuds or quarrels and wars of a former period of her history. But legislative independence is not impracticable, because she has without going to England, both the lords and commons. With the lords she could not be a democracy, and with the commons she could not be an aristocracy, and with these two without royalty to mediate between them she could not maintain a government.

When, as observed, the taxation in Ireland per head is £2 3s 3d, nearly double some of the countries mentioned, and yet out of the revenue raised in Ireland no portion is expended on the maintenance of an Irish Government, civil service, consular service, army or navy.

Now what a wonderful little country this Ireland must be to stand such a drain as this. Instead of being a vicious, idle, easy-going people, as some unfavorable critics say they are, what a plodding, driving, digging and sturdy race the Irish must be, to be able to meet this strenuous situation not only year after year, but century after century.

Home Rule is the only remedy for the ills of Ireland. The constitution of Ireland is not, never was, and never can be, republican. Royalty and nobility are essential elements of it. Ireland cannot subsist if she throws off even the authority of the crown of Great Britain, for she would have left only an incomplete constitution, only two elements out of the three which are essential to it.



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

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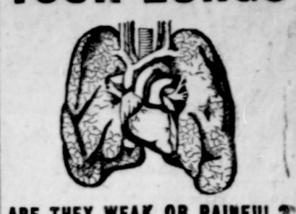
possesses the secret of Irish life and so entirely is the key in his possession that it is doubtful if any one could give an adequate rendering of Irish life without including the priest. As for the Irish Protestant novelists, who caricature priests it is pointed out by Miss Tynan that Lever and Lover serve usually as the sources of inspiration for such caricatures, and that the writers themselves are rarely, and then only very slightly, acquainted with the real personality of the Irish priest.

The denial to Ireland of the rights of self-government, side by side with the concession of these rights to so many portions of the Empire, a concession which has without exception led to prosperity and contentment, is one of the strangest anomalies in British history.

Why was it granted in the cases mentioned. It was granted in the hope of averting the disintegration of the Empire, and that hope has abundantly fulfilled. As the granting of Home Rule to Canada resulted in Canada becoming the most prosperous and loyal of all the dependencies of the Empire, so I maintain the granting of similar concessions to Ireland would place her in a similar position to our own beloved Canada.

The fact is that the Irish priest is a stone for an altar, and women and men are gathering round in the midnight air. Gathering up from the spreading vale, Gathering down from the mountain pass; 'Tis Christmas Eve, none must fail To tell their beads at the Midnight Mass.

YOUR LUNGS



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL? Do you spit yellow and black matter? Are you continually coughing and hacking? Do you have night sweats? Do your lungs ever bleed? Have you pains in chest and sides? Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

Here is Evidence From One Case Under date of Mar. 11, 1907, William Schmidt, 1304 Coleman St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "It is now nearly four years since my cure of Consumption was made complete by your Lung-Germine, and I am happy to say that I remain as well and strong today as the day I was cured."

You Pay No Duty

Pending low in their prayer to God For succor and help at the Midnight Mass.

Slowly, solemnly tinkles the bell, Raises the priest the Host on high; Rises upward with surging swell, A sorrowful people's prayerful cry: "Save us, O God, from the blood-hound's tooth, The ogot's wrath and the scaffold's doom; Keep us, O God, in the paths of truth, In our woful journey toward the tomb."

The sickly moon through a pile of clouds Shines on the glen where a fleecy party Clusters the cold earth in a frozen shroud. Was that a shriek on the piercing wind, And that the glint of a steel crucifix? O God, the wolf is again in the field, And the lamb is slain at the Midnight Mass.

Down in the glen of the Golden Gorse— His altar stone for a rigid rig— A saintly sogaorth lies a corpse, His bosom pierced with a trooper's spear, But the angel who bears his soul away And sees his heart's blood pour on the grass, Will witness bear on the Judgment Day. For the priest and his flock at the Midnight Mass.

The Chinese have a saying: "If you have two loaves of bread sell one and buy a lily." It is not the body alone that needs to be fed. Mind, heart and soul grow hungry, and many a time they are famishing when the larder is full. There are many homes where the lilies are entirely crowded out by the loaves; where there is no room for beauty or enjoyment, or even for love, to grow, because of the mad scramble after wealth. Fewer loaves and more lilies—less of the rush after material good, and more time for the gracious and beautiful things God has placed within reach of us—all would make happier and nobler lives.

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered? As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes? Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause. Mr. Samuel J. Hubbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may use my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

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