

The QUIET HOUR

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

When our hearts are crushed with anguish, And care-laden lies our way, When for sympathy we languish, What a balm these words convey: Trust in the Heart of Jesus, O Sacred Heart, O Sacred Heart, Rest in the Heart of Jesus, O Sacred Heart in Thee.

THE BROKEN CRUCIFIX.

Preaching recently at the reception of candidates into the austere order of the Poor Clares Collettines, at St. Clare's Abbey, Carlow Graigue, Ireland, Father Paul, O.S.F.C., after dwelling upon the triumphs of the cross among savage peoples, said it was not necessary to go into unutilized parts nor centuries back to find traces of God's tender mercies.

Who, he asked, in recent times has not heard of that advanced leader of the Socialist party in France, M. Jaures, a more notorious enemy of the Church and of the crucifix than ever were the cannibals of Brazil. Well, only a few months ago an incident was going the rounds of the Parisian papers that brought tears to many eyes and sent a thrill of joy to many hearts.

Suddenly a gentle knock was heard at the door; a graceful hand pushed aside the rich hangings, and there stood before him the tall, slight and handsome form of his daughter. Leaning on a chair close by, she sweetly said, "Father, you must be very tired."

"Yes," he replied, "I am." "Oh, then, I should not have come," she continued.

"Oh, don't say that," he returned, "I am very pleased to see you. What is it?"

"Well, father, she timidly spoke, "for a long time I have been anxious to enter a convent and consecrate myself to God."

"Oh, nonsense!" he ejaculated. "What put that into your head? Have you spoken to your governess about it?"

"Ah, no," said she, "the governess has no religion, and she does not know anything about such matters."

"Well," he continued, "some one must have led you to this brink of the abyss, and I am anxious to know all about it."

"Father," she went on, "it was this way. About four years ago the governess and myself were out for a walk in the country. We strolled away on a lonely road till we came to where one of the wayside crosses had been pulled down and the crucifix broken to pieces. The governess and myself set about putting the pieces together as best we could, just as children build houses from little blocks. Soon we had every piece in its place, and the crucifix was complete. But, oh, from that day to this the look from the eyes of that broken crucifix has caused a harvest of ideas to spring up in my soul that no one ever sowed there.

"His vision has ever haunted my mind and inspired me to make some reparation for all this sacrifice. I have been held back, and my heart torn at the thought of leaving you, but then the sorrows of Jesus crucified have been my strength and consolation. I have prayed Him to let me share His sorrows, that I may win for you the light to know Him, that we may both live and love Him together."

Her voice was choked in her sob; she could say no more. He, too, broke down; he shuddered; he grew pale; he motioned her to leave; he wished to be alone.

Oh, what a mysterious incident. How irresistible the voice of Jesus from the cross. Well has the Scripture expressed it, "The heart of man disposed his way, but the Lord must direct his steps." What a shattering of the proud conceits of this notorious persecutor of the Church! He had egged on the atheists of France

to pull down the wayside crosses—to remove the symbols of salvation from the eyes of the peasantry. But the broken crucifix will make its voice heard—where he knows not. God will reign from the wooden throne, and conquer the choicest soul under the persecutor's own roof and lead away into seclusion the child of His bosom. He had attempted to extinguish the light of faith in the heart of his country, but the broken crucifix kindled a flame on his own hearth that nothing could extinguish. He had banished from his home every symbol of religion, everything that could remind his fair child of God and His kingdom, but the broken crucifix on the lonely wayside had frustrated all his wicked designs and had stamped the image of Jesus so deep on her heart that nothing could blot it out.

She is gone from her home to weep by the crucifix in solitude and may we hope that her prayers and her tears will win for her father and for the land of her birth the light of faith and the glory of the ancient Church.

ST. SYMPHORIUS, MARTYR.

About the year 180 there was a great procession of the heathen goddess Ceres, at Autun, in France. Amongst the crowd was one who refused to pay the ordinary marks of worship. He was, therefore, dragged before the magistrate and accused of sacrilege and sedition. When asked his name and condition, he replied, "My name is Symphorian; I am a Christian." He came of a noble and Christian family. He was still young, and so innocent that he was said to converse with the holy angels.

The Christians of Autun were few and little known, and the judge could not believe that the youth was serious in his purpose. He caused the laws enforcing heathen worship to be read, and looked for a speedy compliance. Symphorian replied that he must obey the laws of the King of kings. "Give me a hammer," he said, "and I will break your idol in pieces." He was scourged and thrown into a dungeon. Some days later this son of light came forth from the darkness of his prison, haggard and worn, but full of joy. He despised the riches and honors offered to him as he had despised torments. He died by the sword, and went to the court of the heavenly King. The mother of St. Symphorian stood on the city walls and saw her son led out to die. She knew the honors he had refused and the dishonor of his death, but she esteemed the reward of Christ better than all the riches of Egypt, and she cried out to him, "My son, keep the living God in your heart; look up to Him Who reigns in heaven."

Thus she shared in the glory of his passion and her name lives with his in the records of the Church. A little more than a century later the Roman Empire bowed before the faith of Christ. Many miracles spread the glory of St. Symphorian, and of Christ the King of Saints.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON.

(Paulist Fathers.) "By the grace of God I am what I am and His grace in me hath not been void."—Epistle of the Sunday.

Saint Paul, dear brethren, was a convert to the faith of Jesus Christ. He had been a persecutor of the most pronounced type. His persecution was of the fiercest kind and this made it the more vehement and deadly. Still he seemed to have been lost in his violent persecution of the early Christians. But when the grace of God touched and changed his passionate heart, when the light of divine faith illuminated his mind, he yielded like a humble, pliable child to the softening influence of divine grace. He became an apostle of Jesus Christ, humble, zealous, indefatigable, and laboring with all the fervor of his ardent nature for the salvation of souls. He was able to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am and His grace in me hath not been void."

Like Saint Paul, we are what we are by the grace of God. The grace of God is a supernatural gift. It is a divine blessing which flows upon the soul like a gentle fruiting shower of spring. By it the mind is illuminated to see the truths of divine faith, the will is divinely strengthened to give a cheerful acceptance to those supernatural truths and the heart is inspired by the Holy Ghost to cherish and to love that faith, without which we cannot please God. The grace of God, when humbly

ly received and profitably utilized, overflows our whole being and converts it into something beautiful, something noble, something divine. We may have no sensible feeling of the operation of divine grace. Our sensitive nature may have no participation in its silent, salutary effects, but the grace of God is nevertheless there. It works quietly but effectively, inspiring the mind to a humble, childlike faith, urging on the will to the cheerful performance of good works, and influencing the heart to make steady and rapid progress in the love of God. These are the priceless effects of divine grace, dear brethren, when we put no willful resistance to its marvelous workings in our souls. These are the effects which made Saint Paul what he was, a faithful, zealous and ardent follower of our Lord, and these are the effects which render us like unto him, shining examples of virtue, fervent imitators of Christ and true children of our Heavenly Father.

Saint Paul made two inspired utterances—that he was what he was by the Grace of God and that the grace of God in him had not been void. We cheerfully admit that we are indebted to the grace of God for what we possess in nobility of character, in beauty of virtue, in the peace and happiness of a life well spent, but can we truthfully say that the grace of God in us has not been void? Remember that the grace of God is given to us not for our own personal benefit, but also for the edification and salvation of others. Hence we must utilize the grace of God in a practical way. Are you doing this, dear brethren? Do you assist the poor of Jesus Christ according to your means? Are you patient and kind and forbearing in your intercourse with your neighbor? Are you watchful to render a ready assistance to those who are weighed down by sorrow and affliction? Do you make a sincere, Christian effort to counsel sinners and then to have the great happiness of bringing them back to their Saviour, Jesus Christ? Are you solicitous by prayer and by an edifying example to make converts that there may be one fold and one shepherd? These are the crucial tests of a practical Catholic. They are undeniable proof that the precious grace of God is not void in your souls.

Dear brethren, imitate the zeal and the fervor and the fidelity of the apostle, Saint Paul. Stir up the grace of God in your souls. Render that grace practical and efficacious. Labor zealously, unwearingly to beautify your own souls with every virtue, but labor, too, for the salvation of others. Then you will be able to say with joyful truthfulness:—am what I am by the grace of God, and His grace in me hath not been void."

Jack Dempsey's Grave

(San Francisco Bulletin. By request.) Far out in the wilds of Oregon, On a lonely mountain side, Where Columbia's mighty waters Roll down to the ocean use; There the giant fir and cedar Are shadowed in the wave, O'ergrown with ferns and lichens, I found poor Dempsey's grave.

I found no marble monolith, No broken shaft, nor stone Recording sixty victories, This vanquished victor won, No rose, no shamrock could I find, No mortal here to tell Where sleeps in this forsaken spot Th' immortal "Nonpareil."

A winding, wooded canon road, That strangers seldom tread, Leads up this lonely mountain To this desert of the dead; And the western sun was sinking In Pacific's golden wave, And these solemn pines were watching Over poor Jack Dempsey's grave.

That man of honor and of iron, That man of heart and steel, That man who far outclassed his class And made mankind to feel That Dempsey's name and Dempsey's fame Should live in storied stone, Is now at rest, far in the West, In the wilds of Oregon.

Forgotten by ten thousand throats That thundered his acclaim, Forgotten by his friends and foes Who cheered his very name, 'Tis strange New York should thus forget Her "bravest of the brave," And in the wilds of Oregon Unmarked leave Dempsey's grave. —MacMahon.

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Impressions of a Visitor to Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough

"Nature is but the outward vestibule Which God has placed before an unseen shrine."

Brilliant sunshine, a cloudless sky, clear, pure air, the vivid emerald of tree and shrub and hedgerow, the myriad tints of Nature's sweetest gift to earth, the flowers, and in the midst the solemn, friendly walls of a stately convent, outlined against the western sky, combined to present to my delighted gaze, as I approached Mount St. Joseph, on the morning of the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, a picture which will live long in my memory as a sweet momento of a never-to-be-forgotten day.

But what directs my footsteps to this quiet cloister, this home of the companions of Christ on this lovely feast day? This day I am to have the great privilege of attending one of the most sublime of ceremonies, the counterpart of which can be seen nowhere outside of convent walls. Three loving maiden-hearts whom Christ has called to be His very own are to renounce the vanities of the world, to say farewell to all the heart holds dear and to show that they themselves no longer live, but that Christ lives in them, are to be clothed in the humble garb of the good Sisters of St. Joseph. But although the initial sacrifice is unquestionably a great one, the crowning feature of the day is undoubtedly the solemn profession. Eleven chosen souls, to whom Christ's loving invitation, "Come, follow Me," has not been given in vain, are to make, at the foot of God's holy altar, the perpetual vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, which like three nails attach them to the Cross of their Lord and Master.

But I must not allow myself to wander from my real subject. Come with me now and I will show you one of the sweetest pictures it will ever be your good fortune to see.

We are led into the spacious chapel by a sweet-faced Sister, who directs us to a seat from which we can see the altar from the front. In silent prayer we kneel for a few moments before the altar, which is:

"Glistening 'mid a thousand beams Flowing from the burning tapers In bright, sparkling, silver streams, From unnumbered crystal vases, Rise and bloom the fairest flowers, Shedding 'round their balmy fragrance

'Mid the lights, in sweetest showers." From niche and pedestal and memorial window the sweet-faced Christ His Virgin Mother, and the saints look down upon the hearts of parents and friends, gathered here to be witnesses of this sublime ceremony. But, hark! Sweet strains of music steal upon the ear. Softly! Softly! at first, then rising with an exultant swell, they burst into a grand triumphant march, and walking slowly with downcast eyes and faces aglow with the sweet joy of sacrifice, three maidens in bridal robes of limy white appear. Their veiled heads are wreathed with flowers and each carries a graceful spray of lovely blossoms. They are attended by dainty little maids of honor, and are preceded by two tiny tots, carrying a basket containing the desired habits, etc. Ah! these are brides, indeed, and the Heavenly Bridegroom awaits them upon His altar.

"Is it real? Is it earthly? Is it all a fleeting dream? Hark! those choral voices singing; Lo! those forms like angels seem."

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up by His Lordship, Rt. Rev. R. A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterboro, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Casey, of Lindsay, and Rev. W. McColl, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro; Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Chaplain to the Mount, acts as master of ceremonies, and there are also present in the sanctuary Rev. Father Spratt of Wolfe Island, Rev. Father Fitzpatrick of Ennismore, and Rev. Father Kelly of Peterboro. Exquisite music is rendered during the Mass by the Sisters' choir.

After the Mass Rev. J. J. Donohoe, S.J., of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, who conducted the Sisters' Retreats, read the Gospel for the feast taken from St. Luke, Chap. x., 38-42, and which reads as follows:

"At that time Jesus entered into a certain town and a certain woman, named Martha, received Him into her home. And she had a sister, called Mary, who, sitting at the Lord's feet, heard His word. But Martha was busy about much serving, and she stood and said: 'Lord, hast Thou no care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, then, help me.' And the Lord, answering, said to her, 'Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things. But one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her.' Taking for his text the concluding words of the Gospel, "Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her," Father Donohoe preached the following eloquent and touching sermon:

"My Lord, Rev. Fathers, dearly beloved brethren, to-day, if we were to travel in spirit throughout the entire Catholic world and visit its numberless churches, we would hear in every one a glorious tribute of prayer and praise to the Queen of Heaven, the Blessed Virgin Mary. And why should this be? In the quiet of this lovely sanctuary let us ponder over and answer the question—

If we glance back over the pages of history and study the lives of those whose goodness, bravery and nobility of character have for centuries perhaps been the theme of song and story, and a subject of wonder and admiration to generations, we will find this question forming itself in our minds, "What was the motive power, the great principle that actuated these men and women to such

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grand, such heroic deeds?" Will a casual inquiry into their lives reveal this soul-inspiring influence? Oh, no! we must penetrate to the very depths of their souls and find there, and only there, the "God-given inspiration" that impelled them to deeds whose lustre time cannot dim. In statue and marble shaft and enduring bronze the memory of the benefactors of the human race lives. But long after shaft and tablet and bronze have crumbled into dust, the glory of the greatest, most courageous and noblest of all God's creatures, Mary, our Mother, will shine with undiminished brilliancy.

It is not my purpose this morning to dwell upon the details of a life which is almost as familiar to us as our own; but, let us consider one incident in Mary's life, where she displayed a generosity and courage, coupled with confidence in God, which never has been and never shall be paralleled.

"It is morning in Nazareth. The Blessed Virgin, now a delicate maiden of sixteen, is kneeling in her little home, praying to her God for light to guide and grace to strengthen her in the life which stretches before her youthful vision. It is only a maiden's prayer, but that prayer is powerful enough to move the arm of Omnipotence. Suddenly a heavenly radiance fills the room and Mary is startled to see, bowing low before her, an angel of the Lord, who addresses her, 'Hail, full of grace!' and who makes known to her the design of the Eternal Godhead. Now he ceases speaking and awaits her reply. The Blessed Trinity awaits it also. The devils in hell await it in trembling anxiety, for her consent to God's designs in her regard will mean to them the salvation of countless souls whose ruin they have sworn to compass. All mankind awaits it. Here, in the balance of this tender virgin's free-will, trembles the eternal destiny of the entire human race. What a moment! Will Mary consent to be God's companion in this glorious work of the salvation of souls? Will she be willing to renounce all that is precious to the human heart and embrace a life of perhaps untold suffering and privations? But has she not already given up all? Did she not leave home and loving parents and friends at the tender age of three years and make, in the temple of God with full knowledge and of her own free-will, a vow of perpetual virginity, thereby renouncing forever every honor and every happiness that life could hold out to the lowliest, most gifted, and best of all creatures, most more than that! By this vow the Blessed Virgin, in her humility, gave up the hope that was nearest and dearest to the heart of every maiden in Israel, namely, the inestimable joy and honor of being the one chosen by God to be the mother of the Messiah. After these tremendous sacrifices what more can God require of her?"

St. Augustine tells us, and we have no reason to doubt the statement, that while Mary deliberated as to what reply she should give to God's messenger, the veil of the future was lifted and she was permitted to gaze upon the life of heart-rending sorrow and suffering that would be hers as the Mother, the Companion, the Co-operator of the Redeemer in the salvation of souls. But God's holy will was clear, and with love that counts not the cost, courage that surmounts all difficulties and in the most humble submission Mary bowed her head and spoke the words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word."

God could not force her will. He simply made known to her His good pleasure and the Blessed Virgin, by the most sublime act of heroic self-sufficiency, enabled God to carry out His design. "Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Here, dear friends, we have the true meaning of "Vocation."

Two thousand years ago God called upon the Blessed Virgin to leave all, to sacrifice all in order to be His companion, His co-laborer in the great work of the salvation of souls, and ever since, the same invitation of God, whispered to thousands of generous souls, in quiet prayer or in the midst of many cares and occupations, has been heard and heeded.

"Many are called but few are chosen." Few, indeed, compared with the magnitude of the enterprise and the many calls of God, have entered the army of Christ to be His close companions and to toil generously and bravely with Him in saving souls. Many, resisting the call, have fallen by the wayside. But to the generous grace comes to aid the poor heart in making the sacrifice. It is never a small thing to break in twain the bonds that unite us to father and mother, sisters and brothers, to the friends of our youth and the home of our childhood. It is never a small thing to realize that we are leaving all these forever, to revisit them, perhaps, only in memory. It is never a small thing to give up all worldly prospects, to sacrifice talents and every personal advantage in order to embrace a life of, perhaps, the keenest privations and sufferings.

But why, oh why, must it be done? Why, you ask, must the children of our love leave us alone and desolate? I answer: "Are we not soldiers of Christ?" The soldier must leave home, perhaps never to return. Why not we also? The world esteems it folly. Aye, it is folly, the "folly of the Cross!" But we are following the Master closely and we can flaunt, in the face of the world's contempt, the promise of Him who cannot de-

ceive,—"Everyone that hath left father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold in this life, and in the next, life everlasting."

To-day, we see before the altar of God souls whom He, in His infinite love, has chosen to be His intimate companions; souls whom He has invited to leave all for His sake and to whom He repeats the same beautiful promise that thrilled the hearts of His first disciples, the hundred-fold in this present life and eternal bliss in the next. They have been given the courage to make the initial sacrifice and to-day they will kneel before His Sacred altar, His tabernacle, and pledge themselves to be His companions forever. Companions of Jesus? O, happy souls!

I voice the sentiments of all present and of my own heart as well, when I extend to you, dear sisters of Christ, heartiest congratulations and the wish, "God bless you! You, like Mary, our Immaculate Queen, have chosen the best part which shall not be taken from you and when the day comes for you to go to Him, when your life-work will be ended, and He, for whose love you now give up all, shall call you, our Blessed Mother, the Virgin of Virgins, will be there to take you by the hand and lead you to His throne, where you will hear from His Divine Lips those words of sweetest praise, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many. Enter into the joy of the Lord."

The sermon being ended, His Lordship addressed himself to the three postulants, and they, having begged for and received his permission to be clothed in the Holy Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, retired from the chapel to effect the change of dress while that beautiful hymn, "Go Ye Forth, O Sion's Daughters," was sweetly sung by the choir. After a short interval they returned to the chapel and, being once more questioned by His Lordship, expressed their entire joy and satisfaction in the steps they had taken and retired to give place to the eleven who were to make their solemn profession. These were also questioned by His Lordship concerning the important step they were about to take and they most earnestly entreated him to receive their vows. The Reverend Mother Superior having given her consent, on behalf of the Community, they entered the sanctuary and in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, prostrated upon the altar, pronounced, in turn, the Holy Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience in the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. His Lordship spoke to the Sisters a few well-chosen words of congratulation and encouragement, exhorting them to strive generously after the perfection of their state and to live always as true spouses of Jesus Christ.

After some time spent in fervent thanksgiving to God for His great goodness to them, the Sisters filed out of the chapel to receive the congratulations of the Community and of their friends.

Those who received the holy habit are: Miss Loretta Coleman of Trenton, in religion, Sister Mary Denette, in religion, Sister Mary Lucie Bay, in religion, Sister Mary Lucey, in religion, Sister Mary Martina.

The following are the names of the newly professed religious: Sisters M. Faustina, M. Anselm, M. Clare, M. Helen of the Cross, M. Etheldreda, M. Justina, M. Traeneas, M. Adrian, M. Christina, M. Mechilde and M. Dorothy.

Catholicity in Saxony

Dr. Vogel, a member of the Landtag of Saxony, has made a curious complaint in that house. He expressed his grief at the conviction that locally there is a steady, continual increase of Catholics. A correspondent of one of the German Catholic papers pertinently asks what would be said if in the Landtag of the Rhine Province a member of the Center party, of up and complained of the continual growth of Protestants in the Rheinland. A cry of rage would be raised from Metz to Memel.

A couple of centuries ago a Parliamentary edict would have gone forth to the effect that whereas it was noticed there was a disposition on the part of the Saxons to embrace the creed of Rome, care should be taken that proselytism ceased and that there were no Catholics amongst the immigrants.

But times have changed. If those who profess a religious creed are not able to defend it, and let people see that it can hold its own, there is no use in appeals for help from the secular arm.

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