



The thatched cottage of the poor, the furrows watered with the sweat of the indigent worker, the obscurity of the hamlets, the bed of the suffering where laments the abandoned sick, even the cradle of infancy: such are the settings of the Power of the Lord. It is here where His adorable majesty descends; here where His Finger writes in dazzling letters: **Providence full of Love!**

Whatever may be our miseries here below, He is ready to lighten them for those who invoke Him. The humble, the little ones have perfectly understood this language. I see them run up from every side. Where, then, are the multitude of men and women, young and old, running? And, they reply to me:

We go to a new Bethlehem, we run to see what has happened, what it has pleased God to manifest in His Mercy.

St. Philomena receives them with open arms and all sorts of favors follow the benediction which she imparts. They return with joy on their faces and peace in their hearts. The one assures me that he saw the Saint who cured him of a long lasting illness, the other is a fortunate mother who presents with pride the **fruit** of her womb; he who was dead is suddenly restored to life; this one stops and is astonished to contemplate one of his limbs, once crippled, restored in fullness.

Oh, how more capable are the Hands of God than the most renowned earthly science! Further down, I notice an inn. The wine was on the point of running out just as at the wedding at Cana and, behold, a quantity of casks are now full. They had come to honor Saint Philomena and she miraculously provided for their needs.

THAT IS ENOUGH, CHRISTIANS! Will we love, will we bless so good and so admirable a Providence? Will the sight of its motherly care animate our hearts to deposit in its bosom all our hopes? The hope we place is never confounded. **Faint-heartedness is the most common sickness in the unhappy times in which we live.** We seem to see everything reeling around us. All threatens ruin.

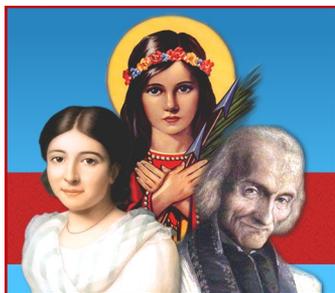
In proportion as the storm advances, the sky darkens and the darkness thickens over the land, fear redoubles and the beatings of the heart press more and more. It is a terrible thing to see confidence and courage lost! When the lightning leaves, the thunder pales and, to the right and to the left, we hear moaning and groaning. Already, we count many victims and we fear of being struck with the same blows. Ah, mercy! Have no fear little flock. Look to the Good Shepherd Who conducts you to celestial pastures. His Eyes are unceasingly upon you; His Hands always powerful to defend you; His Heart always open to be an asylum to you and to shelter you from the most furious hurricanes. Do you then believe that He sleeps or that He dozes? By and by, He will send to your aid one of His children already entered into the bosom of His celestial Family.

SAINT PHILOMENA HAS COME! See in her works, the purpose of her mission. Is she not a blessed Providence for all kinds of sufferings? If you fear, implore her and effects most consoling are sure to be the fruits of your recourse to her all-powerful shepherd's crook. What if her arm ever becomes insufficient for you? How many others on high in Heaven will be ready to move for you as soon as, filled with

the courage of the faith, you will have interested them in your cause. Hence, all rests on this foundation. **COURAGE! NO MORE FAINT-HEARTEDNESS!**

The peril is great, weakness greater still and the needs are many. No matter; do not be discouraged. The Master, the Dispenser of all blessings, the Savior of both body and soul is close beside you. His Providence is there to serve you. This great God of Infinite Goodness does more than the servants who, when they become tired, permit themselves a bit of rest. But, God is always standing by. He does not wait for a signal to wake Him. Impatient in some way to do good for us, He knocks on our door to encourage our poor hearts to use liberally of Him and His Angels and Saints. If we hesitate to ask, He reproaches us: **Behold! For a long time, I invite you. I knock, and you ask nothing of Me. And, therefore, I will give you, according to your desires.**

If we let ourselves be vanquished by timidity in spite of His insistence, He will give Himself, by His generous tenderness, even without our having asked. **O GOD! Who can be shy with Thee?** It makes no difference between things large or small, easy or difficult, possible or even impossible. **For He Who can do all, there is never any difficulty or any sort of impossibility.**



COURAGE, THEN, ONCE MORE! IT IS HEAVEN WHICH CRIES TO US:

All that you ask the Father, in the Name of the Son, the Father will give to you! St. Philomena is GOD'S Gift to us in these Days of great Darkness for our Consolation, our Instruction and to bolster our Courage!

SHE IS OUR ANCHOR OF HOPE IN THIS AGE OF DESPAIR!