

example, in considering the Bloody Mystery of the Redemption, we admire the love with which our Saviour joyfully shed his Blood, and sacrificed his life to save us from hell and make us sharers of his eternal happiness. As we contemplate his devotedness to us, in this Mystery, our hearts become inflamed, insensibly our will grows stronger, and, in the end, we are disposed to make the most painful sacrifices, even to shed our blood, if necessary, rather than manifest ingratitude towards a God, who has so plainly shown that love consists in serving the beloved object, even to the extent of immolating self for its sake.

V. S. J.

SANGUIS CHRISTI PRETIOSISSIMUS.

BY JEAN E. N. NEALIS.

It was only a little chapelet,
Of pretty, blood-red beads,
Like a handful of Roman berries
Or scarlet India seeds ;
Yet it sets my pulses beating,
While thoughts come like a flood,
Their simple name repeating,
“ Beads of the Precious Blood.”

Still they were only ivory beads,
On silvered wires strung,
Like holly berries in the wood
From frosted branches hung ;
But on uncounted altar shrines,
There day and night remains,
The Blood that flowed from Mary's heart
Thro' Jesus' sacred veins.

Unworshipped and forgotten, oft
By impious feet downtrod,
Insulted, mocked at, and despised,
The priceless Blood of God !