

Shall we not listen ? Shall we not reflect ?

O sinner standing there all the day long, idle among holy things, yet busy, so busy with sin, hear you not this trumpet-like Voice speaking in the depths of your once beautiful soul, saying : " Come up hither ? "

" And I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands."

O sinner, repent, do penance, and you shall yet stand there redeemed and free.

And when, perchance, your companions in Glory, wonder at seeing you among the Saved, you, whom they had deemed lost in the depths of hell, you shall make answer : " I heard a Voice," it was the Voice of the Precious Blood. I listened, I reflected, I sought strength in the Sacraments of the Holy Church, I " washed my robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." I struggled, I fought, I overcame. . . . I looked, " I saw a door opened in Heaven " I entered.

And now I am clothed in white robes, a palm is in my hand, a crown upon my head,—O God, I am *saved* !

Alleluia ! Amen.

CARRISSIMI.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

I am sometimes sad and lonely,
I am often bowed in pain,
But there's One that ever comforts me
And brings me peace again.

Do you know my Blessed Comforter ?
Does He ever come to you
When your heart is racked with sorrow,
When your brow is wreathed with rue ?