

Saw that lurid crimson glow  
 From the weird and wondrous blossom  
 That amid the ice-fields grew,  
 With its stem, and leaf, and stamens  
 All of one ensanguined hue.  
 On his knees the meek Franciscan  
 Sank, enraptured and amazed,  
 And upon the shining wonder  
 Long in silent awe he gazed.  
 Then, at last, while fell the tear-rain  
 In a bright, unceasing flood,  
 Thus he cried : " O flower and mountain  
 Of the Saviour's Precious Blood !"

To this day, that fitting title  
 Of the flower and mount remains ;  
 And the pilgrim, gazing spellbound,  
 On the wondrous crimson stains,  
 And the sacred name remembering  
 Of the legend sweet and blest,  
 Marvels, in his dreaming fancies,  
 That, within the distant West,  
 Far from Calvary's awful summit  
 Where His Life was sacrificed,  
 On the snowy-crowned Sierras,  
 Shines the Precious Blood of Christ !

—*Ave Maria.*

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IN MEMORIAM.

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THE early days of July bring around an anniversary which the Adorers of the Precious Blood commemorate prayerfully and with loving remembrance.

On the 3rd July 1887 the city of St-Hyacinthe lost a Son, who, for more than half a century had been its glory; the church in Canada wept the death of a priest illustrious by his science and venerable by reason of a long life ornamented by every sacerdotal virtue, and Canadian society witnessed the disappearance of a man who had long been regarded as a finished type of christian politeness, nobility