

dove-like sound of the whispering winds, in these gentle zephyrs of the Month of the Precious Blood, in the sweet warblings of the joyous little singing birds, in the mighty peals of thunder, when storm-clouds are above us. "Over the snow-covered mountain-tops, the billows of the glorious music rolls. The vast vaults of the purple night ring with Its resonance. The clouds tremble in Its undulations. Down into the deep seas flows the celestial harmony." We hear the menacing Voice of the Precious Blood in the tidings of awful catastrophes on land and sea; in the complaints of all the outraged peoples on the face of the earth, and in the depths of our souls when we consent to sin.

Oh, let us kneel and humbly pray that our hearts may awaken at the sound of this "Voice of great thunder."

Redeemed and saved ! O Jesus Christ, by Thy Most Precious Blood ! will one day be our triumphant song, in the innermost courts of our Father's House, where the "many mansions" are.

The joys that come to us, sometimes in life's bitterest moments, are all from the Precious Blood.

Its unseen angels brush us with their wings.

Celestial Hope revives, itself an emanation from the Precious Blood.

Oh, how much we need Jesus, from the highest to the lowest of mortals. Yet we need His Blood more, for that Blood alone redeemed us, and alone can wash our sins away.

In the solemn words of the priest at the holy Altar, as he stands offering the daily Sacrifice, we hear the truest utterances of the Divine Blood. Countless blessings are waiting for every one who devoutly assists at the daily Mass, whilst the Eucharistic Banquet should make us one with our Saviour. Why miss these golden opportunities ? Why neglect the Sacraments of the Church when the Voice of the Precious Blood is calling ?

"And I heard a Voice, as the voice of many waters, as a voice of great thunder.

"I looked, and behold a door was opened in Heaven, and the first Voice which I heard, as it were, of a Trumpet speaking with me, said : *Come up hither.*"