

A Face divinely tender,  
Whose brow a crown adorns,  
Not rich with gilded splendor,  
But rough with cruel thorns !

The temples bruised and bleeding,  
The sad and hollow eyes,  
The white lips mutely pleading,  
Before her, shuddering rise !

“ Oh ! pardon, Jesus, pardon ! ”  
She, weeping, kneels to say ;  
And rends her glittering garments,  
And casts her gems away.

“ O bleeding Face ! *this* favor  
Shall not in vain be shown ;  
Henceforth my heart, sweet Saviour,  
Is Thine and Thine alone ! ”

E. C. D., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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THE MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD AT  
OUR BROOKLYN'S MONASTERY.

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*Closing of a Seven Year's Sanctuary Association ;  
Its Monthly Offerings in Honor of the  
Seven Bloodsheddings.*

Salvation ! what a glorious word ! By Jesus' blood 'twas bought ;  
So let us praise that Priceless Flood, by word, by act, and thought.  
This month, which Holy Church assigns to special acts of love  
In honor of the Precious Blood, let's with the choirs above  
Of angels, worshipping the Lamb, praise Him Whose life's blood  
flow'd,  
And ransomed us from sin and hell, and on us heav'n bestowed.

How full of wisdom is Holy Mother Church ! How  
sublime her devotions, and how full of the Holy Spirit  
are all her teachings. She knows the spiritual wants of