

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

You were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver, ... but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled

1 PET. 1. 18, 19.

VOL. 1.

ST-HYACINTHE, QUE., JULY 1896.

NO. 9.

THE SEVEN EFFUSIONS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

What boundless love inflamed Thy heart, sweet Jesus !
When, from Thy glorious home beyond the sky,
To earth Thou cam'st clothed in our feeble nature,
In pain to shed Thy Blood, and then to die.
How soon, alas ! began Thy life of sorrow ;—
Whilst yet a babe, in anguish none can know,
Thy weeping Mother saw this precious life-stream
Course from Thy sacred veins and for us flow.

Great was Thy love on that night sad and lonely,
When, crushed beneath the burden of our guilt,
When powers of darkness mocked Thy sacred anguish,
And on the Garden soil Thy Blood was spilt !
Oh ! that we could by tears of sorrow mingle
A stream of sweetness to Thy sea of woe,
Led on by grace, could we but share Thy sufferings
'T would be our greatest pleasure here below.

O love of God ! yet deeper grows Thy anguish !
I see Thee now, all bruised and crushed with blows ;
Chaste Victim, torn with stripes so deep and cruel,
Thy Precious Blood in crimson torrents flows.
Reveal to us this sweet and sacred mystery,
That shunning e'en the faintest taint of sin,
And strengthened by the Wine that maketh virgins,
On earth we may angelic life begin :

Thy love failed not, O mighty King of glory,
 When Thy fair brow, illumed of heaven above,
 All pierced and torn with thorns so ignominious,
 Was crimsoned o'er with Thy most Precious Blood,
 Remember, dearest Lord, Thy painful crowning,
 Those ruby drops that trickled from Thy brow ;
 And, by this Blood which flowed to save poor sinners,
 Oh ! with the life of grace their souls endow.

What boundless love ! when on and on to Calvary,
 Each foot-print dyed with Blood a crimson hue,
 Beneath the cross, weighed down by bitter anguish
 Thy sacrifice for man, thou didst renew.
 Alas ! sweet Lord, beneath our crimes Thou'rt falling,
 Shall we not in Thy bleeding footsteps tread ?
 O, yes ! as victims, resting not, we'll follow
 To Calvary's height the God who for us bled.

O deathless love ! Thou now art immolating
 Upon the cross Thy life, in grief profound,
 From earth below to heaven's starry portals
 Oh where, dear Lord, shall love like this be found ?
 Attach our hearts to thy hard bed of suffering,
 Redeeming God, there may we live and die.
 Nail to Thy sacred cross our frail existence,
 May we, within its arms, breath our last sigh !

In untold woe, Thy life is slowly ebbing,
 And yet, it dieth not this love of thine.
 Behold, once more, the sacred stream is flowing—
 These last pure Drops now leave Thy heart divine.
 Blood of our God, sole hope of exiled mortals !
 Redemption's Price, sole Object of our love !
 All honor, love and praise be Thine forever,
 On earth and in the happy realms above.

S. M. A.

FIRST SPLENDORS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(Selections from Faber.)

II.

2 UR dearest Saviour did not take upon himself the nature of angels, but he made himself one of us, and took the large share of God's severity upon himself, leaving us our little share in faith, hope and charity.

We see the kindness of Jesus everywhere ; it is at the bottom of everything and the explanation of it. Wonderful Jesus ! that was the name the prophet Isaias gave him: " He shall be called wonderful." How sweet it is to be so hemmed in by the tokens of his love that we cannot turn to any side without meeting them ! Yet his love would be sweeter to us if we could only repay it with more love ourselves.

Amongst the grandeurs and magnificences of creation, our little, humble earth is the native place of the Precious Blood, the most magnificent of all. God made the earth as well as the stars, and shaped it, and adorned it, and filled it with living things ; and then looked upon his work, and it shone forth beautifully, and he blessed it, and declared that it was very good.

There was no sin. To God's eye, earth was all the more beautiful because it was innocent and the dwelling-place of innocence. Then sin came. We know how. Why ? we cannot understand. Every one must keep his own place ; it is the creature's place to believe, adore and love.

Sin came. With sin came many fearful consequences. This beautiful earth was completely wrecked. It went on through the space in the sunshine as before ; but in God's sight, and in the destiny of its inhabitants, it was all changed. Jesus could no more come in a glorious and un suffering incarnation. Mary would have to die ; and, though she was sinless, she would need to be redeemed with a single and peculiar redemption, a redemption of prevention, not of rescue. She also, the immaculate Mother and Queen of creation, must be bought by the Precious Blood. Had not Jesus come, the case of men

would have been hopeless, now that they were polluted by sin and the slaves of it. God would have let them go, as he let the fallen angels go. Earth would have been all hateful and dark in his sight, as the home of the fallen spirits is. But it was not so. Earth was dimmed, but it was not darkened, disfigured but not blackened. God saw it through the Precious Blood, as through a haze; and there it lay with a dusky glory over it, like a red sunset, up to the day of Christ. No sooner had man sinned, than the influence of the Precious Blood began to be felt. There was no adorable abruptness on the part of God, as with the angels. His very upbraiding of Adam was full of paternal gentleness. With his punishment he mingled promises. He spoke of Mary, Eve's descendant, and illuminated the penance of our first parents by the prophecy of Jesus.

As the poor offending earth lay then before the sight of God, so does it lie now; only that the haze is more resplendent, since the sacrifice on Calvary was offered. The Precious Blood covers it all over, like a sea or like an atmosphere. It lies in a beautiful crimson light forever, a light softening the very shades, beautifying the very gloom. God does not see us as we see ourselves, but in a brighter, softer light. We are fairer in his sight than we are in our own, notwithstanding his exceeding sanctity, because he sees us in the Blood of his dear Son. This is a consolation, the balm of which is not easily exhausted. We learn a lesson from it also. Our view of creation should be like God's view. We should see it, with all its countless souls, through the illuminated mist of the Precious Blood. Its spiritual scenery should be before us, everything, everywhere, goldenly red.

This is the shape which our Father's love takes to us his creature. It is an invitation to all of us to the worship of the Precious Blood. It is through this Blood that he communicates to us his perfections. It is in this Blood that he has laid up his blessings for us, as in a storehouse. This is true, not only of spiritual blessings, but of all blessings whatsoever. That the elements still wait upon us sinners, that things around us are so bright and beautiful, that pain has so many balms, that sorrow has so many alleviations, that the common course of the daily

providence is so kindly and so patient, that the weight, the frequency, and the bitterness of evils are so much lightened,—is all owing to the Precious Blood. It restores all the creation ; out of it all graces come, it merits all good things to every one.

INTERCEDE FOR ME

O Blessed Feet of Jesus, weary with seeking me,
Stand at God's bar of Justice and intercede for me !

O Knees that bent in anguish on dark Gethsemane,
Kneel at the throne of mercy and intercede for me !

O Hands that were extended upon the awful Tree,
Hold up those precious nail-prints which intercede for me.

O Side from whence the spear point brought Blood and
[water free.
For healing and for cleansing still intercede for me !

O Head so deeply pierced with thorns that sharpest be,
Bend low before Thy Father and intercede for me !

O Sacred Heart ! such sorrows the world shall never see,
As those which gave Thee warrant to intercede for me !

O sacred and wounded Body, my sacrifice to be,
Present Thy perfect offering and intercede for me !

O Living Risen Saviour, from death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory still intercede for me !

THE MOST HOLY CORPORAL of ORVIETO

By Rev. Wilfrid Dallow, M. R. S. A. J.

IN the year 1263, when the Papal states were harassed by the Guelph and Ghibelline factions, Pope Urban IV., whose reign was only four years, lived with his court at Orvieto. Here, in this strongly fortified city, perched on a lofty mountain, he carried on the government of the Church in safety. As God in His mercy often comforts His Church at that moment when her troubles seem severest, so at this time there occurred a miracle in connection with the Holy Eucharist which has never perhaps been equalled before or since.

The following is an account of the prodigy, partly gathered by the writer during a recent visit to Orvieto, and partly from a valuable work in Italian by Canon Pennazzi. He has reason to believe that this is the first description of the Holy Corporal and its shrine that has appeared in the English language, and it is hoped that the perusal of the account [though meagre] here given will foster a love for so great a Sacrament.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR OF BOLSENA.

It happened in the year 1263 that a German priest, whose name is not recorded, passing through Italy, made a stay at the small town of Bolsena, near the beautiful lake of that name, about six miles from Orvieto. Bolsena is an Italianized form of Volsinü, which ancient town, situated higher up in the country, was famous as one of the twelve capital cities of the Etruscan League, the spoil of which when conquered by the Romans, B. C. 280, included 2,000 statues. This priest, called in some accounts Peter, and styled a Bohemian from Prague, was a devout pilgrim, who had travelled to Rome, with much labor and fatigue, to satisfy his piety "ad limina Apostolorum." His special object in paying a visit to Bolsena was doubtless to honor the memory of a famous virgin-martyr, called Christina, whose name has for many centuries been there held in benediction. In the church of this town is an altar over the saint's tomb in the crypt, and in the up-

per part of the edifice is an altar, styled "*delle Pedate*" (i. e., of the foot-prints), whereat is venerated a stone which is said to bear the impression of St. Christina's feet. Her name occurs in the Roman Martyrology for July 24, whe. here is an unusually long notice of her sufferings, which were very horrible: "Having broken up the gold and silver idols of her pagan father in order to feed the poor, she was scourged, tortured in a variety of ways, and finally cast into the lake, with a great stone attached to her. Being rescued by an angel, she, under another judge, suffered with constancy still greater torments. She was kept in a burning furnace for five days, exposed to serpents, had tongue cut out, and at length finished her course of martyrdom shot to death by arrows." Her death occurred A. D. 295, and many Italian painters have immortalized her sufferings in their works. She was one of the patrons of the Venetian Republic.

A TROUBLED DOUBTER.

This priest Peter, to whom God chose to manifest his power and presence in the Holy Eucharist, is described by the oldest records as a man of piety and virtue, but the victim of temptation as regards belief in the Real Presence. How far he was at fault in this respect it is not for us to say. Perhaps it would be more correct to describe him as tormented by scruples, since he seems to have constantly offered up the Holy Sacrifice, which he would hardly have done had he been sinful, incredulous. May we not devoutly conclude, from the great miracle worked by God's mercy in his behalf, that, whether careless or not in resisting temptations, he was yet an object of pity and of love to Him who deigned to prove his identity before an unbelieving Thomas, and by so doing comfort the other apostles. So, in like manner, did God not only open the eyes of this good priest, but also has left on record an astounding prodigy for the pious contemplation of Catholics.

THE MIRACLE

It happened, then, on a certain day, towards the latter part of the year 1263, that this Bohemian priest was celebrating Mass at the altar in the Church of St. Chris-

tina, at Bolsena, called "delle Pedate." When he had come to that part of the Canon where the breaking and dividing of the Sacred Host takes place, immediately before the "Agnus Dei," a startling prodigy rivetted his eyes. Parts of the Host assumed the form of living flesh, while the smaller part, held over the chalice, retained its original shape. (This fact, as the old chronicler remarks, goes to prove that all the various parts belonged to the same Host.) Blood now began to flow in such quantities that it stained the corporal, the purificatory, and even soaked through, so as to mark the very altar-stone. The startled priest, quite overcome at so unexpected a sight, and not knowing what course to pursue, endeavored to fold the corporal up as carefully as he could, so as to hide the miracle from the faithful present at Mass. But all to no purpose; for the more he tried to hide the miracle, the more was it made manifest, and that too by a fresh wonder. Each of the larger spots of blood on the corporal (about twelve in number), assumed the distinct form of the head and face of our Saviour, as in his Passion, crowned with thorns. Peter, having arranged the chalice and paten, and having folded up the corporal as well as he was able, in which he reverently placed that part of the Host that had changed form, bore them away to the sacarium. On his way thither, in spite of every care on the priest's part, some of the blood fell upon five stones of the marble floor of the sanctuary. So great a prodigy became noised abroad to the whole town, and one account states that messengers were despatched to His Holiness, Pape Urban IV., at the neighboring city of Orvieto.

What had occurred proved, as we have seen, to be a five-fold wonder: 1. One portion of the Host took the form of flesh, 2. It remains so to this day, in the silver shrine, after six hundred years. 3. A quantity of blood flowed there from; 4. so much so that it crimsoned the corporal, two purifiers, the altar-cloth, the altar-stone, and the pavement; 5. The larger stains on the corporal took the form of our Saviour's face and head, crowned with thorns. The stain on one of the stones also took the latter form, as was solemnly sworn to by Cardinal Mellius.

In deep grief of soul for his former want of faith, Peter went off without delay to Orvieto, where, as a peni-

tent, he threw himself at the Pope's feet. Then, giving His Holiness a full account of the whole proceedings, he humbly asked pardon for his hardness of heart and want of faith. The Pontiff, filled with astonishment at so startling a history, absolved the good priest, and assigned to him a suitable penance.

(Will be continued.)

OUTWARD RESPECT.

“Monsignor Mermillod tells us that, when vicar of Geneva, he was the cause of converting a Protestant by simply making a genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament. It was his custom to go every evening and pay a visit to the church, trim the lamp, see that the door was securely fastened, and that nobody remained hidden, for they were always afraid of a sacrilege. He returned to the foot of the altar, made a devout genuflection, and, in leaving, kissed the ground as a mark of perfect adoration.

One evening, believing himself quite alone, he was in the act of rising after concluding his devotions, when he heard a noise, the confessional door opened and a lady came out.

“What are you doing here at this hour, madame ?” I asked.

“I am a Protestant,” she replied, as you know; I have attended the Lenten services, and listened to the instruction which you gave on the Real Presence. I was convinced by your arguments; one doubt alone remained—forgive me for expressing it: ‘Does he believe,’ I asked myself. I came here to see if, in secret, you would behave toward the Holy Eucharist as one who believed; I was resolved, if I saw your conduct accorded with your teaching, to become converted. I came and I believe. Hear my confession.” She became a very fervent Catholic.”

“The Little Crusader.”

A VISIT TO OUR BLESSED LADY AFTER
HOLY COMMUNION.

Mother, upon my lips to day
Christ's Precious Blood was laid ;
That Blood which, centuries ago,
Was for my ransom paid :
And, half in love and half in fear,
I seek for aid from thee,
Lest what I worship wrapt in awe
Should be profaned in me.

Wilt thou vouchsafe, as Portress dear,
To guard those lips to-day,
Lessen my words of idle worth,
And govern all I say ?
Keep back the sharp and quick retorts,
That rise so easily ;
Soften my speech, with gentle art
To sweetest Charity.

Check thou the laugh or careless jest
That others harsh might find,
Teach me the thoughtful words of love
That soothe the anxious mind ;
Put far from me all proud replies
And each deceitful tone,
So that at length my words may be
Faint echoes of thine own.

Oh Mother ! thou art mine to-day,
By more than double right ;
A soul where Christ reposed must be
Most precious in thy sight,
And thou canst hardly think of me
From thy dear Son apart ;
Then give me from myself and sin
A refuge in thy heart.

— *Australian Messenger of*

The Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THE FACE OF CHRIST.

(AN OLD LEGEND.)

ALL of us have heard the story of the artist who sold his soul to the devil for the power of painting to the life whatever subject he chose ; but not all of us know the whole story of the bargain, how it was broken and what happened thereafter, as it is told herein.

His name was Camillo, and there were scenes in his life which he did not care to remember, and which, consequently, he painted over with others even less comforting. At the age of fifty, his memory was a charnel-house of dead recollections : his wife had left, his children quarrelled with him ; most of his friends he had wronged or been wronged by ; and he had made a large fortune and a great name for himself. It was not strange, therefore, that, at this very period, he should be notified by the devil of the termination of their contract, and the consequent immediate foreclosure of the mortgage upon his soul.

The mere idea of such a thing brought out the sweat upon Camillo's forehead ; but, having a month allowed him to settle his worldly affairs, he spent one night in tossing sleeplessly between his silken sheets, or restlessly pacing the floor of his luxurious chamber, and another in still wilder wanderings over the hills around his villa ; the third morning he sent for Padre Antonio, the curé of his native village.

The father had now grown to be an old, old man ; but he came at once at the summons of Camillo. The counsel which he gave is a part of the old well-known legend : that the artist should use the skill his contract still insured to him, in painting the Face of Christ.

It was perhaps in virtue of his trained aesthetic sense, perhaps of his ambition, that Camillo decided to paint, not the dying or sorrowful Saviour, which so many artists have attempted and failed, but something still more difficult, the Christ of every day life. By his contract with the devil he was able to reproduce his subject to the very life. It was a wonderful picture. Just what form the features wore, or the color of the hair and beard, I am not

able to describe, for in fact no one who saw it could ever remember any of these particulars. What they did see, and could never forget, was the face of a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, cast off by those whom he loved, despised, poor, and rejected, yet with a wondrous glad lightsomeness in every line, as of one who had come to do the perfect will of God. The lips were parted in a half smile ; the eyes were full of light, too pure to behold iniquity, searching to the very ground of the heart with infinite tenderness.

Camillo could not stand before those eyes ; he cast himself on his face upon the floor, weeping bitterly, and thus he lay when the devil came to claim him. But the painter knew not even that the fated hour had struck ; he heard nothing of the clamor raised by the fiend who saw that his prey had escaped him.

When, at last, too blind with weeping even to read the hour upon his horologe, the artist rose to his feet ; there on the floor lay the hellish contract, signed with his own blood, and he knew himself delivered.

For an hour, he was in an ecstasy ; then he bethought him of his custom, upon the completion of each picture, of giving a supper to his artist friends, reading their envy in their faces, and receiving their congratulations. On this occasion, there could be no wild orgies such as had been known to occur at other times, but a sober and decorous banquet ? Camillo could see no reason against it. The picture was surely the best he had ever painted.

The guests were curious and amused at their host's altered mood, but followed his lead with well bred readiness until the cloth had been removed and wine set on the table. Then Camillo arose and took away the veil from the Face of Christ. There was, for a moment, a wondrous silence.

Then, with a great cry, a woman, painted and decked with jewels, the gifts of many lovers, a woman, who had sat beside the host and been sorely vexed—or professed to be—by the decorum of the feast, this woman sprang to her feet, and, with blanched face and wild white arms beating the air, fought her way blindly towards the door.

“ Let me go,” she cried, “ ere it slay me ! let me go away before his eyes burn me to ashes ! ”

Another guest, a young man with the wine-cup at his very lips, flung aside the ruby poison, fell on his knees, and sobbed ; others fainted ; one drew his sword upon the artist, calling him a devil who could so torment them ; one by one, all departed from the banquet hall and Camillo was left alone. He was very pale, and his hand trembled as he again let fall the veil over the Face of Christ.

With the earliest dawn on the next day, Camillo was on horseback and away to visit Padre Antonio, for he did not on this occasion send for the father to come to him.

Arrived at the priest's house, he made a general confession of all his sins that he could remember.—“ You cannot doubt, my father, that I am sincerely penitent,” said the artist ; is there any compulsion upon me to make more than this confession ?”—“ None,” said Padre Antonio “ none, unless it be the Face of Christ.”

“ Aye” returned Camillo, “ I am a free agent ; and as such, in gratitude to the God who has broken my bargain with Satan, I vow henceforth to forsake my ill ways and evil companions, and to live righteously from this day forward.”

—“The Lord give thee grace so to do”, said Father Antonio.

“But at the same time, my father”, pursued the painter, “you must admit that there are some excuses for me. I inherited evil tendencies ; I was badly brought up ; my friends have betrayed me ; mine own wife was false to me and my children are rebellions and undutiful.”

—“That is most true,” said Padre Antonio.—“But I forgive them, I forgive them all freely,” said Camillo. I cannot, of course, take them back to my heart and home, for they are undeserving ; but I have no hard thoughts of them, father.”— “I trust not, my son Camillo,” replied the father.

—“And in truth, though I am grievous sinner, o'her men have done worse,” continued the artist. “ See what I have made of myself. You remember me when I was a ragged little artist's model ; look at me now. And I have never, though under a compact with Satan, committed aught that men call crime. I have lived a life of pleasure, but have I harmed any man ?

—“Thou shouldst know, said the holy man.—“I do know,” returned Camillo. “Well, give me my penance, absolution, and the blessing, father, and let me return home with a clean heart and a quiet conscience.”—“There is a veil upon the face of thy picture ?” asked the father. The artist assented, with a troubled glance. “Then be thy penance this,” said Father Antonio : “to place the picture in the room of thine house thou dost most frequent, and to remove the veil. And when those eyes have read so deeply in thine heart that thou seest thyself as they see thee, then, come hither if thou wilt—for absolution and the blessing of peace. Now God be with thee ; farewell”.

Camillo went his way homeward with a heavy heart.

“And but now I was so happy and so blest,” quoth he to himself. “Was it well done of the father to disturb my peace ?” he asked. Yet he did not neglect to perform his penance.

A week later, he sought the priest once more.—“My father,” said he, I am a far worse man than I dreamed. How dared I ask for absolution ? For when I had hung in my studio the picture you know of, lo ! I looked around the walls, and, ask me not, I cannot tell thee. Alas, that I should have wrought evil to so many souls !” Think you that I can ever atone ?” “Thou shouldst know,” said the priest. “Return, and look once more on the Face of Christ.”

So Camillo returned. And the next day he rose early and went his way to the house of that woman who had risen up and fled from the face of this picture.—“Thou and I,” said the artist, “have done much evil together ; shall we now do much good ?”

And the woman agreed. So she sold her jewels and her fine raiment and what precious things she had, and Camillo did the like ; and they found other women known to them both, and gathered them into one house, and persuaded them to live a godly and virtuous life. Then Camillo went away to his own house, expecting to look without fear into the Face of Christ. For, indeed, there was nothing frightful there, but looks of tender love and eyes of searching purity.

But the next morning he went to the chief picture-dealer in the city, and ordered him to go here and there

and buy up again every inch of canvas which bore the name of Camillo. Now Camillo was, as has been said, a great painter, and the surface of his pictures might have been covered with gold coins without reaching their price; so when this had been done, there was left of all his fortune only a tiny cottage, into which he moved with his one sole treasure, the only relic of his great fame, the Face of Christ. For all those evil and lewd pictures had been burned with fire.

"Now do I indeed repent, now may I be absolved?" quoth Camillo; and with a happy and peaceful heart he went his way to the home of Padre Antonio. "God give you peace, my son; you have done well," said the priest. "Thou hast a poor home but a wealthy heart; where is she who should be partner of both?"—"My wife?" cried Camillo, springing to his feet; "why, Padre, thou knowest she was false to me?"—"And thou?" said Father Antonio.

Camillo went his way back to the city. "It was ill done of the Padre to disturb my peace," he said. "Alas, I was just now so happy!"

But he did not forget his penance.

The next day he sought the father again. "Father Antonio," he said, "thou hast been faithful to my poor soul. Help me to find my wife." So the priest aided him gladly, and they found the wife of Camillo sunk in such misery and degradation that, for many days, she escaped their search. "But should I not forgive her, who have been myself forgiven?" so said the artist tenderly; and he took her home, and pleaded with her to live a better life, and dealt kindly with her. And the Face of Christ hung on the wall unveiled.

Then, after a day or two, came Camillo again to the Priest, and there were tears in his eyes. "Father Antonio," he said, "the Lord has shown me myself. I have been a bad son to old Marietta, my grandmother, a bad husband to my wife, a bad father to my children. My sins caused their error; the poison of my life corrupted them. Help me to atone."

So Father Antonio helped him, and they sought out old Marietta, whom he had neglected so many years, and Camillo's sons and daughters; and before them all the

artist humbled himself, and they fell upon his neck with tears, and forgave and were forgiven. Only Marietta, who had forgotten by this time the sins of his boyhood, and remembered only his glory and great name, maintained that she had nothing to forgive.

So Camillo took her home, and his children dwelt near by in houses of their own, and all were happy and at peace among themselves. And the Face of Christ shone down upon them from the wall. But they had few friends in the city who cared not to enter their humble dwelling; for it was a fearful thing carelessly to meet those pictured eyes.

Now, when they had so dwelt for many days, Camillo came again to Father Antonio, and said: "Father, may I yet be absolved?" But Padre Antonio did not answer. --"What!" cried the painter, "is there yet more to do?" --"Thou shouldst know," said Father Antonio. "I know not," said Camillo, sorrowfully. "I have done all that can be done; even the slight tie of friendship that hath bound my soul in former days have I sought to reunite; and if the friend had been wronged, I have besought forgiveness." --"Hath it been always granted?" asked the priest. "Nay," said Camillo, "for to some the wrong hath been that my poison hath so tainted their souls that they have wronged me, and that wrong is hard to pardon. But the others have forgiven."

"It is well," said Padre Antonio. --"Yet you tell me there is more," said the artist. --"I tell thee? nay," said the priest. "Thou shouldst know. What does the Face of Christ tell thee?"

Then Camillo went home very sorrowful and yet happy, for he felt that he could now look calmly and fearlessly into the eyes of the Christ;

So when night had fallen and he was left alone with his masterpiece, he knelt down before his canvas, and, folding his hands like the hands of a little child at prayer, he looked upward into the pictured eye. And the Face of Christ shone down upon his soul. The eyes were very searching, yet, oh, so loving and tender; the parted lips seemed to smile like the lips of a mother over her naughty child as she says, "But, darling, you grieve mamma."

Then Camillo fell upon his face with a great cry. In the morning, he went back to Father Antonio.

“ Ah, my father, how dared I ask for absolution, I who knew not the smallest fraction of my sins ! What are all offences against my fellow men to my sins against Him ? ”

“ Ah, what indeed ! ” said Padre Antonio.—“ I allied myself with His foes, I rejected His love, I cast Him out of my heart, I caused those to sin for whom He died.” —“ And I also, ” said Padre Antonio.

—“ And yet He forgives ; He has always forgiven ! that crushes me”, said Camillo. “ There is no effort in it with him—He forgives freely. There is no little by little in it ; I have come back to Him step by step, but He has carried me always in his heart. Padre Antonio, what shall I do to be saved ? ”—“ Kneel down ” said the Priest. Camillo knelt, and the words which open the flood gates of the Blood of Christ were pronounced upon his soul.

“ Now go back, ” said the Father, “ and look once more on the Face of Christ.”

So Camillo went back, and knelt all night long before his masterpiece, and the eyes of Christ shone down into his soul. And a great sorrow came upon him, and also a great joy ; a great anguish and a great peace : because the love without him was greater than the love within, and for the first moment in his half-century of years he felt all its weight.

Therefore, between the joy and the anguish, his heart broke, and his soul was drawn up into the ocean of love, eternal and illimitable. And, in the morning, they found him lying dead beneath the eyes of Christ, with the peace of heaven upon his pallid features.

“ The expiation is complete ” said Padre Antonio.



LOVE'S CALVARY.

Charles Hanson Towne

In dreams I saw Love lifted the skies,
 And kissed by every wind of paradise ;

And in his hand he held a cup of wine
 And those who drank were giv'n new life divine.

I saw his robe of purple and of gold
 Trimmed with jewels of a price untold

Upon his brow that beamed with peace and light
 He wore a crown that sparkled in the night.

“ O Love,” I said, “ be mine, and give to me
 Thy gifts of holy joy and royalty.”

And then I woke and followed Love a while.

I cried to him to send his gifts divine,
 To let me taste his nectar and his wine ;

One gift alone he gave for gain or loss :
 And lo, I found it was a weary Cross.

A FAVOR OF OUR QUEEN.

THE following striking instance of our Blessed Lady's care for those who invoke her aid is recorded by a zealous Polish priest, who ministers to the spiritual needs of a portion of his unfortunate fellow-countrymen who are exiles in Eastern Siberia :

“Whilst on a recent tour of visitation among the villages of my extensive parish, I stopped at a small hamlet, where I was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained at the house of a family exiled in 1865 by the Russian Government. Before their banishment they resided at Grodna and were in easy circumstances. The father has now been dead some years ; the management of a farm in the vicinity of the village, on the produce of which the fa-

mily mainly depend for their means of subsistence, is carried on by his sons. One room in their house is set apart to serve as a chapel, and it is here that the priest says Mass whenever he passes that way. Far removed as they are from any church or chapel, and able only at long intervals to approach the Sacraments, these people are all exemplary Catholics. The mother especially is an excellent woman, and Heaven seems to reward her piety by extending over her household a special protection.

“ Whilst I was there, I was told that, not long ago, at the time when their corn was ready to be cut, the sky suddenly became overcast, and it was only too apparent that a heavy thunder storm was approaching. Alarmed at the ominous sights and sounds, the eldest son hastily entered the room where his mother was sitting and exclaimed : ‘ Mother, there is going to be a terrible storm ! Our crops will be destroyed, — we shall be ruined ! ’ The mother rose and looked out of the window ; she saw that her son’s fears were indeed well founded. In fact, rain mingled with hailstones was already beginning to fall. Turning to her children, she said, with unruffled composure : ‘ My children, we can do nothing to avert this catastrophe. If Almighty God is pleased to take from us what He has given us, may His holy will be done ! ’ She then ordered the shutters to be closed ; and, after lighting the blessed tapers before the images in her little oratory, she called together all the members of the household and kneeling down, recited with them the Litany of Loreto. This ended they sang some hymns in praise of the Blessed Virgin. Meanwhile large hailstones were pattering upon the roof and beating violently against the shutter ; and when, their prayers being concluded, they once more looked over the fields in the near vicinity they bore the appearance of a sheet of ice.

“ As soon as the storm had sufficiently abated, the eldest son mounted his horse and rode out to the farm to ascertain the extent of the damage that had been done. To his astonishment, he found that his crops had not sustained the slightest injury ; whereas the surrounding lands were in a most pitiable condition, whole acres of beautiful corn having been beaten down and entirely spoiled by the violence of the wind and rain.”

Which is it easier to believe : that our Blessed Mother heard the prayers of the widow and her sons, or that the hailstorm, which wrought destruction all about them, by mere chance, stopped short the moment it reached their fences ? (*"The True Witness."*)

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(*Continuation.*)

THE following account is even more admirable. A woman belonging to the third order of Saint Dominic, named Andrea, was slowly dying, devoured by a frightful cancer. The disease had become so horrible that the sick woman could foresee that she would soon be abandoned by every one.

Catherine understood that our Lord confided to her care this poor abandoned creature. Delighted to give to the Well-Beloved another proof of her love, the Saint went to Andrea's house and offered her services as long as the malady lasted.

Tenderly, and with attention, Catherine attended to the sick woman. Nothing could repulse her. With joy in her heart and on her face, she uncovered, washed and dressed the hideous sore, without allowing herself to yield to the natural disgust caused by such labors.

But, sad to relate, Andrea rewarded this heroic charity by the blackest ingratitude. Up to that time no person would continue long caring for her, but seeing Catherine so assiduous and persevering, she believed it was done to draw the admiration of men, and to show herself superior to the others. This wicked woman carried her blind prejudice so far that she suspected the young girl of unworthiness, and finished by accusing Catherine of having been seduced.

Calumny ever existed and will always find believers. The infamous lies of Andrea made a sensation. The *Mantellate* examined the affair. With the Prioress at

their head, they went to see Andrea and interrogated her on the subject. The miserable creature added all the details that the demon inspired, said the Blessed Raymond.

The Sisters summoned Catherine to appear before them and overwhelmed her with outrageous reproaches. She listened in silence to all they said, and simply responded : " Truly, my dear Sisters, by the grace of Jesus-Christ, I have always preserved my virginity."

Then returning to the miserable woman who had so odiously calumniated her, Catherine continued nursing her with the same humility and charity as before. But, in the depths of her heart, she felt an unspeakable pain at the thought of the infamy with which she had covered her. When alone in her cell, Catherine wept bitterly and gave vent to her sorrow : " Lord," said she, " you know my innocence, defend me."

Our Lord then appeared to her. He held in His right hand a crown of gold ornamented with precious stone, and in His left hand a crown of sharp thorns.

" My daughter," said He, " you must wear one or the other of these two crowns. Choose now which one you prefer."

"—Lord, humbly replied the Saint, for a long time I have renounced my own will to follow yours in all things, and thus I have no choice to make ; but if you would have me answer, I would say to you that in this life I wish to resemble you, and that my happiness will be always to suffer for you." And thus saying, Catherine grasped with both hands the crown of thorns, and pressed it so hard upon her head that several of the thorns pierced into her forehead.

Then our Lord said to her :

" My daughter, all things are in My power. If I have permitted the devil and his agents to raise these false reports against you, I can also silence them when I will. Continue then the work that you have begun, and yield not to the enemy who wishes to hinder you from exercising holy charity. I will give you a perfect victory over the demon, and I will dispose of things in such a way that what he imagines is against you will turn to his own confusion."

The wicked story reached the ears of Lapa. She

knew her daughter, and could not doubt her innocence ; but her indignation against the authors of the scandal could not be restrained. Boiling with anger, she hastened to Catherine and said to her :

“ How many times have I not begged of you to leave that miserable old creature alone ? Now you have your recompense. She has dishonored you before all your Sisters, and God knows if the calumny will ever be forgotten. If you go near her again, or so much as put your foot in her house, I will never more recognize you as my daughter.”

Catherine allowed her poor mother to give vent to her indignation; then, kneeling at her feet, she said with profound respect :

--My Mother, does the ingratitude of men hinder God from exercising His mercy each day? Did our Lord come down from the cross when the people insulted Him? You, who are so good, know well that if I abandon this poor sick creature, no other person will take care of her, and that she will die for want of nursing. . . . Shall we then be the cause of her death? She was deceived by the demon; but, perhaps, God will soon enlighten her and make her sorry for her faults.

LAURE CONAN.

(To be continued.)

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
 Let not Thy Blood on earth be spent !
 Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
 Mine eyes upon Thy Wounds are bent ;
 Upon Thy streaming Wounds my weary eyes
 Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

Wash me and dry these bitter tears,
 O let my heart no further roam,
 'Tis Thine by vows and hopes and fears
 Long since O, call Thy wanderer home,
 To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
 Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.

KEBLE

A GLIMPSE AT THE INTERIOR
OF THE
INSTITUTE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

To those who are ready to give all for Jesus, to Jesus, are these few words addressed.

IT is certain that amongst the many visitors at the several Houses in Canada, and in the United States of "the Sisters of the Adoration of the Precious Blood," there are but very few who have any insight to the form of religious life existing within the convent inclosure. It is not indeed necessary, nor yet desirable that a close acquaintance with the cloistered life be offered to the world, yet it may not come amiss to extend to pious souls outside a breath of the spirit which prevails in the interior of this Institute.

The essential characteristics of this spirit are Prayer and Reparation. The Choir Sister of the Precious Blood devotes seven hours out of the twenty four to spiritual exercises, and, apart from these and from the two hours of recreation, occupies herself, in silence, with the portion of work allotted to her, during the remainder of the day. It is the fatigue, both mental and bodily, attendant upon her manual labour, which forms the penitential side of her religious life, and this she converts into an offering of reparation, made to Almighty God, for the sins of men. Of itself the long drawn out daily work, without the addition of prolonged fasts and vigils, sets the stamp of austerity upon the common life, and, united to the merits of the Most Precious Blood, makes that satisfaction for sin imposed by God upon fallen man.

Yet the wings of the dove are not clipped. Ever and anon upon the hours of labour, falls the summons of the Beloved to His Spouse to put work aside and to hasten to the Tabernacle, there to seek Him where He abideth, "in the clefts of the Rock"—The practice of the Perpetual Adoration necessitates a constant watcher over the Prisoner of Love, and the monthly twenty four hours' ad-

ration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the quarterly Forty Hours' Devotion are ever recurring calls, promptly obeyed, to forget all interests, save those of the soul, with the Heart, and the Blood of Jesus.

"Not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," are called, it seems, to such a life; yet, thanks be to God ! the Counsels of the Master still meet with, here and there, a generous responsive spirit, whom the call, stern, yet sweet "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast, and come, follow Me," brings in self devotion, to the feet of Him who had not where to lay His Head, with the answering cry—"Lord I have left all for thy sake, now will I follow Thee, whithersoever Thou goest."

"Written for the 'Voice of the Precious Blood.'"

A CHAPLET OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

By S. M. A.

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

Then a familiar voice responded :

"Thank God, he is better ! I will go and see him."

In another moment, Father Ignatius was beside him. "How are you, my little friend ?" he kindly inquired. My head is aching, but I think I am better, Father. I was trying to remember what had happened, and now I know.

"Do not try to think of anything at present, the less you do of that the better it will be for your poor head," replied the priest. Take some of this," he continued, holding a cordial to the boy's lips, "then try and rest ; when you are better, we will have a talk"

Paul obeyed, and then looked entreatingly at the priest.

"Well, what is it, my boy ?" asked Father Ignatius, smiling.

"O Father ! two things are on my mind. May I tell them to you, and then I will do whatever you bid me ?

"Certainly, child, but do not say too much, as I am afraid it will make you worse."

"Well, Father, the first is about the robber. Did he commit the sacrilegious theft, and profane the most Holy Sacrament?"

"No, thank God!" replied the priest, "he did neither. I suppose he was too much frightened. I will tell you more when you are better; but you may rest assured; he did not go near the tabernacle.

"O thank God! thank God!" murmured Paul; "I do not mind what I suffer, as long as I know that He was not outraged."

The priest looked tenderly at the boy, then said gently:

"Now, what else have you on your mind, my child?"

"It is about my aunt, Father", and in as few words as possible, Paul told him about her great distress.

"Poor child!" do not worry any more. Tell me your address, and I will go to her immediately and see that she is provided for." Noting the directions given by Paul, the priest arose to go.

"You must try and banish all anxiety from your mind, and take a good rest. My housekeeper will see that you have everything you need. Good bye for a time and God bless you," said Father Ignatius as he started on his mission of charity.

CHAPTER V.

NEARING ETERNITY.

Next morning, when Agnes Melville awoke, after her first ejaculatory prayer the thought of her lost chaplet came to her mind. All day, she watched, prayed and hoped that some one would bring it to her. Evening came, and she heard nothing of it. She was very sad at heart, but tried to conceal it from her father, who could not bear to see her suffer.

When tea was over, and they were alone together, she played and sang for him as usual; then she brought her chair near his and they were enjoying a quiet chat, when the door-bell rang. As it was not usual for visitors to call so late, Agnes said:

“ I hope it is some one with my Rosary.”

Mr Melville smiled, knowing what thought was uppermost in her mind. He was about to reply, when a servant entered and announced that there was a priest in the parlor who desired to see Mr. Melville, at the same time presenting a card.

“ Yes, David. I will go,” and as the servant withdrew, Mr. Melville said :

“ I suppose he has come to tell me of some one who is in need. The poor must suffer very much this cold winter. ”

Agnes felt a little disappointed ; she strove however to conceal her feelings, and only said : “ I am sure they do, Papa, and how kind it is of our priests to be so devoted to them. ”

“ Yes, my daughter, but we, too, must aid them all we can by prayer and alms. If I am too long away, do not wait for me ; ” and Mr. Melville left the room.

When he entered the parlor, a tall, middle aged priest, with a handsome, intellectual countenance, arose to meet him. Mr. Melville welcomed him warmly. When they were seated : “ Father Ignatius,” he said, glancing at the card, “ I have heard your name very often and yet this is the first time I have the pleasure of seeing you.”

“ Yes,” replied the priest, “ although I, too, have very often heard you spoken of, especially in regard to works of charity ; yet this is the first time I ever thought of trespassing on your time, which I know is always occupied ; but now, it is at the request of a dying woman, who begged me to bring you to her.”

“ A dying woman wants to see me ! ” exclaimed Mr. Melville in surprise.

“ Yes,” replied the priest, “ a woman who was formerly in your service. Her name is Mary Ingram ; she is at present dying in the hospital. I had her removed this morning from a miserable cellar where I found her. She is anxious to see you, and as she has but a short time to live, it would be a great act of charity if you would come immediately.”

“ Certainly, Father,” replied Mr. Melville, rising, “ I will be ready in five minutes,” and he hastily withdrew.

As he was passing the library, he stepped in for a moment to say Good-night to Agnes, telling her about the message given him by the priest. He said that Mary, doubtless, wanted to recommend to his charity some destitute relative whom she was leaving. In less than five minutes, he was seated beside Father Ignatius in the carriage which the coachman had hurriedly driven to the door.

Father Ignatius related to him all that happened the previous night evening. He had hardly finished the recital when they reached the hospital.

They were conducted upstairs to a large ward, and Father Ignatius led the way to the bedside of poor Mary Ingram. It was situated in a little secluded corner at the further end of the room. Yes, it was easy to see she was dying; her face was of an ashen hue, save a bright spot that glowed on each cheek. She had been to confession and had received the sacraments of the dying, and now had only one desire, ere she closed her eyes forever, and that was to see Mr. Melville.

As the visitors approached, her eyes grew brighter and she exclaimed :

“ O thank God ! Father, you have brought him.”

For a moment, she hesitated.—it seemed an hour ; a death-like silence prevailed.

“ Dear Lord, give me strength !” she murmured.

“ I will leave you alone,” said the priest about to withdraw.

“ No, Father, please remain, it will be easier for me to speak when you are here. Besides, there must be a witness.”

Then, turning to her former Master, she began :

“ Mr. Melville, I called you here to ask your forgiveness for a great wrong I have done you. Before I tell you, I beg you to pardon me for the sake of our dear Redeemer, who pardoned his murderers.”

“ I cannot imagine what wrong you have done me, poor woman,” replied Mr. Melville, greatly bewildered at her earnestness, but whatever it is, I shall certainly forgive you, for the sake of Him, who has many times pardoned me, and now especially, since you are on the thres-

hold of eternity. Do not fear. Speak, and tell me all, because I am afraid your strength is failing you very fast."

"Yes, yes," said Mary, "I must be quick, or it will be too late. I will have to go back to the day when your wife, my dear Mistress, died. It was twelve years ago yesterday, because I remember it was the octave of the Immaculate Conception. You had confided to my care your little son, Aloysius. O how unworthy I was of that charge ! How basely I betrayed your confidence !

I remember that as I held in my arms the babe about to be deprived of his mother, my dear Mistress told me to watch over him carefully. Then she gave him her dying blessing, and, putting her chaplet of the Precious Blood around his neck, kissed him and little Miss Agnes who was at her side. She seemed exhausted ; so I took the children away from her and brought them to the nursery. They had received their mother's last embrace. She died an hour after."

Mary paused, and for a moment lay with her eyes closed. They thought she was dying. Presently she seemed to revive, and, in a low and sometimes inarticulate voice, continued her story :

"The very day of his birth, Aloysius was baptised and consecrated to the Precious Blood by the priest who assisted your dying wife. He was my special charge ; an under nurse took care of Miss Agnes ; so when the ceremony was over, I carried him to my own room. There a great trial awaited me.

My sister had died in poverty three days before, leaving an infant without a protector in this world, her husband having deserted her about a month previous. The woman with whom she had lived was awaiting me in my room, with the babe in her arms. She said that my dying sister had begged her to bring it to me, saying that she knew I would not refuse to take care of it. I felt greatly embarrassed at the thought of the responsibility ; but the woman putting the child in my arms arose to go. She told me that it had been baptised the day before, and at my sister's request had received the name of Paul Ingram, by which she wished him to be known.

After her departure, I sat with the babe in my arms, wondering what to do ; the only thing I could think of

was to put it in a foundling asylum. Your little Aloysius was sleeping peacefully in his beautiful cradle. I glanced from him to the infant in my arms. They were both fair and not unlike. A mad thought entered my brain. The demon said : "Provide for your nephew, take your master's child to the asylum. No one will know." I forgot to pray for strength, and, yielding to jealousy at the different fate of the two children, I fell into the snare which Satan laid for me. The same night, shrinking from the sight of the pallid form of my dear Mistress, exposed in the long drawing room, I left the house furtively with your child, clothed in the poor garments of my nephew ; and, having reached the asylum, gave him to the sister in charge, telling her to take good care of him. There was no one to discover what I had done. You had scarcely looked at your own child, being so much afflicted at the death of your wife ; no suspicion crossed your mind when I presented to you my nephew in place of your son. But my peace had fled. The memory of the innocent babe and my dead Mistress so cruelly wronged was always present to my mind. When, after a few weeks, my little nephew, dying, was mourned for as the baby Aloysius and was buried beside my lately deceased Mistress, I thought I could bear it no longer. I intended to confess, and was even on my way to your room ; fear and horror of what I had done drove me back. I hurried to my room, it seemed as if my mind was giving way. Remorse was driving me to despair. I was afraid to meet your eye. The sight of you and Miss Agnes was more than I could bear. I left your service that day.

(To be continued.)

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

(1) To all the intentions given in the June number of our Review which have yet received no answer from God.

(2) Forget not the great question of the Catholic Schools of Manitoba. We should obtain of the Precious Blood during this month that our Legislators may so regulate it, that the rights of Religion and of the Nation may triumph.

(3) Pray for all those who suffer, and who come here to ask of the Precious Blood a remedy for their woes. The world has not the

least idea of how great is their number : the fifteen thousand letters coming to us annually would be to them a touching revelation of the miseries of our poor humanity.

Souls who love the good God, pray for all classes of unfortunate persons, specially for those who have recourse to the Precious Blood is to a balm for every disease.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : The Revd. M. BRISSET, deceased at Montreal ; The Revd. father J. BAZOGE, C. S. C., at Memramcook ; for MM. CHS CARPENTIER, at Montreal ; AUGUSTIN DION and J. B. CHAPDELAIN, at Joliette ; ETIENNE MAHEUX, at St-Hyacinthe ; CHARLES LETELIER DE ST-JUST, at la Riviere Ouelle ; J. Bte GREGOIRE, at St-Jean d'Iberville ; THEODORE COCET, at Chicago, Ill. ; for Mrs. BRAULT, deceased at St-Jean Dorchester ; ANGELIQUE PERRAULT, at St-Timothe ; AIME LAPALME, at Joliette ; THEODORE NOEL, at St-Hyacinthe ; ELZEAR TASCHEREAU, at Ottawa ; Vve GIRARD, at Marieville, at the age of 93 years and 5 months ; EPHREM DUCHOCHER, at St-Jean d'Iberville ; for Miss ALEXINA THIBODEAU and AGNES DUQUETTE, deceased at Lowell (Mass.) ; MARIE DASSEREAU, at Nicolet ; MARIE-HORTENSE-ALBINA GELINAS, at St-Hyacinthe, etc.

For all these persons and intentions, say, morning and night :

We pray Thee, O Lord, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.

(100 days' ind. for members of the Confraternity of the P. B.)

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, enlighten us, assist us, save us. Amen.

200 days' ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20 June 1892.

THANKSGIVINGS

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

PRECIOUS BLOOD.—Last autumn, I wrote to your community, recommending my son that he might obtain employment. On the following week, the prayer was heard. He has been lately obliged to abandon the employment. Fearing that he would be a longtime without work, I promised that if he were placed soon in another house, that I would publish the fact in your annals. The very next day, he found a far more lucrative position than the one he had abandoned.

Several persons have written us in nearly the following terms :

“ A great grace ” “ a grace since a longtime imple-
“red,” a signal favor ” has been granted me by the interes-

sion of the Precious Blood, after promising publication in "THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

Henceforth, we will no more publish favors related in such a general manner ; but, after having examined the facts, we will resume them in these general terms if the too great number of special thanksgivings prevent us from giving the details.

We will publish no correspondence unless signed by the author. The names remain secret, especially when persons require it.

Ever since my childhood, I had suffered from continual headache, without having found anything to relieve me. To-day, I pray you to kindly publish my cure in your annals, and say that I owe the favor to the invocation of the Blood of Jesus. Grateful thanks be rendered !

I write to acquit myself of the debt I owe, and to thank the Precious Blood.

Not long ago, my house took fire whilst I was at the house of a neighbour. My little boy, four years old, was sleeping downstairs. Waking up, he came to call me. Arriving home, I saw nothing, but on going up to the second story, I noticed that the fire had taken from a hole in the pipe. I know, that, if my child was saved in this accident, it was owing to my having subscribed to the Precious Blood, for I had done so in order to obtain Its protection for my entire family. But that was not all : we had to put out the flames, which already had crept up to the roofing, and we were only two women, (for we live isolated in the woods.) There was a strong wind blowing, and water was at a long distance from us. Realizing our condition, I began to lose hope, when all at once I said : The Divine Blood has mercifully saved my child from these flames, It can also extinguish them if It will. I then promised to send one dollar to your Monastery if the fire was arrested. After having labored, at least an hour, (us two women) to stay its progress, my husband arrived. He then entirely extinguished the fire.

A thousand thanks to the Adorable Blood of Jesus ! and to you the small offering promised.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.—The exercises of the Month of the Precious Blood will be publicly held in our church, every evening, during the month of July at 7½ o'clock P. M. The opening exercises take place June 30.

The Rev. Father Rondot of the Dominicans, Rector of Our Lady of the Rosary Church, will deliver the address on the occasion. A Dominican Father will preach also on the Feast of the Precious Blood (July 5th) and on all the Fridays of July, also on the closing day of the Month. On the other evenings, our Rev. Chaplain will read considerations on the mystery of the Redeeming Blood, and recite, during the time of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, an ardent prayer to the Precious Blood, in the name of all the persons present, and of all the associates who unite, in spirit, with our spiritual exercises.

* * *

FEAST OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.—Our third-annual Forty Hours' Devotion opens on that day, with the Community-Mass. Prayers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the hour of 7½ P. M.

* * *

JULY 21.—A Grand Mass will be celebrated on that day, for all those of our subscribers who will send us at least *one new subscription* to "The Voice of the Precious Blood." The communion of the Religious will be offered for their "intentions," during that mass.

* * *

LAMPS OF THE GUARD OF HONOR.—In general, it is during the month of July that the annual offerings for these lamps are renewed. Even the poorest can participate in the advantages promised to those who contribute to the illumination of our sanctuary as the least offering for that purpose is gratefully accepted.