

# THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

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ECCE HOMO !

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

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Behold the MAN ! The pale and blood-stained Face  
The reed, His sceptre, and the robe of scorn ;—  
And on His kingly head a crown of thorn :—  
So comes He forth from out the judgment place,  
From mockery, scourging and from dire disgrace,  
In wond'rous patience, weary, sad and worn.  
Despised, forsaken, lonely and forlorn.  
Behold the Man ! His short and toilsome race,

His dire temptation in the wilderness,  
His bloody anguish in the garden shade,  
His life of pity and of tenderness  
All ended ; and His sinless Body laid  
A victim on the cross of bitterness :  
Behold the MAN ! such price for thee was paid.

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## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(Continuation.)

THE Precious Blood imparts corporal strength and vigor on certain occasions. We see this in the Martyrs who drank It before the combat, like soldiers who are purposely inebriated to a degree for the sake of exalting their courage.

It is a generous Blood which seeks to pour Itself forth. Blood calls for blood. Saint Agnes said It embellished her cheeks ; and, in their maladies, the Saints have often been strengthened or cured by It. To a great number of pious souls, It proves sensible refreshment.

It is a dew. *I will be as the dew, Israel shall spring as the lily and his root shall shoot forth as that of Libanus* (Osee XIV. 6).

When the soul is parched, vigor and spiritual fertility are restored to her by the outpouring of this dew ; *as the flower of roses in the days of spring, and as the lilies that are on the brink of the water* (Eccles. L. 8).

Every grace is diffused with this dew, and by It all virtues are developed.

The Blood of Jesus produces charity for our neighbor. In passing through our hearts, It diffuses the sentiments of Jesus Christ Himself, and to what a degree did not Our Lord love men ? Could we fail to love those whom He redeemed and nourishes with His Blood ! Men become our brethren chiefly through the Eucharist. How our zeal should be enkindled by considering that sinners are so dear to Jesus Christ, that He gave His Blood for them, and desires nothing so much as to give It to them as drink ! We must satisfy this divine passion. "*Treat him as a brother ; because in the blood of thy soul thou hast gul-ten him.*" (Eccles. XXXIII. 31)

The Divine Blood is consolation in sorrow. Jesus Christ gives those who are ~~sad~~ the beverage of His Blood. *Give wine to those who are grieved in mind ; let them drink and forget their want and remember their sorrow no more.* (Prov. XXXI. 7).

When receiving It we are reminded of the sufferings Jesus endured when shedding It ; we unite our affliction to His and its bitterness is mitigated. God reserves the greatest consolations for the afflicted. " Come to Me ; I will refresh you."

It is an abundant source of spiritual sweetness. You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains. (Is. XII. 8)

Of the Eucharistic Blood is said : " Wine cheereth the heart of man."

Communion gives a kind of ecstasy, a sleep on Jesus' Heart. Eat, O Friends and drink and be inebriated my dearly beloved. (Cant V. I) At the moment of communicating who has not experienced extraordinary sentiments, a holy exaltation, like a celestial inebriation. Who does not love to recall certain communions which have been the greatest happiness of life ? Holy and ineffable joys in which our tears of gratitude and love mingled with our Saviour's Blood. The soul hungers and thirsts for happiness ; she craves felicity from every passing object ; she grows weary, breathless, in her flight after happiness, she asks for drink ; the burning liquor which the world offers her does not quench her thirst.—Not thus is it with the divine beverage : " He that shall drink of the water that I shall give him, shall not thirst forever " (John IV 13).

Christ's Blood satisfies the soul ; along with the relish for Holy Communion, comes the conviction that it is the greatest joy of life ; no greater happiness could be gained ; it savors of Heaven.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE MOUNT AND FLOWER OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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A LEGEND OF THE SIERRAS.

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*By Harriet M. Skidmore (" Marie.")*

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Near the cloud-encircled summit  
Of the wild Nevada range,

Where the bright wand of the Springtime  
Cannot work its magic change,  
Even there, upon the bosom  
Of the white, perpetual snow,  
From a plant with blood-red petals  
Shines a ceaseless, crimson glow.  
But that weird and wondrous blossom  
Is a thing of ice and fire ;  
For, when torn from out its birthplace,  
All its glowing charms expire.  
In the daring hand that plucks it  
Lo ! the severed bloom appears  
As it lieth, dimmed and melting,  
Like a clot of gory tears !  
Vain all effort to transplant it  
To the verdant fields below :  
Only on that snowy surface  
Will it shed its crimson glow ;  
Only to the rock's chill bosom  
Can its roots securely cling,  
Only thence, in mystic splendour,  
Will its bright corolla spring.

Long before the selfish legions  
Of the miners, rough and bold,  
Rudely tore the shining treasure  
From the cavern's jealous hold,  
" Beautiful upon the mountains "  
Were the feet of those who brought  
Gladsome tidings of Salvation  
To the lands with darkness fraught.  
Thither, by its Western gateway,  
From the far Pacific strand,  
Came the sons of blessed Francis,  
Came Loyola's hero band.  
And they marked their path of conquest,  
Not with forts of granite dread,  
But with calm adobe temples,  
Where the Holy Mass was said.  
One from out the brown-robed army,  
As he crossed a peak of snow,  
Near its cloud-encircled summit,

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

of manner and perfect distinction. Our readers, whose memory dates back ten years, have already named Mgr. J. S. Raymond, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, for many years Superior of the Seminary of St-Hyacinthe, and Vicar General of the diocese, who died on the Feast of the Precious Blood, 1887, at the Monastery of St-Hyacinthe.

The devout Adorers of the Precious Blood sustained a heavy loss in this unexpected blow. Like Father Faber in England and Ven. Gaspard del Buffalo in Italy, Mgr. Raymond was the first apostle of the Precious Blood in our country.

It is quite generally known that the establishment of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood was due to his initiative. The petition of the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady, which determined Mgr Prince, first bishop of the diocese, to institute the Confraternity was inspired by his zeal and advice. This was in 1857. But, for several years previously, he had been implanting this salutary devotion in the privileged souls whom he guided in large numbers. The first sermon on this devotion ever preached and printed in Canada is the one now appearing in "The Voice." Since those days, already distant, his words, his pen, the ceaseless labors of his calling, had all been directed to increasing the devotion to the Precious Blood to which he invariably united devotion to the Virgin Mother through whom the Redeeming Blood came to us.

When the Master of the vineyard saw that this indefatigable laborer of the first hour had long enough borne the heat and burden of the day, that the time of rest and recompense had come, the decree, though teeming with glorious promises for the good and faithful servant, struck no less painfully at the heart of 52,000 associates of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, besides the religious whom he had been instrumental in grouping, like a chosen body of perpetual adorers, around the tabernacle enclosing the immolated Lamb.

The general grief was all the deeper and more poignant, that, as yet, nothing had even faintly foreshadowed the close of this beautiful life. Born in 1810, Mgr. Raymond was doubtless nearing the evening of life, but an evening rich in the promise of a long and lovely twilight;

the memory still retained its choice treasures, the intellect was undulled, the dignified and stately figure was still erect beneath the weight of its 78 years.

At the beginning of the Triduum preparatory to the feast of the Precious Blood, he had been suffering for a few days from what he thought was but a trifling indisposition. The 28th of June he went to the Monastery where he had his own apartments: He thus hoped, while giving his ailment needful attention, to facilitate the discharge of the sacred duties connected with his ministry during the Triduum.

The indisposition, though painful, did not present the slightest symptom of gravity. Monseigneur went daily to the Seminary and, on his way back, stopped at the Presentation Convent to impart spiritual strength and consolation to a dying nun whom he was preparing for the great voyage to eternity. We may observe that this ministry in favor of the dying was a labor of predilection for this Venerable Apostle of the Precious Blood. The eve of his death, feeling a little better, he was faithful to an appointment solicited by a poor invalid already nearing the tomb. Did any presentiment enter the mind that, in a few hours, he himself would enter that glorious eternity whose gates he had opened to so many souls? We know not, but he gave no sign of expecting such a prompt dissolution. However, his death the following day, though appalling in its suddenness, did not take him by surprise. Every day he had prepared for that last sacrifice.

He continued working during the whole Triduum, with alternate suffering and physical improvement. Never was he more assiduous in the confessional. The last day, the 2nd of July, he felt much better. At nine o'clock at night he went as usual to terminate the day by a long and fervent meditation before the Blessed Sacrament. For him, this and the time of Mass were the two delicious hours of the day. He never failed in this nightly devotion even after a day of intense fatigue. Seeing him at the foot of the tabernacle absorbed in meditation, or lovingly communing with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, one's mind naturally reverted to Saint Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, who, after his overpowering labors, used to snatch a few moments' rest prostrate on the altar steps.

Next morning, at about six, he went to the chapel intending to say the Community Mass which takes place at half past six. He prepared the Missal and chalice. On being called to the confessional he went immediately, but was kept only a few minutes. He then began the prayers before Mass. At twenty minutes after six the Sister Sacristan noticed him near the vestry. He had his hand on his side and there were signs of great suffering visible on his face. He expressed his fear of being forced to postpone mass. "But", he added, "I will administer Communion.

In the gallery, he gave the Bread of Life for the last time to his beloved sister Madame Morin, widow of Hon. A. N. Morin, an illustrious and holy statesman who assisted in codifying our laws. His face was congesting and his step was unusually heavy. The Sister Sacristan went to him and said "Father! do hurry back to your room and take something to relieve you."—"Oh! I hope it is nothing," said Monsignor. . . . . "I would not like to miss saying mass to-day."—"Sacrifice it," said the Sister, "your face is changing." He submitted, but very regretfully. To miss saying mass on the feast of the Precious Blood! He told the Sister to send word to the Palace for a priest to come and say mass for the community; he then left the sacristy—never to return.

He lay down, but almost immediately was obliged to go and sit in an arm chair. Dr. St. Germain who, in the absence of Dr Turcot—Monsignor's ordinary physician—was sent for in great haste, bestowed his attention on the invalid. Finding Mgr. a little easier, he soon left telling the attendants to send for him in three hours if Mgr. was not better.

The pain soon recommenced with ever increasing intensity; Mgr. asked for some holy water and made the sign of the cross over his chest, "this will do me the most good", said he adding a few words the last of which alone were understood "Precious Blood." He was doubtless uniting in spirit with the priest, Rev Father Cormier, who, in the adjoining chapel, was at that moment offering the chalice of the Blood.

Mass over, the Mother Superior and Madame Morin

having ascertained that he felt better, yielded to his entreaties and went to breakfast.

Father Cormier was taking his in the priest's refectory which communicated by means of a door with the chaplain's room.

Suddenly Mgr. had three prolonged yawns as it were. The Sister Infirmarian was alarmed and opened the door of the priests' breakfast room to be within call of help. A few instants later a deadly pallor covered the venerated invalid's face, his head sank and hoarse sounds escaped his chest. In a second the Sister was beside him. "Mgr. is dying!" she cried to Father Cormier. Entering, he perceived that it was indeed too true. M<sup>r</sup>. Raymond was in the grasp of death.

"Monsignor," said he, "make an act of contrition; I will give you absolution." An affirmative sign was made by the dying man; but no word followed. The power of speech was gone. After the absolution, Father Cormier ran to get the holy oils. By what appeared a special dispensation of God's loving providence, he met the Sister Sacristan, thus avoiding even a moment's delay, and returned while the dying priest was still breathing. The Sacrament was just administered when Mgr. expired. No adieu to the nuns whom the terrible news had brought around him; no farewell to his old time friend, Venerable Bishop LaRocque; no parting word to his loved Sisters, Madame Morin and Miss. O. Raymond.

How can we describe the moments which followed this unexpected death, so startling, so unlike the death which, humanly speaking, Monsignor's life prognosticated? Our pen refuses the task and we draw a veil over the scene of sorrow in the death chamber.

It was a quarter to nine when the pure and saintly soul of Mgr. Raymond returned to its Maker. The assistants began the Litany of the B. V. M. Were not the sobbs by which it was interrupted a prayer too? Did they not say: "O Father, have you left us? Is it all over between us? Has, the great soul which so well understood us, the noble heart so devoted to us, have they abandoned us? Oh! no, our eyes, it is true, rest only on your lifeless form, but, above. . . . yes, above, they seek and again find the Father who guided our steps to Calvary and to Heaven.

O Father, Father, since there are still sacred ties binding our souls to yours, help us to bear the bitter sorrow of your departure. ”

Thus, exhaled the grief of a house replete with the spirit of the venerated priest just removed by death. In the city of St. Hyacinthe and the whole Province regrets were general and profound.

For ourselves, Associates of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, humbly but sincerely attached to a devotion of which he was the indefatigable Apostle, this anniversary recalls to us the words of Holy Scripture : “ *Laudemus gloriosos et parentes nostros ;* ” “ Let us praise the glorious men who were our ancestors. ”

Our grateful and affectionate remembrance encircles with a brilliant halo the memory of this true priest, who, by means of the institutions which sprang from his apostolic zeal, opened to us the source of inestimable good.

He died as he would have wished to die, on the day set apart by Holy Church for the solemn commemoration of the Divine Blood of which he was the Apostle, still clad, so to speak, with the insignia of the christian priesthood which he had worn with surpassing dignity for more than half a century ; at the moment of taking in hand the CHALICE OF SALVATION and offering the Adorable Sacrifice of the Eucharist.

And we—children of his Apostolate—we offer our grateful homage to the Precious Blood for the good operated by him in our souls ; and we send up to God our humble and fervent prayers for the eternal rest and glory of this good and faithful servant. We trust he no longer needs our suffrages ; still, we offer them in the firm hope that, rendered efficacious by the Blood of the Lamb, they will again fall upon our souls in a rain of fruitful benedictions.

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“THEY ALSO SERVE, WHO ONLY STAND  
AND WAIT.”

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“ The fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain,  
I long to toil among the reapers there.

What full ripe sheaves I'd gather ere the rain,  
To prove my gratitude for God's dear care."

Thus saying, resolute and proud I stood  
Amid the ever-hurrying busy throng,  
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,  
The Lord and Master, as He came along.

He came, and, pressing through the eager throng,  
I stood beside Him near the open gate.  
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong."  
He turned and softly said, "Here stand and wait."

The hot blood to my brow and temples flew,  
I struggled fiercely with my hopeless fate ;  
"Ah Master ! Have you naught for me to do ?"  
"Yes", He replied at once, "here stand and wait."

He passed along and, through the weary hours,  
I stood with restless hands and aching heart :  
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers  
Beneath my feet, as thus I stood apart.

Again He passed and, in my grief, I said :  
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait ;"  
One look of sad rebuke, no word He said,  
But left me weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours come and pass ;  
I watch the reapers cut the ripened grain,  
I see their heavy sheaves and sigh : "Alas !  
That I may wrestle only with my pain !"

The night draws near. I see Him once again.  
"O Master, see, 'tis growing late and yet  
I have no sheaves." His sweet voice soothes my pain.  
"They serve Me best who, patient, stand and wait."

So patiently I strive to stand and wait  
Through all the changes of the passing years,  
Wait, till His Hand shall lead me through the gate  
And turn to smiles my tears.

### THE MAGDALEN.

**O**NE of the Saints used to say that, when the thought of Mary Magdalen came to his mind, he did not know how to keep back his tears.

Her history has come down to us from the Holy Ghost Himself ; and everything related in it is like an odoriferous balm distilling from the heart of the God of charity.

His love for her was so mysterious and so full of divine charms that we cannot prevent its making a deep and delightful impression on our minds. When we have read her story, which is scattered through various pages of Holy Writ, we inhale from it a fragrance intoxicating to the human heart.

Mary Magdalen, with Martha her sister and Lazarus her brother, was descended from a rich and illustrious family. On the division of the property Magdalen inherited an estate in Galilee, notably the castle of Magdalon whence she derived her surname of Magdalen.

Another title—the Sinner—which Holy Writ does not spare her, was given her on account of her irregular life. Neither does the Gospel hesitate to assert that Our blessed Lord drove out of her no fewer than seven evil spirits.

Soon she was entirely converted and what a conversion ! How true, how lasting !

The first marks of the change were given in a Pharisee's house. This Simon who had invited Our Lord to visit him resided probably at Naim.

Magdalen came to the house, entered the supper room and knelt at Our Lord's feet which she bathed with tears and wiped with her hair, afterwards pouring on them the richest perfume.

This was the silent language, perfectly understood by the divine Master and herself, in which she acknowledged the sins of her whole life.

Although pursued by the malevolent insinuations of the too-easily scandalized pharisees, she received in the most touching terms the pardon of her sins. The forgiveness is proportionate to her love, which Our Lord declares is great.

From this moment Magdalen places herself in the Saviour's train, assisting Him and His Apostles by furnishing them necessaries for their subsistence.

When He passed from Galilee to Judea and went to Jerusalem for the feast of Tabernacles, she followed Him. Shortly afterwards she had the consolation of receiving Him at Bethany.

This was the memorable occasion on which Martha, wholly engrossed on the exterior entertainment, gave a somewhat severe reproach to Mary for leaving her alone to prepare the repast.

She was nobly avenged by the divine Guest of Bethany, who, addressing both, said the words so often since repeated : " Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things ; but one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken from her."

The Gospel does not again speak of her till the death of her brother, Lazarus, the circumstances of which are related in detail by Saint John.

A second time Magdalen is seen at Our Saviour's feet pouring out her precious balm, and again she is defended by Him against the hypocritical murmurs of Judas who disapproved of the use she made of the perfume.

After following Jesus when He was attacked only covertly, in the dark as it were, it would have been unlike Magdalen not to remain loyal to Him during the stormy days of the Passion.

Hence we meet her on the Blood stained path to Golgotha and, afterwards, she is seen on Calvary. There she remains till Jesus gives His last sigh.

She assists at the descent from the cross and the burial of our Lord.

Her love made her haunt the garden containing the tomb which enshrined her treasure. She came to embalm the divine body and we know what was her grief on finding it gone. She stood there **WEeping**.

What joy succeeded to her grief when Jesus appeared to her telling her to announce His resurrection.

Henceforth the Gospel speaks no more of Mary Magdalen and to learn anything further we must have recourse to tradition.

Happily, on this point tradition is rich and, during

this century, has largely opened its treasures to the indefatigable researches of a pious and modest savant—Rev. M. Taillon of the Society of Saint Sulpice.

The Jews, unable to endure the tacit reproach oficide made by the presence of Lazarus, Martha and Magdalen, placed them, along with Saint Marcella who is supposed to have been a servant of Saint Martha, in a leaky vessel without sails or oars and set them adrift on the Mediterranean, hoping they would be drowned.

But, behold, the vessel, without helm or pilot, sailed into the Port of Marseilles to the astonishment of the inhabitants. Here they announced the Gospel to this still heathen country.

Saint Lazarus became bishop of Marseilles, and Martha evangelized the country of Tarascon.

Mary Magdalen chose the most profound solitude as her portion. She withdrew to a desert mountain between Aix, Marseilles and Toulon.

She retired to a cavern concealed in the midst of a steep rock. Here she wished to end her days. The inhabitants call the place Sainte Baume or cavern.

She was frequently elevated to the most sublime ecstasies, and for thirty years she lived in this place, holding no commerce with mortals.

At the approach of death, she was transported by angels to the oratory of Saint Maximinus at Aix. After saying prayers, he gave her Holy Communion and his last blessing.

What became of her then? Some say she was carried back by angels to Sainte Baume, others assert that she expired in the oratory in which she had received the Body of Our Lord.

Whichever may be the spot of her death, all generations have gone there to honor her, which is the glorious realization of Our Lord's words: "Amen I say to you, wheresoever the Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done shall be told for a memory of her."

Like Magdalen, let us too love much, and much will be forgiven us.

Translated for the Voice from the  
*Fleurs des Petits Bollandistes.*

A PRAYER.

Reverently dedicated to Father Thomas M. Gill, O. P.

MRS. E. BENTLEY.

Lord ! as the ivy clingeth to the wall,  
 Thus let my Faith unchanging cling to Thee ;  
 Like to the oak tree staunch though storms may fall,  
 Within my heart let Hope undying be ;  
 And as the ocean touched with Heaven's light,  
 At even-tide its shores seek constantly,  
 As broad, as deep, as boundless in its might,  
 So let my Love forever turn to Thee,  
 And then mayhap upheld by Thy strong touch,  
 I will be worthy Thee " Who loveth overmuch."

From the "*Salve Regina*."

THE GOOD THIEF.

The following incident is related by a Sister of Charity who vouches for its authenticity.

The scene is laid in a poor looking house on the outskirts of the large city of New York.

A young man of twenty is stretched on a bed of suffering, motionless, silent and bearing every trace of the malady which is now completing the work of the passions. His wide opened eyes gleam with sinister fire. All his remaining life seems concentrated in those burning and gloomy pupils.

The room, though not showing absolute poverty, nevertheless betrays limited means. In a corner, a badly made and ill painted wooden cupboard, a few chairs here and there, on the white-washed walls a sorry mirror, and, opposite the dying man, a colored representation of Our Lord with opened Heart surrounded by flames and thorns, as He appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. The young man's eyes are riveted on this Sacred Heart at which they dart flashes of hatred—dumb but terrible blasphemies—like lightning from hell.

Near him stands a woman whose tear-swelled eyes give evidence of prolonged weeping. She remains between

the crucifix and her agonizing son—a type of the most afflicted Mother who stood between the crucified Redeemer and the bad thief. She implores one, she supplicates the other to have pity on her. The Saviour hears—He always hears, without always answering ; the bad son is silent—with a horrible silence—worse than a mortal insult.

“ Son, have pity on me if not on yourself. I have forgiven everything, abandonment, debauchery, sacrileges, threats. At this supreme moment, tell me that you accept my pardon ”.—No answer.

“ At least, ask God’s pardon ” Still no answer.

“ Call me, just once, by the sweet name of *Mother* which you have refused me for so many years”. This time he looks at her, opens his lips and, collecting all his strength, shouts with the accent of a demon : “ No ! ”

The wretched mother casts a glance of reproachful anguish at the crucifix, the look of an innocent person who is condemned by men but who appeals to the justice of God, and, in desperation, throws a covering over her head and is out of the house. Rushing to the nearest church, she falls on her knees before an altar at which a priest who is celebrating mass is at this moment elevating in his hands the consecrated host. She buries herself in prayer—a union of despair and confidence, struggle and resignation, death and life. Suddenly, through a sublime inspiration, substituting herself for her son and speaking in his name : “ Lord, remember me when thou shalt have come into thy kingdom ! ” she cries with the thief on the cross.

The Holy Sacrifice over, she returns precipitately to the house, opens the door, trembling, pallid as a ghost, stops and dares not look at the bed. Is he agonizing, dead ? If still alive, will he not again pierce her very soul with his looks of hatred—with a final blasphemy ?

“ Mother ! ” Great God, is it he that’s speaking ? “ Dear Mother,” she falls on her knees, beside herself with joy, stupefaction, maternal and divine love. No, it is not a dream, an illusion which will soon vanish. No, it is indeed he who is looking at her from eyes now flooded with love and tears, and who, pointing to the crucifix, says in panting tones : “ He looked at me—I saw Him He spoke to me—I heard Him. He said : “ Amen I say

to thee this day thou shalt be with me in paradise.”

O prodigy of God's mercy ! He had accepted the transfusion of souls, the substitution of the mother for the son, and, in this ineffable way, He had renewed Calvary's scene between Himself and the good thief.

What more remains to be said ? A priest was called and the work of divine goodness was completed. What perfect contrition, what ardent thanksgiving, what an angelic communion, what a flux and reflux of maternal and filial tenderness ! What a blessed death, transfigured by repentance, gratitude and love.

The gospel says that “ faith can move mountains.” But when the mercy of Mary's Son is set moving by maternal love, it performs a still more stupendous miracle. It resuscitates a soul already decomposed by Satan's breath, and transforms the death of an only son into the purest joy, the most delightful and consoling hour of a mother's life.

A. DE SÉGUR.

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FOR MY SAKE.

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- Three little words, but full of meaning ;  
 Three little words the heart can scarcely hold ;  
 Three little words, but on their impart dwelling,  
 What wealth of love their syllables unfold !
- “ For My sake ” cheer the suffering, help the needy ;  
 On earth this was My work ; I give it thee,  
 If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps,  
 Take up My Cross and come and learn of Me.
- “ For My sake ” let the harsh word die unuttered  
 That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue ;  
 “ For My sake ” check the quick, rebellious feeling  
 That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.
- “ For My sake ” press with steadfast patience onward,  
 Although the race be hard, the battle long.

Within My Father's house are many mansions ;  
 There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,  
 If " for My sake " thou suffer pain and loss,  
 Bear on, faint heart ; thy Master went before thee :  
 They only wear His Crown who share His Cross.

*Hester M. Foole in " The Churchman."*

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## REFLECTIONS.

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The christian's soul is a jewel of inestimable value,  
 a sacred vase filled with the Blood of Jesus Christ.

SAINT-JURE.

Even our greatest works are of no value for eternity  
 unless we unite them to the merits of Our Lord.

Let us never think or speak of the faults of others  
 without real necessity. Instead of dwelling on them, let  
 us at once consider the good qualities of these persons.

The just man's perfection consists of three things, the  
 extinction of vice, the acquisition of virtue and the desire  
 of eternal goods.

The acceptance of death with complete and loving  
 resignation is more pleasing to God than all the penances  
 you could practice.

Let us submit humbly to the apparent contradictions  
 of this lower world. One day we shall rapturously con-  
 template the secrets of God.

RATISBONNE.

The holier you are, the more watchful you should be,  
 for the devil devotes his energy and strength with great

ardor to surprise the most perfect because of the great harm they do him by attracting others to follow their example, in which they are of very great service to the church.

SAINT THERESA.

Longinus in his blindness pierced the Heart of Jesus, and was enlightened by a vivid light, through the virtue of the Blood which flowed from that Heart. And thus, when I consider all my unfaithfulness, it seems as, if in exchange for those wounds, my Savior has but given me His grace, so that I might profit by the Blood which He has shed.—*Pierre Lefebvre.*

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LIFE—A REVERIE.

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A few swift passing years  
 Well marked by smiles and tears,  
 And hiding in their folded leaves  
 Sweet fancies playful childhood weaves,  
 The golden dreams of life's brief May,  
 The waking of a later day,  
 And long dead thoughts that Evening brings  
 On memory laden wings.

Days when the sunbeams stray  
 Upon our merry way,  
 And days when even Heaven's clear blue  
 Is shrouded from our mortal view ;  
 When thorns have sprung in sadder hours  
 On paths that Morning decked with flowers,  
 And gloomy shadows over all,  
 Our hopes in silence fall.

The cherished friends of old  
 Now lying 'neath the mold,  
 The eyes whose loving glances stayed  
 Our bitter words when passion swayed,

The hands whose soft touch spurred us on  
 Forever missed, forever gone ;  
 Ah ! Heaven must be very fair,  
 When those we love are there !

We dry the bitter tears  
 That fall o'er buried years,  
 And gaze toward the smiling skies,  
 So far beyond our weary eyes.  
 Oh, earth ! when thy vain idols fall  
 One hope remains to comfort all,  
 Of our fond hopes the dearest, best—  
 In Heaven there is rest.

EMILY R. LOGUE.

in Philadelphia Standard.

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THE KING'S RANSOM,

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A TRUE STORY OF THE SACRIFICE MADE BY A  
 FAITHFULL HEART.

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*By Beatrice Bancroft, in the Catholic Columbian.*

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Jubilantly chimed out the bells that morning and the joyful notes were reechoed in each listening heart, for the long penitential season was over and Easter, with her gladness, her beauty, her promise, had come. Like the all embracing smile of God, was poured the mellow sunlight over the chill old English town, making a golden frame for the ever-varying scenes its narrow streets presented ; while the shrill chirp of the robin and twitter of the sparrow,—why dwelling there having light wings to carry them to open fields and leafy solitudes no man knoweth,—were Nature's expressions of her great heart rapture. Beyond the city, where she dwelt, the thousand choirs sent forth long drawn out notes of gladness, her stately

hills bedecked themselves in verdant mantles, crocus broidered, and her vales smiled through violets' eyes joy at their awakening. To the dwellers in the city her rapture is but waking echoes of music heard in dreams ; but Easter's voice is still the same. Here it speaks by thrill of bird and flowers blooming ; there by silvery notes sent out from lofty steeples.

From almost every point within sound of the alleluias falling from its many pillared belfrey came flocks of worship pers to old St. Mary's shrine, there to offer fealty to their Risen King. Fashion, wealth, and power, side by side with misery, pain and woe, passed up the marble steps and through the fretted doorway nor said the lordling to the slave : " Stand thou aside ! " for in His court all men are equals. The light from the hundred tapers was for all ; the rich perfume of flowers, mingling with the pungent odor of swinging censers, was for all ; and for all were the songs borne downward on the organ's pealing.

Where the humblest of these prayed, far back under the gallery's rounded floor, knelt a woman whose garb and mien proclaimed her lowly station, but whose reverent attitude and faith-enlightened eyes told of a soul made rich in the spiritual blessings trials bring.

Ten years had passed since she, then a slip of a peasant girl, whose laughing voice was as sweet as the whistle of a blackbird, whose blue eyes were as clear as the sky over-hanging her, had left her father's cot on an Irish hillside, within sound of the sea's continual calling, to face the overcrowded English city in search of a fortune to lift her loved ones from the poverty into which they had fallen. They had been long years of terrible repression and endless toil. She had found the road from the start harsh and painful to feet accustomed to springy, dew-soaked mountain grass, the work strange to fingers used to mending fishing nets or gathering in the dripping sea-weed. She had eaten of the bread of the stranger and had found it more bitter than Dead Sea fruit. She had sunk her plummet into the world's heart to quickly find a bottom of cruel exacting selfishness. She had trusted friendship and had been betrayed ; she had given her love and it had been slighted. In the unsuspecting

innocence of her heart she had confided in humanity only to learn in bitterness and soreness of spirit that if there is no height it cannot scale, there is, alas! no depth so vile to which it cannot descend. The world had taught her its lesson well and the knowledge thereby gleaned had shown her—had the unquestionable faith of Ireland's children ever deserted her—the futility and delusion of all hopes centered on the fleeting things of earth.

But now the years of toil were over and she was going home! The next sun to raise for her would be across the purple tinted hills of Ireland; the next words to greet her hungry ears would be the "caed mille failthe" of her people. The price of her freedom lay in yellow gold in her pocket. True, she had given in exchange her youth and health. True, the ring had gone from the voice, the light from the eyes, and the simplicity and trust she had brought with her lay buried in the cold English town. But even this remembrance could not dampen her joy as over her mind surged the thought of that home-going. She would feel again the moist grass beneath her feet, hear the melody poured from the wild thrush's throat and look on the ocean's "gray and melancholy waste." How the fisher girl's heart had longed for the sea! How often had she waked in the hush of the early morn, with its calling in her ears! Now she could answer its summons. She was at last going back to it and to her people.

It is no wonder that as she knelt on the cold tiling that Easter morning, the great joy in her heart reproducing itself on the pale, thin face, that still retained signs of its former comeliness, made more than one of her companions look at her in surprised scrutiny. She tried to banish all distracting thoughts, but, when her eyes would rest on the distant altar, an exquisite poem wrought out in marble by some artist centuries ago, a picture of the simple wooden shrine before which her childish lips had whispered their earliest prayer, would come before her mind, and, instead of the great mingling of wealth and poverty, she would see the scattered groups of fisher folk with reverently bowed heads as over them the aged priest pronounced the words of benediction.

With the sudden recalling from a musing mood by the remembrance of where she was, she slightly turned her head : and in doing so her eyes fell on the face of a man near her whose expression, as baffling as it was fascinating, held her captive. His gaze was fixed on the officiating priest with an intensity that was startling. She quailed before it. With an effort she removed her eyes and, crossing herself devoutly, recommenced her rosary. In vain she strove to keep her eyes from wandering to the man, and when she looked again she saw that the intensity in his gaze had deepened, the expression on his face had become more pronounced : it was like hatred fanned to maniacal rage.

“ He is a madman ! ” she thought, instinctively pushing from him into the crowd at her other side. It yielded slightly and she felt more secure. A hundred thoughts concerning him passed her mind without fashioning themselves into anything definite ; but he was unconscious of her gaze.

The tinkling of a bell aroused her, and, rising with the crowd, she passed down the aisle to the sanctuary railing. Never wholly divested of the nameless fear calling for the vigilant watch the man had inspired, her heart became calmer, her thoughts became prayerful, as she knelt to make that sublime act of faith and receive the sacramental Lord into her soul. Then she turned from the altar, but stopped short and all but shrieked out at the act she beheld. She saw the man take from his mouth the Sacred Host he had but a moment before received from the hands of the priest, and fold it in a handkerchief, which he placed carefully in his pocket. He darted through the crowd and was gone.

Had the dread abode of the eternally lost opened under her feet, the loyal Catholic heart of the woman could not have been more appalled. All the evil she had ever seen or heard of seemed shaped suddenly into that one act. She knew him now, an emissary of the Satan worshippers, and she knew the purpose of the awful theft. She forced a way through the dense crowd, in time to see him, as she left the church, turn a distant corner. After him she flew, possessed of but one thought, to rescue the

Sacred Host from his sacrilegious hands. But the race was long and her feet seemed leaden-weighted. One wild prayer after another went up from her quickly throbbing heart that she might overtake him before he should pass into any of the wicked haunts toward which the street led. Gradually she gained on him and was beside him.

"You wretched man!" she cried, as catching the quick fall of her feet on the stones, he glanced around.

"What do you mean, my good woman?" he asked, the evil eyes looking down on her flushed face with a sinister smile.

"I saw you," she cried, between gasps of breath, stealing the Sacred Host!"

"Did you?" he sneered. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"You must give it to me!" she wailed. "You must! You must! You must!"

A mocking laugh rang out on the soft air as he turned away. Despair crept into her heart, for she knew she was powerless to move him. Again she called to God; and it was then she thought of her precious hoarded money.

"Wait!" she cried. "Will you give it to me for money?"

"Not for the little you may have," he sneered, looking at the poorly clad figure.

"I can give more than you think," she wailed.

"How much?"

She named half the amount in her pocket, but he shook his head and again walked on.

"Wait!" she sobbed. "I have more," and she held out to him the savings of the ten long years. He looked at the pile of yellow gold, then at the white, wrung face of the pleading woman.

"This is all you have?"

"Yes!"

"You have worked all your life to amass it?"

"For ten years."

"And yet you offer it to me for this Host? Why, woman, I can steal another, as many as I want, before the day is over!"

" I cannot prevent that. But give me this one and take my money.

He looked at her again, hesitated, and then unbuttoned his coat and handed her the handkerchief.

" You fool ! " he said, taking her gold and turning on his heel with a mocking laugh.

Possessed of the Sacred Host, the woman fell on her knees in gratitude and adoration, then she arose and retraced her steps until she reached the rectory. To the hastily summoned priest she told her story.

" But what will you do now ? " he asked of her later.

" I will go back to work, Father," she said, without a quiver in her voice ; and so she did, working as faithfully and uncomplainingly as of yore in the home of the stranger. But think you the great sacrifice made by that loyal heart yielded her no rich reward ? From that time, a peace, passing all understanding, made a dwelling-place in her soul. As the years wore on the hoard again began to grow, grow rapidly, and when I listened to this story, I was standing by her side as she sat on the steps of her childhood's home, her dim, blue eyes resting on the long, lonely reach of beach, toward which crept the restless, foam capped, whispering sea.

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## A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.

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I say, Martin, stop that, now ! How's a fellow going to drink with Niagara Falls coming down on him ! "

Louis Ray, or " Rufus," as the boys called him, rose up angrily, with a face as red as his head.

" All right," said Martin Stone, laughing. " Go ahead and drink ; I'll pump easy for you."

Louis bent over again, and put his thirsty lips to the spout. This time his tormenter moved the pump-handle about as fast as the hour hand of a watch, and about three drops trickled out.

" Pump, will you ? " cried Louis.

“O, yes! I will,” roared the other, and that instant Louis was sputtering in a perfect rush of the bright water, while the group of boys exploded with laughter.

This was too much for Louis' fiery temper, and he sprang at Martin, shaking his wet head like a Newfoundland dog and grappling him fiercely. But, after all, it was a friendly tussle. Louis had far too much sense to take the rough joke seriously, and by the time he and Martin had rolled about on the grass awhile, each trying to get the other under; by the time they had thumped each other a time or two, in boyish fashion, the bell rang, and they went into the schoolroom as good friends as ever.

But something had happened in that sham battle, unknown to anybody except Bustle, the pug, and even he did not know much about it. Martin's bag strap gave way in the scuffle, his books tumbled out on the ground, and a closely written sheet of paper, caught by a breeze in search of a play fellow, began to play hopscotch over the grass. Bustle gave chase at first, but soon came to the conclusion that the thing had no wings, and went back to bark his earnest and applause at the wrestling match. Away went the paper, across the school's tennis court, through the iron fence railings into the road, there to be trampled deep into an early grave by a drove of cattle passing that way.

Meantime the school routine went on, and presently the teacher said: “Put up your books, boys; I am going to let you decide now who shall get the English prize for the quarter. Martin and Louis—as some of you know—got the same mark on examination, so I gave them each a composition to write last night, and I am now going to read them to the English class, without the name, of course, and let the class award the prize.”

There was great excitement amongst the boys, much shuffling of feet, embarrassed coughing, conscious grinning, while Louis got his paper ready and waited to march up to the desk with Martin.

But where was Martin's paper? You and I know that it was being trampled under dusty hoofs, but Martin was perfectly sure that it was in his algebra. No. Well,

then, in his History of the United States ; and so he went through every book in his desk, of course, without finding it, while Major Price's brow grew darker every minute.

Now, the Major, having received a military education, thought carelessness a much more serious matter than stupidity, and perhaps he was right. At any rate, he was patient with dullness, but carelessness always met with prompt punishment.

"Well, well," he said, shortly, "where are the papers?"

"I have lost mine, sir," said poor Martin, wishing that boys were allowed to cry like girls.

"Then there will be less trouble about awarding the prize," said the angry teacher. "Louis, where is yours?"

There was an instant of silence in the schoolroom ; everybody in the class held his breath. Louis turned red and then pale ; then, with a quiet air of determination, he tore his paper slowly across the middle, and said, in a respectful tone.—

"I have none to hand in, Sir."

Instantly the class broke into irrepressible applause.

"Silence !" thundered the Major, and Louis braced himself against the desk behind him. These boys were tolerably afraid of the Major, and if he took this as an indication of insubordination he would be severe. For some reason the teacher did not speak for a minute, and then he said in a tone they had never heard him use before :—

"Boys, I would rather see a generous thing like that among you than have a prince of the blood in my school ! That is what I call loving your neighbour as yourself, and you know who gave us that command and set us the great example."

You may be sure that the boys applauded long and loud after that.—*The Sacred Heart Review.*

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## PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1. For the missionaries who labor with the most personal devotedness to render efficacious the action of the Divine Blood in its essential work : the salvation of souls. 2. To obtain to all the members of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood the true spirit of the association, which is the zeal for their own sanctification and for the conversion of sinners. 3. For the families, for the great number of supplicants who hope to be as infallibly heard in their most extraordinary solicitations than in their commonest ones, provided they have recourse to the Most Precious Blood.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD, specially for : The Rev Sr BLAIS, deceased at the Hotel-Dieu, St-Hyacinthe ; Rev. Sr SCHOLASTICA, of the Srs St-Joseph (Rochester N. Y.) ; for MM. HUBERT MARTEL, at St-Pie ; OLIVIER BOURRÉ, at Somerset ; GEO. PARADIS, at Lewiston ; F. X. PLANTE, at St-Polycarpe ; OLIVIER BERGERON, father, at Ibeville ; WILFRID RICHER, at St-Denis ; J. BRE BLAIS, at Richelieu ; GASPARD LEMOINE, at Quebec ; JOS CHRÉTIEN, at Troy ; MICHAEL TORNEY, at Brooklyn ; JOS MICHAUD, at Ste-Sophie d'Halifax ; MEDARD DUFRESNE, at St-Roch, l'Achigan ; J. A. ALPHONSE AUDEL, at St-Anselme ; JOS. A. CHAPDELAINÉ, at Taftville ; MARC-OCTAVE CHAVIGNY DE LA CHEVROTIÈRE, at Lotbinière ; AUGUSTE LAFORCE, at Boucherville ; ELZÉAR COUÏRE, at Anthony ; for Mrs JUSTINE GAGNON, at Notre-Dame, Temiscouata ; Mrs L. MICHEL LEFAIVRE, at St-Vincent ; Mrs JOS. MICHON, at Taftville ; Mrs FELONISE ABELL, at Somersworth ; Mrs VICTOR BELLART, at la Pointe aux Trembles ; Mrs C. A. PREVOST, at St-Johnsbury, Vt. ; Mrs THEOPHILE LE DROU, at Quebec ; Mrs. MARY MACCORMACK, at Boston ; Mrs Mary T. DALEY, at Troy ; Mrs DENIS LEDOUX, at Pittsburg ; for Misses MARIE-REINE DUCROCHER, at St-Hyacinthe ; ODILE ALAIN, at Sorel ; OLIVIER DESNOVERS, at St-Hyacinthe ; M. ALFRED LEMOINE, at Taftville ; MM. JOHN MILLS, at Niagara on Lake ; CLARENCE WALSH, at Chicago, Ill. ; PATRICK NOLAN, at St-Catherine, Ont., etc.

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

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

*(100 days incl. for members of the Confraternity of the P. B.)*

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

200 days incl. once a day.

*Leo XIII. 20, June, 1892.*

## THANKSGIVINGS

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FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE  
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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“ Kindly publish in your annals the favours of which I have been the object. I was in great anxieties for reason of coming payments which it was impossible for me to meet. I promised to the Precious Blood to have the grace published in your annals if I succeeded in paying. A thousand thanks to the Precious Blood ! On the day fixed, I had in hands more than the sum required.”

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“ Last year, being condemned by the doctors I asked the Precious Blood to cure me, promising to have a mass said and to have my cure published if I obtained it, I was answered beyond all hopes.”

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“ The mother of a family thanks the Precious Blood for the cure of her child after promising to have the favour inserted in your annals.”

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My little boy aged eight years was suffering with rheumatism in one foot, and could walk only with the aid of a crutch. The doctors feared he would remain infirm. I recommended him to the Precious Blood, promising to renew my subscription and to have his cure published in “ The Voice of the Precious Blood.” I hasten to fulfil my promise, for my little boy is cured and walks very well.”

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“ Penetrated with the most lively gratitude I desire to thank publicly the most Precious Blood for having obtained for my husband a grace on which depended his future, both temporal and eternal.”

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“ Please insert in your annals the conversion of my husband who was given to drink since many years. He ceased since I made the promise of having this great grace published in “ The Voice of the Precious Blood ” if I obtained it.”

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“ Kindly insert in your journal a cure obtained through the intercession of the Precious Blood : Homage and gratitude to the divine Blood.

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“ Please publish a temporal favor solicited since a long time and obtained after a novena made to Our Lady of Olives Praise be to this good mother ! ”

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“ Having promised Saint Expeditus, if he answered my novena, to have it published in “ The Voice of the Precious Blood ” I beg of you to render me this service, for I have received what I solicited.”

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“ Thanks to Saint Anthony and Saint Expeditus for a favor obtained and for the success of a great undertaking.”

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“ Please insert in “ The Voice of the Precious Blood ” a temporal favor obtained through the intercession of Saint Expeditus. The devotion to this Saint was unknown to me until now ; it was in reading your messenger that I learned how powerful was his intercession.”

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INVOCATIONS TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Precious Blood of Jesus, shed in the Circumcision, make me elastic of mind, heart and body.

Precious Blood, oozing in the Agony of Jesus from every pore, grant me to love above all things the holy and adorable Will of God.

Precious Blood, flowing abundantly in the Scourging at the Pillar, inspire me with a keen sorrow for my sins and a love of suffering.

Precious Blood, falling in profusion from the Crown of Thorns, grant me a love of humiliations.

Precious Blood, furrowing the way to Calvary, fill me with the courage to walk unflinchingly in the footsteps of Jesus.

Precious Blood, shed so profusely in the Crucifixion of our Jesus, make me die entirely to self-love. Amen.

THOUGHTS BEFORE

—AND—

AFTER COMMUNION

“Come forth a while from the contemplation of your own unworthiness to the boundless plains of the Divine mercy and goodness in coming to visit you.

What would you do if a great king were coming to be your guest?

“Sweet and garnished?” Look to it that your soul, the home of the spirit, is swept free from the dirt of sin, and the dust laid, by tears of sincere contrition.

Ask His dear Mother to help you with the garnishing.

No one understands His tastes and wishes as she does. She will whisper to you, let the walls

be whitened by purity and hung with pictures painted by faith, let modesty curtain and meekness carpet, and the bright light of hope illuminate it ; " We know in what forge our anchor was cast, " yes in the bright courts above, and it took " a God to fashion it. " Bring out your choicest ornaments, such as duty, joy, peace, they are the creations of the master of masters; fashioned from the commonest of clay, ourselves; your royal guest will like to see them occupying prominent positions.

See that your servants are ready, your eyes to see Him coming afar off, your hands to serve Him if needed, your tongue to bid Him welcome to the " inner chamber, " your heart, which, softened by love, will prove a grateful resting place to His tired head.

" Open your heart, my daughter, and let me in, I am weary of those days of sin. "

The King having rested, you, clad from head to foot in the bright and shining armor of clarity (" for you no longer live but He lives in you "), go forth with him to the banquet spread by the " dear bright world ".

Under the witching smile, the fragrance of flowers, the soft entrancing music, there lies a sycant's voice ; Follow it not or your Royal guest, unused to neglect, will slip away, and you may ask in vain, " Have you seen my beloved ? "

How will you retain Him ? By talking to Him of His interests, His enemies, Himself, His kingdom, " Where when the day dawns and the shadows retire, " you, having on a wedding garment, hope to be the invited guest, to sup with Him in his Father's mansion, " Where eye has not seen or ear heard what has been prepared for those who love Him. "

" Then " Glory to the Father, to the Son, And to the Holy Ghost, " ring aloud throughout all Paradise ; that with the song My spirit reced, so passing sweet the strain. And what I saw was equal ecstasy ; One universal smile it seemed of all things ; Joy past compare ; gladness unutterable ; Imperishable life and peace and love ; Exhale these riches, and unmeasurable bliss.