

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.

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A TRIBUTE OF PRAISE TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Gift of Love all gifts transcending,
Life Blood of the Sacred Heart,
Up in Heaven our hope unending,
Here on earth our all Thou art.

In Thy strength is all completeness,
In Thy depths all joys remain :
Wine of virgins, Fount whose sweetness
Those who taste of thirst again !

Veiled within Thine Altar palace,
We adore on bended knee ;
In thy bright, uplifted Chalice,
Precious Blood, we worship Thee.

Sweetest Blood, our life, our treasure,
Pledge of all we long to be ;
We but live to do Thy pleasure,
Only, ever, all for Thee !

Glory, Love and Reparation,
Prayer and Sacrifice we bring,
Honor, Praise, and Adoration,
To the Blood of Christ, our King.

J. E. U. N.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD AND ANGELS
AND MEN.*(Selections from Faber.)*

III.

OUR Heavenly Father calls his creatures to gather around the marvellous streams of the Precious Blood, and there to adore his wisdom and his love. Who could have dreamed of such an invitation, which grows more astonishing the more we penetrate its mystery?

The angels wonder more than men, because they better understand it. Their superior intelligence ministers more abundant matter to their love. From the very first he invited the angels to adore it. He made their adoration a double exercise of humility,—of humility towards himself, and of humility towards us, their inferior fellow-creatures. It was the test to which he put their loyalty. He showed them his beloved Son, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, in its Sacred Humanity, united to a lower nature than their own, and in that lower nature crowned their King and Head, to be worshiped by them with absolute and unconditional adoration. The Son of a human mother was to be their Head, and that daughter of Eve to be herself their queen. He showed them in that Blood the source of all graces, which they had through creatures to spread over all the mankind. So the angels began to adore and to sing the song of the Lamb and the glory of his Precious Blood, as they do even now in the splendors of Heaven.

The Precious Blood belongs to men. Much more, therefore, does God invite them to come to its heavenly baths, and receive therein not only the cleansing of their souls, but the power of a new and amazing life.

Every doctrine in theology is a call to the Precious Blood. Every ceremony in the Church tells of it. Every sermon that is preached is an exhortation to the use of it. Every supernatural act is a growth of it. Everything that is holy on earth is either leaf, bud, blossom, or fruit of the Blood of Jesus. To its fountain, God calls the sinner, that he may be lightened of his burdens. There is no re-

mission for him in anything else. The just are not less called by God to these invigorating streams.

Out of the Precious Blood come martyrdom, vocations, celibacies, austerities, heroic charities, and all the magnificent graces of high sanctity. The secret nourishment of prayer is from those fountains. They purge the eye for sublime contemplation. They kindle the inward fires of self-sacrificing love. They bear a soul safely over the seeming impossibilities of perseverance. It is by the Blood of Jesus that the soul becomes ever more and more radiant. It is the secret source of all mystical transformations of the soul into the likeness of its crucified Spouse. It is "the wine which inebriates the virgins" of God. Out of it come raptures and ecstasies ; and by It the strength of faith grows even to the gift of miracles. It fills the mind with heavenly visions, and peoples the air with divine voices. All the new life of man, which is "renewed in Christ Jesus," comes from this Blood, whether it be his love of suffering, his delight in shame, his grace of prayer, his unwordly tastes, his strange humility, his shy concealment, his zeal for souls, and his firm perseverance.

Sinner, saint, and common Christian, all in their own ways, require the Precious Blood each moment of their lives ; and, as the manna in the mouth of the Israelites had the savor which each man wished it to have, so it is with the sweetness, the variety, and the fitness of the graces of the Precious Blood.

With almost piteous entreaties God invites all the wide heathen world to the Precious Blood, whether by the voice of his Church, or by the bleeding feet or wasting lives of his missionaries, or by secret pleading down in each heathen heart, grace solicited at every hour. This invitation of God to his creatures to receive a new life through the Precious Blood is the genuine expression of his redeeming love.

There is no narrowness in the divine things. There is no narrowness in the Precious Blood. It is a divine invention which partakes of the universality and immensity of God. The Precious Blood is meant for all nations. As all stand in equal need of it, so all find it just what they want. It is to each people the grace which shall

correct that particular form of human corruption which is prominent in their character. The Oriental and the Western must both come to its healing streams ; and in it all natural distinctions are done away. In that laver of salvation there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free : all are one in the redeeming Blood of Jesus.

So also is it with the ages of the world. The Precious Blood adopts itself with changeful uniformity to every age. It is always old and always new. It is the one salvation. It is coextensive with any civilization. No science innovates upon it. The world never exhausts its abundance or outgrows its necessity.

ANTHONY.

THE MOST HOLY CORPORAL of ORVIETO

By Rev. Wilfrid Dallow, M. R. S. A. J.
(Continuation.)

MIRACULOUS CURES AT THE SHRINE.

IN the volume (as yet untranslated into our tongue) of Andrea Pennazzi, Canon of Orvieto, there is a long list of cures, selected from the more remarkable : 1. Pietro Antonio, April 23, 1696, reduced by fever to the last extremity, is cured on making a vow to go bare-footed to the church at Bolsena.

2. Marco Cardelli, minor Conventual Friar, having suffered from madness for two years, so that he had to be chained up, was cured by kissing the sacred stone once stained with the Precious Blood, April 1693.

3. Bernadina, May 22, 1696, long bed-ridden by an incurable disease, was cured merely by the touch of flowers which had been placed upon the above sacred stone.

4. Valenzia Zitella, June 13, 1663, for ten years possessed by evil spirits, as also Catherine, similiary tormented for nine years, were both cured at the sanctuary of the miracle, at Bolsena. 5. Antonio Finaroli, arch-priest of Castel-di-Piero, January 1694, dying of a malignant fever,

on his vowing to say Mass at Bolsena is suddenly cured.

We now give a few instances, where the Roman Pontiffs have approved of the tradition and belief in the wondrous miracles at Bolsena at the Mass of Peter, in 1263.

1. Gregorg XI., 1377, by his brief writes that "to a doubting priest at Bolsena the Sacred Host appeared in form of Flesh and Blood, and that some spots of the Blood retained the visible form of our Redeemer."

2. Sixtus IV, 1471, in a lengthy brief, alludes to the sacred Corporal as "showing clearly certain stains of Blood having the Image of our Saviour, Jesus Christ;" and speaks of the great tabernacle of gold and silver which enshrines the Corporal as a work "of rare genius and finest art."

3. Pius II., in 1462, paid a visit to Bolsena and Orvieto, and adds his own opinion to that of former popes in similar words.

4. Gregory XII., in 1577, constitutes the altar in the chapel of the Holy Corporal an "Altare privilegiatum."

5. Pius VII., June 6. 1815, when returning in triumph to his kingdom, gave his first Benediction in the square before the church of Bolsena, and then paid his devout homage to the altar where the prodigy took place.

6. Leo XII., in 1828, by special brief, conferred on Bolsena the "Title and Privileges of a City."

He describes the miracle and ends thus: "prodigium sane mirum ex quo Pont. Max. Urbanus IV publico decreto solemnitatem SS. Corporis Christi in Ecclesia universali instituit."

7. Greory XVI., in 1841, said Mass at Orvieto, and offered a splendid chalice to the cathedral.

8. Pius IX., in 1857, attended by a number of bishops --among others our present Holy Father, Leo XIII. -- visited the shrine at Orvieto, and at his own expense had the paintings of the chapel of the Holy Corporal restored by Roman artists, Lois and Bianchini.

Finally Leo XIII., in 1890, raised the cathedral to the rank of a "basilica." His brief, describing the "prodigy," writes thus: "Thoma Aquinas et Bonaventura Angelico potius quam humane præconis Volsiniense Miraculum celebrarunt."

In conclusion, we may state that in an aperture in the upper part of this great shrine of the Holy Corporal, the Blessed Sacrament is solemnly exposed the entire day every feast of Corpus Christi. The devout people of Orvieto, moreover since 1567, have bound themselves by vow to always keep the vigil as a fast day.

In the Dominican Priory is religiously kept the biretta and breviary of St Thomas Aquinas, and the crucifix which is said to have spoken to him.

MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD AND THE PRESS.

(*Continuation.*)

From *The United Canada :*

The devotion of the Precious Blood explained and enlarged upon, showing its appropriateness and its excellent influence upon the spiritual life of Catholics.

OUR Mother the Church shows herself, in the devotions which she gives to her faithful children, a real mother—so wise and so kind—so thoughtful and so indulgent—so provident for the infinitely various needs of her many children—so skilful in adapting her ways and means not only to their actual needs but to their different tastes and feelings, to the requirements of their individual dispositions, and to their circumstances. She truly makes herself “all to all men.” She seeks first God’s glory and the salvation of souls, but she seeks also to make her children happy and keep them interested in the practice of their religion: not after the fashion of modern sects by spasmodic outbreaks of spurious fervor, denominated revivals, but by an almost endless variety of devotion, nearly all of which are suitable to everyone and for almost all occasions and which are more or less in use.

These devotions she brings in the course of the year now one and then another more prominently to their no-

tice along in connection with some one of her festivals which occur at the time.

As a good and provident mother, she knows her true children would get weary of monotony even in piety, so she obviates this danger most carefully. All the devotions sanctioned by the Church are aids to the salvation of the soul. All are enriched with indulgences. Some of them are of a higher class than others and, we may believe, productive of more abundant spiritual fruit in the soul. This is especially the case with all those devotions which relate more immediately to the person of our Divine Lord.

July brings us one of these devotions. The month opens by dedicating the first Sunday in a particular manner to the honor of the Most Precious Blood, which was shed for the redemption of all mankind, and without which shedding St Paul tells us there is no remission of sins. This great festival was established, in a spirit of thanksgiving, by His Holiness Pope Pius IX whilst in exile at Gaeta upon the request of the saintly general of the congregation of the Most Precious Blood, Merlino. Already earlier in the year, on the Friday after the fourth Sunday in Lent, this devotion has been commemorated by a special office. But in Lent the Church is absorbed in placing the sins of her children before their eyes and preparing them for the representation of the awful tragedy of Calvary before their sight.

Though the sufferings of our Blessed Lord are manifested to us one on each of the seven Fridays of Lent, nevertheless the Church cannot give to the devotion of the Most Precious Blood the importance due to it. She cannot show the marked characteristic of this devotion which is, as we shall presently see, not in sympathy with that time of penitence and grief. For this reason the Church has instituted another festival in its honor and even dedicated to it a whole month as the preceding month was devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Sacred Heart, whose love gave us the Blessed Sacrament, was also the source and fountain of the Most Precious Blood. The Body and Blood of our Lord are inseparably connected in the Most August Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. On Corpus Christi we adore in a special manner the Body of the Son of man, but on the feast of

the *Most Precious Blood* we declare our faith and homage to the crimson price of our redemption.

We know also that special devotions have an aptitude to form those souls to greater holiness for whom these devotions have an attraction. While all Catholic devotions have a blessed faculty for adapting themselves in some degree to the character and needs of each individual soul, each devotion appears to have some particular fitness for expressing some certain want of the soul, some certain need of the heart. It is good for us therefore to try to enter into the characteristic spirit of each devotion. This spirit is best discovered and understood by studying the indulgenced prayers of the Church. The Devotion of the *Most Precious Blood* has one of the most indulgenced confraternities of the Church.

It will also be seen that not only has each devotion its own spirit, but that it has a marked appropriateness for some time of the year in which it occurs. Thus the devotion to St Joseph is appointed especially for March.

Now we will see why the devotion to the *most Precious Blood* is so suited for July and what is its characteristic spirit. It comes when the Paschal season is entirely over, as also the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament and that of the Sacred Heart. It comes when we have gathered in one grand whole the rich harvest we possess, the abundance and sufficiency of the means of grace, which the price of all, the *Most Precious Blood* itself, purchased for us.

We rejoice with saint Augustine at such a price of our redemption; we exclaim with him, "O, happy debt, that demanded so great a Redeemer!" If we intelligently examine the various forms of the devotion to the *Most Precious Blood* that have the authorized sanction of the Church, as given in the *Raccolta* we will be struck by the fact that in all of them the pervading spirit is that of exultation and thanksgiving. In "The Seven Offerings of the *Precious Blood*," each offering concludes in this mingled spirit of dwelling on the sufferings of our Lord, of gratitude and of the gladdest triumph. Again in the "Three Offerings of the *Most Holy Trinity*, in thanksgiving for the privilege with which the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, was enriched"—the spirit of gratitude and of joy is noticeably perceptible. By this two fold cause His

Holiness, Pope Pius IX, was prompted when he instituted the Feast of the Most Precious Blood after he had obtained from heaven the miraculous close of his tedious exile at Gaeta.

Let us therefore endeavor during the month of July to enter into the evident purpose of the Church, and use this consoling and beautiful devotion to the Precious Blood chiefly in the spirit of praise and exultation, having in mind the fulness of redemption and the immensity of the graces which the Most Precious Blood procured for us all. Let us strive, however imperfectly, to correspond to the graces It purchased for us and take an active part to spread this salutary devotion more and more. The reverend clergy, and the venerable sisterhood could most effectively bring this devotion home to every Catholic heart under their charge, by introducing it into the prayers to be said during the children's Masses before their respective school hours begin. How easily and beautifully could not the chaplet of the Most Precious Blood with Its Seven Offerings be recited on Friday mornings of every week during the year? This would prove very beneficial to our dear children by imbuing them with the spirit of exultation and gratitude in considering the price of their redemption mingled with a humble acknowledgement of their sins, so well becoming a Christian during all the life.

In going over the record of indulgences granted to the devout adorers of the Most Precious Blood, we find that this devotion is one of the richest and most favored of the Catholic devotions. This makes it a remarkably valuable devotion, valuable for the Holy Souls in Purgatory as well as to ourselves. In every parish the confraternity of the Most Precious Blood for the repose of the suffering souls should be canonically established; it directs us in a practical manner to make our prayers more acceptable for our dearly Beloved Departed.

" AVE. "

BY AGNES MARY MACHEN.

Ave Maria, at earliest dawn we pray,
Ave, we breathe in the noon-tide's heat,
Ave Maria, with the vesper-chimes we repeat,
 And *Ave*, lest to sinful paths we stray ;
 In temptation's hour we humbly pray
 Mary, help, oh, help a fallen race,
 Guide us in the path of grace,
 And protect the ones who are away.
 More fair than the angels, to the Trinity more dear,
 Immaculate thy heart is of virtue the crest.
 Oh reflect in our souls its bright rays and clear,
 And be our strength when our wills are put to test.
Ave, we falter as our life's lamp flickers low,
 And *Ave*, sing forever, while eternal ages flow.

OUR LADY OF LIESSE.

AT the opening of the XII century three noble and
 valiant brothers, from the environs of the city of
 Laon, had taken up the cross and traversed the sea
 for the defence of the sepulchre of Christ.

The eldest bore the title of the Sire d'Eppes, the
 youngest that of the Sire du Marchais, and the title of
 the third is unknown.

Young and burning with zeal, scarcely had they ar-
 rived at the Holy Land, than they made too hazardous a
 venture, were taken prisoners, and sent to the Sultan of
 Egypt. That powerful monarch was pleased with the
 paladius. He pressed them to become Mussulmans, pro-
 mising, if they would do so, not only to restore them
 their liberty, but to establish them in a wealthy and ho-
 nourable condition. With noble disdain, the three Cru-
 saders rejected the proposal and then the prince, becoming
 angry, swore that he would make them trample the cross
 under foot ; so he called for the executioners, and com-

manded the use of the rigours of the torture. Invoking Mary, Help of Christians, the knights gave themselves into the hands of their cruel torturers, and endured, without flinching for a moment, their prolonged and exquisite torments. Seeing that nothing was to be gained by torture, the Sultan finally ordered the *dogs of Christians* to be thrown into prison. There the knights cast themselves, all bruised and broken by the severity of their pains, upon the paving stones of the dungeon, and as they lay, the massive door before them opened, and they beheld—not the gaoler, with his harsh voice, and fierce countenance—but a woman of noble bearing, and clad in white. For an instant she paused, as if to accustom her eyesight to the obscurity of the dungeon, and then moved toward the Frenchmen, who, greatly astonished, were following her every movement. The pearls which rested on her neck and arms shone through her veil, and the diamonds which adorned her Asiatic slippers cast a bright glimmer upon the darkness. Like an angel of mercy she bent over the prisoners, whom the torture had reduced to so pitiable a state. She was young and wonderfully beautiful, and her tears were flowing; yet, in the hearts of the Christians who had just suffered for their Master, no disquietude arose. Calmly they waited, until it might please the fair unknown to speak.

“Gentlemen” she said with dignity, “I am the daughter of the Sultan, and my father, who desires to preserve your lives, has sent me to instruct you in the Law of the Prophet.”

The princess Ismenia had a great reputation, throughout the land of Egypt, for learning and for eloquence. She talked for a longtime, and the Frenchmen listened to her with profound and courtly respect. When she had ceased to speak, the Sire d’Eppes asked permission to acquaint the princess with some of the truths of the Christian religion, that she might herself judge of the impossibility of their preferring the law of Mahomet to it. The young girl willingly consented, and the chevalier, who knew how to handle the word no less skillfully than the sword, began to talk of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He related to her the apparition of the Archangel, the Incarnation of the Son of God, etc., and he told her that, in order to do

honour to His Mother, Our Lord Jesus Christ has placed every good and every grace within her hands and that no one can attain to the state of the blessed, save through her. The princess listened with delight. " Ah," cried she, " willingly would I be the servant of this Woman! How greatly privileged is she in her power of doing good!—what a glorious destiny is hers!—Tell me Christians, have you no image of her, that you could give me?"—" We have none princess," replied the Sire d'Eppes, " but if you will send me a bit of wood and a knife, I will try to make you one." The young girl left immediately in order to seek the desired objects, and brought them herself to the Frenchmen.

Before setting to work, the Sire d'Eppes fervently implored Our Lady's aid, so that the desired image might not be altogether unworthy of her. His two brothers united their prayers with his, and, in the act of praying, the three men fell asleep.

A little after midnight, when fast asleep they were suddenly awakened by an extraordinary light. On opening their eyes, they perceived, in the middle of the prison a small statue of Mary admirably carved whence rays of light streamed forth. At the same time, the three brothers became conscious of a wonderful ease, and recognizing immediately that their limbs, racked by the executioners, were now as sound and healthy as before, they cast themselves, overcome with gratitude, before the miraculous image, and spent the remainder of the night in prayer.

On the following day, the princess returned. Glowing with health and happiness, the three knights gathered around her. " Princess," they cried, " look and see! Here is the image, which you asked for. It was sent to you by the Blessed Virgin, last night." The Sultan's daughter fell upon her knees, before the radiant image and vowed that she would become a christian. The three warriors wept like children. They placed the shining statue in the hands of the young girl, exclaiming: " It is Our Lady of Liesse. Glory to Our Lady of Liesse! That is the right name for it."

With limpid eyes, Ismenia contemplated the statue. She then begged that she might take it with her, in order to give it longer consideration. The Frenchmen joyfully

agreed to her doing so and the princess, with a combination of childish pleasure and deep reverence, enveloped the statue in the light folds of her veils. She then returned to her room, which the fairyism of oriental luxury had adorned with all that might gratify the eye.

That night, reclining on her golden couch, the young girl had a mysterious dream. She beheld the Blessed Virgin Mother who said to her, "Go and liberate the French prisoners, and follow them to their country. I desire that, through your means and theirs, my name be made glorious in France. Go. Do my will, and I promise that you shall be close by me in Paradise."

The princess rose immediately. Promptly and noiselessly were her preparations made for departure into endless exile. In obedience to Our Lady, she makes ready to abandon not only her family, but the land of the Orient, as well, with its poetry, its splendour, its luxury, its perfumes and its treasures.

Pressing the sacred image to her heart, she descended stealthily to the prison, and, opening the doors, summoned the Frenchmen to follow her.

They did so, and, guided by the princess, undertook the crossing of those streets of sleeping Cairo, which led toward the Nile. It was still night when they reached the shores of that great river; but a boatman, accosting them civilly, offered to carry them across, and in another moment, they had landed upon the opposite shore. The next day was spent in walking through an uninhabited region. At night, they lay down beneath a palm tree, and the knights laid the fruits of the desert before the princess. The Sultan's daughter had not been willing to part with her beloved and sacred burden. Overcome by fatigue, she very soon fell asleep, holding the heavenly image in her arms; nor was it long before sleep took possession of her companions also. The fugitives slept on until broad daylight; then, on awakening, how describe their surprise! All their surroundings had undergone a change. Instead of turpentine trees, the splendid lotus tree, and the palm, with its smooth trunk and magnificent feathery foliage, they now behold willows, poplars and oaks, and no appearance of Egypt. The air is cool, the sun dim and overclouded; upon the chill earth, there are

no gorgeous flowers, nor wild and luxuriant shrubs, but only the golden rod, here and there, and closely mown grass. The princess and her companions looked at one another dumb with surprise, and under the impression that they were dreaming ; but to the Frenchmen everything seemed natural and familiar. Not far from them, a shepherd was keeping his flock. The crusaders approached him and, much agitated, the Sire d'Eppes asked in what country they were " In what country are you ? " replied the tender of sheep, looking at him in surprise, " in France to be sure, close by the castle du Marchais." Understanding, at once, that they had been transported thither by angels' hands, the three men prostrated themselves upon the ground, and, in a delirium of joy and tremor of fear, returned thanks to the Queen of Heaven.

On the ground so new to her, the Egyptian had devoutly placed the statue. When the three knights arose, they found her kneeling, absorbed in her simple, virginal prayer.

Intelligence of the prodigy spread abroad.

Our Lady of Liesse soon became famous. Upon the very spot on which the Sultan's daughter had placed the miraculous image, the chapel of Our Lady of Liesse was built, " one of those localities, which are to the world what the stars are to the firmament, a source of heat, of light, and of life." The princess Ismenia was baptized by the Bishop of Laon. She led a humble, happy and detached life, choosing to be on earth only the hand-maid of Mary. Her body lies at the feet of Our Lady of Liesse.

It is Jesus Christ Himself who established devotion to Mary, His holy Mother. He founded it upon the Cross, by those two words which fell from his dying lips : *Behold your Son* and *Behold your Mother*. It is one of the clauses in His testament, and He has consecrated it by His own Blood. And thus, Calvary was the cradle of devotion to Mary, and the devotion was baptized, as it were, in the Blood of Christ Jesus.

PERE RAUVAL.

SAINT MICHAEL THE WEIGHER.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's hopeless eyes
Backward searched for paradise,
And, instead, the flame blade saw
Of inexorable law.

Waking, I beheld him there,
With his fire gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men ?
"That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so,
"But I weigh the hope of man
"Since the power of choice began
"In the world, of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race—
Cups that lit Belthazzar's feast,
Gems, the lightning of the East,
Kublai's scepter, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.
In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr ash, arena sand,
Of Saint Francis' cord a strand,

Beechen cups of men whose need
 Fasted that the poor might feed,
 Disillusions and despairs
 Of young saints with grief grayed hairs,
 Broken hearts that brake for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
 Seeing then the beam divine
 Swiftly on this hand decline,
 While earth's splendor are renown
 Mounted light as thistle down.

—JAMES RUSSELL Lowell.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

At the very instant Jacomo breathed his last sigh, Catherine was seized with a violent pain in her side. It seemed to be dislocating her bones, and never, for one moment, did the pain relax, but the Saint always called it *her dear pain*, because it constantly reminded her of her father's happiness. Whilst the family mourned and wept for the loss of so good a father, she, who loved him more than all the others, was radiant with joy. She arranged him in his coffin, and murmured with a joyous voice: "O dear father, how I wish to be where you are. May God be blessed!"

Whenever Catherine learned that a holy soul had left the earth, she experienced great joy, and, dreaming of the hour when she also would be taken out of this world, she found a singular sweetness in burying the dead.

The spouse of Christ languished with love, said her ancient Biographer.

Not yet possessing her dear Saviour in glory, she sought in the holy Eucharist consolation in the weariness

of her exile, and, with the permission of her Confessor, she communicated every day. But the Holy Communion inundated her with joy so lively, so intoxicating, that the vital functions were strangely reduced.

Nourishment became useless to her, or rather hurtful, and whenever she tried to take food, it caused her atrocious sufferings. This extraordinary condition appeared to be very alarming. Her relatives and friends believed it was an illusion, and her confessor, Father Thomas della Fonte, obliged her to take some nourishment every day.

In this she obeyed, as she always had done, and, in spite of the terrible sufferings which resulted, she persevered in trying to eat. But these efforts reduced her to the last extremity.

Then Catherine sent for her Confessor and said to him :

My Father, if, by excessive fasting, I was in danger of death, would you not command me to eat ?

Yes, certainly, I would, replied the Confessor.

But is it not quite as evil to expose one's self to death in eating as in fasting ? If then, by the numerous experiences you have witnessed, you perceive that, by taking food, I am killing myself, why can you not forbid me to eat, as you would forbid me to fast, if the fast exposed me to death ?

The good Confessor found himself quite unable to answer her plea, and, seeing her reduced almost to death, he finally said to her :—

My daughter, act, henceforth, according to the inspirations of the Holy Spirit. I see that ordinary rules are not made for you

Absolute fasting, after a while, restored the Saint to all of her former strength.

But, then as to-day, there existed a multitude of persons forever preoccupied with the affairs of their neighbours, and various stories were circulated in the city on account of Catherine. Her miraculous life became, even for righteous and just men, a subject of scandal. "Those who were yet in the valley, would judge that which passed upon the heights of the mountain," said the Blessed Raymond.

It is impossible to describe all she had to suffer on this account.

Those who believed themselves enlightened opposed her by the rules of the spiritual life which forbid all singularity, citing examples of our Lord who ate and drank.

Others pronounced it but a feint in order to draw notice. They treated her as a hypocrite, and were sure that she took plenty of good-cheer in secret.

To all these things, Catherine responded with her unalterable sweetness :

God has sent me this strange infirmity of being unable to eat without exposing me to death, in punishment of my sins ; but I do not see why it should offend you.

At the same time, to soften their bad humor, she decided to go, each day, to the common table, where she chewed some herbs, without swallowing any of the juice or substance, and drank a little water. But as her stomach would bear absolutely nothing, she would immediately reject the little she had taken, with atrocious sufferings, and, often, abundant vomitings of blood.

During all her life, this martyrdom continued.

In the same degree that her marvelous abstinence was prolonged, she felt an ever increasing desire for Holy Communion. When she was deprived of the Bread of Angels, her sole nourishment, life seemed to abandon her.

At that forlorn epoch, frequent Communion was not in usage. The most pious people rarely communicated, except at Easter, and on the great feasts of the Church. Therefore, the daily communion of Catherine, and the extraordinary favors which she received were matter for grave discussions. They cried out against her presumption, irreverence, and treated the young girl as one hallucinated.

Her Confessor firmly sustained her cause. But, several times, the *Mantellate* influenced the Prior of Saint Dominic, and also the Director of the Tertiaries. They withdrew her Confessor, and allowed her to communicate but very seldom. And then, under pretext that her bearing troubled and scandalized the assistants, Catherine was ordered to shorten her prayers and to leave the church. But as she could not communicate without being ravished

outside of her senses, and remaining wrapt in ecstasy, it happened, several times, that she was forcibly dragged outside the church and brutally thrown upon the pavement, where some of the passers-by had the baseness to kick the Saint with their feet.

In the eyes of the angels, said one of her historians, this is the most beautiful page in all the life of Saint Catherine of Siena. It has certainly been given to many good and holy souls to participate in the sufferings of the Divine Martyr, but very few have had the privilege to partake in such a degree in His humiliations.

LAURE CONAN.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPLET OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

By S. M. A.

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

CHAPTER VIII

PARDONED.

Mr. O'Neil, who saw him returning, hastened forward to meet him.

"Here I am again, Mr. O'Neil, and I have brought a patient with me. Will you give us shelter?"

"God bless ye, yer Reverence. An' sure ye know James O'Neil's door is always open to ye. An 'tis only too happy, I am sure, to have the likes of ye unthur me roof." He helped the priest to bear the poor fellow into the hut and, placing him on a bed, left his wife to look after him while he went to attend to the horse.

After Father Melville had administered some restoratives, the patient, recovering consciousness, opened his eyes; but the priest knew he had not long to live. Bending over him, he kindly inquired:

"Are you a Catholic?"

"I was once, was the reply, but now I am nothing."

"Well, our dear Lord must have sent me to you. I

am a Catholic priest. Will you not be reconciled to God ? I fear you have not long to live."

"No, it is too late for that now. I will die as I have lived."

"O do not speak like that !" pleaded the priest. It is *not* too late. Our dear Lord is ready and anxious to forgive you, if you only repent."

"There is no forgiveness for me. I am a thief, a murderer and a sacrilegious wretch."

"*If your sins are as red as scarlet, I will make them white as snow,*" quoted the priest. "One drop of the Precious Blood is more than sufficient to wash away the sins of a thousand worlds. And our Divine Redeemer shed every drop on the cross that you might be saved. Do not abuse this last grace which he offers you." And, falling on his knees, he began to pray that God would, through the merits of the Precious Blood, save this poor soul.

At the words Precious Blood, the dying man, as if by instinct, drew something from his breast. The priest, glancing up, uttered an exclamation of surprise ! He held in his hand a Chaplet of the Precious Blood.

"Where did you get this ?" asked Father Melville, taking it in his hand.

"From a child whom I murdered fifteen years ago. He tried to prevent me from robbing the tabernacle of a church in New York, and with one blow I struck him dead ; then I snatched the chaplet from his hands and fled. Since then, I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth. But I always kept those beads, I know not why ; even though I was often famished with hunger, I would not sell them. They seemed to me as drops of blood—that child's blood calling to heaven for vengeance. The sight of them reminded me of my crime and prevented me from committing another murder."

Tears were in the priest's eyes.

"O my dear friend !" he said, "you did not murder that child. Behold him standing before you !"

"You !" exclaimed the dying man, gazing at him. "Yes ; yes. . . those eyes ! The very same. They have

haunted me day and night. And you call me *friend*, and you forgive me ?”

“ O yes, I have prayed for you every day during all those long years. And I am sure that our dear Lord answered my prayer by sending me out in the storm to find you. He wants to forgive you. Will you not repent ?”

The poor man was weeping now.

“ O God, I thank Thee, I am not a murderer. Yes, my God, I repent. I am sorry. Hear my confession, Father, my life of sin will soon be ended.”

After the priest had heard his confession and administered the last Sacraments, they knelt around his bed to pray for the departing soul.

In a few moments all was over.

Father Melville gazed on the chaplet, still in his hand, and he remembered the words that Father Ignatius addressed to him, years before : “ Who knows, my child, but that God may have permitted all this for a special end. Pray fervently that your little Rosary may be, for this poor wandering sheep, a key to unlock that Fountain of mercy—the Redeeming Blood—wherein being cleansed from all his sins, he may enter life eternal clothed in the nuptial robe.” “ O truly prophetic words ! Thank God, I have lived to see them accomplished.” Then pressing the Chaplet to his lips, he murmured. “ Precious treasure ! through *thee*, God’s mercy has flowed down on many souls.”

The End.

Fortitude has three signs by which it may be known. The first is silence under pain : “ Jesus held His peace.” The second is meekness : “ He opened not His mouth.” The third is gladness under wrongs : “ Peter and John rejoiced when they were counted worthy to suffer for the Name of Jesus.”

TRIALS OF LEO XIII.

*A Touching Utterance by the Venerable Prisoner
of the Vatican.*

We read in the CHURCH NEWS :

IN a recent audience given to Signor Scala, director of an important Catholic newspaper of Turin, the Holy Father was exceedingly free and communicative.

The Catholic press is a work very close to his heart, and he never loses an opportunity of welcoming its exponents and of encouraging them to go on in the good endeavor. From what Signor Scala relates of the conversation, it was touching to a degree. The venerable Pontiff's allusions to his situation are highly pathetic. Signor Scala had brought a sum of Peter's pence, gathered as a testimonial of gratitude for the Pope's action with regard to the liberation of the Italian prisoners. The conversation readily fell on captives in general, especially as the day was the Feast of saint Peter in chains. Smiling, the Holy Father repeated the beautiful antiphon of the second Vespers of the feast : *Solve jubente Deo terrarum Petrie catenas*, etc., and went on to recount the history of the great Apostle's liberation. He seemed in great joy as he looked back on the days of the first Christians, and appeared to rejoice with the infant Church at the freedom of its chief. Then, gradually, his manner changed.

"I, too, am a prisoner," he said, "and that for eighteen long years. In fact, the nineteenth has now begun, since I am here in imprisonment, a noble imprisonment, if you like, but still a real imprisonment. For eighteen years I have not been able to get a glimpse of the streets of Rome or of its holy basilicas. I have had a new apse constructed in St. John Lateran's, and yet it has been impossible for me to see it. Nor, indeed, is this all. If I wish to name Bishops, I have the difficulties and delays that the formality of the Placet and the exe-

quator imposes. Bishops in their own dioceses cannot appoint their parish priests without submitting to the vistic and to the exigencies of the fiscal authorities. Add to this the perversity of an evil press, which distorts and maligns one's every act and intention. What more? On the slope of the very Vatican hill, quite close to my abode, they have raised a statue to Garibaldi, to him who called the Papacy 'the cancer of Italy.' And, indeed, if I am free at this moment to speak and to write, it is simply because it would not do for them to come into my room and prevent me. One thing greatly consoles me in spite of all this, and it is the universal attention given to the Pope's voice. I write encyclicals and all give ear to them. Even concerning the recent one—*Satis Cognitum*—on that subject, the union of the churches, which I have so deeply at heart, much matter for satisfaction has already been given me."

These words, spoken in a moment of open-mindedness, were at once deeply interesting and significant.

PRAYER FOR THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

BY a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated February 21st, and confirmed by His Holiness Leo XIII, an indulgence of 300 days was granted to all who devoutly say the prayers in honor of Our Lady, for the reunion of Christendom. This indulgence may be gained once a day. The prayer is as follows :

" O Immaculate Virgin ! Thou who, through a singular privilege of grace, wast preserved free from original sin, look down in pity on our dissenting brethren, who are still thy sons, and call them back to the centre of unity. Though far away, they have retained for thee, O Mother ! the most tender devotion. Do thou, in thy generosity, reward them for it by interceding for their conversion. Victorious over the infernal serpent from the first moment of thy existence, now that the necessity presses more urgently, renew thy ancient triumphs ! If

our unfortunate brethren remain at this moment cut off from the Common Father, it is the work of the enemy. Do thou unmask his snares, and terrify his legions, in order that those who are separated from us may see, at last, that the attainment of salvation is impossible outside of union with the successor of saint Peter.

“ O thou who, in the fulness of thy gifts, didst glorify from the beginning the power of Him Who wrought in thee such great and wonderful things, glorify now thy Son by calling back the straying sheep to His only fold, under the guidance of the universal shepherd, who holds His place on earth. And as it was thy glory, O Virgin, to have exterminated all errors from the world, so may it yet be thine to have extinguished schisms, and brought back peace to the universe.”

LATE SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

An interesting letter written to a Protestant friend by the late Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, has now been made public for the first time. It tells briefly the story of his conversion, and illustrates anew the perplexities, anxieties, and discouragements which confront all converts to the Church, but especially those bred to the “learned professions.” We quote :

“ I had been attending the Church of England and Roman Catholic services assiduously for a period of four years, and had been reading all the controversies I could get my hands on, and finally yielded when to believe and not to profess appeared to be wretched cowardice. I had very few Catholic clients, no influential Catholic friends. I believed the day of my baptism closed my chances to professional advancement or any other. I felt I had but one recourse—my shorthand. I knew I could not support my wife and myself, if matters came to the worst. But I felt that there was no use in putting all this before the public, and that it was better to stand by the certain right which I had ; that these were not matters for public discussion, but matters of conscience only. Even if I had

discussed them I must have added that, after twenty years' experience and consideration, I would do it again ; and do it a thousand times if it were necessary, even if all the blessings and prosperity which I have had were turned into misfortunes and afflictions."

The courage of this noble statesman was splendidly rewarded in the event ; for Sir John Thompson not only reached the most honorable office in Canada, but he won as well the respect of the people irrespective of race or religion. Yet Catholics may learn from this episode that a very special charity, both social and material, should be exercised toward converts who have to meet and conquer such appalling temptations.

" *Ave Maria.*"

DREAMY WILLIE.

(FOR CHILDREN.)

WILLIE REARDON was a very good boy. I think I hear somebody say, Well I won't read about him then, for all very good boys are tiresome.

But although Willie was an upright boy, he was not of the goodie-goodie order which are rarely found outside of Sunday school books.

In fact he had one great fault. He was a dreamer, and his dreaming got him into innumerable scrapes.

(The before-mentioned somebody now interposes with, Dreaming is not a fault ;) Excuse me, master critic, but when dreaming springs from self-indulgence and vanity, now then are these not faults? When Willie was fourteen, his mother who was a widow, thought it time for him to leave school and in boy's parlance " look for a job." Good brother Remegius, who taught Willie's class, speke to him before leaving about his besetting sin, and cautioned him "to keep his mind on his work, during business hours. And if you do so " the brother added " you will enjoy your leisure."

Willie was very fond of the Brother and his words certainly made an impression on him.

About this time he joined the league of the Sacred

Heart, and put an intention in the " box " that he might obtain employment.

A few weeks passed when ' Brother ' sent for him to say, Mr. Brown the banker needed an office boy, and he had recommended him. Willie called on the banker who was quite pleased with his appearance and hired him.

Everything went well for some time, Willie was on his guard, and duties being new, required all his attention.

He put a badge of the Sacred Heart in the pocket in which he carried money or papers, as a protection against losing them. However it is always calm just before a storm, and a fault is not rooted out as easily as we think, especially one of long standing.

One Monday Mr. Brown called Willie into the office and told him to go to the Gas House, and pay the bill.

Mr. Brown put the money in an envelope, and was about to address it, when, looking at the clock, he perceived it only wanted half an hour to the time of closing.

Hurriedly giving it to Willie just as it was, he told him to be quick or he would be too late.

Now the next day was a public holiday, and, although Willie set out quickly on his errand, he had not gone far till a programme of the morrow's sports, set forth in glowing terms, attracted his attention. He stopped to read it and began to speculate how his name would look in print. Thoughts fashioned like these ran through his brain: " Last appearance of the favourite ; " " Light and heavy balancing by W. S. Reardon, " " The great and only original boy athlete. "

This was so entertaining that master Willie's feet went slower, and finally the city clock struck six.

This awoke the young gentleman from his day dreams, with a start. He knew it was no use to go on his message, as the place was closed. He decided to go back to the office and, if Mr. Brown had left for home, say nothing about the transaction (as no one else knew of it he was not likely to be questioned), and pay the money on Wednesday morning on his way to the bank.

Things turned out as he expected, Mr. Brown had gone, and he was not questioned, and making many good resolutions for the future, Willie started for home. On

reaching home he found his uncle William, whom he had not seen for some time, waiting for him.

His uncle (his mother's only brother), lived about sixty miles from Willie's home. He invited Willie and his mother to spend the next day on his farm, and as it was a holiday Mrs. Reardon consented.

His uncle was much pleased to get such a good character of Willie from his mother, and took him out after supper and purchased him a much needed suit of clothes, stipulating that he was to wear them next day.

Willie was up next morning with the lark, and just as they were about starting for the depot, a poor woman, accompanied by a wretched looking boy about Willie's age, came along and asked for food.

Mrs. Reardon turned back to get them something to eat, and her eye falling on Willie's old clothes, she said to herself, "God has been so good to my boy in giving him a new suit, this poor lad must have the old one."

Willie enjoyed his day very much and his uncle was so pleased with the handsome, intelligent lad, that he decided to adopt him, and to ask his mother to make her home with him also.

Willie and his mother were charmed at the prospect of living in the country.

Mrs. Reardon had been brought up on a farm, and it was the dream of her life (as she said), to end her days on one ; Willie had no knowledge of farm life, but seeing through his mother's spectacles, thought it a sort of land "where milk and honey flowed."

The next day they all returned to the city to make arrangements for leaving their old home.

Willie went to the office to tell Mr. Brown of his change of circumstances, and was much concerned to hear he was ill. However the confidential clerk gave him what wages were due him, and saying they were sorry to lose him, shook hands with him and they parted.

When Willie and his mother had been about a month at the farm, a cloud appeared on the horizon.

Willie never forget that day : It was the feast of the Sacred Heart the air was redolent with the perfume of roses and sweet clover.

Willie had been to early Mass and as he came home through the wood road, a line from the poet Whittier, which Brother Remegius was fond of quoting, came again and again to his memory, "There is nothing so sweet as a day in June."

After breakfast his mother told him he could have the day for himself in honor of the feast.

He decided to go fishing and I am happy to tell the boys who have followed his fortunes thus far, that he got innumerable "bites," from black flies. But never a trout.

Disgusted with his luck he started for home, and as he drew near the house the sound of crying fell on his ears, and on entering he found his mother dissolved in tears, and his uncle standing by looking very stern. He was accosted by a strange man, whom he had not noticed in his astonishment at the scene before him.

He asked him if his name was William Reardon, and, being answered in the affirmative, asked if he had, while in Mr. Brown's employ, paid any money to the Gas Co. mentioning the date. Poor Willie was sadly confused and bewildered and could not remember anything of the matter.

The Detective (for such he was) took Willie's confusion for guilt, and insisted on arresting him and taking him back to the city.

As we know, the day on which Willie left the bank Mr. Brown was ill.

His illness, more serious than at first supposed, kept him confined to the house for a month.

On his return to the office, he looked over his bills, and came across the gas bill.

He was surprised at this, and, on referring to his private account book, found the amount entered as paid, and by whom, together with the date.

This brought the transaction to his mind, and he asked for Willie, to find he had left two days after the money had been given him.

As no one could remember where he had gone, the matter looked serious.

The head clerk indeed remembered Willie telling him something about his uncle, but no one could expect

a "high and mighty" functionary like that to remember what an office boy had told him, so there was little information glanced from the quarter.

(To be continued.)

LIFE.

Our life is compared to the flowers of earth
That wither while still in their bloom.
Thus sorrow soon follows the footsteps of mirth,
As life hastens on to the tomb.

Our life is a stream that e'er rapidly flows
On, on to eternity's sea,
As we sail on its tide we can find no repose,
O God, if we rest not in Thee.

M. S. B.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

(1) For the preservation of His Holiness Leo XIII. Ask this signal favor from Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary, whom our Sovereign Pontiff has so universally glorified.

(2) That those works which tend to develop this salutary devotion may progress more and more.

(3) For the conversion of a great number of sinners specially recommended to our prayers.

(4) For many sick and afflicted persons.

(5) For all those persons without employment, who are, consequently, frightened at the approach of Winter. For various particular intentions, among which several are very important.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : The Revd. M. BEAUDRY, deceased at Quebec ; the Revd. M. BELIVEAU, at St-Leonard ; for MM. LS PARADIS, deceased at St-Raymond ; TOUSSAINT BLANCHARD, at St-Antoine ; J. M. DEMERS, at Chicago ; Dr EUG. ARCHAMBAULT, at Enosburg Falls (Vt.) ; PRUDENT Valcourt, at St-Hugues ; MAGLOIRE BERTRAND, at St-Placide ; SIMON LABROSSE, at St-Eugene de Prescott ; ISMAEL DELISLE, at Escanaba (Mich) ; J.-BTE BEAUDOIN, at St-Adrien d'Irlande ; DAVID PAGE and A. CODERRE-LACALLADE, at St-Hyacinthe ; JACQUES DUFRESNE, at Ottawa ; F. X. LORANGER, at Shawenegan ; E. M. A. BOUCHER, at Kamouraska ; JEAN MORIN, at St-Hyacinthe ; for Mrs. PRIME LE-MOYNE DE MARTIGNY, deceased at Varennes ; Widow JOSEPH CHARRON, at Vercheres ; R. BERNARD, at St-Simon ; A. MALHOT, at West Gardner ; ALP. BEAULNE, at Belle-Riviere ; A. MALO, at Montreal ; Vve TH. FORTIER, at St-Marcel ; DOUCET, at Louiseville ; THARSILLE MARION, at St-Hugues ; P. HETT, at Lowell ; Vve F. ROUSSEAU, at Woonsocket ; for Misses M. SARAZIN, at Ludlow ; DENY COOLAHAN and CORDELIE PATEAUDE, at Sherrington ; EUGENIE TALBOT, at Montmagny ; M. CHARLES LANGLOIS, at Quebec ; M. DANIEL O'DONNELL, at Jersey City, (E. U.) ; Mme MENARD, at Escanaba, 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.

An eminent Ecclesiastical Dignitary asks us to insert the two following cures in our Review.

A woman had a child, three or four years of age, that had never walked. She came to recommend it to his prayers, promising to make a Novena, which he proposed in honor of the Precious Blood, to obtain for her child the favour so long and vainly implored. During the first days of the Novena, the child began to walk, and is, to-day, as capable of walking as are other children of her age.

A second fact from the same authority :

A person came to him, begging prayers for a dying woman. Her family were engaged in making a Novena in honor of the Most Precious Blood. "Fifteen days later," said the venerable Ecclesiastic, "that woman came to thank me for her perfect cure."—"Give thanks to the Precious Blood," said I, "for, by It, you have been cured."

We are informed of the following :

"By the help of the Precious Blood and of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary," writes a woman I have been enabled to place my young daughter, as a boarder, in the Convent of.....

"During the month of May, I solicited a Novena in honor of the Precious Blood, promising, that if I obtained a particular favor, to publish it in your Annals, and also to subscribe for that pious Review. With happiness I can say to you to-day : Love and gratitude to the divine Blood that has heard my prayer !"

"I have the happiness to acquaint you with the cure of my daughter O. D. who had been troubled with inflammatory rheumatism in the legs, since the beginning of last February. After recommending her to the Precious Blood, and having promised to publish her cure, if granted, in your Annals, I am happy to say that she is now perfectly cured, and resumed her work on the 14th of last July. Since that time, she has not once been sick.

A thousand thanksgivings be rendered to the Precious Blood !"

"For several years, I suffered much with epilepsy. Some time ago, I had promised to subscribe to the *Voice of the Precious Blood* if I should obtain any relief.

Since my promise I feel greatly improved, and now I ask you, in the name of the Blood of Jesus, to help me in thanking that powerful and divine Remedy."

“ Two years ago, I was attacked with heart disease. The Physicians pronounced my case hopeless. None of their remedies would cure me. I grew weaker day by day. On March 21 my eighteenth child was born. The last Sacraments were administered to me, and watchers were employed nearly three weeks. In the midst of all these trials, I never ceased to invoke the Precious Blood, praying the divine Jesus to help me, and to cure me if it were God's will, or else, to grant me resignation. I had promised, if restored to health, to publish my cure in *The Voice of the Precious Blood*. To-day, I am perfectly well, and able to attend to my family occupations.

I come, therefore, to fulfill my obligations, and would say to all the subscribers : Have hope and confidence in the merciful Blood of Jesus ! Gratitude for a remedy so efficacious ! ”

* * *

“ Glory to the Precious Blood ! By your good prayers in honor of the Blood of Jesus, I have obtained an increase of fervor. I was negligent and indifferent. But now, I seem to find all my happiness in loving God, and in teaching my children to love Him. ”

* * *

“ It is now some months since I made a Novena to SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, hoping to obtain a grace long time desired. On the ninth day of the Novena, I obtained the favor solicited. Encouraged by my success, I began a second Novena, and saw plainly that I was heard anew.

Grateful thanks to the glorious Archangel Michael ! ”

* * *

Several other persons devoutly thank the Precious Blood, the Blessed Virgin, Saint Anthony of Padua and Saint Expeditus for graces obtained.

OUR LADY OF OLIVES.

We have received a large lot of medals of *Our Lady of Olives*. Price 5 cts each or 50 cts per doz.