

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

1 PET. 1. 18, 19.

VOL. 3. ST-HYACINTHE, QUE., FEBRUARY 1898. NO. 4.

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

By Harriet M. Skidmore.

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Ah ! list to the Voice of the Precious Blood,
That floweth adown o'er the Woful Mount,
From Love's unceasing and boundless Flood,
From white-winged Mercy's Bethsaida-Fount.

Over the desert Its torrents pour,
Through wastes once seared by the serpent's trace,
And lo ! Life blossometh evermore,
In the fair, new home of His Blood-bought race.

Pure hearts ! where lilies of Paradise bud,
(Nourished and fed, by Its Manna-Dew,)
Ye list to the Voice of the Precious Blood,
To Its matchless melody pulsing true.

And sin-dyed spirits ! washed whiter than snow,
By the cleansing laver of Mercy's Fount,
And e'er, in meek gratitude, bending low,
On the Cross-crown'd height of the Mystic Mount.

O, ye, too, list to the Voice so sweet
Of the Blood that flows in an endless Tide
From Love's rent Hands, And His mangled Feet,
And the cruel cleft of His lance-pierced Side.

San Francisco, Cal.

“ SITIO ! ”

At the death of Sister N. . . . a nun of the Monastery of , a priest renowned for learning and piety invited the Community to rejoice with the departed religious, because since she had, during life, contributed towards quenching the thirst of Jesus Christ, hers would now be satisfied at the source of the torrent of delight—the Heart of the Glorified Saviour.

Would that I were able to explain to you one of the thirsts which tormented Our dying Lord—the thirst for humanity. He felt a burning, devouring desire for its life and blood. Like unto a prodigal who has squandered his inheritance and reduced himself to destitution, Jesus Christ had given away His body, every Drop of His all-saving Blood and His entire mortal existence. So greatly did He rejoice in this universal sacrifice, so highly did He prize His Father's glory and man's redemption—the two grand results of His oblation on the cross—that He grieved, if we may so speak, to be at the end of His resources, since His Blood was exhausted and His life just at an end.

When that last “ I thirst ” escaped His dying lips, if all the waters in the ocean had been blood, He would have wished that, through His veins, this blood could still flow for man. At that moment He craved for every individual life of the human race, that He might immolate it with His own ; and for all human bodies, that, with His own bruised and bleeding Form, they might be offered as a holocaust on the cross.

This thirst of Jesus Christ is unquenchable, for it may truly be said that having once experienced the bliss of shedding His Blood, crucifying His body and laying down His life for the glory of God His Father and for the salvation of the human family, He craves afresh for suffering and sacrifice. He desires also that this immolation should last till the end of the world.

Let us illustrate this truth by figuring to ourselves a powerful monarch whose son has spent a fabulous inheritance in ransoming an unhappy race of exiles and restoring them to their fatherland. He sees his father's plea-

sure and the profit accruing to the kingdom from the return of these subjects. He longs to repeat the action, and burns to possess fresh resources to enable him to carry on the work. He appeals to his opulent friends—the princes and lords of the realm—and invites them to assist him in his charitable enterprise by donating their fortunes to this good work. They acquiesce, and the prince, with reckless prodigality, flings all this wealth with the ransom money. The warning circulates at court: “Princes! Lords, all you who pride yourselves on being favorites of the king’s son, beware! your wealth will disappear, you will be ruined!”

We may apply this comparison to God’s only begotten Son—Our Lord Jesus Christ. He beholds immense riches in man, wealth similar to that which, with such abundant and admirable fruit, He Himself expended throughout Judea and on Calvary. This wealth is the object of His longing, He will claim and spend it too. He covets the heart throbbing in our breasts, the blood coursing through our veins, the life animating us and our body so painfully sensitive and so marvellously adapted, like His own, for torture and death.

Faithful and generous friends of Jesus Christ! prepare yourselves! You are destined for immolation! The great High Priest will sacrifice you as He sacrificed Himself for God’s glory and the world’s salvation.

Behold the sublime mystery of the re-incarnation of Jesus Christ in His faithful servants.

What is Our Lord’s occupation on earth? An uninterrupted search for souls, lives and bodies. He calls gently: “Child, give me thy heart,” and when once He enters a heart, it no longer lives its own life, but the life of Jesus Christ. O! what joy, what rapture to slake the thirst of our Redeemer and enable Him to satisfy His yearning for souls. His chosen one must sacrifice all. This new body possessed by Jesus Christ is destined for torture; the new life He owns will be consumed and extinguished, and the new blood supplied Him must be shed drop by drop or perhaps in streams. And, what is most extraordinary of all, the more freely such a soul allows Our Lord to work His will in her the more desirous of suffering she becomes, to such an extent that, like Saint

Francis Xavier, she cries : " Yet more, O Lord, yet more ! " or like Saint Theresa : " To suffer or to die ! "

Is this aberration ? No. It is folly ? Yes, but the folly of the cross, or the real wisdom which secures eternal life. And it is a well known fact that in proportion to the pain and suffering God imposes on those who abandon all to Him is the magnitude of the reward. When this self-annihilation is generous, complete and loving, He inflames the soul with divine charity and inebriates it with delight to such a degree that her happiness far exceeds her suffering. Saint Francis Xavier who, when encompassed by earthly miseries, cried : " Yet more ! " was forced, through over-powering spiritual rapture, to exclaim " enough, O Lord, enough ! "

And now, let us draw the self-evident conclusion that heaven's joys must indeed be inconceivable since Our Lord is so liberal in recompensing, even during life, those who let Him dispose at will of their bodies, blood and life.

Although the son of an earthly monarch may, while carrying on some grand enterprise of charity or patriotism, ruin the fortunes of his favorites, he is able to make them more than ample compensation by means of honor, glory and the privilege of his friendship ; how much more—ininitely more—does this power belong to Jesus Christ, the Son of the King of kings, who disposes of all honor, glory and happiness on earth and in Heaven, in time and in eternity.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY REV. DAVID BEARNE, S. J.

The ways are white, and worn with pilgrim feet,
 Grand silence holds the soul in service sweet ;
 E'en when a moonless sky the vigil mars --
 " The night of Contemplation hath its stars."

Thought-pictures peopled with the loved of Heaven,
 And One Pale Form, red Wounds upon It riven,
 Pass peacefully before the shrouded gaze
 Of souls who tread grave Contemplation's maze.

From Carmel's Mount they pass to Juda's Hill,
 From Nazareth's night to that dear midnight still
 When angels hovered in the heaven-lit skies.
 And to the simple sang high mysteries.

They kneel and ponder where the Christ-Child sleeps,
 Here will they tarry till the day-star peeps ;
 They join the Magi ent'ring Bethlehem--
 The Day-Star shineth ever on for them.

They grope unceasing in the noon-day dim,
 Till they have clasped the Blood-dyed Cross of Him
 Who now and ever is their only quest,
 Their goal His wounded Feet, His pierced Breast.

No rack of riot pleasure comes anigh,
 Or at the dawn, or when the day doth die :
 E'en when a moonless sky the vigil mars
 " The night of Contemplation hath its stars."

WHO IS THE " DREAMER ? "

The eighteenth century, when dying, left us by will the habit of associating the idea of a *dreamer* with the man who believes in the invisible and who relies on it.

It failed to perceive, however, that a dream is connected with illusion, and that illusion is the share of the man who *denies* the invisible. *To be duped* means to believe nothing but what is seen. Illusion consists of mistaking phantoms for reality, and reality for phantoms.

The dreamer is one who never awakens, who never turns to the Uncreated Light, who dwells continually and exclusively in the land of shadows ; and yet, human speech, deceived and deceitful, has, especially during the last hundred years, designated as a *dreamer* the wide-awake man who sees and knows.

ERNEST HELLO.

A GALA DAY.

Not long ago a charming account of a religious ceremony was published by the London Record. It was called " Blessing a railway in the Province of Quebec," and was from the clever pen of A. M. P. Berlinguet. Feeling sure that our readers will be interested in the description of this festivity, we reproduce the whole article :

Passengers on board the ocean liners proceeding up the St. Lawrence to Montreal must have been struck one morning last summer by the gala appearance of the quaint and beautiful little village of Cap de la Magdeleine. Flags fluttered from every available elevation, fresh green spruce boughs lined every path, while, strange sight in that Arcadian district, the smoke of the locomotive curled over the green woods which form the background of the village, and the resonant shriek of that harbinger of " progress " rang through the sharp morning air.

The occasion was a unique one—Monseigneur Louis François Laffèche, the venerable and venerated Bishop of Three Rivers, was on that day to solemnly, and with all the pomp and circumstance of our grand Roman ritual, bless the new railroad leading from the junction of the Piles' Branch of the Canada Pacific to the new well-known pilgrimage shrine of the Cap de la Magdeleine.

This branch of railway is a private enterprise. Although only three miles in length, it is a great boon to Cap de la Magdeleine, as by its means the numerous pilgrims who come to pray at the shrine may be conveyed straight through to their destination without having to pass the night at Three Rivers ; then, in the morning hire vehicles, and pay 20 cents for passing over the highway bridge of that city.

On the 30th May the first pilgrimage train arrived from Montreal, under the superintendence of Messrs. Lalonde, Bellefeuille and McGarry. The pilgrims, after going in a body to pray before the shrine of the Holy Rosary in the little old church, built at a time when the making of history was new in Canada, dispersed to their respective boarding-houses in the village. On these occasions almost every household provides extra accomoda-

tions--over the doors of many hangs out a sign "*Ici on donne a manger aux pèlerins.*" There is accommodation for four or five hundred pilgrims in the village.

On the eventful morning of the "*Benediction du chemin de Fer,*" the sun, which had not been seen for some time, shone out brilliantly. From 4 o'clock in the morning "buck-boards" kept arriving from the city of Three Rivers and the adjacent parishes, and Mass succeeded Mass in the venerable old shrine of the Holy Rosary, as well as in the grand new parish church of Saint Mary Magdalen. The parish of the Cape has for its curé the Rev. Mr. Duguay, a man of well-known energy and ability. The pilgrimages, however, are under the direction, this year, of the Oblate Fathers--of whom there were five or six present. From 8-30 to 9 o'clock the three mile drive from Three Rivers to the Cape, which was decorated all along the route with boughs and flags, seemed to present but a line of carriages, as the townspeople drove out to attend the fête.

From the quay came the shrill sound of whistles, as four steamers discharged their passengers from Nicolet, St. Gregoire, St. Angele and Three Rivers. There were between five and six thousand persons assembled when Monseigneur Lafèche, accompanied by several priests, and also by Senator Montplaisir and Mr. T. Normand, M.P., who were the principal promoters of the railway, and by many other local magnates, arrived at the station. It had been arranged that the Mass should be celebrated in the open air, but as a high wind was blowing, that part of the programme was impossible, and the Mass was offered up upon the altar of the parish church by Rev. Canon Beland, the Chancellor of the diocese.

The sermon, which was given by the Bishop, was appropriate to the occasion and was listened to with respectful attention.

After the sermon a procession was formed, headed by the bands of the Three Rivers' seminary and by the Oblate Fathers, Montreal congregation.

In this procession Monseigneur Lafèche was supported by fifty priests--Franciscans, Oblates, canons, curés and vicaires, and last, though not least, two Jesuit novices, who happened to be passing through Cap de la

Magdeleine on their walking pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. One of these was the eldest son of Sir William Hingston of Montreal, a young man of twenty, who entered the Society of Jesus some ten months ago. Following the clergy came over five thousand of the laity. It was a grand procession, though its route was all too short, for the railway station is only five acres from the church.

Mounting upon a dais, Mgr. Lattêche read the prescribed prayers and solemnly blessed the new railway in the names of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, after which the procession reformed and returned to the square in front of the church, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the open air. The murmur of the waves of the mighty St. Lawrence and the gentle whir of the same millstone that ground the corn for the old Jesuit Seigneurie of Cap de la Magdeleine in the sixteenth century, mingled with the musical French voices that gave out the "Tantum Ergo" from five thousand throats, and the music was carried east and west along the chain of parishes that line the St. Lawrence on both its northern and southern shores.

High over the bowed heads of the multitude the venerable hands of the last remaining Bishop of the old school in Canada flashed the golden ostensorium, tracing in the light of the fair May morning the outline of the sign of man's redemption. "Laudate Dominum" sang the people, "Laudate eum omnes populi," and underneath the altar of the oldest church in Canada, "the little church built on the Cape;" the still stately form of the Curé Vachon, founder of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, at the Cape, over two hundred years ago, and whose remains were lately exhumed in a remarkable state of preservation, seemed to make response: "Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus et veritas Domini manet in æternum."

The parish of Cap de la Magdeleine owes much to the taste and knowledge as well as to the untiring devotion of Père Frédéric de Gluyvelde—a Franciscan priest, who, before coming to Canada, was seven years assistant custodian of the Holy Places in Jerusalem. It is to his idea and direction that we owe the "Via Dolorosa." A little below the turn of the road leading to the quay is the

entance to the "Via Dolorosa." It is arranged on a scale of one-third the size of that of Jerusalem, the elevation being the same. The Brook Kedron murmurs in the distance, a torrent of the same proportions as its namesake of the Holy Land. Indeed, Père Frédéric says that the imitation is perfect. The Calvary crowning the summit is realistic.

From this spot the view, looking riverwards, is superb. We see parish after parish, east and west, as far as the eye can reach, while the mighty St. Lawrence, widened here almost into a bay, sweeps over a fair sand beach, as hard and pink as if it had been thrown up by the waves of the far off ocean. On the first of the sand hills on this beach and directly opposite the "Via Dolorosa," a fine marble cross, surmounting several steps, has been erected. This can be seen for quite a distance up and down the river: and seen, as the writer saw it first, with a Franciscan, in severe brown habit, with shaven head, and sandalled feet, leaning against the cross, and a Dominican in his white robe, seated upon the lowest step, the effect is very good.

Cap de la Magdeleine as a shrine for pilgrimages bids fair to rival St. Anne de Beaupré. The little church is well garnished with crutches and the like, the usefulness of which being over for their owners, have been left as votive offerings. Pilgrims walk from a great distance to the shrine—and it is not an uncommon thing for householders in Three Rivers to have three or four hurrying pilgrims in one day, begging food on their way to the Cape.

It is not strange that our Lady of the Rosary should accord favors at this her shrine in which, for over two hundred years, the confraternity, canonically established in the early years of the Cure Vachon's administration of the parish, has thriven, giving its unbroken quota of Hail Marys to its Queen.

The faith of the French Canadian people is very edifying, and nowhere is it more animated and striking than in the parish and vicinity of Ste. Marie Magdeleine du Cap.

REFLECTIONS.

He who forgets, pardons ; and he who pardons tries to forget.

Those only who love and think of Thee, O my God, are awake. All others are sleeping and, in their dreams, are chasing phantoms.

Joubert.

To-day where is yesterday's sorrow ? To-morrow where will to-day's pleasure be ? O folly ! to attach any importance to the affairs of the world.

Chateaubriand.

Poverty is earth's poetry ; through it the strong sap whence genius springs collects slowly during silent generations.

There are burning winds which sweep across man's soul scorching it with their fiery breath. Prayer is the gentle and refreshing dew which restores it to life and vigor.

A good subject of meditation is to consider how God, by means of great or trifling obstacles, strong or dim lights, has taken care to thwart our rebellious wills and our senseless desires of seeking happiness outside of Him.

Happy the man who has charity for every one, but who does not look for a like return. Happy too is he who performs great services for his neighbor but who does not trouble himself about receiving services in return.

May we ever remember that the road leading to heaven is narrow, and small the door opening to eternal life ; that few find it and enter therein ; and of those who walk in the straight road for a time, few indeed persevere in it to the end.

Devotion to the Mother of God was established by Jesus Christ Himself. He founded it when, nailed to the cross, He pronounced the words : " Behold thy Son ; behold thy Mother." It is an article of His testament, and one which He consecrated with His Blood. Calvary was the cradle of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and this devotion was baptized in the Blood of Jesus Christ.

ABBE RAUVAL.

THE " ECCE HOMO."

A letter from an old friend and fellow artist in Florence brings tidings of the total destruction by fire of the church of Santa Lucia, together with the priceless paintings and ornaments which had adorned this edifice ; and the communication makes me sad, for the little church is intimately associated in my mind with the purest soul and the noblest man I ever met, Raffaello Amati, whose wonderful painting of the " Ecce Homo " had hung upon its wall and awakened the admiration and devotion of many souls who gazed upon it. With the destruction of this great work of art must come to light again the romance, if I may so call it, attached to the painting ; and though it is familiar to many Italians, yet to you, I am sure, the story will be altogether new, albeit I shall prove a poor chronicler.

It must be at least twenty years ago that I first met Raffaello, while spending my time " copying," as he was, some gems in oil in the Academy. His great beauty first attracted me, for never before nor since have I seen a man so generously endowed, so physically perfect as he was. His eyes were the typical Italian, but his hair was a wonderful brown with a strange golden light in it, that curled closely about his small head, and presented a most pleasing contrast to his dark brows and olive complexion.

A few words, which he addressed to me in the purest English, yet with the slightest foreign accent (his mother was an Englishwoman, he afterwards told me) led to our becoming better acquainted ; and it was not many months before we had decided, as we were both alone in the world,

to rent a studio and share our good or evil fortune with each other. Rafaello had many friends, but to none of his fellow countrymen had he ever shown the strong liking that he evinced for me, whom the jealous-hearted Italians called "the stupid Englishman."

Our studio was a large airy place which we curtained off, thus making two apartments, one of which belonged to him and the other to myself. Here, day after day, we would labor upon some work which monopolized our whole attention ; and though neither was obliged to work for his daily bread, yet the sale of a picture was hailed with as much joy as it would have been by any starving wielder of the brush. In the summer when the green fields lured us from our easels, we would seek some pleasant retreat to dream, and to pass away the hours in converse.

I remember as distinctly as though it had been but to-day, one afternoon we had spent in the valley. It was a glorious day, warm and beautiful, and Rafaello, lying prone upon the earth, had spoken of his dream, the one longing of his life—the desire to paint an *Ecce Homo* such as had never been painted since the days of the old masters.

The sun shone on his face as he spoke, and that face comes between me and the pages I write, it was so full of light and resolution.

"No one at the present time has painted that divine face as it really looked when the time of His agony had come—when they led Him to be crucified. No one can, and yet my God! we can only imagine what a divine being would suffer, for He was divine, the most perfect being that ever trod the earth. And how they mocked Him! How they scorned Him! How they crucified Him!"

Rafaello, when he spoke like this, was something to wonder at and admire, although I knew he was most devout, and sometimes, to my slow imagination, rather an extremist in his religious tendencies.

He would often talk to me of the beauties of the Catholic belief, and try to persuade me, who acknowledged no church whatever, that this was the *told* which I should enter. In those days I did not agree with him, although

I never failed to accompany him to his devotions within the sacred portal.

The ceremonies, the ornaments, the rich vestments of gold, and white, and purple, the lights, the soft monotone of the officiating priest, all pleased my artistic sense ; but I refused then to look at it in any other way than that all these embellishments were intended to appeal to the eyes and imaginations of the unwary, like the glittering candle-light which proves the funeral pyre of the deluded moth.

“The Catholic religion is all sentiment,” I would say to my companion, and the eloquent words of denial would fall rapidly from his lips.

That afternoon he spoke of the “*Ecce Homo*,” as I have said, and continued in the same strain as he had begun.

“You remember that statue of the Sacred Heart which you saw in the church? Do you think that looks like a divine being? I say no—no, it does not. The face is not what I would picture it to be. The sculptor who wrought that was Peronelli the famed! the wonderful Peronelli, Peronelli—the man who never bent a knee in prayer; who never understood the story of the *Via Crucis*, and whom I have heard many a time blaspheme His name! But enough of Peronelli!”

“Peronelli is dead let him rest in peace,” I said, and Raffaello did not answer as he smoothed a spray of delicate iris lilies in his fingers. The sculptor whose work we were discussing had died shortly before my coming to Florence, but I had heard that there had been a slight difficulty between him and my friend, arising from an incident which happened at the church’s very doors. Peronelli, blindly intoxicated, trying to force his way into the church, was ejected by Raffaello, during the religious service. Raffaello had never spoken of it to me, but I could imagine how shocked he was to see that reeling form in God’s temple, and how gently and yet firmly he led him out.

“Did you ever wish,” he continued, “but then you didn’t, I am sure—but I have wished it many a time—that I had lived in those days when the Saviour walked the earth and taught and healed. How grand it would have

been to have followed Him about, listening to His voice, and then" here Rafaello sat upright, his beautiful, changing face shadowed by the intensity of his thoughts-- "to have shared in that terrible journey to the Hill of Sacrifice ; and those barbarians. I can see them all there, jeering Him with their foul tongues, striking Him with their leprous hands, and lastly nailing Him to that infamous gibbet ! I can hear the thud of those fearful hammers driving the heavy nails through the delicate bones of His hands ; and then, in a little while to hear Him, speaking in a voice full of anguish : ' My God ! My God ! Why hast Thou forsaken me ! ' "

" You rave," I said calmly and with cynicism ; but I remember even now how my heart beat at my friend's words. His flashing eyes, the unearthly expression of his face which evinced such great love for his God, moved me against my will.

" Forgive me, I forget myself sometimes," he said gently, " and I must weary you, poor fellow."

Weary me? No, he did not weary me, for he was too much in earnest and I knew he spoke from his heart. He was gifted with extraordinary eloquence, and it was a positive delight to listen to the sound of his voice, which was soft, caressing and full of pathos, breathing of music; yet strange to say, the gift of song was not his. It seemed odd to me at the time that he should love, should speak so tenderly of a person he had never seen, and be so filled with this great love of the Saviour that all human affection was artificial beside it.

" I want to paint a picture of the thorn-crowned Head, one which will make men pause and think of all He suffered for them, and perhaps move them to make some reparation. I have wasted too much time already, so I shall begin to-morrow, and you will help me."

" Help you ! " I said, and Rafaello laughed the liquid laugh of his race, as he linked his arm in mine and together we went home.

That evening we sat in the purple twilight, musing, while the soft tinkle of a man's voice singing an amorous Italian strain came to us, mellowed by the distance ; and a crowd of merry-makers passing beneath our casement saw the face of Rafaello framed by the jasmine flowers

and called to him ; while a dmsky-eyed creature flung up to him the pomegranate flower she had worn at her throat.

Raefello smiled, a smile half scornful, half tender, and left the blossom lying neglected where it had fallen, for no woman's face or smile, among the beautiful women of Florence, had ever moved his pure serenity of heart, though many admired him, and had plainly shown their admiration.

I spoke that night on this very subject, and I remember, he answered in his characteristic fashion.

“ There is but one woman in this world that I have ever loved, and that woman, peerlessly beautiful with a fair English beauty, as pure as an Easter lily, was my mother. When she lay dying she commended me to the care of that other Mother, the Virgin Mary, and make me promise never to forget her, nor cease to love her, the Spotless One. I have not forgotten that promise, and prefer the divine love to that selfish, vain attachment which men call human love.”

I have said before that he was very devout, and our conversation, no matter where or when it would take place, if we two were alone together, would inevitably turn upon religion. By some people my companion would have been deemed a fanatic, but every one who has come in contact with them knows that the Italians are an innately religious people.

To see Rafaello and myself, standing with uncovered heads (he insisted upon my complying) whilst the bells rang the Angelus hour, might have, nay, would have caused comment in any other country, but passed unnoticed in Florence.

The days that followed were busy ones for him, and knowing that he wished to be undisturbed, I went quietly about my own affairs during working hours. Our evenings we would spend at church or reading, for my fellow artist would never work by artificial light, and laid aside his brushes and colors when the sun sank behind the hills.

In the still church, with its ruby lamp which swung before the tabernacle, I would feel strangely at rest, while he knelt before the small altar of the Sacred Heart, like a figure carved in stone, so still, so rapt was he.

Now at this distant date, now that the Church calls

me her child, I believe that God designed our friendship as the means of turning me from the path of blindness, as the instrument of my conversion ; and surely no man had a fairer example than had I in the life of my friend, a creature whose very gifts, had they not been united to so pure a soul, would have proved his own destruction.

One evening, when we came out of the shadowy church, Raffaello said :

“ I will show you my work to-night. It is finished, but I am not satisfied.”

He entered the studio first, and procured a light, then took up his brushes and tubes of paint.

“ You may be able to suggest some improvement. Now look.”

He lifted up the curtain which hung before it, and I stepped a little further back.

I was amazed.

There was the “ *Ecce Homo*.” -- there was the masterpiece, and to my eyes it seemed a marvellous thing. It shone out like some beautiful unset gem, a work far beyond what I had imagined it would be, and so I told Raffaello as he stood looking upon it, with a strange expression upon his face.

He did not answer. He poised the blender, heavy with burnt sienna, and without warning, and before I could prevent the action, had swept it across that peerless picture, and a meaningless daub blotted out the sacred lineaments.

“ Raffaello ! ” I cried, in horror.

He dropped the curtain over his work, and faced me. His own face was white beneath its olive tint, and the brushes snapped beneath the fierce grasp of his slender brown fingers.

“ You mock me ! The picture is a failure ! I saw it all now ! It is a daub !—a daub ! And I found fault with the face of Peronelli’s statue ! ”

He laughed bitterly, a laugh full of half-scorn and humiliation, which was not pleasant to hear, and I saw a great despair in his eyes.

“ It was fine,” I affirmed, “ and would have looked even better by daylight. That execrable light distorts outlines so.”

This last, I saw as soon as I had spoken, was the most foolish remark I could have made, but men have always been credited with being tactless, and I was no exception to the rule.

I say this was a foolish remark, for by it my companion thought that I pitied him, and pity stings like a scorpion when one is in such a mood as he was at that moment.

"You knew it was a failure," he said, hotly, "you knew it, and you stood there laughing in your sleeve at the picture born of my mad dreams ! I was mad ! That —pointing to the draped picture—-that is the artist's dream —Rafaello's dream !"

"My dear boy you are so excited you do not know what you are saying. The picture was a gem --a masterpiece. I told you the truth about it, and now you reproach me," I said, watching his face closely as I spoke. The flush of passion had faded and left him weary-looking, but the light of passion still burned in his eyes.

"Listen," he cried, springing up from the low couch where he had flung himself, and grasping me by the arm, "I will paint another which will not be a failure. The new picture, the new 'Ecce Homo,' shall hang above Peronelli's statue in the church, and then my work in the world will be complete. The picture will not fail, for I will pray with more fervor to Him, and He will help me !"

"My dear Rafaello, if the new picture surpasses the work you have destroyed to-night, it will be divine.

"Divine ! That is it. A mere mortal endeavoring to paint divine beauty, divine tenderness, and divine agony ! Presumption ! I am a fool, and have been ungrateful to you, my best friend !"

That was our first and last quarrel, and the matter was never mentioned between us again. He began another "Ecce Homo." and, as before I left him to his work, untrammelled by my society. Again the days fled away, but the time he gave to his employment was much longer than it had been before. We still frequented the church during leisure hours, and he always knelt before the Sacred Heart. Often I have imagined that I saw the "Ecce Homo" hanging there before him, and then it seemed strangely out of harmony to my mind for both to

be there at the same time—the beautiful pictured face, and the creature who had blended those exquisite tints upon the canvas.

The memorable, long-awaited evening came at last.

It gives me pain to write this passage of the story, for it brings back painful remembrances. Again, as on that other night, we stood before the curtained picture. Rafaello was flushed and excited, With one nervous hand he brushed back the curtain, and I saw his work.

At this moment I feel again the choking sensation that rose in my throat, and I know my heart beat painfully.

“It speaks,” I said huskily, and he gave a smothered, satisfied sigh.

We both stood gazing upon that wonderful work, silent, and then Rafaello spoke :

“I feel as if I had done my best, and I have worked hard upon it. I have tried to do it justice.”

He went close to the picture, and as he turned his face toward me again I was struck by the great delicacy of his features. Rafaello looked worn, and there were deep shadows beneath his lustrous eyes ; but the painting drew my attention again, and I said nothing.

Such beautiful tenderness, such agony shone in that pictured face that I am not ashamed to own that something like tears dimmed my eyes. Every line was perfect, and the entire work was replete with, and seemed to breathe forth, all the intensity, the passionate love which the young artist entertained for the divine original.

“It breathes,” I whispered, “my dear Rafaello; you will be famous. Your dream has been realized. It is sublime, and I feel honored and happy to have been the first permitted to glance at that peerless face.”

“You think I could not improve upon it?” he asked, wistfully.

“No. It is perfect, and I am proud to clasp the hand that executed it.”

He gave my fingers a swift pressure, and I could see that he was moved by my scant words of praise. I did not tell him half of what I thought. I could not tell him how the expression of that face had shaken my composure,

how the eyes followed and haunted me with their unspeakable agony.

Nothing remains of that beautiful work now but a memory which to me, at least, is most painfully vivid.

Rafaello had dropped upon one knee with an almost adoring look upon his face.

"Look at it, just once again," he cried, joyously, "and then we will go to His altar, and I shall thank Him there."

I looked, and then my friend let the curtain fall upon the "Ecce Homo." He caught up his hat and we went out together.

How happy he was that evening. His beautiful face beamed with an almost heavenly light, and his dreamy eyes were lit with the same fire.

"We have worked together long weeks," he said, softly. "It will seem strange to you, dear Edgar, will it not, when I am no longer with you?"

"No longer with me?" I said amazed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean this," he answered. "I would have told you before this, but you have laughed so much at my 'extreme views,' that I could not bring myself to confide my secret to you. It is this. I intend to become a religious—a priest. The world has no charm for me, and in that life devoted to God's service I shall find all earthly happiness."

"Rafaello, it is impossible! You—a priest! I can never believe that you are in earnest—never, never!"

I was conscious of suffering at that moment, conscious that I was about to lose the one creature to whom I was attached; and the days that I should spend alone in the old studio came to my mind like spectres in a dream. I knew Rafaello too well ever to suppose he would jest on such a subject. No, I knew full well, for I remembered many delicate hints he had thrown out, that he had made up his mind to don priestly robes. I pictured him clad in foamy, glistening vestments, exhorting the people to virtuous, pious practices. I could see his face, with its expression of purity and serenity, gazing down upon those devout worshippers.

I could have wept at the thought of losing him, but outwardly I was very calm.

"Then we shall no longer be 'David and Jonathan,'" I remarked, and Rafaello pressed my arm.

It was he who had given us the names one day, after he read to me the story of two young men who loved each other with a love "passing that of woman."

"We shall always be the same, though our paths be different," Rafaello replied, and I saw that his eyes were dim with tears. "We shall always love each other--like David and Jonathan of old."

His voice trembled, and just as we reached the church door, he turned and faced me, grasping my hands in his, which were cold as ice. "Dear Edgar, I shall pray for you to-night--pray that you will embrace the faith, my best, my truest and sincerest friend."

We enter the dimly lit church, where there were but few worshippers, and he went to his usual place before the statue of the Sacred Heart, while I remained in the rear, enveloped in the shadow.

I watched him as he knelt in prayer, his head bowed upon his hands which rested upon the narrow railing, and the sculptured fingers of the statue out-stretched above his head, as if in the act of blessing the young suppliant. From Rafaello, my eyes wandered to the main altar with its tall candles and sweeping draperies, and the flowers which filled the vases and made the air heavy with their sweetness.

From the vestry a black-robed priest noiselessly came forth, and he too knelt in voiceless prayer. I watched him idly, though I could not see his face until he looked toward the spot where my friend was kneeling motionless. I noticed how boyish looking the clergyman was, and wondered how any one, so young as he appeared so he, could give up everything in the world and bury himself, as it were, just as life was opening for him. I followed his glance, and saw that Rafaello had not changed his position, and then my eyes returned to the priestly figure, who at that moment made the sign of the Cross, and stole away as silently and softly as he had come.

The moments had not seemed long to me, yet I intuitively knew that the hour had grown late and took out

my watch to note the time. The obscurity prevented me from seeing the position of the hands, so I moved further toward the altar before which swung the gold lamp, and by the light of its red beaming saw that it was later than I had imagined.

I did not like to disturb Raffaello at his devotions, but I knew that he was worn out from his long labor and needed rest. I went up and gently touched him on the shoulder. He did not seem to feel the pressure of my fingers, so I pulled him gently by the sleeve.

He swayed slightly but did not relax the firm grasp of his hands upon the railing. I was growing impatient and shook him, this time a little roughly. The fingers slipped from their place, and like the lily that falls to earth when its slender stem is broken, Raffaello sank back into my arms, mute—his countenance illumined with a smile of exquisite happiness, and his lustrous eyes wide and staring—dead.

I knew that it was death, his slender hands were so cold—a dreadful coldness which sent its chill shaft to my heart. My eyes burned, the blood rushed throbbing to my brain, and there, with those unseeing eyes turned to mine, I, the stolid and unimaginative Englishman, wept, as I have never wept since, as any woman might weep over her beloved dead.

* * *

Kindly hands assisted me in the work of preparation for burial. Raffaello's many friends heaped flowers upon his coffin, and their eyes grew dim when they rested upon his still form. On the day of his burial, the wonderful painting, the "Ecce Homo" for which he had given his life, hung above the altar of the Sacred Heart, where he had wished to see it; and dark-eyed women sobbed heart-breakingly, and men brushed the tears from eyes unused to weeping, as it shone down upon them from the wall.

Raffaello had died of heart failure, brought on by excessive and too close application to his work which was too great a burden for his delicate constitution to bear.

When robing him for the grave I found resting upon his breast a small, golden heart, attached to a chain of Italian workmanship. Upon the trinket were engraved

the words : " Cuore di Gesu "—the words which had been full of sweetness to him. The pendant heart, with its delicate chain, I now wear, and it has never been removed since that day, years ago, when the waters of Baptism were poured upon my head.

When the time comes for me to die I ask that it be left untouched.

This is the story which I set out to tell you ; the story of a man who " was in the world, but not of the world," whose love was all given to that Divine Heart, whose emblem he had worn.

The " Ecce Homo " had been all that Raffaello had dreamed, and I have knelt beneath it, and to me it has seemed to speak with those lips which let fall such golden truths in the days of His glorious mission upon earth.

Now that the flames have destroyed this unexcelled work of art, as time speeds on Raffaello's name will be but seldom heard ; but the object of this picture has been accomplished, for I know that many have been moved to repentance after having looked upon and studied the " Ecce Homo."

It was not for fame nor gold that he had labored upon it, but rather from love of that divine Face, to which painters had never done justice.

The body of my companion, Raffaello Amati, has long since returned to dust, but the memory of his chaste and holy life, the remembrance of his beautiful personality, remain with me until death shall still the throbbing of my pulse. With these remembrances also remains with me that visible link binding me to the old days in Florence, the precious golden heart bearing the words I had heard Raffaello breathe tenderly so many times—" Cuore di Gesu." D. Carroll, in Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE CARMELITES OF COMPIEGNE.

IN the seventeenth of July, 1794, sixteen Carmelites, daughters of Saint Theresa, sealed their faith with their blood. With what loving care must not the Saint who, in her childhood, so earnestly longed to shed

hers for Jesus Christ, have surrounded those who obtained the favor which she sought in vain.

When, in 1792, the Carmelites of Compiègne were expelled, fourteen of the number, with two tourières, remained in the city. They had prayed for their unfortunate country during a space of nearly two years, when they were accused of conspiracy, arrested, and transferred to Paris where they were imprisoned in the Conciergerie, and were finally condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal.

On the day appointed for their execution these heroic nuns assembled and recited the *Office for the Dead*. They then entered the cart which was to drag them to the scene of execution. On the way, they said the *prayers for the dying*; and on reaching the Barrière du Trône, the triumphant strains of the *Te Deum* ascended from their lips and hearts.

At the foot of the guillotine, they were allowed to kneel and recite the *Veni Creator* which was followed by the Solemn Renovation of their Religious Vows. One of the Nuns then said aloud: "Grant, O my God, that the slight sacrifice of our lives may appease Thine anger and diminish the number of victims!"

Strange to say, the Reign of Terror ceased immediately after their death.

The prioress, like the mother of the Machabees, desired to encourage and sustain her daughters. She solicited and was granted the favor of being executed the last.

Sister Constance, a novice, was the first one called. She knelt before the prioress, asked for her blessing and permission to die. She then followed the executioner. The same impressive scene was enacted between each terrible stroke of the murderous guillotine. The fifteen new martyrs must have united in blessing the saintly Nun who had cheered and consoled them to the end, when she joyously laid her own head on the block.

This martyrdom forms the subject of a magnificent picture.

It is probable that all sixteen will yet be canonized, the process of beatification having been already commenced.

THE CRUCIFIXION PLANT OR CALVARY CLOVER.

DOT long since an exchange published an account of a remarkable plant which grows and thrives in various parts of Europe. The writer can attest from personal experience that it has also grown in the flower gardens of Canada.

It is commonly called Calvary Clover, being a trefoil, and said to have been unknown on the earth till the time of Our Lord's Crucifixion. It is also called the Plant of Calvary or the Crown of Thorns. Tradition asserts that the first of the species sprang up under the feet of Pontius Pilate who unjustly condemned our Saviour to be crucified. After Our Lord's death, the weak and vacillating Roman Governor went up the hill of Calvary, and at each step this strange plant appeared to remind him of his crime. So says the old-time legend.

This "crown of thorns" has three round leaves, each being stained in the centre with a crimson spot exactly like a drop of fresh blood. During the day they arrange themselves in such a form that to the most incredulous they resemble a cross. When the flowers appear in their season, each one is startlingly like a crown of thorns. By taking hold of the two ends of the flower, it can be pulled out nearly straight ; but when released, it again curls up in the shape of a crown with jagged, protruding green points.

Many historians, both sacred and profane, have mentioned this strange member of the floral kingdom. An ancient writer asserts that in his day, a tiny white cross could be seen on each leaf, and that if one looked closely, he could see a figure hanging on it. The form on the central leaf was said to be white, those of the other leaves being clad in black or red. He also declares that when the blossoms appear the figures gradually fade away, the central one remaining longer than the others. The present writer, who was very young when this strange plant grew in her father's garden, does not remember noticing any crosses on the leaves ; she retains however a very vivid recollection of the round, prickly crown and of the

liquid-looking drop of blood in the centre of each leaf. As may be imagined, this really remarkable plant, which sprang from seed brought from the Niagara Peninsula, was to her an object of mingled wonder and childish reverence.

ON THE RUGGED ROAD.

“ If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow me.” Such is the law imposed on fallen humanity ; but in the execution of this apparently most severe sentence, Jesus prepares great surprises for us. He is so bountiful, even in His seeming rigor, that when we rise cheerfully to obey Him, He immediately comes to our assistance and even takes the heavier end of our cross for His own share.

The time comes when we feel as though He had lifted the whole burden to His divine shoulders, so light has it grown. Some persons think that a heavy cross weighs the soul down to the very dust. This is erroneous, as may be proved by comparing the soul to a bird which must indeed carry its wings, but which is enabled thereby to mount into the air. The wings may be said to carry it. If you take them away, you remove what looks like a burden, but the bird can never fly again.

Saint Augustine applies this comparison to our afflictions, which may, of a certainty, resemble very heavy loads ; but which, when borne in a christian spirit, impart to the soul buoyancy, suavity and joy, with a marvellous facility in soaring from the low valleys of this world to serene and heavenly regions.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POPE'S FIRST MASS.

The sixtieth anniversary of the Pope's first celebration of Mass was observed at the Vatican on New Year's Day. Fully three thousand delegates from Catholic societies and parochial committees were admitted to the

Sala Della Loggia of the Vatican, and shortly afterwards His Holiness was carried in on the sedia gestatoria, amid the acclamations of the spectators. The Pope officiated at his own diamond mass, the music being furnished by the choir of the Sistine Chapel. The venerable Pontiff then attended a mass of thanksgiving, kneeling on a prie-dieu. At the conclusion of this mass His Holiness, in a strong voice, pronounced the Papal benediction; he then took his seat on the throne and received until 10.30 o'clock, when he was borne out on the sedia gestatoria amid the acclamations of those present.

His Holiness had a most radiant face, and it was evident that he was enjoying excellent health. He received hundred of rich presents. Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary, sent him 50,000 florins in gold in a casket, and the Queen Regent of Spain sent a massive gold and jewelled goblet. His gift from the United States was a diamond cross. President Faure, of France, sent six Sevres vases, and the present from the Sultan of Turkey was a superb diamond ring. Every country sent a large contribution to the Peter's Pence fund.

DON BOSCO ON CHARITY.

Those who feel their hearts warmed to the gentle influence of Charity's soft ray, might be compared to the ocean, whence the sun gracefully receives tribute by evaporation without materially lessening the vast expanse of its waters. These vapours gradually form into clouds which, dissolving into rain, fertilise the earth, and afterwards return in rivers to the ocean from whence they came. Precisely so it happens in those who devote part of their substance to the glory of God and the salvation of their fellow-creatures. The charity of one may be, perhaps, but a single drop, but united with others forms a cloud which showers benefits on an infinity of misfortunes: on faithful and infidels; on children in danger of corruption; on families, on populations, on society at large. Moreover, alms-deeds never go unrewarded, for like the dissolving cloud, "they return in rivers to the sea." The chari-

table donor is recompensed in a thousand ways : by prayers which possess special power for obtaining favours ; by the growth of religion, and moral and social probity, in bringing about which his charity has been instrumental ; by the transformation of bad habits, whereby labour, industry, and commerce profit, while robberies, conflicts, and rebellions decrease ; every citizen in fact feels the happy effects, so that what is devoted to religion and charity is returned to the donor a hundredfold in prosperous security. If we wish then to take real care of our spiritual and temporal interests, we should, above all, attend to the interests of God, and procure, by charity, the welfare of our neighbour.

NOTES, ETC.

His Holiness Leo XIII, has, through Cardinal Macchi, issued a letter "Ad perpetuam rei memoriam" appointing St. Paschal Baylon patron of the Eucharist Congresses existing and to be formed.



Prince Baldassarre Odescalchi in his recently published book describing his last journey to Palestine, says : " That which pained me and made my blood boil was to see that, through conventions and treaties, a Mahomedan is the armed guardian of the Sacred Sepulchre. He alone has the right to enter armed into the Church. Erect and majestic he is the sentinel before the tomb, immovable as fate, and looks with haughtiness on the continual succession of Christian rites which he disdains, considering himself the only and real believer among so many superstitions.



Father Haecquard, of the White Fathers, has received 5,000 francs from the French Academy of inscriptions and belles-lettres, to continue his studies in the African languages. He has already sent to the Academy his first grammar, which will soon be followed by a dictionary.

He will start again before long, for the region of the Niger, to study more of the native dialects. What he is doing in Africa, is being done in Alaska by Father Barnum, S. J., whose dictionary of the Alaskan dialects will be completed this year and published by the Government.

* * *

The number of volumes in the Vatican library is 220,000, of which as many as 25,000 were published in the fifteenth century. The MS. collection in the Vatican is the largest and most valuable in existence. It contains the famous Codex Vaticanus, the oldest version of the Holy Scripture extant.

* ** *

Catholic Spain is taking measures to execute a commendable project: the erection of a basilica in honor of Saint Theresa. The Saint's body has remained incorrupt, and is venerated at Alba, where it lies in a church of very impudent appearance and which Spain now wishes to replace by a magnificent basilica.

* * *

Some weeks ago, the Holy Father received a numerous deputation of the Italian clergy and laity, as well as of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, presided over by His Eminence Card. Parocchi, Vicar General of His Holiness. His Eminence, in the name of the deputation, presented the Holy Father with a large and beautiful ostensorium of the finest gold and thickly encrusted with precious stones. This superb gift was offered as a protestation against the sacrilegious insults shown to the Blessed Eucharist.

* * *

Commenting on the following beautiful words of Dr. Delaney, coadjutor Bishop of Hobart, Tasmania, the Ave Maria says that the appeal for a new edition of the Bible, with annotations supplied by our best modern Biblical scholars, is a timely one; and that it rejoices to find a favorite conviction of its own so trenchantly expressed. It adds that these words having been penned in far-off Tasmania proves that the need of a closer acquaintance with Holy Scriptures is felt around the world.

“ The words of the Holy Ghost have a sacramental virtue to the understanding mind. . Our main concern must be to bring the person of our Divine Lord home to the minds and hearts of our contemporaries. This done, all else will follow of itself. But it must be done genuinely. Not a false Christ, as may easily befall ; not the dissolved Jesus of heresy, but the true Redeemer as His Church knows Him. He is at once the need and cure of souls : never more than now. I believe that this reading, thinking age is, in the main, a profoundly earnest age. I believe it is heart-sick for the living Christ. I believe that if it could see His blessed countenance with the vision of Catholic faith it would rush to His feet in an ecstasy of devotion. It is the duty of the Church so to present Him. It is especially her duty to show Him to the rising generation. What then is the simplest way amongst many ? By sermons ? by conferences ? by doctrinal treatises ? Yes, by all these means. But, over and above these, I consider that the inspired words of the Gospels, the words of Our Lord Himself, set in a framework of interpretation such as shall convey to the reader that precise sense which the Church derives from them, is the most effective of all ways.”

The Association for the propagation of the Faith was founded in France seventy-five years ago for the purpose of aiding and developing Catholic missions throughout the entire world. It is a work in which the Catholic Church in America is deeply interested, because it originated in a desire to assist the infant Church of America, in 1815, when, in response to the pressing appeal of Monsignor Dubourg, bishop of New Orleans, a pious lady conceived the idea of collecting alms for the struggling missions of the United States. To-day, it contributes towards the support of no less than 325 dioceses, vicariates and prefectures apostolic in heathen and non-Catholic countries. Since its foundation, it has given to the various missions of the United States of America more than five million four hundred thousand dollars.

S. H. REVIEW.

CARDINAL GIBBONS of Baltimore has cordially endorsed a measure soon to be submitted to the Legislature of Maryland for the protection of song-birds in that state, and adds : " We are a nation of vandals, and our condition cannot be compared with that of England and Ireland. Birds make the choir of the heavens, and they should, by all means be protected."

Saint Augustine speaks of the soul as " naturally Christian." A remarkable instance of this natural longing for union with God through fulfilment of the law of Christ is recorded in the last issue of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. A priest relates that one evening a lady called upon him and, though professing no religion, asked to be baptized. The priest explained that unless she believed in the efficacy of the ceremony he could not perform it.

" Could a person who is not baptized himself baptize me ?" she queried.

" Yes," was the reply.

" But I must believe ?"

" Yes."

" That is right," she continued ; " my boy died a Catholic. He baptized himself. Give me one of your books and I shall try to believe if I can."

Then she told how her little boy feeling as if he were going to die, begged that he might be baptized. She put him off with the remark that he was not about to die, and she sent away the Catholic nurse who had she believed, influenced the child. A few days afterwards her little son asked for water, and when he got it, taking some with his feeble hand, he put it on his forehead, saying : " I baptize myself in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The case was a decidedly touching one, and the editor of the *Review*, answering the priest's request for information as to the validity of the baptism, observes that any person who should sincerely attempt to baptize himself in such an emergency would receive the grace of baptism that is to say, salvation not through the sacrament of faith, but through his faith in the sacrament.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1. That the Canadian people may follow the direction given them by His Holiness Leo XIII.
2. For the poor unfortunates who, in this rigorous season, are without employment, in want of fuel and bread.
3. For our annual Retreat which begins about the middle of February.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly, for : The Revd. M. FORTUNAT AUBRY, deceased at Ste-Therese ; Reverende SR DE L'IMMACULEE CONCEPTION, deceased at N. D. de Graces ; for MM. Alfred Beaudoin, deceased at St-Hilaire ; Dr Beaupre, at Joliette ; Pierre Gelinas, at St-Barnabe ; Henri Thurber, and O. Levasseur, at Lowell, Mass. ; Jos. Lemire, at St-Etienne ; G. Trudel, at Batiscan ; Thimothée Fortier, at Manchester ; John Doyle, at Calumet Mine, Mich. ; Mrs. Clement Jacques, deceased at St-Theodore d'Acton ; Mrs Jos. Thurgeon, at l'Assomption, Ill. ; Mrs Widow Chs Bournival, at Trois-Rivieres ; Mrs Jos. Turcotte, at Ste-Felicie ; Mrs Olivier Bouvier, at St-Ours ; Mrs Philius Gagne, at Holyoke, Mass. ; Mrs Boivin, at Mile-End ; Mrs Louis Lalancette, at Ste-Anne ; M. Hormidas Gauthier, at St-Charles ; for Misses Victoria Lapierre, deceased at Central Falls, R. I. ; Rose-Alma Lavoie, at Montreal ; Phœbe McManay, at Sherbrooke ; Rachal Letendre, at Yamaska, 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 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.

“ A niece of mine returns thanks to the Precious Blood that her petition for a cure has been heard. She had suffered for many long years. But after wearing the little heart blessed in honor of the Precious Blood which you sent to her, she felt herself relieved. In good health and with a joyous heart she can now attend to her occupation.”

* * *

“ Through a Novena made to the Blood of our Saviour, I have been cured of a disease of the ears from which I had suffered for twelve years. I cannot tell you how glad I am. Kindly ask the readers of the *Voice of the Precious Blood* to join with me in thanking the adorable Blood.”

* * *

“ A lady of St-Henri has been cured of a long and cruel malady, after having promised to publish her cure in the *Voice of the Precious Blood*.

Praise and gratitude to the Blood of Jesus !”

* * *

“ It is with happiness that I send the enclosed alms, which I had promised if I were relieved of my pains. My prayer was fully granted. I now acquit myself of my promise, and beg you to publish my cure in your Annals.”

* * *

“ Grateful thanks for a favor obtained by the intercession of the divine Blood.”
