

THE VOICE  
OF THE  
PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

1 PET. 1. 18, 19.

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CORPUS CHRISTI.

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Lo ! upon the altar lies,  
Hidden deep from human eyes,  
Bread of Angels from the skies,  
Made the food of mortal man :  
Children's meat to dogs denied ;  
In old types foresignified ;  
In the manna heaven-supplied,  
Isaac, and the paschal lamb.

Jesus ! Shepherd of the sheep !  
Thou Thy flock in safety keep.  
Living Bread ! Thy life supply ;  
Strengthen us, or else we die ;  
Fill us with celestial grace,  
Thou who feedest us below !  
Source of all we have or know !  
Grant that with Thy Saints above,  
Sitting at the feast of love,  
We may see Thee face to face.

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## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(Continuation.)

THE Blood of Jesus Christ preserves us from the exterminating angel: The demon dares not approach; he realizes that a hidden force will repel him; the christian is marked with a divine seal. Through a recent sacramental or spiritual Communion, by which the Saviour's Blood has been communicated to us, we escape a multitude of accidents.

This Blood is a principle of strength in combat. When one recurs to It with the necessary conditions, It ensures victory. In the combat with the dragon, this cry was heard in heaven: "They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb." Apoc. XII. II.

Let us dip our weapons in this Blood. Saint Edmund, having fought against a violent temptation, through the Precious Blood, obliged the demon to acknowledge what it was he dreaded most, Satan replied:—"what you have just invoked."

Saint Chrysostom says:—"It puts devils to flight." And certainly when holy water has this effect, will not Our Lord's Blood be still more potent?

What insured victory to the Redeemer will always render us participants in His triumph: *In this sign shall thou conquer.*

It is the seed of virtue. It bestows Chastity: "the wine springeth forth virgins." (Rach. IX. 17.) It destroys concupiscence and thus sanctifies the body. Through the Blessed Eucharist, mortals become chaste, for it emits a celestial odor which dispels the pestilential exhalations of the flesh. It is when imbued with this Blood, which sprang from the Virgin of virgins, that we joyfully consecrate our virginity to God, and often an aspiration towards the Divine Blood suffices to extinguish all voluptuous flames.

It appeases anger. When the fire of rage is burning, a few drops of Blood from the meek Lamb of God will of their own virtue, calm wrath by recalling the patience

with which It was shed and the prohibition of approaching His Body and Blood with a heart ulcerated by anger. Unless we would hear this Blood cry out against us, it is impossible to harbor a vengeful thought when communicating sacramentally or spiritually.

(To be continued.)

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THE VOICE OF THE SACRED HEART.

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THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

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*Salvasti animam, predestinasti tuam. (St. Augustine.)*

A soul had passed, the awful hour had come ;  
 Oh ! dreadful thought ! was Heaven lost or won ?  
 He stood in judgment 'fore the piercing eye  
 Of Him whose justice cannot err or lie.  
 The Virgin Mother stood beside Her Son,  
 The Guardian Angel, too, His labor done.  
 Now is a whole life's history laid bare—  
 Many the sins which are recorded there.  
 But who is this arrayed in garments white,  
 Who stands by Jesus, radiant with light,  
 Whose eyes beam brightly with a love Divine,  
 As eyes of the redeemed alone can shine ?  
 His gaze is turned upon the soul who waits  
 To hear his doom—trembling at Heaven's gates.  
 The white-robed figure falls, as it were meet,  
 In suppliant posture at the Saviour's feet ;  
 Behold Him mantled with the golden rays  
 Which falls from Jesus' Heart ; he prays, he prays :  
 " O Jesus, mercy on that soul, for he—  
 A victim was of charity for me.  
 On earth there was no other link to bind  
 My soul to him than that of all mankind ;  
 I knew him not, on him I had no claim  
 Save one, the dread, dark story of my shame,  
 With which the whole world rang. But from Thy Heart  
 Thus didst to him Thy charity impart ;

And from that time, O Lord, his hidden life  
 Was one long dread and ceaseless, inward strife ;  
 For me he bore it, faithful to the last,  
 Although so wide apart our lots were cast.  
 Remember, Lord, his anguish and his tears—  
 Tears shed for me through long and hopeless years ;  
 His prayer prevented that one final sin  
 Which, if committed, grace I ne'er could win ;  
 His prayer obtained that, when Thou last appealed,  
 The fountains in my soul so long congealed  
 Should melt once more—that I should thirst anew  
 For Thee, my God, the Beautiful and True.  
 Life ended, and I reaped as I had sown,  
 I died unloved, uncared for and alone ;  
 The Church's rites which I had scorned in pride,  
 Were now to me in my last hour denied ;  
 Men shuddered, speaking of my " evil death."  
 " He's lost, he's lost," they said beneath their breath.  
 But one whose charity had never failed,  
 In that last desperate moment had prevailed ;  
 The long-lost light in that dread hour returned,  
 My sin-seared heart once more with pure love burned ;  
*That soul it was who won for me the grace  
 To die repentant, clasped in Thy embrace.*  
 O Jesu, Love, my Love, 'Thou know'st the rest :  
 How I expired upon Thy Sacred Breast.  
 Oh ! who shall tell the strong resistless power  
 Of Thy Heart's love in that last dying hour ?  
 Once more I breathed my vows 'midst floods of tears—  
 Vows which I'd broken for long faithless years,  
 Whilst on my soul Thou didst imprint Thy Kiss,  
 Whispering the promise of eternal bliss.  
 And thus I died upon Thy bosom, laved  
 In Thy Blood. I knew that I was saved.  
 His prayer who stands all trembling in the light  
 Was that which saved me from eternal night.  
 Thou had'st decreed for him a saviour's part,  
 He won my soul forever to Thy heart.  
 O Jesu, Lord, hear now my prayer for him,  
 O say to him that word : " Heaven's thine ; come in."

The die was cast, the dread suspense was 'er,  
 The Sacred Heart possessed one trophy more ;  
 He who on earth that white-robed soul had craved  
 Saw him in glory numbered with the saved.  
 This his reward for tears and anguish past,  
 To see that soul in Paradise at last ;  
 On earth as strangers, now no more to part,  
 Together praising Jesus' Sacred Heart ;  
 Clasped to that Heart, both in one same embrace,  
 Sharing forever the sunshine of God's Face

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Written for "THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

### THE WREATH UNFADED.

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TWO children knelt side by side at the sanctuary railing of a little village church on the day of their First Communion. They were twins—brother and sister, the two only children of a Mr. and Mrs. Gray. The early morning sun streamed in through the open windows, across the little altar covered with fragrant snowy flowers, upon the dark head of the girl crowned with a wreath of white roses, and the golden curly head of the boy who carried on his breast a large bouquet. No sound broke the stillness save the murmuring of the priest officiating, and the morning songs of the birds outside.

Those beautiful young souls : what a happy day for them, a day of pure joy when the spotless angels hovered around to chant their songs of love and gratitude to their great Creator, who had entered for the first time—hidden in the Holy Eucharist—those two young hearts.

Mass came to an end and the children returned home—the love of Jesus pervading their whole being. Kneeling at the feet of their good and virtuous mother, they exclaimed : " Oh dearest Mother, pardon, we implore you, the pang our faults have caused you in the past, and for the future, we shall be faithful lovers of Jesus and Mary." The mother clasped them to her bosom, assured them that they had never caused her pain, and placing her right hand on both heads, gave them her benediction.

She then touched the snow white wreath of the girl and the beautiful bouquet in the boy's hand, saying : " May those beautiful flowers be the emblem of your souls." " O yes " exclaimed Agnes : " we will keep these flowers all the days of our life as a memento of our happiness ; but as those flowers, if exposed, might lose somewhat of their spotless whiteness, will you, dear mother, let us have them encased in a glass frame ! "

" With pleasure," replied the mother, " but on condition that each time you look at the flowers you will recollect that innocence is a delicate blossom which the slightest breath may sully. You must promise to-day, dear children, that you will always cling closely to your Immaculate Mother Mary, and when the path of life grows drear, and the moment of temptation comes, as come it will to every one, you will seek support in the Blood which flowed from the pierced Heart of Jesus. Place yourselves in the arms of Mary ; put your innocent hands in hers, and she will guide you safely through this life of sin and misery."

" O yes, dear mother," exclaimed the two children, " we will always keep our First Communion flowers blooming, fresh and beautiful." " God bless you both ", said the mother, " Papa and I will go to the other Mass, you may remain with your good angels until our return." So saying Mr. and Mrs. Gray departed for church.

Later on, the boy and girl passed, hand in hand, out into the sweet freshness of the summer day. The girl's beautiful brown eyes had a wrapt, far-away look ; but the boy's had already lost their awed solemnity and were sparkling with childish pleasure and anticipation. " Oh ! Agnes," he said, " it's just jolly to have a whole day's holiday, is it not ? How shall we spend it ? Shall we go fishing down in the big pond ? " " I am going to spend the day at home with mother," replied Agnes : " I don't feel like running about ; let us go to meet mother and father, they are coming from church now, and when we go home, Charlie, you will see that mother will make it pleasant for both of us if we stay with her to-day."

So the children ran across the fields together to meet their parents. When the happy family of four met, a

loving embrace from the parents was bestowed on each. They all returned home and, after having partaken of their breakfast, the father bade them good bye for the day, because he was obliged to go to his work. Charlie said no more about going out, but made up his mind to obey his sister. Their mother read for them and told them stories, so they were surprised at the speed with which the hours had passed away when, in the evening, they heard their father's footsteps returning after his day's labor.

That same evening, after the children had said the usual good nights, their mother took from the brown head of the girl the wreath which had crowned her innocence and placed it with the boy's bouquet on a table. About a week from that memorable occasion if you had visited the parlor of Mrs. Gray's house, you would have seen there a large frame enclosing a wreath of white roses, and a lovely bouquet in the centre of the wreath.

#### PART II.

Years have passed away and the young people in whom we are interested are no longer children. The girl is still good and holy but the young man before us is very different from the child of a few years earlier. He has grown careless in his religious duties. His communions are luke-warm and few in number—two in the year. His prayers, which were frequent and earnest when a youth, have degenerated into a few hurried words whenever he thinks, which is seldom, of addressing his Almighty Father. Oh ! if he had but remained as he was when a boy,—pure and innocent. Alas ! Late hours, dissipated companions and the demon of drink have all combined to ruin him. Three hearts are breaking over his misdeeds : those of his parents and sister.

Things remained in this unhappy state for some time. Agnes' prayers became still more fervent. Her most frequent supplication was : " Oh God, who died for the salvation of man, wash out my brother's sins in Thy Most Precious Blood ! Bring him to the Sacrament of penance." This fervent supplication was ultimately answered. One day her brother surprised her by announcing his intention of approaching the sacraments on the following Sunday.

Agnes was overjoyed ; and when, after a good confession, he was allowed to receive the Blessed Eucharist, her heart poured itself out in fervent thanksgiving to God for His mercy. But her suffering on her brother's account was not over. Like many good resolutions formed in moments of fervor, Charlie's was soon broken. In little more than a week, he expressed his intention of going with three companions, to a neighboring city. They would work for themselves and could have a jolly time too. He was tired of the humdrum place where he had been born and brought up. He had been there long enough and he wanted a change.

How sad Agnes' face became when he announced this resolution. Although he had many faults and associated with profligate companions, yet he had always been kind to her, and she loved him. He in turn had a strong affection for his sister and both found it very painful to separate. Agnes begged him to stay with his family, reminding him of the look of pain which had settled on their father's face and the tears their mother had shed since the news was broken to them. She used every entreaty, but in vain. Charlie would not relent, though he tried to console her by saying he would go to confession once a month. Agnes believed him, told her parents of his promise and resigned herself to part with him. As he was leaving, she whispered in his ear : " I will always pray for you." He did not respond but repeated his farewell and, in a moment, was gone. How different now were the feelings of all from what they were in the days when, for the first time, the children had received into their hearts the Bread of Life. The three faithful ones stood at the door watching the departing rover as he walked slowly over the familiar ground, till he was out of sight. When we had crossed the fields he met his three companions, and they took the train, soon leaving their homes and loved ones far behind. Having reached their destination they were fortunate enough to find work and a boarding house. According to promise, Charlie wrote home, sending his address. Agnes answered immediately giving him all the advice she could think of to hold him to his good resolution, and making her letters as cheerful and interesting as possible. At first he corresponded

with them once a month, then the intervals between his letters grew longer—ran on to several months of silence, a year, two years, finally he ceased writing altogether. Time and again his family wrote enquiring about him. At last the lady who kept the boarding house sent a letter telling the family that Charles Gray, in whom they appeared greatly interested, having been on the point of being arrested for theft, had escaped from the city in company with three tramps. The reader can imagine what effect this news had on his father and mother as well as his patient sister. The parents gave up all hope of their son, but Agnes still prayed for his conversion.

## PART III

Twenty years have rolled on since last we saw Agnes Grey, then a gentle girl in her father's house.

To-day, a long hospital ward stretches before us and we see a sweet-faced sister of charity beside a cot on which has just been laid the form of a man injured in a drunken brawl.

“He cannot live through the day,” said the doctors as they turned to other patients.

The Sister glanced pitying at the unconscious face so marred and debased by vice. One hand was clenched in his breast over the wound made by a knife in the grasp of one of his lawless companions. Over the furrowed brow the hair lay thickly matted, neglected and streaked with grey, but with a certain curly wave that made the Sister think of another head once dearly loved. Bending, she put the hair gently back from the frowning forehead.

At her touch, the eyes opened wide and stared up into her face—blue, swollen, half delirious eyes. The Sister started back as she met their gaze; her face turned as white as the snowy linen around it. The man tossed about restlessly on his pillow and then launched forth into a storm of horrible blasphemy. The Sister stood motionless gazing at him with a strange look of horror in her gentle eyes. This soon gave place to a sad and tender expression. The years had rolled back seemingly and she was again a child kneeling at the foot of a flower-decked altar; beside her was a golden-haired boy, his blue eyes awed

and grave, his curly head bent reverently. A sudden cry of pain, accompanied by terrible profanity, broke from him.

"Hush! Oh, hush!" exclaimed the Sister, turning away her head, as if to shut out the dreadful words. He looked angrily at her and broke out into still fiercer oaths. At length he grew exhausted and sank into a heavy sleep under the influence of an opiate administered by the doctor.

The Sister fell on her knees beside the cot and with clasped hands and upraised eyes she prayed thus; "O Blood of Jesus, shed for sinners, intercede for him; save him!" Her fair face grew paler from the fatigue of her position as the hours passed on, but still she knelt, her lips moving in prayer.

The sun was sinking low in the heavens; its rays fell in crimson bars across the cot whereon the man lay. Suddenly he opened his eyes. There was no delirium now, but he stared up into the sister's weary but calm face with a startled questioning look. Then he frowned impatiently.

"Oh!" he muttered, "always that face."

Then he spoke aloud.

"It seems they've fixed me up pretty bad this time, but I'll pull through all right, I guess." She shook her head. His eyes glared with apprehension.

"You don't mean that I'm done for," he gasped.

"You have only a few hours to live," she replied. He sank back with a fierce oath and then lay still, a hard, sullen look of dread and fear on his face. The sister went over to him. "You have only a few hours to remain on earth," she repeated earnestly; will you not make your peace with the God in whose presence you must soon stand and whom you have outraged by your crimes?

"What have I to do with God?" he asked with a sneer. "I've long ago forgotten that there's a God. If I've got to die, let me die."

"Ah, but there is a God," she answered, -- "a powerful God too, although merciful, one who is always ready to pardon the repentant sinner. Oh, is there not some one in the world whom you once loved and who perhaps prays for you?"

"Some one who prays for me?" he echoed, his man-

ner suddenly changing and his voice softening, "yes there was, but she was as pure as an angel and I abandoned her,—my poor sister! How often has her face risen before me, sometimes in the haunts of vice and crime, bringing, hardened as I am, the tears to my eyes and the sobs to my throat. She said she would pray for me always. Do you know that you remind me of her? Your voice and eyes are just the same." He paused. The greyish pallor on his face had deepened while he was speaking. She saw the end was near and resolved to make a last effort to tear the sin-burdened soul from the demon's grasp.

"Listen," she said gently: "I see a village church, a flower-decked altar, and two children, a twin brother and sister, kneeling at its foot. The girl's hair is bound by a wreath of roses, the boy carries in his hand a large bouquet of. . . ."

A moan from the sick man made her pause.

"Agnes," he whispered regarding her with all his eyes. "Agnes, my own sister!" He gazed at her, seeming unable to realize the truth. Then the tears began to trickle down his cheeks.

"Agnes, Agnes," he whispered in a tone so low that she had to bend her head to catch the words; "your gentle, pitying eyes do not turn away from me, debased as I am. Can there be hope of pardon and mercy for a wretch like me?"

"Yes," she cried, her face lighting up with joy that the prodigal was at last looking for his home, "I will send for the priest,—the holy and aged Father who prepared us for our first communion. He is now chaplain of the Hospital. My prayer will at last be answered. How good God has been! For years all my sacrifices, all my pleadings have been for you, my own beloved, and Father Ambrose told me not to doubt that one day you would repent and come back to the fold."

"There is hope then," sobbed the penitent.

"Darling, do not doubt it for one instant. God's mercy is unbounded and. . . ."

"But my life has been guilty. . . ."

"True," continued his sister, "your poor soul has been deeply wounded in the battle of life, but there is a

saving and healing balm to be applied even to the deepest wounds—the Precious Blood. It is of priceless worth and every drop has been shed for your soul. Look at the crucifix, “said she pointing to a large image of the crucified One hanging on the wall,” see all the wounds in that Immaculate Body, each is a voice pleading for your soul. Jesus loves you as the prodigal returning to His embrace. Think of your first communion; how fervent it was! Do you remember your beautiful white bouquet? How spotless it was!” Poor Charlie was weeping as if his heart would break. “In a few moments” continued Agnes, the lovely flowers of first Communion will be wet in the stream of the Precious Blood; they will revive and bloom as in the past. Here is Father Ambrose now.” As the priest approached, Agnes went forward and said hurriedly: “Father it is Charlie, and he is dying.”

Without losing a moment, the priest drew a chair beside the dying man’s pillow and heard his confession. He then sent for Agnes and in her presence administered the last sacraments. The brother gave a last loving look at his saintly sister, then his eyes closed and his soul passed into eternity.

Night has fallen, but still the kneeling form of the Sister remained beside the motionless one on the cot. There was peace on the cold white face on which Agnes’ tears fell fast and heavily. Her prayer, lifelong and earnest, was indeed answered; and she offered many a thanksgiving to God for his goodness and mercy.

Rising at last, she went to the glass frame which she had brought to the convent and, removing the bouquet of white roses, she placed it in the cold hands of her dead brother. “Mother’s wish and prayer have been granted,” said she softly to herself amid her tears, “Charlie’s flowers and my First Communion and Bridal wreath will blossom forever in the abode of eternal happiness. To thee, O Mary! I owe the grace of having kept my flowers in all their freshness and beauty; and though Charlie’s withered for a time, yet they revived and bloomed under the celestial stream of the Blood of Thy divine Son.”

S. M.

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THE MISSION CROSS.

The veil has fallen ! and lo ! behold  
 The Saviour crucified,  
 Just as He hung on Calvary's mount,  
 When for each soul He died.  
 The thorn-crowned head is drooping, too,  
 As if bowed down with woe,  
 The tender face is full of pain.  
 " Stay ! sinner, do not go.

" Look once again that you may see  
 Just how they wounded Him.  
 The blood flows from His sacred side ;  
 You say your eyes are dim.  
 'Tis true ; but through the gathering mist  
 Gaze on that blood-stained brow,  
 Those loving hands pierced through—by whom ? "  
 The tears are falling now. C. O. M.

*Philadelphia Standard.*

A BLESSED NIGHT.

THE iciest and most piercing of north winds was howling through the leafless branches of the poplars bordering the highway. On each side, to the horizon, stretched snow-mottled fields on which the first twilight shadows were already falling.

In the distance might be seen the city of Toulouse with its towers and belfries outlined against the sky.

Over the unbroken snowy path which ran as far as the eye could reach, a monk was travelling, his naked feet protected only by sandals, his cowl drawn over his head and his habit girt by a rope. His staff was a crucifix.

His appearance was poor ; but already the eye of faith detected the golden nimbus radiating from his brow and the apostolic, saintly heart which pulsated under his rough habit.

He was thirty years old—the age at which the Mes-

siah began to preach through the towns and country.

In imitation of his divine Master, he had resolved to shed abroad on souls the peace of Christ's unsullied doctrine. As he journeyed on, it would seem as if nature grew silent to avoid disturbing the deep recollection of God's servant; the night birds suspended their doleful cries; the wind moaned gently through the tree tops, no sound was heard in the stillness save that of a voice which rose calm and clear--the traveller saying his beads aloud as he paced onward.

The date was January 1226. The renewed heresy of the Manichees was ravaging the south of France. Toulouse had become the hot-bed of the pernicious doctrine. For several months, Saint Anthony of Padua had been the preacher, the wonder worker and the exponent of the faith, always and everywhere showing energetic opposition to the Albigensian heresy.

Already the pure flame of Truth's doctrine was again burning brightly in once darkened hearts,--re-kindled by that beautiful soul so inflamed with divine love. In the miracles worked by him on all sides, he showed the power of God's arm; even the heretics said to themselves: "Oh! no, there is no fatality about human life; God leads souls so as to bring them to Himself!" But, Alas! all did not yield to the sweet and winning voice of the son of Saint Francis.

Some resisted through that towering pride which prevented them from inclining their heads. It was for these haughty souls the holy monk, whom they had rebuffed, mocked and despised, was praying as he walked along. After a day of weary toil, the Apostle had returned to the Convent of the Friars Minor hoping to pass the last waning hours at the foot of the tabernacle. In a few minutes a message arrived:

"Brother Anthony, a Manichee, an obstinate one, who utterly refuses to abjure heresy, is dying. . . . two leagues from the city". . . .

Without waiting to hear further, Brother Anthony was away, through the snow, at close of day, to regain a soul to God. And now night has fallen; the sky is gemmed with stars, and, a short distance ahead, rise the turrets of the ancient castle of Amoir.

Is this the term of his journey ? Will he penetrate into that lordly demesne in which wealth and pride hold undisputed sway and there speak of a God who was poor and humble ? As he approaches, he sees more and more distinctly the old drawbridge with chains fastened to the battlements, the stone galleries of the dungeon, the closed posterns—stay, one has been left ajar ! How is that ?

Is he, perchance, expected ?

Can there be in that castle a soul who still preserves the gift of faith intact, and who remembers the humble Franciscan ?

While the monk was making these reflections, a torch suddenly flashed on him. A blonde head appeared at the postern and a youth of sixteen fixed his large eyes upon the traveller and then raising his finger to his lips motioned to him to enter.

Confidence was visible in the Saint's face ; he knew that God had not undesignedly sent him to a dying man's bedside ; his grateful heart was blessing Providence. After walking for a few minutes along the polished floors of the corridors, the youth halted, opened an oak door and, laying down his torch, took the monk's hands.

" You will save Father. will you not ? " said he in a supplicating tone, " and with him, you will save my mother, sisters and brothers. They are all Albigenses. To me alone has God vouchsafed the grace of remaining faithful to Him. Daily does He defend me in the ironical attacks of which I am the object. It was I who rode over to Toulouse this afternoon with a message bidding you come. You are the only one who, by your words and prayers, can save Father. In his delirium, he murmurs your name constantly. Even to-night, tossing about feverishly, after calling you, he cried out despairingly : " I die abandoned, and he, yes, he will triumph ! "

The youth relapsed into silence. His eyes were brimming with tears and he looked beseechingly at the monk who was praying. In a moment the latter said hopefully :

" Lead me to your Father and pray with me. God is just, but He is most merciful too."

Both were soon in the sick-room. A torch in a brazen sconce lighted the apartment. Immense logs were blazing

in the fireplace, the flames darting out to lick the steel fire-dogs. The ancient gothic windows were rattling in the blast.

Over the high mantle-piece of sculptured stone, the place of honor once reserved for the crucifix, the Count of Amoir had, with his own hand, placed the haughty bust of Raymond VII of Toulouse. On a bedstead of costly wood, inlaid with gold and ivory, loaded with embroidered linen and silken coverings, lay the sick man.

The family was snatching a few moments rest, leaving the Count in charge of an attendant. The latter overcome by sleep was dozing in the chimney corner. Brother Anthony had thus been able to enter without difficulty.

Standing in a window recess, his eyes turned towards the city whose steeples were hidden by the darkness of the night, clasping his crucifix to his heart, the thaumaturgus awaited the awakening of the invalid. Despite the ravages of disease, he recognized the features of his most inveterate enemy, a hardened sectarian who had often sustained his manichean tenets against him.

How bring him back to the right path? Saint Anthony relied on God, and God is all powerful.

The youth knelt down; he too awaited the awakening of his Father. The fever which had abated somewhat in the evening, was again making the sick man's blood run like fire through his veins. A clock placed on a bracket chimed out midnight.

The sound aroused the invalid. He stirred uneasily on his couch and with staring eyes called out in his habitually sarcastic tone: "O fatality! how terrible are thy laws! What awaits us beyond the grave?"

From the centre of the room where, with clasped hands upraised to Heaven, the monk knelt, came the answer: "Providence of God, how sweet thou art! Death, thou art immortality."

The sick man started, recognized Father Anthony and, fixing on him a gaze of concentrated hate and anger, cried: "Must you come to disturb my dying hours, you who have tormented me during life? Could you not allow me to die in peace? But... triumph, I am overthrown... rejoice! I am dying."

Fearlessly, the Franciscan drew near. "Count, recall the 2nd of December."

The words conjured up a scene before the heretic's mental vision. He saw himself defending the albigensian dogmas against the Saviour's pure doctrine. Saint Anthony's prediction again resounded in his ears: "The hour will come wherein you will be overcome by Christ and will recall Him whom you repulse to-day." He contrasted the two words which had impressed him "Fatality! Providence!" He realized how great are the consolations of faith, but his pride refused to bend and, in answer to the monk's remark, he sullenly questioned:

"What is that day to me?"

Silence reigned once more, broken from time to time by the youth's sobs. Kneeling in the middle of the death-chamber, the Saint still prayed, his eyes fixed on Heaven.

At his appeal, grace descended like a flash of light on the heretic's soul; the Saint knew that his prayer had touched God's Heart and, inspired with celestial ardor, rising in the outbreak of his joy, the wonder worker exclaimed: "Christ has conquered; Gloria in excelsis Deo!" A stifled moan interrupted him.

The Count was weeping while vainly seeking to evoke among his youthful memories the words of the "confiteor."

The now roused servant quitted the apartment with the young Count and when, a few minutes later, the Saint's hand was raised in absolution, the family entered the room. With one hand holding a lighted taper, the other clasping Brother Anthony's crucifix, Count Amoir abjured heresy. He then turned to his wife and children who, having embraced Albigensism solely through fear of him, promised to abjure solemnly in the basilica of Toulouse. Passing his hand from the blonde head of his youngest son to the Franciscan's shoulder: "May you both be blessed in time and eternity!" he said, "through your charity I have gained Heaven."

These were her last words. Saint Anthony commenced the prayers for the agonizing. An hour later the Count had ceased to breathe.

Every effort was made to detain the amiable Saint by the family to which he had brought such consolation.

They wished to load him with honors and gifts. In vain. He would accept nothing beyond a promise of a thought and prayer at the foot of the altar. He felt sufficiently rewarded by the holy joy inundating his soul.

Day was already breaking, when, along the snow covered path leading through the unbroken country solitude, with cowl humbly lowered, Saint Anthony returned to his Monastery murmuring in his suave tones :

“ Magnificat anima mea Dominum ! ”

Translated for the “ Voice ” from the French of E. de C.

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Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

LETTERS TO THE MOST NOBLE COUNTESS  
OF R...FROM AN ENGLISH LADY  
IN CANADA.

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ANNA T. SADLIER.

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*Quebec, the 15th of July, 1635.*

*Beloved Lady and Friend,*

The gates of affliction have compassed me round, and in my sorrow turn I lovingly to my early friends. Summer is here. The spring hath taken with it the young, joyous life in which I have lived,—too much, perchance. Who shall say? The expedition against the Iroquois was, men say, entirely successful. But five white men perished. Amongst them my one treasure. Success is a relative term. Yet hath this foray proved a check to these ferocious enemies of our christian people in these parts.

Throughout the engagement, I have learned that the shining hair of my boy was as a mark for the foes. They believed him possessed of a charmed life until an arrow struck him down. Speedily they finished him. The body was brought hither, with infinite pains and difficulties innumerable. As I stood to receive it, the young men who had been the companions of his brief existence passed me

by, subdued, saluting gravely. God knoweth, Madame, I grudged them not the life heaven had preserved. The men whose hair had whitened since that day when I had brought Maurice, a child, to this ill-starred shore, looked upon me with deeper sympathy, the children stood gazing at me, gathering together in groups, seeking, I opine, signs of grief upon my tearless face. The women,—But I have dwelt too long upon mine anguish.

To-morrow is the day of rejoicing for the victory won. I, too, shall rejoice. I shall wave aloft the flag, emblem of the victory my boy hath won. I shall hear the beating drums and the roar of artillery which shall never again set throbbing that once impetuous heart of his. Pray heaven, Madame, that I do rejoice. I can be joyful for him. That young, light heart of his hath been spared forever the heart weariness which now I feel. Earth's woefulness shall never weigh him down. He hath joy perpetual. Let me but dream of it. And so, Madame, dear and honored friend, Adieu. Heaven keep you ! Heaven keep you !

*(To be continued.)*

### REFLECTIONS.

In all our trials and misfortunes let us have immediate recourse to God ; He will console and strengthen us with His grace.

The death of the just is the end of night and the dawn of day : it means the term of misery and entrance into sovereign beatitude.

Charity is a fire, but three things can extinguish it : the wind of pride, the water of intemperance and the dense smoke of avarice.

SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA.

We must praise God in prosperity and adversity in imitation of the nightingale which floods the groves with song at night as well as in the day time.

B. HUMBERT, O. S. D.

Let us make a provision of manna for each day only; and let us not fear that God will fail to send down more upon us to-morrow, and the day after, and every day of our earthly pilgrimage.

A soul that is going straight to God ought never to stop at any of the pleasures of the world, because worldly pleasure draws her to an infinite distance from God; it is like the scorpion which caresses, but throws out its venom while it caresses; or like the woman of the Apocalypse who gives a poisonous drink from a golden cup.

SAINT THOMAS.

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## JWELED OSTENSORUM.

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FOR THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE  
PRECIOUS BLOOD OF  
BROOKLYN.

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TRINKETS AND HEIRLOOMS.

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*Fine Example of Local Art Work in Precious Metals  
Made From Donations of Family Jewelry For Public  
Benediction Services in the Chapel. To Be  
Used First During the Forty Hours'  
Devotion.*

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WHEN the new convent of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, at 212 Putnam avenue, was in course of construction three years ago, it was suggested that the sisters desired a handsome ostensorium for use at the public benediction services that would, from time to time, take place in the chapel of the convent. With this a request was made that the friends of the institution should donate old jewelry and trinkets for the construction of the ostensorium, which is the stand that serves as the receptacle of the sacred host when it is exposed on the altar during the benediction or other service.

The response to this suggestion was immediate and most gratifying to Mother St. Gertrude and the members her community. A wealth of trinkets, heirlooms and personal ornaments, such as rings, pins, chains, bracelets, watches, thimbles, lockets, medals, crosses, hairpins, studs, earrings, buttons, and every form, in fact, in which the precious metals are represented, came to the convent. Protestants as well as Catholics have contributed to this sacred use, family mementoes that were so precious from their sentimental associations to be sold.

The metals of which they were constructed were broken up and melted down to form the body of the ostensorium, and the hundreds of jewels and precious stones of their settings have been used in the embellishment of the elaborate symbolical designs with which it has been ornamented. It is claimed that it is one of the most splendid pieces of ecclesiastical altar furniture ever made in the United States. The design is by Charles S. Koehler and the work was all done at the factory of Benziger Bros., DeKalb avenue and Rockwell place.

The ostensorium is made in the form of a sun, the rays springing from a crystal center called the luna, in which the sacred host is placed. In working out his plan, Mr. Koehler used as his motif the fundamental idea of the order for which it was made—the Precious Blood. This was carried out in every detail of the ornamentation. The ostensorium contains over 100 ounces of 18 karat gold, stands 38 inches high and is wrought out in the Roman Moorish style. The base rests on the figures of four lions, symbolic of the strong contest made for all mankind by the Precious Blood. It is ornamented with chased angels' heads in rich repousse work. Above the base is a gothic structure with an arched niche in each of the four sides. In these niches are panels in different colors, representing "The Nativity," "The Flight Into Egypt," "Jesus Disputing with the Doctors" and "The Baptism in the Desert." Four adoring angels surmount this, and four others with trumpets, typifying the joy felt at the birth of the Saviour.

The strength and beauty of the church are symbolized in the laurel twined column terminating in an exquisitely finished capital. The episcopal escutcheon of Bishop

McDonnell is traced on this base. Resting there also are a group of figures representing the sacred heart, while, kneeling at the Saviour's feet and adoring the Precious Blood, are Saint Paul and Saint Catherine of Siena. On the reverse is a representation of the sacred heart of Mary. The receptacle containing the luna and the luna itself are of colored gold. All the material used in the work is solid gold and silver heavily gilded and enameled in rich colorings.

The luna is encircled with diamonds, and other precious stones are effectively set between the rays that radiate from it. Round the luna are fourteen panels in high relief illustrating the life and passion of the Saviour and the outpouring of His Precious Blood. The subjects selected are: "The Offering in the Temple," "The Wedding at Cana," "Mary Madalen," "Giving the Keys to Saint Peter," "The Raising of Lazarus from the Dead," "The Last Supper," "The Scourging at the Pillar," "The Crowning With Thorns," "Jesus Condemned to Death," "Jesus Carrying His Cross," "Jesus Falling with the Cross," "The Crucifixion," "The Resurrection" and "The Ascension." These are twined by beautifully executed garlands of flowers, interspersed with thistles, symbolic of the tortures inflicted on the Saviour while on His way to Calvary. The rays shoot out from among these encompassing the receptacle containing the host. The crowning figure is a crucifixion group, a copy of an old painting. The delicate lines and fine poise of this group are excellent examples of the modeler's and chaser's skill. The whole forms a most attractive work of art.

The completed ostensorium, blazing with jewels and resplendent with precious metals, has been shown to a few patrons and special friends of the order at the convent in Putnam avenue during the week between Christmas and New Year's. It had its first public use during the progress of the forty hour's devotion which were held in the chapel the first week of the New Year.

The Brooklyn branch of the order was started in the winter of 1889, in a little cobble-stone cottage in Sumpter street, in which Mother St. Gertrude and six other sisters spent a year. In april, 1890, they moved to a more com-

modious frame structure adjoining, and resumed the cloistered life called for by the rule of the order. About eighteen months after this, on the death of the venerable Father Nicholas Balleis, they secured the old church property of Saint Francis-in-the-Fields, in Putnam avenue. On this site the present fine convent was built. It was blessed by Vicar General McNamara on June 24, 1894.

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BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

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**I**N Lower Brittany some old fashioned and commendable customs are still extant. The people of those parts have never lost their simple, unshaken faith in their clergy and, in their mutual misunderstandings, instead of recurring to lawsuits of which they stand in horror, they refer the matter to the parish priest. The adversaries set out for the church and ask the pastor to offer a "peace mass."

The ceremony is striking enough. The two parties go to confession and then kneel down in front of the altar. The priest says a prayer aloud after which all go outside the church at the back of which is usually found a grass plot overlooking the graveyard. On this spot each pleads his cause. The priest gives the verdict. All return to the church quite reconciled. Mass is said; the former opponents receive Holy Communion and the matter is ended.

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SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

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**C**ATHERINE had modestly returned to her native city. Therefore, she had not assisted at the triumphal entry of the Pontiff.

Nevertheless, in one of the frescoes of the Vatican,

Raphael has represented the virgin of Siena by the side of Gregory XI, and this fresco, which suffices to immortalize the return of the Papacy, is, in one sense, a rigorous historical truth. The return from Avignon was truly the work of Catherine.

Having returned to her poor dwelling, the Saint resumed her ordinary occupations. With those hands honored by the sacred stigma, she disdained not to make lye, to knead the bread, to prepare the repasts, nor to render to the sick the most humble services.

Forgetful of the weakness of her sex and of that which people call the conventionalities, she forced a way for herself through the crowd, to accompany, even to the scaffold, those condemned to death. At that sad epoch, juridical assassinations were not rare, and, to the victims of tyranny, Catherine always manifested a particular tenderness. But never, perhaps, had she appeared more touching, more heroic, than when she assisted, even under the sword, Nicolas Toldo, so unjustly sacrificed.

He was young, he was noble. A stranger at Siena, he had spoken against the government of the *Reformatori*, he had encouraged his friends to throw off their yoke.

Informed of these criticisms, the Reformators arrested Nicolas Toldo and condemned him to death.

So cruel an arrest caused the unfortunate young man to revolt. Furious, desperate, he paced the prison floor day and night, without wishing to listen to any advice. Indifferent to all religious practices, he had never made his First Communion. Not one thought of Heaven came to soften his anguish. Too proud to implore for pardon, he was abandoning himself to his rage, when, all at once, he thought of Catherine. He had never met her, but he had heard much of her ; he was informed that she knew how to console all kinds of sorrow . . . He then implored her to come and see him.

She went to him immediately, and, on listening to her soothing words, the desperate young man felt all his passionate love of life and his horror of death vanishing away. Resigned to his terrible fate, he made his confession in good dispositions, after the promise of the Saint that she would be present when the fatal day arrived.

Catherine kept her word, and, when the executioner had done his work, she wrote to the B. Raymond an account of that supreme act of charity. One cannot read without interest the following recital of the Saint :

In the morning, before the sound of the bell, I hastened to the prison. He manifested great joy at my arrival. I conducted him to holy Mass and he communicated for the first time in his life. His will was submissive and united to the will of God. There remained in him only the fear that he would be weak at the last moment. But the infinite goodness of God elevated and inflamed him with so much love and courage that he could not satiate himself of the divine Presence : Lord, stay with me, he said, abandon me not, with Thee I cannot be otherwise than well . . . I die content . . .

When I felt that he was agitated with fear, I said to him : Courage, my brother, we shall soon be at the eternal wedding ; thou wilt go bathed in the sweet Blood of the Son of God with the sweet name of Jesus upon thy lips. Oh ! repeat that Name incessantly, while I am going to the place of execution.

“ O my Father, his heart then lost all fear ; the sadness of his face was changed into joy, and in his joy he said :

“ Oh, where have I obtained so wonderful a grace ? What ! the sweetness of my soul to be present at the holy place of suffering ! ”

See what light he had received, since he called holy the place where he had to perish. And he added :

“ Yes, I shall go, strong and joyous, and it seems to me that I have still a thousand years to live when I think that you will be there.” And he said those words so sweetly that I adored the goodness of God.

“ I then left him and went to the place of justice. I waited for his arrival, continually praying and invoking the assistance of Mary and also of Catherine, virgin and martyr. Before he had arrived, I had knelt down and placed my head upon the block. Oh, then, how earnestly I prayed the Madonna to obtain for him, light and peace of heart, and for myself the grace to see him reach his happy destiny. My heart was then so much intoxicated with the sweet promise that was given to me, that I per-

ceived no other person in the midst of all that multitude.

“At last he arrived, as a peaceful lamb, and, on seeing me, he smiled.

“He desired that I should make upon him the holy sign of the Cross. I did so, saying :

“Go thou to the eternal wedding. Soon thou wilt be rejoicing in the life which shall never end.

“He bowed himself down with great sweetness. I then uncovered his neck. I was bending towards him and reminded him of the Blood of the Lamb. His lips murmured : Jesus. . Catherine. . I received his head in my hands.

“I raised my eyes towards the eternal Goodness, and, O marvelous !—As we see the brightness of the sun, I beheld Him who is at once both God and Man. He was there, He received the blood which had been shed. He collected it and placed it in the wound of His side, treasure of His mercy. Oh ! with what love He gazed upon that soul bathed in his blood which had become precious in uniting itself to His own Blood.

*(To be continued.)*

LAURE CONAN.

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## OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

A PRIEST'S ADVENTURE.

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A great number of anecdotes are related of the parish priest of Lourdes—the Curé of the apparitions.

Abbé Pudent says it is always profitable to souls to see in action the frequently incomparable devotedness of a good catholic priest.

This same devotedness often led our Abbé into physical danger, and his hair-breadth escapes used to be the subject of conversation throughout the whole neighborhood.

These adventures are still recounted in the valleys.

His energy, athletic figure and manifest intrepidity heightened the charm of his evangelical bounty.

The majority of persons find pleasure in collecting

honey from the lion's mouth like Samson and witnessing an apostle's gentleness beneath a martial exterior.

The great Abbé had all these combinations. His was the gentleness of strength.

A couple of years or so after his arrival at Lourdes, he was invited to an inauguration of the Stations of the Cross in a remote parish among the mountains.

It was the month of February. He went, accompanied by one of his curates. Both had their frugal supper with the parish priest, intending to return the same evening.

While they were at table it commenced to snow heavily, and when, a few moments after, they wished to start homewards, an immense sheet of snow shrouded everything—mountains, gorges and valleys.

After a blizzard of a few hours the night faired off, the sky was serene, the stars, brilliant and the moon at the full. It was freezing.

The visitors were studying the state of the weather.

"It is impossible for you to leave to-night," cried the host. "You would have two feet of snow under your boots, I am going to keep you both till to-morrow."

"True said the curate," not trying to dissemble his uneasiness "it would be hard to find one's path over the mountain."

"You are free to remain, young man" said the curé of Lourdes; "it is different with me. Some of my parishioner's are sick and I must return to-night. The mountain knows me and I know the mountain."

In vain they tried to prevent him from risking such danger.

The thought of the sick he had left at Lourdes, who might require his services outweighed all other considerations.

The curate rose to accompany him.

"No, No;" said the Abbé: "there's no use in your coming, you haven't a mountaineer's step, and my pastoral staff will be protection enough."

And seizing his enormous walking stick, he left the presbytery and descended the declivity of the mountain.

His assertion about his thorough acquaintance with

the mountain was fully justified. He did not lose his way.

Following the by-paths for a portion of the way, he at last reached the high road ; but he was still two leagues from Lourdes.

The beauty of the night, the magnificent aspect of the landscape flooded with moonlight, the gigantic peaks glistening like silver, the formidable crags penetrating the wintry sky, the unbroken hush of the vast solitude, all combined to raise his soul to God and the saintly priest abandoned himself to the gravest and deepest meditation.

Suddenly he became conscious that a step light and timid—was dogging his.

He turned and perceived, about twenty feet off, an enormous wolf that was following him stealthily—a wolf with famished eyes glaring at him in the shadows.

The crisp snow crackling under the beast's paws had produced the slight sound which at first awakened the Abbe's vigilance.

He walked on looking backwards occasionally to ascertain his escort's attitude.

The wolf kept the relative distance with as much mathematical precision as if it had been measured with a compass. When the priest stopped, the wolf stopped ; when the priest resumed his march, the wolf resumed his.

It was not long before the traveller's ear detected a more marked crunching of the snow in his wake.

He looked around quickly and noticed that a second wolf had joined the first. The distance was also diminished by half and the number was double.

Quadruple danger. The cowardly animals gave each other courage.

The Abbé halted, and the beasts came to a standstill.

He brandished his stick with unusual vigor. The wolves did not advance, neither did they retreat.

He went on, they following him stubbornly. This lasted while he traversed a mile and a half. Every few steps he wheeled about, flourished his formidable stick and the same scene recommenced.

The ill assorted group was in the meantime nearing Lourdes, now distant less than three quarters of a mile when a third gigantic wolf joined the others.

In a twinkling the distance was again lessened by half and might be covered by the pack in a single bound. The priest realized the danger.

What was to be done ? He had recourse to stratagem.

The road was broad and level. He was usually very sure footed.

He would continue his road backwards so as to face his enemies all the time whirling his big stick in their muzzles.

The beasts hoping doubtless that the priest would stumble and give them a chance to pounce on him followed him to the very streets of Lourdes.

One of the townsmen coming out, saw a man brandishing a stick, followed by three wolves.

Terrified, he ran to assist him and to his horror, recognized the Abbé. " Help, help," he cried. Au secours ! The wolves have our Curé ! "

" Hush " said the priest, " they are gone, but they were determined to conduct me. "

The lights of the town and the noise of the windows, which were being opened, had in effect chased the wolves.

The people said afterwards, in allusion to certain conversions made by this holy priest, that if the wolves had gone to the presbytery, the Abbé would probably have converted them and changed them into lambs.

*Almanach of Saint Joseph.*

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## PRAYERS SOLICITED.

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Let us offer the Blood of the Heart of Jesus, during this month, for the various intentions of those who recommend themselves to our prayers with such confidence : there are sinners to convert, patients to cure, afflicted to comfort, vocations to decide and maintain, people without bread and work to obtain both for them, and generally to obtain all sorts of graces.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD, specially for : The Rev Father HOURS, of the Cong. of St-Basile, Detroit ; Rev Brother EUGENE

LARIVIERE, of the Brothers of Charity, at Sorel ; Rev Sr MARY CLARE, of Notre-Dame d'Afrique, St-Charles (Algers) ; for MM. ZOEL L'USSIER, at St-Theodore d'Acton ; ERNEST OUELLETTE, Riv. du Loup ; NARCISSE OUELLETTE, at Ste-Anne ; WILLIAM MILLS, Niagara on the Lake ; EDOUARD RICHARD, at Ste-Monique ; REMI FRANCEUR, at St-Paschal ; FRs HAMEL, at Terrebonne ; Ls GIROUX and EDOUARD GALARNEAU, at Beauport ; PIERRE LAVERRIERE, at St-Ubalde ; VINCENT MARION, at St-Hugues ; JOSEPH LAROCHELLE, at Calumet Mines ; EXARIE BEAULIEU, at Ste-Sabine ; THOS KELLY, at Somerset Mills ; MAURICE ST JACQUES, at St-Hyacinthe ; Rev, FRs TETREAU, at St-Hyacinthe. For Mrs ALEXANDRE CORMIER, at Central Falls ; Mrs JOSEPH BOYER, at St-Louis de Conzague ; Mrs FRs SAUVE, at St-Timothe ; Mrs CHARLES DIONNE, at Ste Anne Lapocatiere ; Mrs PIERRE DIONNE, at Montreal ; Mrs Ls ROCHELEAU, at Worcester ; Mrs Wm McNICHOLS, at Montreal ; Mrs Widow JOS. RENAUD, at Joliette ; Mrs SARAH SAOL, at Niagara on the Lake ; Mrs NOTAIRE CREPEAU, at St-Felix de Valois ; Mrs JOS. CABANA, at Milton ; Mrs HENRY TURCOTTE, at Montreal ; Mrs F. ARPIN, at Marieville ; Mrs ELZEAR VADEBONCEUR, at Longueuil ; Mrs ACHILLE HOULD, at Gentilly ; Mrs PIERRE TAVERNIER, at Anthony ; Mrs PAPINEAU, at St-Vincent de Paul ; Mrs CAMILLE ARCHAMBAULT, at Charlemagne. For Misses MARY-JANE, LAURA and MARIE-LOUISE GELINAS, at St-Michel d'Yamaska ; EMILIA BERNARD, ILDA ST GEORGE, LUDIVINE GRAVEL, and Marie-Louise CONTENT, at Montreal ; Medora MATHIEU, at Ware ; Catherine LABERGE, at Chateauguay ; Marie-Blanche BERNIER, at Providence, 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.*

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According to recent accounts from Rome never before have such crowds of devout persons visited the "Scala Santa"—the Holy Stairs. During lent, especially on Friday, the numbers were so great that the sacred spot was literally thronged with people on their knees.

## THANKSGIVINGS

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FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE  
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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“ My son, a young man seventeen years of age, had suffered from his birth, probably, of a certain disease. After having, without success, multiplied the remedies,—many of which almost poisoned him—he wrote me that he had received a long vacation in the hope that he would gain strength enough to return to his employment later. But, knowing the poor boy had only his work to give him a living, I sent him a scapular of the Precious Blood, recommending him to place himself under the protection of the Divine Blood and to repeat frequently “ Blood of Jesus be my consolation.” At the same time I solicited a novena in honour of the Precious Blood which I also made myself. During the novena, my dear son tried another very simple remedy which succeeded very well and the disease has completely disappeared. Having obtained this result only through the Precious Blood ; I desire to thank, publicly, the same vivifying Blood.”

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“ Since my last journey to Three-Rivers, where I went to recommand my husband, I find him completely changed. He has been to confession, goes to mass every day and recites the beads every night. He says he wishes to repair all the sufferings he has caused me. May the Precious Blood receive eternal thanks for this conversion.”

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“ My husband was in great financial difficulties. After invoking Saint Anthony, promising an alms and also to have the favor solicited, inserted in the Annals of the Precious Blood, my husband was assisted, beyond all hopes, by a gentleman who was almost a stranger to him. Love and gratitude to the Precious Blood and to Saint Anthony.”

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“ I promised to publish in “ The Voice of the Precious Blood ” different graces if I obtained them, and they were accorded.”

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“ Last spring, the doctor declared that I had a tumour and could not be cured without an operation. I had become so weak that I kept the bed three quarters of the time. To increase our misfortune, my husband spent his days and nights drinking, and I was obliged to send my poor children to beg their meals at the convent. In such extreme desolation, I had recourse to the Precious Blood. I supplicated and implored It so often that I was at last heard: at the end of a Novena, I felt myself altogether cured of the tumour. I promised the Precious Blood that, if I was cured, I would have it published in “ The Voice of the Precious Blood.” I beg of you to accomplish my engagement.”

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“ Will you kindly announce in your annals the cure of my little girl who was suffering from salt rheum ?

I subscribed to “ The Voice of the Precious Blood ” and I had a mass celebrated. To-day my child is perfectly cured.”

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“ Many great graces have been obtained after having promised to have them announced in your messenger of the Precious Blood.”

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“ Enclosed, please find the offering for a mass, in thanksgiving for the conversion of a drunkard (my husband) who, on account of drink, abandoned his religious duties. In order to obtain his conversion, I promised to have it published in “ The Voice of the Precious Blood.”

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