

# 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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## THE ANGELS' GIFT TO THEIR IMMACULATE QUEEN.

*Feast of the Immaculate Conception.*

Round Mary's shrine her clients knelt  
Upon her festal day  
There at her feet, they gladly meet  
To sing their joyous lay  
In heaven too that glorious day  
Of infinite delight  
The angel bands joined happy bands  
With fairest flowers bedight.

In bright attire with garlands gay  
The happy angels sped  
"With something sweet oh, let us greet  
Our Queen today," they said,  
"Can we not make a wreath to bind  
Her pure and spotless head?  
A wreath of flowers from snow white bowers,  
White lilies, roses red,

And with them place some jewels rare  
And here and there a star  
A wreath of radiance and of light  
With glory gleaming far."  
"Dear to Mary are stars and flowers"  
A seraph's voice replied,  
"And yet I know what she would love  
Far more than all beside.

" A wreath of virtues let it be  
 Of souls untouched by care  
 And she will smile far more on them  
 Than she would on jewels rare "

Whereon bright Angels swiftly sped  
 To earth's unlovely shore  
 And each a pure soul's virtues rare  
 To heaven in triumph bore.

Those clients fair they formed in prayer  
 Beside their Mother's shrine  
 And from each heart those Angels part  
 All virtue most sublime  
 Some bore up 'neath their spotless wings  
 The gem of Purity  
 Whilst others pressed close to their breast  
 The rose of Charity

And with those flowers a wreath they made  
 Wherewith to crown their queen,  
 And at her feet with homage meet  
 They laid their offering.  
 And Mary's smile was all the while  
 Upon this gift so rare,  
 And near her throne her Son divine  
 In all her joy did share.

And on those souls His blood He shed  
 That they might ever be  
 In Mary's heart from care apart  
 Through all eternity.  
 And nothing of their queen's delight  
 Those pure souls ever told ;  
 But Mary had their virtues sweet  
 Beneath her mantle's fold.

O' let us too place gems so rare  
 In Mary's crown that day  
 With Angels bright let us unite  
 And sing our festal lay.

And then in our pure Mother's arms  
 From sin we'll e'er be free  
 And her sweet praises we shall sing,  
 For ali eternity.

## TEACHINGS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

*(Selections from Faber.)*

### V.

**T**HE Blood itself, as Blood, assumed by the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, came from Mary's blood. Mary's blood was the material out of which the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity, the artificer of the Sacred Humanity, fashioned the Blood of Jesus. The Immaculate Conception of Mary had been the magnificent preparation to her becoming the Mother of God by ministering the most pure material of the Incarnation.

The Blood of Jesus was a growing thing. It increased daily, as Jesus increased in size and age. It was nourished from his Mother's breast. It was fed from the earthly food which he condescended to take. During three-and-thirty years it received increments and augmentations. But the last drop of Blood made in Jesus by the laws of the human life, perhaps while he was hanging on the Cross, was equally exalted, equally divine, equally adorable, with the first priceless drops which he drew from his Blessed Mother.

Our dearest Lord was full and true man. He was flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone; and his incomparable soul, although it was incomparable, was veritably a human soul. Everything in his human substance was so exalted by its union with his Divine Person as to be adorable. The Blood shed at the Circumcision was adorable. The Blood shed in Gethsemane was adorable. His Blood in the chalice is adorable. It is the Blood of the living Jesus in heaven. It is the Blood shed in the Passion, reassumed at the resurrection, borne up to heaven in the Ascension, placed at the Right Hand of the Father there in its consummate glory and beautified immortality. Thus it is the very Blood of God; and it is the whole of it.

How shall we ever raise our love up to the height of

the doctrine which we have put forth already ? The Precious Blood is God's daily gift, nay, rather we might call it his incessant gift to us. For, if grace comes to us incessantly, it comes in view of the Precious Blood and because of it.

But who can estimate the wonderfulness of such a gift ? It is the Blood of the Son of God. It creates the supernatural life. The adorable majesty of the Undivided Trinity is an inexhaustible treasure-house of gifts. They are poured out upon us with the most affecting display of love. They are beautiful beyond compare, endlessly diversified and adopted to each heart and soul. Yet what gift do the Divine Persons give us, which has more of their own sweetness in it than the Precious Blood ? It has that yearning and tenderness which belong to the power of the Father, that magnificent prodigality which marks the wisdom of the Son, and that refreshing fire which characterizes the love of the Holy Ghost.

How adorable must be the exactness of his justice, how unattainable the standard of his sanctity, if the Precious Blood is to be the sole fitting ransom for the sins of men, the one divinely-chosen satisfaction to his outraged Majesty ? Yet what astonishing wisdom in such an invention, what a mysterious fondness of love !

The Precious Blood is a wonderful revelation of God, and also a marvellous revelation of the enormity of sin, which is another kind of revelation of God. It is by the height of his perfections that we measure the depths of sin. Its opposition to his unspeakable holiness, the amount of its outrage against his justice, and the intensity of his hatred of it, are manifested by the infinity of the sacrifice which he has required.

Our dearest Lord was impatient to shed his Blood. He longed to make his Father known, and so to increase his Father's glory. He knew that we must know God in order to love him, and then that our love of him would, in its turn, increase our knowledge of him. He yearned also with an unutterable love of us ; and this also entered into His Heart as another reason for his affectionate impatience, a stimulating desire for the shedding of his Blood.

With desire had he desired to communicate with his

chosen few in the Blessed Sacrifice of the Mass, wherein his Blood is mystically shed. He shed it in that miraculous reality before he shed it upon Calvary. He was straitened in himself by his impatience for his baptism of Blood ; and he bedewed the ground at Gethsemane with those priceless drops. This impatience is a revelation of the yearnings of his Sacred Heart, and represents to us the adorable impetuosity of the most Holy Trinity to communicate himself to his creatures. During his Passion Jesus shed his Blood in all manners, places and ways, even after he was dead, pouring it out until the last drop for the creatures whom he so incomprehensibly loved.

The Precious Blood lies like a superincumbent ocean of sanctifying grace over the Church, and irrigates even the deserts which lie outside the Church, because it was meant for all. It goes to sinners as well as saints. Its action in the Church is incessant.

In the sacraments, in separate graces, in hourly conversions, in multiplied death-beds, in releases from purgatory every moment, in countless augmentations of grace in countless souls, in far-off preludes and drawings towards the faith, this most dear Blood of Jesus is the manifold life of the world.

Scripture speaks of the Voice of God as of the Voice of many waters. So it is with the Precious Blood. It has a voice which God hears, speaking better things than the blood of Abel. In our ears also does it murmur sweetly, evermore and evermore, in sorrows, in absolutions, in communions, in sermons, in all holy joys.

It will never leave us now. In heaven that Blood will still flow around us, and sing to us, with a voice like that of Jesus, that word of him whose Heart's Blood it is. Well done, thou good and faithful servant ! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ! What is the life in heaven, but an everlasting *Te Deum* before the face of God ? But there also, as now in our *Te Deum* upon earth, we shall have a special joy, a special moving of our love, when we call ourselves "redeemed with Precious Blood ;" and, as we do now in church, so there, in our Father's House and Court, we shall say these words upon our knees, with a separate gladness, and a separate depth of adoration.

ANTHONY.

## MY CRUCIFIX.

Dear Friend ! sole comrade in my lonely battles,  
 Thou solace sweet in all life's misery !  
 Again I come with yearning for thy comfort,  
 Again I bring a pleading heart to thee.

From thee the Fathers learned their holy wisdom,  
 From thee the Martyrs gained their strength to die,  
 'Twas thou didst lead the bold Crusaders onward,  
 And thou didst make the Roman tyrant fly.

Earth's proudest monarch bends before thee kneeling.  
 Thou bidst the burdened slave look up and live,  
 And I—I, gazing on thee, cry in anguish,  
 "Forgive me, Lord ! Thou didst the thief forgive !"

M. REGINA COLGAN.

## ALL GRACES COME TO US BY MARY.

THE following is borrowed from the "*Etudes des Pères Jésuites*" (May 1896.) : We give the substance of the data from P. R. M. de la Broise in his article full of doctrine.

Leo XIII has done much to bring forward to the light the glories of Mary, and the doctrines which form the theology of the Mother of God. Several of his Encyclical Letters upon the Rosary are full of this thought : No grace comes to earth without passing through the hands of this august Mother : "Exalted in Heaven near to her Son, says he, in the Encyclical of 1895, she commenced to watch over the Church, to assist us and protect us as a Mother ; it was the design of God, that, after having served as an intermediary in the accomplishment of the mystery of the Redemption, she would be equally intermediary of the grace which this mystery would cause to overflow for all time, and, consequently, that she would be invested with a power almost beyond limit."

The grace to the distribution of which Mary is associated, is the grace of Christ, the grace that was merited

by the Incarnate Word to uplift the human race. Should we include therein the benefits of the natural order, such as those of health, riches, talent? Perhaps, at least in the measure to which Providence has assigned them for eternal salvation. In itself, the grace of Christ is grace supernatural, that which elevates man and renders him capable of meriting and of obtaining the intuitive vision, the beatific enjoyment of God.

This grace is at once a new life communicated to the soul, and a help to act in view of salvation. The Blessed Virgin partakes in the bestowal of these two graces. And, for sanctifying grace she intervenes by several rights : this grace of adoption unites and incorporates us with Jesus Christ to such a degree that we make but one moral person with Him ; so that the Mother of the Redeemer becomes the Mother of all those whom grace incorporates into her Son.

By her we receive all supernatural benefits, not only some, but all. This is the difference between the role of the Blessed Virgin and that of the other saints. All of the others have a limited sphere of action ; and personally each one intervenes in favor of such a man and not in favor of all, in such a particular case, not in all cases.

When we have not invoked a saint, to whose protection we have no special title, he has not necessarily a part in the graces we have gained. If we pray to Saint Anthony without thinking of Saint Bernard, the grace obtained is probably independent of the intervention of Saint Bernard ; we would have received the same grace and in the same manner had Saint Bernard never existed. Each one of the Blessed beholds a multitude of graces descending upon the world, for which they have done nothing personally to procure for mankind.

To the contrary, the Blessed Virgin has had a part in the grace obtained by Saint Anthony, even if we had not thought of praying to her ; we would not have obtained the same grace if the Blessed Virgin had not existed, and if she had not intervened for us. Our Lord is always implicitly invoked as necessary Mediator, without whom, neither the angels nor the Saints can do anything for us. In the same way, the Blessed Virgin exercises universal mediation in the distribution of graces. Not one

favor falls from Heaven upon earth for which mankind should not thank her.

The mediation of Mary is of an order essentially inferior to that of her Son.

Mary herself cannot communicate to the soul this superior life, that is sanctifying grace, nor, by actual grace, act immediately upon the intelligence and the will to make them produce supernatural acts. Theologians demonstrate that these operations belong properly to God, as the creative action to which they have a resemblance in some respects.

From Jesus all graces come to us, and Jesus has been given to us by Mary : consequently, all the graces received have truly been given to us by her. But more than that: there is another moral intervention. It please<sup>d</sup> God to unite Mary closely to Jesus in the work of Redemption. Mary holds a place near to Jesus, working with Him and by Him to save us and to sanctify us. To determine what she does to procure for us all graces and each grace in particular, let us examine what Jesus does : proportionately, Mary seconds Him in all.

There are two things in the work of salvation, the acquisition of grace and its distribution : in both let us remember the role of Jesus and that of Mary.

Mary lent all her concurrence to the work of Jesus. This concurrence is of secondary order, since the substance of the work belongs wholly to Christ ; but in this order it has been extended as far as the concurrence of a pure creature could be.

In her Immaculate Conception, Mary profited of all graces with a perfect fidelity, and thus rendered herself fit for the accomplishment of the mystery of the Incarnation. On the day of the Annunciation, eternally memorable, Mary, conforming herself wholly to the Divine Will, brought the concurrence of her maternity, and also an entire free consent, to take part in all Jesus would do, at first, by the total union of her will, and afterwards, by her cooperation continued even to the end. In saying : *May it be done unto me according to Thy word*, Mary adheres without reserve to all that God proposed to her.

From the Incarnation and the Crib, to Calvary, she cooperates in the work of her Son. Even on the Cross,



Jesus priest and Victim, would be offered to God by Mary His Mother.

The merits of the Blessed Virgin draw their value from those of her Son, without which no creature can make the least meritorious supernatural act. The Saviour merited grace in justice, *de condigno*, His Mother, united to Him, merited it by congruity, *de congruo*, as they say in theology, in the way the saints have merited for us, as one person can merit for another : the Blessed Virgin merited by a manner more excellent and universal, even so far as to merit, as some think, all the graces, in fact, given to mankind : such seems to be the result of the intervention of Mary in all the work of Redemption. And the Church constantly makes appeal to the merits of the Most Blessed Virgin as to an inexhaustible source.

Saint Bernard has said in all truth : “ A man and a woman have caused us an immense damage ; but, thanks be to God, equally by a man and by a woman, all is re-established, and not without a superabundance of graces. The most wise and most clement worker has not destroyed that which had been broken, He has remade it for our great utility, fashioning for us of the old Adam a new Adam, and transforming Eve in Mary. Christ could suffice : even now, all our assurance comes from Him ; but it was not good for us that man should be alone. It was expedient that both man and woman should have a share in our Redemption, since both had contributed to our loss. The woman blessed amongst women has her place and her action marked in that reconciliation. We need to have an intermediary between us and Christ, and we cannot find one more useful than Mary.”

The acquisition of grace is followed by its application : Mary partakes in both : “ God willed to give us Jesus Christ by the Blessed Virgin, said Bossuet ; the gifts of God are without repentance ; that order changes not. It is and will be always true that having received, through her charity, the universal principle of grace, we continue to receive through her interposition, the various applications in all the different states which compose the christian life.”

All grace accorded to mankind, said the Encyclical

of 1894 upon the Rosary, comes to them by three degrees perfectly ordained : God communicates it to Christ, from Christ it passes to the Blessed Virgin and from the hands of Mary it descends even to us. It is the order of moral causality ; in the order of physical causality, grace is immediately produced by God in souls. Three wills acting in perfect concert bring us the graces : the will and action of God confer them all ; the will and action of our Lord, Sovereign Mediator, merit and obtain them in justice ; in fine, the will and action of Mary merit and obtain them in all fitness, through our Lord.

During the thousand years which preceded the Messiah, grace had been granted as upon credit, in virtue of the foreseen merits and intercession of our Redeemer and of His Mother. When Christ had come, He poured forth the price of all these benefits and nobly presented the prayer to which God had had regard in advance. To the intercession of our Lord Mary has joined her own, also foreseen from all eternity.

Christ upon earth, not only as God, but also by His created intelligence, knew distinctly all men in the past, present, and future, and every one of the graces which He was meriting for each one. Had the Blessed Virgin a like knowledge ? Some theologians feel inclined towards that opinion. One may suppose that, at least in certain moments of her life, she knew by revelation the souls of all mankind, and asked, for each one of those souls, all the fruits of the Redemption. This belief is founded upon good reasons, and is authorized by illustrious authors, among whom we cite Albert the Great, Saint Antonin, Saint Bernardine of Siena, Hugues de St-Cher and Pere de Rhodes. Nevertheless, without knowing all the souls distinctly, Mary has been able to intercede for all in a manner implicit.

It is very probable that the Blessed Virgin knew us all completely, during her life upon earth ; it is very certain that she knows us all entirely since her entrance into Heaven.

God communicates the knowledge of the things of this world to all the Elect, at least according to the measure of their role and of their relations with mortals ; to Mary, whose influence over the work of salvation is uni-

versal, belongs the knowledge of all which interests that work : consequently, of all souls without exception, and of all the acts which approach or divert them from their supernatural end. It is then with the most complete knowledge and clear-sighted love that our Lady intervenes unceasingly in favor of each one of us.

She intervenes in all cases, after having been invoked, or even without such invocation. Heavenly graces are showered down upon the earth, some called down by prayer, others coming only from the goodness of God. Each soul has need of grace to begin to pray : she was unable to ask the first grace which she received for it. The light of faith and the upright movements of the will are sent to the infidel who never dreamed of recommending himself to the true God. These first benefits, independent of all prayer and of all terrestrial merit, are due to a prayer made in Heaven. In her knowledge of all the miseries of mankind, of the wisdom of God and of His infinite goodness, Mary has seen what graces were suitable to ask in order to begin in each soul the work of salvation. She herself made application to her Son and the prayer of Christ has been heard.

In other cases, grace has been asked upon earth, but the Blessed Virgin has not been invoked. The supplicant himself made application directly to God, or confided his request to an angel or to a saint. Then, we must say the same thing of Mary that we say of Jesus. Christ, unique and necessary mediator, is always implicitly invoked even when His name has not been pronounced ; thus His Mother, with whom He is associated, is always invoked with Him. If a person cries out pitifully to God, God looks to Jesus and Mary, who repeat to Him that cry which arises from the earth : if he recommends himself to a saint in heaven, the blessed one lifts his eyes upward to Jesus and Mary, who carry that prayer even to the throne of God.

In a great number of cases, people have prayed to obtain grace and they have prayed by Mary. It is the better way.

All prayer made in the name of Christ is infallibly heard. Nothing is more often or more solemnly promised in the Gospel. This promise belongs to the graces of sal-

vation, and of temporal benefits, in so much that these conduct to the supernatural end for which the Word Himself became Incarnate and became our Mediator. God always hears those who pray in the Name of Jesus Christ, whose mediation they invoke near to the throne of grace. Whoever asks, in the name of the Saviour, the graces of salvation and of sanctification are sure of obtaining them. Among the manners of thus asking, there are some better than others. The fervor of the faithful remaining the same, certain prayers and acts of devotion are more appropriate than others to obtain grace promptly and largely. The reason of this difference is the will of God. By preference, He wishes to encourage such devotions as are more excellent, more conformed to the order of things, more useful to the faithful, and more proper to such a particular end. One prays best, who conforms himself most to the order of Divine Providence.

Sometimes God wishes to honor a particular saint ; He inspires us to invoke that saint, and hastens to hear the prayers offered in his honor. By the intercession of that saint, many favors are granted, which otherwise would not have been obtained. By this intermediary, we receive graces quickly, easily, and abundantly. Who can deny that, in our days, providential calls warn us to turn towards Saint Anthony of Padua ?

That which God does for other saints at certain times, or for a certain class of benefits, He does unceasingly, and for all graces, in favor of the Blessed Virgin : a multitude of favors, which, without her, would never have been granted, will be obtained if we claim her intercession. All the petitions which arise from the earth must be accepted and presented by Mary. By her the saints, even the most privileged, must make their intercession reach unto God.

By praying to Mary, we respond to the design of divine wisdom, which is to honor Mary and to make her honored by all creatures ; we practice acts of devotion which are the most excellent after those we address to God Himself ; we conform ourselves to the order of things, our Lady being the mediatrix—dispensatrix of all graces. We always pray well when we have recourse to her. To join Mary's invocation to that of a saint particularly honored,

is to render our petition more pressing and efficacious, by the express mention of that which will make it acceptable. We are agreeable to Jesus when we pray to Him with Mary and by Mary, since He wishes that His Mother should be associated with Him in the distribution of His benefits. In fine, by praying directly to Mary, our petitions go to God, beginning by the first degree from which all prayer must ascend : " In the recitation of the Rosary, said Leo XIII, in his Encyclical of 1894, we detain ourselves longer, and more willingly, upon the first of these degrees. We repeat the angelic salutation by tens, in order to ascend with more assurance the other two degrees, that is to say, to go by Jesus Christ even to God. Our prayer is imperfect and feeble : it needs a support to sustain and give it credit ; that is why we address the same salutation so many times to Mary, begging her to pray for us and to speak in our name. By her our voice will find favor with God, for it is to her that God Himself addressed these words full of love : *Let your voice sound in mine ears, your voice all full of charms.*"

Saint Bernard had said : " Let us honor Mary in all our petitions, from the depths of our hearts, in the most intimate of our affections, for such is the intention of Him whose will is that we receive all through Mary. It is His will and for our good. For, in all things, and by all means, He takes care of the miserable : He reassures our fear, excites our faith, fortifies our hope, disperses our suspicions, uplifts us from our pusillanimity. You fear to approach God the Father, you fly, frightened, at His voice : He has given you Jesus as Mediator. But perhaps, in Him you dread the Divine Majesty, for in becoming Man He remained God. You wish to have an advocate near to Him ? Have recourse to Mary. The Son will certainly hear His Mother, and the Father will certainly hear His Son. Most dear children, Mary is the ladder of sinners, the object of my greatest confidence, the sole reason of my hope."

The doctrine before stated, that all graces come to us by Mary, is conformable to the best theology, supported upon the most grave authorities and generally received by the Church : " Mary," says Benedict XIV—Bull of the Cong. of the Blessed Virgin, *Gloriosa Domine*—"Mary is

alike a celestial canal, from which the waters of all graces and of all gifts descend into the hearts of unfortunate mortals." Leo XIII, already cited, gives several propositions similar or more explicit and without restrictions.

In the seventh century, Saint Germanus of Constantinople formulated the same belief, nearly in the same terms with Saint Bernard : " For us, said he, far from God in the multitude of our sins, it is by you that we have sought God; and in seeking Him, we have found Him; and in finding Him we have been saved. Your protection, therefore, is powerful for salvation, O Mother of God, and needs no other intermediary near to God. Truly, your magnificence has no limits; your protection of us is unwearied, your benefits are without number. For, no one is saved, except by you, O all Holy; no one obtains a gift, except by you, O all Pure; no one is delivered from his woes, except by you, O Immaculate; no one receives mercy and grace, except by you, O all Venerable! Who, therefore, will not call you Blessed? Who will not exalt you, if not as you deserve, at least with all his heart? You, replete with glory; you, full of blessedness; you, great and admirable, who have received so much of the grandeur of your Son and of your God; you, who are to be praised for all generations! Saint John Damascene and Saint Andrew of Crete, his contemporaries of the Orient, speak in the same sense.

Saint Thomas explains, as follows, the words of the Archangel : *Full of grace*. "*Full of grace*" . . . to pour it upon all mankind. It is much for a saint to have grace immense enough to suffice for the salvation of a great number, but it is far greater to have enough to suffice for the salvation of all men; and that grace exists in Christ and the Blessed Virgin. In all perils you can obtain salvation by her; in every virtuous work you can have her assistance, and that is why it is said of her in the Holy Scriptures : *In me is all hope of life and of virtue.*"

A great number of authors and saints, considered as great theologians, are unanimous in the general affirmation that the Blessed Virgin has a share in the bestowal of every grace : such are Pere Poiré, Crasset, Petitalot, Jean Jacquot, Pere de Rhodes, Contenson, Christophe de Vega, Suarez, Saint Bernard, Saint Bernardine of Siena, Saint

Leonard of Port-Maurice, Blessed Grignon de Montfort and Saint Liguori.

Suarez draws attention to the traditional manner of invoking the Blessed Virgin, either in the private devotions of each one of the faithful, or in the public prayers of the Church. We do not ask one saint to intercede with another saint for us, because they are all in the same order ; but we ask the saints to solicit in our behalf, the powerful intercession of our Lady, reciting in their honor the *Ave Maria*, in order that they may present it to their Queen for us.

In fine, says Suarez, the Holy Church prays to the Virgin with greater honor, calling her, for example, "our hope, our life, our sweetness, Mother of mercy," and invokes her more frequently and more urgently than she does the other Saints. Every day, the Church offers to Mary the homage of public prayers, either in the canonical hours, or in the sacrifice of the mass, or in giving to all the people, three times a day, a signal to pray to the Blessed Virgin. In the beginning of sermons, she places a prayer to Mary ; she consecrates to her a great number of feasts. All this bears testimony to the belief of the Church that the intercession of Mary is more useful and necessary than that of other saints.

In all liturgical prayers, the mediation of our Lord is indicated in either of these terms : " By our Lord Jesus Christ," or, at least, by the *Pater*, which we have learned from Him and recite with Him ; for it is only by our Lord and in virtue of our union with Him that we can call God *our Father*. Likewise, in her daily office, the Church offers not one prayer to God without imploring the assistance of Mary. Is this not to insinuate that her intercession is universal and necessary ?

The greater part of the saints are not specially named more than once in the year, on their respective feast-days. Those who are the most honored are named each day in some parts of the mass and in the *confiteor*. But each time when they are mentioned, the Blessed Virgin precedes them, and is detached from them. She is saluted as Mother of God, blessed, glorious, as one to whom it is above all important to be united. If some privileged saints are invoked in two or three places of the daily li-

turgy, the Blessed Virgin is invoked in all. Each time that the office terminates, before leaving the choir, an anthem to the Blessed Virgin puts under her patronage all the prayers and praises which have just been offered to God. At the beginning and end of the office, and at the commencement of each hour, the *Ave Maria* is recited after the *Pater*, and thus the Church leads us to the Father by the Son, and to the Son by the Mother.

These traditional practices, supported by such good reasons and by authorities so grave, go to establish as revealed and belonging to the domain of the Faith, this great and consoling truth : that the most Blessed Virgin bears a part in meriting and obtaining all the graces which are showered down at every hour upon each one of us and upon the entire world. ;

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GLORY BE TO THE BLOOD OF JESUS AND  
MARY IMMACULATE !

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THE CHILD OF MARY IMMACULATE.

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O favoured mortal, Mary's Child,  
Can tongue reveal thy bliss?  
The spotless Angels round her throne  
Know not a name like this.

They hail her as their Sovereign Queen,  
The Mother of their Lord ;  
They are but servants kneeling there  
To hear her gracious word.

But thou canst say, as Jesus did,  
Mary, Mother mine,  
For He himself, on Calvary's hill,  
Has made that mother thine.

Yes, then and there, she called thee,  
And pressed thee to her heart;  
'Twas that sweet hour, all mercy's own,  
That made thee what thou art.



'Twas in that hour, beneath the cross,  
 At Jesus' dying prayer,  
 That first her sinless hands were raised,  
 And Mary blessed thee there.

O, yes, and still she loves thee :  
 Heaven's glorious Queen above  
 Looks down upon her lowly Child  
 With more than mother's love.

She guides and guards thee every step  
 Of life's long, rugged way ;  
 If thou but trust and clign to her,  
 Thy feet can never stray.

Her prayer will shield from every dart  
 Of Satan's hellish power ;  
 When storms arise that fain would blast,  
 She'll save thee in that hour.

Fear not, thy soul is in her hands,  
 She knows the price it cost ;  
 Fear not, it never yet was heard  
 That Mary's Child was lost.

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### STRANGE PARISHIONERS.

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(FROM THE " ENGLISH MESSENGER OF THE  
 SACRED HEART.")

**H**AS it ever been your lot, dear reader, to walk—wade,  
 I mean—on any day of a wet winter, along a true,  
 mediæval, unmistakable Breton lane ? If so, you  
 can doubtless call to mind how gaily, in spite of sundry  
 impediments, flowed the stream of water down its midst,  
 flanked right and left by unimagined mud, in which the  
 hoofs of cattle had left deep holes, now filled with anything  
 but limpid liquid—how well the amphibious way was  
 hemmed in by steep and overhanging banks, rich with  
 rotting leaves and matted grass and sodden fern, but offer-  
 ing no foothold ; and, lastly, how the interlacing branches

of oak and hazels overhead, dripped merrily upon you as you dragged each mire-clogged foot in turn from the last depth it had fathomed, to plunge its next step into depths unknown.

Through such a lane as this, towards night-fall, one January day, about five and thirty years ago, silently trudged two Little Sisters of the Poor. They had been on foot from day-break ; they had no money ; they had not tasted food since their breakfast of bread and weak coffee at half-past six ; and the basket on the arm of each was still empty.

Their house at Vannes, the first offshoot from the mother-house at Saint-Servan, had only recently been opened, and was very poor. But it was full already of aged and infirm. The simplest articles of furniture were for the most part lacking, and there was no money to buy more. Even the broken food which the good Sisters begged in the town for their helpless folk, was becoming insufficient for their numbers. Therefore was it that, on this January day, the Sister Superior, giving two of her community a few pence each—all the money she had left—bade them go by railway as far as this small sum would take them, and thence on foot to beg provisions from the farms and hamlets round.

As we said, they had been upon their fruitless quest all day, when we find them toiling through the heavy cross road leading from one farm to another. Slushy as it is all through the winter months, this road is dry in summer, as well as delightful, for beauty and shade, and the mingled warnings of “ all the finches of the grove.”

But, says the proverb, “ It’s a long lane that has no turning,” and even this seemingly interminable bog issued at last upon the highroad. Here the prospect opened out in the direction of Quiberon, while, westward, the view was intercepted by a wood. In the grassy angle to the right, formed by the crossing roads, stood a lofty Crucifix of granite. The clouds had rifted in the west ; and, through the long bar of light between, there came a red glow from the setting sun, which lit with golden glory the ancient cross, and the figure of the Divine Infant stretched upon it. It is the Breton way of symbolising the perfect obedience of our dear Redeemer, the “ Lamb

of God," that one so frequently finds Him represented in that Catholic land, as on the Cross, from Infancy ?

Kneeling down upon the lowest step, the Little Sisters spent a few minutes in earnest prayer. Sœur Philomene, the younger of the two, noticed how the grey granite upon which she knelt was beautiful with bossy cushions of velvety moss, and abundant clusters of delicate and lovely ferns, which curled and feathered out of every crevice ; and, in her heart, she said, " Oh, dearest Lord, these tiny creatures of Thy hand, the ferns and mosses on the granite rock, are nourished by Thy goodness, and want for nothing ; and wilt Thou not give to us, Thy children, food for Thy famishing poor, that their hearts may be comforted, and give thanks to Thee ? "

They rose from their knees, and Sœur St. Felix proposed that, as it was so late in the day, they should now make all the haste they could to the little station, to which they had taken their return ticket, in time for the evening train to Vannes.

But Sœur Philomene had caught sight of a light from a cottage window across the valley, and pointed it out to her companion. " Let us go there first, dear Sister, and try once more—just this once ; and this time our good Father St. Joseph *must* help us ! "

" Our good Father St. Joseph seems in no hurry to help us to-day ! " rejoined Sœur St. Felix, with a sigh, which, though resigned, did not quite answer to her name. " However, we will give him one more chance to be generous ! Let us say our Rosary all the way. Perhaps we've not prayed enough. Getting through all that mud I found very distracting ! "

And so, as the sun went down, the Sisters, reciting the Rosary aloud, plunged into another reach of the miry lane, which led them down some way into the valley. Then, passing through a stile, they entered the open fields, and soon after, crossing the stream by its rustic bridge, they reached the cottage. The light they had seen from the windows came from the cheerful glow of a wood fire which lit up the whitewashed walls and dark rafters of the unceiled room within.

The house was of one storey only, low, and rather long, with a thatched roof, on which was a plentiful

growth of house-leeks, and patches of green and golden moss. There were trees behind it, and thence the ground rose steeply to the top of the ridge of hill.

Pausing with her hand on the latch of the little garden gate, Sœur St. Felix said in a whisper, "It looks so *very* poor ! I see no good in asking *here* !"

"One never knows," answered Sœur Philomene ; "people don't give according to their *means*, but according to their *hearts* !"

"You are right, there, Sister ; still, it hurts me to beg of people who have next to nothing for themselves."

"Well, you get them a good large blessing, any way, if you get them to give." Finding all her objections silenced, good Sœur St. Felix led the way up the narrow path, and knocked at the cottage door.

An old man opened it at once. Though but a peasant, as his garb plainly showed, there was a singular dignity and charm in his countenance and manner, as he courteously invited them to enter.

Sœur St. Felix begged to apologise for coming "to trouble" him ; but he stopped her by saying "we always have a welcome for the Little Sisters of the Poor ! You will not," he added, "expect to receive large alms from people like ourselves, but you are heartily welcome to what we have to give you."

He then went to a piece of furniture by the wall, and took from it a bit of folded paper, which he put into her hand.

To the Sister's utter amazement, she found that he had given her two notes of 100 francs, making a sum equivalent to £8 sterling.

*Mais Monsieur !* she exclaimed, showing the generous donor what he had given her, "pardon me, but is there no mistake ?"

"There is no mistake, dear Sister," he said. "This little gift was intended for you ; I know the good use that will be made of it ; and what we give, we give gladly."

On a low "settle," with the glow of the blazing logs lighting up her sweet face and white winged cap, sat a girl—clad in the dark blue dress and spencer of that part of the country—with a baby boy on her knee. She smiled

quietly on seeing the wonder of the Sisters, but said nothing.

After some brief but fervent expressions of gratitude, and praying that God would reward these benefactors of the poor and suffering a thousand fold—their, and all theirs—the Sisters took their departure, and, with rejoicing, went on their way.

They crossed the fields to the high road, which brought them, shortly, to the village, whence they had come on foot. Arrived there, they went to the presbytery, and asked to see the curé, whose permission to beg in his parish for their old people they had obtained before starting.

'Phrasie, who, in her black stuff gown and snowy cap, was the ideal of a comfortable, kindly housekeeper, had scarcely opened the door before the cure himself came in from the church close by, whither he had been to ring the evening *Angelus*, and to finish saying his Office, as he loved to do, before the Tabernacle.

By the light of 'Phrasie's candle, he recognised his visitors of the morning—not by their faces, which he could not see, but by their ample hooded cloaks—and cordially invited them to enter. As he led the way to the parlour, he glanced at their baskets, and expressed his fears that they had "toiled all day, and taken nothing."

Then they told him of their unsuccessful quest, until the wonderful surprise which had crowned their weary day with thankful joy, and which they related with circumstantial exactness.

"But," they added, "we do not like to receive so large a sum from one of your poorest parishioners, *Monsieur le Cure*, without asking you if we are justified in accepting so much from him."

"But, my dear Sisters," said the cure, with a perplexed look, "will you once more describe to me carefully the exact spot where these parishioners of mine live?"

They did so, and said that in order to reach the cottage they had to cross a rough wooden bridge over a stream at the bottom of the valley; that beyond the bridge the ground rose, and a few yards up the ascent brought them to the garden gate; and that there were no trees near, except a clump of firs at the back of the cottage.

"I know the clump of furs, and I know the wooden bridge," said the cure, "but I am perfectly certain that no house of any description, rich or poor, slated or thatched, stands on that spot, or ever has stood there, since I came here as cure two-and-twenty years ago!"

The Sisters glanced at each other in still greater perplexity than that in which they had plunged the cure and were silent.

"Tell me now, again, if you please, what the *people* in this cottage were like. Give me an exact description of all the three, as far as you observed them, and without the least touch of imagination as to any detail!"

The good cure was so sorely puzzled that he spoke almost sternly.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur le Curé,*" answered Sœur St. Félix, humbly, "*Ce Monsieur-là* was tall, and grave, and kind; his manners were courteous and calm; he seemed like a peasant of noble descent (*un paysan de grande famille*). His hair and beard were grey, and his dress the costume of his parish."

"And then," broke in Sœur Philomene, who had been less taken up with "*Ce Monsieur-là*" than with the greater attractions of his "daughter and little grandson" (as she supposed them to be), by the hearth—"and then, *la jeune dame! comme elle était douce cette jeune fille!*"

"My good Sister," interrupted the cure, can you, please, tell me plainly what the young woman was? You call her *jeune dame, jeune fille*—now, which was she?"

"Both, *Monsieur le Curé*," exclaimed Sœur Philomene; "I don't know how to express it. Imagine a young queen in a peasant girl's dress: that is what she looked. If only you had been with us, then you would know. . . . And her beautiful little boy—looking at us with his sweet serious eyes, as babes do—gravely—Are you quite sure, *M. le Curé*, that you cannot remember such parishioners as these?"

The cure did not answer. A thought struck him, which he was not inclined hastily to communicate.

Looking at the time-piece, he said, suddenly: "Perhaps you are not aware, *mes Sœurs*, that the last train to Vannes that stops to-night at this little station, is gone. You must be sorely in need of some din-

ner, my poor children. Come. I hear 'Phrasie taking in the soup. You can sleep at her daughter's across the way, and, to-morrow, after Mass, you must take me to 'the cottage.' I wish to have the matter cleared up before you go. You will still be back at Vannes by ten to-morrow morning."

And so it was arranged.

Next day, the Sisters, accompanied by the cure and a friend of his who was staying with him, started in search of these mysterious parishioners. After crossing the fields, they passed the bridge, but it led to no garden; they walked under the clustering firs, but they no longer sheltered anything but the turf of the hillside, which was smooth and unbroken by any vestige of building.

"Surely, surely, then," exclaimed Sœur St. Felix, clasping her hands, "this venerable man was none other than our holy Patron St. Joseph—God forgive me for having grumbled at him as I did, sinner that I am. And he so polite to me."

The cure and his friend uncovered their heads, and the Little Sisters knelt on the grass, giving thanks to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, not only for the timely succour given their aged poor, but also for the sweet and marvelous condensation with which it had been granted—as M. le cure loved to repeat, *par mes paroissiens célestes* by his "Heavenly Parishioners."

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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.)

More happy than the great poet, Catherine often succeeded in extinguishing the fires of hatred. She had received the gift of reconciling enemies and, in those times of fratricidal struggles, from all sides the people implored her mediation. When her words were not sufficient, Catherine had recourse to prayer and obtained from God so powerful a grace that she triumphed over the most opinionated resistance.

It was thus that she reconciled the Maconi family with the families of Rinaldini and Tolomei.

We were then in war, said Stephen Maconi, with a family more powerful than ours, and, in spite of the efforts and negotiations of honorable citizens, it had been impossible to obtain from our enemies any hope of ever coming to an agreement. Catherine was then enjoying a great reputation throughout all Toscane ; every one praised her virtues, and related admirable things of her. They told me that if I begged her to intervene in the affair, she would certainly obtain peace for us, as she had for many others. I went to take counsel with a gentleman who had been thus reconciled, and who had become the friend of Catherine. When the gentleman had heard me, he answered immediately, saying : “ Be certain that you cannot find in this city a person more capable of making peace. Do not delay, I will accompany you. We paid her the visit, and she received us, not, as I had thought, with the bashful timidity of a young girl, but with the tenderness of a sister who welcomes her brother after a long journey.

I was greatly astonished, and listened with surprise to her words addressed to me, exhorting me to confess and to lead a more christian life.

When I had exposed to her the object of my visit, she answered me without hesitation : “ Go, my dear son. Confide in the Lord. I will do all that I can to obtain peace for you ; leave me in charge of the affair.”

“ Catherine had great influence with the Tolomei family ; she used it to obtain, though not without pain, a meeting between the hostile parties on the Piazza Tolomei. On the day fixed, both the Tolomei and the Rinaldini failed to appear at the appointed rendez-vous ; and, for several days after, they all avoided meeting Catherine. Seeing their bad faith, the Saint cried out : Ah ! they will not listen to me : very well ; whether they wish to or not, they shall listen to God.” After saying that, she went out, and, upon arriving at the Piazza Tolomei, found Conrad Maconi, his son Stephen, and their relatives in waiting. Catherine led them all into a church close by, and prostrating herself before the high altar, became wrapt in ecstacy. All at once the Tolomei and the Rinaldini, impelled by an impulse which could have come only



from God, and without any previous arrangement, entered the church at the same time. Beholding the Saint elevated from the floor and transfigured in ecstasy, her face illumined with celestial brightness, they were all penetrated with such lively compunction that, forgetful of their rancors, they there agreed to place the affair in the hands of Catherine, and did not depart from the church until after being sincerely reconciled."

But this angel of peace made herself heard for the needs of others even more faulty. A stranger to all fear, to all weakness, she dared to write to the first magistrates of Siena—to those *magnificent lords, defenders of the people*—who, once in power, had no other ambition than to gratify their hatred and to fill their coffers. "The magistrate who does not occupy himself with anything besides his personal affairs, observes not justice, but violates it in a thousand ways. This unfortunate citizen, who would govern the city and yet governs not himself, is not disturbed when he sees the poor despoiled. He allows himself to be corrupted by men—sometimes, for money—he overlooks the rights of the poor and decides in favor of persons who ought to be condemned." The splendid yet severe remonstrance terminates by these words: "You are not sound and incorruptible ministers of holy justice, and that is why God has permitted and will again permit that you be proved by plagues and chastisements such as have never been known, I believe, since the beginning of the world.

LAURE CONAN.

(*To be continued.*)

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## A " HEART OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

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Written for " THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

" Place on thy heart one drop of the Precious Blood of Jesus and fear nothing."

Words of P. Pius IX.

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## PART I.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

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**D**EVER perhaps in the present century has navigation been more dangerous than during the Autumn of 18. . . Many a gallant ship and crew were then submerged in the angry waves. The incident we are about to relate occurred on the Atlantic, a few leagues off the coast of France.

For several days the rain had fallen in torrents ; yet, on account of urgent business, Captain Redmond was obliged to set on a perilous voyage. All day long the wind blew furiously, dashing the waves about and lifting them to a fearful height. The crew, being all good Catholics and very devout, while doing their utmost to manage the vessel, put all their trust in God, and often the sweet words of the "*Ave Maris Stella*," chanted in their rough but plaintive melody, could be heard above the storm to which the wind and waves replied in sounds of fury.

The captain, worn out with watching, went to take a brief repose, leaving the mate in charge, and asking to be called in a couple of hours. But sleep was impossible, so after tossing in his berth for about an hour, he was on the point of rising, when he saw the door softly open, and an unknown young man enter his cabin. Although of a brave and fearless disposition, yet an uncontrollable fear seized him. Whence did the intruder come? Was he a thief? How could he have been on board without his knowledge?

But the stranger gave no explanation. Without seeming to notice the captain, he walked over to his desk, laid a note upon it, then left the room. The captain, on

recovering a little from his astonishment at this strange proceeding, arose and went to his desk. There, on a slip of paper, in a large masculine hand, was written : " Put about, and steer in a north-easterly direction." His astonishment increasing, he sought the pilot and mate to question them concerning the young man. Neither of them had seen anyone of the description on board ; however, a search was made, but without success. The captain wished to alter his course immediately, but the mate only laughed at him, saying it was, doubtless, a trick of one of the passengers and advised him not to pay it any attention. The captain yielded ; although, as he afterwards remarked, reluctantly.

A long and terrible night ensued. No sun appeared the next morning, but when some faint beams of light, which they were glad to call day, burst upon the storm-tossed vessel, the captain, returning to his cabin, found another note lying in the same place, and the exact counterpart of the one left the previous evening by the mysterious stranger. A little after ten o'clock, he found a third with the selfsame words, only there was added to it : "*For God's sake, hasten!*"

Now thoroughly alarmed, he once more sought the mate and told him all ; concluding by saying he felt very uneasy, and that he intended turning the vessel without delay. Again the mate tried to dissuade him from what he termed folly and *old womanish superstition*, saying, that perhaps some mischievous fellow on board would be highly delighted to see that his trick had succeeded. This time, however, the captain was deaf to all his arguments and reasonings.

" If you could show me that man on board," he said, " I would listen to your advice, but since you cannot, I must hearken to the voice of my conscience and find out the meaning of all this," and he gave orders for the ship to be headed in the direction indicated.

After three hours hard struggling through the storm, the captain, from aloft, could discern in the distance, a vessel, half submerged in the waves that arose like mountains around it. Another hour's plunging through the storm brought them within a few cable lengths of the sink-

ing boat to which about twenty persons were clinging and crying loudly for assistance.

Captain Redmond gave orders for the life-boats to be lowered, and he, with the bravest of the crew, went to the rescue of the perishing. Five minutes more would have been too late, for, scarcely had the small boats reached the vessel's side with their precious cargo, when the waves engulfed the wreck. A fervent prayer of thanksgiving rose to the lips of all.

Then began the work of lifting the rescued passengers into the vessel. Some of them seemed almost dead; but as each one was laid on deck, strong and willing arms bore them to the cabin below, where every effort was made to restore the life which seemed almost extinct. They had now come to the last, a handsome young man, when Captain Redmond was heard exclaiming:

“ My God, it is he ! ”

“ Who ? ” asked the mate in astonishment, noticing the pallor that had overspread the captain's face.

“ The very young man who left the note in my cabin this morning. ” \*

S. M. A.

( *To be continued.* )

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\* The above narrative is perfectly true, and was related by the captain to his daughter, who is now a religious of the Precious Blood in one of our convents. The names of course have been changed.

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## PRAYERS SOLICITED.

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This month will bring us the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the merry Christmas.

During this month, let us pray specially for the CHILDREN, that Mary may preserve in them the whiteness of their baptismal innocence; for the *Poor* to the end that the Star of Bethlehem may shine down in the souls of the *Rich*, with irresistible attraction; guiding them, loaded with gifts, wherever is lacking food and clothing, warmth and shelter.

Let us also pray according to the various intentions of all the persons who solicit *the Voice of the Precious Blood* to intercede in their behalf.

WE MUST PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : The Revd. M. P. URGEL VIAU, des PP. Ste Croix, deceased at the Cote des Neiges, Montreal ; The Revd. J. A. CADOTTE, at St-Hyacinthe ; the Rev. Father GIBRA, at Toronto ; for Mrs. N. GOVETTE, at Maisonneuve ; Mrs. JULIE CHARBONNEAU, at Central Falls ; Mrs. CLEO. MORIN, and Mrs. PELTIER, at West Gardner ; Mrs. THS MAILLET, at Ste Marie Beauce ; Mrs. PHILLAS LEDOUX, at Ely ; Mrs. AD. DESMARIS, at St-Ours ; Mrs. ESTHER DEMERS, at St-Agapit ; M. and Mrs. ANTOINE Vallee, at Somerset ; Mrs. JOS SALVAS, at St-Aime ; for Misses JOSEPHINE LACROIX, at L'Epiphanie ; DINA ROY, at St-Georges ; MALVINA CHARPENTIER, and CAROLINE MICHAUD, at la Riviere Blanche ; SCHOLASTIQUE THERIAULT, at L'Assomption ; JULIENNE CARMEL, at Ste Felicite ; PHILOMENE DUPRE at St Ours ; for MM. LOUIS SAUCIER, at L'Assomption ; J. BTE SAUCIER, at Quebec ; OLIVIER CHARLONNE, at Central Falls ; AUGUSTIN LAMBERT, at Belœil ; ARTHUR DESNOYERS, at St-Hyacinthe ; GEORGE FOURNIER, at la Riviere du Loup ; FREDERIC DUBE, at Acton Vale ; LOUIS GIROUX, at Beauport ; THEODORE BEAULNE, at Belle-Riviere ; WILLIAM FRENETTE, at Manchester, N. H. ; for the Revde Sr MARIE ST ISIDORE, deceased at St-Hyacinthe, and for all the subscribers deceased in 1896.

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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## THANKSGIVINGS

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE

MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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“ I hasten to fulfill a promise I made to publish in the annals a favor which I had asked, namely :

The conversion of a young man who, by bad company, had been led astray and who was leading a very bad life, neglecting his religion and every one dear to him. Thanks to the intercession of the Most Precious Blood, our Blessed Mother the Queen of Heaven and Saint Anthony of Padua, a complete change has come over him.

For the last five weeks he has turned his back on all his former companions and does not care or wish to see or associate with them any longer.

And he has received the Sacraments twice during the above period."

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"Would the Sisters kindly insert in their magazine "The Voice of the Precious Blood" the accordance of a temporal favor after promising to publish in magazine."

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"I said the Thirty Days Prayer to the Blessed Virgin and fasted a day in her honor and said a few other prayers in her honor for a certain request, promising if my request was granted to have it inserted in "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

Thanks be to the most Precious Blood and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, I have obtained my request.

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"A Montreal lady had a child threatened with loss of sight. The child has been cured, after a novena made in honor of the Precious Blood, at St-Hyacinthe and at Three Rivers, and after a promise to insert the fact in the Annals."

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"For several months, I suffered from a malady of extreme weakness and languor, which the physicians could not cure.

With great confidence, I made a novena in honor of the Precious Blood, adding a promise, that if I obtained a cure to publish it in your Annals. I am perfectly cured."

\*\*\*

"Please publish the cure of a little girl, deprived of her sight for one year.

After having promised to subscribe for the work of the Precious Blood and to publish the cure, her mother observed that the child was improving, and to-day she is perfectly well."

“ On the 21st of last September, I broke my arm and sprained the elbow in falling.

Several doctors judged amputation necessary. I was resigned. But my boarding mistress promised a subscription to *The Voice of the Precious Blood* if I were cured without an amputation. Since that moment, I have become much better, and the doctors hope that I will not remain infirm.”

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“ I am happy to announce to you that Mrs. M—who was to undergo an operation, is now perfectly re-established in health, against the opinion of four doctors who would have operated upon her.

Glory and honor to the Precious Blood !”

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A letter from our new House at Nicolet, says :

“ Kindly include in your prayers several sick persons. Entire families are coming from other places hoping to be cured ; and it pleased God to recompense frequently the faith of these people, by making the virtue of the Divine Blood shine brightly by the solace and cure of the invalids.

“ On Sunday, a carriage stopped before the Monastery, from which descended a lady accompanied by her husband. “ I bring you one raised from the dead,” said he. Two days previous, the lady had been at the point of death. Her husband came to recommend her to the Precious Blood. He had scarcely returned to his house, when his wife began to grow better.”

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*Our Lady of Olives.*—My sister-in-law had placed one of the medals in her husband’s mill, and another in her house, asking Our Lady of Olives to preserve the family from all evil.

On Oct. 2, my brother-in-law was obliged to go into a very dangerous place in his mill whilst the wheels were turning rapidly. It was a dark place, and so narrow that he could not move except with difficulty. Once, the wheel caught hold of his clothes, which were very strong, and tore them from top to bottom, but he, himself, was not

hurt. His servant, and all those who knew the danger of the place, said that without heavenly protection he would certainly have fallen and be killed, caught hold of in that way by the wheels.

“ Thanks to our Lady of Olives ! ”

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“ *Saint Michael Archangel.*—A person, having obtained a signal favor, by the interposition of saint Michael, wishes me to ask you to unite your fervent thanksgiving with hers for that favor which has dissipated all trouble and disquietude in her affairs.”

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*Saint Anthony of Padua.*—Having lost a horse, which was a borrowed one, we began a novena to good Saint Anthony, with the promise to celebrate a Mass in his honor. On the sixth day of the Novena, to our great satisfaction, a person came to tell us that he had found a horse. It was the very one in question.

The Brothers of Charity, St. Ferdinand.

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Several other persons thank the *Precious Blood, Saint Anthony of Padua* and Saint Expedit, for particular graces obtained.

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“ DO NOT FORGET ME ! ”

By SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I dreamed of you in purgatory —  
That from the darkness you were crying,

“ Do not forget me ! ”

Pleading and praying,

But only saying,

“ Do not forget me ! ”

I dreamed of you in bliss and glory—  
You smiled from heaven ; I wakened crying,

“ Do not forget me ! ”

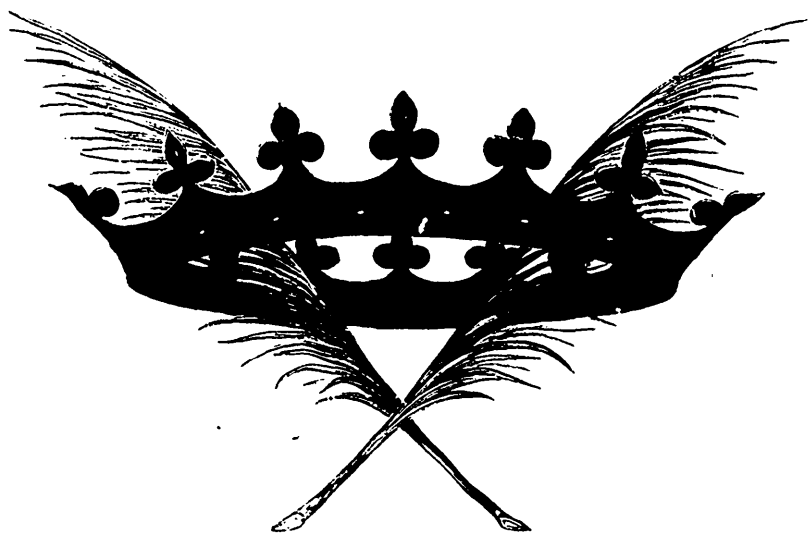
Weeping and praying,

But only saying,

“ Do not forget me ! ”

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*Jesus :*

*To our Friends and Benefactors,  
Those who love Thy Blood divine,  
Give the brightest thrones in heaven,  
Close, oh Jesus dear, to Thine,  
On their brows with glory radiant,  
Place bright diadems so fair.  
May they, in boundless joy and triumph,  
The glorious palm of victory bear.*

*The Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood.*