

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

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ALL LOVE TO THE REDEEMING BLOOD!

(Selections from Faber.)

I.

SALVATION! To be saved! What is it to be saved? Who can tell? Eye has not seen, nor ear heard. It is a rescue, and from such a shipwreck. It is a rest, and in such an unimaginable home. It is to lie down forever in the bosom of God in an endless rapture and insatiable contentment.

“Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.” Who else but Jesus can do this, and what else even from him do we require but this? for in this lie all things which we can desire.

Of all miseries, the bondage of sin is the most miserable. It is worse than sorrow, worse than pain. It is such a ruin that no other ruin is like unto it. What is a life of sins, a death in sin? What the irrevocable eternity of unretracted sin?

From all this horror whither shall we look for deliverance? In the abysses of the eternal wisdom it has been decreed that without shedding of blood there shall be no remission of sin. It is from Jesus Christ alone, from his Precious Blood that our salvation comes. Out of the immensity of Its merits, out of the inexhaustible treasures of Its satisfactions, we, miserable sinners, are raised out of the depths of our wretchedness, and restored to the peace and favor of our Heavenly Father.

What a gladness must salvation be! For as there is

no misery like sin, so is there no deliverance like that with which Jesus makes us free. Words will not tell it. Thought only can think it, and it must be thought out of an enlightened mind and a burning heart, dwelt on for a long, long while. The first moment after death is a moment which most infallibly come to every one of us. Earth lies behind us. The measureless spaces of eternity lie outstretched before us. The words of our sentence have scarcely floated away into silence. It is a sentence of salvation. The risk has been run, and we are saved. God's power is holding our soul lest it should die of gladness. It cannot take in the whole of its eternity. The least accidental joy is a world of beatitude in itself. The blaze of the vision is overwhelming. Then the truth that eternity is eternity. Yet all this is only what we mean when we pronounce the word salvation. How hideous the difference of that first moment after death, if we had not been saved. But oh, joys of joys, we have seen the face of Jesus ; and the light of his eyes, and the smile upon his face, and the words upon his lips were salvation.

Then let us be on God's side and belong to Jesus. Sin is our great enemy, as well as our great evil. Our uppermost thought, our only thought must be our salvation, the acquisition of redeeming grace, and the cross of Christ, our single wisdom. Let us pass from little love to much love, and from much love to more love. The right of Jesus to our love, to our best love, to all our love, is becoming plainer and plainer to us. His exceeding loveliness is growing more and more attractive, because it is revealing itself to us every day like a new revelation. What depths there are in Jesus, and how wonderfully he lights them up with the splendor of his eternal love ! Do we not feel every day more and more strongly that we must be for Jesus more than we are, that of all growing things divine love is the most growing, that all idea of limit to our love of Jesus, or of moderation in our service of him, is a folly as well as a disloyalty. He had the brightness of innumerable lives and the sweetness of innumerable sorrows, when he was but the expectation of longing Israel. What must he be now, when he has come, when he has lived, and shed his blood, and died, and risen, and ascended, and then came back again in all the unutterable

endearments of the Blessed Sacrement? Why are our hearts so cold? Why is our love so faithless, and our faith so unloving? We try, and still we do not love as we wish to love. We try again, and love more and yet it is sadly short of the love we ought to have. We strive and strive, and still we only languish when we ought to burn. He longs for our love, sweet, covetous lover of souls as he is. He longs for our love; and we long for nothing so much as to love him. There will be a time and place, when both he and we shall be satisfied: this place is heaven and this time is eternity.

Salvation is through the Precious Blood.

When love is humble, it prays with David to be washed more and more from its iniquity, and the washing away of iniquity is in the Precious Blood. When love is bold, it prays to be set on fire with the flames which Jesus came to kindle, and it is the Precious Blood which makes our heart beat hotly with the love of him.

ANTHONY.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.

By Father Abram Ryan.

Two lights on a lowly altar;
 Two snowy cloths for a Feast;
 Two vases of dying roses.
 The morning comes from the east,
 With a gleam for the folds of the vestments
 And a grace for the face of the priest,

The sound of a low, sweet whisper
 Floats over a little bread,
 And trembles around a chalice,
 And the priest bows down his head
 O'er a sign of white on the altar—
 In the cup—o'er a sign of red!

As red as the red of roses,
 As white as the white of snows;
 But the red is a red of a surface

Beneath which a God's blood flows ;
 And the white is the white of a sunlight
 Within which a God's flesh glows.

Ah ! words of the olden Thursday !
 Ye come from the far-away !
 Ye bring us the Friday's victim
 In His own love's olden way.
 In the hand of the priest at the altar
 His Heart finds a home each day.

The sight of a Host uplifted !
 The silver-sound of a bell !
 The gleam of a golden chalice.
 Be glad, sad heart ; 'tis well ;
 He made, and he keeps love's promise,
 With thee, all days to dwell.

From his hand to his lips that tremble,
 From his lips to his heart a thrill,
 Goes the little Host on its love-path ;
 Still doing the Father's will ;
 And over the rim of the chalice
 The blood flows forth to fill.

The heart of the man anointed
 With the waves of a wondrous grace ;
 A silence falls on the altar—
 An awe on each bended face—
 For the Heart that bled on Calvary
 Still beats in the holy place.

The priest comes down to the railing,
 Where brows are bowed in prayer ;
 In the tender clasp of his fingers
 A Host lies pure and fair,
 And the hearts of Christ and the Christians
 Meet there—and only there !

Oh ! love that is deep and deathless !
 Oh ! faith that is strong and grand !
 Oh ! hope that will shine forever,
 O'er the wastes of a weary land !
 Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven
 In the palm of the priest's pure hand.

THE VICTIM.

IT is the twenty ninth day of the month of March, of the year 33. What a glorious morning ! The spring is still young, chilly and tender, yet developed, for we are in the land of Judea. The earth stirred by a silent force is awakening from her long winter's sleep, to expand beneath the smile of her royal friend, the sun, as he returns to her. The most hardy of the flowers have their calices half open, revealing their fresh little faces, while upon the lowly aromatic plants humming and swaying beneath their weight of bees, the glowing olive trees are casting their tessellation of shadows like a net work designed to capture all this joy. The fig trees, which have made their way here and there through the great rocks of Bethphage, are in bud—and Jesus is coming out from that kindly home in Bethany where He has slumbered during the past night “whilst His Heart was watching.” In the distance, through the morning mist, the lonely peak of Calvary is dimly to be seen. Between Calvary and Jesus—the fair spring ! Through the lips of the Master, channel of love, from His Heart, golden chalice of incense, prayer ceased not to flow. Well might He have said in the words of David, which open the Holy Sacrifice : “I will go the altar of the Lord of the God who reneweth my youth.” Jesus was thirty three years old. He had just performed the most striking of His miracles : the raising of Lazarus from the dead ! His name and reputation were spread abroad in Judea. His foster father, holy Joseph lay sleeping in the grave—it is true—but His Mother was with Him still. And that day He had set His face toward Jerusalem—His route brought one first to Bethphage, which lies at the entrance to the valley of Josaphat, then to the Garden of Olives, bordering on Bethphage to the brook of Cedron flowing in the bed of the valley, and to the Golden Gate, which, opening upon the slope opposite to the Garden of Olives, admitted the pilgrim into the Holy City. So far as Bethphage, He walked on the sides of the summit of the Mount of Olives, with the open country below and to right and left of Him. Nature had the opportunity, as He passed by, of mingling the perfume of

her flowers, with the prayer of Him, Who is "the flower of the field, and the lily of the valleys." Upon the thirsting grass refreshing it, and upon Jesus—"straightening the curls of His flowing hair—" descended the same celestial dew.

Little by little, the disciples gathered around Him, from all sides. They knew that He had supped, the night before, with Lazarus, risen from the dead and that He had passed the night in that home in Bethany. Therefore, many of all those whom He had called, cured or pardoned had turned their steps toward the seaside that morning, longing to be with Him again, and had been on the watch since the drawn of day, in order not to miss His passing by. Their hearts touched with love testified anew to the truth of the words. "Goodness is clearer than life, and the sleep is light of those whom gratitude possesses." Thus the Master arrived at Bethphage, under the escort of a large number of disciples and apostles. The valley of Josaphat lay, spread out, before His eyes.

There he stopped.

THE NIGHT.

An evening, rich in sweet odours and bright with stars, brooded over slumbering Judea. Just as cold, inhospitable and repelling as had been the night of Christmas, so was this night of the second of April 33, serene, peaceful and mild, for the children of Israel. The night of the Eucharist and the night of the Incarnation had each its own mystery, the two a mutual revelation. It was fitting that the Man of Sorrows, having been born amid the rigours of winter, should die at the first smile of spring. Already for several hours, the joyous chant, the *Hallel* of the great feast had been reechoing through the houses of Jerusalem. Nothing so greatly excited the people of God as the shedding of the blood of the Lamb. Everywhere, banquet halls decorated and mirthful; everywhere the sound of hymns and a blaze of light.

The paschal victim had been served roasted and fastened in the form of a cross to two branches of pomegranate. The three traditional cups of wine, each with an increase of good-cheer, had circulated, from hand to hand, amongst the guests. For a longtime, the din of the voices

inside, escaping confusedly through the openings of the houses, mingled with the songs of praise of the strangers, who were obliged to encamp outside, and to keep the feast around fires lighted in the open air. Then, little by little, a lull fell upon the city. The Galileans, who had pitched their tents on the side of Jerusalem, which reaches from the *faubourg* of Ophel to the Cedron, wrapped themselves up in their great woolen or hair mantles, and slept before the dying cinders of their brasiers. The reign of silence was beginning outside, like an ecstasy of the earth before the peace of the heavens. Then, from the house wherein Jesus had supped, came forth a man, with stealthy, hasty step, and took the direction to the palace of the High Priest. He was pursued like another Cain by mysterious voices. The shadows seemed to be visible hands which vainly strove to arrest his progress.....

.....And now the hour had come for Jesus to leave the Cenacle. The evening of that day was the evening of life, for Him. On the outside of the threshold of His Feast of love, a form of death awaited Him, which should give all its horrors full play. But to die was the one dream of His life. On coming into the world, He had said to the Eternal Justice, which was seeking Its victim—"Here am I.!" He had spoken of death, as the ambition that He had in view—"Mine hour is not yet come," He would say, as it were with a sigh. The hour of death, He called HIS HOUR "par excellence." He greeted it as the harbinger of every joy. From the hand of death alone, would He accept glory before God and before men. The martyrs, in their turn, were to sigh after death, and to say, like Saint Laurence in sight of all the paraphernalia of the torture. "I thirst for this feast." But all of these together had not in all their souls so much burning love, as had Jesus, the king of those who die of love, and who seek the chalice of martyrdom, in order to drink of divine transports in long draughts. Jesus, being a—thirst for death, went frequently to pray amongst the sepulchres of the garden of Gethsemane, with the thought before Him that, there, death would seek Him out, in order to conduct Him to Calvary. On this Holy Thursday evening, He repaired to the Garden doubly penetrated by a divine exaltation of funeral joy, for "His Hour was

come." It was necessary that He should descend as far as the Cedron and thence take a few steps upward, on the opposite slope of the valley of Josaphat.

The night was clear; the atmosphere still free from the sharpness of the morning air; the dying fires of the Galileans lay all along the route, and over all things hovered a vague melancholy. The disciples, instinctively drew closer to the Master. Never had the Lord spoken to them with an unction more fond and tender. He continued that sublime discourse of the Cenacle, transmitted by the Beloved Disciple: "My little children, yet a little while, and ye shall see Me no more. Love ye one another, as I have loved you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid. Whatsoever ye ask in My Name, I will do it. I will not leave you orphans, I will come again to you. I live in you, ye live in Me—If any one love Me, he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and will make our abode with him. If ye loved Me My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid."

A deeper silence over the darkness. . . . The eastern breeze must hold its breath amid the rustling leaves, whilst Jesus with overflowing heart pursues His theme. . . . "As My Father loveth you, so have I also loved you. I tell you these things, so that My joy may be in you and that your joy may be full. Greater love hath no man than this than to give his life for his friends; ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I ask of you. No more do I call you servants, but friends, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, and all things that My Father hath taught Me, have I made known unto you. I have chosen you—ye have not chosen Me. A new commandment give I unto you. Love one another. Ye who have been with Me from the beginning, ye shall give testimony of Me—And now I am going hence unto Him that sent Me, and none of you asketh Me, whither goest thou, but because I have said: I go away, sadness hath filled your hearts; nevertheless, I tell you the truth, it is expedient for you that I go, for if I go not away, the Paraclete will not come unto you, but if I go, I will send Him unto you. Ye shall be sad, but your sadness shall be changed into joy. The

hour shall come, yea, and now is, wherein ye shall be dispersed, every man to his own--and I shall be left alone. . . . "Such was the theme of the words of Jesus addressed to the eleven disciples, as they passed out of Jerusalem. More and more, as they plunged into the depths of the solitary valley, did that mystery of silence seem to rise to the very heavens, lying attentive before it.—Having reached the brook of Cedron, the Saviour refreshed His lips in its waters, then, raising His head, He began to speak to His Father, in His pathetic and melodious voice: "Father, Mine hour is come. I have glorified Thee upon earth ; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. I pray for those whom Thou hast given Me. Father, save them from the world. I have drawn them out of the world, and of them none hath perished save the son of perdition."

Having finished His prayer, Jesus crossed the brook of Cedron. It was toward ten o'clock in the evening. The moon was rising above the bank which overhangs the valley of Josaphat. The cedars and cypress, which stood upon the brink of the stream adding to the grandeur of the sepulchres, rose, black and opaque, against the dead white of the dust, upon the stones and walls. The play of the shadows, the ripple of the waters threw out spectral forms, and cast a shivering dread over the darkness.

HENRY BOLO.

THE PRIEST AND THE BRIGANDS..

PROMINENT among the two score English tourists who chanced to be in the Italian city of Livorno (or, to use its harsher English name Leghorn) in the summer of 18—, was Lord S, a wealthy landowner, whose taste for travel drew him to the Continent oftener than it allowed him to remain in his native country.

A day or two after his arrival in Leghorn, that beautiful Tuscan city put an holiday attire in honour of the festival of Corpus Christi. The spectacle that met the young Englishman's sight, as he left his hotel about 11

o'clock, was an impressive and splendid one. A sun, radiant as only the sun of Italy can be, flooded the atmosphere with golden rays; the air was palpitating with the melody of joyous church bells; palaces, stores, and lesser buildings were decked with banners and streamers of very rich varied colour; magnificent repositories blazed out in exceptional splendour here and there along the route; and, in flower-strewn streets, the silent throng of men, women, and children, knelt in reverent adoration as the Eucharistic God was borne through their midst by the venerable Archbishop walking under a *baldaquin*, and escorted by the clergy and the nobility of the city.

An ironical smile played around the lips of Lord S. . . as the cortege approached the point where he had stationed himself, and amused the pitying spectator of "these poor, superstitious people." He had removed his hat as an act of mere gentlemanly courtesy, but was standing erect among the kneeling worshippers, when, suddenly, the supercilious expression vanished from his countenance; he grew pale as death, and, falling upon his knees, burst into tears. What had happened? We shall let Lord S. himself explain.

"While I was watching, with an incredulous eye, the centre of the ostensorium carried by the Archbishop, it seemed to me that the Saviour cast upon me a glance in which affable sweetness, sorrow, and reproach were mingled. Something indescribable took place within me; I fell on my knees, believed, and adored."

It was another Saul struck down on the road to Damascus. Lord S. . . embraced the true Faith, and shortly afterwards the Society of Jesus, of which he became a brilliant ornament.

Throughout his religious life, his love for the august Sacrament of the Altar was admirable. He consecrated to it his eloquent tongue and able pen, spent long hours in adoration at the foot of the Tabernacle, and daily made the offering of his life as a sacrifice of expiation for the outrages of which Our Lord is the subject in the Holy Eucharist.

One springtime, he was sent, at the approach of Easter, to help an old pastor in a mountain parish of the Sabines, a district still infested at the epoch which we

write by roving bands of brigands, and less hardy robbers as well. Very late one evening, the pastor happened to be summoned on a sick call, and Father S. . wishing to await his return, sat at the window, contemplating the magnificent star-gemmed Italian sky in the impressive silence of a night whose serenity was undisturbed by even a passing zephyr. He glanced, too, toward the modest little church, situated a few rods from the presbytery ; and his priestly heart, in loving adoration of the Divine Prisoner, throbbed with holy envy of the constant sanctuary lamp whose rays shone through the chapel windows.

Suddenly, he fancied he saw a shadow moving in the sanctuary, and, impelled by an instinctive presentiment of evil, he hastened at once to the church, the door of which he found ajar. One glance at the altar thrilled him with horror : two robbers were standing before the open Tabernacle, which they had already rifled of the chalice and the ciborium containing the consecrated Hosts. What was he to do ? He knew that, near by, under the tower, there were the sexton's pickaxes; and for a moment his impulse was to arm himself with one and crush the sacrilegious wretches where they stood.

“ But no,” he said to himself, “ the hand that consecrates the Bread of Life will not be raised against these unfortunate men.”

He stole noiselessly up behind the robbers ; and, aided by his unusual height, had seized the ciborium before the desecrators were aware of his presence. Terrified at this interruption, the brigands were about to flee, when, seeing that they had only one man to deal with, they decided not to abandon their booty, and threw themselves upon the priest to wrest the holy vessel from his grasp. Bracing himself against the altar, however, and holding the ciborium close to his breast, Father S. . resisted all their efforts ; and although blows rained upon him, he could not be made to move or relax his hold of the sacred vessel. Furious at the super-human strength he evinced, one of the wretches discharged a pistol at his head. The generous priest sank down on the altar, wounded unto death, but, by a supreme effort, still held close to his Divine Treasure.

“ Help, Lord, help ! ” he cried ; “ my strength is gone.”

At the moment, the pastor, his sacristan, and two men who had accompanied them on the sick call, entered the church.

The brigands fled at once, but what a sight met the eyes of the old priest and his companions ! At the foot of the altar lay stretched, almost lifeless, he whom an hour before they had left full of vigour and health. From a great wound in his head the blood was streaming, and his enfeebled hands pressed to his heart the holy ciborium all covered with gore. A heavenly smile wreathed his lips as he gave up the sacred vessel to the pastor, whose emotion completely overpowered him.

“ Weep not, my good friend,” said the dying priest, his countenance all aglow with joy and triumph ; “ weep not. The dearest wish of my life is accomplished : I die for the captive God of our Tabernacles.”

Help was hastily summoned, but it was unavailing ; the bullet had done its appointed work. At the very foot of the altar Father S. . . received, in viaticum, the God who made Himself a victim for all ; and, before the first blush of dawn tinged the eastern hill-tops, the glorious martyr adored the unveiling majesty of Him whom on earth he had loved even unto death. — *Dorey of Mary.*

THE BLEEDING HEART.

BY HENRY M. CALMER, S. J.

The fadeless starblooms of the night
 Were wreathed around her royal head,
 And, like perfumes, their lambert light
 On Syria's golden hills was shed.

Thickly on every shrub that swung
 Its bell-like blossoms in the breeze,
 The silver-sparkling dew-drops hung,
 As brightest pearls of India's seas.

The broad palms in Gethsemane
Wave haughtily their graceful plumes,
While proudly 'neath each bowing tree
Red roses lift their radiant blooms.

Lo ! suddenly a cloud o'erspreads
The starry splendour of the sky ;
The tall palms bend their stately heads
And seem with bitter grief to sigh.

Their carolings the bulbuls hush ;
The dew drops turn to tears of woe ;
The flowers lose their roseate blush
And bow their pallid faces low.

For Jesus, filled with anguish, knelt
In these dim solitudes alone,
And breathed a prayer whose power might melt
Our hard, ungrateful hearts of stone.

While from his brow the crimson sweat
Of Precious Blood rilled on the sod,
Until the garden's grass was wet
With those mysterious tears of God.

Where'er they fell, the legends tell,
There sprang a strangely lovely flower,
Which was not seen in wood or dell
Before the triumph of that hour.

A blood-red heart, pierced by a sword—
Inspiring awe, yet heavenly fair—
And to the Cross and its dear Lord
It doth a silent witness bear.

'Or still clasped in the Spring's soft hand
That mystic, bleeding heart we see,
An emblem of Love's just demand,
The Sacred Heart on Calvary.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

FOR a time, old Cecca showed herself grateful ; but who would believe ? Little by little a strange kind of pride began to inflame her heart. Seeing herself thus humbly and perfectly served, she came to exact, as a right, the most slavish attentions disgusting duties,—and when things were not done exactly according to her caprice, she treated the saintly girl as the worst of slaves, and covered her with reproaches and outrageous language.

Whenever Catherine arrived a little later than usual, old Cecca motioned at her, and cried out sarcastically :

" Good morning, Queen of Fontebranda " (name of the quarter where Catherine dwelt) ; where then have you passed the morning, beautiful lady ? In the Church of the Monks, without doubt. It seems to me that Madame has a great taste for Monks. . . . She cannot leave them alone."

Without making any response, Catherine proceeded to render the accustomed services, and, when the miserable leper had exhausted all her complaints, Catherine spoke, with all of her habitual sweetness :

" I am late, good Mother, but have patience, and after a little while you will have all you need."

Then would she light the fire, warm the water and prepare the breakfast carefully, serving the leper with such goodness that Cecca herself was astonished at her patience.

Lapa was uneasy and irritated by the charity of her daughter towards the miserable leper :

" My child," she said, " you will finish by taking the leprosy yourself."

"—Be quiet, dear Mother," responded Catherine. "It is for love of God that I serve this poor woman. He will not permit me to suffer."

Nevertheless, as if to prove His servant to the end, God permitted her hands to be attacked with the leprosy.

The spirit of the world has always been the same :

Those who had loudly exalted the heroism of the saintly girl, now commenced to reason with her and to accuse her of folly. All of them fled from her with disgust. Catherine was neither moved nor troubled.

“ In her own eyes, her body was nothing more than vilest dust. It was of little importance what became of it, if only it could be employed in the service of God.”

Cecca's malady was long, but, said the Blessed Raymond, the time seemed short to Catherine, so great was her love for Jesus-Christ, whom she knew that she served in that poor woman.

At last, the leper died, assisted by Catherine to her last sigh. Then she washed the hideous body and buried it respectfully. She caused a funeral service to be chanted for the deceased leper, accompanied the coffin to the cemetery and saw the corpse lowered into the grave.

This work of supreme charity being accomplished, the signs of leprosy which had deformed her hands entirely disappeared, and numbers of witnesses there were to prove that, after that time, her hands were beautiful and remarkably white.

LAURE CONAN.

(To be continued.)

BE FAITHFUL.

Catholic Columbian.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart ?
One watches all with care most true ;
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast ; never waver
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest ;
Thou knewest what God wills must be.
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

UNCLE FRANCIS' WILL.

Frances Sydney and I had been companions for nearly eight years at school ; our holidays, we spent half at each others homes. I never knew a more loveable, unselfish girl. She was idolized by her father, mother, brother, and sisters. Indeed she was like a ray of sunshine in their home. She was tall and slender and beautiful with large hazel eyes, hair of deepest golden which fell in curls below her waist. She had graduated at eighteen and it was then we drifted apart.

It was nearly four years after, when I received a letter from her asking me to come to her at once; that she had been left a large fortune and did not know what to do with it. Sincerely glad at the good fortune of my friend and smiling at the idea that she did not know what to do with it, I started on my journey.

I always knew that her father was far from being rich: an uncle had paid her school bills. Indeed M. Sydney's anxiety in business was the only cloud that I had ever seen on that otherwise happy home.

I reached my destination about six o'clock. It had been snowing all day, and the bright grate fire seemed all the more cosy in comparison with the cold outside.

Frances was out when I arrived, but I heard of their good fortune from her mother and sister Mabel. It was easy to see that a load of anxiety had been lifted from the heads of both Mr. and Mrs. Sydney. They looked ten years younger than when I had last seen them. When Frances came home, she received my congratulations quietly. There seemed a cloud on her usually sunny face. Although she smiled and chatted during supper, I knew that something was amiss. It was only after we had gained the privacy of her room that I learned the whole trouble. I will relate the story as she told it to me.

Francis Sydney was an only child: He had been spoilt by both father and mother, so that when he had reached the age of fourteen, and a new brother was born to share his parent's love, it was bad enough; but when two years later, a sister was added to the family, Francis, in high displeasure, left home against his father's will.

Despite his faults, he succeeded far beyond his most sanguine hopes. Thirty years after, he found himself head of the house which he had entered as messenger boy. His parents were dead. His sister had, at eighteen, married a poor artist, a widower with one child, a boy nearly two years old. This was a grave fault in the eyes of her rich brother who discarded her, although her husband had died shortly after their marriage, leaving her little else than his child, whom she brought up with a mother's love and devotion. His brother John had also married young, and was the father of five children, Frances the eldest, who was named after her uncle and who was also his god-child, was the only one who gained his love. When the old man died, he left the bulk of his fortune to her. A thousand dollars had been left to his brother and his brother's wife. Five hundred to each of their children. One thousand to his sister, three hundred to her son Julius Heydon. His library was left to his brother ; his study to his niece Francis, the remainder of his household furniture was to be divided among those of his servants who had been in his employment over five years. The residue of his estate, amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars, was willed to his dear niece *Frances*, on condition that she married before she reached her twenty-eighth year, and that her eldest son should bear the name of Francis Sydney. Should she die or the conditions be unfulfilled, the whole was to be given to his sister's child Julius Heydon. Now this was Frances' trial, for she had promised Our Lord, on the day of her first communion to be his spouse and she was about to make it known to her parents when her uncle died. What was she to do? Her father must have ten thousand dollars before the week was finished, or he was ruined. His business was beginning to improve, and once over his present difficulty, he was in a fair way of becoming a prosperous business man. But, where was he to get ten thousand dollars? If Frances was determined on entering a convent, then the conditions of her uncle's will could never be fulfilled; consequently the money would belong to Julius Heydon.

“What am I to do, Amy,” she said to me: “I cannot break my promise to God, and I cannot see my parents ruined.”

I tried to comfort her as best I could, " We will tell your parents ; they will not force your inclinations. Ask God to help them, and he will not disappoint you."

" I have already begun a novena to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady of Mount-Carmel," said she : " It will be finished the day after to-morrow."

It was nearly twelve o'clock before we separated for the night.

The next morning, breakfast was served later than usual. Frances had attended Mass, and had arrived home before I had left my room. She came to bid me good morning, and to tell me that she had promised the Sacred Heart to tell her parents, without further delay.

" Papa will be at home this morning," she said, " and I will tell him immediately after breakfast." I could see what it cost my dear friend : she loved her parents to an unusual degree, and to cause them pain was torture to her sensitive nature.

" Mother," I heard her whisper as we left the table, " I should like to speak to you and father alone."

" Certainly, dear," Mrs. Sydney replied, and then, with the rest of the family, I left the room.

Mabel went to assist with some housework, and the children to see if the ice on the pond was frozen hard enough to bear them. So being alone I went to Frances' room as I knew she would wish to confide in me after the interview with her parents was over. Her room was in confusion, the furniture of her uncle's study had been deposited there, the day before, and had not as yet been arranged. There were curious things brought from all parts of the world : quaint and beautiful shells, some grotesque Chinese statues, Indian idols, and Oriental bric-a-brac, ivory carvings, and brackets of rare workmanship together with the more useful furniture of the study - the well-thumbed books, the Indian rugs, high backed chairs, and the large mahogany desk. I was looking over all these things, holding a lovely vase in my hands, when Frances came in. There was a peaceful look on her face, which made her look more like the Frances of old although her eyes were red with crying. I took her in my arms, as she told me all that had passed between herself and

parents. They had left her free to choose as she would, and did not blame her.

"Oh, Amy, *how good and kind they are, I know that God will send them aid, my good, kind parents.*" I made her lie down and, worn out, for she had scarcely slept during the previous night, she soon fell fast asleep.

The day wore on. What a difference Frances' decision had made in that happy family. M. Sydney had left the house after his interview with his daughter and had come home tired, anxious, and depressed, having been unsuccessful in either raising the money, or getting an extension of time. Frances had written a letter to her aunt, and to cousin Julius telling them of her intention, and consequently of their changed fortune. Her father had called on the executors of the estate and told them of her decision. "It was better to settle it at once," he had said, that morning, when he heard all. "It will not better matters to wait, since your vocation has been a settled thing for years." And now the letter was sent.

Frances received Holy Communion next morning. It was the first Friday of December, and she had finished her novena. As the day advanced and no help came to my friends, I began to loose patience. As I said before, M. and Mrs. Sydney had a thousand dollars each by the will, Frances and Mabel being the only two of the family yet of age, could add their thousand; but three thousand is a long way from the ten thousand dollars which were needed. The house and furniture were also mortgaged to their full worth. I felt as badly as any of the family, perhaps more so because I had not their steadfast faith. "The Sacred Heart has forgotten you," I said bitterly, as Frances, Mabel and I went over again and again the pros and cons. of the case. "It is now five o'clock, and he has not answered your prayer" - "Oh no," said Frances, her sweet face flushing; "*The Sacred Heart never forgets.*" A look of astonishment was all the answer I got from Mabel, and, thus rebuked, I held my peace.

That evening, M. Sydney held a meeting in the library with his principal creditors. It ended most unsatisfactorily for the family. The money must be paid in two days. Frances had a great deal to bear the following day, when the friends of the family called. They had heard of

her *vocation*, they said, but this did not prevent them from expressing their opinions on what they termed "her eccentric conduct". It was nearly four o'clock before the last of the visitors had taken their leave and Frances and I were once more alone in her room. "We will arrange these things" I said wishing to distract my friend from dwelling on the difficulties of her family. At once we began to set the room in order, and to arrange the many pretty things which were strewn about the place. "I will open the desk and see what it contains," said Frances, after all was finished? "There used to be so many pretty things in it. When I was a child, uncle used to lend me his paper-knife to play with; it was the most beautiful as well as the most curious thing I have ever seen." And with a smile, she added: "It was the love I had for these things, doubtless, that made Uncle will me his study." The desk being opened, we found all the things that Frances had admired in her childhood. The paper knife was even more beautiful than she had imagined; it was made of pure gold heavily carved with quaint devices and richly studded with precious stones. I took it to the window to examine it and was trying to make out some of the monograms, when I heard a cry. I turned, and saw Frances with two small parcels in her hand "See Amy, see what the *Sacred Heart* has sent me." I took them from her, they were wrapped in paper evidently taken from a religious book, for a picture of the *Sacred Heart of Jesus* and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was printed on them. There were two rolls of money. We did not wait to count it, but fell on our knees to thank the dear Saviour and his loving Mother who had come to our aid. Frances took the money to her father, who had just returned home. There was *thirteen thousand dollars in the two packages*. We spent a happy night together, and the next morning the money was paid. The mortgage on the house and furniture was also paid off.

The week slipped by we scarcely knew how, we were all so happy; and Frances was happier than any of us. She was to enter the convent in February and each day brought her nearer to her Heavenly Spouse. I spent another week in the family, and then went home, promising to spend a week with them before Frances entered

the Convent. I kept my promise, and was with my friend when she bid adieu to her family and joyfully espoused herself to her Lord.

And now my story is ended, but before concluding, I will tell you what happened to the rest of the family.

Julius Haydon, and his mother, came to visit the Sydney. When they learned of their unexpected good fortune they tried to induce M. Sydney to accept a part of it, but this he refused to do. Mrs. Hayden was so happy in seeing her brother again, that, to please her, Julius bought a house in the neighborhood of the Sydneys. They furnished their beautiful home as became their wealth. Julius prospered in his calling, he became one of the leading lawyers of his day. Mrs. Hayden did not live long to enjoy their prosperity ; she died two years after they were settled in their new home. But the beautiful home did not remain long without a mistress. Three months after, Julius was married to Mabel to whom he had been betrothed for over a year. It was his mother's dying request, that they should be married as soon as possible. M. Sydney prospered in business, he grew to be one of the richest as well as the most influential man in the place, happy in the love of his wife and children.

I married shortly after Mabel and am happy not only in my husband's love, but in a dear little daughter that God has sent to me. But happier than all is our dear Frances now *Sister Mary Agnes* ! our dear, gentle-faced, sister of Charity, whom every ones loves, and, looking at her, I cannot help but remember Our dear Lord's words. "*Mary has chosen the better part.*"

A. H.

SAINT EXPEDITUS.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.

At divers times and in divers ways God raises up saints who seem especially fitted to fill the needs of the time and to be a source of unusual grace and help to His servants. In a certain quarter of the great city of New York, a new impetus has been given to the devotion to Saint Expeditus because of a succession of extraordinary favors granted through his intercession. His name is a household one in France, especially in Paris, where he is the hero of every hour amongst devout souls, for whom he obtains signal favors. Very little is known of him save that he was commander of a Roman legion and was martyred in the fourth century under Diocletian at Militene in Armenia. The beautiful statue of the saint represents him as a handsome young soldier in martial armor, bearing in his hand a cross on which is the word "Hodie," "To-day." Beneath his foot is a raven, the black bird of despair, which is opening its mouth to cry "Cras, cras," "To-morrow." The significance is plain. Saint Expeditus is the very saint for these latter days of ours—days of rapid transit—because he will answer at once all prayers addressed to him. It will not be untimely perhaps to narrate a few incidents in proof of his immediate assistance.

A family in Spain had engaged the services of a governess who had incidentally heard of Saint Expeditus, and who had laughed at the idea of his helping his clients so quickly. "Never mind," said her friend who was lauding the saint; "some day, when you are in trouble and want instant relief, call on Saint Expeditus."

The opportunity was not long in presenting itself. The governess with some members of the Spanish family was driving in a carriage along a mountain pass, when suddenly the horses shied at a bull on the road, and dashed madly towards a steep incline. Another moment and all would have been doomed to certain death, when the governess, remembering the words of her friend, exclaimed, "Saint Expeditus help us." The lady, who is a most

reliable person, told a priest in New York, when narrating her experience, that she saw a figure appear suddenly, seize the horses by their bridles, and lead them back safely to the road. This is not mere idle hearsay, but the assertion of one who could depose on oath as to the truth of her statement.

Again, a child on recovering from diphtheria was attacked by a sort of general paralysis which threatened insanity. Although but six years old, he was so powerful in his wild attacks, and developed such malicious tendencies, that his family was almost persuaded to believe he was possessed and needed exorcism more than medical treatment. His mother was recommended to pray to Saint Expeditus. Little by little the child improved, and in two weeks was able to be sent to school, completely cured of all traces of his former illness.

A little leaflet sketch of the Saint says, "He is invoked in urgent cases both spiritual and temporal, and for business of every kind." Apropos of the business: a considerable sum of money was left to a community. Because of some technicality in the will, the money could not be claimed by the religious. Recourse was had to Saint Expeditus, who was a special patron of the superior, and the law was so changed in favor of the community as to insure the bequest.

Some instances of the immediate assistance of the Saint are amusing as well as edifying. A family in need of a domestic prays at night for one, and in the morning she walks in most unexpectedly; bills are paid most opportunely; undesirable changes in families averted; little favors of small import, seemingly, yet conducing much to domestic happiness, all are granted through the prayers of this saint of urgent cases. The simplicity of faith works wonders. Let us leave it to the worldly wise to scoff at the marvels that are daily taking place under our very eyes. "And a little child shall lead them," may be said of those who, happy in their trust, put their hand into the broad, kindly grasp of holy Mother Church.

From one to the other of her saints she passes us on. Hand after hand of help and encouragement is extended to us. Climbing a mountain one must needs have a staff,

and Saint Expeditus will serve as one at the very moment—a most decisive one—when a false step would be fatal.

’Twere well to enlist him in our cause. Strong, valiant young soldier of the cross, for which he did battle right loyally ! what will he not do for us in our struggle ? We too are living in a pagan world and are beset on all sides by foes that are as blood thirsty as the beasts of the Roman arena. “ A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.” Saint Expeditus loved the fray, and the saintly young warrior will have a very kindly feeling for man who win the martyr’s crown by *living* for God—far harder work at all times than dying for Him.

A CHAPLET OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

By S. M. A.

Written for “ The Voice of the Precious Blood.”

CHAPTER III.

A MISSING TREASURE.

IN a well furnished library of one of the finest residences in the city of New York, sat Mr. Melville a wealthy stock broker. An open book lay on his knee, but it did not seem to interest him. He was gazing abstractedly before him, as if absorbed in deep contemplation.

He was still in the prime of manhood—not more than forty-five or six ; tall and imposing in appearance, with a serious, earnest face, which was more than ordinarily attractive. To-night, he appeared more thoughtful than usual. It was the anniversary of the death of his beautiful, young wife, who was soon followed to the grave by her infant son. A daughter remained—Agnes, then a sweet child of five years. In his desolation and sorrow, the father lavished all his care and attention upon his little daughter. She was his pride and joy ; it seemed as if he lived but to make her happy. And it was only out of deference to his dying wife’s request, that Agnes should be

educated in a convent, that he consented to a temporary separation from her. He brought her home every vacation, and during those brief intervals, the father and daughter spent all their time together : in summer at the seaside, or travelling, and in winter quietly at their own home.

Mr. Melville was thus musing over the past, when the door softly opened and a beautiful girl appeared. She was about seventeen years of age, clad in a snow-white dressing robe, which fell in rich, soft folds to the ground ; her golden brown hair seemed to encircle her fair brow with a halo of light.

" How beautiful she is, thought the father, looking up, she has been fittingly named Agnes, for surely Saint Agnes, the young Roman martyr of whom we read, could not have been fairer.

She hastened across the room, and was soon clasped in his arms.

" I am glad you've come," he said, tenderly embracing her.

" Have I kept you waiting Papa ? "

" No, dear," he replied kindly, stroking her soft tresses, " only I have been a little sad to-night. But what is the matter, Agnes ? " he continued with some concern, as he noticed her tear stained face. " Are you sick ? "

" Oh ! no, Papa, but I have lost my beautiful Chaplet of the Precious Blood, which Mamma brought from Rome, and I have been looking for it all the evening, that is why I did not come before."

" Perhaps one of the servants may have found it and is keeping it for you.

" No, Papa, I have asked them all ; I must have dropped it on the street, I had it in my pocket when I was out shopping this afternoon, and that it what makes me feel so bad," said Agnes, with a fresh burst of tears.

" There, there, my pet, do not cry any more," said Mr. Melville, soothingly. I shall advertise in all the daily papers to-morrow and offer a large reward for them. In the meantime, pray to Saint Anthony ; he has often found lost things. And I will promise to have ten masses said

in his honor, for the souls in Purgatory, if he restores them to you."

"O thank you, thank you, Papa!" said Agnes smiling, how good of you! I would rather lose all my jewels, than my chaplet of the Precious Blood. I have said it every day for Mamma, as long as I can remember; and it always seems to me that, at every bead, I see a crimson drop of the Precious Blood, falling into Purgatory to quench the flames and bring comfort and relief to the poor souls. I say it for Mamma, but I am sure she does not need it, she must be in heaven long ago. Do you not think so Papa?"

"I cannot tell you, darling. No one knows that but God. Though I hope she is. If ever there was a saint on earth, it was your Mother."

"She must have had a great devotion to the Precious Blood, had she not, Papa? Almost everything that belongs to her, speaks of this beautiful devotion."

"Yes, Agnes, this was her loved and cherished devotion. When dying, she placed her chaplet around the neck of her new born babe, whom she was soon to leave, and begged me to have you both consecrated to the Precious Blood. She also requested that you should not wear any color but red and white until you had made your first communion, and that you should always wear a medal of the Precious Blood. I promised faithfully to grant all these requests, as well as the desire she expressed that you should be educated in a convent. Then a bright smile passed over her face:

"Precious Blood of my Redeemer," she repeated, "wash away my sins; save me!"

"These were the last words she murmured, as I held the crucifix to her lips."

Mr. Melvill's voice had grown husky, the final words died away in a whisper. Neither spoke for some time. Then Agnes suddenly exclaimed as if giving expression to her thoughts:

"Papa, just think! Aloysius would have been twelve years old to-day, if he had lived. How different it would have been. I am sure he would have had a nice birthday party, and the house would now be filled with his little

companions. How proud we both would be of him ! O, it would be so nice to have a little brother !”

“ And so you have, dear Agnes, you have a little brother who is awaiting us in heaven ; where he is far happier than we could ever make him. But look how late it is, my pet, and you seem fatigued I think you had better go to your little nest.”

Agnes arose promptly, and after embracing her father, retired to her beautiful suite of rooms in the western wing of the building. These apartments overlooked the lawn and gardens, and were furnished and decorated with everything that wealth and affection could procure for the comfort and convenience of an idolized daughter. It consisted of a bedroom and boudoir, a pretty little sitting room, which contained her piano, bookcase, writing desk and work-table.

The entire suite was upholstered in her favorite colors, white and red ; reminding her of the Precious Blood and the purity of her Immaculate Mother. There was also an oratory, opening out of her bedroom, where Agnes spent many hours at prayer. A large Crucifix hung opposite the door, and on each side was placed a statue of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph. Around the room were pictures of her favorite saints : Saint Teresa, Saint Francis of Assisi, Saint Aloysius, Saint John Berchmans, her patroness Saint Agnes and others. She always kept her oratory tastefully decorated, and a lamp burned day and night before the statue of our Blessed Lady. It was to this oratory that Agnes retired on leaving her father.

After saying her accustomed prayers, she offered a petition to Saint Anthony that she might recover her lost treasure. And her prayer was heard. But oh ! in what a different manner from that which she expected.

CHAPTER IV.

A MIDNIGHT BURGLAR.

When Paul left his Aunt the second time, in quest of provisions, he knew not where to turn his footsteps. He walked on aimlessly for some time. At last a bright thought struck him ; it seemed an inspiration from heaven.

“ I will go to Father Ignatius,” he said, “ and tell him all. I know he will help me, and then I can give him this chaplet, he will be able to find the owner better than I.” So he directed his steps towards the Rectory, which was a long way off. Father Ignatius had known him since he was a baby. In better days, when his Aunt had been able to work, they lived in comfortable lodgings near Saint Augustine’s Church, he attended the Parish School ; and Father Ignatius, taking an interest in the bright, well-mannered boy, taught him to read Latin and serve mass. This was a great happiness for Paul ; but just after he made his first communion and was confirmed, his Aunt, falling sick, things went from bad to worse, until they were obliged to leave their lodgings. Father Ignatius was away at the time, and it was with the deepest pain, that he heard, on his return, about their misfortunes. He made inquiries concerning them, but was unable to find out where they had gone.

Paul had lately been attending a little chapel near their lodgings ; and it was only now, when pressed by hunger, weariness and sorrow, that he thought of going to seek consolation and help from the kind priest who had been to him a friend and father.

After a long and painful walk through the storm, Paul arrived at last in sight of the church wherein he had received, for the first time, the Bread of Angels, and where he had spent so many hours of sweet communing with his God. Tears came to his eyes at these recollections. He longed to enter it once more, but was almost sure it would be locked for the night. He tried the door—to his surprise it was open. Entering softly, he gazed around. How peaceful and beautiful everything looked ! So familiar too ! Far up, in front of the Altar, he could see the crimson sanctuary lamp, gleaming brightly, like a star, inviting him to approach the Prisoner of Love. Tired and weary, he drew near to the One, who has said : “ *Come to me all you who are heavy burdened, and I will refresh you.* ”

Advancing reverently to the railing, and throwing himself on his knees, near a pillar, the tired, grief laden boy, prayed long and earnestly, asking counsel an

strength of Him, who ruleth all things. At last nature asserted its rights, and Paul, with a prayer still on his lips, fell fast asleep. He dreamed that he saw his mother, she seemed beautiful, and radiant with light and glory. Stretching out his arms he cried :

“ O Mother ! take me to you.” But she only smiled and looked more radiant ; then raising her eyes, it seemed as though she were praying.—It was all so real that, as Paul afterwards remarked, he could hardly believe it was a mere dream.

Suddenly, a loud crash was heard !—Paul awoke with a start. That beautiful vision had vanished, and he was alone.—By the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp, he could see a man stealthily approaching the Altar; for a moment he was so bewildered that he could not remember where he was, or what had happened. Then, like a flash, the whole situation dawned upon him. He was on his feet in a moment.

The man had reached the Altar railing. Paul trembled in every limb.

“ It is a robber,” he said to himself. Then forgetting his youth and weakness, and thinking only of the crime about to be perpetrated, he darted forth with the courage of a martyr, crying :

“ O, stop ! stop ! do not, I beseech you, lay a finger on the Tabernacle ! ”

For a moment there was a death-like silence.

—The man, turning, saw in the flickering lamp-light, that it was a frail child who stood before him ; his looks were dark and threatening, but Paul, nothing daunted, continued : “ I will give you these, they are very valuable all precious stones.” And Paul, who would not part with the chaplet to keep himself and Aunt from starving, willingly offered them to save his God from profanation, and to prevent the man from committing a horrible crime.

Without a word, the ruffian snatched the glistening gems, and then dealt the brave child a heavy blow with a stick that he had in his hand. Paul uttered a low cry and fell to the ground.

.....
 “ Where am I ? ” murmured a feeble voice, and Paul

looked around him in astonishment. He was lying on a snow-white bed in a neatly furnished apartment.

At the sound of his voice, a motherly looking woman approached him :

“ Never mind, honey,” she said, “ you are in good hands.”

Then going softly to the door, she said to some one in the next room :

“ Father, he has recovered consciousness, and wants to know where he is.”

(To be continued.)

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

For works that interest in high degree the Church in Canada, and the future of the French-Canadian nationality.

That the coming elections may insure the triumph of all causes interesting religion and country ; that, during these days, the spirit of concord and fraternity may not suffer too much, nor God be offended. For Canada, that it may be preserved from all calamities. For many sick, afflicted and sinful persons.—For several intentions, among which : tried families, important affairs, young girls desirous to know their vocation; success of undertakings, law-suits, examinations ; etc., etc., for two persons wishing to overcome sinful habits, others who seek employment, etc., etc.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : Our dear Sister MARIE-ANGE ; for Mrs. MARION, deceased at Montreal ; LAFORCE, at Farnumville ; Vve GIRARD, at Marieville ; MESSIER at St-Dominique ; MANSEAU, at St-Zephirin ; MARTEL and MELANCON, both at St-Barnabe ; BACHAND, at Lancaster Mass.) ; ACHIN, at Leeds (Mass) ; BENJAMIN LEFEBVRE, at Sherrington ; for Miss VICTORIA DUQUETTE, deceased at St-Augustin ; GEORGIANNA VALIQUETTE, at St-Vincent de Paul ; ROSE-ANNA BIBEAU, at Putnam (Conn.) ; M. H. JEANNE SIROIS, at Quebec ; MARIE REGINA GENDRON, at St-Hyacinthe ; for MM. JOS LAPIERRE, at l'Île aux grues ; LOUIS PLANTE, at St-Nicolas ; JOS LEPEAU, at Quebec ; FELIX NOLETTE, at Lancaster (Mass.) ; LEOPOLD LAFLAMME, at Montreal ; JOHN WILKINSON, at Laurence (Mass) ; CHS LABERGE, at Chicago (Ill) ; CHS CHARPENTIER and JOS BOURGEOU, at Montreal ; Dr. A. W. GELINAS, at St-Hyacinthe ; the chevalier KEROACK, at Quebec ; M. MICHEL MORMANDIN, at St-Pie de

Bagot ; M. J. B. RESTHER, at Montreal ; VICTOR GLADU, at St-An-
toine, etc.

For all these persons and intentions, say, morning and night:
We pray Thee, O Lord, help Thy servants whom Thou hast
redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.

(100 days' ind. for members of the Confraternity of the P. B.)

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

200 days ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20 June 1892.

THANKSGIVINGS.

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Many persons have written us letters of thanksgiving for favors received, which they had promised to publish in *The Voice of the Precious Blood*. We would be happy to yield to their desires and publish these letters entire. But there is such a resemblance between many of them, we believe it our duty to merely give the substance by a *résumé* of a few lines.

Among the sick, the poor seeking employment, the persons under the weight of the Cross, and others who have solicited signal graces, many have been heard, after having made a pious Novena in honor of the Precious Blood, or promised to subscribe to our Review. All of these persons ask to unite with them in thanking the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Let us, then, often say, from the depths of our hearts, according to the intention of these persons ;

Glory to the Blood of Jesus now and forever, and throughout all the ages ! Amen.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

ST-HYACINTHE.—On April 30th., His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Paul LaRocque, Bp. of Sherbrooke, gave the Holy Habit of the Institute of the Precious Blood to MISS MARIE-LOUISE ST-GERMAIN, in religion *Sister Agnes de Jesus*, and received the Religious Vows of *Sister Marie of the Eucharist*, and of *Sister Marie of the Incarnation*. Rev. Father LaRocque, Secretary to the Rt. Rev. Bp. of Sherbrooke, and brother of *Sister Marie of the Eucharist*, gave the sermon appropriate to the occasion.

* * *

SHERBROOKE.—We read in "*Le Pionnier*"

A Religious Profession took place on May 8st., at the Monastery of the Precious Blood. His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Paul LaRocque, received the Religious Vows of Miss SOPHRONIE PRIMEAU, of Beauharnois, in religion *Sister Rose of Viterbo*.

The sermon of the occasion was given by Rev. P. A. Lefebvre, Chaplain to the Community, from the following text: *Ubi invenietur sapientia?* Where shall wisdom be found?

The young Religious was conducted to the foot of the Altar by the Rev. Mother Catherine Aurélie, Foundress of the Institute, and Superior of the Mother-House at St-Hyacinthe.

His Lordship was assisted by the Vicar General Chailifoux and by Rev. N. Caron, Rector of St-Catherine. Rev. J. S. LaRocque acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Rev. Fr. Gignac, Rector of the Cathedral, and Rev. P. A. Bégin Professor of Sciences to the Seminary, was also present in the choir of the modest Chapel, whilst the nave was literally filled with a crowd of the faithful drawn by the touching and sublime character of the ceremony.

His Lordship gave a special benediction to all those present, after having pronounced a short allocution.
