

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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THE PRAYER OF SAINT BERNARD OF
CLAIRVAUX.

Remember, Mother, throned in Heaven's splendor,
That never on this earth has it been said
That any heart which sought thy pity tender
Was left un comforted.

So, wearied of world-friendship's changing fashion,
And bankrupt of world-treasures utterly,
And trusting in thy mercy and compassion,
I come at last to thee.

Why name to thee my needs in my entreating —
Thou, taught in human hearts by the Divine —
Long time ago, when soft His Heart was beating,
Fond Mother, close to thine !

O plead with Him who on thy breast was cherished
Sweet Sharer in the world's Redemption Pain !
O let it not be said that I have perished,
Where none came yet in vain !

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(Continuation.)

THE Redeemer's Blood is applied to our souls in the Sacrament of Penance. Here is the curative pool. Do you desire to be healed? Plunge into this bath. "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John I. 7.)

What a motive for contrition is the remembrance of all that our Lord suffered in shedding His Blood to obtain our pardon. How dearly our forgiveness was purchased!

It is always through Blood that expiation is made. Without It no remission of sin. In absolution It streams down on our souls. With what devotion we should receive It.

Saints have been gifted with a clear vision of the Saving Blood falling on their souls at that moment. One used to be eager to receive It, feeling the need of being cleansed from all stain. She would implore her confessor to purify her soul saying:—"Father, quickly, the Blood of Jesus Christ!" and an ecstasy was the result of absolution.

We, the dispensers of this Blood, must administer It to others. With what respect, what prudence, we should apply It to souls in the sacred Tribunal!

The various sacraments are the channels by means of which It is diffused. From It the baptismal water, the chrism of Confirmation and the oil of Extreme Unction derive their virtue. These matters are a symbol, as it were, beneath which It is hidden to signify a special virtue It produces.

All graces emanate from the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, who, in shedding It, merited them for us. Not a favor has been received by us until it cost Him some drops of His Blood.

It is an exhaustless store, whence we draw the wealth of God's friendship. In the words of Saint Ambrose, "The Blood of Christ is precious gold."

It is the infinite treasure which makes those who use It participate in Christ's love. "*An infinite treasure to men which they that use become the friends of God.*" (1 Wis. VII. 14.) Everything can be purchased with this treasure.

Our Redeemer's Blood shows us the value of our souls. The worth of any object is measured by its price. You are bought with a great price (1 Cor. VI.)

Jesus Christ saw His Blood and your soul in the balance ; He unhesitatingly preferred your soul. Therefore respect that soul which has been inundated, redeemed and embellished by the Blood of a God. If we abuse grace, what use will His Blood have been to us ? "What profit is my Blood ?"

By the reception of the Saviour's Blood we contract divine relationship and consanguinity with Him. Those of the same blood are of the same family. Hence, one of the holy Fathers calls christians the kinsmen of Christ.

The Blood of God's Son, the King of kings, is in your hearts ; you are the sons of Mary, the brothers of Jesus Christ. How God has exalted the human soul ! Here indeed is true nobility !

Let us never degenerate, but live instead in sentiments worthy of the divine family with which we have formed an alliance.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH OF MARY.

UNDER our Canadian sky, nature is not yet clad, on the first days of May, in her most luxuriant robes of verdure and blossoms. But, in our country, so ardent is our love for the Blessed Virgin that, at the commencement of her month, we easily transport ourselves in spirit to the genial climes whose breezes are already laden with the perfume of flowers, and with joyous and exultant voices we chant the sweet and simple refrain :

"It is the month of our Mother,
The blessed and beautiful days."

Those who are devoted to the worship of the Most Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ will, at the open-

ing of this beautiful month, find pleasure in remembering that, according to the intentions of our venerated founders, devotion to Mary Immaculate in her conception is, in our monasteries, closely allied with devotion to the Precious Blood. We adore the sacred, crimson waves which water and gladden the city of God ; and, at the same time, we pay our homage of profound respect and tender love to the fruitful and ever pure source—the sealed fountain—whence flowed the adorable stream.

The Religious Adorers of the Precious Blood, their brother and sister associates, the members of the Confraternity, the friends and zelators of devotion to the Precious Blood, will love to assemble with one and the same intention, at the foot of Mary's altar, there to praise, bless and thank her for having given us the divine Treasure which redeemed the world. Let us pray for the Holy Father and our Mother the Church so cruelly persecuted in many countries. Thus our petitions and visits will be not only sweet and consoling but rich in their salutary effects. As all graces come to us through Mary, we may be confident of obtaining more even than we ask. But let us not be backward in proving our love for our holy Queen. See how the saints extolled her in rapturous language and with all the charms of the most tender devotion. Of Blessed Albert the Great, whose vast learning made him the prodigy of the middle ages, it is said that he was so devoted to the holy Mother of God that he could not refrain from speaking of her, could not conceal his love of her name, and that he appended to all his works some panegyric of his beloved Mistress or closed his studies with a song to her glory. He composed many sequences in honor of the glorious virgin and, in the monastery garden and elsewhere, he delighted in singing them with intense sweetness, devotion and enthusiasm. His sighs and tears would often interrupt his hymns and thus disclose his ardent piety, fervor and love. He invites all men to praise her frequently that she may never be separated either from their hearts or lips. We should also take to heart his injunction to praise her *wise/vr*, that is with sincerity, lest she say of us : " You honor me with your lips only ; you praise me but you do not imitate my virtues."

THE POOR HAVE THE GOSPEL PREACHED
TO THEM.

Matt. XI. 5.

THE church was empty.—How lonely He must be, buried in the depths of His golden tabernacle, a solitary Captive in the flickering twilight of the sanctuary lamp !

Rich, yes, the church was very rich, with gildings and a profusion, though not an overloading of carvings, arches and capitals. But, that evening, what was all this wealth to the Divine Guest abandoned on the altar ? Riches do not pray,—nay, from these panels, carpets and elaborately carved pews which we instinctively felt were reserved for the rich—for Dives—something like a mocking voice seemed to rise saying to the humble Jesus of Galilee : “ Blessed are the rich.”

A sombre thought struck me : “ Why dost Thou remain here, my God, in the gloom of these vaults. Wherefore forget Thyself among the riches once cursed by Thee ? Saviour, hast Thou repented of the Crib ? Bethlehem was stern ; true, but the Christmas peals of of song were sweet compared to the icy silence and pompous indifference of this temple. Come away and console the mendicant in his hovel, the laborer in his hut ; come and visit those who cannot venture here through fear of this opulence.”

Some one was coming in—a poor man but not a beggar ; that was plain from his appearance. He knelt down at the back of the church—where the carpets stopped, leaving the flags bare—the spot for the poor. He looked at the altar, his lips moving in prayer gently, very gently, as if disclosing a secret. Then he leaned hand and elbow against a neighboring column. I approached him.

“ You are tired,” I said simply ; “ why don't you go into one of the pews ? ”

He saluted me with a look, seemed surprised, and then said in a low tone and with a half smile :

“ The pews ? Oh ! they're too grand for me.”

However, as I insisted, he rose but hesitated about speaking because we were in a church. I drew him aside

into a chapel corner and, during our chat, found out that he belonged to this parish and, with other poor men, a number of them united, --had built this sumptuous church for the rich.

This luxury--so revolting to me a moment before was then the poor man's alms to the rich !

From this day-laborer I learned many things which, though often read, had never been understood by me before. His voice was mild and his kindness of heart ingenuous while he explained that, since the kingdom of heaven belonged to the poor, they were obliged to be generous and give a share of it to the rich. "This is why we built them this church," said he with a smile ; "because the church is a gate to heaven."

"And then," he added "to be poor is nothing ; but the love of poverty--Oh ! that is the poor man's treasure. Envy is the vice of slaves, those who crawl to bite the rich man's heel. A bad mendicant equals a bad rich man.

"I've often thought it must be hard to be envied and hated as the rich always are, and to feel one's own heart steeled by enjoyment and the possession of everything. I've pitied the young man in the Gospel who went away sad because he had not courage to leave his gold and follow Christ. Many times I've wept thinking that my wife might know black misery and my little ones cry of hunger ; but when, after giving them the last morsel of bread, I myself felt the pinchings of starvation, my heart sang in spite of my tears.

"I'm afraid there is no song in the rich man's heart while his eyes weep over his pitiful life and the kingdom he will never own"

Never before had I known a poor person to pity the rich of earth. I found it sublime. I took his hands and as both of us were weeping, kneeling a moment in that remote corner, we--both poor, he the more humble--sent up a prayer for the rich--and that it might be easier for them to enter God's kingdom.

Confronted with that soul so elevated, so noble in its pure faith, I realised that here was a case in which Christ would repeat His saying to the Jews : "I say to you I

have not found such faith in Israel." Beside this man I felt myself less than nothing.

Here then was the long-sought sign anxiously awaited never before discovered—the proof given by Christ himself—which I had seen only in dreams—revealed to me this evening in a darksome corner of a chapel : “ the poor have heard and understood the Gospel : *Pauperes Evangelizantur.*”

* * *

As we were going out, I, still holding his hand in mine, a man entered with considerable parade.

Tall and richly dressed, he seemed thoroughly at home in this church. Making the sign of the cross hurriedly and disdainfully, he took full possession of the aisle, his step creaking proudly over the carpet.

When passing, he looked at us out of the corner of his gold-rimmed eye-glass. A minute after, I heard a great rattle of coin falling into the poor box. But, in his glance and on his scornful lip I had seized the meaning of his prayer : “ I thank Thee, Lord, that I am not like these publicans.”

LE ROSAIRE.

AVE MARIA ; A BRETON LEGEND.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

In the ages of faith, before the day
 When men were too proud to weep or pray,
 There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,
 Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
 A chapel for simple souls to meet
 Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,

‘*Ave, Maria*’.

There was an Idiot, palsied, bleared,
 With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
 Hunched from the cradle, vacant eyed,
 And whose head kept rolling from side to side ;

Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,

‘ *Ave, Maria.* ’

But, when they up-got and wended home,
Those up the hill-side, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk ;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,

‘ *Ave, Maria.* ’

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,
And ran up the sail, and trimmed his craft,
While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,
Then, suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,

‘ *Ave, Maria.* ’

Others might plough and reap and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding sheet ;
But he, through rapture and pain and wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,

‘ *Ave, Maria.* ’

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth ;
Then, leaped and laughed o’er the havoc wreaked,
The Idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,

‘ *Ave, Maria.* ’

Children mocked and mimicked his feet,
As he slouched, or sidled, along the street ;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,

And mothers with child eschewed his eye ;
 And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
 Christened him, from the words he spoke,

‘ *Ave, Maria.*’

One year, when the harvest feasts were done,
 And the mending of tattered nets begun,
 And the kittiwake’s scream took a weirder key,
 From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
 He was found at morn, on the fresh strewn snow,
 Frozen and faint and crooning low,

‘ *Ave, Maria.*’

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
 And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
 Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
 And stove to quiet his chattering chin ;
 But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
 He kept on murmuring, till he died,

‘ *Ave, Maria.*’

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
 He could not be buried in sacred earth ;
 So, they laid him afar, apart, alone,
 Without o: a cross, or turf, or stone,
 Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
 To which none ever came nigh, to say,

‘ *Ave, Maria.*’

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorn white,
 And the lark bore his music out of sight,
 And the swallow outraced the racing wave,
 Up from the lonely, outcast grave
 Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
 Such as she bears to whom men cry,

‘ *Ave, Maria.*’

None had planted it ; no one knew
 How it had come there, why it grew ;
 Grew up strong, till its stately stem

Was crowned with a snow-white diadem—
 One pure lily, round which, behold,
 Was written by God in veins of gold,

‘ *Ave, Maria.* ’

Over the lily they built a shrine,
 Where are mingled the mystic Bread and Wine
 Shrine you may see in the little town
 That is snugly nestled ’twixt deep and down :
 Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
 And it bears the unshriven Idiot’s name,

‘ *Ave, Maria.* ’

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
 From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
 Crazy, contorted, mindless born,
 The gentle’s pity, the cruel’s scorn
 Who shall bar you the Gates of Day,
 So you have simple faith to say,

‘ *Ave, Maria.* ’

THE ANGELUS BELL.

ONE bright summer morning in Germany, two merry little brothers were enjoying themselves to their hearts’ content, by the side of the sparkling, flashing, hurrying waters of the mill race. As they bounded by its edge, Fritz the younger, an urchin of five, stopped to gather forget-me-nots ; and in so doing lost his balance, and fell into the swift flowing stream. In sprang brave Hans, his senior by three years, to save him, but equally borne along by the rapid current, he could only grasp him when he had become insensible.

As Hans was unable to reach the bank with his burden, the children were speedily carried forward to certain destruction in the coils of the huge, steadily revolving water-wheel. They were already in the foaming, eddying waters at its rim. No human eye perceived their danger. Hans however in his distress cried : “ Oh, Hail Mary, help ! ”

And hark ! the Angelus bell begun sweetly to ring. The great mill wheel instantly stands still. Out steps the mealy miller on the bridge, bareheaded, hands reverently folded to say his prayers. His attention being instantly attracted to the children in the water at his feet, down kneels this burly miller on the planks, and stretching forth his brawny arms, he bears them aloft from a watery grave. Our Lady of Mercy has saved her little ones ! -
The Poor Souls' Friend.

REFLECTIONS.

Never avenge yourself. By sacrificing the desire you will be more pleasing to God than if you offered Him a thousand pounds of gold.

TAULER.

Piety without judgment can save us ; but piety regulated by judgment is a great deal more useful.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Everything done for creatures is lost, unless mingled with charity. This is the salt which preserves actions and affections from the corruption of life.

E. DE GUÉRIN.

Leave all to Providence. God knows better than we what best suits us.

SAINTE FRANÇOIS DE SALES.

Ten souls enjoying the delights of grace will fall more easily into sin than one which is in affliction.

B. HENRY SUSO.

Saints and poets have compared life to a great many things, but it is in reality nothing but a short pilgrimage between rows of tombs. As we advance, those who began the journey with us stop and lie down in one of the open

graves. Sometimes, aged and worn with the fatigue of the journey, one arrives at the term of a long career, but—he is alone.

MARIE EDMÉE.

HOLY CATHARINE OF SIENA.

FEAST : April 30th.

Unto Christ betrothed in youth,
Spouse of doctrine, love and truth,
I am clad in vestments white,
In my breast is inner light
Which makes glory in mine eyes,
Thence returning to the skies.

Y^{ou} may see the lowly house
Where my Lord did me espouse
In those spirit-nuptials fair ;
All mankind our children were,
All the suffering, all the sore
Were our charge forevermore.

In the greatness of my task
Such a favor I did ask,
Not to share the glorious throne
Which the Saviour made His own,
But to bear the marks of shame
Men now worship with His name ;
On my outstretched palms to show
That extremest suffered woe
Which He met, to teach that Pain
Love's great force could ne'er restrain.

This, my suit, was not denied,
For the heavens opened wide,
Showing Mary fair of face
With her perfect Child of grace.
Then in ecstasy supreme
Of my Bridegroom did I dream ;
Dreamed I saw him bending o'er
My faint form, that breathed no more.

When I woke, on either hand
Did the mystic stigma stand.

As a saint of help and prayer
Do the limners draw me fair.
One, my many cures portrays ;
One, the labors of my days.
But that crowning of my soul
Sodoma with cunning stole.
Like a lily did he paint
On her knees the swooning saint,
Like a lily overhewed
By some glorious golden cloud,
Which her golden heart drew down
For its brimming cup and crown.

Death who enters everywhere,
Havoc makes of things most fair ;
When my piteous spoil they show,
Men may see him come and go.
But a lifted finger warns
Him who every menace scorns,
And where Sodoma in white
Fixed my form for soul's delight,
Never shadow dark shall come,
Nor oblivion make its home.
Dust of loving steps alone
Shall lie meekly on the stone.
So the perfect work shall rest
With the things that Earth loves best.

- *Julia Ward Howe, in Donahoe's Magazine.*

The salvation of one soul is of more value than the
conquest of an empire.

To receive and to communicate assistance constitutes
the happiness of human life.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

" In the Blood you find the fire."

St. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

ON the thirteenth of September 1376, the doors of the pontifical palace opened suddenly.

The pope, followed by fifteen cardinals, was preparing to descend to the Rhone where a galley awaited him, when his aged father appeared all in tears, uttering heart-rending cries. Up to that moment he had not believed in the possibility of his son's departure. Transported with grief, he extended himself upon the threshold, saying to his son .

You will pass first over my body.

God has said, answered Gregory : " Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk ; the lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet," and he passed over.

The mule which they presented to the pope became refractory and refused to carry him which seemed a bad omen.

Avignon loved the popes. The citizens had determined to retain Gregory even at the price of a riot. Nevertheless, the crowd gave way. Ruled by an irresistible impression, they left the way free for the Roman Church returning to the eternal city.

In the road of Marseilles, twenty galleys waited at anchor, commanded by the grand master of Saint John of Jerusalem's order.

On leaving the port, the fleet was assailed by a frightful tempest. A wave carried off the bishop of Luni. It took sixteen days to reach Genoa.

The pope disembarked broken with sufferings. His courtiers and the cardinals entreated him to turn back. The most sinister rumors from Rome reached the pope, where the emissaries of the revolution agitated themselves at his approach.

Happily, Catherine had just arrived at Genoa by way of land.

For fear of discontenting his followers, the pope dared not invite her to meet him. His sovereign dignity would not permit him to mingle with the multitude which surrounded the Saint all the long day. Nevertheless, feeling himself weakening, he wanted to see her again ; clothed as a simple ecclesiastic, he went, in the night to the house where she was lodging.

The *Beata Papolana*, recognizing the pope, knelt at his feet. But, as usual, she spoke to him with a strange authority. It would be necessary to remount to the prophets of the ancient law to find examples of words more free, more energetic.

Gregory went away strengthened, consoled. To this feeble but sweet Pontiff, Catherine had the gift of communicating the flames of sacred ardor, of giving the illusion of heroism.

Gregory again set sail. The tempest roared still more terribly. It was necessary to disembark the cardinal of Narbonne who died on the land. The life of the pope was several times in danger. Never was a voyage more slow, more stormy.

At Corneto, where he landed on December fifth, the pope opened negotiations with the Romans. The treaty formerly concluded with Urban V was renewed. Rome rendered to the pope the right of feudal sovereignty upon the patrimony, the bridges, towers and fortresses of the city. The pope promised to leave in their functions the officers of justice and the city militia whose leaders had to make their oaths of office before him.

After having celebrated the feast of Christmas sorrowfully, at Corneto, Gregory had to embark again in his provincial galley, for Viterbo and Civita Vecchia, revolted, had closed to him the route by land. At last, on the fourteenth of January 1377, he arrived at Ostia. On the same evening, the deputations from Rome arrived bearing the treaty. There were great rejoicings, and dances by the glimmer of torchlights. The next day, the pope reascended the Tiber in his galley. On the sixteenth of January, at night-fall, they cast anchor in the middle of the river, in the neighbourhood of Saint Paul's basilica and the people ran in the darkness, bearing lights to behold that vision of ancient days, the Bark of Peter.

At sunrise, Gregory disembarked, with his cortege. At the head of the procession, marched the mariners clothed in white ; then came two thousand men-at-arms in command of Raymond de Turenne. Catherine had, however, strongly recommended the avoidance of all military display. " No foreign soldiers," had she written to the pope, several days previous ; " enter Rome without guards, the cross in hand."

The magistrates mounted on horses, the city militia and the cross-bow-men surrounded the pontiff, leading a palfrey richly harnessed, under a canopy of purple with the senators and nobles holding the batons. The cortege traversed, between the Tiber and Aventine the solemn desert of Rome ; before the gate and indented walls of Saint Paul were ranged the clergy and the monks ; there were given to the pope the keys of the city."

The joy of the people cast the pope and his escort into a state of astonishment. That joy, so short to endure, manifested itself by delirious acclamations, by impetuous dances. The thousand voices of the multitude, the ringing of the bells and the joyous sounds of musical instruments filled the air. The women high up on the terraces of houses, threw down flowers upon the path of the pontiff. It was only towards evening that the cortege arrived at Saint Peter's. The great place was brilliantly illuminated. Gregory traversed the length of the glorious basilica where eighteen thousand lamps were burning, and, opening his arms, prostrated himself upon the tomb of the Fisherman.

(To be continued.)

LAURE CONAN.

THE STAR.

A wild night. The sky covered with a thick network of clouds. Behind the clouds, the star was waiting in all the brilliant beauty of her evening attire. Times she shone forth with gladsome beaming, for the massive dark clouds were moving steadily onwards in the sky, with " stately-stepping, marching to the music of the upper

winds. " Times again, the star was obscured from view, and hope grew faint with the weariness of the night. The wind moaned among the pine trees like a soul in pain ; it shrieked and groaned in the smitten forest, whilst storm-voices were heard weeping and howling in the tree-tops.

But far above the noise and tumult, hidden from view, the star was keeping the night-watches :

" Though the storm is loud, and our voice is drowned
By the roar of the wind and sea,
We know that more terrible tempests sound
Their Ruler, O Lord, in Thee ! "

The clouds passed. The storm ceased. The star remained.

Like the storm, I had wept my soul into calmness, for I had invoked Mary.

O glorious star of the evening, now shining forth so cheerfully, with a new and brighter beaming, on the troubled world, what hand placed thee thus securely in the heaven's dark blue dome ? God's hand, poor mortal. He bade me shine and glow, throughout all the long ages, for Him and for thee.

Mary is a star. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, she is our Mother also. God's mighty hand placed her high in our life-sky, far above all other daughters of Eva, immaculate in her purity : —

" Who so above
All mothers shone ;
The mother of
The Blessed One."

Vast tracts of Mary's magnificence are lighted up for us, when we remember that she is *God's choice* and that her name was first spoken in Paradise.

Mary is ever there, in our stormy life-sky, patiently waiting, above the storm-clouds of our soul-life, for the favorable moment when she can bring us to Jesus.

Silently she treads her silvery pathway adown the weary ages, bent on her errands of mercy to our souls.

In the pearly dawn of life, Mary is our morning-star, and our star of the evening when death-shadows hover

around us, and we need most her cheering beams. Praying and interceding for her exiled children, she lights up our pathway to Heaven. Angels attend her and the black demons flee before her "clear-shining." *Ave, Ave.* Her name is Eva's name reversed. Her mission, reversed also, is to save us from evil and shield us from harm.

This is the month of Mary.

"And up to God in sweetest charity,
Will mount the *Aves* to our Lady fair,
Will mount and mingle in the grand accord
Of gracious music for our Risen Lord."

Ave Maria !

CARRISSIMI.

Written for "THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

A "HEART OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

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

Words of P. Pius IX.

PART V.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Truly the ways of Providence are wonderful ! Such was the thought uppermost in the minds of Mrs. Redmond and Grace as the Captain and Harold related their stories.

"It is now about fifteen years, as you will remember," began the Captain with emotion, "since that terrible night when our ship went down. I was doing my best to save the vessel, when a falling beam struck me on the head. It injured the skull and brought on a severe attack of brain fever, which was followed by a period of insanity that lasted several years. All this was told me, on my regaining the use of reason, which, thank God, has never since been impaired.

I had been treated at a celebrated hospital in Paris by a specialist, remarkable for his skill in cases of this kind.

On my dismissal, after much inquiry, I learned that my wife and children had gone down with the ill-fated vessel. More than five years had elapsed since that time, so I had no inclination for returning to Canada. It would only awaken sorrowful recollections, I thought. But, ah ! what happiness would have been mine, had I only received and acted upon the inspiration to do so. Not feeling well enough to return to a sea-faring life, I went to Italy, where the beautiful climate and the perfect rest I enjoyed, restored my health completely. After having spent nearly seven years in this manner, retired from the cares and occupations of the world, a longing for my old life returned. --I made application, and without much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining charge of a large passenger vessel. Once or twice I entertained a thought of returning to Canada, and was only awaiting a favorable opportunity of so doing. Providence was arranging all things for the accomplishment of His designs. His ways, though often dark to our dull senses, are always the best. Little did I think when I set sail for France, on my last voyage, how many wonderful things would take place ere its close."

And he went on to relate the events, which are already known to the reader, of that ever memorable day when the young man left the note in his cabin, and how he afterwards rescued him from the sinking ship.

"And that young man," he continued with emotion, "proved to be no other than my own dear son, Harold, who imparted to me the glad tidings that his mother and sister were still alive and residing in our old home in Canada."

Mrs. Redmond and Grace were weeping. They gazed at Harold in amazement.

"What did it all mean?"

"I cannot explain," said Harold answering their inquiring looks, "except to say that it was all done by the power of God, to whom no word shall be impossible."

"When I found myself for the second time in life, about to be swallowed up by the threatening waves, I was filled with remorse for my past careless life. Ah ! it was

only then, when death stared me in the face, that I awoke to a realization of my terrible state. I was about to appear before the tribunal of a God whom I had offended without concern, and had almost begun to ignore.

“ Then I remembered the Heart of the Precious Blood that Grace had put around my neck, making me promise to wear it, which, to please her, I had consented to do. Now it seemed to me an anchor of hope to which I could cling, *“ Place on thy heart one drop of the Blood of Jesus and fear nothing.”* I repeated with joy these blessed words enkindled in my breast. “ Oh ! Jesus, I continued to cry,” save me, and I will live better in future.”

Hours passed. My strength was fast declining ; yet help came not. I prayed and prayed with renewed fervor and confidence ; never doubting but that I should be heard. I besought my Guardian Angel to send a vessel in our direction, and this he did in a truly miraculous manner. The only way I can account for my appearance in my father’s cabin is, that our Lord must have allowed this good Angel Guardian to take that form, and thus answer my prayer by sending my own father to the rescue. Oh ! truly God is great and merciful !” said Harold, burying his face in his hands and relapsing into silence.

Grace was the first to speak. Looking up shyly, she said :

“ I must ask your pardon, Papa, for not paying you more attention, after such a long absence. But I did not recognize you. ”

This made them all laugh.

“ No, Grace, I did not expect that you would, ” replied the Captain, gazing at her with fatherly pride. “ Nor did I recognize in the young lady I beheld, so attentive to her mother, the little babe whom I only knew for a few weeks. ”

Grace laughed and blushed a little, and then ran off to impart the good news and to see that the housekeeper had everything prepared for the comfort and convenience of the dear travellers.

Her heart was light and bounding with joy ; her every wish and desire had more than been fulfilled.

The rest of the day was spent in acts of thanksgiving to God and His Immaculate Mother, whose Glorious Feast, had brought so much joy and gladness to all those whom she loved.

THE END.

S. M. A.

“REMEMBER THE DEAD.”

At the hour when darkness commences to veil the East, when all sounds are dying away, I was slowly following a deserted path that led past the yellowing corn.

The bee had regained its hive, the bird its nocturnal shelter, the motionless leaves were sleeping on their stems ; agreeable and pensive silence enveloped the drowsy earth.

A solitary sound, the distant tones of the village bell, undulated on the calm air. It seemed to repeat : “Remember the dead.” Fascinated as it were by my revery, the voices of the departed, weak and vague, appeared to blend with this aerial call.

Spirits of another world, do you return to visit the places in which your rapid journey was made, there to seek the memory of joys and sorrows too quickly vanished ? Like the smoke escaping from our roofs and suddenly dissipated, you have disappeared. Your graves are green beneath the old yews of the cemetery ; and when the moist western breeze murmurs through the long grass, one would say it was a spirit’s moan. Spouse of death, do you leap on your mystic couch ?

You are now at peace ; no more care, no more tears. Brighter stars now shine for you and a more radiant sun floods with splendor ethereal countries, seas and boundless horizons.

O speak to me of the mysteries of that world sounded by my desires, into whose bosom my soul, wearied of earth shadows, aspires to plunge. Tell me of Him who created it, dwells in it and who alone can fill the immense void He has made in me.

Brothers, after a season of waiting consoled by faith, your hour has come. Mine too will follow, and others in turn, the day's labor over, regaining their dwelling, will lend ear to the voice calling: "Remember the dead."

LAMENNAIS.

Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

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

ANNA T. SADLER.

Quebec, the 17th of June, 1635.

Revered Madam and dear Friend,

The morrow, the fatal morrow is here. The air is spring-like and the day most fair, with blossoms, long-petaled, appearing upon the trees; with the brilliant sun of this hemisphere shining upon all, sad hearts and gay. With Albertine upon my arm, I stood downcast, witnessing that strange spectacle. M. de Montmagny goes in person to this foray. With him, the chief officers and soldiers, except l'Intendant, who, with a small contingent, remaineth to protect us.

Notable, amongst all the group, was the martial figure of Antoine de Melleray. My eyes grew dim, as I looked, recalling vividly to mind that morning, in the old Cathedral at Nantes, when he stood beside my sister, a most noble bride-groom. Near him is Maurice so handsome and hopeful. Blame me not, if to my mind recurred that saying from heathendom: "Whom the gods love die young."

Vainly I strove to bring myself back to more christian sentiments, and to the conviction that without the will of Christ none can die, whatsoever the peril in which they be placed. Alack, death could ask no fairer sacrifice. As in a flash of light, came upon me the significance of

immortality. Should this young life be, indeed, cut down by the destroyer, it would not be ending, but beginning rather another most joyful.

Sharp reports of musketry, the boom of cannon announced that the governor was entering one of the canoes, all of which lay close to the shore. In each was the impressive figure of a chief of the Huron people, many of whom have embraced the christian faith. They, in their war paint and feathers, made my heart to sink yet lower, for if so uncouth and barbaric be these civilized savages, how much more those still dwelling in barbarity.

M. de Montmagny had received from these strange people, divers belts of wampum, some of which he wore. One was given to him to smooth the path for him and his warriors to the country of the enemy ; another, to bind him to the Huron nation in eternal amity; still another, to adorn the dead man's path for those of his warriors who should have to tread thereon; another, to level all mountains and make favorable all winds, till he should reach his destination. Such are the quaint significances which the Indian tribes allot to their gifts.

I strayed Maurice to my heart, embraced Antoine and, with the sobbing Albertine clinging to my neck, I watched the paddles plied by the practised hands of the Indian oarsmen, till the canoes swept out of sight, around the cape. Upon the shore with me, were assembled, almost entire, the feminine population of Quebec, together with sundry old men and boys and the soldiers left for our protection.

Life went on, as it ever doth, though to me, for that first hour of the departure, it seemed that it must stand still. We had seen those set forth whom we might behold no more. Yet did a woman dance her baby in the sunlight, pointing out to its infinite merriment the motes disporting themselves therein. " One day, thou, too, my André, shalt be a soldier, " said a mother to her six year old son. " Nay and I would rather be a chief like those yonder, " made answer the boy, " that I might wear paint and feathers. " " Fi donc, petit bonhomme, " answered the mother with a laugh.

There was a scent of lilacs in the air, oppressive sweet, methought, as are the flowers one strews upon the dead.

I brought Albertine homewards, sobbing inconsolably. Later in the day, I tested the divergence between the grief of the teens and of twenty years older. Albertine has as much sensibility and stability likewise as those of her age and sex. Yet, ere the sun had set on that fateful day, I perceived her joyously at play with certain youths and maidens. As her laugh rang happily upon the air, I chid myself for the vexation which possessed me. Rather should I bow in thankfulness to God, of Whom the wise dispensation hath lightened sorrow for the young in years and in heart.

(*To be continued.*)

A GOOD WORK.

WE beg to again call the attention of our dear readers to the important work about to be begun by our Sisters of Ottawa: the construction of their new Monastery and Chapel. Their desire to glorify the Precious Blood and to answer to the earnest wish of Its *devotees* for a Sanctuary worthy so adorable a *Treasure*, emboldens our Sisters to assume the burden of so great an undertaking. They feel that they cannot count too confidently upon hearts that have discovered the Blood's availing merits in prayer, and tasted its consoling sweetness in suffering. To facilitate, for the moment, the assistance proffered by so many, we again mention the the *Raffle* of a *gold watch*, valued at \$150,00 which was presented to our Sisters, in view of their future building. The sale of tickets (25cts) is opened and will continue during several or more months. All donations &c, should be sent directly to our Monastery of Ottawa, and the name and address of all purchasers of tickets, should be given in full. Address:

Monastery of the Precious Blood,

167 St-Patrick Street,

Ottawa.

Ont.

PATRONS AGAINST TORNADOES.

The recent tornado in St. Louis had one very deplorable effect beside its material destruction, viz., that of arousing in many minds, where it was utterly unknown before, the fear of wind storms and lightning which, though familiar to the population of Kansas and other Western states where cyclones are comparatively frequent, was unknown here. For the comfort of those who regard each tiny cloud with dread and detect in an uncommonly warm day or a north east breeze the harbinger of the tornado, we give the following information regarding those saints who are invoked as protectors against the fury of the elements.

Saint Michael, the prince of the celestial hosts, is invoked against lightning, fire and kindred calamities, tornadoes and cyclones, floods, cloud bursts, etc. Various saints of local fame are honored in various places, notably one who is invoked every year in California on his feast day as a patron against earthquakes and Saint Expedite, the patron of urgent causes, is a special patron against such calamities.

Saint Benedict Joseph Labre is the author of a prayer for protection against fire, lightning and earthquakes, which he gave to a pious family of Fabriano, Italy, whose hospitality he had accepted, assuring them that its devout recitation would preserve their house and those of their neighbors from destruction by the fury of the elements. A proof of the efficacy of the prayer lies in the fact that, during a violent earthquake which occurred in Fabriano some years later, nearly all the houses in the village being destroyed, the dwelling in which the Saint had stopped and those adjoining were untouched. An English translation of the prayer as issued by the Ave Maria press is as follows :

Jesus Christ, King of Glory, came in peace. God was made man. The Word was made Flesh. Christ was born of the Virgin Mary. Christ walked in peace through the midst of them. Christ was crucified. Christ died. Christ arose again. Christ ascended into heaven. Christ conquers, Christ reigns. Christ commands. May Christ defend us from all lightning. Jesus is with us. Pater, Ave, Credo and Gloria. "CATHOLIC PROGRESS."

 ANECDOTES.

 A STORY WITH A MORAL.

There is a story told of a baronet, celebrated for his impiety, who kept a jester to amuse him. At one time the baronet was so ill that it was reported among his servants that he was dead. One of them said to the jester: "Our master is gone." "Ah whither is he gone?" asked the jester. "To Heaven, to be sure." "To Heaven!" said the jester. "No, he is not, I am certain." "Why so?" asked the servant. The jester replied: "Why, because Heaven is a great way off, and when my master was going on a long journey he used for some time to talk about it and prepare for it; but I never heard him speak of Heaven or saw him make any preparation for going; he cannot, therefore, be gone thither."

 CHARITY.

A beautiful illustration of Christian charity is offered in the following incident. An eminent painter was requested by Alexander the Great to sketch his likeness. Alexander had a scar upon his brow of a sword-thrust. For a time the artist was perplexed as to how he might make a good likeness of the king and yet not show this deformity. He finally hit upon the expedient of having the monarch seated upon the throne with his head slightly resting upon his hand, thus concealing the scar.

When we sketch the character of others, let us kindly lay our hands over the scars, and when others come to sketch us perhaps they also will lay the hands of charity over our scars, for we have them, too. Thus shall each preserve and set forth the beauty of the other, and forget the deformity that more or less mars us all.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

For all religious Congregations and sodalities devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

For the first communicants of the month of May.

Favors, temporal and spiritual. Conversions to the faith. Restoration of reason. Success in studies. Reformation of drunkards. Recovery of health. Cure of habitual faults and scrupulosity.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD, specially for : The Rev. J. M. BOURASSA, formerly priest of Montebello, deceased at Longueuil ; Revd. Sister MARY BERNADETTE, deceased at our Monastery, Ottawa ; Sister MARY OF THE NATIVITY, St-Joseph's Convent, Toronto ; Sister Mother MARY PATRICIA of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, Hamilton, Ont ; Rvdes. Sisters GONDU and MATHILDE BEAUDRY, deceased at l'Hotel-Dieu of St-Hyacinthe ; Revd Sisters MARIE-ELIZABETH and MARIE-HELENE CLARISSE, at Sinsinawa ; for MM. Dr GAUVREAU, at Rimouski ; LS CHICOINE, at Ware, Mass. ; JAS MURPHY and NICHOLAS MURPHY, at Batiscan Mills, Que. ; ALF. CHAREST, at Manchester ; LS JACQUES, JR at St-Joseph de la Beauce ; FERDINAND LAVIGNE, at Lewiston ; OLIVIER CARTIER, at St-David ; JACQUES BLAIS, at St-Pierre de Montmagny ; AUGUSTE MATTE, at Rimouski ; EDOUARD FORTIER, at Montreal ; FAUCHER DE ST-MAURICE, at Quebec ; Hon. FRANCOIS BECHARD, at Montreal. For Mrs. THOMAS LAFOND, at La Baie du Febvre ; Mrs. STANISLAS MEUNIER, at Chambly Bassin ; Mrs MAXIME CREPEAU, at St-Felix de Valois ; Mrs. JOS. HAMEL, at Warwick ; Mrs. HOMERE LIETOURNEAU, at St-Joseph de la Beauce ; Mrs. BAZILE PARADIS, at St-Marcel ; Mrs. MOISE DESLAURIERS, at Ware, Mass. ; Mrs. Dr BRISBOIS, at Pierreville. For Misses ROSE-ANNA GRANDCHAMP, at WOODSOCKET ; BELZEMIRE PELLETTIER and OUBELINE SAMSON, at Lewiston ; AGLORE BOIVIN, at Taunton ; ROSE-BERTHE MORIN, at St-Hyacinthe ; Revde Sister LUPIN, at Lewiston.

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.

100 XIII. 20, June, 1892.

THANKSGIVINGS

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Some months ago, I had a novena made for my child who was ill with the typhoid fever, promising, at the same time, to have it published in your annals if she regained health. I should have fulfilled this duty long ago. Please help me to thank the Precious Blood."

"Some weeks ago, I solicited prayers for a nervous malady from which I had been suffering since some months. I also made the promise to pay a subscription in favor of the dead members of my family. Thanks to the Precious Blood, I obtained what I desired."

"I send you my second annual subscription to the "Voice of the Precious Blood." I frankly avow that I wished to discontinue it, but Saint Anthony has changed my mind by obtaining a grace which I asked through a novena made in his honor and the promise of having it published in your Annals. The third day of the novena I was answered and I come with joy to fulfill my promise. It is with all the fervor of my soul that I thank the great Saint to whom I owe an eternal gratitude. I desire to proclaim loudly his goodness, his power and his unbounded charity towards the afflicted."

"In a very critical case, I implored the Precious Blood of Jesus, and promised two loaves for Saint Anthony's poor, also to have the grace published in the "Voice of the Precious Blood" if it was accorded. I was answered and trust you will not refuse to fulfill my promise."

"Thanks to the Blood of Jesus for my husband's cure. After having promised to have that grace inserted

in "The Voice of the Precious Blood" if it was granted, I was answered. Thanks, a thousand thanks to the Redeeming Blood."

"My child had not been walking since two years. Your novena was not finished when she began to walk again."

"I am happy in coming to thank the Precious Blood for many graces with which I have been favored after promising to have them inserted in your annals."

"I write you, at last, in order to pay my debt of gratitude to the Precious Blood. I was sick in bed when the physician declared that my husband had the typhoid fever. One night being much worse myself, the doctor believed I had the same malady. Almost discouraged I recommended myself to the Precious Blood, recited some prayers in Its honor and promised that, if I was preserved from the fever, I would have that grace published in your annals. The next morning I was much better and a few days after able to take care of my husband."

Will you be good enough to insert in your annals of the Precious Blood three important graces obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, of Saint Expeditus, and of Saint Anthony, after promising to have them published in your review.

I come to beg you to thank the Precious Blood and Saint Expeditus. I obtained great graces after earnest prayers and the promise made to have them published in "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

You will find enclosed \$1.00 for a year's subscription to your review. Please publish the following fact: We

have been helped, in an astonishing manner, by Saint Expeditus after making the promise of publishing the favor. Profound gratitude to this great Saint."

I obtained through the intercession of many saints the grace of being able to follow my vocation. I promised that if I obtained this grace I would have it published in "The Voice of the Precious Blood." Moreover, a drunkard has been converted after the promise to have this conversion inserted in "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

"Lately, I had a very sore finger which threatened to become dangerous and which occasioned me much suffering. After promising to have my cure inserted in "The Voice of the Precious Blood," I obtained immediate relief."

"A young epileptic makes a novena to the Precious Blood, promises to subscribe to "The Voice of the Precious Blood" if he is cured, and procures a medal of Our Lady of Olives which he constantly wears. It was in the month of September ; since then the young man has not had a single attack of his terrible disease."

"A person having obtained a very particular favor, through the merits of the Precious Blood and the intercession of Saint Anthony, desires to express her thanks through your review. The person in question has obtained even more than she hoped and this is what increases her confidence of obtaining another grace of which she feels a pressing need, promising to have it published if she receives it."

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

SOME weeks ago, an imposing ceremony took place in the chapel of the Catechumens' Institute, in Rome. His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar General to the Holy Father, conferred the sacrament of baptism on

no fewer than ten Jews. In this connection may be mentioned another conversion which took place in solemn form. The rector of the North American College received into the Church Mr. Adolphus Ruppel of Hamburg, a merchant who has large connections in the United States. The ceremony was attended by large number of Americans. Many Germans were likewise present.

* * *

A London despatch says :— To the astonishment of every one, and to the delight of the Duke of Norfolk, his only son and heir, whose early boyhood was marred by imbecility, deafness, dumbness and blindness, as well as by physical weakness in other respects, and who was universally pronounced altogether beyond the reach of medical science, appears to be shaking off and growing out of the various ailments by which he has been so sorely afflicted. He is recovering sight, intelligence and physical strength, the progress in this respect having been so rapid and so phenomenal that the young Earl of Arundel is able to take long tricycle rides along the public roads in the neighborhood of Wimbledon common, where he spent the winter in a beautiful house taken for him by his devoted father. The latter ascribes the transformation worked in his only son exclusively to divine intervention, and as a response by Providence to the numerous pilgrimages which he has undertaken with the poor boy to Lourdes, as well as to the prayers of Pope Leo, and of good Catholics in all parts of the world.

* * *

Now that Leo XIII has entered upon the twentieth year of his spiritual reign, some of our Protestant contemporaries are recalling the story of a vision which indicated that this Pontiff would hold office for twenty years and no more. They seem to think that if the visionary's prediction should be fulfilled that some great disaster would come to the Catholic Church. They forget that the Pope never dies.

Sacred Heart Review.

* * *

A Presbyterian paper, the *Observer* of St. Louis, says : " It is a credit to the heart of that (the Catholic) Church that she does many times more than all the Protestant churches combined, in caring for the fallen and the outcast. While the Protestants of St. Louis have but one half-paid representative to look after their share of the poor and degraded, the Catholics have fifteen or twenty priests and nuns, who make their visits weekly to the institutions under the care and direction of the city. We have no right to complain if the Catholics surpass us in good works. They have armies of men and women who devote their entire time to visiting prisoners and paupers and unfortunates.

* * *

The following words of praise have appeared in several papers. They are written by a Protestant minister :
 " Coming up from Italy, I had to cross the Alps, and having an American friend as a companion, we walked over the Simplon Pass, on the very top of which is the hospice, where the monks spend their lives amid eternal snows, that they may rescue lost travellers. One night we slept in the convent and when in the morning we parted from our kind hosts, I could not feel that we were in a condition to compare ourselves with them as to which were the better Christians. Such devotion I have found all over the world. Away off on the other side of the globe, coming from the Island of Java to Singapore, the most southern point of Asia, I observed, sitting on the upper deck, a Catholic priest and, approaching him as a stranger, I spoke to him in French, asking him the question which would have been the first addressed to an American missionary : ' When are you going to return home ? ' To which I received an answer I never heard before : ' *Jamais !* ' Never ! Never ! He had given his life to the service of the Church and of his divine Master.
