

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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TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

O ! Precious Blood of Jesus !
For me so foully shed,
In crimson torrents flowing
From Hands and Feet and Head.

From sacred Heart still throbbing,
With wounded love and pain !
That Blood such anguish telling
For many flows in vain.

Within that Fount of Mercy
Sink deep my griefs, my fears,
And mingling with its cleansing Flood,
Are my repentant tears.

O Precious Blood of Jesus,
Upon my soul to-day,
Fall with Thy Purifying grace
And wash all stains away.

FLORENCE B. SEYMOUR.

Detroit.

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“ I heard a Voice from Heaven, as it were the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder.”

Apoc. xiv. 2.

THE glorious Voice of the Precious Blood is ubiquitous.

It will endure forever, and sound in our ears throughout an endless Eternity.

We hear Its musical murmuring, Its plaintive passionate cries, in all the touching complaints and exhortations of the Patriarchs and Prophets of old. It was heard in the thrilling majestic tones of the Archangel Gabriel, when he appeared and spoke to the holy Prophet Daniel “ at the hour of the Evening Sacrifice,” before the coming of Christ, saying : “ O Daniel, I am now come forth to teach thee, that thou mightest understand, because thou art a man of desires : therefore do thou mark the word and understand.”

And when the long “ weeks of Daniel ” had expired, onward Gabriel swiftly sped to Joachim and Anne, to Zacharias and Elizabeth, bearing to each one a thrilling message of the coming of the Precious Blood.....

The Divine decrees were now at hand. The same glorious Angel of the Incarnation hovered over the little village of Nazareth, nestled among the mountains of Galilee. And, at midnight, breaking the heavenly silence of the humble Virgin’s prayer, made known to her his wondrous errand.

In the tones of Gabriel’s gentle salutation, Mary recognized the sweetly thrilling Voice of the Precious Blood. Over the rich green meadows, the shady hollows and limpid springs, over the fig and olive trees, orange and pomgranites of Nazareth, where Jesus played in his lovely Boyhood, echoes still the voice of God, the Voice of the Most Precious Blood.

And in all of queenly nature’s wide domains the same sweet Voice is ever sounding. We may hear it in the tinkling waters of the cool mountain streamlet, in the

dove-like sound of the whispering winds, in these gentle zephyrs of the Month of the Precious Blood, in the sweet warblings of the joyous little singing birds, in the mighty peals of thunder, when storm-clouds are above us. "Over the snow-covered mountain-tops, the billows of the glorious music rolls. The vast vaults of the purple night ring with Its resonance. The clouds tremble in Its undulations. Down into the deep seas flows the celestial harmony." We hear the menacing Voice of the Precious Blood in the tidings of awful catastrophes on land and sea; in the complaints of all the outraged peoples on the face of the earth, and in the depths of our souls when we consent to sin.

Oh, let us kneel and humbly pray that our hearts may awaken at the sound of this "Voice of great thunder."

Redeemed and saved ! O Jesus Christ, by Thy Most Precious Blood ! will one day be our triumphant song, in the innermost courts of our Father's House, where the "many mansions" are.

The joys that come to us, sometimes in life's bitterest moments, are all from the Precious Blood.

Its unseen angels brush us with their wings.

Celestial Hope revives, itself an emanation from the Precious Blood.

Oh, how much we need Jesus, from the highest to the lowest of mortals. Yet we need His Blood more, for that Blood alone redeemed us, and alone can wash our sins away.

In the solemn words of the priest at the holy Altar, as he stands offering the daily Sacrifice, we hear the truest utterances of the Divine Blood. Countless blessings are waiting for every one who devoutly assists at the daily Mass, whilst the Eucharistic Banquet should make us one with our Saviour. Why miss these golden opportunities ? Why neglect the Sacraments of the Church when the Voice of the Precious Blood is calling ?

"And I heard a Voice, as the voice of many waters, as a voice of great thunder.

"I looked, and behold a door was opened in Heaven, and the first Voice which I heard, as it were, of a Trumpet speaking with me, said : *Come up hither.*"

Shall we not listen ? Shall we not reflect ?

O sinner standing there all the day long, idle among holy things, yet busy, so busy with sin, hear you not this trumpet-like Voice speaking in the depths of your once beautiful soul, saying : " Come up hither ? "

" And I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands."

O sinner, repent, do penance, and you shall yet stand there redeemed and free.

And when, perchance, your companions in Glory, wonder at seeing you among the Saved, you, whom they had deemed lost in the depths of hell, you shall make answer : " I heard a Voice," it was the Voice of the Precious Blood. I listened, I reflected, I sought strength in the Sacraments of the Holy Church, I " washed my robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." I struggled, I fought, I overcame. . . . I looked, " I saw a door opened in Heaven " I entered.

And now I am clothed in white robes, a palm is in my hand, a crown upon my head,—O God, I am *saved* !

Alleluia ! Amen.

CARRISSIMI.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

I am sometimes sad and lonely,
 I am often bowed in pain,
 But there's One that ever comforts me
 And brings me peace again.

Do you know my Blessed Comforter ?
 Does He ever come to you
 When your heart is racked with sorrow,
 When your brow is wreathed with rue ?

He will come if you but ask Him,
He will fill your soul with grace,
And your cares and griefs shall vanish
In the holiest embrace !

He is pitying, though all-Mighty,
And He suffered more than we
When he hung, nail-pierced and bleeding,
Up on Calvary's shameful tree.

Oh, His sympathy is boundless
As His starry realms of space,
And we know His love is near us,
Though we may not see His face.

In His suffering we should suffer,
In His mercy bear a part,
Thus our hearts will pulse forever
With the pulsing of His heart.

Bleeding Heart, oh, cleanse the sinful !
Soothing Heart, the weary rest !
Sacred Heart, lead us, Thy children,
Undeiled among Thy blest !

BERTHA REGINA DUFFY.

THE MOST HOLY CORPORAL of ORVIETO

By Rev. Wilfrid Dallow, M. R. S. A. J.

(Continuation.)

TRANSFER OF THE SACRED RELICS OF ORVIETO.

IT WAS now determined, after due deliberation, that the holy Corporal, with its precious enclosure, along with the aforesaid purifiers, should be brought to the cathedral of Orvieto, where they could in a more worthy manner receive the veneration of the faithful. First of all, however, it is stated that those two great "lights of

the church " and of the Dominican and Franciscan Orders respectively, Sts. Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure, who were despatched to Bolsena to make due inquiries into the truth of the miracle. † Pope Urban, satisfied as to the fact that some great manifestation of God's power had occurred, commanded the Bishop of Orvieto to go to the church of St. Christina, at Bolsena, and arrange for the speedy translation of the sacred treasures to his own cathedral. This he did with the utmost solemnity ; and, accompanied by a goodly escort of his clergy, and also of the devout citizens, brought them in procession to Orvieto. The approach of the Bishop with his sacred brethren was duly heralded to all the inhabitants, who displayed the utmost joy and holy enthusiasm as became so remarkable an occasion. The various scenes of this great function can be seen portrayed in picturesque frescoes, which adorn the walls of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, in the north transept of the present Duomo.

The old city of Orvieto, deeply sensible of the honour conferred upon her by the Vicar of Christ—an honour that was to make her memorable in all ages—went out bodily to meet the *cortege* from Bolsena. The city is built on a lofty mountain, and beautiful must have been the sight as the Pope and Cardinals, the clergy and the monks, together with the hulk of people, poured forth from the city walls, and down the western declivity to the bridge across the river below, called the Rivo Chiaro. We are told that the clergy and youths, and even children, like the Hebrew crowd at Christ's entry into Jerusalem; carried branches of olive and palm, singing spiritual canticles. The Sovereign Pontiff, on meeting the Bishop at this spot, about half a mile from the city, threw himself on his knees in humble homage and veneration. He then took possession of the sacred treasure, which he now carried in his own hands up the steep incline to the old Cathedral of Our Lady. Tears of joy flowed on all sides, and that vast multitude broke out again with holy canticles, and sang in lusty joy their loudest hymns, until they reached the tem-

† This is the account of a certain Domenico Magro. The famous old inscription on stone, at Bolsena and Orvieto, merely says : "*prins habita informatione solemn.*"

ple of God. The Pope then reverently placed his sacred burden in the sacarium, where he doubtless then and there made a private examination of so great and unheard-of a prodigy.

It should here be stated that there were at that time two churches side by side, which were afterwards pulled down to make room for the present splendid cathedral, specially built to house more honourably the shrine containing the " Santissimo Corporale." One of these old churches was dedicated to St. Constantius, Bishop of Perugia, who first brought the " light of faith " to the old city, Urbsvetus. He suffered martyrdom A. D. 275 (*vide* Roman Martyrology for January 29). This was called the church of the Canons, and was used for the daily performance of the Divine Office by the cathedral chapter. The other, the parochial church, appertained to the Bishop, and is styled in old records *Sancta Maria Prisca*, *S. Maria Urbisveteris*, and *St. Mary " of the Bishop."*

It was in this latter church that Pope Urban reverently deposited his sacred treasure. His Holiness caused to be made a kind of " burse " of some costly material, in which he placed the portion of the Host, wrapt in a linen cloth, and the Corporal. This latter being folded into a small compass, in order to fit this case, accounts for the twenty creases, and twenty rectangular spaces † which are visible now under the glass of the present silver shrine. Here they reposed until this gorgeous enamelled monstrance, about four feet high, made of four hundred and forty pounds of silver, the master-piece of Ugolini of Siena, 1338, was ready to receive them. It appears that in order to adjust the holy Corporal to the space left for it, it was necessary to cut it somewhat at the edges. What Pope Urban did with the purifiers history does not say, but when the time came to move the Corporal into its new receptacle, these two other cloths, along with the aforesaid fragments, were placed in a species of gilt casket, duly sealed up.

† For the benefit of our lay readers we remind them that the corporal (or corporax-cloth) is so folded as to form *nine* distinct squares : the chalice being placed in the centre of all, and the Host on the middle of the near squares.

At various times this casket has been unsealed and juridically examined by the Bishops of Orvieto. Thus, Bishop Joseph della Corgna, May 28, 1658, and Cardinal Ben Rocci, Jan. 31, 1677, and April 19, 1718, in the presence of their canons and the chief magistrate of the city, examined and venerated the holy Corporal, identifying, also, some of the stains thereon as having the form of the "Ecce Homo." They at the same time broke the seals of the casket and found therein the following: 1. Parchment, inscribed "*Corpus Christi repositum. Fuit super hoc Corporale et cum summa diligentia debet custodiri*" (this was probably attached to the Corporal when first brought to Orvieto). 2. Strip of linen with this inscription on parchment: "*Bendu in qua fuit involutum Corporale et residuum Corporalis cum guttis sanguinis Christi et figuris.*" 3. The fragments of the Corporal, above alluded to. 4. Two purificatories, stained with blood. 5. Two silk veils, red and yellow respectively. This casket, after careful examination, was duly locked, and then sealed with four official seals—viz., of the Bishop, the Chapter, the Cathedral Fabric, and the Municipality of Orvieto.

As regards the various stones which had been also stained with blood, as already mentioned in describing the miracle at Bolsena, it would delay the reader too long to write fully about them, although the subject is one of deep interest. Suffice it to say that they were enshrined with due honour in the Church of St. Christina, and an inscription put up near the altar in 1544 runs thus:

PROCVL-O-PCVL-ESTE-PROFANI-XPI-NRA-SAL-HIC
QV-SAGVIS-INE.

This, being expanded, gives, according to antiquarians, "*Procul, O procul este profani, Christi nostra salus hic quia sanguis inest.*"

We must not forget to say that one of the direct results of the prodigy described in this article was the keeping of Corpus Christi in the year following, 1264, for the first time by the Sovereign Pontiff and the papal court. It is true that some years previously, owing to the revelation of Blessed Giuliana, this festival had been kept at Liège, in Belgium.

(To be continued.)

THE ASSUMPTION.

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

Oh tell me, what star can this be
 Now gilding the Orient bright?
 It hath risen in heaven this glorious morn
 Diffusing its pure waves of light.
 'Tis the Queen of those regions of bliss
 Ascending her long-vacant throne,
 'Tis the mother of beautiful Love, who, at last
 To the bosom of Jesus hath flown.

Bright Angels in legions descend,
 And their King's loving message repeat:
 "Arise, oh my dove, my beautiful one,
 I long for thy presence so sweet.
 Oh, hasten! bleak winter is past.
 The fair Spring of heaven unfolds."
 One long sigh of love, and her spirit is free,
 Then her God and her Son she beholds.

Never more shall those eyelids be dimmed
 By the tears of an agonised heart;
 From the scenes of her exile's long wearisome strife
 Her footsteps forever depart.
 Nine long months, her immaculate womb
 The great Monarch of heaven contained,
 Then, in no earthly tomb, be it silver or gold
 Shall this temple of God be detained.

All heaven awaits thee with joy,
 Then hasten, sweet Mother, above
 Where angels, who served thee from life's early morn,
 Shall greet thee in transports of love.
 They'll crown thee with clear brilliant stars,
 And place the bright moon'neath thy feet
 Once more thou shalt clasp thy dear Son in thy arms
 And gaze on His countenance meek.

Farewell, dearest Mother, farewell.
 To the mansions of bliss thou art gone,
 While we, thy poor children on earth, yet await
 The hour of life's rosiest dawn.
 Those features, the joy of the blest,
 We'll see in this exile no more.
 Yet thy smile shall entice, and thy counsels still guide
 Our footsteps to heaven's bright shore.

S. M. A.

OUR LADY'S SCULPTOR.

(A Legend.)

IT was a beautiful convent built on a lofty height. Above, the fir covered mountain. The pointed roofs and turrets of the holy house were outlined on this sombre background. Below, a wide valley, vineyards, cornfields, plains bordered with poplars and a village slumbering beside a gentle river.

The monks of this convent were faithful servants of God, learned men, and, at the same time, excellent workers. During the day, their white-robed figures were seen here and there, in the country, engaged in agricultural labors; in the evening, they were seen sitting from pillar to pillar, under the arches of the spacious cloister, accompanied by a murmur of conversation or prayer.

Among them was a young religious named Norbert who was a very good statuary. He could fashion from wood, stone or even clay, and afterwards tastefully paint, such beautiful statues of Jesus, Mary and the Saints, that priests and pious persons came from a long distance to see and purchase them, at a high price, to ornament their churches and oratories.

Norbert was very pious. He had above all an extraordinary devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and often remained motionless for hours before the altar of the Immaculate, prostrate beneath his cowl, the folds of his habit spread out behind him on the flagged pavement.

He was a dreamer at times. In the evening especi-

ally, when from the terrace height, he watched the sun sink below the horizon, he became restless and sad. He longed, at such times, to go afar and see other corners in the world far different from that which lay before him.

The prior would often say to him : " What canst thou see elsewhere thou dost not see here ? Behold the heavens and the earth and the elements ; for out of these are all things made . . . If thou couldst see all things before thee, what would it be but an empty vision ? "

The good monks were bountiful alms-givers, and as they were rich, the day came when there was not a single mendicant to be found in the surrounding parts. They then resolved to build a magnificent church, near their convent, at their own expense.

The most beautiful oaks and the handsomest fir trees on the wooded slope overlooking the monastery were felled to supply timbering for the church. They were squared and then placed on high trestles to be sawn. The whole convent was enveloped in dust yellow as gold.

In the midst of the immense solitude there was, as it were, a buzzing human hive. Each workman, when cutting his stone for the future cathedral, was ignorant where it would be laid or even if it would be in sight of the faithful, but he well knew that it would be seen by God, and all rejoiced in contributing, each his humble share of labor, towards the holy work.

Soon, stone by stone, the church rose slowly towards heaven.



One of the ancient monks of the convent who died in the odor of sanctity had written these words in a small book of devout meditations which he called the Imitation of Christ ; " Do not dispute concerning the merits of the Saints : such questions oftentimes breed strifes and unprofitable contentions, and nourish also pride and vain glory, whence arise envies and dissensions, while one man proudly prefers this Saint, and another that. "

The good monks failed in this precept, one evening, when chatting together on the convent terrace, after the Angelus.

There was question of deciding under whose protec-

tion their church was to be placed, each giving his opinion and warmly defending it.

The prior, a man of government and tradition, spoke first :

It is proper to have our church placed under the protection of our founder, Saint Eustache, otherwise, the faithful might think that there is perhaps a greater Saint than the illustrious anchoret who instituted our order.

The sub-prior said :

Even the most venerable saints are but pale reflections of Christ their model. If you follow my advice you will consecrate this church to Our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom men have received salvation and from whom proceeds all sanctity.

The monk Alcinus, aged more than a hundred, so wasted and twisted by time that his white robe made angles like a piece of linen stretched out to dry on a knotty branch, began to speak in turn :

I propose God the Father. He is somewhat neglected. He would be utterly forgotten were it not for the custom of saying the Our Father. And yet, it was He who created the world. For more than four thousand years, He was the only God men had. Even at the present time, He is adored by many nations which do not know the Son.

Hitherto, Norbert had been silent. Pensively he was watching the gold and purple fading in the west.

And I, said he, would consecrate this temple to the Blessed Virgin. It was because she was sovereignly pure that she merited to become the Mother of God.

After a pretty lively discussion, it was decided to have the grand entrance surmounted by a statue of Saint Gengoul, patron of the noble duke of the country. A little above, they would place the Virgin Mary and, on the gable-end, Jesus Crucified.

Norbert was commissioned to carve the three figures.

He cut out the figure of Saint Gengoul without great zeal. Not knowing exactly what profession this Saint had exercised during his lifetime, Norbert made him a cavalier to please the lord duke. He stood him stiff and traight in his iron armor, joining exactly over his breast

the enormous fingers of his gauntleted hands. It was quickly done.

Then, from a block of granite, he sculptured our Lord on the cross. This was twenty four feet high.

Although Norbert executed this work with all possible care and piety, he was constantly thinking of the Blessed Virgin whose statue he was afterwards to chisel ; and without saying so, he reserved for her the utmost effort of his art and love.

All the time he was working at the statue, he would not let it be seen, under pretext that the observations of his brethren would disturb and confuse his ideas. And, alone with his dream, he sculptured the Virgin as his fancy pictured her.

Tall and draped in large folds, her head bending towards men, the Immaculate extended those two open hands whence pardon flows. To speak truly, it was scarcely a form ; but the face was so beautiful, the eyes gazed with so much tenderness, the mouth smiled so sweetly and sadly, the gesture of the hands betokened such favor for the entire world, that the mere sight of this image inspired the desire of praying, weeping and becoming a saint.

On seeing it, the monks burst into exclamations of admiration, the prior himself declared it wonderfully beautiful.

So, the holy cross, the statues of the Virgin and Saint Gengoul were placed in the spots agreed on.

The church was nearly finished. Two lofty towers, resembling a collection of pillars and steeples, flanked the portal. Norbert, animated with fervent zeal for the house of God, passed his days upon the roofs, amidst the aerial forest of stone, on the delicately lighted galleries and among the monster gutter-spouts under the arches of the counter-forts.

One evening, he did not even come down. He wanted to dream there all night, at his ease, and watch the effect of the antastic moonlight playing through all these architectural wonders.

He was on top of one of the towers, on a platform the balustrade of which was not yet laid. He tried to discover if, from this height, he could see the statue of his

dear Blessed Virgin. He leaned over, and, far below, he thought he could distinguish the two hands stretched out of the niche.

He leaned over a little further: his foot slipped, he fell with a loud cry.

In his fall he struck on a scaffolding, rebounded to the floor and was sent on towards the sharp gable of the façade on which arose the stone cross.

With both hands he clutched the arms of the divine Crucified One, his body hanging in the air the whole length of the cross. It was too wide to admit of his pressing it between his knees which were moreover embarrassed by the folds of his white habit.

There, face to face with the Christ, his hair bristling with terror, he supplicated Him humbly and vehemently to save him. He then began to scream with all his might; but the good monks at peace with God were sleeping so soundly that no one heard him. The night birds terrified fluttered above his head. His feet scratched the stone, vainly seeking a support. His fingers were crushed on the granite arms. His nails were bleeding, he felt an enormous weight pulling him down, his fingers slipped, loosened.....

Help! Virgin Mary! he cried.

And, once more, he fell.....

He fell, unhurt, on the two marble palms of the Virgin. The merciful hands raised themselves slightly to hold him.

In them he slept like a child in its cradle. At day break the monks perceived him. Long ladders were put up. When they reached him, he was still sleeping.

Why do you wake me? he asked.

He never related to anyone what he had dreamed in the Virgin's arms nor what she had said to him. But ever after that night he showed a most exact devotion towards our Crucified Redeemer and Mary Immaculate, and lived in the greatest sanctity.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

By J. J. Callahan.

The Evening Star rose, beauteous above the fading day,
 As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray.
 And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlights mellow fall,
 But the banks of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the water a gallant bark appeared,
 And her joyous crew looked from the deck as to the land she neared.
 To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,
 And her wings of snow o'er the wave below, in pride and beauty shone

The Captain saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow,
 And marked the whiteness of her robe and the radiance of her brow;
 Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
 And her eyes looked up-among the stars to Him her soul loved best.

He showed Her to his sailors and he hailed Her with a cheer,
 And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer ;
 And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before ;
 And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them from the
 [shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
 And up to wrathful billows rose to vindicate its Queen ;
 And a cloud came o'er the heavens and a darkness o'er the land ;
 And the scoffing crew beheld no more the Lady on the strand.

Outburst the pealing thunder and the lightning leaped about,
 And rushing with its watery war the tempest gave a shout.
 And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thundering
 [shock,
 And its timbers flew like scattered spray on Inchedony's rock

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose, wild and high,
 But the angry surge swept over them and hushed their gurgling cry,
 And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed away,
 And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore
 Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchedony's shore,
 And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank,
 And still he calls that hillock green " the Virgin Mary's Bank."

THE AVE MARIA AND THE BIBLE.

DURING the last Catholic Congress at Lille, we heard, with the liveliest interest, the Rev. Father Tuckwel speak of the Missions in New Zealand.

Born in the Maurice Islands, of parents who were Protestant and English, Rev. Fr. Tuckwel offers in his person a very touching example of the merciful goodness of grace. At the age of six years, he heard the *Ave Maria* recited, and, remembering the prayer, he recited it to his mother. She scolded him sharply, and commanded him never again to recite the praises of Mary, saying, that *it was one of the superstitions of the Papists*. The child obeyed; but some time after in preceeding his parents to the carriage waiting to conduct them to their place of worship, he found a bible. Opening it, his eyes fell upon the passage of Saint Luke which recounts the beautiful salutation of the Archangel Gabriel to Mary. The child ran to his mother, and asked her how they could call *superstitions* that which was found in the bible, the very rule of protestant belief. His mother was quite unable to answer him; and, in secret, at least, the poor child continued to recite the *Ave Maria*.

When the boy was about thirteen years of age, the same watchful, divine grace caused him to read, in the Gospel of Saint Luke, the glorious *Magnificat*.

He was particularly struck with the prediction
 "And all the Nations shall call me blessed."

One day, when in the drawing-room with his mother, some protestants were railing against the honor which Catholics render to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, the young boy said to them: What then can be your objection? You say that the bible is the basis and rule of your religion; why then do you not listen when the bible says to you, as to all the generations, to glorify Mary and to call her blessed?

Hearing this, his mother rose up, and said: "This child will be a disgrace to us; he will become a Catholic."

As soon as he was free to do so, young Tuckwell was

carefully instructed in the Faith, and joyfully embraced Catholicism.

One day, when he had earnestly solicited his sister to follow him, she showed him her children, and remarked : " You see those dear children. You know that I love them. But I assure you that I would plunge a dagger into their hearts rather than allow them to enter that Religion."

But Mary would triumph over that poor heart also.

The day came when young Tuckwell beheld his sister plunged in deep grief : her two children had the croup, and death was very near to them.

" Repeat the *Ave Maria* with me," said her devoted brother," and Mary will cure your children."

Vanquished by her sorrow, the poor mother knelt, and, together, they recited : " Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now, for us poor sinners," and her children were cured.

M. Tuckwell then resigned his position as Custom-house Officer at the Maurice Islands, and went to Aire, where he found again Monseigneur Delannoy, whom he had previously known at the Isle of Bourbon and asked for the sacerdotal ordination.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S LAST RESIDENCE.

THE news has been received that the last residence of the Divine Mother on earth has been discovered, and though the centuries which have elapsed since her death and assumption into heaven have reduced that sacred house to ruins, yet that enough remains to enable the imagination to reconstrue the edifice. This edifice is naturally second in importance only to that of Nazareth. The account of its rediscovery has a strong character of credibility about it, a credibility which on the one side leans not on any legend or tradition of unknown origin and history, but on the devout utterances of a mystic, and on the other side upon the most tangible sort of evidence possible under the circumstances. Moreover it

is not unlikely that further study and examinations will go to enlarge the body of evidence.

The account is as follows : " The Rev. Father Paulin, superior of the Lazarist community at Ephesus, perused the 'Life of the Blessed Virgin,' as made known in revelation to Anne Catherine Emmerich, in a disposition of mind very remote—as he says himself in his report to the Vatican—from credulity. He noticed, however, a passage in which the revelations described in detail the house in which Our Lady dwelt, and where she died.

Father Paulin resolved to put to the test the value of this revelation. In doing so he had every possible facilitation. Sister Emmerich was unacquainted with the Holy Land, yet the spot where the house stood was designated with considerable precision by Anne Catherine Emmerich. 'Its position,' she says, 'is at three leagues and a half from Ephesus ; to the left of the road as one comes from Jerusalem, on a mountain to which access is gained by narrow paths to the south of Ephesus, and from the top of which mountain Ephesus is seen on one side and the sea on the other, the sea being nearer than the city.

" The searchers left Ephesus on foot and, after three hours walking, reached a mountain situated as described in the revelation. For several days they explored this mountain but in vain. Then they were on the very point of abandoning all further examinations, when they suddenly came across the ruins of a house.

" Some peasant women who were working in the neighborhood informed them that these ruins were known as 'Panaghia Capouli,' which means the 'Virgin's Place. A close examination showed the perfect accuracy of the description given in the revelations.

'As soon as the discovery was made known numerous pilgrims visited the " Panaghia Capouli."

Father Paulin was accompanied in his search by the superior of the French College at Rome, the Rev. Father Eschbach, of the Congregation of the Holy Spirit, a very learned priest, who has informed the Holy Father of the supposed discovery. It is stated that the Holy Father displayed the greatest interest.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

" In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

Lapa was appeased, and blessed her generous daughter who returned peaceably to the sick woman, and continued to wait upon her without showing one shadow of discontent.

But God took pity on this wicked woman. One day, when she was in bed, as Catherine entered the room, she saw and felt herself enveloped in a light that filled her with joy and sweetness. So great was the joy, that Andrea forgot all her sufferings. She could not explain what she experienced. She gazed all around her, wondering what that light signified, when she perceived Catherine all luminous, transfigured, resembling an angel more than a mortal creature.

The heart of the slanderer was softened when she beheld the Saint. With tears of sorrow streaming from her eyes, she avowed her fault and asked forgiveness.

Catherine took the sick woman in her arms and consoled her with sweet words, assuring her that she never had the least intention to abandon her. " I well knew, said the Saint, that the enemy of our salvation was the cause of all that scandal. It was he who deceived you with his perfidious malice. I thank you, Andrea, for the true affection towards me which made you feel so uneasy on the subject of my virtue.

When her ordinary work was finished, the Saint took an affectionate leave of the sick woman, but the poor creature, filled with bitter regret, would not let her go.

She sent for all the persons to whom she had slandered the young girl, and declared that she had treated her unworthily, and that the calumny was utterly false.

Catherine remained as calm in her triumph as she had in her humiliation. She cared for old Andrea even to the end. The following repugnant details, though a severe shock to natural delicacy must be said, because they

prove that heroic charity is always difficult, and that the saints—as said Charles Saint-Foi—are people of will.

One day, when Catherine was washing the infected wound, she experienced a violent nausea. Once before, she had been nearly overcome, vanquished by disgust, and had punished her cowardice by holding her lips close to the cancer. This time, she called forth all her energy, and said to herself: Thou shalt swallow that which you have not the courage to smell. And pouring into a dish the water with which she had washed the wound, she retired to a little distance and drank the ablution even to the last drop.

“During the night which followed this last victory, said the B. Raymond, our Saviour Jesus Christ appeared to Catherine while she was praying, and showed her the five sacred wounds that He received upon the Cross for our salvation.

“—My beloved, He said, thou hast sustained great combats for me, and, with My help, thou hast come off victorious. Never hast thou been to me more agreeable as more dear. It was yesterday, above all, that thou didst ravish My heart. Not only hast thou, for My sake, hated sensual pleasures; not only hast thou despised the opinion of men, and the temptations of the devil but thou hast vanquished nature and drank with joy, for love of Me, a horrible beverage. Ah, well! since thou hast now performed an action above nature, I will give you to drink of a liquor that is beyond all natural things.”

And placing His right hand upon the neck of Catherine, He drew her lips to the Wound in His side, and said to her: “My daughter, drink this beverage that flows from My side. It will intoxicate your soul with sweetness, and also inundate with joys thy body that you have despised for My sake.”

Catherine, thus placed at the source of life, applied her mouth to the Sacred Wound of the Saviour's side, and her soul drew therefrom a liquor ineffable and divine.

LAURE CONAN.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

The Third Order of S. Frs. of Assisi has recently lost one of its most distinguished members in the person of Madame Pennée who died at Quebec, February 24th 1896.

Born in the Isle of Wight, England, descendant of an ancient and noble family, Madame Pennée was docile to the designs of Providence, and played a remarkable part.

She was quite advanced in years, when she left the Manor-house of her ancestors to go to London. She had passed a part of her youth in the midst of all the comforts that wealth and social position can bestow. She was married to Arthur Edward Pennée, and passed the first years of her married life, successively in Europe and the Indies; then she came to settle on Prince Edward Island. It was during her sojourn in this latter place, that the decisive event of her life occurred, namely, her conversion to the Catholic Church.

Convinced by study of the falsity of Protestantism, the religion of her youth, Madame Pennée had the courage of her convictions, and did not allow herself to be frightened by the numerous obstacles she had to surmount. Her family strongly opposed her entering the Catholic Church. They rejected and disinherited her. But nothing could shake her generous determination. She abjured the errors of Protestantism and was baptized, also her four young children.

In the abandonment to which she found herself reduced, for having followed the dictates of conscience, Madame Pennée had no other protector than her brother, Dr. William George Ward, who having engaged in the famous "Oxford movement," was also converted to Catholicism, at the same time with his colleagues, Newman and Faber.

After having left the Island of Prince Edward, she fixed her residence in Quebec, and dwelt there up to the time of her death.

Endowed with high intelligence, virtuous and char-

itable, she was also an artist, and distinguished linguist, and possessed the universal esteem of people.

If ever a Christian woman merited the beautiful title of "*Valiant Woman*," given by the Holy Scriptures to those who unite wisdom with virtue, it was dear Madame Pennée.

The poor have lost in her a devoted Benefactress, and the Religious Communities a protector and sincere friend.

Her death was but an echo of her life. Perfectly resigned to the will of God, generously she made the last supreme sacrifice of a Christian heart. Her last sigh was tranquil, like her beautiful soul. Her last accent was one of loving confidence in the divine mercy.

May her soul rest in peace !

Translated from "Revue du Tiers-Ordre et de la Terre-Sainte," of June 1st 1896.

* *

To the above beautiful account of our dear friend's life and death, we would gratefully subjoin our own loving testimony. Dear Madame Pennée was specially devoted to the Most Precious Blood, and frequently contributed her writings to our little journal, besides aiding us, from time to time, in various other pious undertakings.

She occasionally visited our Monastery, and with charming naiveté would recount to us many felicitous and amiable little stories and incidents, from the full repertory of her long and rich experience. How beautifully her eyes would sparkle when she met a sister-convert, who, like herself, had sought for the "buried Treasure," and found it in the Precious Blood of the old Church of the Centuries. Her manner was distinguished yet humble, and during her last visit, only a few weeks previous to her demise, we were struck with a certain air of gentle sadness, an undertone of loneliness, as though her soul, fatigued with the things of earth, were seeking rest.

"Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,
Where flows forever through Heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace."

Rest, rest, quiet dead !

THE BEST-LOVED.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
 And smiles for the sometime guest ;
 But oft for our own the bitter tone,
 Though we love our own the best.
 Ah, lip with the curve impatient !
 Ah, brow with the shade of scorn !
 'Twere cruel fate were the night too late
 To undo the work of the morn.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

SPEAK KINDLY.

A man was once saved by a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him :—

“ What can I do for you, my boy ? ”

“ Speak a kind word to me sometimes,” replied the boy, the tears gushing from his eyes ; “ I ain't got a mother like some of them.”

A kind word ! Think of it. This man had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, playthings, but the little fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the man had ever so little heart, the boy must certainly have had the wish granted. A kind word ! You have many such spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value ; but that poor boy in the village, at whom everybody laughs, would think that he had found a treasury if someone spoke a kind word to him.

If there is one sight on earth which commands interest, respect, and assistance from men, it is that of a good mother, who, under the providence of God, exerts her whole strength for the advantage and improvement of her children.

A CHAPLET OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

By S. M. A.

Written for " The Voice of the Precious Blood."

CHAPTER V.

NEARING ETERNITY.

" I will take Aloysius from the asylum," I said, " and work for him the rest of my life and thus make atonement for my guilt."

" I took lodgings near Saint Augustine's Church, and there we lived for several years ; although not rich, we were comfortable. I called Aloysius my nephew, and changed his name to Paul Ingram. But Father Ignatius knows the rest. He will tell you....."

Her voice was growing fainter and fainter.

" Say that you forgive me, and I will die happy."

While this disclosure was being made, Mr Melville had grown deathly pale, his brain was reeling. Making a great effort, he said :

" Yes, I forgive you, even as I hope to be forgiven."

" O thank you ! Thank God ! " she murmured, " now I shall die in peace."

She seemed exhausted : her breathing became hard and painful.

Father Ignatius, bending down asked if she had anything still on her mind.

" Ask—Paul no Al-Aloysius to for-give " — she could say no more.

Father Ignatius and Mr Melville knelt and repeated the prayers for the agonizing. Then raising his hand, the priest pronounced once more the words of absolution. As he said : "*Ego Absolvo te*", the repentant soul of Mary Ingram left its prison-house to appear before its Creator and Redeemer.

CHAPTER VI

A STRANGE REVELATION.

“ Papa ”, said Agnes Melville next morning at breakfast, do you feel better ? David told me that you hardly slept all night, so I would not let him disturb you and I went to mass alone.

“ Yes, dear, I feel better, although I did pass a bad night, but my morning’s slumber refreshed me.

“ Did you hear bad news Papa ? Did Mary die ? ”

“ Yes Mary died last night and I heard some news, which though sorrowful, will bring us joy ; but I cannot tell it to you now.

Then changing the subject, they conversed on indifferent matters.

“ You did not hear anything about my chaplet yet, did you Papa ? asked Agnes, when breakfast was over and her father about to take his departure.

“ Yes, I *heard* something about it,” he answered smiling, “ but let us wait patiently for it to be restored to us ” ; and saying Good-bye, he left her wondering what he meant.

On reaching the street, Mr Melville turned his steps in the direction of St. Augustine’s Church.

The previous evening, after leaving the hospital, he had gone to the rectory with Father Ignatius, in the hope of seeing his child. On reaching it, they found him sleeping and the kind priest would not allow him to be aroused.

He told Mr Melville everything about his son, from the time he first knew him, when he was a mere infant, until the night he was found lying gravely injured in the church. He also alluded to the Chaplet of the Precious Blood which Paul had found in the snow, and praised his piety in refusing to sell it notwithstanding the fact that he and his Aunt were starving.

Tears came to Mr. Melville’s eyes as he listened to the account of his child’s sufferings. He passed a sleepless night and his first impulse, next morning, was to hasten once more to Saint Augustine’s. As he entered the church, Father Ignatius was commencing the Holy Sacri-

face. Mr. Melville remained until he had finished his Mass and thanksgiving.

After his breakfast, the priest was informed by his housekeeper that Mr. Melville awaited him in the parlor. Hastening to him, Father Ignatius greeted his visitor courteously. Reading his unspoken question, the priest said :

“ The child is not very well this morning, he was delirious all night.”

Mr. Melville turned pale.

“ Oh, Father, what if I have found him only to lose him !”

“ We will hope for the best, my friend and let us pray that if it is God's Holy Will he may be restored to your love and care. I offered my Mass this morning for this intention. But come, we can go to see him ; he does not know anyone.”

Father Ignatius led the way to the sick boy's room. With a heavy heart, Mr. Melville followed. On reaching the door, he paused. A strange feeling came over him. He felt as if the grave were restoring its dead. Slowly he followed the priest. Lying back on the pillows, Mr. Melville saw a child whose pallid and wasted features were still remarkably beautiful

“ Oh how much he resembles his mother! he thought. The same features. the same hair. And raised in poverty and hunger ! . . . through the injustice of creatures ! . . . Forgive me, my God, it was Thy will. . . .”

The father threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and buried his face in the pillows of his little son.

Father Ignatius, thinking that Mr. Melville would like to remain alone with the child for some time, went to the adjoining room, took out his breviary and began to say his office.

The poor boy was delirious. At times it seemed to him as though he were again in the church with the robber and he besought him not to profane the Holy Eucharist. . . . Again he was a poor beggar in the streets, asking for a penny.

Tears came to the father's eyes as he listened to the child's incoherent words.

“ O my darling !” he said, “ get well again and

there shall be no more poverty... no more misery for you."

In an hour the doctor came, he pronounced it a bad case of brain fever. He held out little hope of recovery.

This was a painful blow to Mr. Melville. His paternal love urged him to have the child brought to his own house ; he submitted this desire to Father Ignatius and the doctor : they both agreed in saying he must not be removed as it might prove fatal.

Father Ignatius tried to console him by saying that even if Aloysius should die, what a glory it would be for him to have a martyr for his son.

But poor Mr. Melville was inconsolable.

It would be impossible to describe Agnes' surprise, when she heard, from the lips of her father, the story of her little brother, whom she had mourned as dead.

"How strange, Papa, to think that it was he that found my chaplet ! The very one that Mamma put around his neck when she was dying. And to think *he* is now dying in defence of the Precious Blood to which he was consecrated on the day of his baptism !

O my dear, my *noble* brother ! how I love you !

"Papa, will you let me go and nurse him ?"

"We will both go every day to see him ; but you must not remain too long, it would fatigue you, and it will not be necessary. I have sent two experienced nurses, who shall be with him night and day.

Mr Melville then summoned all the servants of the house and told them of Mary's confession and his son's subsequent illness.

Some of them had been in his service during his wife's lifetime and knew Mary well. They were all speechless with astonishment and could only look at one another without saying a word.

After speaking to them for some time and exhorting them to pray for his son's recovery, Mr Melville dismissed them.

What hope and fear, filled the hearts of all the members of that grief-stricken household, during those dark days of anxiety and trial !

Time wore on, with alternate changes in the patient's state. The doctor said there would soon be a change.

Masses and prayers were daily offered for his recovery, but as the time of the crisis drew near, Mr Melville redoubled his entreaties that his child should be spared, for at least a time, to his love and affection.

Before going to her brother's bedside, Agnes always paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This was her place of refuge in all her trials and difficulties. To-day she offered *her life* for her brother. "And if it is not Thy Holy Will, sweet Jesus, to call me yet from this earth, I promise to consecrate my entire life to Thy service."

Thus she concluded her prayer ; and it seemed to her that our dear Lord had accepted her sacrifice. With a light and happy heart, she left the church, and proceeded on her way to the Rectory.

Several times that day, the doctor came and went. Towards evening, Aloysius had fallen into a quiet slumber.

The crisis was past He was saved !

(Will be continued.)

OUT OF WORK.

To those who are out of work there is one piece of advice. Don't lose heart. Cherish the belief that God has some work waiting for you somewhere, and will show it you, if only you trust His care and guidance. Look away from men and things to Him ; and as you leave your house each day to go from place to place, to scan the advertisements, to make known your needs, let the heart repose in His fatherly love. When the gruff answer is given, when the door is slammed in your face, when you are just too late, dare instantly to look up into your Father's face, and accept it as His will. Learn the lesson of patient trust, and cast on Him the responsibility of finding food and other necessaries for yourself and those depending upon you. God's general method is to supply our needs through the labor of our hands ; but if this fails us, He is perfectly able to provide what we need in other ways.

A good quiet time in prayer before you leave your room in the morning ; a cheery song of praise ; a hopeful heart, casting a light on the face ; a patient bearing of disappointment ; an unbroken confidence, fed by the promises of God's Word, that He cannot fail, and is bound to give you bread to eat, clothes to wear, and what is needed for wife and child ; an unremitting diligence to secure work—these are the conditions to be observed.

“ *Catholic Review.* ”

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

- (1) For the conversion of several sinners, among whom are several drunkards and scandalous blasphemers.
- (2) For the perseverance of a young Novice in his vocation.
- (3) For several young men who cause their parents much disquietude.
- (4) Many who are sick, persons afflicted, persons without fortune and without position, who ask that the Most Precious Blood of our Saviour may be fervently offered in their favor.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : The Revd. ELOI BILLION, deceased at Volin (S. D.) ; MM. JULES TRUDEL, at Montreal ; JOS. HEBERT, at St-David ; LAURENT OSTIGUY, at St-Mathias ; L. OSTIGUY, at Vergennes (Vt.) ; F. X. DIXON, at Quebec ; ANTOINE VINCENT, at Vercheres ; ROSARIO-LEOPOLD GIROUX, at St Sauveur de Quebec ; JOSEPH BOURQUE, at Ste-Marie de la Beauce ; PANTALEON CORMIER, at Manville (R. I.) ; JOS. GRENIER, at Beauport ; AMBROISE BERNIER, at St-David ; F. X. PERRAULT, at St-Marcel ; for Mrs FAUCHER DE ST-MURICE, at Quebec ; ADOLPHE MAGNAN, at Joliette ; ED. MARIN, at Franklin Falls (N. H.) ; LS. ROBIER, at Florence, Mass. ; AIME BEAUREGARD, at Vercheres ; LEON SAUCIER, at Norton-Mills (Vt.) ; M. MARSAN and EPHREM DUCROCHER, both at St-Jean d'Iberville ; J.-BTE. LALIBERTE, at Maple Grove ; CHS. LAFONTAINE, at Somerset ; ROSALIE VIENS, at Magog. For Misses MARIE-ANNE HEBERT, at St-David ; AZILDA PERGERON, at St-Hyacinthe ; LINA EMERI, at Northampton, Mass. ; ANASTASIE TESSIER DIT LAPOINTE, at Beauport ; VICTORINE LORD, at St-Medard de Warwick ; MARIE-LOUISE DESMARAIS, at Yamaska ; Mrs. FRANCIS LELERC, at St-Hyacinthe, 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.

“ I have a little girl three years old who had an elbow and shoulder displaced.

The doctor believed that the child would remain always infirm. I had recourse to the Precious Blood, and promised that if the cure was perfect, I would publish the grace in *The Voice of the Precious Blood*. I hasten, therefore, to acquit myself of that promise, for, to-day, my little one is perfectly well.”

“ Madam M. E. desires to publicly thank the Precious Blood. The prayers which she asked from you for the reestablishment of her health were at once heard. After receiving your response to her appeal, she slept soundly all night long, which had not been her privilege for a long time, as she had been afflicted with complete Insomnia, in spite of the care of several Physicians, and, since that night, she has constantly improved.”

“ Reverend Sister, Enclosed, please find the amount of \$1.00, for Subscription to the Annals of the Precious Blood. For, after making several Novenas to the Precious Blood and a promise to subscribe, I have been cured of a nervous disease.

Will you then kindly publish the above favor in “ The Voice of the Precious Blood.”

“ The Doctor who attended my child, came and declared that he had but two hours to live. In my sorrow, I felt an inspiration to promise that if the Precious Blood would cure my son, that I would publish the fact in your Annals. After three hours, my child became better, and he is now perfectly well.”

SAINT ANTHONY AND SAINT EXPEDIT.—“Foreseeing, that at the expiration of a certain time, I would find myself financially embarrassed, I commenced to pray with my family, particularly to Saint Anthony of Padua and Saint Expedit, which devotion, I had learned through THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. We continued praying without relaxing our efforts, more and more earnestly as the time approached. I had rapped at several doors, without success. The last day had arrived, when the pecuniary aid, which I had, in the meantime, always expected, *came to me at the last moment*, from an un hoped for source, as abundant as I had wished for. Gratitude and thanks to Saint Anthony and to Saint Expedit, who thus can melt icy hearts.

Glory to God, and to all the blessed Saints ! I now fulfill the promise I had made to Saint Anthony and to Saint Expedit, the Saint of the last hour, by publishing these facts, by giving bread, and by taking a subscription in your pious and interesting publication.

“ You will please find enclosed a little sum of money, in honor of Saint Expeditus, in gratitude for a very important grace obtained in a manner entirely un hoped for.”

SAINT IGNATIUS.—A young boy of the College of Saint Boniface, desires, according to a promise he had made, to publish, for the greater glory of God and of Saint Ignatius, the notable favor of his cure by the water blessed in honor of the great Loyola. This child suffered from continual vomitings which nothing could arrest. He could digest nothing : all kinds of nourishment were rejected. In short, the case became serious. The Rector of the Jesuits blessed the water of Saint Ignatius. The child took the water two or three times and the cure followed immediately. He is now in his classes regularly.

“ AGNUS DEI.—My little boy, seven years old, wore an *Agnus Dei*. About three weeks ago, the cord which suspended it around his neck was broken. Some days after that, the child came to me and entreatingly begged me to put on his *Agnus Dei*. Finding myself very busy at that moment, I sent him away for a while. But he returned and multiplied his request in so earnest a manner that I yielded. That same evening, the poor child fell from the second story. When we took him up, he was without consciousness, but without serious wounds. On lifting him up, we perceived that his *Agnus Dei* was on the outside of his garments, and placed in such manner that we attribute to it my child's signal protection from death. At the end of one day he could resume his playing.”

Thanks are returned to the Precious Blood for the cure of a person afflicted with an interior abscess from which she was bent almost in two. Physicians said she could live only about six months, but at the close of a novena made in honor of the Precious Blood she was able to walk upright, and though it is now six years since the novena was made she has never been troubled since.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER SON. —Guard within yourself that treasure—kindness. Know how to give without the least hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to place in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself. Keep the hope of another life. It is there that mothers meet their sons again. Love all God's creatures. Forgive those who are ill-conditioned, resist those who are unjust, and devote yourself to those who are great through their virtue.

Under all earth runs water, if we dig deep enough ;
under all life runs grief.