

# THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

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## THE DESERT BOON.

*(Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood.")*

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By evil compassed, day by day  
I reel half-dazed thro' strife,  
A weary warrior in the fray  
Which shakes the plain of life :  
Ruin would fall when buffets shower  
But for the heavenly spell of thine,  
Pure Precious Blood, Redeeming Power,  
Supernal Wine of Wine.  
Wine quick with comfort for each state,  
Liquid of love, rained grace most blest,  
Thy draughts abate the blows of fate  
And soothe the fretted soul to rest.

My baffled hopes wax low and less,  
I gasp for fleeting breath,  
My frame droops under cruel stress,  
My steps slope down to death,  
Thirst shrivels up my aching lip,  
My nerves are drawn by mortal pain,  
The Precious Blood I trustful sip  
And lo ! stand whole again.  
Pain now but wakes true valor's thrill,  
While dangers daunted pass me by ;  
Thy potions fill the breast and will  
With nerve to strive, if needs to die.

Nectar of Calvary, flowing free  
 For every harassed band  
 That presses, wed to misery,  
 Athwart life's arid sand ;  
 From fear and hurt an instant ease  
 Who taste thy honeyed strength receive,  
 Nor seething sun nor burning breeze  
 Can longer cause them grieve :  
 Eve finds them hale anear the flood  
 Which brimming mercy broadly flows,  
 Fountain of Good, Most Precious Blood,  
 All-healer of man's myriad woes.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

Ottawa Feb. 22nd 1896.

✍ Please, correct a mistake in the first line of the sonnet, "To Our Queen," published in our March issue : The word "beem" should be "beam."

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### THE PASCHAL LAMB.

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**A**T the celebration of the mass, as a public and immediate preparation to communion, the priest with a clear voice recalls and proclaims this most touching truth : "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world" . . . . . ; and after his own communion, going to distribute the sacred host to the faithful, he elevates it over the ciborium, offers it to the adoration of the people and says : "Behold the Lamb of God, behold the one "who takes away the sins of the world" ; and then he gives the living bread to the communicant.

This angelic banquet is a permanent one, always spread and ready throughout the centuries in all the churches and chapels of the Catholic world.

In olden times amongst the chosen people it had its most striking figure in the manducation of the paschal lamb. This was year after year the most imposing festival of the Hebrews and it was religiously celebrated in each family during fifteen hundred years. The exact and strict prescriptions of this celebration were as follows :

" The Lord said to Moses and Aaron in the land of  
 " Egypt : This month shall be to you the beginning of  
 " months : it shall be the first in the months of the year.  
 " Speak ye to the whole assembly of the children of Is-  
 " rael, and say to them : On the tenth day of this month  
 " let every man take a lamb by their families and houses.  
 " If the number be less than may suffice to eat the lamb,  
 " he shall take unto him his neighbour that joineth to  
 " his house, according to the number of souls which may  
 " be enough to eat the lamb. It shall be a lamb with-  
 " out blemish, of one year. You shall keep it until the  
 " fourteenth day of this month : and the whole multitude  
 " of the children of Israel shall sacrifice it in the evening.  
 " They shall take the blood thereof, and put it upon both  
 " the side posts and on the upper door-posts of the houses,  
 " wherein they shall eat it. They shall eat the flesh that  
 " night roasted at the fire, and unleavened bread with wild  
 " lettuce. You shall not eat thereof anything raw nor  
 " boiled in water, but only roasted at the fire. Neither  
 " shall there remain anything of it until morning. If  
 " there be anything left, you shall burn it with fire.

" And thus you shall eat it : you shall gird your  
 " reins, and you shall have shoes on your feet, holding  
 " staves in your hands, and you shall eat in haste : for it  
 " is the Phase (that is, the passage) of the Lord.

" And I will pass through the land of Egypt that  
 " night, and will kill every first-born in the land of  
 " Egypt : and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute  
 " my judgments, I am the Lord.

" And the blood shall be unto you for a sign in the  
 " houses where you shall be, and I shall see the blood,  
 " and shall pass over you : and the plague shall not be  
 " upon you to destroy you, when I shall strike the land  
 " of Egypt.

" And this day shall be for a memorial to you : and  
 " you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generations  
 " with an everlasting observance.

" Moses called all the ancients of the children of Is-  
 " rael, and said to them : Go take a lamb by your fami-  
 " lies, and sacrifice the Phase. And dip a bunch of hys-  
 " sop in the blood, and sprinkle the transom of the door  
 " therewith, and both the door cheeks : let none of you go

“ out of the door of his house till morning. For the Lord  
 “ will pass through, striking the Egyptians; and when he  
 “ shall see the blood on the transom, and on both the  
 “ posts, he will pass over the door of the house, and not  
 “ suffer the destroyer to come into your house and hurt  
 “ you.

“ Thou shalt keep this thing as a law for thee and  
 “ thy children for ever. And when you have entered into the  
 “ land which the Lord will give you as he hath promised,  
 “ you shall observe these ceremonies. And when your  
 “ children shall say to you : What is the meaning of this  
 “ service? you shall say to them : It is the victim of the  
 “ passage of the Lord, when he passed over the houses of  
 “ the children of Israel in Egypt, striking the Egyptians  
 “ and saving our houses.

“ And the people, bowing themselves, adored.

“ And the children of Israel, going forth did as the  
 “ Lord had commanded Moses and Aaron. And it came  
 “ to pass at midnight, the Lord slew every first-born in  
 “ the land of Egypt from the first born of Pharaoh, who  
 “ sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive  
 “ woman, that was in prison.

“ And Pharaoh arose in the night, and all his servants,  
 “ and all Egypt; and there arose a great cry in Egypt :  
 “ for there was not a house wherein there lay not one dead.

“ And Pharaoh, calling Moses and Aaron in the night,  
 “ said : Arise and go forth from amongst my people, you  
 “ and the children of Israel : go, sacrifice to the Lord as  
 “ you say. And departing, bless me. And the Egyp-  
 “ tians pressed the people to go forth out of the land  
 “ speedily, saying : We shall all die. And the same day  
 “ the Lord brought forth the children of Israel out of the  
 “ land of Egypt.” (Exode, XII).

Such was the first pasch; and it continued, every year,  
 to be celebrated by all the Hebrews with the very same  
 ceremonies until the last lawful one, the last supper, when  
 the true Lamb of God came himself to be immolated, to  
 be given to the faithful, to be the life of the world. This  
 last lawful pasch of the old Law is related by Saint Luke  
 in the following terms :

“ The day came on which it was necessary that the  
 “ pasch should be killed. And Jesus sent Peter and

“ John saying : Go and prepare for us the pasch that we may eat.

“ They said : Where wilt thou that we prepare ?

“ He said to them : Behold, as you go into the city, there shall meet you a man carrying a pitcher of water : follow him into the house where he entereth in : and you shall say to the good man of the house : The Master saith to thee : Where is the guest-chamber, where I may eat the pasch with my disciples ? And he shall show you a large dining-room furnished : and there prepare.

“ And they going, found as he said to them, and made ready the pasch. And when the hour was come, he sat down and the twelve apostles with him. And he said to them : With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer.

And then he instituted the Blessed Eucharist, the true paschal banquet of all Christian generations until the end of this world.

ANTHONY.

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## THE NEW FIRE.

A LEGEND.

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**T**HE period is Anno Domini 431. The season, the vernal equinox.

The Celtic year was drawing to a close and in the city of Tarah, the centre of the Druidial worship, the Irish were celebrating the triennial feast of the New Fire.

This was for them the most solemn, the greatest of night. A silent crowd, standing in the shadow closely pressed together, surrounded the palace of O'Neil the great chieftain of the Island, and the princes and warriors, who had assembled at Tarah, from all parts of Green Erin were gathered around the monarch.

Upon the terrace of the palace an immense wood pile had been erected and crowned with flowers. Close by this woodpile stood the Chief of the Druids. The moon cast a fascinating twilight upon the scene, and, in the sky above, not a cloud traversed the horizon.

According to a custom of time immemorial in Ireland,

the fires had been extinguished, and, before relighting them, the Sacred Fire must be seen to ascend to Heaven, which the Chief of the Druids was to kindle at a signal given by the monarch.

O'Neil, draped with the royal purple, was about to give the expected signal, when suddenly, at the farther end of the grounds of the "Breg," a light beamed forth amid the darkness.

The king perceived it and, tremulous with indignation, cried out in a terrible voice : " Who thus profanes this sacred night—who dares commit so great a sacrilege ? "

" We know not," replied those who stood by him. And all gazed with alarm at the small light shining in the distance like a star at night. The chief of the Druids, as he, too, looked at it, was overwhelmed with terror.

" O king ! " he cried, trembling, " listen to what the gods have inspired me to say : unless this fire be extinguished immediately, it will never more go out. . . . . it will deaden our Sacred Fire. He who has kindled it shall subjugate this Ireland which the Roman forces have failed to subdue, and none shall ever be able to wrest his conquest from him." Instantaneously, the king issues his commands, and several Druids spring into a chariot drawn by a pair of white buffaloes and, followed by some of the warriors, bound forward in the direction of the light.

This light was the Paschal Candle, which Patrick, come to Ireland, had first lighted.

The Druids rush at it, in order either to extinguish or to overthrow it. Both in vain. The light ceases not to burn ; the candle, standing on the ground, remains immovable.

Saint Patrick, clad in a sheepskin tunic, with a white hood upon his head, looked on, smiling. The Druids, infuriated, commanded him to follow them into the presence of the king. He obeyed, and as the apostle advanced, several birds, who had joined the crowd, impelled by divine inspiration, sang aloud.

" He comes, the man whose brow is crowned. From across the stormy sea, he is come to us ! "

When Patrick had reached the royal presence the king thus addressed him.

" You are not ignorant of the laws of the kingdom.

You know that whosoever kindles a fire, on this sacred night, before the signal to do so has been given by me, receives the punishment of death. Why have you broken the law?"

But instead of replying, in order to excuse himself, the Saint began to sing.

"On this night of the Resurrection of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, it is right to kindle this fire; and to light a waxen taper of dazzling whiteness of delicious perfume." Then, with dignified self-possession, he spoke to the astonished monarch. "No, O king!" said he, "you shall not have me put to death. The mild reign of Christ is to be established in Ireland without the shedding of one drop of blood. But, later on, he cried in a transport, "for centuries together, Ireland shall pour forth her blood . . her blood and tears for the Catholic Faith."

"Who are you? Whence come you?" inquired the king stirred, in spite of himself, even to the depths of his soul, by the words and hearing of the stranger.

"I am the messenger of God. For the space of six years, I was a slave on this your island. One night I heard, in my sleep, a voice which said: "Return to your country, the ship, which is to bear you thither, is just about to sail." I hastened to the shore and, three days later, I was back in Gaul again amongst my kindred; but I ceased not, at study no less than when asleep, to hear the sons of Ireland, crying aloud: "Christian! return amid us, return to save us." Broken-hearted by these continual appeals, I knew not how to act, until an angel came to me, who said: "Depart for Rome; go there to lay your aspirations before the head of the Church." I left without loss of time, to find that the Pope, like myself, had heard the groanings of the sons of Ireland.

The Emerald of the seas had been constantly flashing before his sight, and the desire that he had conceived of presenting it to Christ wrung tears from his eyes—"My vocation has received the blessing of the Holy Father; it is he who has sent me to those who were calling me.

O Irish people! The Roman army could not conquer ye, but ye shall belong forever to the Rome of the martyrs!"

On that night, there was no sacred fire kindled on the terrace of the palace of Tarah, but Patrick's tiny light beamed all alone, upon the horizon.

LAURE CONAN.

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ROSA MYSTICA.

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Hail, Rose of mystic beauty !  
 Bright flow'r in Heaven's field !  
 Far sweeter is thy fragrance  
 Than earthly flow'rs can yield.

The fairest earthly flowers  
 Are soon to fade away,  
 But thou, O Rose celestial,  
 Canst never know decay.

Of creatures thou art purest,  
 None lovelier can there be ;  
 All Heav'n resounds with praises,  
 Sweet Mystic Rose, to thee.

Within thee, peerless flower,  
 Did Jesus once repose,  
 For thou alone art worthy  
 To be His Mystic Rose.

No flow'r to thee is equal  
 That blooms upon our sod,  
 For thy majestic beauty  
 Hath won the heart of God.

Too pure for this worl's garden,  
 Sweet Rose, of priceless worth,  
 From Heav'n, God sent His angels,  
 Who took thee from the earth.

Enraptured with thy beauty,  
 My soul with love o'erflows ;  
 I long to be in Heaven  
 With thee, sweet Mystic Rose.



O Mary ! Rose of Heaven !  
 Hear thou our earnest prayer,  
 Protect us all from danger  
 And take us to thy care.

Receive, dear Mother Mary,  
 This humble gift of mine ;  
 Accept this wreath of roses  
 I offer at thy shrine.

M. S. B.

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## THE SALVE REGINA.

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### A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

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As an illustration of the benefit of daily prayer, though offered by even the most hardened, and its efficacy in drawing upon them the grace of conversion, the following incident was related from his experience by a holy Benedictine priest :

He was one day passing along the street, deeply engrossed in thought, and with his eyes cast down, when he was stopped quite suddenly and in a most mysterious manner. Looking up to learn the cause of this unaccountable occurrence, he saw a woman making her way hastily towards him from one of the tenement houses before which he was standing. She seemed full of grief, and begged him breathlessly to come and see her husband who was dying, but would not allow her to send for any spiritual assistance. From the window above, she had seen the priest pass, and felt that he had been sent by the Almighty God for the salvation of the dying man. She besought the Father, however, not to let her husband know that she had called him, or he would be very angry with her.

While ascending to the sick man's apartment, the priest gathered from the words of the woman that the life of her husband had been far from what it should have been. On entering the room, the man blamed his wife furiously for her disobedience in bringing in a priest, whom he had determined not to see ; but the latter quietly told

him of the mysterious manner in which he had been stopped in the street, and the man soon became calm. He even listened to the words of the priest, who tried to make him realize his precarious state. At first, the dying man was unwilling to admit that he was dangerously ill, but added that in any case he should prefer to die as he had lived. Seeing that the time was short, for the man's life could be counted by hours only, if not minutes, the priest spoke so earnestly of the compassion of Christ for sinners, and appeared to be himself so deeply affected, that the hard heart was softened, and the poor fellow finally consented to make his confession, declaring, however, that it was impossible in his present extreme weakness to remember all his sins. But the information the priest had already obtained from the woman, joined with his great experience of human nature, helped to bridge this difficulty. The man was the more anxious now to do so, as he believed that the priest was supernaturally stayed in the street in order to help him.

When absolution had been given, the priest heard the woman's confession also, and then married her to the man whom she had called her husband, and made them promise that their children should be taken to the parish church as soon as possible to be baptized. The good Father then left them, but soon returned with the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils necessary to administer Extreme Unction.

After all had been happily accomplished, the priest endeavoured to raise the confidence of the dying man, and dwelt much on God's evident designs on his soul. He then added that he supposed this grace had been granted him in reward of some really good work of his past life, but the now really penitent man disclaimed anything on his part, and declared his life to have been a succession of grievous sins.

"And you can think of nothing," insisted the Father, "that coupled with all the saving merits of the blood of Jesus Christ—without which nothing is meritorious—can have brought this grace to you when so many others have been eternally lost, with perhaps less on their souls?"

"Well," said the dying man, brightening up after a pause, but speaking in a very low voice, "my mother

and a good mother she was—died when I was a lad. My brothers and sisters and myself were at her death-bed. After she had prepared herself to die, she gave us all her last good counsel. She called me close to her, and giving me her blessing placed the prayer-book in my hands, and opening it at certain prayer, asked me to promise I would say it every day. I had been a wild boy and but little comfort to her. God rest her soul ! Well, Father, I promised— and I kept my word. Never a night have I lain down without saying that prayer, no matter how bad I have been.”

“And what is the prayer?” asked the priest.

“I cannot tell you the name,” said the dying man, his voice growing feebler, “but it is a prayer to the Blessed Virgin : in yonder corner you will find the book in the old valise. The place is marked.”

The priest found the well-worn book, as the man had said, and, taking it up, he opened at a deep yellow page, where his eye fell upon that beautiful prayer to “Mother of Mercy,” to her who never turns a deaf ear to her children, and who loves to be invoked by this dearest of her titles :

“Hail, holy Queen ! Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope !”

Deeply moved, the priest knelt down by the side of the dying man, and together with his wife, began to recite the prayer aloud ; but before it had ended, the penitent soul had taken its flight. — *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

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## REFLECTIONS.

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Sorrow is sent to teach sympathy.

Where Christ brings His cross, He brings His presence ; and where He is, none is desolate, and there is no room for despair.

The more we live before the world, the less we live before God. The more the world's judgment is to us, the

less is God's. The glare of the world's eye is angry and jealous, and it blinds us to the soft, persuasive, pleading look of the eye of God.—Father Faber.

When death and the sorrow that death brings with it are upon you, do not hesitate to come to Mary. The sword that pierced her heart will bring you consolation in your grief. She, who stood at the foot of the cross while her Son breathed forth His last sigh, has known a depth of sorrow you can never know, and her sorrows have made her Consoler of the afflicted.

If we could only know the deep-rooted, silent trouble that comes into some lives, we would be more sympathetic. The smile of greeting may cover, and the cheery word may turn the thought away from domestic unhappiness, but sincerity will discover and love will find a word to soothe the canker that eats like the wolf of the ancient stoic.

There is a mysterious attraction between us and heaven : God wants us and we want God.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

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### SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“In the Blood you find the fire.”

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

( *Continuation.* )

**C**ATHERINE had not passed her nineteenth year, when, on the command of Our Lord, she left her cell to mingle with the world.

The Saint possessed the secret of her extraordinary mission ; however she, at first, only employed herself to the most laborious works of the house, and to humble works of charity. She held the maxim that our love for God is known by the acts of charity we do to our neighbor. “God being not without our reach,” said she, “He

wills that we render to our neighbor those services which we cannot render directly to Himself."

Therefore, she devoted herself entirely to works of mercy.

The Saint possessed nothing, personally, but, at her petition, her good father gave her a right over all that he owned. "I allow none of you," said he to the entire family, "to prevent my dear daughter from giving alms. If she gives to the poor all there is in the house, I will be content."

Catherine, said her Historian, used this permission even to the letter. But her inexhaustible charity was not therefore blind. She sought out, and had the secret of discovering cases of hidden poverty, of real and terrible misery, and she knew how to assist without humiliating.

The charity of the Saints is particularly pleasing to God.

One day, in the church of Saint Dominic, Catherine was drawn away from her prayer by a poor person who demanded charity for the love of God.

The Saint being in the habit of carrying neither gold nor silver, she said graciously to the poor mendicant:

"I have nothing with me. Will you wait a little or accompany me to my house?"

"That is not possible for me," responded the poor man. "If you have nothing to give me, I will go my way."

Grieved, thus to send the beggar away without help, Catherine reflected for a moment, to see if she had not something about her to dispose of. Her glance fell upon the silver cross attached to the rosary she held in her hand.

Immediately, she detached the cross and joyously gave it to the mendicant.

The following night, when she was praying, according to her custom, Jesus Christ appeared to her, holding in His hand the same cross, ornamented with sparkling precious stones.

"My daughter," said He, "dost thou recognize this cross?"

"Yes, Lord I recognize it well, but when it belonged to me it was not so brilliant."

"Yesterday," continued Jesus, "thou gavest Me this cross with great charity. It is that charity these precious

stones symbolize. I promise thee that on the Judgment Day I will show this same cross to men and angels, to increase thy joy and thy eternal glory."

The glorious vision vanished, leaving the Saint inflamed with still more ardent love.

But Catherine did not limit her charity to the easy exercise of alms-giving. At that time, there was a poor leper in the Hospital of Siena, named Cecca. The horrible malady had spread all over her body. No person would longer approach her, and the authorities had decided to send her away.

Having heard of this determination, Catherine ran quickly to the Hospital, and upon seeing the poor leper, embraced her with tender respect and offered herself as servant, promising to provide for all her wants, if the authorities would give her the charge.

The offer was accepted, and after that time, morning and evening, each day Catherine went to the Hospital, dressed the horrible wounds of the leper, and treated her with great respect and tenderness.

LAURE CONAN.

*(To be continued.)*

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## A VOLUNTARY VICTIM OF EXPIATION.

BY M. C. C.

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**P**IERRE Lafont was born in Paris in 1876. At an early age, his parents sent him to the college known as the Petit Seminaire de Notre Dame des Champs, mostly attended by students for the priesthood.

Pierre was always a privileged child of the Blessed Virgin. Of a mild disposition, he showed himself, from his earliest years, unalterably kind and amiable toward every one. His countenance, frank and open, was the personification of innocence.

One day, when he was only four years old, his mother wished to take him for a walk, but he replied: "O, mamma; pray let me stay and play with Jesus."

The mother, though greatly astonished at such a request from one so young, granted his demand. On her return, she was still more surprised to find him making genuflexions before a crucifix which he had placed on a small altar between two candles. It was his delight to adorn the altar, and he would preach in his baby language with extraordinary seriousness.

His first communion was like that of an angel. From the day of its reception, a remarkable change was noticeable in him. He became more grave, more reserved, and a useless or frivolous word never passed his lips.

During his vacations in the country, he spent long hours of adoration in the little chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was kept. Those who saw him there were struck with the respect and recollection manifested in his prayers.

One day he accompanied his family on a long walk. But soon his parents perceived that he was no longer with them. On returning he was found in a chapel, praying fervently.

"My dear child," said his mother, "why did you leave us?"

"O, mamma," responded Pierre, "I thought that Jesus would be alone, and I returned to keep him company."

At the age of fifteen years he confided to his mother a desire to embrace a religious life. "All my life," he said to her, "I have never entertained any desire other than to consecrate myself to God, and my wish was always to be a Benedictine. I wish to be a religious in order that I may always pray, always pray and thank God."

One day of each week, the pupils of the Petit Seminaire were given a holiday. On these occasions Pierre's father came to conduct him to his home to spend the day. It was their custom to first visit the church of the Sacred Heart, at Montmartre, Notre Dame des Victoires, and the Jesuit church.

Pierre would say, in embracing his mother: "Oh,

what a happy day I have passed ! Papa has had the goodness to take me to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament."

In 1893, his mother took him to assist in the beautiful ceremony of the departure of missionaries. He was profoundly impressed, and expressed a lively thirst for the salvation of souls, and such an ardent love of God that he fervently aspired to a missionary life and a martyr's crown. Some time later, he confided this desire to his sister.

God willed that his pious desires should be realized sooner than he expected.

During Holy Week, the pupils of the Petit Seminaire were conducted, as usual, (it was the custom each year) to Notre-Dame to venerate the Holy Relics. The sacrilegious theft of a chalice filled with consecrated Hosts had occurred on the morning that this visit was made. Pierre was horrified. This terrible profanation filled his heart with unhappiness, and he offered himself to God as a victim of expiation. The offering was agreeable in the sight of God, and was accepted.

During the remaining days of the Holy Week, the thought of the sacrilege was ever in Pierre's mind. He spoke of it to his mother and his professor in terms burning with love for his offended Savior.

The evening before Easter, his mother found him in a state of ecstasy. "What a beautiful day," he said to her, and how I regret to see Holy Week gone. Oh ! the beautiful week ! How many graces I have received !"

On Monday, he came home holding in his hand a small picture of St. Tarcisus, the little martyr of the Holy Eucharist, which he kissed incessantly, all the morning. What intercourse must he not have had within himself with the young saint whose generous sacrifice he envied and hoped for ?

During the day, he called upon a poor man, and paid several visits to the Blessed Sacrament. At night, being tired, he retired before his usual hour.

The next day, he had to remain the whole day in bed, keeping silent, but bearing his sufferings with admirable patience, and continually saying his Rosary. The physician who was called found his illness to be a slight attack of scarlatina. When his mother entered the room, Pierre



said to her with some anguish, but perfect resignation :  
 "Mamma, it is God's will."

What follows is an exact reproduction of what the mother of the dear young man said afterwards :

"He never uttered a word of complaint ; his only consolation was to drink some water of Lourdes. 'It is the Blessed Virgin who will cure me,' he would say. Tuesday night he said to me : 'People die at all ages ; see how many of my schoolmates have already died, and what edifying deaths !' His father sang for him his hymn of first Communion.

"On Wednesday, he slept a good deal, and, as he was not any worse, I left him for a little while. In the evening he said : 'Kneel down, and let us have a prayer in common.' As he still wanted to say his Rosary, I would not permit him, telling him to be satisfied to offer his sufferings. He asked me to make the sign of the cross on his forehead. He did not sleep during the night, notwithstanding his effort to do so, that I might have the chance of getting some rest ; it pained him to see me standing near him, but he could not keep his eyes for a moment from resting on me. He had moments of fright ; he thought the night intollerably long, and compared it to purgatory. He spoke of a martyrdom of three hours, and often said : 'Is it two o'clock ?' (He died at two o'clock in the afternoon.)

"Looking at the holy face of Our Lord, which was near him, he said to me : 'The Savior must have suffered much to be so disfigured.' A little later I heard him say, in a low voice ; 'My God, let Your will be done, and not mine.'

"After that he sang in a low voice, then he said : 'Mamma, did you hear those beautiful hymns ? But how strange ! I composed them myself in Latin ; how beautiful they are !'

"Later, he said : 'Oh, mamma ! what a beautiful Communion God gave to me during Holy Week ! It was that of St. Louis of Gonzaga ; just like it, three days of preparation, and three days of thanksgiving.' He continually offered his sufferings for persons in whom he felt an interest, for his father, for myself, and for other intentions.

“The next morning his fever increased. I began to grow uneasy, and waited for the physician with anxiety. When he came he was alarmed at the progress of the disease ; he could not hide his anxiety from Pierre, and left at once to tell my mother-in-law that he could not live over the night and to send for his confessor. A priest was at once sent for. Pierre, without betraying the least emotion, went to confession ; after having made the sign of the cross, and received *Extreme Unction*, giving himself the responses in Latin in a loud and clear voice. The priest had him to gain plenary indulgence of the crucifix.

“I then came close to him. ‘Dear child,’ I said to him, ‘if God wants you for the salvation of souls, be ready to obey His will ; then Our Lady of Lourdes will cure you ; I promise to take you to Lourdes. But if His will is to call you to Himself, make the sacrifice of your life.’

“He bowed twice, saying : ‘Yes.’ An instant later, I asked him if he felt better. (I really expected a miracle.) He raised his eyes, and, with an angelic smile answered : ‘Mamma, I am cured.’ These were his last words. Placing his head on my shoulder, he raised himself, and put his arms in the form of a cross on his breast. He soon became delirious, for a violent attack of brain fever had begun, and for a half-hour he had a terrible agony. His sisters were holding him in their arms ; we were reciting the prayers for the dying, and after we had invoked St. Joseph, and the Blessed Virgin and his patron Saints, asking them to come to meet him, he drew his last breath, holding a blessed candle in his hand. His face assumed at once an expression of happiness ; he seemed to be at rest. I placed in his hand his dear little Saint Tarcisius, like a martyr of the Holy Eucharist.”

Thus died, on March 29, 1894, this pious young Christian in his eighteenth year.

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HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

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Remember Mary, ever blessed,  
No sinner fled to thee,  
But thou wouldst grant them their request,  
O listen then to me.

I offer thee this humble prayer,  
O Mother undefiled,  
That thou wouldst take me in thy care  
And let me be thy child.

O thou who guard'st the tempest-tossed  
Upon life's stormy sea,  
Take my poor soul before it's lost,  
And be a guide to me.

Star of the Sea whose beams impart  
Such grace and light divine,  
Infuse thy rays into my heart,  
And make it pure like thine.

Virgin most amiable, most pure,  
Heaven's open gate,  
Thy gracious aid we now implore,  
Mother inviolate.

Cause of our joy, behold our tears,  
But listen to our sighs,  
Dispel the gloom of darkening fears,  
Bright portal of the skies.

Sinner's refuge, Mother pure,  
This my prayer shall be,  
That in temptation's awful hour  
That thou remember me.

DELIA SHANNON.

## AN EASTER LILY

*from the " Precious Blood."*

**G**OD had a white lily. Being jealous of its purity, He planted it in a secluded nook in His garden of the "Precious Blood." There it was safely hidden from all envious eyes. Every day, God nourished His lily with the Blood of Jesus. The lily grew apace, and blossomed only for Him. Its whiteness was dazzling, and pleased the divine eyes. And God said in His heart : A little longer, and then I will gather My lily, to grace the eternal Easter-festival of Heaven . . . . . And therefore, God came into His garden one day, and touched the lily. It faded slowly until it could no longer stand upright. But the white lily knew the Master's touch, and was content and happy. It desired only to please the Divine Master. . . . .

The Lord came into His garden, about the solemn hour of midnight, on the Feast of Easter, to gather His lily. The Angels of the Precious Blood accompanied Him, singing *Allluia!* How sweet was the music of those rejoicing angels to the heart of this human lily of God :—" Arise make haste, for the winter is now past ; the rain is over and gone ; and the flowers have appeared in our land " . . . . . Then she said, ' Hark ! I hear the voice of the Beloved speaking to me ' : " Arise, make haste, and come, My love, My dove, My beautiful one." Then she embraced her Beloved, and departed.

" O sweet, fair flower, O glad, fair flower,  
Who, waking with the Easter dawn,  
Revealed the glory of the morn ;  
In silent joy thy welcome gave,  
In fragrance lingered near the grave  
Of Christ arisen."

\*\*\*

The lily was our little Sister, "*Marie Ange.*"

Simple was her sweet young life. Few were her words, but many were the good things treasured up in her dear heart to which Jesus alone had the key.

A faithful, untiring little worker in the Lord's vineyard, she performed her simple round of duties, under the smile of her Spouse. The farewell words, penned by her own hand, to her sorrowing family, are truly celestial utterances, angelic. Like Mary, the Queen of Virgins, her conversation was in Heaven. As long as our little Sister could sit up, day after day saw her patiently bending over the great Ledgers, wherein she inscribed the names of our numerous patrons, friends, and benefactors. . . . . She spoke of Heaven as the "sure country," to which she was to journey with Jesus by her side. Worldlings, thirstily seeking unhallowed pleasures, stop a moment, and dwell upon the pathetic beauty of this sweet young girl's first and only journey : her true Bridal Tour with the Celestial Bridegroom, to the New Jerusalem.

Many and fervent were the promises of this dying spouse of Christ-Jesus to pray for all the friends, patrons, and benefactors of our Institute. On earth, she loved to write down their names. In Heaven, where we hope she now is, our Sister will beg of Jesus, not to let even one be lost eternally of those, who honor and support the work of the Most Precious Blood.

At her sweet request, will not "Jesus most amiable," inscribe all their names in His ponderous Book of Life Eternal, written indelibly by his own dear hand in the glowing crimson hues of His Precious Blood ?

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AND ABOVE ALL NO EMOTION ! . . . .

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THE doctor arrives.

"Madam, I cannot hide it from you any longer, your husband is dangerously ill. I do not despair of saving him ; but, sit up with him, *and above all no emotion !* . . . .

\* \* \*

Friends arrive.

They clasp the sickman's hand, feel his pulse, look at him.

"You seem better, my friend !"

And they descend the stairs, softly, softly, and to each other they whisper :

" Poor fellow, he is finished ! "

And he, he fixed his eyes on those who surrounded him, questioned their silence, understood almost their smile. And he dares not ask his wife : " Am I very bad ? "

Fatal discretion, keen incertitude or horrible illusion !

And no one around him dares interrupt the mournful silence.

And his wife sees nothing, hears nothing, but the sinister order :

" *And above all no emotion !* " "

\* \*

A neighbour arrives.

" My dear lady, I assure you it is time, high time to call the priest. "

" What are you saying ? . . . My husband is still conscious. "

" But precisely so, Madam, you must not wait until he is not. "

" Why ? "

" He must offer to God, at least, the last moments of his life and make a good act of contrition. "

" But we will kill him, if he sees the priest. . . . "

" The priest brings him the word of God. God's words, it seems to me, do not kill. . . . "

" But the Sacraments ? "

" What ! you seriously believe that God has instituted them to kill the sick ? "

" I do not say that ; but . . . believe me, it is more prudent to wait ; yes, it is more prudent. . . . "

And the imprudent woman turns her back on the visitor.

It is the eternal and idiotic refrain : " *And above all no emotion ! . . .* "

\* \*

The agony arrives.

The eyes grow dim, large drops of perspiration cover the brow, the death-rattle begins.

The sick man did not believe himself so near his end.

Only yesterday, he felt a little better, he seemed revived and, with his two hands, he hung on to hope.

And behold him now going off, quietly in death, as in the past he used to go, quietly, to sleep. . . .

He is going to die according to the form prescribed :  
 “ *And above all no emotion ! . . . .* ”

\* \*  
 \*

The priest arrives at last.  
 The servant had hurried to the rectory :  
 “ Come quickly Father ! . . . . ”  
 The priest has come.  
 Before him a colourless face, hollow eyes, immobility.

He bends over the dying man :  
 “ Do you hear me, my friend ? Press my hand . . . .  
 Nothing ! . . . . .  
 Over this marble body, he gives a hasty absolution,  
 administers a supreme unction . . . for better for worse ! . . .  
 And eternity is revealed ! . . . . .

\* \*  
 \*

Death arrives, judgment arrives, eternity arrives.  
 “ *And above all no emotion !* ”

From the French of

“ *La Semaine Religieuse de Montreal.* ”

## CAN WE INVOKE THE HOLY SOULS.

A great number of theologians, among others Saint Liguori, Bellarmin, Suarez, teach that we can legitimately and beneficially invoke the souls of Purgatory in order to obtain from God the graces and favours of which we are in need both for our soul and body.

Saint Teresa used to say, that everything she asked God, through the intercession of the faithful departed, was accorded her.—“ When I wish to surely obtain a grace ”, says Saint Catherine of Bologna ; “ I have recourse to the suffering souls, so that they will present my request to Our Lord, and the grace is always granted.” She even assured that she had received through their intervention many favours which had not been accorded her through the intercession of the saints.

The holy *cure* of Ars, one day said : “ If we knew how great is the power of the holy souls in Purgatory and how many graces we can receive from God through their mediation, they would not be so forgotten ! Oh ! let us pray often for them so that in return they may pray for us.”

There are notably certain temporal favours which seem to be particularly reserved to these good souls : the cure of a grave malady, preservation from a peril, the gain of a law-suit, the success of an important undertaking and the successful negotiation of an honorable alliance. . . God, knowing what importance men attach to these secondary things, seems to have placed them at the disposition of the suffering souls, so as to thereby excite us to procure them more abundant suffrages.

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### VESPER HYMN.

Mother of God ! as evening falls,  
     Upon the silent sea  
 And shadows veil the mountain walls,  
     We lift our souls to thee !  
 From lurking perils of the night,  
     The desert's hidden harms,  
 From plagues that waste, from blows that smite,  
     Descend thy men-at-arms.

Mother of God ! thy starry smile  
     Still bless us from above !  
 Keep pure our souls from passion's guile.  
     Our hearts from earthly love !  
 Still save each soul from guilt apart  
     As stainless as each sword ;  
 And guard undimmed in every heart  
     The image of Our Lord !

--*John Hay.*



## A CHAPLET OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

By S. M. A.

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

## CHAPTER II.

## A HOME OF MISERY.

**H**OW often Mary looked towards the door with eager eyes, yearning to see the only one in the world that loved her ; in pain and suffering she counted the hours as they crept by. - No one came to speak a few cheering words or minister to her wants. It was past the hour when Paul usually returned. Surely something must have happened him. At last the door opened and Paul entered. Lighting a smoky lantern, he went quietly towards the bed.

"Are you awake, Auntie?"

"O, yes! how could I sleep when I am suffering so much. But what kept you, Paul? I was beginning to think that you would never come back.

"I could not get any work and I did not like to return without bringing you something.

"And did you succeed, Paul?" asked Mary anxiously."

"I did not earn very much, Auntie, but do not mind," he went on gaily, "I will try to make you a little more comfortable."

"O! I wish you would put something in that window, Paul, the board has blown away and the cold is coming in."

"Very well, Auntie, I will find something. "After a fruitless search around the room, he took off his coat and stuffed it in the place of the broken pane. He then commenced to light a fire and, after putting on a kettle of water, went to the cupboard from which he took out a piece of stale bread, the remains of his scanty breakfast, which he had left, in case he should have nothing to bring home at night to his aunt. While he was waiting for the water to boil, Paul went to her bedside, saying: "Let me try to make you more comfortable, dear Auntie. - There, is that better?" he asked, gently laying her head back on the pillow.

"O yes, Paul, I always feel much better when you are with me and ministering to my wants."

The little meal was prepared by the thoughtful boy, who was overjoyed to see the sick woman take the few mouthfuls of bread over which he had poured the boiling water after toasting it by the fire. He tried to forget his own fatigue and hunger.

What does it matter he thought, as long as I make *her* happy !

Sitting down by her bedside, he showed her the chaplet, saying :

"Look, Auntie, what I found to-day."

Mary started painfully. "Oh ! Paul, where did you get it ?" "I found it on . . . ave., lying half buried in the snow. See, Auntie, is it not beautiful !" he exclaimed, holding the shining treasure to the light.

Mary tried to stretch out her hand for the string of beads, but being unable to reach them, lay back, white and breathless, on her pillow.

"What is the matter, Auntie?" said Paul. "Do you feel worse ?"

"Oh ! no," she said, trying to control herself, "I felt a sharp pain, but it has passed away. Bring the Rosary near, so that I can see it."

"She looked at it long and earnestly, then murmured : "It is just the same."

"The same as what, Auntie ? Do you know what kind of beads they are ?"

"Yes," she answered quietly ; a lady whom I once knew, for whom I worked, had a string just like them. But why did you not sell them, Paul ? They are worth a great deal, and we are in need of so many things. See, the fire is going out already : in a few hours the room will be icy cold.

"I could not sell them, Auntie, they are not mine."

But Mary, seeming to forget Paul's kindness, said peevishly :

"Well, you could have pawned them, just for to-night, perhaps you would earn enough to-morrow to redeem them."

"O dear Auntie ! I could not. Suppose it was like to-day, and I did—"

" Well, the person who owns them can well afford to redeem them ; they are surely worth that," said Mary, interrupting him. " You don't love me at all, or you would not leave me hungry and cold, when you have it in your power to relieve me."

" O Auntie ! don't, don't ! " pleaded the boy. " I can't bear it. . . . I would do anything in my power to make you happy, yes, *anything*, but offend God. It pains me to see you suffering. I will go out again, perhaps I can earn some money "; and, taking the chaplet with him, he went towards the door.

" O my God," he murmured, once more braving the storm, this time without his tattered coat, " grant that I may soon return with something for my poor Aunt."

Mary hardly realized anything until the door had closed. She called out :

" Paul, Paul ! Where are you going ? Come back." But she received no reply. He had gone.

" O God, forgive me," she sobbed, he will surely perish in the storm. Holy Mother of God, protect him. If he dies, I will be his murderer. It was my want of patience, and my harsh words that drove him out into the cold and darkness. Send him back, dear Mother, and I will confess all.

( To be continued. )

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## PRAYERS SOLICITED.

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(1) For the Sovereign Pontiff; for all religious orders devoted in a special manner to the honor of the Blessed Virgin; for all the young girls who bear the beautiful title of " Child of Mary; " for a number of vocations.

(2) For many catholics threatened in their faith.

(3) For an apostate, and several young men who have abandoned the practice of our holy religion, for a number of sinners especially those addicted to drink.

(4) For the conversion of a young girl without piety and whose difficult character is a cause of sorrow to her parents.

(5) For the happy solution of many difficult affairs, some of which are despaired of.

(6) For the cure of several sick persons, for a number of afflicted families, for poor women abandoned by their husbands or who have to suffer from their misconduct, for the heads of families without

money or work, for mothers anxious for their absent children of whom they have no news.

For three vocations.

For two families.

For the restauration of health to the father and mother of a family. The father has had no position for the last four months through ill health. A young man who has given himself up to gambling and is the cause of great trouble to his parents.

The conversion of several young men who have not made their Easter duty for several years. One very particular intention.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : Rev. Sister MARY-SEBASTIEN, of SS. Jesus and Mary, at Portland, Or. ; Our dear Sister MARIE-ANGE ; for Mrs. J. M. WARD-PENNEE, deceased at Quebec ; JOS BOUCHARD, at Chambly ; Leon Marcotte, at Deschambault ; MAXIME FERRON, at St-Marcel ; ISIDORE ETHER, at Calumet, Mich. ; VITAL BLEAC, at Calumet ; EPHREM CHAPUT, at St-Denis of Richelieu ; Vve MICHEL COULOMBE, at St-Isidore, Dorch. ; W. LATIMER, at Iberville ; D. NADEAU, at Ste-Marie (Beauce) ; LADY SMITH, at Toronto ; AHERN, at Montreal ; PHILEMON DALLAIRE, au Bic ; CLEOPHAS STRIDE, at Northbridge ; Vve BENOTT GIRARD, at Ste-Mary of Monnoir ; FELIX PAUL-HUS, at St-Aime ; for Miss MARY FERLAND, at Montreal ; AGNES BRADY, at Baltimore, Md. ; EDOUARDIANA POISSON, at Calumet ; VALENTINE NAULT, at St-Marcel ; for Mr. GUILLAUME AMYOT, at Quebec ; JOS ARCHAMBAULT, at Wurley, Wis. ; LS PICHETTE, at Louiseville ; PIERRE PETIT, at St-David ; CAMILLE CHOUCI-NARD, at Quebec ; Dr CODERE, at St-Hyacinthe ; N. A. BOUVIS, at St-Francois de la Beauce ; ALF. BACHAND, at Lambert, Minn. ; DONALD LYNN, at Sand Point ; RAPHAEL CHEVRIER, at St-JOSEPH of Sorel ; H. GILBERT, at Ste-Mary, Beauce ; EUSEBE TURGEON, at Victoriaville ; PHILIPPE JOUBERT, at Kamouraska.

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.*

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## THANKSGIVINGS.

OR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE  
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Twenty-five or thirty persons have written to us in nearly the following terms :

“ After a Novena made in honor of the Precious Blood, and after having made a promise to publish my

cure in your Annals, if it were obtained, I was plainly heard ; " some of them say : " I have obtained great relief."

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" It is now one year since I addressed you, hoping to regain my health by your prayers, and those of your Community. Four doctors had acknowledged themselves powerless to restore me, unless I would submit to a painful operation, and, even in case of an operation, my cure was doubtful.

Encouraged by your pious Review, I placed all my confidence in the Blood of Jesus, and, in union with your Community, I made a Novena. After a little while, I was plainly much better, able to do my house work and to take care of my aged mother who is an invalid. And, therefore, I come to acquit myself of my promise, and to tell you that I am now not only perfectly well, but that all trace of my former disease has disappeared since two months."

\*\*\*

" During the month of August last, I begged you to make a novena for a young man who, through sickness, had lost the use of his mental faculties, and was detained in an Insane asylum. A thousand grateful thanks to the Divine Blood ! The young man is now completely cured. Since last week, he has resumed his occupation."

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" We were threatened with the loss of a large sum of money, but God has saved us from the evil, through the invocation of Christ's Most Precious Blood."

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" One of my sisters was in great financial difficulties, and promised to subscribe for the Annals, if she was relieved from her embarrassments. Help was given, and beyond all her expectations. She now hastens to fulfill her promise."

\*\*\*

" Some days since, the house of our neighbor took fire and the dwelling was consumed. The fire was communicated to our house. In my distress, I promised God

that I would publicly return thanks to the Precious Blood, through your Annals, if we were saved. The favor was granted."

\*\*\*

A Manitoba family desire to testify of their gratitude to Saint Expeditus, for having saved them twice from a great conflagration.

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"Will you please offer my thanks, through your little book, for my entire cure of a sickness from which I suffered terrible pain for two or three years. I prayed and my prayers were heard.

The doctors thought I could not be cured, and I went to a great many."

\*\*\*

"Having been threatened with a contagious disease, the "Seven Offerings" were recited that it might not spread and a promise was made to publish it in the "Voice of the Precious Blood." Our prayer was heard, for which we thank the Precious Blood and sincerely hope that devotion to It may increase."

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Many other persons thank the Precious Blood, the Blessed Virgin, Saint Anne, Saint Anthony of Padua, and Saint Expeditus, for particular graces and favors received, but for want of space, we are hindered from publishing the details.

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## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

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RECEIVED INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Washington, D. C., April 6. Chaplain Frederick W. Sherman, United States' Navy, for some years a member of the Episcopal Church, resigned from the navy on Saturday and was on that day received into the Catholic Church by the Jesuit Fathers of Georgetown College in this city. He was confirmed yesterday by Cardinal Satolli. Mr. Sherman is married and is a son of Judge Sherman of the Superior Court of Massachusetts.

+

such by the Pope, the infallible Doctor of the Church.

We fly to thee, O Sovereign Dispenser of the inexhaustible treasures concealed in the sacred heart, begging thee to shower them on all thy children.

Pray for us, assist us and save us ! Amen.

**Approbation of the Ordinary.**

Our Lady of Olives having been crowned by the Pope, you can in all surety propagate the devotion and distribute her medals.

† L.-Z., BISHOP OF ST.-HYACINTHE.

**MIRACULOUS MEDAL :**

5 cents each, 50 cents a dozen.

Address :

" *The Voice of the Precious Blood* ",

St-Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada.

**MIRACULOUS MEDAL**

— OF —

**OUR LADY OF OLIVES.**

In a sunny valley of France lies a small town enjoying the remarkable privilege of never being visited by thunder and lightning.

This favor, the sole on record, dates as far back as 1493, at which time the church of Murat [Cantal] was struck by lightning and entirely consumed, with the exception of a wooden statue of the Virgin Mother, which, since that event, bears the admirable title of Our Lady of Olives.

Mary is 'the beautiful Olive-Tree' mentioned by the Holy Ghost [Eccles. XXIV. 19].

This wonderful lightning-protector (deserves to be known throughout the whole world, and calls for zealous promoters. The medal of Our Lady of Olives protects us against lightning wherever we may be during a thunderstorm. This privilege, granted by the Queen of Heaven, is attached to the medal bearing a name unparalleled in the annals of the Church, that of : Our Lady of Olives.

Why should not this admirable lightning

protector be placed on our houses, on steeples and barns, everywhere ?

Who will refuse to wear or carry on one's self so sure a preservative against a sudden and dreadful death ?

Who can refuse to repeat this invocation daily : Our Lady of Olives, pray for us, help and save us ? Are we not revealing a hidden treasure ?

How many persons are, yearly, the victims of thunderstorms ! Let us shield ourselves from the danger of lightning and charitably spread abroad the great wonder, the extraordinary favor, and the inestimable privilege the Blessed Virgin desires to confer on the whole world.

Another privilege of this medal is to grant a special protection to mothers at the critical moment of delivery. All married persons should procure this medal and constantly wear it ; it would prevent many an evil.

A great number of sinners have repented at the hour of death, by the mere contact of this efficacious medal ; let it again be said : it is a real treasure.

## APPROBATION.

It is a laudable and pious deed to contribute towards circulating and making known this me-

dal of Our Lady of Olives,

† F.-M. BENJAMIN,

Bishop of St.-Flour,

+ PETER,

Bishop of Pancers,

• JOHN EMILE,

Archbishop of Albi,

• Alphonsus GABRIEL,

Bishop of St. Die.

## PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF OLIVES.

Prostrated at thy feet, we have recourse to thee, O Immaculate Virgin, fertile Olive-Tree, that there may arise a privileged generation, destined to accomplish a desired and universal union of hearts and souls having one and the same spirit of Faith, Hope and Charity, and unity of prayer. We beseech thee, *Olive of Peace*, to use thy influence to obtain a reign of peace and concord amongst the various nations on the earth, the exercise of true liberty, the extirpation of sects and heresies and the destruction of those pernicious doctrines signalized and condemned as