

# THE VOICE

## OF THE

# PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

1 PET. 1. 18, 19.

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VOL. 2. ST-HYACINTHE, QUE., OCTOBER 1897. NO. 12.

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### OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

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By toil oppressed, by cares dismayed,  
Dear Mother, do we seek thy aid.  
Life's shadows fall around our way,  
Be thou our guide from day to day.  
From snares by luring tempters set  
For those who would thy love forget ;  
From passion's fires, from falsehood's wiles  
And foul deceit's delusive smiles ;  
From slander's shaft, from envy's dart—  
The sins that pierce thy tender heart ;  
From love of self, the vaunting pride  
That turns our faltering steps aside ;  
The heedlessness that flies thy care ;  
The wandering thoughts in times of prayer.  
From loathsome sloth's corroding rust,  
From prejudice's blinding dust,  
From sinful fancies that efface  
The impress of God's holy grace ;  
Ask of thy Son to set us free,  
Queen of the Holy Rosary.

The road is rough and rude and long,  
The foeman's cohorts fierce and strong ;  
Like feeble children, lo ! we stand,  
Kind Mother, stretch a helping hand,

And lead us by thy shining chain ;  
 Though every step be trod in pain,  
 The Ave on each bead shall be  
 A vow of deathless love to thee ;  
 Thoughts of the joys that thrilled thee here,  
 Will come our fainting hearts to cheer ;  
 Thy sorrows in Christ's Passion chide  
 The souls that flee the Crucified,  
 Till with His love they glow and burn,  
 Answering His call : " Return, Return ; "  
 Now strengthened by thy love to sing  
 The glorious triumphs of our King.  
 The coming of the Paraclete,  
 Thy glad Assumption, Mother sweet ;  
 The crown thy meek obedience won,  
 Queen of the Kingdom of thy Son,  
 List to our prayers, we call on thee,  
 Queen of the Holy Rosary.

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### THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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(Concluded.)

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Our Lord complained to St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi that so few of His servants offered the merits of His Passion for sinners. In an ecstasy she cried out : " As often as any creature offers the Blood of redemption, so often he offers a priceless gift which God joyfully accepts, becoming thereby something of a debtor to His creature and pledging Himself to grant him every favor.

Hear these words of a devout soul : " Praised be the Blood whose divine unction penetrates and captivates all the powers of my soul ! O what love and compassion are excited in my heart by viewing my beloved Saviour's Blood ! My soul melts with tenderness in looking on the bleeding wounds of my Jesus. The more I meditate on them, the more I love, and when I love more, still more do I desire to think of them. His Blood is a balm easing the pain which tortures my feeble members ; It is a limpid source wherein my parched tongue slakes its burning

thirst. It mitigates the exile's loneliness ; when tasting It he feels that suffering has its charms.

Ah, let us draw unceasingly from the living Sources of the Saviour ; let us plunge lovingly into this torrent of delights ; let us sink confidently, into this abyss of salvation ; let us cast our whole soul into the Precious Blood ; there let it be engulfed, lost and recovered in Heaven.

O Blood of Jesus ! Thou art the Blood of my blood, the Life of my life. The remembrance of Calvary excites all the faculties of my soul and arouses a craving to participate in my Redeemer's anguish by giving my blood in return for His. The violence of this desire consumes and makes me die to all else. Ah ! I shall die of regret at not being able to love as I would wish ; but this craving too, I bury in my Saviour's Blood."

O Celestial Dew ! fall on our minds and dissipate their darkness that we may discover Thy divine essence and our own nothingness ; fall on our hearts, producing tears of repentance and love ; fall on our bodies, that, covered with this sacred crimson, they may escape the shafts of the world and the demon ; and may our ravished souls unceasingly chant a hymn of gratitude to the Lamb who redeemed us in Blood : *Adoremus in Æternum.*

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Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

" MY SACRED HEART IS THERE ! "

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In many a stately temple,  
 In many a lowly shrine,  
 The figure of the Master  
 Points to his Heart divine ;—  
 And still, with voiceless pleading,  
 He moves each soul to prayer,  
 As though His sweet lips murmur'd  
 " My Sacred Heart is there ! "

And thus He shows us ever  
 His Heart that loved mankind—  
 So full of tender mercy  
 For sinners weak and blind :

He knows our human frailty  
 And with a father's care,  
 For ever seems to whisper :  
 " My Sacred Heart is there ! "

We hear His voice through darkness  
 Upon Life's troubled way,  
 It seems to give us courage  
 To face each weary day ;  
 It speaks to us of Heaven,  
 That region wondrous fair—  
 That low mysterious murmur :  
 " My Sacred Heart is there ! "

And so, while years are fleeting,  
 Bidding sin and sorrow cease,—  
 For ever stands the Saviour —  
 The Christ—the Prince of Peace.  
 As, of old, He calmed the storm-winds,  
 Giving peace beyond compare—  
 So, to our souls he murmurs ;—  
 " My Sacred Heart is there ! "

JOSEPH A. SADLER.

Ottawa, Aug. 27th. 1897.

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### THE HOLY ANGELS.

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The month of October which is dedicated to the Holy Angels, besides being the month of the Holy Rosary, is particularly dear to the lovers of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. We are taught to regard these holy spirits as our models and heavenly associates in our office of adoration, thanksgiving and love. The fervor and recollection with which they stand before the throne of God and their fidelity and alacrity in executing His Holy will, are the fitting objects of our lifelong imitation. But it is especially in their ministrations during our Saviour's Passion that they are our exemplars. When all other relief failed, a Prince of the heavenly court was privileged to the extent of approaching Our Lord in His agony and ad-

ministering consolation. During His sufferings and at His death, although they remained invisible, they accompanied Him everywhere and surrounded the Altar of sacrifice on Calvary as they now surround the Tabernacle adoring their God and ours enveloped in the dark veil of the Eucharist.

But what should enkindle the deepest gratitude of our hearts is that God not only created the angels for His own glory but that He has deputed them to be our guardians. O, divine Providence, how thoughtful thou art ! It was not enough to watch over us day and night ; a spirit of heaven must represent thee at our side throughout life.

As soon as a soul is united to a body, the angel receives his mission ; and whatever may happen, he never deserts his charge till the soul is in presence of its Judge. He may indeed have to weep over the wanderings of the mortal committed to his care ; but no transgression can force him to abandon the post assigned him by God.

Families, Communities, Cities and States have angels appointed to guard them ; also persons elevated in dignity, for instance, the Sovereign Pontiff.

It is related of Venerable M. Olier that at the time he received from God his grand and exalted mission which was no less than that of training and elevating the clergy of France, he was favored with many extraordinary graces, among others that of seeing in human form the angel of his new office. In his manuscript memoirs he says : " I was returning to Paris from the Priory at Bazainville when lo ! an Angel lighted upon me from the height of heaven . . . his wings, which encompassed me, extended far beyond what was needed for my protection. At the same moment I heard those words uttered by my angel guardian the one who had been with me ever since my baptism : ' Show due honor to the Angel who has come to thee, and who is now bestowed upon thee. He is one of the highest ever given to a creature upon earth, and I am myself filled with veneration for him !' " M. Olier continues : " Once before on approaching this same spot, when I was on the mission, I had experienced certain sweet impressions of joy from the good angel of the parish, but he had not inspired me with the res-

“pect and sense of his greatness which this one did. . . .  
 “The Angel who has been given me as a very special  
 “boon, for which I can never return sufficient thanks to  
 “God, is a seraph. I remember that in passing along  
 “the streets of Paris when they were full of people, I  
 “seemed to see the other angels pay him great reverence  
 “and homage. He is the angel of my office, not of my  
 “person; his wide-spreading wings were designed to show  
 “me that he was to be the protector of many others who  
 “would be associated with me ; and in fact, the Company  
 “of holy ecclesiastics whom God has given me has ex-  
 “perienced his assistance and protecting guardianship  
 “from the first.”

If the Angels have a mission to fulfil towards us, we also owe duties to them. Saint Bernard reduces them to three : respect, love and confidence—respect for their presence, love for their devotedness, and confidence for their vigilance and fidelity. We prove our love for these angelic guardians by imitating their purity, obedience, zeal for God's glory and charity in bearing patiently with the faults of our neighbor.

*Indulged Prayer.* O Angel of God, who, through Divine goodness and charity, hast been constituted my guardian, enlighten and protect, direct and govern me. Amen.

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## THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

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On the cross the dying Saviour  
 Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,  
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
 In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And, by all the world forsaken,  
 Sees He how, with zealous care,  
 At the ruthless nail of iron  
 A little bird is striving there.

Stained with Blood, and never tiring,  
 With its beak it doth not cease,  
 From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,  
 Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :  
 " Blest be thou of all the good !  
 Bear, as token of this moment,  
 Marks of blood and holyrood ! "

And that bird is called the crossbill ;  
 Covered all with blood so clear,  
 In the groves of pine it singeth  
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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THE LITTLE MADONNA DE L'ANGLADE.

( *Recollections of a Tourist.* )

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ON the third of February, 1877, about nine o'clock in the evening, a terrible tempest burst over one of the highest mountain ranges of the Cévennes. It was intensely dark ; the rain fell in enormous drops, striking with rage against the rocks and bounding off like grape shot, the wind took hold of the invisible heads of the pine trees, shook them by the tufts, pressed fiercely against their trunks and snapped them like glass ; sudden torrents fell and were engulfed in the crevices, seeking by their dull roar to drown the noise of the thunder which rolled, burst, and rolled again without intermission, causing the earth to tremble and the stones to bound over the precipices.

In the midst of these furious elements two travellers groped their way, pressed close together, because they could not see one another in the thick darkness ; silent, because they could not hear their own voices in the deafening uproar ; shivering, because they were soaked through and through ; terrified, because they had lost their way and were wandering aimlessly among the precipices. Furthermore they were not yet men as neither had attained his seventeenth year. One was myself, the other was my friend, Louis de F... now a cavalry officer and one of the choicest spirits of our great Parisian circles.

We had left Lyons early that morning ; a boat on

the Rhone had landed us at mid-day at the foot of the imposing mountain which we at once began to ascend.

"Be sure you take guides!" our families had recommended, but we took very good care not to follow this advice. Guides indeed! how prosaic! That was well enough for shop-keepers who treated themselves to a trip to Switzerland after a lucky speculation. Guides! Where would be our resemblance to the heroes of Magne-Reid, of Jules Verné, and others? Oh, no! no guides, but danger, the terrible, the unknown!

We had it to our heart's desire, and much more than our heart's desire; bruised, frozen, not knowing which way to turn we would have wept had we not been petrified with fear. This was our first adventure as touristes, and, as usual, with beginners, we had encumbered our bags with all sorts of useless things which weighed us down.

We scaled the sides of a ravine, almost converted into a torrent, at every step we slipped on the rocks without letting go of one another for fear we should be separated in the storm. Suddenly, by the light of a quick flash, we distinguished the form of a human being at a short distance from us. Draped in a large shawl we saw a young girl who descended the mountain. She passed without seeing us, as her eyes were lowered. Quickly we called out to ask our way, but she did not hear us; we ran after her but could not find her because the lightning had ceased. Oh! that sudden apparition in this black gulf! I shall never forget it! the recollection makes me tremble still after twenty years, and if the conclusion of our adventure had not proved the contrary, I should have thought myself the victim of a dream. That face with its grave smile, that gentle serenity in the midst of the war of the elements, that inexplicable air of the supernatural gave one an idea of one of Hebert's virgins in the Sixtine Chapel.

How long we continued our blind course it would be impossible to say, but it seemed to us to be a very long time. The storm abated somewhat. Having reached an eminence we struck against an obstacle; we felt with our hands, it was a wall. We walked around it and found it was a cottage. We placed our ears against the door and heard voices. Imagine our joy! But who could live here

in this isolated place? We knocked loudly upon the door before we were heard. When the door opened we found the interior lighted by a poor little oil lamp whose rays however seemed to us very brilliant and nearly dazzled our eyes after our long hours of darkness. The shepherd who had opened his door to us understood at once what the young intruders, whose disordered looks betrayed their condition, wanted of him. He was accustomed no doubt to succor similar waifs, he showed no surprise and offered us hospitality before we had time to open our stiffened mouths. His wife started up and began to stir up the fire, rubbing her eyes, without even looking at us, with the indifference of a person who performs an accustomed action.

At the crackling of the fresh branches two or three infantine yawns were heard from the depth of a large alcove, and soon two pretty blonde heads peeped out from the folds of a cretonne curtain. The smiling children seemed to seek something that their half closed eyes could not find, some dream perhaps that our arrival had interrupted.

"Mama" asked one of them "has the little Madonna gone?"

"Yes," replied the mother quickly "go to sleep again or you may wake up the *black hermit*, who, if he meets her on the way, will do her harm."

"The children disappeared.

"The little Madonna!" I cried suddenly, remembering the strange being we had met.

The shepherd, a vigorous mountaineer of about thirty years, replied as he prepared us a cup of hot wine:

"It is Mademoiselle de l'Anglade whom we thus call around here. And well she deserves the name we have given her; the sweet angel of God! Have you never heard of Mademoiselle de l'Anglade? Do you come from a distance? From Paris perhaps. Do they not know her at Paris?"

We knew not how to reply lest we should shock the honest shepherd, whose wife turned around quite astonished at our ignorance.

"We come from a great distance, at length remarked Louis de F. "and a little while ago we passed a young girl on the way."

“ It was she ! She went from here where she rested a few moments after a long journey to the summit of the Grand’Croix. What other living creature would we find abroad when the mountain is in anger ? the hardiest goatherd would not dare set foot out of his hut.”

We became more and more astonished. I was so unluckily as to exclaim :

“ I understand. It is some poor simpleton who wanders at night.”

The shepherd drew himself up to his full height :

“ A simpleton ? unhappy man ! A simpleton, Mademoiselle de l’Anglade ? May the Holy Virgin and the Saints forgive your blasphemy.”

“ Excuse me,” I replied quickly, “ I see I have made a great mistake. My head is still upset by the distress from which you have rescued us, and we inhabitants of the towns know nothing of your beautiful things. You would make us very happy if you would tell us about this young girl, for I begin to understand that she is a benevolent being.”

“ Oh, yes ! Monsieur, a benevolent being certainly, the most benevolent upon earth, if indeed she belong to the earth which we sometimes doubt.

“ However we know her well, this beautiful young lady ; she is the daughter of the doctor of Anglade, the large borough through which you passed in coming here. Pious as Monsieur le curé, notwithstanding her father who is angry at it because his books tell him there is no God ; notwithstanding her mother, who prevents her, as much as she can, from going to Mass, because she thinks that is where she gets her distaste for fine dress. But the dear young lady finds the way to Church in spite of all, and that is where she always is as soon as she can escape, unless a good work calls her elsewhere. Because, do you see, it is the life of this good angel to succor the afflicted. She gives to everyone, she gives unceasingly ; she would give her long hair and her pretty teeth, if that would console any sorrow. She is rich, very rich, but she never has enough to give. What vexes her mother most is that she would like always to see her daughter prettily dressed, but the little girl will wear no fine clothes, nor jewels, because the Blessed Virgin and the dear Jesus had none.

Sometimes, contrary to her inclination, she lets them dress her up to please her parents, but the love of humility is stronger than she is ; when she goes out, her eyes seek a ragged child, a sad mother, a discouraged father, and she enters the dwelling of these poor people ; when she emerges, her face radiant, her mantle or her shawl or her fur has been left behind ; often nothing remains on her person that can be removed. When they see her return thus at the end of her resources, the other needy ones hasten to conceal themselves, because she would be so sorry to have nothing to give them. There are many who suffer in our poor country, but the most desolate of them all would rather die from want than give pain to the little Madonna. " Poor little Madonna " " continued the shepherd in a voice trembling with emotion " God grant no harm may happen to her to-night."

" She has been visiting the hut of someone in distress, no doubt ? " I asked, moved to my innermost being.

" Certainly," replied our host. " Old father William did not wish the young lady to be told this evening of his misery because she has already given him a great deal, and because also the weather was too bad for so fragile a child to ascend to the Grand' Croix where he lives. But the doctor and his wife had gone to town to attend a wedding, to which the young girl would not go. Then the little Madonna went to the village, where she learned that Father William was suffering from a malady contracted in the Crimea and that he was dying from hunger. There was no fear that she would send anyone else to carry food and remedies to the old man. " Our dear Lord," she says always, with her sweet smile, " did not employ others to mount his cross for us. He had not where to lay His head ; why has He given me riches if not to give them, in His name, to those who are in need ? " Ah ! Messieurs, if you could see her when she is carried out of herself speaking of God and the Holy Virgin, it makes the heart swell ! Look, only a little while ago she was there upon that chair overcome by fatigue. It was heart breaking to see her so exhausted, for she is not at all strong, she coughs in a way that is very alarming, and she must have taken two hours to ascend to the Grand' Croix. And she could not contain herself for joy when she embraced

my wife, assuring us that she was never less tired and that she would willingly do it over again. To do a little good she explained is nothing when one has plenty ; it is necessary to give alms that cost something as Jesus did. And, Messieurs, we do not know the hundredth part of what she does, for she hides all she can. She is very much put out when she is discovered, or when those she assists repeat what she has done for them."

"But," I ventured to say timidly, she must be very brave to traverse alone in the night your terrible ravines."

"Oh, Monsieur, I forgot to tell you the most extraordinary part, the most touching evidence of her inexhaustible charity. She is timid as a child of two years ; a nothing will terrify her. The slightest surprise will almost cause her to faint as is the case with persons who are very weak. But, as soon as they speak to her of another's sufferings, she, who will not stay in her room without a light, braces herself up, looks at her crucifix and departs like an old soldier for battle.

By this time the tempest had completely subsided ; the moon burst through the thick curtain of clouds and silvered the majestic heights which were pictured from the windows of our cabin. A knock came to the door, it was the wife of a goatherd from the neighbouring valley. She came to ask our hosts whether they had seen the little Madonna pass back, for they knew she had gone to the Grand' Croix and the men of the hamlet had gone to her rescue.

"Now then " said the shepherd, "ask that woman about Mademoiselle de l'Anglade."

And he placed upon the coals the comforting drink he was preparing for us. The new comer did not take time to be surprised at our presence :

"Ah yes !" she said "I can tell you about her ! If my child is still alive, if my husband is not in a lunatic asylum, if our cabin is not the retreat of a desolate woman, we owe it to that dear little Madonna, whom may God bless. You do not know perhaps, Messieurs, but it is the young lady who saved my little Hubert who was dying of croup, and his unhappy father whom sorrow had deprived of his reason. You would have been sorry to see

our cabin on that dreadful day, the 27th October of last year !”

The woman stifled a moan.

“The child was in his agony,” she continued, “the father stood in the door way, his head turned, uttering continual moans. I ran between the poor sick child, whose breath rattled in fearful tortures, and the groaning man who was beside himself. The doctor, father of the young lady, came and piercing the throat of the little one inserted a silver tube. He was better for a few hours, but became as bad as ever. The tube was becoming stopped up and the child was choking. I felt myself losing my reason also. I suffered tortures. Just then upon the path leading to our cabin, the little Madonna appeared suddenly. She heard our cries and ran towards us.

“Weep not, my poor friend,” she said, all out of breath ; “I heard my father talking to a neighbour about the malady of your little one. There is but one means to save him ; let me try it. Go out for a little while ; I must be alone. Pray to God that I may succeed.”

“Then the little Madonna pushed me gently towards the door where I joined my husband whom it was pitiable to see. In another moment the dear young lady ran towards us crying in a triumphant voice. “It is successful.” I flew to Hubert ; God of heaven, Messieurs, he was cured ! He breathed full from the lungs, he smiled upon us with joy ! “Gustave !” I cried, “come quickly, our child is saved !” My poor husband then seemed to collect his senses, looked at the little bed, knit his brows and understood, ran to the statue of the Blessed Virgin where, throwing himself on his knees, he burst into tears. Perhaps you may think, Messieurs, that we asked the young lady how she operated this wonderful cure ? Not at all ! In our eyes it was a miracle. I should never have known the truth but for the doctor who arrived a few moments after.

“Cured ?” said he “cured ? It is impossible, altogether impossible, the malady was too far advanced. There was but one means to save the child and a neighbour advised me to tell you of it ; but I would not. It was too dangerous and you would risk a hundred chances against one of dying yourself, without the certainty of

saving the child. For you would have attempted this last resource, poor unhappy mother. But I begir to see ; my daughter, who perhaps overheard me say to the wheelwright that it would require a human mouth devoted enough to suck out the false membrane from the tube and risk the infection, my daughter perhaps told you.

Then I understood all. The young lady had herself breathed into the contaminated tube, she had arrested the death which menaced the little one, already blue from suffocation, she had braved the most terrible danger, without letting me have my part, I who ought to be the first to give my life to save my child. She had done all that secretly, without hesitation, because she says one must obey the great Crucified One who ordains that we should love one another. Do you believe now, Messieurs, that I have good reason to speak gratefully of the little *Madonna de l'Anglade* !”

We drank our hot coffee without saying a word. Shortly after we went out to continue our ascent. There was now an absolute silence. The sky twinkled with stars, and the top of the mountain was bathed in the soft moonlight.

We continued our march all night pensively. Louis de F... was a Protestant, I was somewhat of a Voltarian, like many young men whom a religious education has not saved from being puffed up with a foolish pride.

When we reached the Calvary of the Grand Croix, day had dawned and my companion and I had not exchanged a single word. The gigantic monument of granite stood alone at our side, for a dense fog hid all at our feet. The day before I did not believe in miracles. Had I been present at the marvellous cure of little Hubert without having heard of the little *Madonna*, and without knowledge of what she did there, I would have attributed the cure to chance or to witchcraft, or anything rather than admit the possibility of a miracle. But, entering into myself, at the side of this great cross isolated in the midst of clouds, I felt penetrated with a new light. The wonderful devotedness of that young girl, that power of goodness, that unlimited charity, there was the true miracle, the greatest that the earth ever saw, the miracle that perpetually bursts forth in one corner of the christian world

or another since the day when the Divine Blood flowed upon Golgotha. Then, a voice which was none other than my conscience, said to me : " Dost thou seek a proof of the divinity of thy Master ? Behold what He alone can make of thy fellow beings. That proof He has engraved in full on the human heart."

(Translated from the French of

*H. Méhiner de Mathuisieulx by Dorothy.*)

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PURITY.

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See how the lilies deck the fruitful furrow,  
 And blusheth on its thorny bush the rose,  
 Which crowns the victor-wrestler, and becomes  
 The garland for the winner in the course ;  
 So purity, subduing rebel nature,  
 Wins the fair diadem which Christ awards.

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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.)

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Gregory XI died on March 27, 1378, after fourteen months of residence in Italy. Eight days before, he had dictated a bull to facilitate the election of his successor.

As an attentive pilot he felt the coming of the most awful storm which had ever assailed the bark of Peter, and an immense anguish filled his heart. . . .

By virtue of the authority, and of the plenitude of the apostolic power, on his death-bed he ordered all the Cardinals present at his court to assemble immediately without convoking or waiting for their distant colleagues. The conclave could be held at Rome or outside of Rome, no matter which place, — Gregory demanded

only that the election might be as prompt as possible ; he declared it valid under the traditional majority of the two thirds of the voters. The Pope whom the Fathers of the conclave would elect, would be recognized by the entire world as the legitimate Pontiff. Gregory besought his cardinals to choose the most worthy.

The conclave opened the day after the pope's funeral.

When the members of the Sacred College had assembled a terrible storm burst over the city, and soon, above the rolling of the thunder, they heard the clamor of the people who pressed around the Vatican, demanding with threats and furious cries a Roman pope.

A chief of the quarter, penetrated even into the chapel of the conclave and said to the cardinals :

“ I am sent by all the people and I notify you in their name that we wish to have a Roman for pope. May it please God that you give a Roman, without which, certainly, you will feel other things than our words.”

When the envoy of the people had withdrawn, the Cardinal of Limoges said to his colleagues :

“ The election of a Roman is impossible, for it would be justly considered and looked upon as done under the influence of fear. Besides, if we consent to choose a Roman, evidently he would be taken either from inside or from outside the College : in the College we have only two Romans, one of whom, Cardinal Saint Peter, is infirm and decrepit ; the other, Cardinal at Urtinç, is too young and inexperienced ; outside the College, I do not see one Roman who is qualified for the Sovereign Pontificate.”

At the end of these considerations, a French cardinal proposed to cast votes for an Italian and designated Bartholomeo Prignano, the archbishop of Bari.

The first ballot was favorable to Prignano.

It was almost midnight. The people were continually screaming, throwing themselves against the guards of the conclave, heaping up combustible matter around the Vatican and ringing alarm-bells in all the campiniles.

The second turn of the ballot gave to the archbishop of Bari the unanimity of votes.

“ Urban VI being elected, said Darras, the Cardinals

held counsel to know if it were best to inform the people of the choice they had made ; the decision was negative.

This circumstance shows us, more conclusively than all reasonings, that the promotion of the archbishop of Bari to the Sovereign Pontificate was exempt from all coercion, since the cardinals had decided to hold that promotion secret, precisely because they had the consciousness of having acted in perfect liberty and, thereby of having exposed themselves to the fury of the people. They at once caused the newly-elect to be secretly forewarned, calling him into their presence before leaving the conclave, so that he might give his consent to the choice made of his person.

“ The new Pope at once ordered the removal to a safe place, of his books and other objects of which he feared being despoiled by the sedition which would be produced when his election became known.

In fact, the sedition broke out.

“ To calm the trouble, the Cardinals committed the fault of having recourse to an expedient of incredible deceit. They spread the report among the people that the new pope was the Cardinal Saint Peter.

Immediately, the friends of the latter rushed towards the palace of the conclave, tumultuously bearing the aged man into the chapel where they placed him upon the altar, in spite of his resistance and his protestations that he was not the pope, and that it was the archbishop of Bari who had received the united votes of the cardinals. The people, seeing they had been deceived armed themselves and surrounded the palace, uttering terrible vociferations.

“ Then the four Cardinals of Limoges, of Poitiers, of Viviers and of Auvergne, took up the flooring of the hall of the conclave and attempted to escape by the underground way from the palace. Arrested in their flight by the furious multitude, the cardinals were brutally brought back to the hall where they again found their colleagues, and, with threats, the people demanded the nomination of a Roman, that is to say, the creation of an anti-pope. The cardinals, though in peril of death, had the courage not to yield to the pressure. They showed once more the legitimacy of the election of Urban VI, in ratifying it pub-

liely. To that effect, they called Agapitus Colonna, Cadon of Saint Eustache, the chancellor of Rome and the abbot of Mont Cassino, and in their presence declared that the archbishop of Bari had been elected, that the people could put them to death, but, this time, they would not have a pope of Roman origin. The seditious mob would not hold itself defeated. The rioters ransacked the palace, seeking Urban VI, some to take his life, the greater number to force him to abdicate. But he had been so well hidden by the bishop of Tuderte, that he was able to escape their fury. While, several influential persons, among them Agapitus Colonna, Cadon of Saint Eustache, and the abbot of Mont-Cassino actively employed themselves in calming the sedition, the cardinals succeeded in finding places of refuge, some in their residences, some in Adrian's Mole, and others in the strong castles of the neighborhood. On the following day, April 9, 1378, quiet being restored, they proceeded to the solemn enthronement of the new pope in the most profound peace.

The ceremonies of the coronation took place on Easter Sunday, in the midst of universal joy.

In his encyclical letters relative to the event, Urban VI could rightly say that he had been made a successor of Saint Peter, by the unanimous agreement of the cardinals, very rare in similar cases.

*(To be continued.)*

LAURE CONAN.

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### MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

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Beyond yon stars that shine so bright,  
 A brighter Star is shining,  
 To guide us through this vale of night,  
 And cheer us when repining.

When ills beset the path of life,  
 And bitter tears are streaming,  
 Our eyes, fair Star, upturn to thee,  
 And brighten in thy beaming.

Shine on, sweet Star, full many hearts  
 Need solace in their sorrow,  
 One beam of thine all joy imparts ;  
 From earth we need not borrow.

False earth, thy sweets no more are mine,  
 Deceitful, stale and fleeting ;  
 For Mary's wealth of grace divine,  
 My heart is ever beating.

As brighter worlds rise into day,  
 And this life nears the other,  
 O ! let me sing my soul away ;  
 I'll soon be with my Mother.

W. M. B.

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A PENITENT.

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Many years ago a celebrated priest was preaching a mission for the galley slaves of Toulon.

Among the wretched beings who were brought to him every day by the wardens—carrying arms—there was one who produced an unusual impression on the missionary. This man did not seem more hopeless or desperate than his companions ; no, one felt on the contrary, that he was happy.

Stern privations and the heavy labor of the bagnio had left deep traces on his faded face ; but a heavenly peace was reflected on it. His head, ignominiously shorn, was cast in a singularly noble mould.

This man, wearing the garb of infamy and whose irons rattled as he moved along, seemed to live and breathe in a higher atmosphere.

It was not without emotion that the priest saw him approach and kneel at his feet.

His confession over, the priest kept him a moment and asked :

“ How long are you here ? ”

“ Three years.”

“ Have you many more years to put in ? ”

“ My life.”

“ What brought you to the galleys ? ”

“ I was condemned for arson.”

“ And you accepted the expiation generously ? ” questioned the priest.

“ Father ” replied the convict calmly, “ I was condemned unjustly ; I am innocent.”

“ Poor unfortunate ! ” murmured the priest, deeply moved. “ No, do not pity me ; ” said the galley slave, “ do not pity me but listen to me. My youth was very licentious. One day, through God’s mercy, I was converted, but even after receiving absolution I remained downcast. My sins were ever before me and I wished to atone for so many crimes. The most penitential, austere religious life seemed too mild. I worked my imagination in vain ; I could not think of any penance that would satisfy me. I resolved to leave the choice to God and I began to pray, repeating unceasingly :—Lord send me a penance, I must have one and I desire it from Thy hand. Some time after a conflagration broke out in our neighborhood. I was arrested on the charge of having started it. I was tried and the circumstantial evidence was overwhelming. I was found guilty and was condemned to the galleys for life. I was still young, had been one of fortune’s favorites and was happy according to the world. Father ! On hearing that terrible sentence I had only one feeling—that of immense relief, intense delirious joy. I had to make a violent effort to contain my transports.

On reaching the dungeon I threw myself on my straw and wept long from inconceivable happiness. I had received my penance. Anyone seeing me weep thus would have said I was in despair, but it was heavenly bliss which made exhaustless tears flow.

I have not had a sad moment since ; I suffer, work and obey for God’s love. I never lose sight of His presence and the days pass like minutes.

The convict retired, dragging his chains over the flags.

The Missionary, touched to his inmost soul, followed him with his gaze, saying : “ there, perhaps, is the man who has the most enviable lot on earth. Happy, a thousand times happy those who do not fear to be generous with God ! ”

REFLECTIONS.

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Prayer is man's strength and God's weakness.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Is it time enough to commence to live well when it is time to die ?

FLÉCHIER.

When the heart changes its passions it only changes its torments.

MASSILLON.

The real standard of a heart's merit is its capacity of loving.

MME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

What pleases Jesus Christ is a peaceful conscience, serene, pacific and full of hope in God's bounty and the Blood of our Saviour.

SAVONAROLA.

In fashioning man's heart, God put bounty in it first as the special characteristic of the divine nature and as a mark of the beneficent hand that formed us.

BOSSUET.

Give, give to God. And what, after all, will you give Him ? The foam tossed about by the tempest, the smoke wafted by the wind, the dream dissipated by the reveillé, the vanity of vanities which would make you not only guilty but unhappy even during life.

When, O my God, shall I see the long wished for day when I will be wounded, dismembered and torn to pieces for Thy name ? When will I be happy enough to be bathed in my own blood for love of Thee !

SAINT DOMINIC.

GLORY BE TO THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD  
LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

From "The Irish Catholic."

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O Little Sister of the Poor,  
Going about from door to door  
Gathering from each sacred store,  
To feed the Master's flock.

I see you with your gentle eyes  
Trying to look so worldly-wise,  
Like some sweet seraph from the skies  
Sent on a mission here.

I meet you wheresoe'er I go,  
Mid summer rain and winter's snow,  
Whether the winds blow high or low,  
True to your calling high.

I doff my hat when you pass by,  
As if the Lord were very nigh,  
Because within your soft dark eye  
I see His image fair.

Dear Sister of the Poor ; I know  
Within thy bosom like the snow  
He reigns and makes thy heaven below  
Thy loving Lord and King.

Thy mission, little Sister fair,  
Makes desert bloom with flowers rare ;  
Where'er thou comest, pain and care  
Are lost in heavenly rest.

O Little Sisters of the Poor,  
We are thy brother evermore,  
We give thee from our little store  
Our offerings and our love.

Because of thy glad mission, free  
To all God's poor from sea to sea ;

Because the Master calleth thee  
To feed His children dear.

The whole world, Sister, blesseth thee,  
The poor and needy watch to see  
Thy loving face ; eternally  
Thy stars shall shine in heaven.

Dear little Sister of the Poor,  
Going about from door to door,  
God bless thee and thy hallowed store,  
Like manna from the skies.

May heavenly joy and comfort sweet  
Attend upon thy shining feet,  
While angels from the golden street  
Have thee in holy care.

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### GOD'S INCOMPREHENSIBLE WAYS.

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WHERE was once a hermit who was very wise in his own conceits and who often questioned and even disapproved of God's inscrutable ways in dealing with mortals. He was at last so violently tempted by the enemy as to declare that it was unjust to let the wicked enjoy pleasure and leave the good in trouble.

God had pity on him and sent an angel to enlighten him in many things.

"Come with me"; said the spirit, "the Lords sends me to conduct thee to various places, there to reveal some of His secrets" "Who art thou?"—I am the angel of God's incomprehensible ways."

He was a mighty spirit ; everything submitted to him, but he was invisible to all save the hermit. So they travelled on together.

The first place at which they stopped was the house of a man who received the traveller graciously, provided him with choice food and a comfortable room. During

the visit he presented him with a delicious draught out of a magnificent goblet the beauty of which he extolled, saying : " I prize this cup more than anything else in the world." Next day as they were leaving this hospitable roof, the angel purloined the goblet so greatly prized by his host.

This spectacle enraged the hermit. "What," thought he, " does one of God's angels ever steal ? " The misguided man spoke thus forgetting that the Master of Creation owns everything. With greater reason the ants were indignant over their expulsion from their hill ; they looked on the garden as their property, since God had given it to them as well as to man.

In the meantime, the hermit remembering the ill rewarded kindness of their host, murmured secretly saying : " certainly this is not one of God's angels."

Next night the angel led him to a miser's hut. Here the reception was of the chilliest kind and the food and bed were wretched.

" Where has he brought me," thought the hermit ; and, in very bad humor, he made preparations to depart.

" Yes," said the angel, " we will go ; and while speaking, he presented the stolen cup to this miser who greedily seized it. " Well," thought the hermit, " is that angelic justice ! This spirit plunders the good to enrich the wicked." His suspicions were growing stronger.

The third night the hermit who was still gloomy and morose, was conducted to the house of a kind hearted man who received him gladly. This good host ordered his servant to kill a pair of fowls and treat the stranger well. This gracious reception restored the hermit's good humor. " For once," said he to himself, " the guide is showing wisdom, and I am grateful to him."

In the morning the host who was charity itself, sent his valet to accompany the stranger a part of the way and to protect him.

During the journey while crossing a bridge built over a raging torrent, the valet desiring to show the hermit at what a distance the water foamed below, leaned over.

Just then the angel pushed him so energetically that the unfortunate man lost his balance, fell into the rapids and was drowned.

“ This is too much ! ” cried the hermit, beside himself with rage. “ Not satisfied with thieving this evil genius commits murder too. Does God justify that ? ” Had he been able to seize the angel, he would probably have tried to hurl him in turn over the bridge.

He forgot that if his host, when preparing a feast, had a right to slaughter the fowls which belonged to him, man’s Creator has for more absolute right over a life He has given, which He can withdraw at will, and which He will restore.

The hermit walked on all day without opening his lips. At nightfall he was received by a new host, an excellent man who lavished hospitality on the pilgrim, giving him a bountiful supper and wishing him good night with courtesy.

Everything was going on well. It happened however that the host had a young child which lay weeping in its cradle. The angel went to the cradle and, placing his strong hand on the babe’s mouth, silenced it forever.

“ Enough ! ” cried the hermit, “ the evil spirit which strangles children in their cradle - the children so loved by God - can not come from heaven - but from the regions of eternal night. I will leave him this moment ! ” He sprang up and rushed to the door. The mighty angel barred his passage.

“ Hear me, deluded mortal, ” said the spirit. “ On account of thy weakness of soul which causes thee to be scandalized by events thou dost not understand, God sent me to reveal to thee some of His hidden ways. My mission is to prove that He is just and merciful at all time. ”

“ Speak then, for what I have seen the last two days seems incompatible with justice and mercy. ”

The angel continued : “ I took the cup from thy first entertainer because he was too strongly attached to that earthly object. He loved it and thought more about it than about God. I gave the goblet to thy wicked host to

recompense him in this world for the small amount of good he has done, since he will have no reward in Paradise."

"I understand," said the hermit but what about the poor valet whom I still see flying through the air and meeting such an unforeseen death?"

"Ah! know that in the evening of that same day, the valet, had he lived would have assassinated his kind master. I thus delivered him from a horrible death, and the valet from the crime of homicide. The bridge being very high, he had, while falling, time to renounce his project, repent and obtain pardon.

"But the weeping babe was not going to assassinate anyone, yet thou didst strangle it without pity."

"Listen once more! before that child was born thy last host was completely devoted to good works, giving his wealth to the poor for the love of God. Since then he did not give even of his superfluity, but kept everything for his son whom he wished to see surrounded by opulence and honor.

By God's special command, I removed the occasion of avarice and placed the innocent child in Paradise."

While the hermit listened, light dawned on his soul. He understood that, in the words of the Prophet, God's judgments are an immense and *deep abyss*, and he returned thanks for all he had learned through his angelic guide.

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#### “ OREMUS.

**W**E knew that his name was Catel, but in the regiment, we never called him anything but "Sergeant Oremus." He was an old soldier, plenty of stripes, for our tale dates back to the remote time when conscriptions did not extend to all, when medals of Italy, China and the Crimea glistened on the same blue coat.

Brave, kindhearted and brusque, our sergeant had

the virtues—the defects too—of his state. One thing in particular was a source of edification among his comrades—our sergeant, whether in camp or in his room, never went to bed without kneeling and praying for just one minute, neither more nor less. Inflexible in the matter of discipline, he fulfilled conscientiously all his duties. He was none too lenient to the conscripts, sufficiently dry with his equals, and stiff as a pike towards his chiefs who were continually on the watch to catch him in fault, without succeeding.

He was surnamed *Oremus* on account of the prayer he said with the supremest indifference to raillery, morning and night, even when, with permission he remained out till midnight and came back to the barracks gayer than usual.

One day the colonel, who was in good humor, began to banter him.

“They say you are religious, Sergeant Catel.”

“That’s a mistake, Colonel. I wish I were, but I’m not.”

“But you mumble when you get up and go to bed.”

“Certainly, it’s not forbidden. Hence it is permitted.”

“Are you not afraid they’ll tease you?”

“Not at all, Colonel. You have heard of Bayard, surnamed “the knight without fear and without reproach?”

“Yes, but what about him?”

“Well, Colonel, this Bayard, by what I’ve learned, won as many battles as the first Emperor, or nearly as many. And when he was dying, from a bullet or a cannon ball, I’m not quite sure which, he called out “Jesus, my God, take my soul.” Since Bayard prayed, I can pray.”

“Of course you can, Sergeant.”

And the Colonel, laughing in his sleeve, went off to relate his adventure to the General who was dining at the mess with the officers of his brigade.

The General who was called “jolly but frivolous” wanted to chat with “Oremus,” and finding him in the barracks, one day, asked him the same questions as the Colonel. The Sergeant, somewhat astonished at this meddling with matters having no reference to discipline, but respectful as before, gave the same answers.

The concluding narrative was not, however, quite the same. Nothing was said about Bayard, and when the General had launched out his :—" Why do you pray ? the Sergeant answered :--

" General, my father was a poor sailor from the village of Beg-nail on the coast of Brittany. One day on the open sea he was caught in a terrible tempest. He knelt down in his bark, I remember it well, for I was there,—well, he knelt down and cried out : Lord God have pity on me ; my boat is so small and your ocean is so large ! "

I concluded that it is right to pray and as every man is on the point of being wrecked during his whole life, for one reason or another, I pray. That's all."

" Enough," cried the General, more touched than he was willing to show.

Catel remained " Oremus " as before and turned a deaf ear to all jokes.

The day came when he was taken with sickness--one of those melancholy ailments, part homesickness, part languor, which doctors treat as unimportant, but which, none the less, lead the victims to the tomb.

" Oremus " was constrained to ask for admittance to the hospital, but he did not go cheerfully, for he had a presentiment that, in his own words, he would come out " feet first." He was put to bed and taken care of. He was a favorite with the infirmarians, the Sisters and everyone. He knew that when it was time to think of " the departure " the chaplain would be brought, so he continued smoking his pipe peacefully in his bed, for he had as a favor, been lodged in a small well lighted room.

The bishop, on a confirmation tour through the diocese, came to the hospital.

" Oremus " propped up on his pillows very pale and very weak, had a pleasant smile for all, and his pallid face still imprinted with energy and frankness, grew radiant at sight of the old man in a violet soutane who approached with outstretched arms.

" Well, well," said the bishop, " You are not very

sick. . . . are you. . . . and you will soon put on your lace again. . . . for you are a Sergeant I hear."

" Yes, Bishop, Sergeant Catel, 2nd of the 3rd in the 167th line infantry. But as for resuming my coat, I must'nt think of that. The good God is on the point of signing my discharge, and, unless the ink bottle be dry, He will do it."

" Oh you are very eager. . . . you rely on having good quarters up there, friend ? "

" I have earned them, Bishop."

" Have you really ? "

" Certainly. I've seen twenty years of service, am forty years of age, and ever since I can remember, well, I have asked for that retreat, twice a day, morning and night. When I was small our parish priest told me that God gives us what we ask for."

" You have prayed then, my brave son ? "

" Why yes, for I promised mother when I set out in life."

" Every day ? "

" Yes, even when I had taken too much, Bishop ! One gets thirsty at times, you know."

" What used you to say to God, my friend ? "

" Oh, a short and good prayer, Bishop. You know among us there is no time for long ones ! "

" Was it the Our Father ? "

" No, that was for Sunday, at mass."

" And on week days ? "

" In the morning : " Lord, your servant is getting up, have mercy on him." At night, " Lord your servant is going to bed, have mercy on him."

The bishop, greatly moved, pressed the old soldier in his arms. He desired to assist him in his last moments and closed his eyes with his own hands. When he had received his last sigh, he said to the assistants :

" Gentlemen : this was a true christian. De Profundis."

C. B.

## PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1. That the devotion of the Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin may take root, not only in families, but especially in all Catholic hearts, in the measure desired by His Holiness Leo XIII. 2. To obtain, through Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary, the maintenance of the health and the prolongation of the days of our Holy Father. 3. That the Blessed Virgin may multiply sacerdotal and religious vocations. 4. For the many intentions of these persons who solicit the prayers of the community and the members of the Confraternity of the Most Precious Blood : the principal of those intentions are the conversion of many sinners ; the more numerous, are petitions for physical cures.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD particularly, for : The Rev. M. G. LAVOIE, who died at St-Ferdinand d'Halifax ; COLONEL GEORGE BLISS, a benefactor of our community, who died at New-York ; REYDE SR SCHOLASTIQUE, at St-Benoit ; for MM. Auguste Rochon, at St-Benoit ; Napoleon Nolin and Firmin Hudon, at Montreal ; Zephirin Belanger, at St-Eustache ; Henri Cote, at St-Thomas de Pierreville ; M. Mireault, at St-Come ; Noel Lamoureux, at St-Judes ; Chs Gingras, at St-Nicolas ; Toussaint Phaneuf, at St-Denis ; Olivier Jacques, at Contrecoeur ; Mrs Marie-Joseph-Therese Larocque-Ouimet, at Montreal ; Mrs Adeline Ledoux, at Ste-Anne des Chenes ; Mrs Rea Bedard at Ottawa ; Mrs Evariste Valois, at La Chute ; Mrs Francois Duhamel, at South Durham ; Mrs Desire Durocher, at Yamachiche ; Mrs Amable Lesperance, at Longueuil ; Mrs Rigobert Dupuis and Mrs Rale, at Green Island ; Mrs Noe Dumontier, at l'Assomption ; Mrs Joseph Lafrance, at St-Benoit ; Mrs Napoleon Senechal, at Vercheres ; Mrs Frs Lecours, at Ste-Sophie d'Halifax Mrs Sara Fortier, at Ste-Julie ; Mrs Alderic St-Andre and M. Narcisse Beaudry, at St-Roch de l'Achigan ; Mrs Prudent Marier, at St-Roch des Aulnets ; M. Pierre Poulin, at Nashua (U. S.) ; Mlle Leonia Gagnon, at Manchester ; Miss Vitaline Fortier, at Pawtucket, (E. U.) etc.

A fervent prayer is particularly solicited for our beloved Sister MARY-REPARATRICE who departed this life at our monastery of Toronto, and for one of her cloistered companions—also a consumptive—whose death is hourly expected.

For all these persons and intentions, let us say, morning and night :

We pray Thee, O Lord, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.

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

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

200 days ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20, June, 1892.

## THANKSGIVINGS

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### FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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“ A person had been without work for two years, and as soon as she had made a promise of subscribing situation, for the *Voice* of the Precious Blood she obtained a good place.”

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“ My dear father was attacked with mental disease. After having prayed to the Precious Blood of Jesus-Christ and promising to pay a subscription to the “ *Voice*,” and to recite a rosary every day for three months, I received a letter from my relatives, saying that my father’s health was perfectly restored.”

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“ An entire family renders grateful thanks to the Adorable Blood of Jesus for the particular assistance which it received in the midst of numerous undertakings. For a long time we felt Its aid. Ah ! deep is the gratitude we should have. We also feel that we can never sufficiently express our gratitude, but we would offer in thanksgiving to the Eternal Father that same Blood which has obtained mercy for us and signal temporal favors. Glory to the Blood of Jesus, now and throughout all ages !”

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“ A young student was to present himself for a serious examination. After having asked, at the monastery of the Precious Blood at Nicolet, for union of prayers for the desired success, I promised publication for the glory of the Precious Blood and of Saint Anthony of Padua. With happiness, I now fulfil my promise and each day I ask that the Blood of Jesus may be known, loved and thanked forever.”

“ I have obtained two special graces by praying to the Precious Blood and by making the promise to publish them in your annals, which favor I hope you will be kind enough to grant me.”

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“ I have the happiness to come and tell you that the Precious Blood of Jesus has again heard my prayer. I have obtained the cure of my husband who suffered with eruptions all over his body, and now he is quite restored.”

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St-Eugene, Ont., Sept. 3 1897.

I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude to the good Saint Anthony, who, after a novena made in his honor, has obtained of God for me a very precious grace.

A violent sickness prevented my child from walking for nearly two years. The cure was complete and immediate.

Honor to Saint Anthony, the powerful Thaumaturgus !

Madame D. LALONDE.

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“A contributor having obtained a great temporal, favor in a most marvellous manner, by appealing to the Most Precious Blood, with a promise of publication, takes this occasion to make known the realization of his request, with gratitude to the Most Precious Blood of our Divine Redeemer.”

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