

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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MY SAVIOUR BLEEDS !

F. W. FABER, D. D.

Blood is the price of heaven ;  
All sin, that price exceeds ;  
O come to be forgiven,  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Under the olive boughs,  
Falling like ruby beads,  
The Blood drops from His Brows,  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

While the fierce scourges fall,  
The Precious Blood still pleads ;  
In front of Pilate's hall  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Beneath the thorny crown  
The crimson fountain speeds ;  
See how It trickles down,

He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Bearing the fatal wood  
His band of Saints He leads,  
Marking the way with Blood,  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

On Calvary His shame  
With Blood still intercedes ;  
His open Wounds proclaim—  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

He hangs upon the tree,  
Hangs there for my misdeeds ;  
He sheds His Blood for me ;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Ah me ! His Soul is fled,  
Yet still for my great needs  
He bleeds when He is dead ;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

His Blood is flowing still ;  
My thirsty soul It feeds ;  
He lets me drink my fill ;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

O sweet, O Precious Blood !  
What love, what love It breeds !

Ransom, Reward and Food !  
 He bleeds,  
 My Saviour bleeds !  
 Bleeds !

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 THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.  
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“ You were redeemed with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a Lamb unspotted and undefiled.”

(1 Peter I. 18.)

(Continuation.)  
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Let us develop the effects of the Divine Blood. Every day at the altar, the priest's lips, in producing It, enumerate some of them.

“ This is the chalice of my Blood, the new testament.” The ancient alliance was contracted in the blood of a great number of victims. Jesus Christ forms one with our souls written in His own Blood. The remembrance of the fidelity which God promises in exchange for what He exacts of us is a very salutary thought during Mass and Holy Communion. He gives His Blood as a pledge of His covenant. On His part the alliance will be eternal : “ the new and eternal testament.”

This Blood fructifies within us. Let us beware of profaning It, for, in that case, It would turn to our judgment and condemnation.

“ The mystery of faith.” The Blood is veiled. So Jesus Christ willed. He exacts faith in His love. The marvellous effects wrought by this Blood : peace, love and devotedness to good works, prove Its reality.

A saintly soul had been frequently favored with the sight of the Precious Blood flowing on the altar. She afterwards said almost regretfully : “ I have now lost all merit ; to me it is no longer a mystery of faith ; I have seen the reality. I would rather have believed in my God's love on His simple word.” Let us too relish this sweetness and trust God lovingly. We should take pleasure in multiplying our acts of faith which are very meritorious.

“ Which shall be shed for the remission of sins.” This Blood was poured-forth amidst the greatest anguish

to blot out sin and thus extinguish the fires of hell. It was at this price our redemption was effected.

The Blood of Calvary is offered at the altar. It is in the chalice which we still offer for the remission of sins, applying It to whom we will.

“ He hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His Blood . . . and made us a kingdom and priesthood to our God.” (Apoc. I. 5, 6.) The shedding was superabundant. “ With Him is plentiful redemption.” One drop would have satisfied God’s justice, but love demanded all.

Our Lord once appeared on the altar to Saint Mechtilda, His hands outstretched and Blood streaming from His wounds. He said : “ to appease my Father I show “ Him my wounds and He pardons at sight of my Blood. “ Let sinners look on me and they will feel sorrow, confidence and love.” How holy and salutary a reflection during Mass. Let us renew our faith !

“ And the chalice which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ.” (I Cor. X. 16.) At the altar, It is our own, we produce It, It belongs to us and is expended for our use. In the Blessed Eucharist we really drink the Blood of Jesus Christ. It courses through our veins and hearts. We are deified. “ Open thy mouth and I will fill it.” (Ps LXXX. II.) With what avidity we should imbibe It ; and how truly we can repeat : “ My chalice, which inebriateth me, how goodly it is !” (Ps. XXII. 5.)

Our Saviour Himself tells us the wonderful results operated by His Blood, and it is a great happiness for the priest to imbibe It, for we are permitted to believe with great theologians that communion under the species of wine produces special fruits of grace and spiritual joy. The church has merely decided that, by communicating under one species only, one is not deprived of any grace necessary for salvation.

What a gladdening and sanctifying souvenir, for the day, is the thought : this morning I was a chalice containing the Blood of a God ! How it urges one to think of Our Lord, to thank Him, to collect all the faculties of the soul and unite oneself to Him as if the sacred drops of Blood still remained in the heart.

*(To be continued.)*

## MY CRUCIFIX.

A little metal crucifix,  
As plain as it can be,  
But only God in Heaven knows  
How dear it is to me.

I have it always with me,  
In every step I take,  
At evening when I slumber,  
At morning when I wake.

In bright or cloudy weather,  
In sunshine or in rain,  
In happiness or in sorrow,  
In pleasure or in pain.

It helps me in my struggles,  
It reproves me when I sin,  
Its look of gentle patience  
Rebukes the strife within.

In days of pain and anguish,  
The greatest help I knew  
Was to hold that little crucifix  
Until I calmer grew ;

And looking on that Figure  
Which hung in patience there,  
I saw the dreadful torture  
Which He in love did bear !

His Feet are nailed together,  
His loving Arms outspread,  
And blood is dropping slowly  
Down from His thorn-crowned Head.

And how could I then murmur,  
Or bitterly complain,  
When love for me induced Him  
To undergo such pain ?

So when the time approaches  
That I will have to die,  
I hope that little crucifix  
Will close beside me lie ;

That the Holy Name of Jesus  
May be the last I say ;  
And kissing that dear crucifix,  
My soul may pass away.

C. H. G.

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" THE MAN OF SORROWS. "  
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A PEN-PICTURE.

Jesus has reached a lonely recess on the Mountain-side. How quietly He stands, bathed in the unhealthy night-dews. An eternity of love and a world of loneliness are within His sacred bosom. The bright moon, slowly rising at His left, partly emerged from dark and heavy clouds, illuminates with her silvery beams the hard rocks and barren mountain scenery, and throws a weird light over the ill-fated city of Jerusalem. Softly the moonbeams rest upon the form of the gentle Saviour, tenderly caressing the waves of His rich auburn hair, which, thrown lightly back, reveal that delicate right ear, into which sinners may pour the sad tale of their woes until time is no more. The contour of that beautiful Face is only partly visible, but it is truly the Face of One "steadfastly set to go to Jerusalem." His downward glance is fastened on the cold rocks near Him, over which brambles climb bearing cruel thorns. How deep and tender are Thy thoughts at this meditative hour, O man of Sorrows ! . . . Sweet Jesus, art Thou dreaming of my poor soul, resolving to save it at any cost, at even the price of Thy Blood? O Friend of friends, what charity ! . . . A few humble wild-flowers of His love are growing there. They feel the pressure of His sacred feet and rejoice in a new fragrance. Silence profound wraps all things in a deep slumber, save that a gloomy night-bird, seeking its home, flies past, and

the marauding fox, hastening swiftly to its lair, turns its sly head to look upward with wonder on the Face of the Man of Sorrows. His sacred heart is breaking with unrequited love, He thinks of the vanished home of His childhood of His approaching sacrifice on the Cross, and, again, that touching complaint seems to issue from the lips of the home loving Saviour : “ *The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.*” . . . . .

O come to me, dear Lord, and rest your weary head upon my poor heart in Sacramental Communion. Come, sweet Saviour ; Your Face divine, is indeed “ that of One going to Jerusalem.”

Ah, unworthy me, I shall drink the heart's Blood of your sacrifice :

“ Come with every needed grace ;  
 Make my heart a holy place,  
 Rich in faith and prayer and love,  
 Pure as happy saints above.  
 Cleanse all trace of sins away.  
*Veni, Jesu Domine*  
*Veni ! veni !*”

*Carrissimu.*

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PRAYER.

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TO OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

**[**most holy and afflicted Virgin, Queen of martyrs, thou who didst stand motionless beneath the Cross, witnessing the agony of thy expiring Son, through the sword of grief which pierced thee then, the unceasing sufferings of thy life of sorrow, and the bliss which now more than amply repays thee for thy past trials, look down with a Mother's care and tenderness on thy child, kneeling before thee to venerate thy sacred Dolors, and place all her requests with filial confidence in the sanctuary of thy wounded heart : (Here mention your request.)

To whom can we have recourse, in all our wants and miseries, if not to thee, O Mother of mercy, who, having

drunk so deep of the chalice of thy divine Son, canst not fail to compassionate the woes of those who still sigh in this land of exile. O most holy Mother, offer, for me to thy divine Son, one of the pangs which rent His adorable heart, one drop of the Precious Blood which flowed from His sacred side, one of the tears which trickled down from His divine eyes, one of the nails which pierced His sacred hands and feet, one of the thorns which crowned His adorable head ! O Refuge of sinners, hope of thine exiled children, do not reject my earnest prayer, but graciously and mercifully grant the request I make thee, that with the choirs of blessed Angels, I may sing thy praises and the mercies of thy Son throughout an endless eternity. Amen.

Heart of Mary, heart of my Mother, obtain my request.

From "THE HOLY AGONY".

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#### A PASSION-FLOWER.

An Angel bearing a lily white,  
 A Maid with a lily-soul,  
 The gentle hush of a prayerful night,  
 While star-worlds onward roll ;  
 The earthward flight of a snowy Dove,  
 And, lo ! in the midnight hour,  
 From the lily-heart of the Lily-Maid  
 There rose a Passion-flower.

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#### THE CROWN OF TEARS.

**K**ATHERINE, daughter of the mighty Caliph Mostanser had a great love for flowers. Beholding them growing, alive upon their stalks, she loved them, and when the dew drops were glistening upon them, then, she loved them the more ; therefore it became her habit to go down at the dawn of day, enveloped in the folds of her white veil, to the solitary gardens of the harem.

In these gardens, closed to the gaze of the intruder, the young girl found new delights in each successive hour, as



it passed quickly by. The sight of flowers would throw her into a species of ecstasy. Yet, together with this divine appreciation of the beautiful, the young princess had the most vague and childish ideas on all subjects ; and that terrible Allah, to whom she prayed five times a day, prostrate on the ground, she in no way regarded as the creator of the flowers, but believed that, somewhere, there existed a beneficent, powerful and adorable being who ornamented the earth with flowers and verdure. To him she considered herself indebted for the light of day, for the starry twilight of night, for the perfumed breath of the breezes, for the ripple of the running waters. And this invisible and lovable being, she called the Sultan of the flowers. "How beautiful, how powerful must he be," would the child say to herself, "since he has put so much life, beauty and sweetness into mere little grains. If I could but see his gardens. Ah ! if I could but see him ! But who is there that can lead me to him, that can so much as tell me where he lives, where his court resides ?" Such ejaculations as these, uncertain but tender, proceeding from her heart the young girl invariably directed solely to that celestial being who, with so munificent a hand, had clothed all things with beauty ; for him her spirit and her life were longing. Thus it came to pass that a deep melancholy took possession of her, and that she wept frequently, without knowing why.

One day, with an instinct of piety, the princess gathered some roses, dripping with dew, and, beneath the shade of the sombre foliage, in silence and in surety, offered them to the creator of the flowers, shedding tears of emotion the while.

"Would that I could cast them at your feet, she cried, would that I could go to your gardens, to live there and tend your flowers, would that I could be your slave !"

In the evening of that same day, as the maiden was walking in the chaste starlight, she suddenly beheld a man resplendent with light who was advancing towards her. A radiance, akin to the divine, rested on his features, and blended with his air of incomparable majesty.

"I am drawn to thee by thy love," said he. "I am the Sultan of the flowers, the marvels of creation are all mine." The gaze of the young Mussulman was full o

rapture. "Lord," she cried, falling on her knees, "take me hence to your country ; I wish to be your slave." "I have no slaves," was the reply, given with infinite sweetness ; "and the hour of thy going thither is not yet come ; but it is my wish to place thee in my gardens : therefore leave thy father's palace ; forsake thy native land, at once and forever. Depart, and fear nothing, cross the seas, go to the city of Assisi, and ask to be shown the way to the monastery of Saint Damien. There, knock at the gate, and say, "I am come to serve the Lord of the flowers," thou wilt be admitted."

"Ah ! Lord, good Lord," cried the young infidel, your words fill me with a joy past expression. But tell me how it is that upon your Hands, which shine so brightly, I see the marks of cruel wounds?"—"It is because I have loved thee even unto death." And then the glorious apparition vanished, and the Caliph's daughter found herself transported, without knowing how, to the outside of the garden walls. Her entire ignorance of the world, as well as her remarkable beauty, exposed her to great danger. She knew no spot on earth save the odoriferous gardens wherein her childhood had been passed, but it so happened that a Christian crossed her path, offered her his services, and constituted himself her guide. *This good man made her change her beautiful flowing garments, all brocaded and tissued with silver, for the humble garb of a pilgrim, and then he led her to a seaport, where there was a french vessel waiting for such crusaders as wished to return to Europe. That this Oriental flower, to whom the sun was life, did not drop during the long passage was due to her glorious vision, of which the remembrance shone as a light in her dark cabin, and to the strains of love, which, in consequence, broke perpetually from her heart, rising to the king of the flowers.*

Having arrived in France, the princess made known her intention of going to Assisi ; forthwith a french cavalier offered to become her guide, and conducted her to the Monastery of the Poor Clares. Knocking at the convent gate, the beautiful young stranger said : "I am come to serve the king of the flowers," and the grate was immediately opened, and the Caliph's daughter admitted

into the inclosure. Great was the surprise of the religious on seeing her, and greater still their joy on hearing her account of herself, so innocent and so full of wonders.

Accustomed to the fabulous splendor of her father's palace, the princess regarded her new surroundings with great astonishment. The habit of the religious, so poor and coarse, the strict necessity by way of furniture, the roughness of the bare walls, all this contrasted oddly enough with her anticipations: "I beg and beseech you to take me, without delay, to the gardens of the Sultan of the flowers," cried she to the religious. The nuns could not help smiling; and the Superior replied: "My daughter, it was in a figurative sense that Our Lord spoke, and you have not understood His meaning. Those flowers, which He has sent you to cultivate, are the virtues: purity, humility and charity, above all, most holy, most noble poverty. Give yourself to us to be instructed, and prepared for Holy Baptism. He, Who, from a foreign soil, has drawn you to Himself, has not deceived you truly has He loved you, even unto death. Allow me to relate the history of His sufferings, He who is the Lord of Glory, and the Infinite Beauty! And the holy religious recounted to the young Mussulman the humiliations and sufferings of Our Lord Jesus Christ. We, who, to this recital, have given the touching and sorrowful name of "Passion", can listen to it unmoved, but how describe the effect that it produced upon the already burning heart of this young girl? There are, indeed, no words to express that tenderness, grief and adoring love, which thrill the soul to the very core of her god-like nature. On learning at what price, with what love her redemption had been purchased, the Caliph's daughter made neither protestation, nor exclamation, she simply wept, pouring forth from her beautiful eyes a heavy, ceaseless, inexhaustible stream of tears. The entire world became a blank to her, she had no eyes, either for the flowers, or for any of the beauties of nature, which had been the means of drawing her to Him Who is Beauty Eternal and Invisible. Her whole soul was fastened upon the Wounds of Christ, and continually she wept.

One day, a Sister, entering her cell, found her lying in a swoon at the foot of her crucifix. "Love has broken

my heart, and my body faints" cried Francis of Assisi. "I die of sweetness. . . . Now is my heart ready for the consolations of Christ. Sweetest Jesus, embrace me and let me die. Love has cast me into a furnace, into the furnace of love."—"I am going to die, said the Caliph's daughter. An ecstatic smile parted her lips, but an icy pallor was on her cheeks, and still, silently, she wept.

They draped her straw bed with white, and there they laid the flower of the Orient.

It was evening, one of those evenings of an Italian spring, when the twilight is long and golden. The Franciscan family had assembled at the bedside, where there was no light, save the soft radiance from the skies. The monk who had baptized Katherine brought her the Holy viaticum.

"My daughter," said he, "because love has so deeply wounded thee, rejoice greatly, He Who had drawn thee to the odour of His ointments, the Sultan of the flowers, has received thy pledge of faith, and given thee His own, and now He comes to admit thee to the gardens of Heaven." Divine joy illuminated the countenance of the dying maiden, and her eyes beaming through her tears fastened themselves rapturously upon the Sacred Host.

"O Lord Jesus," murmured she, "Living Love, Saving Love, what return shall I make unto Thee?" And a stream of tears gushed from her heart. At the supreme moment, she remembered that tears are *the blood of the soul*: therefore, gathering up, in her already stiffened hands, those tears which bedewed her face, she offered them, with a gesture of surpassing grace and tenderness, to Him Who had loved her, even unto death. And as she offered her offering, an invisible hand crowned her with a crown of pearls of exquisite beauty.

These wonderful and innumerable pearls seemed to be drops of water that reflected all the lights of Heaven. They beamed in the twilight, and encircled the maid of the Orient, with an aureole of glory.

Death treated her respectfully, doing no more than fix her unmarred beauty in a radiant immutability. As soon as the soul had taken its flight, the sacred remains were closely surrounded. Every body wished to see that shin-

ing diadem, nearby. Those pearls, of supernatural beauty were warm like tears and no hand could ever remove them from the brow of the dead maiden.

LAURE CONAN.

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OF THE EARTH, EARTHY.

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My mother's prayer whene'er at even  
She lit or quenched a household light -  
" Grant us, O Lord, the light of heaven,  
And guard us through the night. "

The prayer my mother used to pray -  
I breathe it from a tired, faint heart,  
For one light quenched upon my way,  
Of my joy chiefest part.

Oh, God, in loneliness and fear  
Remembered - other time forgot !  
Oh, heaven, a vision sweet and dear,  
When earth delighteth not :

Lord, let me, for my truth forgiven  
And for Thy mercy's sake prevailed,  
Pray ere I see the light of heaven,  
Relight the light that failed !

*Katherine E. Conway in Donahoe's.*

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REFLECTIONS.

The model of charity is Jesus Christ giving His Blood for the redemption of the world.

Remember that if you have been able to preserve a single soul from evil and did not, you will answer for it before God.

When a man is thoroughly convinced that the love of God and happiness are one and the same thing, he has already one foot in paradise.

MGR. GAY.

Innocence is a drop of water in the world ; repentance, the ocean which surrounds and saves it.

LACORDAIRE.

Corporal and spiritual sufferings are a species of martyrdom - a sort of blood shedding. The mystic blood which oozes from a wounded christian heart, if united to the expiatory Blood of Jesus Christ, partakes largely of the atoning virtue of Calvary's Victim. This explains the complete efficacy of repentant tears, so aptly termed *the soul's blood*, in expiating and repairing the deepest guilt of a criminal life.

LYONNARD.

Far more audacious is the ambition of being first in a single heart than first on earth ; more malignant in its end, more culpable in its means, more disastrous in its success. The world is man's, but man's heart is God's. It is a sanctuary. The desire of ousting a mortal is innocent compared to the ambition of supplanting God. At the last judgment, men who have set the world on fire out of a craze for self-aggrandizement, will appear less guilty than others who, crouching in obscurity, arrogantly and basely tried to instal themselves in God's place in a single heart. Sacrilegious and fiendish ambition !

VEUILLOI.

To die *in* the love of God is the death of the just ; to die *for* the love of God is the death of martyrs ; to die *of* the love of God was the Blessed Virgin's death.

MOTHER BARI.

AN ECHO OF THE APPROBATION OF OUR  
HOLY RULES

BY

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEON XIII.

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Ring out, ye bells of gladness !  
Oh, earth, rejoice to-day.  
With Angel voices mingle  
Thy silvery notes so gay.  
Lo ! from the Eternal City  
Come floating through the air  
Sweet echoes of glad tidings  
In answer to our prayer.

Hail ! Leo, worthy Pontiff  
Of Rome's eternal See,  
Our grateful thanks we render  
For this sublime Decree.  
Our holy Rules are sanctioned,  
Those gentle Laws of love  
Now bear the sacred impress,  
The seal of Heaven above.

Through His appointed Vicar  
Christ hath revealed His Will  
Our hidden life hath pleased Him  
Oh, earth, adore he still !  
Let sweet " Te Deums " echo  
Throughout the Convent halls,  
And hymns of holy gladness  
Resound within its walls.

Rejoice, ye happy Virgins,  
Our Sisters now who stand  
Around the Spouse in glory  
His loved and chosen band  
Rejoice ! the light which guided  
Your footsteps on to Heaven  
By Christ's appointed Vicar  
New lustre has been given.

And you our holy Founders  
 Who labored with such zeal  
 To frame this code of duty  
 What joy must you not feel  
 In yon bright home of gladness,  
 This happy festive day !  
 Your work is now accomplished,  
 Yet for your children pray.

Four timid little Virgins  
 Commenced beneath your care  
 The Precious Blood to honor  
 By sacrifice and prayer ;  
 Two with you are in heaven  
 And two on earth remain :  
 Our loved and cherished Mothers,  
 Who guide us in your name.

And Thou, celestial Mother,  
 Immaculate and fair,  
 'Tis on thy Feast we offer  
 Our grateful chants and prayer,  
 For this most signal favor  
 Which came to us through thee  
 Well has thy Feast been chosen  
 Our day of thanks to be.

Oh pray that we may ever  
 Obey the silent voice  
 Of this inspired director  
 And in its word rejoice.  
 Then shall these Constitutions,  
 Now sealed by Rome's Decree,  
 Illuminate the pathway  
 That leads to God and Thee.

S. M. A.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Dec. 8th 1896.



## SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

*(Continuation.)*

THE influence of Catherine over Gregory XI was so great, so visible, that the King of France himself was alarmed by it. To detain the Pope upon the borders of the Rhone, he deputed his brother, the duke of Anjou.

But Catherine spoke with a sovereign authority.

"O sweet Christ of the earth, said she to the young Pontiff, you are the true Pastor and Father; you should return quickly to the city which you hold from the apostles Peter and Paul. . . . You know that, in taking the Church for your spouse, you have engaged yourself to dare all perils for her. . . Fear nothing from the furious winds which are raised against her. . . Fear nothing from those unnatural children who have rebelled against you. . . Listen not to those incarnate demons who are making every effort to retain you here. . . O Bishop of Rome, go, go to your spouse who awaits you pale and dying. . . Go without delay, or fear the anger and the judgments of God. . . I say this to you in the name of the crucified Jesus."

The inspired words of the virgin of Siena captivated and violented the feeble but noble soul of Gregory.

He had reflected much upon the woes of the Church; in the return to Rome he saw a solution to many difficulties, and thereupon advices and warnings had not been wanting him. Some days after his consecration, as Gregory XI was reproaching a Bishop of his court for not residing in his diocese:

Most Holy Father, replied the latter, why does not the Bishop of Rome reside in his diocese? . . . We will all reside when the Bishop of Rome resides.

This bold response had troubled the Pope. On several occasions, he had solemnly announced that the interests of the Church had made it his duty to return to

Rome. But, as every one knows, the decision of the judgment is far more easy than that of the will. The timid Pontiff dared not undertake that which his predecessors had not the courage to achieve. Before that Calvary, to whose heights Urban V had not been able to ascend, he felt his heart failing him. The threatening visions of the dying Saint Bridget had frightened him without giving him the strength which he lacked.

But what this Frenchman, of health so delicate, dreaded was neither the enervating climate of Rome, nor the pestilential vapors from the Tiber, neither the stiletto of assassins, nor the poisoned figs, from which it was said Benedict XI died; no more was it the commotion which his departure would produce in the christian world : that which he dreaded was the heart-breaking adieux, the rupture of those thousand ties which bound him to his country. In advance, he suffered the bitter hour of separation, and the supplications of his family lacerated his heart.

He felt also that terror which makes the timid recoil before a very grave and irrevocable resolution.

Certainly the Italians had done everything to render the sojourn of the Popes impossible in Rome ; but it was in vain that the cardinals, in their selfish uneasiness, alluded to these tragic events : Gregory believed that Christ was speaking to him by His servant Catherine.

One day, after his Mass, the pallid and sweet Pontiff sent for the young girl, and said to her with deep emotion :

Must I go to Rome ?

Catherine excused herself from answering his question, saying that it was not becoming in a poor little woman like herself to give counsel to the chief of the Church.

I ask you not for counsel, continued the Pope. I have had you come here that you may make known to me the will of God.

Catherine fixed upon him her penetrating glance and answered simply :

— Most Holy Father, no one knows better than you the will of God, for it is now a long time since your Holiness made the vow to return to Rome.

The Pope had indeed made that vow, and never had he disclosed the secret to a person. This proof of supernatural penetration completed his decision.

*(To be continued.)*

LAURE CONAN.

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Written for "THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

### A "HEART OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

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

Words of P. Pius IX.

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### PART IV.

#### THE DAWN IS BREAKING.

ON entering the drawing room, they saw two gentlemen, seated in a little recess in a window at the further end of the room. They were looking out into the avenue and did not seem aware of their entrance, but at their approach they turned, and for one single instant the four stood gazing at one another.

"Harold!" cried Grace, throwing herself on his neck and bursting into tears. "Oh! I knew you would come. I knew when I placed you under the protection of the Precious Blood, you would be safe."—

But she turned round suddenly in a fright. Her mother had uttered a low cry and fell fainting to the ground.

Harold and the gentleman who accompanied him, gently placed her on a lounge, while Grace hastened to summons the servant to her assistance.

It was fully an hour before she recovered consciousness; when she did so, Grace was bending lovingly over her. At first she did not remember what had happened.

"What is the matter, Grace?" she asked, gazing

at her, a little bewildered. Have I been sleeping too long? What time is it?"

Grace smiled. "It is only four o'clock, Mamma. But do you feel better? You have been sick. Do you not remember the visitors?"

"The visitors! We *had* visitors then. Oh! I thought it was a dream."

"No, dearest Mamma, it is true, *true*. Harold is really home again. I know not how it happened. I have not even spoken to him yet, being with you all the time. But, since you are better, I will call him immediately, he must be as anxious as we to meet again.

"Was there not a gentleman with him, Grace?" asked Mrs. Redmond.

Grace seemed confused. In her joy of once more beholding her dear brother, and subsequent anxiety about her mother, she had forgotten her duties as hostess and paid not the slightest attention to her brother's companion.

"Oh, mamma, I am so sorry. I did not take any notice of him; it must have appeared rude, not even to thank him for assisting you."

"Then, there really was someone with Harold!" said Mrs. Redmond, her face flushing and growing pale alternately.

"Oh! Grace I must be deceived. It cannot be true. Yet I thought—I thought I saw Harold and . . . and your . . . father. I remembered no more until this moment. I thought it must have been a dream; but if Harold is really home, who can it be, that is with him?"

"How strange! It cannot be Papa. Perhaps it is a relative resembling him very much, whom Harold met abroad. I will go for him immediately, he must be longing to come," and Grace hastened to summons her brother.

She found him in the drawing-room in company with his friend. As she entered, she heard him say: "I am sure Mother must have recognized you, but Grace, of course, has no suspicion. How good God is to have reunited us all again!"

"Yes, replied the other," and how little did I dream that it ever would be."

On seeing her, they both arose. Grace glanced a little shyly at the visitor, and then gave her message.

"Thank God, she is better," said Harold. "Lead the way, Gracie," he continued smiling, "and we will follow."

Oh ! who can describe the meeting that took place ! The father (for such he really proved to be), mother and children, who never expected to see each other on this side of the grave, found themselves once more together in their old homestead. And what crowned the joy of Mrs. Redmond and Grace, was the knowledge that Harold, as well as Captain Redmond, were now *fervent* Catholics.

S. M. A.

(*To be continued.*)

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## ENJOYMENT.

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WE are inclined to think that young people, especially, give too much thought as to how they can be "happy." To enjoy life seems to them the acme of all endeavor. But life is earnest, and its aims should be high ; and when we live as we may, we shall perhaps give less thought to enjoyment, but we shall enjoy more.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care, and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may become happy."

Without making any reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path until he brought him to a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man. "Build thy home in heaven and thou shalt have peace and happiness."

## LETTER TO A STUDENT.

The following letter of the renowned Dominican, Father Lacordaire, was published for the first time, some months ago, by "L'Univers."

Flavigny, July 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I see with pleasure that you are remaining steadfast in the convictions which led you to the Seminary of R. . . far from your country and friends. This augurs well for the future. Weariness, distaste and perplexity will not fail to assail you. You must be prepared for this. Nothing is more difficult, at your age and with your imagination, than to consecrate a certain number of youthful years to slow and obscure preparation to studies which are dry because elementary ; and yet without this preparation it is impossible to attain anything, that is, to render any service either to God or men. The majority of the minds of our century have been lacking in preparation and this is the cause of the incredible inferiority we witness in them in the face of events which should, manifestly, suscite grand characters and great talents.

At eighteen, they write, speak, act and govern ; at thirty, they are worn out and incompetent. You, my dear Friend, more than others, require a good and strict apprenticeship. If you do not resign yourself to this, you will never be more than an impotent, inactive dreamer. God did not send you great affliction without special design ; it was necessary to tame your soul and make it descend from what you term poetry to the sorrowful regions of reality.

Reality means daily labor, obscurity, humble and devoted service ; everything else is void of power before God, consequently void of glory. Had everything succeeded with you according to your wish, you would have entered the action like a starling and afterwards would have been the most unhappy as well as the most incapable of men. Learn your page of theology daily. Theology is the foundation of everything, even in the human order. The value of a man or a century corresponds ex-

actly with his or its theology. Like every study, it has its elements ; it must be stammered before it can be spoken.

Attach yourself to reading and meditating on Holy Scripture. You should forget all other books, even the best of which, in comparison with the Sacred Writings, are nothing.

Refuse your mind the vile food to which you have hitherto accustomed it. You will belong to your time only through antiquity.

A day suffices to become acquainted with our times, when we are acquainted with tradition and with eternity whence tradition flows. Adieu, my dear friend. I hope that you will persevere and I pray God to give you the peace of a simple heart which lives in His presence without uneasiness about anything else.

Renewing the expression of my most devoted sentiments.

BRO. HENRY DOMINIC LACORDAIRE,  
of the Friars Preachers.

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### PIUS IX AND THE CZAR.

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SEVERAL years ago, general indignation was felt throughout the christian world on account of the barbarous treatment which the Russian government inflicted on the unfortunate Nuns of Minsk. It was during the reign of Nicolas I, that the atrocities were perpetrated. These Polish religious were flogged to death, starved and buried alive. Madre Makrina alone survived. Some time after, the Czar came to Rome and went as usual to pay his respects to the Pope. He met with an icy reception. "You are a great king," said His Holiness, "you are one of the mightiest monarchs in the world, and I am a feeble old man, the servant of servants ; but I cite you to meet me again, to confront me before the throne of the Judge of the world, and to answer there for your treatment of the Nuns of Minsk." Doubtless the Autocrat of all the Russias was at a loss for a reply.

The foregoing story, which admirably portrays the fearless character of Pius IX and his zeal in defending the persecuted, is related by Mr. Augustus Hare in his volume of memories.

Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

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

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ANNA T. SADLER.

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*Quebec, the 16th of June, 1635.*

*My dearest Lady,*

To-day, Maurice stood in my presence all flushed with a new eagerness. In response to your most gracious inquiries, the which have reached me duly, I may truly say that God hath been most good to me with regard to these children placed in my care. Albertine is fair and most sweet and lovable, and Maurice, - perchance it ill be- seems me to praise him, but he is of uncommon, yet masculine beauty, generous of heart, of stainless honor, as becometh his high lineage and devout as fitteth a christian gentleman. Alas, Madame, how weak is the heart of woman in presence of those she loves, I should be filled with sentiments of pride and thankfulness, whereas I am cast down and heavy-hearted.

An expedition hath been fitted out by the Viceroy to proceed against the deadly tribe of the Iroquois, and Monsieur de Melleray hath consented that Maurice should accompany him. The day of departure hath been fixed for to-morrow. The tears rushed to my eyes, and I could scarce frame an answer to the glowing speech, in which Maurice hath just told me of the plans.

Maurice, ordinarily so tender of heart, took no note of my agitation, so greatly was he moved to speak of the number of canoes, the accoutrements proper to the occasion and the Huron chiefs who were to serve as guides. He hath gone forth, again, to the chateau, ever on the same warlike business intent.

Putting on my bonnet and drawing Albertine's arm through mine, I went forth to seek distraction from my thoughts. I passed down the street, so narrow, Madame,



that one of our English lanes were many times wider. The sun shone upon us, with a rarely golden light, noticeable on fine mornings in these countries. Its gleam fell upon that strange monument of vindictiveness, *Le chien d'Or*, of which, perchance, I have before spoken. It is the record of a deadly quarrel between brothers of one race and corresponds somewhat to that clenched fist with the motto, "I bide my time," which, as I have been told, is the device of a certain noble family of England. The Golden Dog of Quebec bears some such inscription as the following which I have rudely done into English :

I am a dog that gnaws a bone,  
 In gnawing it my rest I take,  
 One day, I shall bite all those who've bitten me.

I walked on mechanically, sad and silent, out of the St-Louis gate, till I could point out to Albertine the beauty of the valley of the St Charles, lying in the morning sunshine. The St Charles is, Madame, a tributary of the St Lawrence and a beauteous little stream. Returning, we went downwards to the Ursuline Ladies, where two Indian neophytes were this morning baptized. The Viceroy, despite press of warlike preparation, was to stand sponsor, with Madame de Juchereau, a notable of this colony for one, and Monsieur l'Intendant, with Madame de Montmesnil for another. It was a most sweet ceremony, but, alas ! Madame, my mind so sorely misgives me as to the departure of my idolized Maurice, that I can fix it upon nothing. I will take my leave until to-morrow, when I shall advise you as to the embarkation of the expedition. For most truly, Madame, our life here is most unlike that known to us, amid the green lanes and hedgerows of merry England. It is full of surprises, of strange incidents, of adventurous deeds and daring concerts. It maketh the heart of womanhood to tremble far more than to rejoice.

(To be continued.)

“ AFTER A WHILE.”

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THE following incident is related in a letter from St. Peter's Hospital, Olympia, Wash.

One day, a patient came to the hospital. He was young and still quite strong, for he had been sick only four days. When the nurse asked him the necessary questions for registration, he said he was twenty five years old, did not belong to any religion and had never been baptized. At first, the treatment seemed very successful; the fever abated, he felt better and the nurse believed he was safe. Next day, his pulse was normal, and the attendant remarked that he must have passed a good night, since the fever had gone down. “ Ah, Sister,” said he, “ my night was far from good. I could not close an eye on account of the lie I told you yesterday. I thought you were going to coax me to go to confession, so I told you I was not a catholic. But I am. It is four years since I made my Easter duty, but just as soon as I am able to get to a church, I will go to confession.”

The priest came to see him several times. The young man could not be persuaded to make his confession. “ But just as soon as I can get up and go to church, I'll make a good confession,” said he. Alas! he did not know what was in store for him.

A synod was to be held at Tulalip, a small Indian village at some distance. The chaplain of the hospital was obliged to attend. He and the priests of the neighboring parishes had no sooner left than the poor young man became suddenly worse, the malady assuming immediately an alarming character. The moment danger was announced the unfortunate young man demanded a priest. Not a moment was lost in sending dispatches to Portland, Cavolits and Jakima. We could not possibly have done more; but it was fruitless. The priests had all gone to Tulalip and no dispatch could reach them in time. While awaiting the result of our efforts, the sick man prayed aloud, reciting acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition with touching fervor.

In the evening when we were forced to tell him that the boats and trains had all come in but without any

priest, his consternation could not be described. He began to tell his sins in a loud voice, begging those around him for pardon. He urged them to go to confession as soon as possible and implored them to pray for him. He reminded God of His mercy and called the Blessed Virgin to his aid. Not one of those around him could keep from weeping.

We sent in haste for his brothers. Another disappointment, they were too late. "O my God," cried the unhappy man, "I am dying without seeing my brothers! Oh! let some one tell them not to delay making their confession, not to imitate my negligence." Then he said: "My God, for love of the Most Precious Blood of Thy Son, be merciful to my soul! Mary, my loving mother! pray.... for.... me; Saint Joseph! Holy Angel guardian.... pray".... and without losing consciousness, his voice grew faint, died away.... he was dead. Every one was sobbing.

His brothers soon arrived. How they wept over the account of his last moments! In the death chamber they received the last message of the departed and hastened to execute his last desire.

On the priest's return from Tulalip, every catholic patient in the hospital went to confession and the two brothers of the deceased received Holy Communion at the Requiem mass sung in the parish church for the repose of his soul.

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Think of the mystery of the Agony in the Garden! It was a great part of that mystery that, therein, our dearest Lord put Himself in the place of each one of us. He bore our sins; He identified Himself with our shame; He felt our shrankings. We rudely pressed every one of the quivering keys of His sacred heart, and made it utter the low, plaintive notes of a sorrow beyond our understanding.

FABER.

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## THE SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

IT not unfrequently happens, as many a priest can attest by experience that persons are tempted to lay aside their scapular. It is a trick of the devil. The experience of the missionaries in Madagascar also shows the same. The fathers say that one of the most ordinary and perfidious devices of the evil one is the suggestion to the dying to throw off the scapular of Mount Carmel. This is proved by some very sad examples. We are told of one poor soul who repeatedly tried to obey the devil in this matter. Prayer finally conquered. Just before this woman died she remarked: "Here comes the Blessed Virgin to take me. She recognizes me for her daughter by the scapular on my breast. A thousand thanks, my friends, for your not allowing me to remove it!" How consoling, dear reader. A warning too for us never to lay aside our scapular during life in order that we may have it about us when we need it most—at the hour of death.

CARMELITE REVIEW.

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### PRAYERS SOLICITED.

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For the Pope, the Cardinals, the holy Church. For the diffusion of the worship of the Precious Blood. For the order of the Friars-Precachers, particularly for the Third-Order of saint Dominic.

Let us pray also and fervently for the intentions of all those who recommend themselves to us with such an admirable confidence.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD, specially for: MM. LS BEAUCHAMP, deceased at Calumet; NORBERT MILLET, at St-Ours; PIERRE LEMOINE, at St-Louis; HYACINTHE FREMAULT, at NEWTON; ETIENNE LALIBERTE and NARCISSE BLOUIS, at Ste-Marie de la Beauce; J. B. GAUDETTE, at St-Jean; G. E. RIOUX, at Sherbrooke; NORBERT DESROCHES, at Ste-Sophie d'Halifax; PRISQUE PAUL, at Webster; WILFRID BELANGER, at Salem, Mass.; EUCLIDE D'UDEMAINE, at Richmond; EMILE GUAY, at St-Isidore; DESROCHES, at Joliette; CHARLES-ALEX

ANDRE CLEMENT, at St-Dominique. For Mrs. ERNEST LEVEQUE deceased at St-Fabien ; Mrs. LS LALONDE, at Northampton ; Mrs. JOS. LINCOURT, at Chicopee ; Mrs. ALEXIS PAQUET, at Ste-Felice ; Mrs. B. SWEENAY, at Green Island ; Mrs. Widow OCT. LANGLAIS, at St-Philippe de Neri ; Mrs. L. AVOTTE, at St-Tite ; Mrs. ZEPHIRIN BELLE-MARE, at Yamachiche ; Mrs. ERNEST DE ST-AUBIN, at Chicago ; Mrs. widow N. DOUCET, at Louiseville ; Mrs. PROSPER BONIN, at St-Aime ; Mrs. F. X. MESSIER, at St-Pie de Bagot ; Mrs. ANTOINE CHAGNON, at St-Dominique ; Mrs. LEANDRE ALLARD, at Providence ; Mrs. LAPORTE, LAPOINTE, and DESCHENES, at Joliette. For Miss NELLIE CARPENTER, deceased at Ridgefield ; ANNA GRANDCHAMP, at Woonsocket ; GEORGIANA PATENAUDE, at St-Isidore ; EUGENIE RABY, at L'Assomption ; MARGUERITE Fleury, at St-Barnabe ; ALEXINA JEAN, at St-Francois de Montmagny ; MM. ELZEAR HUDON, at Chicoutimi ; O. BARD-FRANCOEUR, at St-Paschal ; HENRI LAPIERRE, at St-Antoine ; J. BTE BERNIER, at Ste-Prudentienne ; Mrs. J. A. ROBITAILLE, at Montreal, and for our beloved Sister MARIE BERNADETTE, deceased at our monastery of Ottawa, etc.

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.*

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## THANKSGIVINGS

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FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE  
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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“ I thank the Precious Blood for the temporal graces which have been accorded me by the intercession of Saint Joseph ; may his favors be continued me.”

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“ After having prayed to the Precious Blood and

promised a mass for the souls in purgatory, my boy has returned and is working again. Love and gratitude to the Blood of Jesus."

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" Please thank the Precious Blood of Our Lord for a grace lately received through Its intercession and a promise made to subscribe to " The Voice of the Precious Blood."

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" My little boy, aged six years, was suffering from heart disease. I recommended him to the Precious Blood and obtained his cure."

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" We received a temporal grace after a novena to the Precious Blood, made in union with the adorers of the Precious Blood of Three-Rivers. Honor love and thanksgiving to the divine Blood."

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" Kindly insert in " The Voice of the Precious Blood " a spiritual and temporal favor obtained through the intercession of the Blood of Jesus."

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"I had been suffering, since some months, of frequent hemorrhages and could find relief in no remedy. I then had recourse to the Precious Blood, promising to subscribe to the " Voice " and publish my cure if I obtained it. To-day I am happy to fulfil my promise."

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" Suffering from a chronic disease since nearly three years, I made the promise, that, if I obtained relief, I would have the grace published in the " Voice of the Pre-

cious Blood." Since then I feel much better. Moreover I wish to thank the Precious Blood for another grace obtained."

\* \* \*

" Since many years, I had a disease which made me suffer very much. Remarking, by the " Thanksgivings " of your Review, that many cures had been obtained by invoking the Precious Blood, I promised that, if I would obtain relief during six months, I would have a mass said in honor of the Precious Blood and would have my cure published in " The Voice of the Precious Blood ; " since then I have felt no pain, and I therefore come with joy to accomplish my promise."

\* \* \*

" In the springtime of 1896, my right arm was taken with a strange soreness which made it swell to an enormous size and which seemed to defy all medical science. The strong remedies which I applied to it, after the counsel of my friends, made it an object of horror and pity. I was considered as finished ; I even had attacks of delirium which threw my relatives into consternation. All at once a great light came to my mind . . . The oil of the Blessed Sacrament ! So many have been cured by this simple remedy ! And if Our Lord communicates such virtue to the oil which burns before the image of his Holy Mother and other saints, what power should He not give to that which is consumed in His Adorable presence ! My confidence was not vain, as soon as I began to apply it to my arm the pain diminished day by day, and, at last, completely ceased. Since, I have been able to work at the farm and my friends tell me I have even been imprudent. Nevertheless my cure is lasting. Praised, loved and glorified be the most holy, most august and most amiable Sacrament of the Altar, by all, everywhere and forever."

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" You will please insert in " The Voice of the Precious Blood," a mother's thanks for the cure of her child's

eyesight, after a novena made in honor of the seven effusions of the Precious Blood.

Another person thanks saint Anthony for the disappearance of a grave physical uneasiness, after having promised one dollar for bread for the poor."

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### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

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On the occasion of the feast of Saint Catherine of Siena, April 30th a solemn novena, opening on the 21st, will be made for the various intentions of the members of the Confraternity and the Subscribers to the "Voice of the Precious Blood." This modest publication, or rather the Community of which it is the organ, desires nothing more than the spiritual welfare of benefactors and friends. To open a path for Our Lord, to instil His divine teachings, to make His love burn brightly in souls—this is our end.

For this purpose, we invite our readers to general, earnest and urgent prayer which is the channel through which we receive the graces of which the Precious Blood is the principle.

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**RAFFLE.**—Our Sisters in Ottawa, Ont., have received a gift, from a benefactor, of a watch valued at \$100. It is to be raffled for the benefit of a great work which they have undertaken : the building of their monastery. At the time of drawing, a Grand High Mass will be celebrated for the intentions of those who will have purchased the tickets, and another Mass will be said for those who will have worked to distribute them.

The name, address, and amount of the tickets should be sent to the present residence of our Sisters.

The sale of tickets will be opened in the month of March.

Address :

MONASTERY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD,  
St-Patrick's Street,  
OTTAWA, Ont.

Price of Tickets : 25 cts.

Canada.