

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

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VOL. 1. ST-HYACINTHE, QUE., NOVEMBER 1895. NO. 1.

TO OUR ENGLISH SPEAKING FRIENDS AND
TO THEIR FRIENDS.

In deciding to publish an English edition of "La Voix du Précieux Sang," we are yielding to the solicitations of many English speaking friends who, like ourselves, have no dearer wish than that of spreading more and more widely the knowledge of the benefits conferred on mankind by the shedding of the Precious Blood.

The principal mission then of this publication is to set forth the efficacy of the redeeming Blood, at the same time, aiming at gaining souls by setting before them the glories and consolations of our holy religion. Nor will we forget our brethren in Purgatory, who are under such a deep debt of gratitude to that Blood whose streams so constantly descend on the burning fires of expiation, tempering their heat and intensifying their cleansing powers.

Another mission too is ours: that of aiding to stem the tide of bad literature that is demoralising such thousands of our fellow-men.

The number of English speaking christians throughout the world may be counted by millions, tens of millions, may perhaps amount to a hundred millions. What a power for good or for evil then is wielded by current English literature, since such a vast number of souls may be influenced by it! And how can the fires of evil, so perpetually stimulated by bad literature be better quenched than by applying to them the streams of that Precious Blood shed for the salvation of man? That Blood was not



shed for the redemption of angels, but for poor sinful man ; and by spreading the knowledge of Its cleansing powers we are openly ranging ourselves on God's side and combatting the encouragement of sin through bad literature, by supplying, in our humble measure, a purer literature, one uncontaminated by the " Non serviam " spirit that reigns, alas ! but too generally in the writings of the present day.

A celebrated writer in the Church has said : " There is no *narrowness* in divine things, the object of the Church is universality ", and does not the devotion to the Precious Blood realize the spirit of broadness and universality found in the Church herself ?

In the " Sacred Heart Review," we meet with the following words : " Those seven Blood sheddings, what mean they ?... We shall never know through all eternity *how much* they mean ; but this we surely know : they mean Infinite Love ! "

Therefore, with the double view of extending the Devotion to the Precious Blood and of encouraging Reparation for the universality of sin, we launch our little bark, " The Voice of the Precious Blood. "

Our Lord revealed to Saint Catherine of Genoa the intensity of His thirst for souls in these words : " Oh ! if you knew how I love a soul ! But this will be the last thing you will know in this world, for to apprehend it would kill you. "

If, by our means, one single soul be brought back to the love of God, and if the Precious Blood gain one fresh votary, our mission will be fulfilled, our labor rewarded.

We trust that this English edition will meet with the same approbation and encouragement that our Venerable Bishops and reverend Clergy, both regular and secular, so kindly bestow on our French publication entitled " La Voix du Précieux Sang. " We would also ask the sympathy and cooperation of all the English members of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, as well as that of all the friends and benefactors of our Institute, begging them to extend a welcome to our little work, undertaken solely to further the propagation of our Devotion and for the good of souls. Specially we would ask of all these, our friends, to do their utmost to spread our little publication

far and wide, and, by so doing, contribute to the spread of the knowledge of what the Precious Blood is to us on earth and will be to us in eternity.

To contribute as much as possible to the success of this Monthly Review, the various Communities of the Precious Blood will offer a large portion of their prayers and penitential exercises for all those who will send us the names of fresh subscribers, or become subscribers themselves.

Whoever sends us the amount of Five subscriptions, with name and address of each subscriber, will share in all the spiritual advantages offered by our Communities to ordinary Benefactors.

Our friends and patrons devoted to our Work, yet unable to give us any other assistance than that of their personal cooperation, are still considered as Benefactors, and, as such, participate to a certain degree in our spiritual benefits, provided they are faithful in paying *in advance* the amount of their subscriptions or, if prevented, send us the names of persons likely to subscribe.

This publication, having for its principal end the diffusion of the Devotion to the Most Precious Blood, all members of the Confraternity of that name who aid us in introducing this Magazine, may gain, for each effort, an Indulgence of *one year*, applicable to themselves or to the souls in Purgatory. (*Raccolta.*)

The receipts of the Magazine we are establishing being destined to the extension of this same Devotion to the most Precious Blood, the small outlay made by our associates in subscribing for "The Voice of the Precious Blood" will be for them a *good Work* and, consequently, will give each one of them a right to an Indulgence of one hundred days, applicable like the preceding. (*Raccolta.*)

In the several houses of our Institute, the following prayer will be recited, every evening, for the eternal and temporal welfare of our subscribers :

"Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son, and my divine Redeemer, for all those who love this great treasure, who unite for Its honor and adoration, and who labor to propagate the Devotion to It."

To each subscriber, we send a receipt for his subscription with the following number.

THE SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

N. B. Please send name and address and amount of subscription to

“THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD”,
 Monastery of the Precious Blood,
St-Hyacinthe, P. Q. Canada.

+ May the benediction of Jesus Crucified rest upon all the friends of the Work of the Precious Blood and rest upon them forever.

+ L.-Z., BP. OF ST-HYACINTHE.

PORTRAIT OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Publius Lentulus, governor of Judea, wrote to the Roman Senate as follow: “ There hath appeared in our days a man of great virtue called Jesus Christ. The people style him a prophet, and his disciples say that he is the Son of God. He cures every kind of disease and even raises the dead to life. He is of tall stature, rather above the medium height. His gracious bearing and venerable appearance inspire reverence and love in all that see him. There is neither spot nor wrinkle on his face which is of great beauty, and the charm of which is further increased by a slightly florid complexion. His face is of faultless shape; his eyes are clear and bright; his hair, which is the color of a ripe filbert, is smooth as far as the ears, and thence falls in ringlets to his shoulders; it is parted in the middle of his forehead after the fashion of the Nazarenes. His heavy and pointed beard is of the same color as his hair. He is affable when giving counsel, but severe when reprimanding. He is of agreeable manners, and, in conversation, is, at once, grave and amiable. He has never been known to laugh, but many have seen him weep. He speaks with great

“modesty and wisdom. In a word, this man, by his
“singular beauty, is far superior to all other men.”

Portrait of Jesus Crucified.

In the book of Catherine Emmerich's Visions, we read what follows :

“The shock caused by the fall of the cross into the
“cavity prepared for it, drove the sharp thorns still deeper
“into our Saviour's head, the hair of which was comple-
“tely torn out, making Blood run down again in streams
“from it as well as from His hands and feet. His body
“was one mass of wounds. Blood filled his eyes and
“mouth, clotting his hair and beard. His head fell for-
“ward on his breast, the crown of thorns preventing him from
“raising it without terrible pain. His shoulders, elbows,
“wrists and knees were violently stretched and dislocated.
“His chest protruded, and his ribs, which were almost
“laid bare, might be counted. His muscles had been so
“terribly torn that his bones were visible. Blood collected
“profusely around the nail fastening his sacred feet, and
“then trickled down the whole length of the cross. His
“entire body was covered with black, blue and yellowish
“spots, with horrible bruises and contusions, while loose
“pieces of flesh hung from its wounds. His Blood, which
“was at first red, became, by degrees, pale and watery ;
“his whole body turned livid, and our divine Saviour
“resembled a bloodless corpse. And yet, notwithstand-
“ing the horrible wounds which should have disfigured
“him completely, there still remained that inexpressible
“look of dignity and goodness which had ever penetrated
“all hearts. The Son of God, eternal love, immolated
“in time, was beautiful and resplendent with innocence
“and holiness, even in the body of the Lamb of God,
“bathed in his Blood, and laden with the sins of the
“world.”

God hears our prayers in proportion as we love, honor,
and venerate His holy Mother.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEVOTION AND DEVOTIONS.

As this publication is designed to serve the interests of one special devotion and is also intended to be of service to other devotions, we think it fitting to explain, at the outset, the meaning of the word devotion properly so called, or the difference between *devotion in general* and *special devotions*.

§ I.

Of Devotion in general.

“Devotion,” according to Saint Thomas, “resides in the will, and consists in the prompt accomplishment of whatever relates to the service of God.” Saint Francis of Sales defines devotion as “a general inclination and readiness of the heart to do what we know to be pleasing to God.” Our venerated Founder, the Right Reverend Bishop LaRocque, used to say that “Devotion consists in a certain ardor which inflames the soul, urging it to devote itself to God, according to the measure of that fervor.”

Consequently, the effect of devotion is to render the will steadfast in its purpose of serving God under all circumstances and in spite of all obstacles. Hence, devotion is one; it abides in the inmost soul and has God for its *essential* object and end.

§ II.

Of Special Devotions.

Special Devotions, on the other hand, are manifold. They are intended to meet the spiritual requirements of individuals, their special attractions and their various callings. They are inspired by the Holy Ghost, and are very numerous, because the gifts of the Spirit are varied and are always suited to the particular needs of each soul. *Special devotions emanate from the spirit of devotion in general*, or else lead to it, inasmuch as an upright soul that embraces a special devotion, with the intention of devoting itself more closely to God, will find, in the means

employed, the end that is in view. Special devotions are always manifested exteriorly by definite practices. Mere exterior devotion i.e. the simple performance of a few acts of piety, such as the recital of certain vocal prayers, unaccompanied by, at least, a sincere desire of attaining into devotion, would be false devotion, or rather would be undeserving of the name of devotion, since it would be incapable of producing that affective and effective interior devotedness without which there cannot exist any true devotion.

When our Lord repeated the prophetic words of Isaias : " This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me," and, in another place : " Not every one who saith to me : Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven," he addressed those who limit themselves to purely exterior worship.

In order to make us more clearly understand this doctrine, our Founder, Bishop LaRocque, was in the habit of employing the following comparison : " When two friends are warmly attached to one another, their affection prompts them to give exterior signs of their friendship, and to lend mutual assistance on all occasions. Is it not true that the more ardent their affection, the greater need do they feel of manifesting it exteriorly ? So with devotion : the stronger it is interiorly, the more expansive it is exteriorly, and the greater its need of multiplying or perfecting the signs by which it expresses itself.

Any of the mysteries of the life of our Lord, or even the members of his adorable Humanity, may be made the object of special devotions. The same is true of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints.

§ III.

Practice of this doctrine developed by an example.

To be devout toward a mystery is, in the first place, to consider it, that is to say to look at it from different points of view, for the purpose of acquiring a perfect knowledge of it ; then, to study it attentively, in order to learn its nature. The contemplation of a beautiful object excites admiration, next love, and finally imitation, which is the end and consummation of all true devotion. For

example, in considering the Bloody Mystery of the Redemption, we admire the love with which our Saviour joyfully shed his Blood, and sacrificed his life to save us from hell and make us sharers of his eternal happiness. As we contemplate his devotedness to us, in this Mystery, our hearts become inflamed, insensibly our will grows stronger, and, in the end, we are disposed to make the most painful sacrifices, even to shed our blood, if necessary, rather than manifest ingratitude towards a God, who has so plainly shown that love consists in serving the beloved object, even to the extent of immolating self for its sake.

V. S. J.

SANGUIS CHRISTI PRETIOSISSIMUS.

BY JEAN E. N. NEALIS.

It was only a little chapelet,
 Of pretty, blood-red beads,
 Like a handful of Roman berries
 Or scarlet India seeds ;
 Yet it sets my pulses beating,
 While thoughts come like a flood,
 Their simple name repeating,
 " Beads of the Precious Blood."

Still they were only ivory beads,
 On silvered wires strung,
 Like holly berries in the wood
 From frosted branches hung ;
 But on uncounted altar shrines,
 There day and night remains,
 The Blood that flowed from Mary's heart
 Thro' Jesus' sacred veins.

Unworshipped and forgotten, oft
 By impious feet downtrod,
 Insulted, mocked at, and despised,
 The priceless Blood of God !

The living, throbbing Blood of Christ,
His loving Heart's life-tide,
With all Its yearning tenderness
Ever unsatisfied.

O sweet Wine ! who drinks of Thee
Need thirst no more at all,
For every sweetness after Thine
Is bitterness and gall.
Yet thousands perishing of thirst,
Die at that Fountain's brink—
With Life Eternal at their lips,
They will not kneel and drink.

But some there are whose garments bear
Sweet sign of Holy Rood,
That over snow-white habits wear
A scapular of blood—
Who while we sleep (perhaps in sin)
Are watchful and awake,
And night and day before the Blood
Meek reparation make.

Ah ! many a time when sudden grace
In direful need was sent,
We blessed those dear adorers
Of that Holy Sacrement
"Sweet worship of the Blood of God."
All worship ends in Thee ;
No shield from God the Father's wrath,
Or hope of heaven can be,
Save in the shoreless, soundless depths
Of Thy encrimsoned sea.

In the Southren hemisphere are stars, yet to be found double, which in the telescope look like drops of blood, all around the constellations of the Cross and Altar, as if to gloriously symbolize the sprinkled Blood of our Redemption.

Orphan's Bouquet.

ALL SAINTS.

Sweetest most personal of all Feasts! Let us not forget that among the countless Saints whom the Church honors on this day, there are some whose blood flows in our veins. . . some O rapturous thought! whom we have known and loved personally. Perhaps these beatified souls sympathised deeply with us, while they sojourned here below. Perhaps our life's joy and light died with them. It may be that our tears and suffrages have hastened their entrance into heaven. . . . Do they forget us there? Has their love been changed by the *torrents of delight* which now inebriate them? Could we harbor that thought? Can we doubt their indescribable pity and their unceasing prayers for us, unhappy wayfarers still in the valley of trial?

On this blessed day, this glorious Feast, one day to be ours also, this hope must be firm, let us soar beyond the miseries of earth.

“Why art thou on the earth?” Anaxagorus was asked?

“To think of heaven” was the reply.

PURGATORY.

Let us enter that heavenly workshop of infinite love where the final strokes of the Chisel are being given to complete the resemblance to the Divinity. Let us see what is passing there.

These souls are holy. God loves them and they love Him above all things; they are also certain of not being separated from Him for eternity. Hence it is impossible for them not to feel deep and intense joy as well as radiant hope.

On the other hand, they are suddenly arrested in their course towards God; and, at the moment they would attain to Him, they are repulsed and banished from His presence. They feel themselves sin-stained, displeasing

to Him and unworthy of appearing before Him. How then could they be otherwise than plunged in sorrow ?

These souls are endowed with exquisite sensibility ; their love for God exceeds all other love ; it is therefore manifest that their joy and sorrow, their felicity and torment must reach the supreme degree.

Listen to the doctress of Purgatory, saint Catherine of Genoa, in whom were united the intellect of a seraphin and the tender affections of a woman. Here are her words: " After the felicity of the saints in heaven, I do not think that any joy can be compared to that of the souls in Purgatory. Their peace is steadily augmented by unceasing communication with God, which becomes closer as the obstacles to it are consumed ; and in proportion as the fire continually destroys and annihilates these obstacles, the soul expands to a sort of extatic joy."

" At the same time, their pain is so extreme that it cannot be expressed by human tongue, as no intellect could comprehend the torment produced by the smallest spark of that devouring fire. God deigned, by a special grace, to make me feel one of these sparks. The view which God then vouchsafed me has never left my memory, but words fail me to describe it."

Here, there is a first view of Purgatory, approved by reason itself. Thus, there is a place in which reigns absolute happiness unshadowed by pain ; and there is a place, alas ! in which suffering, unallayed by joy, is endured ; and between these two, there is a third in which joy and sorrow, happiness and suffering are combined in an inefable manner to complete the work of perfecting and beautifying souls, a task begun amid the tears and joys of earth. But this requires further study.

MR. BOUARD.

(To be continued.)

The one occupation of eternity will be to love.

Give alms that in the end God may be our debtor rather than our judge.

THE MONK OF MESSINA.

By Lady Herbert of Lea.

In the year 1784 there was a terrible earthquake at Messina. Houses were thrown down ; many lives were lost, the very graves were opened. The only thing which escaped was the cathedral, and the people attributed its safety to a miracle.

A few years after this event, the Chevalier de . . . a man of noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general officer, and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of viewing the scene of devastation and of making researches among the monuments and ruins.

He was of the order of the Knights of Malta, and a priest ; a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage.

He arrived at Messina on a fine summer day, and getting the key of the cathedral from the *custode*—for it was after vespers commenced copying the inscriptions and examining the building. His searches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning ; and when he turned round to go out by the door through which he had come, he found it locked. He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The *custode*, having let him in several hours before, and concluding he had long since gone away, had locked up the building and gone home.

The Chevalier shouted in vain ; the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighborhood ; and there was no one to hear his cries. He had, therefore, no alternative but to submit to his fate and to make up his mind to pass the night in the cathedral. He looked around for some place to establish himself. Every thing was of marble, except the confessionals ; and in one of these he esconced himself in a tolerably comfortable chair, and tried to go to sleep. Sleep, however, was not easy.

The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the superstition which the strongest mind might

be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness.

There was a large clock in the tower of the cathedral, the tones of which sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without.

The Chevalier, with the intensity of hearing which sleeplessness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock. First ten, then the quarters; then eleven, then the quarters again, then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away, he perceived suddenly a light appearing at the high altar.

The altar candles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar.

Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep and solemn voice: "*Is there any priest here who will celebrate a Mass for the repose of my soul?*" No answer followed; and the monk went slowly down the church, passing by the confessional, where the Chevalier saw that the face under the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed; but when the clock struck the half hour the same events occurred: the same light appeared; and the same figure; the same question was asked, and no answer returned; and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light, walked softly down the church.

Now the Chevalier was a bold man; and he resolved, if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the Mass.

As the clock struck one the altar was again lighted, the monk again appeared, and when he once more exclaimed: "*Is there any priest here who will celebrate a Mass for the repose of my soul?*" the Chevalier stepped boldly out of the confessional, and replied in a firm voice: "*I will!*"

He then walked up to the altar, where he found everything prepared for the celebration, and, summoning up all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite. At its conclusion the monk spoke as follows: "*For one hundred and forty years, every night, I have asked that question, and until to-night, in vain. You have conferred upon me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do for you in*

return; but there is only one thing in my power, and that is to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches."

The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found very early the next morning by the *custode* at the foot of the altar. After a time he recovered and went away. He returned to Venice, and wrote down the circumstances above related, which he also told to some of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake, or more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties, than he was that night, until the moment the spectre-monk had done speaking.

Three years afterwards he called his friends together and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said: "Yes; and one from which there was no return." He then told them that, the night before, the monk of Messina had appeared to him, and told him that he was to die in three days. His friends laughed at him, and told him, which was true, that he appeared perfectly well. But the Chevalier persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and the third day was found dead in his bed. This story was well known to all his friends and contemporaries. Curiously enough, on the cathedral of Messina being restored, a few years after, the skeleton of a monk was found, walled up in his monk's dress and cowl, and in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had emerged.

MIDNIGHT HYMN OF REPARATION.

Arise ! arise, O Virgins of the cloister,
 To watch beside the sweet Spouse of your hearts,
 Remembering on our altars where He dwelleth
 That He receives base insult's piercing darts.
 Behold we come while silent nature slumbers,
 To waft our praises to Thy throne on high ;
 If we should ever wound Thy Heart so loving,
 O Spouse most true, we now prefer to die.

O hidden God! despised and scorned by sinners,
 O Sun divine! obscured through purest love;
 This midnight hour we spend in reparation,
 Our hearts uplifted to Thy throne above.
 Grant that Thy cross may be for us an altar
 On which to Thee we offer up each sigh;
 If we should ever seek for earth's vain pleasures,
 O King of sorrow, rather let us die.

O spotless Lamb! pure Victim free from blemish!
 Receive our prayers which now to Thee ascend
 For all poor souls bowed down with grief and anguish,
 A ray of hope to their deep sorrow lend.
 Inflame our hearts with purest love and ardor,
 That but for Thee we evermore may sigh;
 If we to Thee should one day be unfaithful,
 O Well Beloved! we now prefer to die.

May this our hymn like incense softly rising
 Unto Thy throne console Thy loving Heart;
 O may our tears appease Thy righteous anger,
 And unto sinners Thy sweet grace impart.
 O God of love, on us Thy poor Adorers
 Bestow Thy grace that we may weep and sigh;
 Until the end, in love and reparation,
 May we repeat: "To suffer or to die."

SICKNESS IN POVERTY,

From the French, by F. B. Hayes.

Just as the first snow began to cover with its white mantle the roofs of the houses, not far apart in the same ward of a certain city, a rich man and a poor artizan fell sick.

The rich man took refuge in his elegant home and called his people around him. A fond wife and loving children, aided by a staff of trained servants and skilled nurses, at once rushed to his aid. The news of his illness was a shock to the city and was treated as a public calamity.

The poor tradesman trudged as best he could to his

usual daily toil, fighting desperately with the pangs of disease, for he must provide bread as the days go round.

The rich man was never left to himself for a moment. Most delicately was his every need provided for. Loving hands and tender hearts ministered to his wants and commiserated with him in his sufferings, and sought every opportunity of alleviating his pains.

The poor man crawled home at the close of the day, giddy and dazed with the fatal disease which had seized upon him, and flushed in a burning fever. With desperate efforts, five times renewed, he struggled up to the fifth story to his wretched garret, pushed open the door and found a fireless hearth and a pallet of straw.

Meantime the rich patient began to complain. This sickness had upset all his plans, and interfered with his business and his pleasures. He foresaw many festive events which he would be prevented from enjoying, several flattering honours which he would be debarred from receiving, a host of ennobling and distinguishing functions from which he must be excluded, in consequence of this onward event ; he pictured to himself the impatience of his friends and lamented for the possible neglect of his business affairs : all this he poured out to the pitying ears of his poor wife, who offered her sincere sympathy and condolence as though he were indeed deeply afflicted.

But when the poor workman lay on his pallet of straw, and the evening had come, he heard a confused rush of footsteps on the stairs, and then the door was pushed open, and the footsteps approached ; three little children and their poor mother entered their wretched home—the old lamp was made to shed its faint gleam on the scene. And the anxious mother said to her husband : “ Poor fellow, what shall we do tomorrow ? ”

The sick richman sent for his manager ; for he was naturally good and generous ; he first of all gave a large sum as an alms to the poor, and trusted, rightly enough, that it would bring him the help of providence. And then, with an eye to the event of his disease taking a more serious turn, he issued orders for the proper administration of his estate.

The poor man in his garret, meantime, opened his eyes, and seeing his wife worn-out by her fruitless toil

after a day in the crowded factory, and his little children just back from the public *crèche*, with their little hands stretched out appealing to their mother for bread, he was struck dumb with fear, and back of the orbit of his dim eyes stood, confronting him, the eternal phantom of the poor : gaunt hunger !

He beheld instantly what the poor see the moment sickness seizes upon them : his hearth fireless, his children without bread, his credit gone, his place in the work shop taken by another, and, should his sickness last beyond a month, a notice to quit from his landlord, the seizure of his poor furniture, and then the hospital ward for his last resort.

The doctors were called to the bedside of the rich man. Several of them answered promptly to the call, and there was jealousy amongst eminent physicians as to who should undertake the case. Great doctors exerted their utmost skill and put forth every resource of science for the benefit of the patient. The rarest and most valuable remedies were furnished without stint.

The wife of the sick workman had to miss her day at the work shop : she went to the relief-office and applied for the attendance of the district physician for the poor. The poor woman was closely questioned, her statement was taken down in writing, and then she was dismissed. On the following day the doctor appeared. He was a man of intelligence, charitable and filled with zeal for his duties, but his energies were overtaxed. He remained but a few moments in the poor attic and did not even sit down. He must hurry-off he said to see the fifteen cases of poor people still remaining on his list for the day.

Meantime the richman's illness continued ; but thanks to the skilful treatment he had received and the tender care and vigilance with which his case was watched, all serious danger was averted, and nothing worse than a little uneasiness and some trouble resulted from the attack, for the inmates of the opulent dwelling.

At this same moment the direst need was reached in the poor man's household ; and an old book, the last reminder of his childhood days and of his father, having been disposed of for a trifling sum, there remained nothing

more for the family to sell, and despair settled down upon their hearts.

A splendid opportunity presented itself meantime for a financial operation for the wealthy patient's estate. His manager and his lawyer at once held a consultation. It was decided that the sickman must not be worried with business matters at such a time ; but three of his friends advanced a loan of a large sum of money-- the operation succeeded, and a profit of ten per cent was realized for the benefit of the invalid.

The poor man's wife, dressed in her least shabby cloak, proceeded to the house of a neighbor who was known to be well off, told him her tale of sickness and want, and begged for a loan of two dollars. The man at once made up his mind to play the bountiful ; hence having called his household together, he drew the ten francs from his purse and holding the money in his hand pronounced an impressive address on the recklessness, improvidence and imprudence of the poor, denounced their many shortcomings, and lastly declared that if they would only work they would never want, and that economy, courage and patience should be the working man's virtues. Then he solemnly handed over the ten francs and carefully entered the sum in his book of account.

Things went on thus a little longer, --a little better with the rich man, and a little worse with the son of toil and poverty, from whom christian charity, so admirable in its heroic sacrifices and devotedness, managed from day to day to avert the last extreme of utter ruin.

When spring came and the sun began to smile on the opening buds, the rich man had recovered. He was ordered off to his country house in order that the fresh country air might recruit his strength. He set out forth with, and after a time made his way to a celebrated watering place, spending a considerable time in the south by way of further precaution against a relapse.

But if, as we know, winter is the time of keen suffering for the poor, summer is the time when they are most utterly deserted. Little by little, one after another, the helpers of the wretched artizan left the great city and the family were at last utterly helpless. The rent fell due and overdue and in two days time, notice to quit, seizure, and

sale, in fact every detail of the first night's horrible forecast, had come to pass.

Within another month the poor sufferer had breathed his last in the ward of the public hospital.

On that same day the rich man wrote the following letter to one of his friends : You cannot imagine, my friend, the annoyances of every kind, the trouble and endless difficulties resulting from my unfortunate illness of last winter. Everything has gone wrong since that time. I missed two or three splendid business opportunities, I had to suspend building operations on my grand new residence, and have been confined to my fireside in helpless weakness all winter, and now here I am far from home and away from my family and from the enjoyments I prefer. I try to resign myself to the will of Providence, but I must say that it is no easy matter to do it, and I heartily envy the lot of those humble folk who have neither great interests nor great business on their hands. The more I think of it, my friend, the more I am convinced that those people are quite wrong to complain, and *that in the long run they are better off than we are. . . .*"

Reader, let us beware, is it quite certain that you or I never wrote that letter ?

HENRI PERREVE.

REFLECTIONS.

Everything passes away, save a certain depth of sorrow which increases slowly till it submerges our whole life.

VEUILLOT.

Does not a profound weariness of life grow on you according as you advance in age ? Do you not feel yourself stricken with a mortal sickness, the incapacity for happiness ? We are nearly all tired combatants, captives pining for the free air, storm-tossed souls longing for peace. Some may view this as a pernicious symptom that should doubtless be fought against. Studied closely, I regard it as an intense yearning for heaven.

MDE DE GASPARIN.

To serve God. Herein lies true happiness, the happiness of yesterday, the happiness of to-day, the happiness

of all days. But, we must know this, and when we know it, we must act. Many never know it, and of those who know it, many never commence to act ; of those who commence many do not continue or else continue so feebly that their search for happiness serves merely to weary and disgust them still more with their false happiness, that is, with their real unhappiness.

VEUILLOI.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

" In the Blood
you find the fire."
St. Cath of Siena.

With the exception of Joan of Arc, the most wonderful heroine in any age, never has a woman received a mission more extraordinary than that of Catherine Benincasa daughter of a dyer of Siena. Her miraculous life is a matter of history ; and, standing out from the shadows that threw their gloom over the XIV century, we behold her virginal image luminous and resplendent.

In those days, which were amongst the darkest and most stormy the Church has passed, Catherine was a messenger from heaven, an ardent advocate of ecclesiastical reform ; just at that very time when, according to her own energetic expression, " all was corrupt, and where to find repose was only found in Jesus Crucified," she became the firm defender, the inspired guide of the Papacy.

It is an astonishing fact, unique in history, that Gregory XI and Urban VI conducted her into the midst of the Consistory where she was commanded to address the Cardinals. This task she performed with celestial eloquence, denouncing abuses, deploring scandals, and censuring the luxury which was being practised under their eyes.

Never did man speak like this, said the Cardinals. It is not a woman, but the Holy Spirit who is speaking. . . Continually she exhorted the Princes of the Church to do God's work, fearing nothing. She was specially strong

in denouncing servile fear,--the least noble, she said, of all human sentiments.

This young girl, who was so astonishingly sweet and gentle, loving children and flowers, possessed to an heroic degree, that quality, which, according to Lacordaire, is so wanting to most men of our age, courage.

Most Holy Father, said she tenderly to Gregory XI, --the "gentle Christ of the earth," as she loved to call him, Most Holy Father, you should be surrounded by counsellors who fear not death. It was the most sanguinary epoch of the Italian middle ages. Anarchy reigned supreme. Governments passed away as swiftly as the seasons themselves; they rose and fell according to the vicissitudes of the war between Guelphs and Ghibellines on the one side, between nobles, bourgeois, and the *Papalini* on the other, and blood was always flowing.

Catherine heard the groans of her afflicted country, of that beautiful Italy, which had become, according to the expression of Dante, *the house of sorrow*.

The desperate populace, did not in vain hold out supplicating hands to the beloved one of Christ.

She accepted the perilous mission of mediating for peace, and in those days of implacable hatreds and fratricidal struggles, she was the angel of reconciliation and the arbitrator between nations.

Accused by her fellow-citizens of conspiring in secret, she replied : I spend, and have spent my life in uprooting hatred from the hearts of men.

One day, the populace of Florence, deceived by base falsehoods, rose up against her. Catherine listened, without changing color, to the terrible clamors of the mob, and calmly met the enraged multitude who sought to kill her. Upon seeing her, the most furious let fall their arms, and the Saint, weeping bitterly, because "she was not judged worthy to die for the Church," glanced down at her white Dominican robe, and exclaimed : Oh, how beautiful would it be were it tinged with blood ! This uncultivated mystic, not even of noble birth, was the *master-mind* of the XIV century. Her soul was truly noble ; she prayed "that she might be always ready to speak the truth and to die for it."

Writing to an illustrious prelate : I conjure you, said

she, to make every effort that you may not merit hearing, one day, this severe sentence of the Supreme Truth, who will judge you : " Cursed are you, because you have kept silence."

To another she wrote : " Fear nothing, act vigorously. Let others see that you are a firm column which no wind can shake. Speak boldly, fearlessly, tell the truth concerning whatever appears to you in accordance with the glory of God, and the honor of the Church. We have but one life, but we should expose that one to a thousand deaths."

When Gregory XI pronounced the sentence of interdiction against Florence, where the Apostolic Nuncio had been flayed alive in the streets, and then buried whilst still breathing, consternation was great among the people, for, in spite of all, their faith was still lively.

The partisans of the peace begged Catherine Benincasa to intercede for them with the Holy See.

Catherine accepted the task, and journeyed to Avignon where the Pope still resided. So touching were the prayers of the Saint, that the Pope said to her during the first interview. " In order to show you that I sincerely desire peace, I place the entire negotiation in your hands; only be careful of the honor of the Church."

The sojourn of the Popes at Avignon had disastrous consequences.

Rome, abandoned for seventy five years by her Pontiffs, sometimes supplicating, sometimes menacing, had in vain multiplied her embassies. In vain had Dante and Petrarch, in poetic accents, conjured the Head of the Church to return, and put an end to the sad widowhood of the queen of Nations, by allowing himself to be touched by the tears of his forsaken Spouse.

That which neither Rome nor the two great poets of Italy could effect, was obtained by the humble virgin of Siena, in spite of the intrigues carried on in the court of Avignon, and in spite of the efforts made by the King of France, who, to retain the Pope, had sent him his own brother, the Duke of Anjou. " Why leave the country ? Italy was on fire. . . . Rome was nothing but a desert, inhabited by savages who were dangerous and turbulent."

But Catherine knew how to make the voice of duty heard.

Gregory XI was a man of virtue and science, but with no firmness of character, owing to his possessing too sensitive a heart. Nevertheless, sustained by the Saint's energy, he braved all dangers, resisted the most touching supplications, even passed over the body of his aged father, who, to retain his dear son, had prostrated himself on the threshold of the palace door.

"And now, beloved Father," wrote Catherine, some days later; "I conjure you to hasten to the City of the Holy Apostles. You are the Vicar of Jesus-Christ, elected to work for His honor, for the salvation of souls, and for the reform of the Holy Church. The heavier your burden, the stronger and more courageous should be your heart, so that you may fear nothing whatever may happen."

Never did any Saint love better the honor of the Church.

One day, whilst she was praying for this afflicted Mother, Our Lord said to her: "My daughter, it is my will that thou shouldst wash with thy tears and with thy sweat, the disfigured face of my Spouse." This became the work of her life; to effect this she made every effort.

During her sojourn in Rome, where Urban VI had called her, one Sunday, whilst praying in the Basilica of the Holy Apostles, she experienced a mysterious suffering, a terrible agony, of which she felt the effects during all her after-life. Not only she saw, but she felt the Bark of the Church, the *Navicella*, lifted on to her shoulders.

Crushed by the dreadful burden, she fell fainting to the ground, and, at the same time, she understood that it was necessary for her to die as a victim for the Church of God.

Literature and the Arts have vied with each other in extolling this glorious plebeian, and the Church has chosen her as the second Patroness of the city of Rome.

The air of her native city is impregnated with the remembrance of Catherine of Siena. There she is an ever-living and ever beloved Queen. It is wonderful how the little children know where the house of the *Beata Papolana* is hidden, in the Strada de l'Oca, and, for a few pence, they proudly conduct thither the stranger. This

humble house is now one of the most venerated sanctuaries of Siena. Over the door is written, in letters of gold : *Sponse Christi Katherina domus.*

As her incomparable devotion to the Precious Blood has caused the "Adorers" to choose St. Catherine of Siena as their special Patroness, we will add some details of her life to the account here given of her public mission.

(Translated from the French of Laure Conan.)

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1. That *justice* may be soon rendered to the Catholics of Manitoba.
2. That, till that happy event, all Catholics may be inspired to assist their brethren in sustaining separate schools. If "charity cover a multitude of sins," and draw down benediction upon families, what may not expect those who serve the interests of such a noble cause—the cause of souls, the cause of Religion itself?
3. For several vocations to the priesthood and religious state.
4. For the conversion of several poor sinners.
5. For all the sick and infirm who solicit our prayers.
6. For a large number of afflicted, and several families in distress. The winter is approaching: pray for the poor and prepare to help them.
7. *Let us remember the holy dead*, during this month, even in assisting the living by fervent and frequent prayers for the Holy Souls. Among those Souls, how many suffered what each one of us actually suffers! Let us draw down the Blood of Jesus upon them and, in return, they will intercede and obtain for us the special favors we now solicit.

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

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

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

Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus, in satisfaction for my sins, and for the wants of the Holy Church.

(100 days' ind. each time.)

O Mary, " Help of Christians " and " Gate of Heaven," intercede for the living and the dead. *(40 days' ind.)*

† L. Z., Bp. OF ST-HYACINTHE

THE URN FILLED WITH TEARS.

From the French, by G. M. WARD (Mrs. Pennée.)

It is related that, in days gone by, there lived a poor widow who, being totally unprovided with any earthly possessions, concentrated all her affection on her only child, little Odette. This dear child had been endowed by God with every gift of nature and of grace, so that she became her mother's Paradise on earth.

Odette grew in age and wisdom without ever causing a tear to flow from any eye; only her mother would sometimes of an evening reproach her tenderly for falling into a prolonged revery whilst fixing her blue eyes on the glorious fermament.

“ My child, of what are you thinking ? ”

“ Of how beautiful Heaven must be, ” would be the reply of the angelic child.

And when Odette would speak thus, the poor mother would experience a foreboding and say to herself: “ If this Heaven which she finds so beautiful were to take my child from me ! She, too, is pure and beautiful. ”

On the evening of the happy day when the child made her First Communion, whether from the intensity of her emotion, whether from her complete and intimate union with her dear Lord manifesting itself by suffering, we know not; but that very day a severe fever attacked Odette.

The doctors were powerless in stopping the course of the malady, and, whilst in delirium, she was incessantly repeating the words: *Jesus!* . . . Heaven ! . . . Mama ! . . . and finally the child breathed her last.

It would be in vain to try and describe the poor widow's anguish, for by the child's gaining Heaven, the mother had lost her Paradise on earth. In one single day she shed as many tears as her great happiness had prevented her from shedding during her beloved child's ten years of life.

Her prayers became more and more ardent and full of faith: and to such prayers God never turns a deaf ear. After her day's work was ended, this desolate mother, alone in her little garret, far from the gaze of the world

and having no earthly consolation, would pray and weep incessantly.

The morning's dawn would find her still praying and weeping, for she could not bring herself to lie down on the little bed she had shared with her child and in which she had so often watched that child's peaceful slumber.

God took pity on the mother's terrible sorrow and vouchsafed to listen to her supplications. The widow was very poor, and are not the prayers of the poor all-powerful with God? Already were the angels saying: "The Master of Heaven is about to perform some miracle that will astonish the world!"

It was night time; the mother was prolonging her prayer and weeping; the moon, in its last quarter, with its pale sad rays, faintly illuminated the sorrowful and desolate scene in the poor little garret.

Suddenly the door opened and an apparition stood there surrounded by a soft entrancing light.

"Odette," exclaimed the mother recognising her child, all beautiful but with no earthly adornments, "my child!"

And she remained motionless, for the lovely vision attracted her yet invited her not to approach.

The child presented to her mother a bright, marvelously wrought golden urn, which she was carrying most carefully. The urn was full to the brim.

"Mother," she said, "God has sent me to you. He has given me all your tears and they are all in this urn. O mother! I am enjoying such happiness! Weep no more, for this urn is full, and, if you weep again, God, in order to grant your prayer and restore me to earth, will take me from that beautiful Heaven where I am awaiting you and where we shall be together to all eternity."

And the vision faded from sight, leaving a celestial odour in the little garret.

The widow fell on her knees in rapture, thanking God and saying: "Lord, how lovely is a child of Heaven!"

And she shed yet one more tear, but it was not a tear of grief but of gratitude. It did not make the urn to overflow and Odette remained in Paradise.

THANKSGIVING FOR FAVORS RECEIVED.

Somerset Convent, July 17th, 1895.

My Revd Mother :

Some time since, I wrote you in regard to Madame Lehoux, who had suffered a long time from rhumatism. Hoping to obtain a cure from the Precious Blood, she asked you to make a Novena. The Novena was successful. She is cured. This good lady can now attend to her affairs and take care of her house, without fatigue. Enclosed is the Physician's certificate, signed by him.

I pray you, accept the sincere thanks of Madame Lehoux, who hopes that you will give thanks to our Lord for the inestimable gift of health she has received. She desires, for the honor of the Precious Blood, to fulfill a promise made, that this cure should be related in *The Voice of the Precious Blood*, if you judge it well to do so.

I recommend myself anew to your good prayers, Revd Mother, and remain, in Jesus and Mary,

Your very humble,

SR. STE. EUPHEMIE.

I, the undersigned, Doctor, declare that I had given my professional care to Madame F. Lehoux, during several weeks, without appreciable results. The lady suffered from chronic articular rheumatism. Four or five days after having ceased all treatment, she found herself perfectly cured. I do not hesitate to attribute this happy result to divine intervention.

DR. J. N. BERGERON.

" Will you please publish in your Annals a great grace obtained by the intercession of the Precious Blood? A thousand thanks to the Adorable Blood."

For thirty years, I suffered with a painful disease of the limbs that increased with age. Fearing to become wholly infirm, I made a Novena in honor of the Precious Blood hoping to obtain a cure. I promised to publish the favor in "*The Voice of the Precious Blood*, were it granted me. I was heard. To-day my limbs are entirely well."

“I send you the price of my subscription to “The Voice of the Precious Blood,” to fulfill a promise I had made on account of my youngest child, Marie Louise, seven years old. She had a disease of the eyes. For months, she had to stay in a dark room, with her eye bandaged, deprived of all the pleasures belonging to a child of her age. After having tried several remedies without success, I did not know what to do until a friend counseled me to adopt some pious practices in honor of the Precious Blood. I promised to subscribe to your Annals if she were cured. The Precious Blood has heard our prayers. for my child is cured, perfectly cured. All the redness has disappeared from her eyes, and she can see as well as she did before.

I am happy, to-day, in accomplishing my promise, and in my happiness, I cease not to repeat : Gratitude and love to the Precious Blood ! You may publish this fact and my name in your Annals, if you think it would help to make the Precious Blood known and loved.”(1)

“My husband was prostrated with a grave malady, I promised, if his pains would cease, to publish the favor in “*The Voice of the Precious Blood*,” I therefore, hasten to accomplish my promise, since my prayer was heard.”

“A thousand thanks for your Novena. It was efficacious. Since last winter, I had continual sickness, and my husband, for his part, had to make numerous journeys to the United-States, having to find work. The same day that I asked for the Novena, I began to improve in my strength, and now I am able to work. At the end of the Novena, August 11th, my husband received the good news of a situation.

Thanks to the Precious Blood ! to good Saint Ann, and to Saint Antony of Padua !”

“My brother having had a stroke of paralysis, I conjured the Precious Blood to give him enough movement to resume his work at the office. I am happy to say that,

(1) We do not publish the names, except when the accounts are accompanied by the testimony of a Physician.

without being cured, he can now write with ease. Will you kindly give an expression to my gratitude in your Annals?"

 " My disease has been a serious one, but I had never ceased to believe in the re-establishment of my health. There was, in the depths of my soul, a sincere conviction that the Precious Blood would cure me, that it was impossible not to heard. *In te Domine, speravi non confundar in æternum!* Glory to the Blood of Jesus!"

 In thanksgiving for these, and many other benefits granted, let us often repeat :

" Blessed and praised forever be Jesus, who hath saved us with His Blood !"

40 days' ind.

+ L. Z. BP. OF ST-HYACINTHE.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

JERUSALEM. Great joy prevails among the Catholics of Jerusalem, because the house of Saint Veronica, at the fourth station of the Way of the Cross, is to be converted into a chapel. Monseigneur Jussef, the great patriarch of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, went to the latter city to consecrate the new sanctuary. He celebrated Solemn High Mass on the 20th of July, consecrating the church, and at the same time ordaining several scholastics, pupils of the seminary of St. Ann which is under the charge of the White Fathers.

" SACRED HEART REVIEW."

 SHERBROOKE. On September 13th, a little procession of Religious adorers of the M. P. B., led by the Revd Mother Foundress of the Institute, left the Mother House (St-Hyacinthe) and proceeded to the Episcopal City of Monseigneur Paul LaRocque, to erect there a new Altar for the glory of the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. On the morning of

the Feast the thirty fourth anniversary of the Foundation of the Institute, eleven adorers of the Precious Blood knelt before the Cross, conspicuously placed over the tabernacle, in their new Sanctuary, and, in union with the angels, adored the Blood in the Eucharistic Chalice. By this first Mass, the eighth Monastery of the Precious Blood was founded.

DOUBLE CURE AT STE ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Quite a large Pilgrimage arrived from North Bay on August 13th. Among the pilgrims, was a person from Calendar, who had apostatised from the Catholic religion some years previous. It was his first visit to Saint Anne de Beaupré. He went there out of curiosity and, undoubtedly, with the intention of making an attractive voyage. He attended Mass, and Providence willed that he should be the witness of an astonishing cure.

Near him, in the Church, was a man who was lame and impotent in all his members and bed-ridden, who could not rise without the greatest pain. But this poor man was a believer. He had confidence that Saint Ann would cure him. He prayed. Then, after having received Holy Communion, and venerated the relic of Saint Ann, he rose and walked. He was cured.

The apostate had seen all. The miraculous cure had taken place under his own eyes. He remembered, no doubt, the Faith of his childhood, the Religion of his Mother, and his lessons in the little catechism. He rose also, but, like the Prodigal, to go to his Father. The next day he made his confession and communicated. Before his departure, he bought an image of Saint Ann and visited the *Scala Sancta*. We trust that this privileged man will ever retain the remembrance of the favors received and be fervent and grateful in devotion to Saint Ann.

MEMENTO.

FOR

The Members of the Confraternity and Guard of Honor of the Most Precious Blood.

1. *Devotion to the Precious Blood.*

The object of the Devotion to the Precious Blood is what its name indicates, the Precious Blood of Jesus-Christ specially honored: 1. In its seven principal effusions: The Circumcision, the Agony, the Flagellation, the Crowning with thorns, the Carrying of the Cross, the Crucifixion, and the Piercing of the Sacred Side. 2. In the Chalice of the Altar during the Holy Sacrifice, where the Blood is perpetually offering Itself. 3. In the Blessed Sacrament, wherein the Blood of the veins of Jesus circulates as really now, as It circulated during His mortal life.

2. *Confraternity of the Precious Blood.*

Its end: To increase the love of Our Lord and the working out of our salvation by the frequent remembrance of the proof He has given us of His love in shedding all His Blood to redeem us from hell; 2. To obtain the conversion of sinners and the perseverance of the Just.

Conditions of Admission.

To have the Baptismal and family name inscribed on the Register of the Association.

Obligations of the Members.

There are no special obligations, but it is necessary to adopt some pious practice in honor of the Precious Blood, or at any rate to recall, from time to time, the sorrowful circumstances under which It was shed.

3. *Guard of Honor to the Precious Blood.*

Its end: To render to the redeeming Blood all the homage, adoration, thanksgiving and reparation to which It has a right; 2. To invoke It frequently for the salvation of the dying; 3. To offer It as a ransom for the holy souls detained in Purgatory.

The Three Grades of Membership.

1. That of Adorers, styled "Eucharistic Adorers," who bind themselves to making an hour of adoration, once in the month, before the Blessed Sacrament, the obligation not being under pain of sin.

2. That of "Confederate Adorers," composed of sick persons, of those living far from the church or prevented by unavoidable circumstances from making their hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. They may pray before their Crucifix instead, on any day that may be convenient to them during the month.

3. That of "Associated Adorers," who bind themselves to recite every day seven *Gloria Patri*, in union with all the members of the Guard of Honor, or seven times the *Te ergo*, or seven times the *Pater* and *Ave*.

Means prescribed in the Statutes of the Guard of Honor, to obtain the ends for which it is instituted.

To unite in intention with all the Masses that are being celebrated throughout the entire universe, during the twenty-four hours of the day, and to offer the Blood of the chalice for the various ends of the Guard of Honor, above all to obtain the grace of a good death for all those dying during the twenty-four hours, specially offering It for our dying associates. 2. To be fervent and constant in making the *sign of the Cross* and in venerating the Crucifix by gazing at it lovingly, saluting it and kissing it, even in public, should there be occasion to do so. (Jesus was not ashamed to mount an infamous gibbet out of love for us, should we then blush to bear witness to our grateful love for Him?) 3. To consecrate an hour, each month, to the adoration of the Precious Blood, in gratitude, reparation and intercession.

Conditions of Admission.

1. To join the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, if not already a member. 2. To have the Baptismal and family name inscribed on the Confraternity's Register, specifying to which of the three grades above mentioned we wish to belong.

For further details, consult the pamphlet of the Guard of Honor (5cts.) or the Manual of the Precious Blood (50cts.)

For everything concerning the Confraternity and Guard of Honor of the Precious Blood, address the REVEREND MOTHER SUPERIOR, Monastery of the Precious Blood, St-Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada.

For everything concerning the journal, communications to be made, lists of new subscribers, payments of subscriptions, etc., address

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD,

Monastery of the Precious Blood,

St-Hyacinthe, P.Q., Canada.